

SALT LAKE UNDER GROUND

SLUG

ENTERTAINMENT GUIDE AND REVIEW

May 1990

#17

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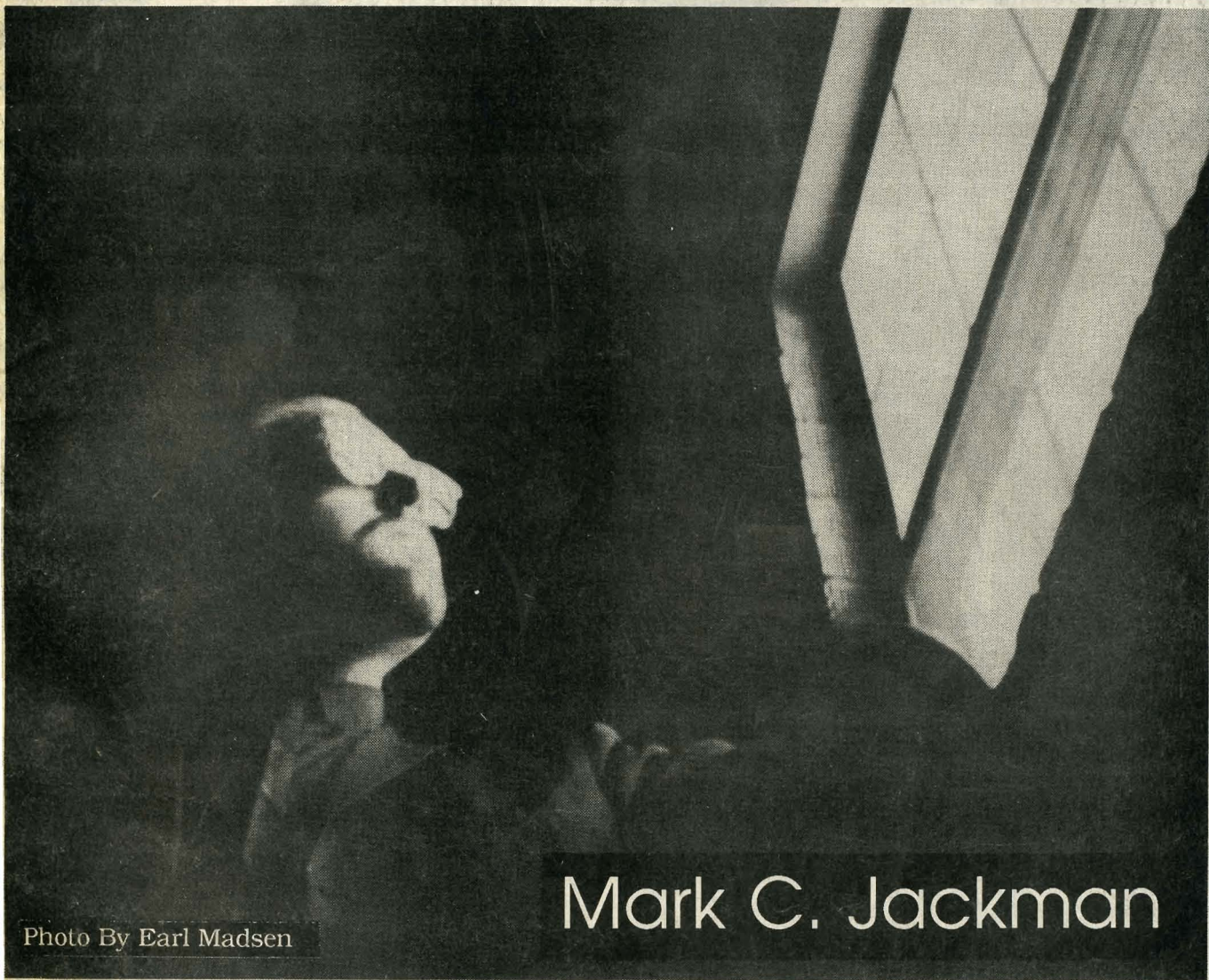


Photo By Earl Madsen

Mark C. Jackman

A look at what is really going on in town

NEWS • VIEWS • REVIEWS • A LOOK AT MARCH

CALENDARS • CONCERT INFO • HATE MAIL & MORE

SPEEDWAY CAFE

THURSDAY, MAY 3



THE RAVE UPS

THURSDAY, MAY 10



THE STENCH

FRIDAY, MAY 11



CELEBRITY SKIN

SUNDAY, MAY 20



TOOTS & THE MAYTALS

THURSDAY, MAY 3

THE RAVE UPS
& CHICASAW MUD PUPPIES

FRIDAY, MAY 4

POPSOUSTICO

BOXCAR KIDS

SATURDAY, MAY 5

FATES
WARNING
SANCTUARY
DEAD ON

THURSDAY, MAY 10

THE STENCH
DRAIZE METHOD
BRAINSTORM

FRIDAY, MAY 11

Celebrity Skin

LIVING END

SATURDAY, MAY 12
HEAVY METAL CIRKUS

THURSDAY, MAY 17



INSIGHT

FRIDAY, MAY 18

PSYCHIC
TV

WARLOCK PINCHERS

FRACTAL METHOD

SATURDAY, MAY 19

BACKWASH
ZION TRIBE

SUNDAY, MAY 20

TOOTS
& THE MAYTALS

TUESDAY, MAY 22

VAIN
SPREAD EAGLE

FRIDAY, MAY 25

PRETTY BOY
FLOYD

SATURDAY, MAY 26

7 SECONDS

COMING IN JUNE

JUNE 2 - LOVE/HATE

JUNE 6 - FUGAZI

JUNE 9 - **MDC**, GUILT PARADE, BASIC BLACK

JUNE 13 - **SOCIAL DISTORTION**
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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!

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SLUG is printed on the first of each month and is free to the public. The written material is provided by YOU. Your opinions are vital!! Please feel free to send what you have-Letters, Articles, Art work, Reviews, Poetry, Photos, Concert and Event Information to us by the 20th of each month to.....

