

SALT LAKE UNDER GROUND

SLUG

ENTERTAINMENT GUIDE AND REVIEW

FEBRUARY 1990

#14

FREE

FREE
RAUNCH POSTER
INSIDE!



photo by Steve Midgley

INSIGHT

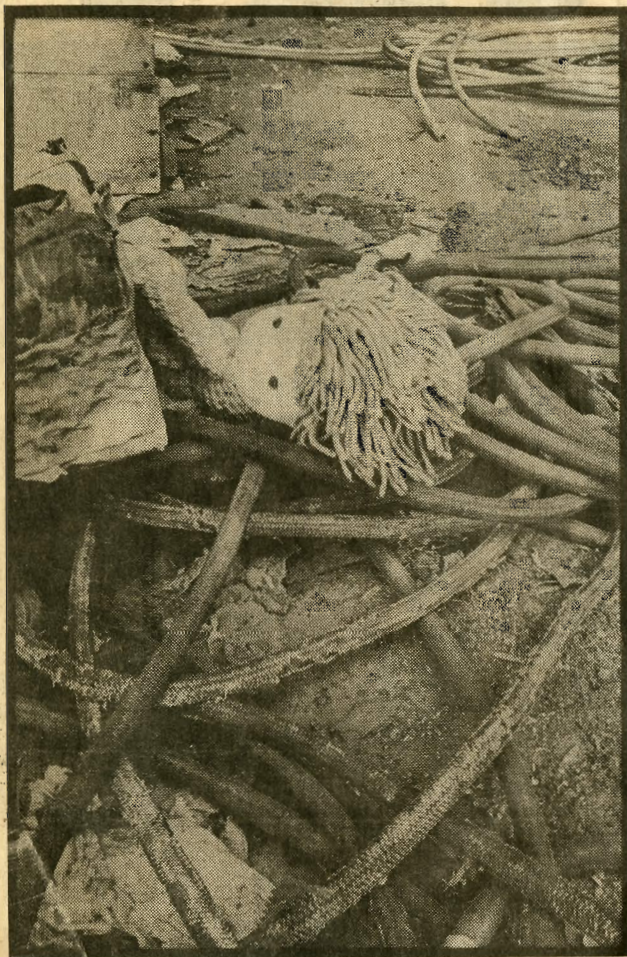


on page eight

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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AND OUR THANK TOOOOOO:

Steve Midgley, Janet Tunney, John Shuman, Lars, Rick Egan,
Copperfield Publishing,
Midvale Web Press
and most of all to the people who advertise and
support our effort...thank again!!!

The opinions and views expressed in this rag are those of the writers and are not necessarily those
of the Idiots who put this shit together...so back off man

k-ute top 35 records

- | | |
|----------------------------|-------------------------|
| 1. Grant Hart | Intolerance |
| 2. National People's Gang | Orange |
| 3. The Pixies | Doolittle |
| 4. Peter Murphy | Deep |
| 5. Graham Parker | Human Soul |
| 6. Psychedelic Furs | Book of Days |
| 7. Mekons | The Mekons Rock n Roll |
| 8. Def Jef | Just a Poet with a Soul |
| 9. The The | Mind Bomb |
| 10. John Lee Hooker | The Healer |
| 11. Lenny Kravitz | Let Love Rule |
| 12. Severed Heads | Rotund for Success |
| 13. Bonedaddys | Worldbeatniks |
| 14. Soundgarden | Louder than Love |
| 15. Naked Prey | Kill the Messenger |
| 16. Beautiful Pea Green... | Still Life |
| 17. Imagining Yellow Suns | Imagining Yellow Suns |
| 18. I. Hunter & M. Ronson | Yul Orta |
| 19. Rush | Presto |
| 20. Eat | Sell Me a God |
| 21. The Pogues | Peace and Love |
| 22. Nice Strong Arm | Cloud Machine |
| 23. Camper Van Beethoven | Key Lime Pie |
| 24. Skinny Puppy | Rables |
| 25. Paul McCartney | Ou Est Le Soleil (12") |
| 26. The Primitives | Pure |
| 27. Kate Bush | The Sensual World |
| 28. Various Artists | Zetrospective |
| 29. Michelle Shocked | Captain Swing |
| 30. Various Artists | Shangri La |
| 31. DOS | Numero Dos |
| 32. Jean-Paul Sartre... | The Size of Food |
| 33. Feedtime | Suction |
| 34. Fuzztones | In Heat |
| 35. Opal | Early Recordings |

Editorial reply:

Regarding Paul Murphy's response to my somewhat scathing review of the new BACHELORS tape, I think it is unfortunate that a proprietor of a record store doesn't feel qualified to "review opera or modern jazz." I was under the vague impression that knowledge of music would be a prerequisite for seeing it. All I can do is review the tapes and records that fols send to this mag. There is a slight degree of integrity involved, even in a shoestring publication like SLUG. What sort of credibility would it represent to blindly rave about anything that came out of Utah and (in the case of the Bachelors) cost a lot of money to produce? It is the obligation of a writer to just be kind and gentle lest we bruise come-ons local sensibilities? That fact that you carry local music at your store is great, lord knows the original music scene in Utah needs all the support it can get and shops like Imagine, Raunch and Reptile are a Godsend for those interested in alternative sounds. You are right to state that the Bachelors sound great live, after all they are some of the finest musicians in the state but remember, their live sets are 75% cover material. The bottom lines is, I have a hard time rectifying the lyric content of typical macho band/stud posturing getting laid anthems like "She's The One" and "In The Band" with what is an ostensibly socially conscious song like "Promise Land." Promise Land makes a statement about the dangers of AIDS (although indirectly) and in the context of the product seems more to bemoan the fact that the singer with "punch," Phil Isom, can't fuck around on his girlfriend without frightening implication. Gee, women have been dealing with that for centuries, in a peculiar condition called pregnancy. Granted, the two songs mentioned ahead of that were written by Loel Hepworth but don't you think a hand should have some common agenda or at least a focus rather than patronizing contradictions? My fault is expecting too much from a band with the talent of

continued on page nine

dear dickheads....blah, blah, blah

Dear LARS, and anyone else who was too stupid or hung over to recall what really happened at Cinema In Your Face! on New Year's Eve:

First of all, let me explain the "Lax Sittorama" as you put it. Most were probably too drunk to stand and not everyone liked all the bands. But most of all, this is probably a new one for you, not everyone likes to dance!!! So light a fire under my ass. I'm so tired of people who think I'm stuck up or I don't like a band because I don't dance. If you have the right to dance, then I have the right not to.

Now, down to accurate reviews. Common Place was first. They probably would have left a good impression on me if it weren't for one thing: Their stereo chorus pedal. I did enjoy what was going on between the lyrics, bass and drums, and tried to concentrate on them. But the guitar, no matter what was played on it, sounded the same. Nothing against the guitarist himself. I saw him kicking all kinds of effects, but the basic sound never changed.

Then came Boy Wonder. Before I heave up a commentary on them, let's all agree that we have enough local bands now that we don't have to avoid bad comments about them. I had only heard good comments about Boy Wonder from SLUG and places, and I was anxious to hear them. But I was let down from the moment they started playing. The only word I can think of to describe Boy Wonder is trite. Early '80s type shit: trite singing style, trite lyrics, trite music, YES! You do need talent. Yes! You do need to know how to play your instruments well. I think if they just spent some more time together learning how a band works, they could be really good. "A" for effort and I'm not completely condemning them. Just by playing places live they might become better. But I still see no reason for the great reviews.

