

SALT LAKE UNDER GROUND

SLUG

ENTERTAINMENT GUIDE AND REVIEW

June 1990

#18

FREE

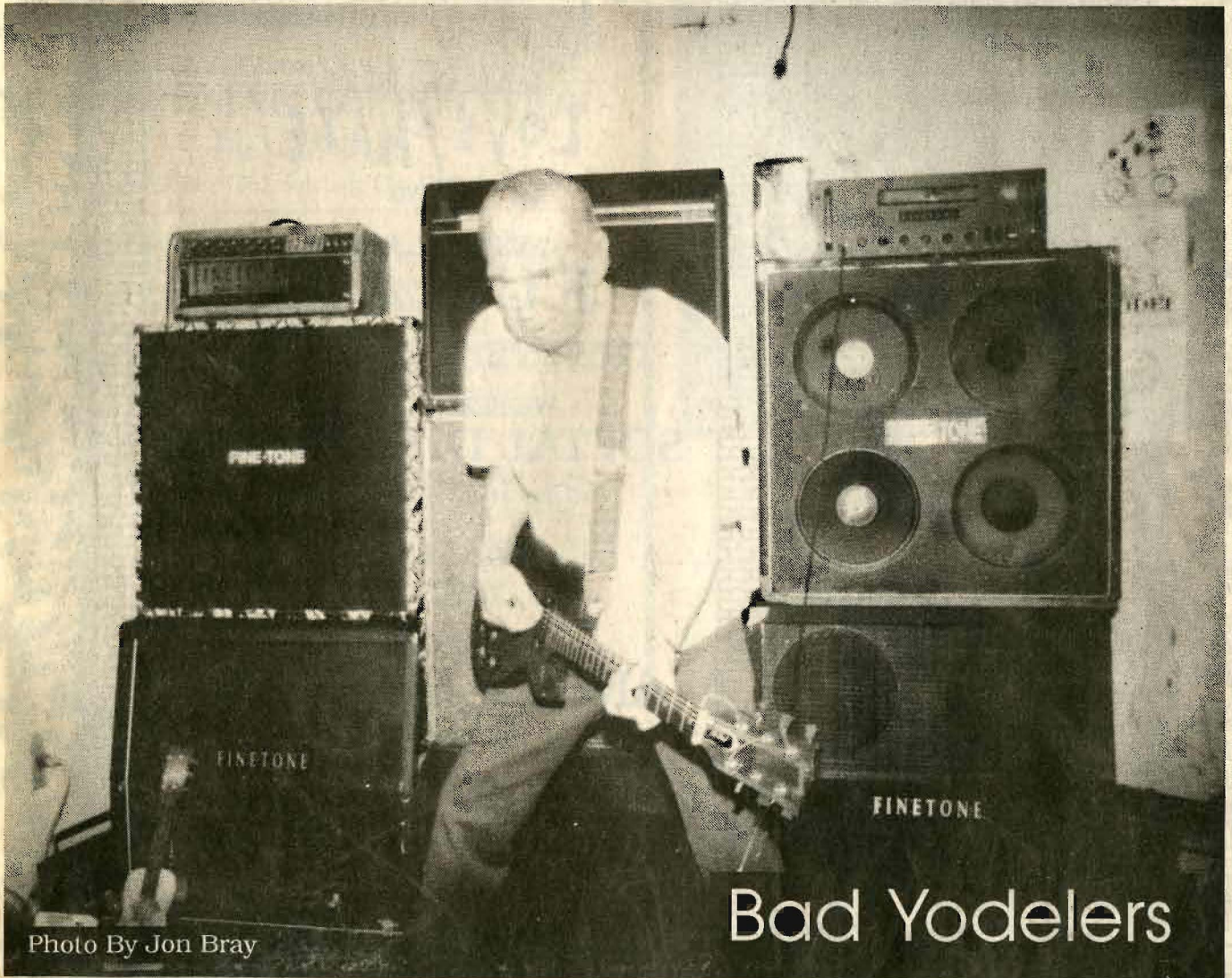


Photo By Jon Bray

Bad Yodelers

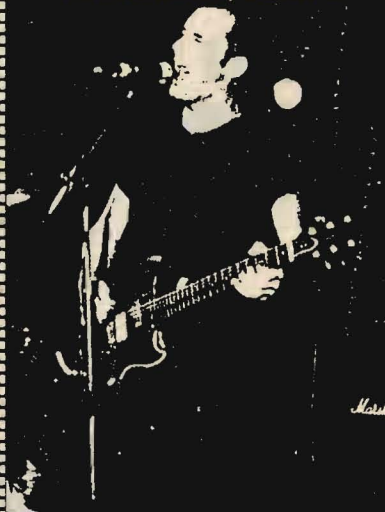
A look at what is really going on in town

NEWS • VIEWS • REVIEWS • A LOOK AT MARCH
CALENDARS • CONCERT INFO • HATE MAIL & MORE

SPECIAL

SPEEDWAY CAFE JUNE

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 6



FUGAZI

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 13



**SOCIAL
DISTORTION**

FRIDAY, JUNE 1ST

STRANGERS
SECOND SELF
dinosaur bones ROAD FRISBEE

SATURDAY, JUNE 2ND

LOVE/HATE
HOSTYLE

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 6TH

FUGAZI

THE STENCH INSIGHT

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 13TH

SOCIAL DISTORTION

GANG GREEN

FRIDAY, JUNE 15TH

I-ROOTS

SATURDAY, JUNE 16TH

ANGRY SAMOANS

VICTIMS WILLING

FRIDAY, JUNE 29

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

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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.....