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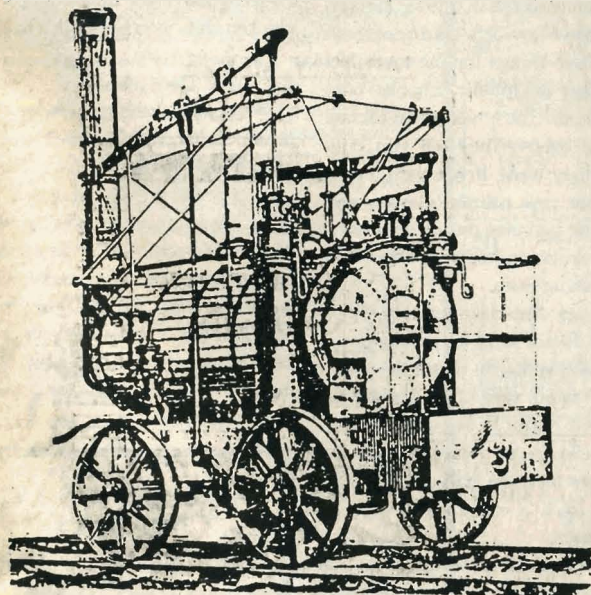
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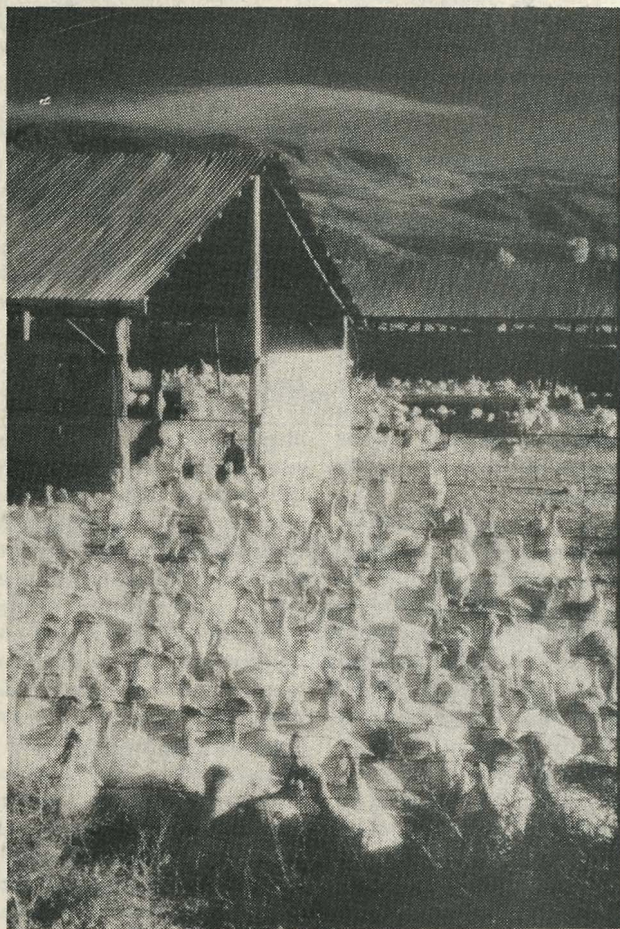
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DEAR DICKHEADS....BLAH, BLAH, BLAH

Dear Dickheads,

The end of each month holds much anxiety for me. This is the period after which I read the current SLUG a thousand times; and right before the new issue comes out. I pursue my SLUG so often, keeping up on what is going on, that is just a mushy mound of pulp at the end of the month. It is really "the one that gets used," around my house. The anxiety I feel is from not having a listing of upcoming events at my fingertips, and from anticipation of what the new issue will hold.

I must be blunt. It was with horror that I picked up the March issue. I could not believe that Truce was on the cover. I was outraged! How dare you? It was such an insult to see the band gracing the cover.

My disgust does not come from sheer hatred of this band, although I must be honest - sheer hatred is what I feel. My disgust comes from the opinion that there are so many other bands more worthy of the cover than Truce.

My question to you is, who's dick did they have to suck? Seriously. What have they done to deserve to be on the cover of a zine called the "Salt Lake Under Ground." I stress underground! I have never seen these guys support any underground shows. I don't see them waving their banners for any cause. Their lyrics are beyond shit. They don't have any redeeming things to say, even when you talk to the members of the band. They are "Rock Stars" in the worst sense of the word.

I should stop ranting. I just had to get that off my chest. I just cannot believe that your best choice for a cover was Truce. Salt Lake hasn't run out of bands have we? There was not one other band to put on the cover? I feel that you scraped the bottom of the barrel on this one guys! Salt Lake has so much more to offer. It is a pity that anyone not familiar with the scene or Salt Lake has to think that Truce represents the Salt Lake underground scene.

After waiting an entire month for the March issue to come out, then to be faced with such disappointed, I feel so disheartened and let down. The future issues have to be better, "Cause you can't get no worse!"

*Signed,
Waiting for Next Month*

Ed. Note: Dear Mr. Next Month,

Wooooo doggie! I sense some serious judgement coming our way! I have to respect you for writing this down and sending it to us. We are way sick of hearing this crap behind our backs; not like we fuckin care, but voicing is where it is at. You would be surprised. We could get a lot worse, and we just might. Truce may not be everybody's faves, we have heard that; but, they are an original band in Salt Lake that is working as hard to make it as the next band. They deserved a chance.

Dear Mickheads,

Us Kaotic fans may have been drunk, but you must have been on acid and must have been having hallucinations. I saw nothing even resembling a riot at the battle of the bands. Unless you call a bar with 90% of the people chanting "Bullshit" a riot. I guess when you saw the equipment getting trampled you were really peaking. No one I talked to seems to remember that but you. As for the microphones and the PA, it was the property of the bar. As a matter of fact, the closest thing I saw to a riot was the guitarist from Black Ivory push a girl off the stage. (He did apologize after though, so everything was cool). As for Kaotic Contortion, I seem to remember all of them just sitting in a corner booth watching the so-called "riot" sipping brews. I seriously doubt Rocky Mountain Jamm would have invited Kaotic Contortion back if it was such a "riot."

You know something Mickhead? I'm beginning to wonder if maybe you got some of the same bad brown acid that was going around Woodstock.

Thanx anyway, bad publicity is better than no publicity.

*Peace, Pot, and Microdot
Doogie*

The following is an Editorial rebuttal. It is the opinion of the people writing and is not that of SLUG

Dear Ignorant Heads,

I shall begin to properly introduce ourselves to you (whomever you claim to be.) We haven't had the proper introduction. So I believe this

is better than receiving false and negative coverage.

We are the American Liberty Skinheads. We are people, youth for freedom and responsibility. We are here to help the youth of our scene see the falling of the times. To show you we are being hung by democracy, to see the World Power Unification. We are trying to tell our generation what we are up against. The banks who control the world. In one letter we cannot and will not sum up a whole thought., a whole ideology. We are living in trying times. You and your parents want to ban any politically active group. We are not against blacks, that's the excuse media plays on us. It is a fine strategy. Nobody will give us a chance or listen to our real issue. We as skinheads are a group of white boys and white girls that are proud of our heritage and our forefathers culture. We do value our race which is slowly being interbred. That is a problem. That leaves us as the minority. We are writing to say we are disappointed with your lack of knowledge about us. When trying to formulate our reason, I can tell you now - you are no expert.

We are not against anybody. But those who fail to see, aggravate us. Instead of blaming the problem, we want to change and be more responsible people. We will not tread on anybody until they tread first. If you notice, that is the way we work. We follow natural law rather than try to decipher and fall in line for slaughter-master-law. Schools do not teach you these things for the mere fact that they are public schools. Who runs them? The government backed by the banks. They tell you only what they want. If you would take off your rose colored glasses, and take the bananas out of your ears, you would understand where we are coming from.