I had heard the Dinosaur Bones album and wasn't too impressed. So I never went out of my way to see them. I wasn't expecting them to be that good, but they were great! Finally a band that knows what they're doing! If there is anyone else in the city who hasn't seen

them, you should. They had everything Boy Wonder didn't and more.

LARS was right about the new "Dino Gods" song, but the description of it was the funniest thing I ever read. I could have listened to Dinosaur Bones all night, but to my despair, Wondercrash came on. The only thing I don't like about WC is the singer's Peter-Murph-Ness. I think I would have got into them anyway if I wasn't still in the mood for Dinosaur Bones. Anyway, that's how it was for someone who wasn't drunk and didn't dance.

Stefan, like anyone knows or cares who I am, Jecusco
P.S. Lars, I hate your writing style.

Dear Richardheads:

Okay, okay. I were a whiner. I ain't none now, nor no more. Beside whining, ya'll forgot to issue me a citation for long-windedness. Oh well.

As Perry Farrell might have said, I've been in the midst of a trauma, or I mite have written sooner. Anyhow, I guess I do have a few nice things to say. One, Da Dinosaur Bones tape is overall cool. Despite that overpresent Flanger o' Hades (known as Hell nowadays), songs like Manipulationship and Start A Trend made me wanna stomp some serious albino. Vocals on Dinosaur Bones unequivocally ruled. The screams on the aforementioned track sound like a baby Tyrannosaurus Rex being impaled w/a rigid, electrified Brillo pad. Tribute to disco gods on tail out is a truly religious experience. Travolta nostalgia: K.C. lives! Hopefully, aural quality will improve on Dee Bones next psychosomatic Yeeha. That'd be way killer...

I scoff at Mr. Mallory's pathetic attitude. Listen to all of those superficial generalizations. Jake, U've got my nomination for the Axl-Rose "One I.Q. in a Million" award. What a dick.

But turning to a brighter subject, the ever-turbulent Sun Regime has yet to release a tape, and since they're my numero uno band, I'm itching myself raw in the waiting. Somebody oughta find out what the deal is.

Last and least, I humbly ask everybody to look for my band's debut gig somewhere, sometime

in March or April. Our debut tape should be out sometime between May and July. By the way, we (myself, Tyrell, Hodge, and Mission Control) are *Sound in Time*. We sound like Spinal Tap playing straight-edge bluegrass with Motley-Crue-type piccolo orchestrations.

More later. Bye.
Justin C.

My Dearest Dickheads,

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

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

Being a "Hick-Pud" myself, I sort of looked forward to seeing your vitals vomited across the Wasatch Front; I couldn't see your vitals anyway because my foreskin must have been pulled up over my eyes.

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

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

Love Ya Babe
Rick

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

Dear Slug Readers,

I recently attended one of the best local metal shows I have ever seen-for only 5 bucks. The show I am referring to was the BLACK IVORY/TRUCE gig at the Speedway on Jan 13th.

I've been a TRUCE fan for quite some time, but this was my

first opportunity to see BLACK IVORY. I really enjoyed BI's style of melodic, medieval sounding metal and their power on stage was great. Even when their singer accidentally cracked open his head and bled all over, they never lost a beat. In all, BLACK IVORY and TRUCE were great as were both warm up bands.

My real purpose in writing this letter is to urge the people at the Speedway to put on more hot local shows like this one. The turnout at the show was the best I've seen at a local metal show, and I hope to see more of this. I also hope the metal fans around SLC will start to support more of the local bands, so a real metal scene can start happening around here. A scene that will happen at places like Speedway instead of at the bars where most of the bands are interested in glam and posing rather than playing music

Signed,
A Sincerely Appreciative Metal Fan

Dear Dickhead Absorbers,

Mid January I wrote an article (that will appear in this issue) about trouble with skinheads. Since then, at the D.I. / VICTIMS WILLING gig, the American Liberty Skins brought 3 flags to the Speedway and maintained (SHOCK) themselves much to everyone's relief. Now, this doesn't mean I'll retract what I voiced in the column, because at the time I was justifiably at my wits' end. Seems that I just naturally have a hard time dealing with God-fearing, flag-fucking supremacists, ya know. In stating this, I realize this points to prejudice. No denying, no matter what, I will still try to work with skins even if they are exasperating. Too often, these extremists are fit to be tied, with which only corroborates in my mind, the senseless futility of verbal negotiations. Yet, I will urge you to do the same. Extremists? From flag-burners to flag-wavers, these extremists are selfish. How they can continue to bring shit down on the Speedway (and all in their own interest) really is beyond me. You people don't know how damn lucky we are to have a hall like the Speedway. See, I keep correspondence with zine editors abroad, and

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February 1990

TUESDAY WEDNESDAY THURSDAY FRIDAY SATURDAY

TUESDAYS & WEDNESDAYS 25¢ DRAFTS		1 I ROOTS (REGGAE)	2 GAMMA RAYS	3
6 <i>Audrey Smiley</i>	7 The Change	8 <i>Irie Heights</i>		
13 skin 'n' bones MARDI GRAS PARTY	14 Valentines Day Party	15 GAMMA RAYS	16	17

Sunday February 18th **INNOCENCE MISSION** Peter Himmelman

20 Multon Butts	Wed 21 & Thur 22 JOHN BAYLEY One Man REGGAE	23 ONLY A TEST	24
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Tuesday February 27th From San Jose California **THE RISE** with Guests Dinosaur Bones Details TBA

27 KJQ Welcomes The Rise With Guests Dinosaur Bones	28 POINTS WEST	1 GAMMA RAYS	2	3
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Home of the Original Quarter draft

sunday feb 18th
INNOCENCE MISSION



AND SPECIAL GUEST
Peter Himmelman

tuesday feb 27th
KJQ Welcomes
The Rise



w/ dinosaur bones
QUARTER DRAFTS

dear dickheads continued

some of them tell me that they must travel to another state in order to even see a show. Quit fucking-up, people! Help promulgate this scene and kill the local apathy. Shit I'm preaching, but you sure as hell piss me off, ninjas!!

D.I. are a swell bunch of blokes to swig drinks with, and they claim that SNFU stands for "Smelly Nuts & Filthy Underwear", right Thud? Since D.I. will never fess-up to their initials, you be the judge of that one. And Rog, they also think you need to get that stinky, offensive butane lighter away from our cigs. Despite the skins' flags, D.I. will return. Why don't we make sure there's a place called the Speedway still here when they return, eh? Let's not lose another venue!!!

"Stage presence" was an inside joke for those who attended the CIYF New Year's Eve party. It was also a double entendre concerning "stage presents" and WONDERCRASH. Why? Because stage presence has truly improved for the band in more ways than one.

Til Laters,
LARS

Dear Dickheads,

I'm impressed with your magazine, except for a few things.

Dinosaur Bones gets nothing but good publicity. Just seeing them live turns my stomach. The singer is the only guy I've ever seen that dresses worse than PRINCE. This guy obviously has some deep emotional problems that don't seem to be taking care of themselves. The guitarist I can't even describe. A surf green guitar and a serious case of flanger abuse. They wouldn't be bad if they had all new musicians and someone else wrote their music.

Slug needs some new writers. The writers you have now are good, but there just aren't enough of them. LARS is great but she has strange taste in music. Dinosaur Bones must pay her well.

Keep it up Slug
SKID

Dear Lars,

I think it would have been more convenient & calculated to slag my competitions prices. I would have written the same letter if I sold shoes for a living.