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

ADVERTISING INFORMATION

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Dearest Slugheads,

What a great month for live music, that is with the unfortunate exception of the bi-annual NIRVANA gig not happening (those fucks). This month we also got to enjoy missing Ed Hall who cancelled out on the June 1st show. However, we did get to see Celebrity Skin one of the tastiest shows of the year. I personally almost quit my job and went on the road with them. May 18th brought Kenny Morrill who did a great Roy Orbison impersonation. I know nobody saw it cause we were the only people in the fabulous Kaviar Club. One of the best things about the show was the bouncer making me check my leather because colors weren't allowed. It was probably a good thing with my ultra-violent nature.

Albums, Albums, Albums.....It seems like every time we talk to anybody we hear about another band pressing vinyl. Wondercrash, Commonplace and the City by a Dead Lake album should all be available by the end of the month. Hate X9 has sent their new 7" and Stench is eagerly awaiting their 2nd effort. If you really want to support local music, hunt this stuff down and buy it...You probably won't be disappointed.

Due to the popular demand of SLUG which we sure as hell don't understand, ads are coming in and we are getting twice the letters and editorial columns as we used to. Distribution is up and it is all due to the people who support the underground venues and events. Just because we get alot of input, doesn't mean we don't need yours. We hate to leave things out that people send in to us, but there just isn't enough room for everything. We would appreciate it if you could keep your writing short and to the point, we really hate editing your work for fear of dropping some of the meaning.

There is a lot of great things happening in town, and we hope that we can be a part of it. Please feel free to send us information about up coming events and happenings. We dropped our back page of listings because nobody responded to it. We would gladly pick that up again if the information came in to us. All you have to do is write.

All our fuckin' Love
 The Dickheads at SLUG

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DEAR DICKHEADS.....BLAH, BLAH, BLAH

People at the so-rebellious-I-can-hardly-stand-it magazine:

I am sad to say I'm not a regular reader of SLUG. For some reason, it always seems to bring up frightful hallucinations of hopeless, angry-for-nothing 15 year olds found frying somewhere between Memory Grove and The Western Institute of Neuropsychology.

But when I heard you reviewed Sunshine and the Biffs, I figured I could risk it.

I found that some hip underground Lars person felt great connections with their "primitive retarded zaniness" with "a message never lacking in humor." Well I suppose that's eloquent and deep and all, but very misleading.

So please let me make the great Empire of the Underground know (coming straight from a Biff "Skag," as well as a close friend of the band, having personally witnessed them record Pastry Death, frightful as it was) that THE POINT IS HUMOR! Their music, though fabulous, is about as deep as spit on the pavement and is and will always be A JOKE AT THE EXPENSE OF SELF-JUSTIFYING REBELS AS YOURSELF. Relax your perpetual higher consciousness and enjoy it!

*Love and smooches,
Val*

Dear SLUGs,

I am pleased to read a newspaper which holds no prejudices against printing any opinion no matter how sick, worthless, or idiotic. For where else but in America can any bald headed red neck be allowed to sugar coat and glorify the same old fascist lies we've been annoyed with since the South lost the war. These self appointed guardians of the of the "white race" seem to believe that any Caucasian who can think for themselves are inferior to those who take orders from a bunch of cross burning hicks. But let me be fair, I'll let the rants of a so called "American Liberty Skinhead" from May's issue be used to illustrate the filth they stand for. Their deceit with typical cliché patriotic remarks about how they stand for "freedom" yet this is contradicted when they say, "We (I assume they mean Americans) are being hung by democracy." Any person who doesn't believe in democracy obviously isn't very "liberty" or "freedom" oriented.

Their lies continue as they claim that they are not racist, or to quote the writer, "We are not against blacks," yet the writer goes on to say, "We do value our race which is slowly being interbred. This is a problem." Calling the freedom to love a person, no matter what their heritage is a "problem" definitely sounds racist to me. They also write that we can't understand their views

because as they put it, "...you (non-racist Caucasian) refuse to see on prejudice terms." A clear admission of their bigoted ideology. They say "We are not against anybody", but their whole mission in writing the SLUG is, as they put it, "...to tell our generation what we (baldies) are up against." Hypocrites.

I do commend this so called "skinhead" on a pretty good job of trying to gloss over the bald nazi image, but not even a ton of honey can disguise the taste of shit.