We as American Liberty Skinheads do not want to create a problem. We want you to see the problem. It is not each other, it is them. But you refuse to see on prejudice terms. So do not point the finger on us. Lets turn the tide and turn on them.

Dear Lars,

We do find it amusing, your cute little jabs you try to throw that were based on appointed interpretation.

Due to media influences which is age old collective ideology. Maybe you'll set up an interview based on intelligent questions you won't have to make up lies to fill lines.

An American Liberty Skinhead

Dear Dickheads,

This magazine is the lamest piece of shit I have seen in my life. At least the National Enquirer is printed in color. Why don't you change the name of your magazine to S.L.U.T. (Salt Lake Underground Trash). Don't you have anything nice to say about anything except local music (if that's what you want to call it)?

If "Uncle Ezra" doesn't fry in hell, there is no justice. I consider myself an open-minded Mormon; But, I don't think anything written in Mormon Update is even rational or clever. Work it out pal. Do you just sit around and think of bitter things to write about? I think freedom of speech should have some exceptions and journalistic creativity atleast.

What I don't understand is how SLUG will publish Mormon Update, but won't do anti-skinhead articles. You probably think skinheads are cool because they go to the Speedway Cafe. I hope skinheads end up with Uncle Ezra: FRYING IN HELL. Why don't you just tattoo '666' on your heads boys? Neo-naziism went out in the 1940's, or atleast should have.

XOXO

John C. SLC, Utah

PS Why do I get the feeling you chicken shits won't print this letter?

Ed. Note: Dear John C,

We wouldn't miss out printing this letter if we did think you were a narrow minded fuck. But hey, we don't. Thank God for Freedom of Speech and we do thank you for yours. As far as the skinheads issue is concerned, we find it tedious and boring and see no need to wallow in dead issues. We try to give everybody their say - and thrashing the skinheads because of their beliefs would be as close-minded as yourself. Love ya babe! Keep it coming!

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

PYRO'S WASTELAND



Greetings Sodom & Semitic SLUG-O-MITES

Hey...Got a few mega gnarly grievances to voice about the recent killer GOES EAST, Poison Idea gig that pulverized our parts. It started off well, and things raged all around as HateX9 and Victims Willing blazed through scalding hot sets (there's no excuse good enough for everyone not to own a copy of the RU Dead comp!). Subjectively, it was a real welcome & authentic HC show (dare I say the look & feel of punk?). Yonder everywhere—as far as the uncanny eye could ache, oh what a beautiful sight to behold. Bohemian dungarees (dig the "threads"). If God chanced to glimpse upon this occasion, the old geezer would bequeath: "It is good, so let it be done, so shall the festivities commence." As I have seen these gargantuan players before, they certainly can erupt with ominous almighty balls-to-the-mall, boobs-to-the-rafters mania!! A lovely onslaught. Aldine strip-teased the strings—man he sure plucks out one mean & wicked guitar. Throbbing! Delirious! If I may damn well do declare—umpf! Truly whipped my bloody ass into gear. Innumerable stage divers like Janet Chotia, Lars & others of the female persuasion (too outnumbered in the scene) shocked-the-fuck outta me as they sprawled-out and plummeted into the pit—only to recover for more gravity-defying bodily battery. Pure plunging stuff of which intense nightmares & menacing memories are made. Endearing. Enamoring. Stupendous! The Charge of the heavy brigade! Let's do it again, shall we?

If we can...Some words to those stingy dicks out there who can't seem to find a means for aggressive release besides idiocy: Please go drown in your own pisswater! On his utter-most-bitchen-cool program, BEHIND THE ZION CURTAIN, Brad also expressed outrage at the ridiculous, pointless brutish displays of senselessness called fights. Are we bucking for a showless town? Skins inciting shit in the foyer at Speedway, along with the predictable beefcake debauchery outside. I mean, when Karl Malone puts on antic-clad airs, he's ejected from the entire game. We ought to do the same with fucked-up patrons who vicariously insist on putting the venue in peril. Fuck Off! Jerks like you machismos belong on the State Street meatmarket. Come now duh-duh-dudes—try writing, skating, verbal debates of your opinions, acquire a musical instrument, dance your skull out, or even sex (with another consenting adult of course). For hell's sakes, anything but butch barbarian stupidity. GET A LIFE, GROW A BRAIN & THINK GODDAMNIT!! Cuz until you do, I'll be here to harp, harp, harp on you dudes...

Madder Than Hell

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TUESDAY WEDNESDAY THURSDAY FRIDAY SATURDAY

1 BOXCAR KIDS	2	3 GAMMA RAYS	4 BACHELORS	5
8 THE ID	9 THE ID	10 <i>Irie Heights</i>	11	12
15 SKIN 'N' BONES	16 ONLY A TEST	17 TOAD THE WET SPROCKET	18 GAMMA RAYS	19
22 THE ID	23 John Bayley	24	25 GAMMA RAYS	26
29 <i>the</i>	30 <i>The</i>	31 Only A Test	1	2



**THURSDAY, MAY 17TH
TOAD THE WET SPROCKET**

DETAILS TBA

RECORD & TAPE REVIEWS



SLUG COMPILATION

Why Kick A Dead Cat?

Up from the woodwork springs SLUG's first compilation. Nay this is no sedate pussy. And I, for one, hope there's more compositional malfeasance-in-the-works so upcoming projects like this will pounce our way. The production quality leaves something to be desired on a few cuts (Note: as an underground reviewer I have no previous expectations or qualms placed on self-released material to be high-bias recordings), but overall, this puppy (I mean cat) rips and claws.

Doing cover songs in the first place is outright appalling in my book unless the tune in mention somehow compliments the original version. However, from satire to seriousness, you won't be likely to object to "Why Kick a Dead Cat?" (Why indeed?). Yeah, just try not to groove on these local hepcats!

Imagine if you will, the Yod-Gods preening-out Madonna's "Borderline" (vocals by curious Karl this time). Truce ladle Cream's "Sunshine Of Your Life" with a heavy-duty churning and uncurdled edge. Dino Bones tickle your funnybone by adding just the right smidgeon o' sarcasm to Aerosmiths "Sweet Emotion." A lighthearted approach to Iggy Pop's "Lust for Life" makes for the uncommon in Commonplace. I'd go the "Whole Wide World" with the psychopaisley Wondercrash instead of Wreckless Eric any day (oh boys...). A very humorous Da Neighbors get down-n-dirty with Foreigner's "Hot Blooded" (anemic the Da Neibs ain't). Do you have a copy of Black Sabbath's "Paranoid" collecting dust in the corner? I do. Leave it be and let a profane Victims Willing show ya that it's no B.S. when covering B.S....Which brings me to the eerie & stormy Brainstorm. This is Lars' tape pick number for obvious spooky reasons. John Carpenter's "Theme from Halloween" receives a penetrating tribute from the audacious local terrors Brainstorm whose foreboding anthem is more of a treat than a trick...