Kevin Kirk

Editors Note:

Big thanx to everyone who has written to us this month. We are sorry if your letter did not appear in this issue. We will try to squeeze it in the next one.

If you haven't written us then you probably haven't had your say in this rag. We sure could use your comments, they are keeping this paper alive.

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

MORMON UPDATE

"PRAY ALWAYS"

by Ezra Fielding McConkie

That is the message for the month from the LDS Prophet. Thanks Ezra, now I see why you

get the big bucks. You must have been up all night with the brethren thinking of that one.

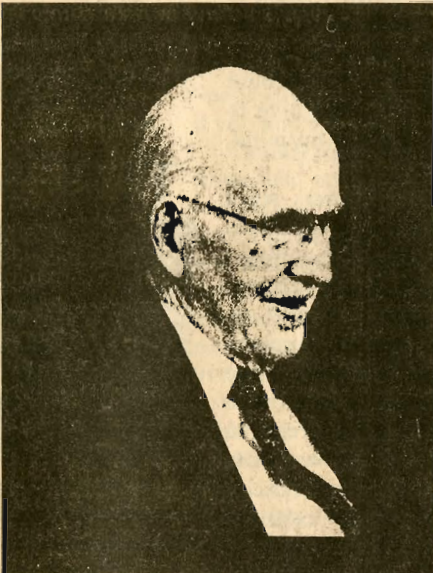
I went and bought this month's Ensign to help our underground keep updated on what's going on in the biggest corporation in the state. I think it is important for us to keep our

minds open to these people. In their own sick way, they care about our financial well-being.

Let me tell one thing a re-activated man in the corporation said: "Always in the back of my mind I knew that what I was doing was wrong, that the church was right." That is so fucking powerful my legs are still shaking.

"Are you prepared for your eternal well-being by paying tithes and offerings?" This is a very

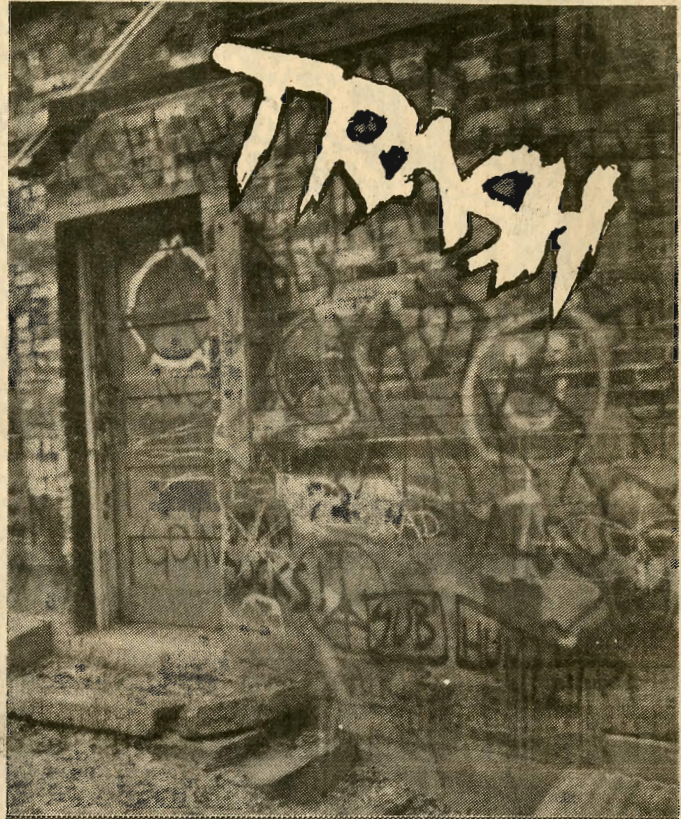
important question asked by Gary D. Hansen of Provo, Utah. Well, are you? I'll bet that most of you can't answer yes to that question. Are ye blind in the ways of the corporation heathens? Come on undergrounders, let's pull our own weight. I will personally up my tithes to 20%; after all, it's for a good cause and if I work it right, it can be tax deductible.



I'm going to take it upon myself to be your spokesperson concerning spiritual matters. I do this, not because I want to, but because I feel I owe it to you. So, every month, I want you to send your tithes and offerings to me, and I will see that the Lord gets

his fair share.

Any comments about MORMON UPDATE will be greatly appreciated. Send them to Uncle Ezra c/o SLUG-P.O. Box 1061, Salt Lake City Utah, 84110-1061. I will see that the brethren get them to me. Remember, the Lord loves you and so does Ezra, which means that I love you too. I am just a tool to be used by them at their convenience, and I am grateful. GOD BLESS YOU.



ALTERNATIVE FASHION

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tape and record reviews

BAUHAUS

Swing The Heartache

Stock gets belted in a skirmish. Jab, poke, poke, shove. It was the 4th quarter of the Utah Jazz vs. New York Knicks game and a fight was about to erupt. But did I care? Nope. Lars was too heavily under the influence of music, Bauhaus, to be exact. If there's such a thing as band worship, these are my "gods" Gothic gods, never to be duplicated! And if Ter was correct about my being bonkers, this I owe to Bauhaus for fucking with my mind, heart, and soul.

So, it's been 10 years since Bauhaus' birth, and some gumshoe wants to capitalize on the anniversary-of-sorts by compiling *Swing The Heartache*, right? Yes and no. Granted, there are a few numbers that run a close facsimile to the original released songs, but for the most part, the music is foreign to even my ears. And odd, very odd, if you've never experienced Bauhaus before. This exquisite expose is a good place to start. A band that is sinister, surreal, snide, sublime, sensuas and gouging. I said gouging!! Musical poets. The epitome of death and life in a day. Existential imagery to scorch you raw. Autonomy and conviction? It's all here. Saunter down to an indy store and "Swing The Heartache, just for her sake..."

Maybe I'll be humming a few bars at the Utah Opera's Rigoletto come Sunday...

—LARS—

any other band that's disgraced our fine land of Zion. Nevertheless, FFF stand their own as a full-toned three-man band. Crazy, crazy Latin salient salsa, corkscrew power pop and gyrating gymnastic grooves that will move you to dance until the meridian of exhaustion occurs. All of it, a furor of fun, too. Give me Vatos, or give me death!. Come to see FFF when they return in March at the Speedway. Cha cha cha to "Tequila," along with other hybrid cuts and feed your otherwise indolent feet.

—LARS—

THE REDS



I know everybody's impression of THE REDS is that they are just a cover band, but that isn't true. When I received a copy of their tape, I was pleasantly surprised at how good it was.

THE REDS consist of Eddie Seegmiller (drums), Allen Billings (Guitar/Vocals), Jon Kirchoff (Bass/Vocals) and Chris Rowe (Guitars/Vocals). The band does most of their performing at bars, so it is easy to label them as a bar band. The band has obviously spent some of their bar-earned money to produce a nice little demo. I don't know how easy it is to get ahold of, but I do remember them giving them out when they played at Sabbathon 89.

The music is smooth, well written, and easy to listen to. The production on the tape is very good. I find the music a little bit predictable, but the variety of the original music they play is good. The tape could warrant them some attention from the big boys.

If you see them play some time, wade through the covers and listen for their originals. They definitely stand out as the best songs they perform.

Check Bar & Grill, DV8s, Z-Place for their name...THE REDS.

FOOD FOR FEET

For about ten seconds, I actually had a comp of Food for Feet's promo in my grubby lil' hands. But when I set it down on the Speedway bar counter, turned my back and much to my chagrin, some jerk-off thief abducted it (to hell with you *@&!). Thanks to Marty (who was back in town), I did get to hear his copy of it later that night after the Burial Benefit reunion gig.

Okay, I'll admit to my own avid predilection about any possible off-shot of Oingo Boingo. I've probably been to more OB concerts than

pyro's wasteland

Four things I've learned (ala Les Nessman):

1. Don't smoke cloves around Ziba, Paul or Braunch. Period.
2. Never mix amaretto, champagne, beer and tequila on New Year's Eve. (or anytime for that matter). Oh Lordee!
3. Don't attempt to negotiate with a bigoted, ignorant skinhead. No., no!
4. Never take your favorite local band for granted, it may reach a demise in the near future. Waaa! Boo-hoo, go sob. Yeah, seriously.

Since the first two points are pretty much self-explanatory, I wish only to elaborate on the last two. #3: The skin problem is starting to get out-of-hand again (still, it's not as bad as The Painted Word days). Personally, I'm tired of spending time, freezing my ass off, trying to reason with bellowing, red-faced skins coming in my face. I missed half of Poison Idea's set and all (yes, I said fucking all) of Hard Ons, engaged in a go-no-where convo with these racists.

And what of GBH? The one hoisting the flag pole was more obstinate than a fettered jackass. Zay, nor I, or anyone could get it through his thick skull that GBH aren't Uncle Sam and Old Glory, they're British. Now, I don't expect everyone to have peace and anarchist leanings like mine, but I'd hope that the patrons of Speedway would respect the hall and it's owners for their priceless and incredible support of this underground. Speedway is two years old and I don't know about you other saps out there, but Lars wishes to pay homage to Paul and Zay for sticking with it and with us.

It's a terrible misfortune that FIST must suffer the consequences of the resurgent skin problem. And I want everyone to know that the members of FIST are some of the coolest and brightest individuals I've ever had the pleasure of meeting. Since you guys are non-racist, my advice is to get the hell out of the skin movement. You dudes are too damn beautiful as people to carry the burdensome stigma.

Why be banned and persecuted due to the other racist faction? Use your ingenuity to begin a new movement. After all, unity is but a pipe dream, eh? If we called it simply "Factionless" maybe unity would become more than a futille

hope

...#4: Some of these most quizzical and quintessential local bands (and my personal favorites) have been (or are): (members of) Descendents, Maimed For Life, Boxcar Kids, The Stench and Dino Bones. Notice, coincidentally, that the first two groups are now defunct. That's spooky shit (we even have living specters, the Bad Yodelers, who come back to haunt us every eon or so). so don't bypass a gig! I learned my lesson on that one. Did I ever. The rest of you loafers should get off your duff and motate down to Speedway. You will live to regret it if you don't. Promise.

Closing remarks: To those poor souls who actually took me seriously about Salt Lake being a wasteland, think again. Every city in the whole damn world is a wasteland (ha, ha). But T.S. Eliot was a mite bit glum about it all. Nothing irks me more than people who bitch about living here and don't leave. Get the hell out! Move! Be my guest (goodriddance, Jake Mallory). Me? I'm outta here. Gonna go live in a polluted, dog-eat-dog, populace-infested city with bottleneck freeways. I want to spend half my waking hours in traffic, the rest slaving away on the job so that I can pay for an overpriced shithole. Right. Just so every day I must have an escort for fear of rape, pilage and plunder once I step out of the door. Sure. No freedom to move about at will, or to walk and bike as I please. Precisely. Nearly could've lost my sister in a recent car accident. yeah, to live and die in Long Beach. Not for me, bub.

You people that bitch about S.L.C. will find yourself griping while in L.A. Take responsibility for your own frame of mind. You can certainly be as happy here (or unhappy) as elsewhere. Einstein was right, imagination is more significant than intelligence. So use some creativity! In that regard, its more challenging to live here, is it not? As for contributing to this underground, Camus said it best, "that rebellion cannot exist without a strange form of love" and "real generosity toward the future lies in giving all to the present."

In case you didn't get it this time, kiddos, I ENJOY LIVING HERE,

—LARS—

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shows start at 9:00

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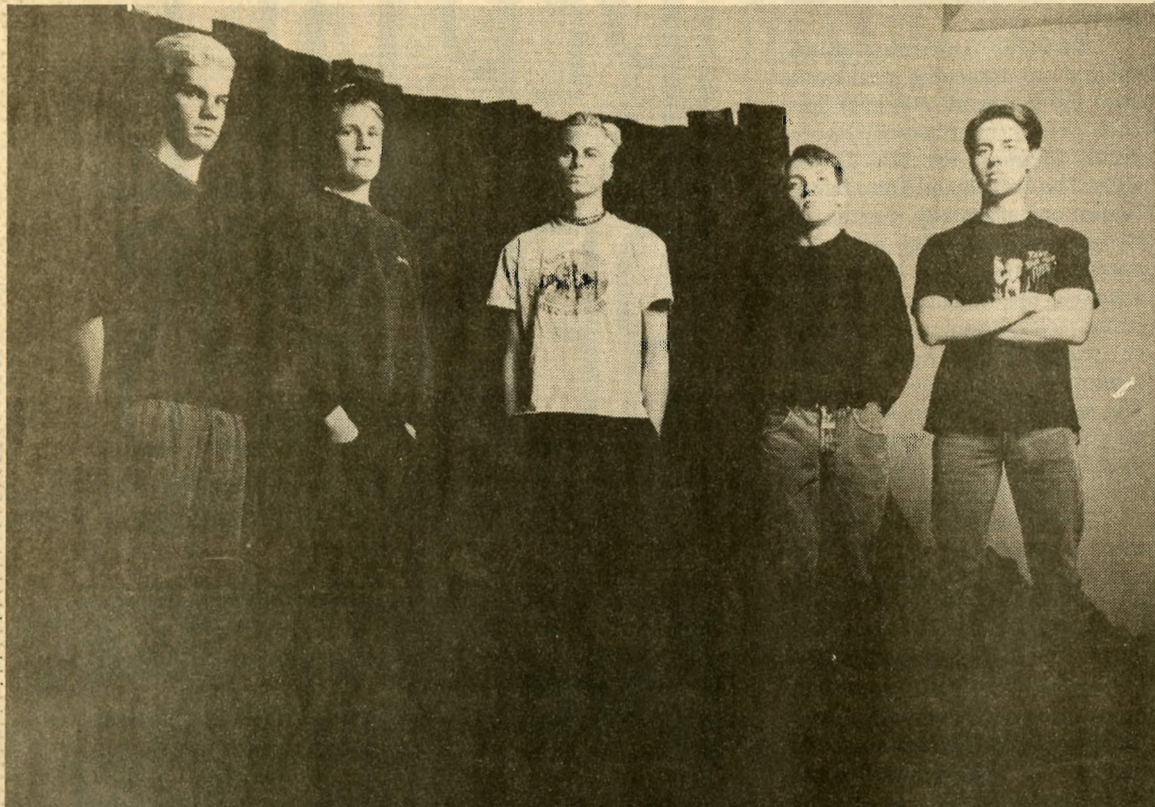
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feature band...insight



Photos by Rick Egan

INSIGHT

Sometimes I am really glad that I missed out on certain things. One of these things is developing a bad attitude about straight edge music before I had a chance to see INSIGHT play. The first time I saw them play I had no preconceived notions about their ideas or beliefs. By the way, for those of you who don't know what straight edge is, I will explain it the way I understand it so we can get it out of the way. The straight edge movement comes in many forms, but the basic force that drives it is the desire for certain individuals to live in control of themselves. The main focus of the movement is abstaining from drugs and alcohol but could also include: eating meat, having casual sex and any other vice the individual chooses to stay away from. The movement is strong and it gives the kids

unity. Many big name bands such as YOUTH OF TODAY or INSTED are more vocal about these views than such bands as SEVEN SECONDS or UNIFORM CHOICE. There are no set rules, the individuals who choose this way of life choose their own standards and live them the way they feel best. INSIGHT was the first band to join the straight edge movement in Salt Lake City.