Just Why Kick A Dead Cat? No sense in bothering to flog a carcass, right? Let SLUG's #1 comp answer

that one and get a load of this litter-box, kittys. It growls!

Lars



BOHEMIA

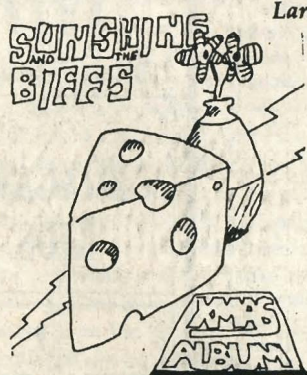
Demo 4

Unquestionably, Bohemia is the most submerged & explicate music to traverse my ears from this local underground's watering hole. Enthralling collages of omnifarious musical styles leave me tongue-tied to describe their demo. Unbridled creative metal-edges, funky-bluesy progressive rock, jam-jazzy mulatto—fusing Doorsian 60's and refreshing unhyped intro-extro perspective 90's... Perhaps they're defining this decades sound. It's apparent that this band has been influenced by other synergists who explore tempo & meter like Janes Addiction, Living Colour, Chili Peppers, etc. How can anyone notate instrumentals with the intricacies of Middle Eastern spherical ambience and Western Civilization's streamlined parameters? Fucking incredible. There are obviously some brilliant minds behind Bohemia's project. How else could so much aura, talent & soul endure through each & every piece on this demo? Robust vocal octaves guide you down unsung corridors of the mind as a foray of terracotta guitars chisel rifts like never before. By God (is it you) I have honestly listened to the alpha & omega of euphoria, and no finer examples of that which hones-in on this concept is the song "Reverie."

The tape comes with little pertinent info in the way of a lyric sheet or even who the band members playing and/or singing what. My guess is that this is no accident on Bohemia's part. They did it because they believe the recording sells itself. And it does. Yet, it leaves your reviewer in miserable suspense just waiting for further details...ha, ha, ha. Please include some next time.

And Bohemia aren't without necessary criticism. It is easy to give this my undivided attention but the possibility of tedium is at stake. The band haven't opted for fillers—however, unblocked time can be a detriment down the road. My point isn't to shackle or diminish their phenomenal variety of indigenous abilities by advising them to hack-

off the length. Cessation in the form of Music Corporate Industry definitely isn't something to aim for. That withstanding, if a song is too drawn-out, you'll lose your listener. Ok? I think that would be devastating to the allure of what makes Bohemia a band to be fully reckoned with. Shit, it's like holding a stick of dynamite in my hand!! It goes without saying that Bohemia are going places. Nor can I stress it enough—if you're not stocking your tape collection with locals, your missing-out on Zion groundbreaking. And that sort of crossculturating can mean the difference between nonsubstance and inner-richness.

SUNSHINE & THE BIFFS
Xmas Album - Music For
Cheese Lovers

Off-kilter as hell, these guys know the accurate meaning of "chaos" and "insanity." Premeditated mockery and primitive retarded zaniness are the themes prevalent throughout the prankish Sunshine & The Biffs Xmas Album. Bedlam like this brings to mind cassette culture locals on their more deranged pieces—Ipso Facto and None Other. I'll just bet the Biffers have been soaking in some Dukes Of Stratosphere too. Still, the idea is to put across a message and it's never lacking in humor, sure to produce a contagious case of the giggles. The Biffs channel "Justice & Stuff," "Platypus," "Wing Ding King Nightmare Song" and other spaztic yammerings to get ya off yer hiney to yowl for the whole world to hear. "Dez iz da coooolest dorks!" Yep, they are folks. If Sunshine's not afear'd of pickin' cowpoke-guitar whilst abandoning their wits (never to be salvaged, bless their hearts), then you should risk appearing the fool for a spell, eh? If there's but one thing I accomplish in this life, it's to be reincarnated with the likes of emotional and oscillating scatterbrains capable of releasing a tape of homemade sound quality, catchy & dintzy special effects, ramblings

sung or spoken flat-keyed and on purpose, too. What a nuisance! Can I meet the group and become permanent hang-out pals? We could hit the dumpster or say...maybe in another life, we might circumnavigate the globe on the Cluttered Excrement tour and arrive on triumphant heels!...

No seriously. This is a silly gem you shouldn't bypass. Xmas Album is worth the inlay sheet alone. Not to give away the goods but take a hankering at these scribble excerpts: Stylish! A tape for people who like cheese. Can You Imagine Spending Lots Of Money On A Monster Truck? Daron's A Geek. Super Special Thanks To: The Person Who Made The Commercial Where The Toilets Talks. Et Cetera! Need I say more? Get out the jacks, hoola-hoop and blow bubbles with Sunshine & The Biffs. Nutty, unhinged and haywire...weeeeeee!

Lars

COMMONPLACE
The Chosen Ones - 7"

This little soon-to-be-released ditty is a great way to get caught up on what the Neolament cats have been up to in the past 6 months. Commonplace, lead by Guitarist/Sonirwriter Jasper has been spending the time they haven't been playing around town, writing, recording and self producing a two song, 7" record which should be released in early June.

Since the new band spotlight a few months back, Commonplace has added former Neo-bassist Troy, and former-Flowers For Charlotte—Colin on rythem guitarist to give the band a much fuller sound. The music is smooth and precise with a definat gothic feel to it. The track "Home to All" (The Chosen Ones) is well structured with dynamic chord and time changes.

Lars's voice, an old favorite or mine, has given their a music a dynamic dimension that sets them apart from most bands that play in the vain of music Commonplace seem to be after. Definately must to pick up