Choosing to be a straight edge band has been both to their advantage and their disadvantage. The disadvantage I have seen is that they are labeled as such. Many people are put off by the fact that they are an edge band. The band takes criticism including: self-righteousness, naivety and even trendiness. Two years of rock solid music and attitude shows that they aren't trendy and they honestly don't care if people like what they stand for. They

believe in what they are doing and they aren't going to let peer pressure stop them. The advantage being that they started the band with a purpose in mind and over the years they have built a solid foundation that will pull them thru all kinds of obstacles.

My first and lasting impression of the band came about a year and a half ago when they tore The Word up in front of about 150 frantick kids. The band is very young, ages 17-21, but they function very professionally as musicians. Youth is definitely in their corner. Musically they are far ahead

of many of the musicians their ages. This youth gives them energy and vigor.

Being drug-free is certainly not the only thing these boys are shouting about. They feel just as strong about animal rights, unity, stopping racism, love, friendship and relationships. These ideals are evident in their music both on stage and in the studio. The amount of emotion projected in their live performance is a direct reflection of the emotion they put into writing their music. This belief in what they are doing gives the band a reality that is evident in their live performance and their life styles.

Mark (vocals), the old man of the band, stands outright as the mediator of the band's energy. His voice is hard, angry and very powerful, and he has no trouble taking control of a crowd when he picks up the microphone. Since Mark does all the singing, he carries the burden of being the spokesperson for the band. He performs with a high level of energy, so ignoring what he has to say is difficult. For this reason, he is very careful not to preach and whine or make political statements he doesn't have a rock solid view on. He does not however hesitate to say what he feels. I was happy to hear him announce to one of their crowds that they wanted people to watch them play as a hard-core band and not just a straight edge band. The band is good and people need to listen to them play.

The wall of distortion is provided by the guitar-jam duo, Jeremy and Jamie. Both play very well. They combine speed, intricate chord changes and a very crunchy grind that gives INSIGHT'S music a great diversity. You won't just hear balls to the wall thrash, the songs are well written. Don't get me wrong, the music moves well. Chubba (drums) is the pace setter. The pace he sets is fast and smooth. The thing I like best about watching the band play,



...insight

is seeing Doug play bass. He is one of the most intense musicians I have ever seen play. His style is good and his technique is even better.

The band carries a great presence around with them, both on and off stage. They are all playing in the band for the same reason; and they are all really good friends. Inner-band tension will probably not be this band's downfall. When they play live they enjoy it, and the crowd can sense it. This intensity keeps the crowd alive and coming back for more. At times it can get quite exhausting just watching these guys play. They are very serious as a band, but they never lose touch of the fact that they are also out to have a good time.

It took almost nine months from the time they were signed by SoulForce records to actually see their names on vinyl. The success they have received has certainly not come easy. They have had the same obstacles that any other band has had. The tour they went on last year was fairly successful but turned out to be more of a learning experience than a good time. The bands van broke down half way out and crowd response isn't always what it's cracked up to be, especially out of town. Response in town isn't always that great either. I remember seeing them play with CROMAGS last year. They played the right style of music but the crowd crucified them.

Insight would like to eventually like to get signed to a larger record company for reasons of distribution and money. This however, will not be a goal that will keep them from pressing forward. They are taking a three month break right now to write music which they will take on tour this summer. Check them out some time, the music is good.

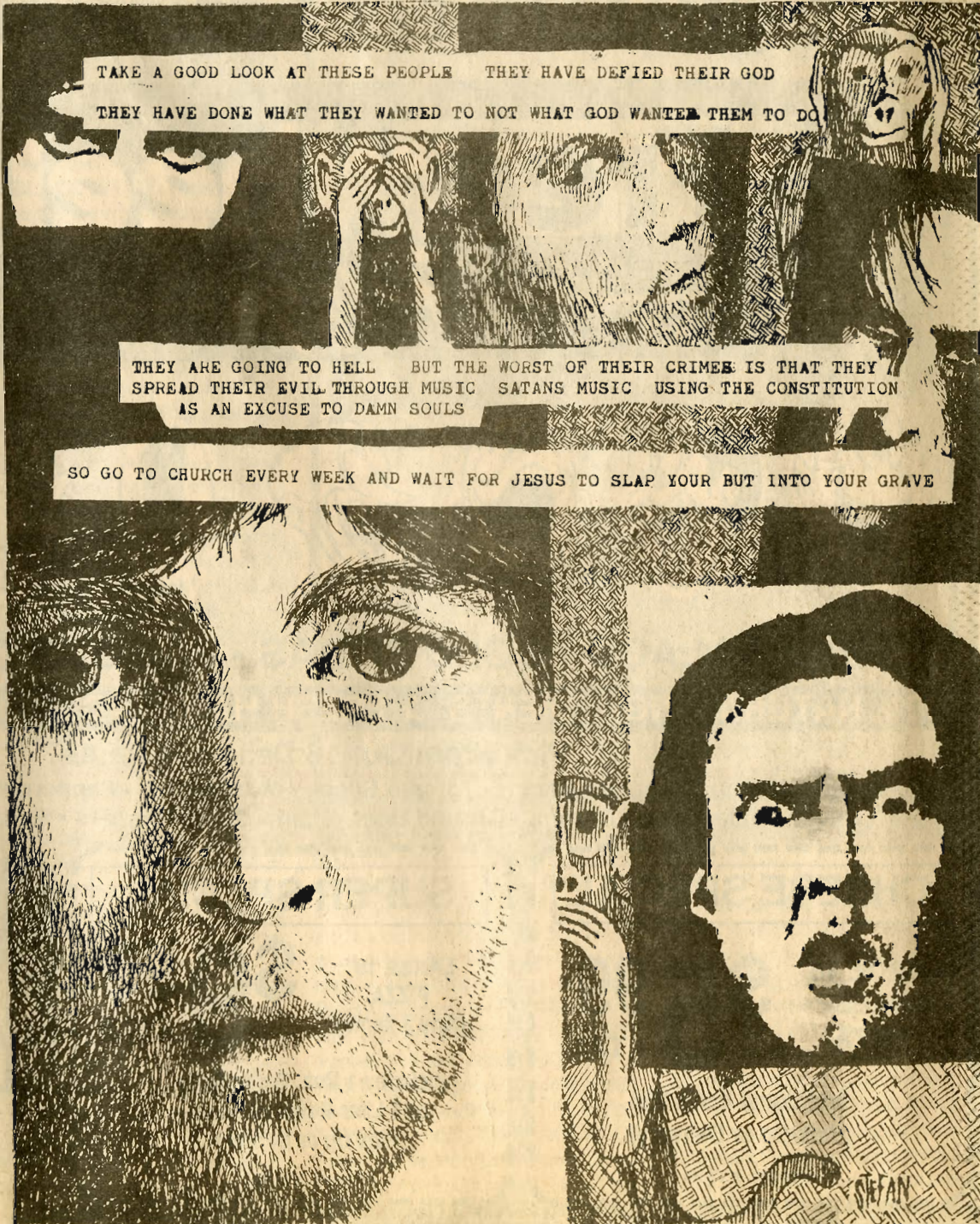
JR Ruppel

continued from page 2

the Bachelors, in reviewing their record I was (as I always try) placing them in a national context. Just because it's local doesn't mean it's good in terms of my or any other reviewer and hopefully listener's ears. My opinion hasn't changed and I don't think I've changed yours but I hope I've at least given you some idea of what I listen for. In any event, anyone who waits for a supposed "authority" to tell him if something is good or bad needs to realize that I, Glenn O' Brian, Roger Ebert or even John Pecorelli, are only expressing our opinions, which may or may not reflect your own. Ultimately, one must be subjective and acknowledge that which exhilarate you, reject that which doesn't and condemn that which offends you. Of course it's self righteous but it's my job.

To close, I'll ask a hypothetical question. If someone walked into your record store, would you "steer them" to a tape you hated or recommend a tape YOU liked? Sincerely Phil Harmonic
P.S. My excuse for hiding my name is 1. that I know most of the bands who's tapes I have to review and 2. I've been writing in underground magazines under the name of "Phil Harmonic" for years longer than any of the bands I review have even been together so why change now? (For reference check out back issue of SLAM, ZIONIZE and Leisure Cambodian.)

submit your art for this page now. Send it to the P.O. or take it to raunch 375 w 400 s



INSIGHT
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84092

the christ brothers

EAT SHIT, ROCK FANS, RUB-A-DUB WILL RULL

by Dr. Adolf Christ

This is 1990 motherfucker, and rock and roll is the music of the past. It is archaic and obsolete in all its permutations: punk, folk, psychodelic, easy listening, metal, disco, house, voodoo, synth-pop, thrash, rap, and yes, even salsa.

All these forms have been stul-

tified by the latest wave of experimental sound labeled RUB-A-DUB, which comes to us directly from GOD, and involving tricky 17-14 13 cross-rhythms and layers of digitally-mastered sonic distortion (revolutionarily mixed to give the listener a three-dimensional feel far beyond mere "Sensurround" or quad sound). RUB-A-DUB also displays complete disregard for such antiquated notions as melody, structure, or hummability, and is

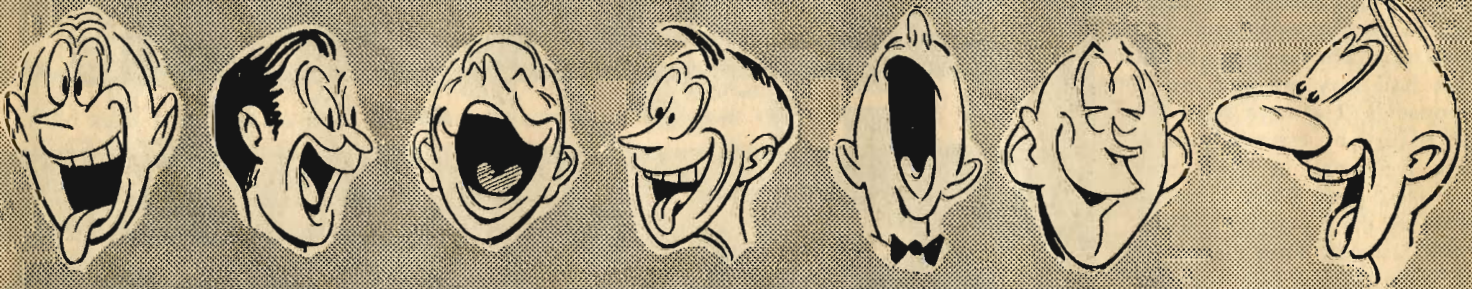
equally independent of lazy, ego-gratifying, "free form", ad-libbing. Perhaps the most intriguing aspect of RUB-A-DUB is the direct sexual contact each audience member receives from the performer-the symbolic wall between them is literally shattered through mutual oral gratification, clitoral-teste physio-fusion and the type of unkempt spiritual communication only the AIDS virus can relinquish.

How is this done with every member of the audience? It takes time.

Obviously, RUB-A-DUB (RD) is here not a moment to soon. Aren't we all tired of dancing and hearing pretentious lyrics? Isn't it about time GOD put Her Supreme jackboot down on drummers? (God must be female by the way, how could anything begat Eugene Jaleznik in its own image?) Bass guitar is probably the most anal of

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the christ brothers

instruments imaginable (next to the kazoo), and such will be rightfully abolished by RD. Guitarists are the most selfish, petty motherfuckers on the face of the planet earth. Hasn't GOD heard enough of their bullshit? Singers are either all-stage-presence or no-stage-presence, and either one is irritating as all hell. No mercy should be shown to these razorbacks. Synth players and sample-men are probably the best of the lot, needing no innate abilities whatsoever (and often mentally operating on the STEM level); nevertheless, guilt-by-asso-

ciation vigilante justices should take care of these sad clowns. Finally, the spread of RD should take care of Salt Lake City's mewling, existential, high school rock scene. Every fuckin' shit-assed ba....

Editors Note: The author of this text, Dr. Adolf Christ, who also serves as professor emeritus at the College of Behavioral Sciences at the University of Utah, was found dead at his typewriter, with his genitalia surgically removed and stuffed into his mouth. His text ends where it was cut off above.

news, views & reviews

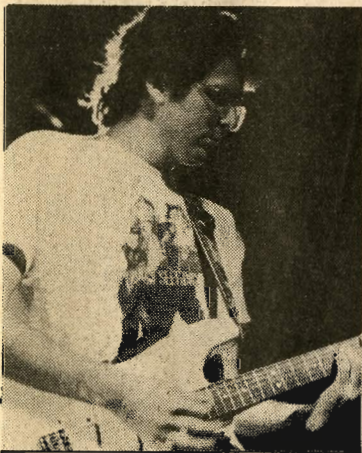
January, 1990 was definitely a slow month for out of town shows. However, it was an epic month for the local shows. Attendance at local shows has skyrocketed. Starting things off this month was the **BOXCAR KIDS/WONDER CRASH / FRACTAL METHOD** show. All day before the show, I had been getting calls from people asking me if I had heard if the **BOXCAR KIDS** were really going to break up. I of course,

progress. Saturday was **TRUCE** and **BLACK IVORY**. I can't actually remember what I did that night, but I didn't get to the Speedway. I heard that there was a rippin crowd, and the singer of **BLACK IVORY** cracked his skull on the ceiling of the stage. Bummer.

The highlight of the month for me was the **BURIAL BENEFIT** reunion. The Mahavishnu Eric Platzke made a cameo appearance in Salt Lake. I guess since the band figured they were all in town at once, they would do it. It was easily the best performance by any band for the month. After two years, they played a tight set that rattled my bones. Sorry you missed it cause they ain't doin' it again...ever. The crowd was meager but most of them stuck around for **DINOSAUR BONES** and **COMMON PLACE**.

REPTILE RECORDS in Provo has become the hot-spot for local shows these days. The kids seem to come out to almost anything. I did catch **THE STENCH** gig and it was crazy. The whole main floor was a huge pit. People come out and they always stay for all the bands. There's a twist.