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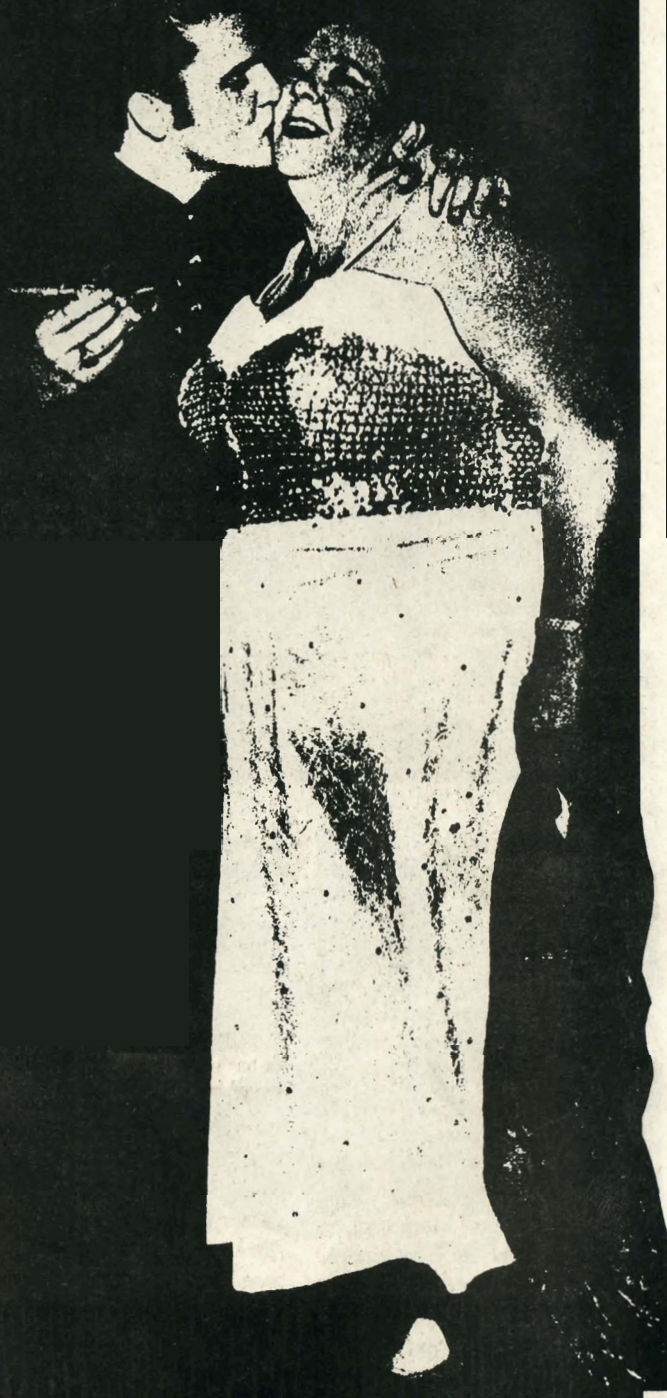
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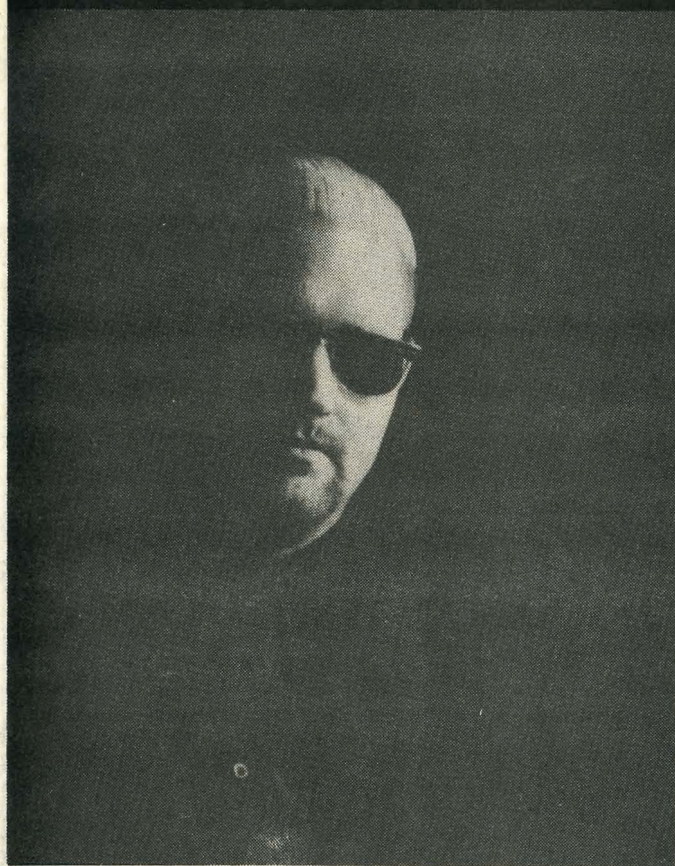
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SLUG'S-MAY-FEATURE-ARTIST



Mark C. Jackman

After knowing Mark for a little over two years now, I finally asked him what his motivation for his music and performance art is (this is a question that had never really entered my mind about Mark).

"My main motivation for all my art is to create something that's not there," Mark replied, minutes after he had already dodged the question, "that sounds kind of pretentious to me when I say it, I don't mean it that way. I mean there are art forms that I want desperately and they're not there. And so I create them so that they will be there..."

Currently, one of the projects that he's working on is a performance that he and three of the four members of Company of 4 will exhibit in the Arts Festival. Though still in the plan-

ning stages, the piece will be very industrial. Interested parties will be able to see it in the Union Pacific Building.

Mark has performed with Company of 4 in the Arts Festival for the last four years, previous to his brief move to San Francisco, and cites CO4 as a reason for returning to Salt Lake, "of all the dance and all the theatre I've seen, the CO4 people are the best thing I've seen anywhere."

His move to California was also the demise of Flowers For Charlotte. I first met Mark when he was vocalist for Flowers and was amazed by the calibre of music they played. His vocals were far beyond anything I ever expected to find in a local band.

As far as music is concerned, he is now looking for

someone to do some strictly acoustic covers, things from the swing, big band, and early blues eras. Any interested people should contact him on this. There is also a possible Flowers For Charlotte reunion. Mark had this to say about that, "...Somebody told me they heard on the radio the other day that we are getting back together and that was news to all of us. But we are discussing it."

His most current project in the making is "Razor Wings." It is an exhibition of music, theatre, dance and video installations by Mark, featuring many guest artists. The installments will be presented at the Utah Media Center Thursday, May 3, at 8:00 p.m. Doing installment art (music, dance, theatre, or film to be placed or 'installed' somewhere that normally wouldn't did play such things) is one of Marks current ambitions.

Another of his present ambitions lies in his being a film major at the University of Utah. His interest in films stems from the fact that it incorporates all of the mediums he has worked in to this point. Mark said, "It's never really been a goal of mine, but now I want to graduate. I'm not putting a time limit on it because filmmaking is outrageously expensive."

Anyone who has seen his performances or has viewed any of his various visual creations realizes that he is creating and working on

ideas that are original and interesting. In these attempts to create the things he isn't finding, I wondered if he experienced any disappointment at the fact that he is making them himself. Mark answered the question without my asking. He said, "...it's not as fun for me if they're mine as it would be if I went out and found someone else's; but, because they're not there, and there is a gap there, I try to fill it."

I'm curious to see the Co. of 4 performance at the Arts Festival and to see "Razor Wings," if only for the performance by his nephew, Jared Jackman. Also I wonder what would happen with a Flowers For Charlotte reunion. But, more than all of those I'm wondering in what form and where Mark's performance will appear next. In fact, I'm repeating Mark's favorite prayer: "Little fishies wash our dishies, Amen" in an effort to keep my soul in touch.

by Russel E Martin
video-David Hayes
Photos - Earl Madsen



Next Month's feature
Bad Yodelers

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CONCERT REVIEWS



Faith No More

photo: John Zeile

FAITH NO MORE / POLLO ELASTICO

April 6th at SPEEDWAY CAFE

"Salt Lake! You guys rock!"

"No, you rock!"

Such was the witty reparte between Pollo Elastico's Brad Brooks and the Speedway crowd. The Tucson based quintet rocked hard as they set the tone for Faith No More's set. They have spandex and they know how to use it.

Polloaerobics were a big part of the show's success as Brad took on Chris, the newest band member, in an all out, high impact workout. Chris—vocalist, percussionist and exercise leader—took over all the available space on the stage and made good use of it.

Filling out the line up, and making their own fashion statement with an array of exotic hats, were Eric Merrill on bass, Dave Germain on drums and Holmes on guitar. Obvious Chili Pepper's references apply, but in limited instance. Pollo Elastico has the energy of the punk scene combined with the strength of Metal.

Watch for a return engagement of Pollo Elastico at the Speedway on May 4th.

Faith No More showed the Speedway audience just how much they cared as they stormed through one of the heaviest sets ever. The show had its base in FNM's harder, metal edged songs, playing most of the new album as well as FNM perennial favorites. But FNM will not be labeled and shoved neatly in the heavy metal genre. The dreadlocked, hippie-haired monsters of mish-mash metal draw raves from the likes of Guns and Roses, Def Leppard and Metallica. But they take their music past the constraints of typical heavy metal modes. No make-up, spandex or tight leather within miles of the band. FNM's influences range from jazz to funk, rap to punk; all blended together in a style and sound that belongs strictly to Faith No More.

New lead singer, Mike Patton, showed he can scream with the best of them. But he also handled the jazzy, drunken barroom flavored songs, as well as the rich & creamy strains of the Nestle's Chocolate theme, bursting into the group's most energizing new song, "Surprise! You're Dead!". But the band can hold their own too, dismissing Patton for an instrumental journey into the exotic "Woodpecker From Mars."

The cross-over crowd mixed together, for the most part, with few altercations (at least until after the show). Headbangers banged their heads on the Speedway stage as "New Wavers" (whatever the hell that means) slammed into each other—East meets West and Faith No More is the golden spike joining the two. Any band that could get a crowd to slam dance to "War Pigs" or bang their heads to the rap-turous "We Care A Lot" has to be unique. FNM pulled it off easily, winning new followers and impressing longtime fans.

ULTRA VIVID SCENE / IAN McCULLOCH

April 9th at the PALLADIUM

Ultra Vivid Scene are the pop stars of the 1990's. Don't let the "dark" subject matter of Kurt Ralske's songs fool you. Bubble died with the Archies. Realism is where pop is at now.

Ultra Vivid Scene consists of three "nice" boys and their girl "friend" playing well crafted, incredibly articulate and intelligent pop ditties. You'll never see them between the covers of Seventeen Magazine though. This is

CONCERT REVIEWS - CONTINUED

the thinking creature's pop. Drawing inspiration from the atmosphere of the sixties, a time where change was the norm and anything was possible, Ralske takes creative freedom and twists it, shapes it into clever, concise and catchy hooks. Examples of this are the new single, "Staring At The Sun," as well as first favorites: "She Screamed" and "The Mercy Seat."



Ultra Vivid Scene as a band has more power, a smoother edge than its original inception as a solo project by Ralske. The three additional musicians—Colin on guitar, Ann on bass and Brian on drums—each add their own flare to Ralske's songs, breathing more life and energy into them than one man was able. Following Ralske's lead, they take his

music to an even further destination.

Even though some of the audience at the Palladium chose to ignore the forcefulness of UVS, opting instead for beer, billiards and bitching about the band, UVS was the bright spot in an otherwise dreary evening.

Q: How many Ian McCulloch's does it take to perform a solo show?

A: One—and a fifth.

Whatever that fifth was it only added to an already exaggerated performance. Ian's new back-up band, those lively lads from Liverpool, sounded as if they were playing through Mr. Microphone and an A.M. radio. The band was mixed down horribly in order to accentuate Mac's trademark vocals. He always held his own with the Bunnymen, so why the obvious attempt to strengthen his voice against the music? Maybe he needs to switch to a low-tar cigarette and postpone the drinking until after the show's over.

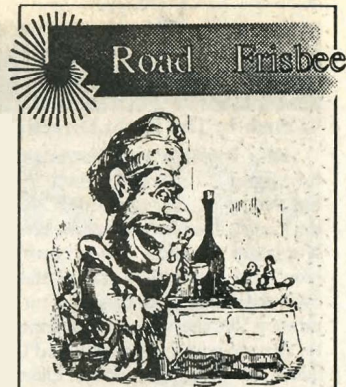
But McCulloch performed enough Bunnymen songs so that

anyone who hadn't seen Echo before their tragic demise—perhaps because they were too young—could feel like a part of the early 80's musical Renaissance. A watered down version but a version still the same.

McCulloch's solo material lacks the excitement and sincerity of his previous venture. Moving further and further into the Adult Contemporary arena, Mac joins the ever growing list of innovative "British Invasion" musicians who are thirty-something and don't realize it. Muttering unintelligible phrases between songs, McCulloch had to sit down between verses and during breaks to rest his weary bones. And so what if he forgot some of the words? How often have you been sitting around the camp fire and can't remember the second verse of "Kum-Ba-Ya" or "Michael Row the Boat Ashore?"

Perhaps success has taken over the 31-year-old performer's mental faculties. Whatever the case, McCulloch is merely an echo of the bunnymen.

Matt & Barb (the photo queen)



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MORMON UPDATE

A Push In The Right Direction

Hello Brothers and Sisters. It's time for me to address an issue that has been plaguing our little Celestial Kingdom on Earth for sometime. It appears that more of our "young men" are choosing to fulfill their own wishes instead of going on a mission like they were predestined to. Are we going to sit back and let Satan take our prospective Elders down the pathway to hell? Uncle Ezra says HECK NO! We must grab these flock strayers by the holy woolies before their putty-like minds become filled with evil, free thinking dung. No son of mine will be found hanging out with a herd of communist, greenpeace art fags and discussing a bunch of right-brained rhetoric over a cup of foreign coffee (decaf or not). No Siree bub!

The most dangerous thing you can do to your teenage, highschool graduate is throw him in college without a couple of years with Lord under his belt. Satan himself appointed these college professors to the jobs of testing our young saints faith. Without the self-righteousness that is acquired on a mission, a young member's testimony of Joseph Smith will surely be flushed down the campus toilet. Some of the more radically minded students assume that Joseph Smith's spiritual encounter with God and the Lord, Jesus Christ in the grove was brought on with some hallucinogenic mushrooms. BLASPHEMY! The "students" are obviously majoring in satanism, which is now probably required for a BA. Get thee behind me Satan!