The next show I saw was D.I. from Cali. **BLAH-BLAH-BLAH!!!** The music was excellent but the singer had a serious geek fetish. He would have been great if he would have just kept his mouth shut between songs. Buy the album, I am sure it will be great. **VICTIMS WILLING** was, of course, the best thing of the night. Paul had



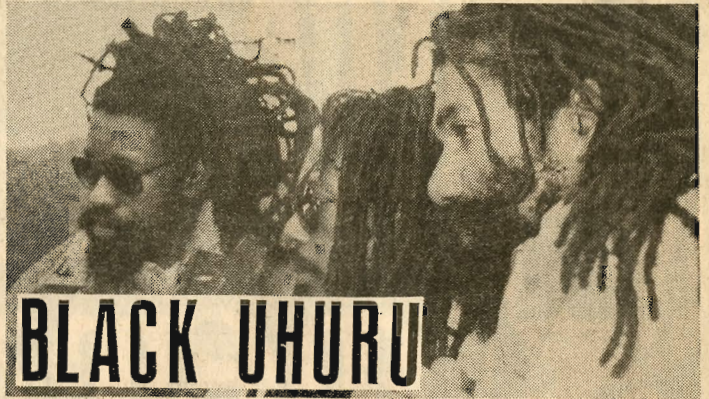
Chris Moor...Boxcar Kids

being a big fan of gossip, told them I didn't know or care. I did however, show up to the Speedway that night with an eyedrop of curiosity. I knew it would never happen and when they got on stage Jon Bon Shuman annihilated the rumors by telling the crowd they were not breaking up. The next 60 minutes was pure Boxcar heaven. I know I say this a lot, but it was one of the best sets I have ever seen them Play, thank God bands still

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their sound pegged. Saturday night, the 27th, was the Salt Lake album release party for the **BAD YODELERS**. They didn't actually have any records for the show but we all got to celebrate with them the fact that it has finally been released. Randy (formerly of **BETTER WAY**) and Aaron (**STARVING ARTIST**) started a band called **SADHANA** which is pretty good. I hope this isn't one of those bands that will fade out. I did hear **NEGATIVE VIOLENCE** broke up. Sorry if I am wrong, but if I am right it really sucks. Then I got to finally see **BRAINSTORM**. I was

most impressed with the set. Keep it up boys!

I keep hearing about all these bands that are getting supposed record deals. I don't believe it. I can't see anyone in this town getting off their asses long enough to do the work needed to get noticed. I did talk to Kevin of **IDAHO SYNDROME**, and he said they are looking at a contract now, but nothing has happened. By the way, they will be playing with **THE RISE** from San Fran March 2 at the Speedway. Check them out.

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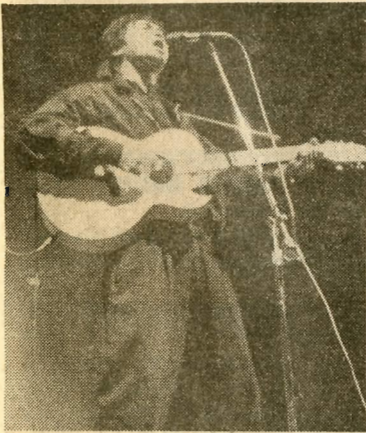
DON'T BE A WIMP!!!



film/ concert review

Thursday January 25
Park City, Utah
Egyptian Theater
U.S. Film and Video Festival

The premier screening of Soviet film *THE NEEDLE*, starring Victor Tsoi of the Leningrad based underground band KINO. The film is about Moro (Victor Tsoi) who goes out of town, only to find on his return home, that his girlfriend is strung out on morphine. The Story conveys a sympathetic view of watching someone you love degenerate because of a substance and the trials of being involved in trying to help a junkie kick.



KINO in Park City

After the screening Victor Tsoi (vocals & Guitar) and Yuri Kasparyan (guitar) performed a few of their songs (four to be exact). Their style is hard to put a finger on, partly because only two of the five band members were here in the states to play this special show. The closest I can come would be to say they sounded like early eighties new-wave with a touch of Russian folk.

The significance of this evenings screening and post show performance are one. Never before has a Soviet film been made that admits to a drug problem in the USSR. This is completely unprecedented. To make such a film means that the government approved it, and that it passed regulations imposed on film makers (or any other artists) by the Ministry of Culture. Whether or not the quality of the film itself was good is irrelevant. The message being sent to audiences who see it is that Glasnost (openness) is finally portraying the

realities of drug abuse and drug pushing maffiosos in the Soviet Union.

Similarly, the post show performance by 2/5 of KINO is worthy of notice. To be an underground band in Russia means to be unofficial-not recognized by the government. The state owns the only record label, MELODIA, and to sign with them means subjecting all your music and lyrics in advance to government censors. If a band is unofficial, they have nowhere to play or record and are constantly harassed by the police. If there is too much trouble, it could mean losing jobs and membership to Youth Party Organizations; thus, being condemned to a life as a night watchman. The only hope is to cut a deal with the authorities in return for equipment to play on. Sure, you may get a recording contract but you lose the rights over your own music, and if something written is not liked, it is changed and you have no control over it.

By the beginning of the 1980's, the Ministry of Culture admitted that there were 70,000 rock bands in the Soviet Union. Of these only 145 were rated "professional" that is were allowed to tour and occasionally make a record. Former General Secretary Chernenko took the time in his short term of office to denounce rock music as: "the attempt of our enemies to exploit the psychology of Russian Youth." But now with Glasnost comes...ROCKNOST. The authorities are at least tolerating what KINO is up to. KINO has retained their Underground status and the freedom over their own music by refusing to sign with MELODIA. At the same time, they have managed to independently record their own cassette and distribute it throughout the Soviet Union and a small part of the U.S. It seems ironic that they often appear at the top of the official Soviet rock charts, while they themselves are unofficial. Being able to see KINO perform in Park City was as rare for Utahns as it was for them to be able to do so. *No wonder it was a sell out.*

by *Natasha*

Photo by Steve Midgley

DEAD CITY BY A LAKE
LOOKING AT THE CITY AS A HOLE

MAIMED FOR LIFE HATE X9 NAUGHING SUSPICIAN
VICTIMS WILLING RID MISSION SLAUGHTER CHRIST
A.B. AND THE GREAT DECEIVERS HOUSE OF CARDS
MORE.....

ON SALE NOW AT RAUNCH

new band spotlight

COMMON PLACE

Common Place are:
Jasper (Guitar)
Lara Bringard (Vocals)
Jason Bringard (Drums)
Kelline Greenwood (Bass)



photo by Collin Kelly

There is something to be said for the family vibe adding an extra touch to a band's music, and COMMON PLACE proves it. This four piece, who just formed in October, is an act you need to check out. Personally, this interviewer is glad to see Lara and Scott making music again. Of course these two are former members of Dinosaur Bones, and they moved on from that band to tie the knot. Since their Dino days, they have gone on to experiment with other sounds. While some of their songs are more upbeat, they all share a common thread of darker melodies.

I got a chance to see them on New Year's at Cinema and was lured into watching their whole set. Lara has a unique style of singing and is perfect as a front person for the band (even though she sometimes seems self-conscious) she has a rare charm. Scott's guitar sound is full of spooky effects, which work well with what the band is going for. Jason and Kelline make a solid rhythm section which can really make or break any band and certainly makes it for this band. Influences range from Love & Rockets and The Church, to Soundgarden and Screaming Trees. The band hopes to be able to release a 7" EP sometime in the future. If you haven't seen them yet, now you have a chance because they are playing at the Speedway Feb 9 and in Provo at Reptile Records on Feb 16.

interview...escape velocity

ESCAPE
VELOCITY

Escape Velocity was written by local playwright and graduate student, Brad Henrie. The show ran four nights (Jan 25-28) and was produced in conjunction with Theatre Works West and the Speedway Cafe. The show featured live music by avant-garde, industrial band THE CLOCKS. This Interview was with DIRECTOR-KRISTINA THURMOND, PLAYWRITE-BRAD HENRIE, and PRINCIPLE ACTOR-JUSTIN CAMBELL.