The only way to turn that hormonal boy of yours into a man is to get him a room in the missionary training center. A boy needs to cut his hair and live with a bunch of pubescent mama's boys as the first step to manhood. The MTC will give him a large dose of saltpeter, a spiritual labotomy, and twelve easy Latin lessons and send him on his way to greatness.

Once your boy (soon to be a man) is on his mission, it's your job as parents to find him a good woman to marry within days of his return. Here are some good qualities to look for in future sisters: 1- Make sure this girl will cater to his every whim, putting her own feelings and needs aside. 2- She needs a good set of child-bearing hips if she is going to bare him 8 fine sons. 3- Check her family background

out at the genealogy library and make sure she doesn't listen to rock and roll music. That stuff sticks with you for life.

If you have any questions on the subject, give me a call at 1-800-ASK-EZRA. If you have any problems getting the boy to cut his hair, call me and I will send you some of my home-made thorazine that'll surely do the trick. Until next month, happy haircutting.

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JOJO'S CORNER

Howdy, howdy and welcome to Jo Jo's corner. It's been a day or two since I've written last, and during that time, I've been to Arizona where I checked out the spring training action in Mesa and Phoenix and developed a severe addiction to crossword puzzles. The Cubs looked good, but the A's looked better. Even their pitchers were in shape. I won a \$20 quinnella at "Turf Paradise" and bought a case of Pabst Blue Ribbon Draft outside of Lake Powell on the way home to celebrate. I guess it was a successful spring break in that I managed to completely avoid St. George-Las Vegas and most of Flagstaff, a town whos only reason for existing is to provide a McDonalds for tourists on their way to buy "curios" and piss in the Grand Canyon.

The highlight of the return trip was a stopover outside of Capitol Reef at the cabin of the Morrow progeny which featured a desert party jam session with members of MY SISTER JANE, STENCH, WONDERCRASH, BOXCAR KIDS and the legendary MILK BROTHERS. Plenty of potent potables and barbecued mystery cuts were consumed. It was a humdinger.

A good way to welcome the springtime is to listen to my favorite disc of the day, Fear of A Black Planet by PUBLIC ENEMY. The sound is more dense, not as repetitive, and the lyrics are becoming shockingly open minded-including an examination of miscegenation and a retreat from the standard misogynist fare of most hip hop. What punk was to the seventies and early eighties, rap is to the nineties and Chuck D. and Co. have more to say, express themselves more articulately, and have more reason to be pissed off than any ersatz anarchist from a split level ramblin in a comfortable cul de sac wearing a Raunch T-Shirt. My only complaint with the album is Flavor Flav's spotlight performance on 911 IS A JOKE. At least his presence in the band has grown beyond his standard sporadic interjections of the occasional boyee. "former NWA lyric ace ICE CUBE on 'Burn Hollywood Burn.'" I couldn't agree with that sentiment more after the Academy Awards' Spike Lee snub. At least the Fox network has got the guts to broadcast IN LIVING COLOR, although it's relegated to a miasmic Saturday evening slot. The "Wrath of Farrakhan" episode was an instant classic.

The best thing about local late night television these days is if there are lame guests on Arsenio, you can always watch "Inside Edition" on channel 4 instead. Combined with Fox's "A Current Affair" (of which it

hardly ever is) and "Hard Copy" at 11:30 on channel 2, INSIDE EDITION provides the astute viewer with a solid hour and a half sandwich of manufactured scandals, petty exposes and moronic titillation. In brief, it's a video/tabloid free pharmacy for trash addicts like me. The big scoop on Inside Edition a couple weeks ago was an article on the arrest of former FANG singer, SLAMMY for the alleged murder of his girlfriend in a sort of drug tinged RIVER'S EDGE maneuver. He was turned in by a friend in Minnesota who felt that homicide was giving punk a bad name. Of course it took him a few weeks to figure that out. . . At least now

the only guy in "da scene" who can say he knows a murderer, since Slammy was a friend and acquaintance of many Salt Lake scenesters. Although he has not been convicted I'm sure Inside Edition will keep us updated, they always do.

Is anyone getting as tired of the RED HOT CHILI PEPPERS over saturation as I am? MOTHER'S MILK just went gold, they've been featured on Arsenio, MTV and even ENTERTAINMENT TONIGHT for chrissake. Not to mention the sexual assault charge on Flea in San Francisco. Pretty good for a married man who says his family and two year old baby are the most important things in his life. I wish I could be on the cover of SPIN so I could maul teenage girls in my spare time too. I guess you don't have to be on the cover of SPIN to do that at all, but in real life you'd be diagnosed for psychological dysfunctions and loathed by even the crusts of society. It doesn't seem to work that way for "stars" though, look at Rob Lowe. His career is booming! The big news is the PEPPERS are opening for OINGO BOINGO at the A.O.K. Park West Corral which is sort of like being punished twice for wanting to see the PEPPERS in the first place. After all, they're still a great band, and how far can you get chastising someone who built their mystique on pulling their dicks for doing just that? Giddyup!

Locally, WONDERCRASH recently finished an excellent new tape, Cinema in Your Face is beginning Saturday matinee live shows featuring local bands, call for info. Aldine looked and sounded great playing with POISON IDEA and they had the coolest baseball hats for sale, and a sincere message of tolerance and dignity. I wish I could say the same of many of those attending. It wasn't a case of preaching to the converted but rather

yelling over the heads of the morally ambivalent. Too many fights at the Speedway recently, to quote from BARFLY; too much "unoriginal macho energy." I better get off my soap box now, this is starting to sound like some polemic from MAXIMUM ROCK AND ROLL. Jeff Kimball's EARTHDAY bash at the Speedway was a blast with an incredible variety of aural and visual stimulation courtesy of THE CLOCKS, HERMITAGE, DEE WOLFE, THE JOADS and many others. We also succeeded in gaining over 100 signatures for a petition to stop the pillaging of pinion pine in the Moab area. FOR THE LAST TIME, BOXCAR KIDS ARE NOT BREAKING UP, OK? Ciao, babe. The superdiferous POLLO ELASTICO make a return trip to the Speedway on the 4th. Those who missed them with FAITH NO MORE missed a rocking show of tremendous proportions. FNM were all kinds of loud and the keyboards work much better live than on disc. Besides, you gotta love a band that simply titles a song: EPIC. That pretty much summed it up. Til next time, ciao word much sums.