Slug: What are you trying to say about love?

Brad: It's greatly misinterpreted and overrated.

Slug: Is the fire a metaphor for another way of hurting yourself?

Brad: Basically, there are addictions to anything, and everything can be an addiction. It seems to me that a lot of times what's going with addictive love relationships is, that its like being addicted to hurting yourself. The name of the play comes from an idea of a projected painting that this guy is going to do, where he splatters his girlfriend's brains all over the canvas as sort of a record of how this whole relationship is going down the tubes. That's what the play is too. It's like watching someone's insides splattered all over the stage in the most ugly way possible.

Slug: Are the characters Burns and Clair based on any real life characters?

Brad: Yeah, about 5,000 bad relationships.

Slug: Did you think this subject matter was something that everybody could relate to?

Brad: Anyone who has ever been physically, mentally or sexually abused or just kicked around by their old man should be able to relate to the play.

Slug: The character of Clair-what Burns did to her was demeaning. Was that sexist or just extreme?

Kris: I don't think he was being sexist or chauvinist, but just insane. He lost it. It was anger. I'm a woman, and I've let out some hateful things on men and I've done some really demeaning things to men that I loved. Am I sexist? It's just the irrationality that goes with it.

Slug: Were you compelled to take this characters' actions to the extreme that you did?

Brad: You read about shit like somebody goes home and kills his estranged wife and kids. You wonder how that happens. I think that the play is written in such a way, that even if you don't

agree with what Burns is doing, at least you can see what he is doing and why. It's like getting inside of his head. Everyone looks at things from only their own perspective. Everybody creates their own reality. Burns has created a reality that is somewhat different from yours or mine. Even though there was one particular fucking woman who I fantasized about putting a gun to her head and making her do the dishes.

Kris: A lot of times when actors have to get on stage and kill somebody, they have that problem of how are you going to make it real. Everybody at one instant of their lives, even if it is just for a second has wanted to kill someone. There are times when you have said "God, I just want to kill him." Most people come to their senses and realize that they don't really want to kill them, but for that instant you really wanted to.

Slug: What do you think happens to them from the ending on?

Brad: I think Burns pulls his head out. I think he lives. Burns may not go into therapy but he doesn't kill himself.

Kris: There were three different endings. Originally he shot himself, then he burned himself. I had more faith in the character. I thought he'd get his shit together. I don't want to see him kill himself.

Brad: Here's something I want to ask Justin about; I happen to know you as a very kind, sweet, gentle person who would feel awful for saying something nasty to somebody. You doing this shit every night, how does that make you feel?

Justin: (Laughs) It's really hard for me. I believe everybody has these feelings inside of them somewhere and through this play I am forced to deal with them and bring them out. I have to find those feelings in me and use them. It is very frightening. It is hard to deal with for a long time after the play. I don't know how many times I have told Kathleen, who plays Claire, that I'm sorry for the things I did to her on stage.

Kris: That's one of the hardest things about being an actor; you've always got to find something inside yourself that would relate to the character, and sometimes you find things you don't want to and then you've got to deal with it!

Slug: What was the most difficult part of the script to direct?

Kris: Actually, the quieter parts with Burns and Phylto get that friendship out; that intimacy to be realistic and believable. I didn't have a hard time directing Justin in his final scene because he's a good actor and he just went with it. Also, to show that he and Claire really did love each other was hard to direct.

Slug: What about influences when you were writing the play? I couldn't help thinking of Sam Shepard plays.

Brad: I have read a lot of plays by Sam Shepard and also by Alfred Jarre. When I was writing this play I was listening to a lot of Speed metal.

Kris: There were a lot of conservative people in the audience tonight as well as the rockers were going to "kill her." You see something in a play like this and then you can see it in yourself. It's really scary. That's what theatre is sup-

posed to do, make you see something in yourself and how you relate.

Escape Velocity was the first play ever to be performed at the Speedway Cafe. It had a fairly good turnout and we would hope that Speedway will consider more alternative forms of entertainment like this. The play will be showing two more nights this month on Feb 2-3. Try it.

Ziba Marashi

JoJo's Corner

Well the Saturnalia rolled by and in the spirit of the ancient Romans I made a pilgrimage to a Mediterranean climate, in this case Los Angeles. I hadn't been there for a year since I had a forced stay at the Airport Marriot Hotel last October where the most notable scenery is a strip joint on Century Blvd. with a sign bearing the legend; "LIVE-NUDE NUDES" as if there were any other kind. I kind of prefer clothed nudes myself but that wouldn't look as good on a marquee. The city hadn't changed much although the Airport Marriott had green and red X-mas globes over the balconies for the holiday season.

Nostalgia reigned supreme, the original CHRISTIAN DEATH played and TSOL (Jack, Todd, Mike and Ron) reunited for a show at the Anaheim Celebrity Theatre and for taping alive album at Raji's in Hollywood which was shut down by the police and fire marshalls after a "riot" occurred down the street. Chili Peppers played for an audience of some 5,000 or so at the Long Beach Arena and taped a video for home perusal soon. Current media darlings MARY'S DANISH opened.

Have you seen ROCK AND ROLL COMICS? A good divertisement for the jaded. Generally mediocre art work and plot lines, poor research (the Motley Crue edition had a picture of Zack Wilde playing for Ozzy in 1985) but all in all a fun poke at metal mythologising. The first issues included GUNS N' ROSES, METALLICA, and MOTLEY CRUE. I'm just holding my breath for that big SLAUGHTERCRIST double issue.

On the local front, BOY WONDER has been tearing it us. SUN REGIME is in and out of an indefinite hiatus and is rumored to be moving to Seattle. SLAUGHTERCHRIST lost a lead guitarist but sounds better than ever. POINTS WEST has reunited. Bad YODDLERS played their annual record releases show and the new album burns! (No that's not Keoughs's dad on the cover.) STENCH have a new album on the way. BOXCAR KIDS are mobbing to Los Angeles in the summer without sax man Phil who is perusing jazz for the time being.

In my top ten list of 1989's albums there were a few glaring absences which I would like to amend since I didn't have space in the last issue. These are the rest of the albums I loved in 1989. (As per usual, in no particular order.)

KING'S X, Gretchen Goes to

Nebraska
STENCH, Crazy Moon
MARY'S DANISH, There

Goes The Wondertruck

JOHN WAIN, Tape, if anyone knows where to find this, let me know c/o SLUG

SUBJECT TO CHANGE, Self Titled tape

WALKABOUTS, Cataract
A HOUSE, on out Big Fat...

GRAPES OF WRATH, any
POGUES, CHILI PEPPERS OR DINO-SAUR BONES

Congrats to Boxcar Kids for winning "Best Underground Band" in the Private Eye Best of Utah readers poll 1989,

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Common Place

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with guests
bad yodelers & dinosaur bones

Saturday February 17th

Irie Heights
and **I ROOTS**

Thursday February 22th

I LOVE YOU

WITH
CHIKARA AND *RID Mission*

Friday February 23

BOXCAR KIDS

LIVING END

dinosaur bones

Wed February 28



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