JoJo

BOXCAR KIDS

cassette



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| 1. MIDNIGHT OIL | Blue Sky Mining |
| 2. TOM PETTY | Full Moon Fever |
| 3. NENEH CHERRY | Raw Like Sushi |
| 4. D.J. JAZZ JEFF AND... | And In This Corner |
| 5. SUZANNE VEGA | Days of Open Hand |
| 6. FAITH NO MORE | The Real Thing |
| 7. ROB BASE | The Incredible Base |
| 8. THE MISSION UK | Carved In Sand |
| 9. THE BELOVED | Happiness |
| 10. THE CHILLS | Submarine Bells |
| 11. BILL WARD | Ward One: Along The Way |
| 12. THE CHURCH | Gold Afternoon Fix |
| 13. BONEDADDIES | Worldbeatniks |
| 14. THE PETROL EMOTION | Chemicrazy |
| 15. THE STONE ROSES | Fools Gold 12" |
| 16. PSYCHEFUNKAPUS | Psychepunkapus |
| 17. D.O.A. | Murder |
| 18. GRANT HEART | Intolerance |
| 19. OINGO BOINGO | Dark at the End of the |
| 20. MICHELLE SHOCKED | Tunnel |
| 21. THE BLUE NILE | Captain Swing |
| 22. THE CRAMPS | Hats |
| 23. PUBLIC ENEMY | Stay Sick |
| 24. COWBOY JUNKIES | Welcome to the Terror...12" |
| 25. MC 900FT JESUS | The Caution Horses |
| 26. ANIMAL LOGIC | Hell with the Lid Off |
| 27. MC HAMMER | Animal Logic |
| 28. UB40 | Machine Dancing |
| 29. BOB MOULD | Labour of Love II |
| 30. THE U-KREW | Wishing Well - EP |
| 31. HEAVY D & THE BOYS | If You Were Mine - 12" |
| 32. THE SILOS | Big Time |
| 33. IAN LOWERY GROUP | The Silos |
| 34. ROBYN HITCHCOCK | King Blank to... |
| 35. HERETIX | Eye |

MISCELLANEOUS STUFF

BARRIER FREE CONCERT AT SLCC

April 13th 1990

The complacent, stately aura of the Copper Room created an interesting contrast to the explosive energy emanating from the amplifiers in the middle of the room. Those who voyaged to the Salt Lake Community College Copper Room on April 13, 1990 endeavored to shake, stand, slam, and stomp to the aural vibrations manipulated by Dinosaur Bones, Victims Willing and the Boxcar Kids. These three enduring Salt Lake bands once again donated their kinetic noise to a most pious cause: a benefit concert for BARRIER FREE EDUCATION. Admission was free, but most individuals called upon their empathetic virtue and dispensed their spare shillings to the Barrier Free people. The bands also played to no pay, but sounded as excellent as ever.

Dinosaur Bones was first and began the show by ripping into "Manipulationship" from the "American White Trash" release. Despite the omission of the obligatory Frankie Yankovic accordion solo, his song still shredded the innards. But wait, that was just the sound check. After they adjusted their little equalization knobs, the Bones gathered the multitude about the stage and unleashed the most ruling song since creation, "Dino Gods." Golly, that song kicks! Musically and lyrically, this jam demonstrated the Dinosaur Bones' humorous style. Suffice to say, the Bones continued their onslaught, stomping through "Disco Inferno," "This is Your Life," and, among others, "American White Trash" and "Fashion Icon." Yes, the Flanger o'Hades was there, but I won't criticize it because Otto knows that I'm just jealous cuz I don't have a neat toy like he does.

Victims Willing was next. Without further adieu, these guys kicked into their groove-o-the-heathen. I'm no connoisseur of this power-core music, but I can tell that Victims plays it tight and rhythmically diverse. After absorbing their relentless chord progressions and precision time changes, I had an opportunity to briefly converse with their bass player, Joe Jewks. When I mentioned music theory, he summed up Victim's attitude when he said something along the lines of, "theory just gets you more confused..." I've also spoken to lead vocalist Brad Barker, this amiable chap's got some cool musical insight and an overall positive, sincere attitude. To me, that's what this band is all about; no superficial front, just consistent delivery of the goods. By the way, ya'll should check out Victims' cover of "Paranoid" on the "Dead Cat" compilation; what an interesting interpretation!

Which brings us to the inevitable closer, Boxcar Kids. With that Phil guy back on board playing that shiny brass thing with the reed, these hyperactive Children lit up the room with their distinctive electricity. John Foo-Man-Chooman belted out his sonorous vocals from behind his stylin' goatee, while Phil Sax, Pete Drum, and Chris Guitar structured the groove. While these four excellent musicians and surely integral parts of the BK sound, I like to say that I was very impressed by the bass playing of Brendan Welsh. This guy can speedily hop all over the neck with the greatest of ease, and yet play some great, supportive grooves.

These three bands have time and time again donated their loins for decent and important causes (such as Barrier Free Education) which is more than I can say. From now on, I will rescind my critical ways so that I can praise the praiseworthy things that happen in the scene. Concerts such as the Barrier Free benefit and Sabbathon are evidence that there are some compassionate people around here who actually give a damn about the world around them. More power to 'em...

Justin



BODY

Early Summer Morning Light
Brightened the Red Gutter
Cool, Cool Breeze Blew Cooling
The Warm Red In the Gutter.
Children Stood Starving, Standing
at the Gutter, at the Red.
Neighbors, Parents Came and Ran
Came to the Gutter and Ran
Adults Ran Quick and Sick
They Were Sick Away from the Red.
Children Stood, Stood Starving
and the Redness Ran Down the
Gutter,
Cooling. And the Sun was High and
Warm.
The Gutter was Bright
and the Sun was High and Warm.
The Gutter was Bright and the
Children Ran Away to Play in the
Gutter
Up the Street.
1986

The Tates didn't come to dinner last
night
We expected them at seven
Seems they were both shot in the
head
Strangely enough, right at our front
door
Keith nor I heard the shots or saw red
and blue lights
the meat burned, still we can have
leftovers
and watch stories about them on TV
and say, "Hey, honey, our street is on
the news!"
1987

Man With Patience

I see that ancient bastard
He's 30 or 70, but he'll die tomorrow
So much a bastard he has no mother
to visit his grave or welcome him to
hell.
I see him every morning in my lobby
He pleads it's cold outside, but, he
can't argue
He
He lives outside. A shuffling, smelling,
heap, he is.
Just sits and watches me go by, all
day long.
I call him boy or old boy or bastard or
filth
But you know what he does?
He gazes, rests his eyes on me and
grins. And grins a musty,
cracked tooth smile

Brooding Melancholy

Sits on me like a wet lace tablecloth
Underneath the sprinklers in that maze
garden
Feeling sunny, maybe sneaking
thoughts
of passionate love
feeling time and the future
It has been joy
1988

A Lifetime In The Pit
an atomic equation
of personal reaction

by Anika Stomick

why kick a dead cat?



Bad Yodelers
Brainstorm
Commonplace
Da Neighbors
Dinosaur Bones
Truce
Victims Willing
Wondercrash
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