I do, however, acknowledge the racist fear of becoming a minority. It's a well known fact that European youth gangs regularly go nazi-bashing. This trend is growing in the U.S., though the media doesn't write much on it since they would rather print bad news. One case of nazi-bashing that comes to mind happened in California where 15 racists were demonstrating against race mixing, when an integrated group of punks, mohawks, and norms attacked these jerks. Ah, that's democracy in action, I believe there were a couple of hundred nazi-bashers who attacked.

Don't patronize us with your pseudo-patriotic garbage, or try to win our hearts with para-military fascist filth, if you truly "value your race" stop embarrassing it. The more I listen to your Neo-nazi rhetoric, the more I'm convinced there must be more than one "white race" because the one you talk about doesn't sound like the one I'm in.

I'm insulted your group uses the terms "American" and "Liberty" since you obviously don't believe in either ideology. I'm even disgusted you call yourselves skinheads, giving all Caucasian skinheads who aren't affiliated with your warped organization a negative name. Perhaps you've never heard of the Skinheads Against Bald Nazis organization on the west coast, or the Anti-Fascist Skins on the east coast. I'm sickened that our common heritage produced someone as manipulative and twisted as yourself. How dare you slander European culture and stifle race relations and call yourselves "liberty" oriented. You neo-fascists are a sick reminder to all freedom loving Americans of what we have to fight against to be free!

Thanks SLUG staff for allowing me to express myself freely without restrictions. I thank you also for printing the nazi's letter so they can be shown for the racist, sheet wetting (or is that wearing), hate-mongers they truly are. Remember, "Freedom defined is freedom denied". Keep the cameras alive! and "Fight the power!" always!

A Free Thinker

Dear Dickheads:

Before we all condemn the Speedway, I would like to make a

couple of points.

First, Paul and Zay are businessmen. As proprietors of the Speedway, their first motive is to make money to provide for themselves. Sure this means that we all have to pay to see shows there. But, as the saying goes; "There's no such thing as a free ride." Even in Utah! This also means that local bands lucky enough to get to open for touring acts will most likely not see any money for their efforts. As for this, I feel that Paul and Zay's own letter in SLUG #15 gives sufficient justification. If Paul and Zay didn't make any money in their present occupation, they would close up and do something else. This is simple micro-economics, and, if this confuses some, there are several good books I can recommend.

Second, fights and minors getting shitfaced drunk, among other things, can and often do attract the attention of our friendly law-enforcement officers. When this happens, people get arrested and places get closed down. Also the Speedway, might possibly be held liable for any injuries to audience members if certain rules are not followed. Therefore, Security is needed to prevent such injuries and infractions, as well as damage to the building. I've been to the Speedway enough to know that James, etc. do not carry steel flashlights (they're plastic) or take pride in kicking someone's ass. Besides it's not a fun job to deal with a few drunk fucking assholes who have no respect for others or their property.

With the Word and the Reptile Coliseum closed down, the Speedway is the last remaining underground outlet. What would happen if the Speedway closed? I suppose we'd all be reading this very mag from people bitching because there's no place for local bands or alternative touring acts to perform. The Speedway is the only place left for these things, and we all have Paul and Zay to thank for this. So let's stop bitching and support both the Speedway and the local bands. We all owe the scene, and Paul and Zay this much.

Steve W.

Dear Dickheads,

I'm writing concerning the idiotic fiasco which occurred last month in Provo at the Ivy Tower. It was supposed to be a benefit for amnesty Int., but was in fact another example of poor planning and cheap exploitation of Utah bands. Each band involved donated time and energy to perform, (with the exception of Swim, Herschell Swim who bitched about getting a guarantee, this was a benefit after all...) and each band had to drive to fucking Provo to help what they thought was a worth while

cause. Unfortunately, as is often the case with "benefits", the only people benefitting from that show were the Ivy Tower, who hoarded all the cash and the aggro bouncers who threatened to beat up Bad Yodelers drummer Brent for no reason what so ever. In addition to harassing the band members and patrons alike. A big salute to you homo-phobic, male bonding, anal-retentive bully fucks.

The greater tragedy however, rests with the idiots from Amnesty Int'. Provo chapter who, (from what I summise) were a couple of high school girls without a clue. There was no Amnesty literature, information or donation box at the concert and the only people to even mention Amnesty were Terrence of Bad Yodelers, and Jon of Boxcar Kids. Instead of people getting to learn about Amnesty and the important work it does, were treated to a disorganized mess in an unfriendly and repressive atmosphere. Kevin Golding who took control of the stage(s) and at least introduced some concept of organization to an otherwise senseless event.

I could go on with complaints; the "promoters" didn't know they needed a P.A., (What a surprise!) and as a result a lot of people got ripped off hearing bands at less than their best. There was no "in and outs" unless you wanted to go to the disco room downstairs, and I've already mentioned the staff etc.

The bottom line is - as a long time supporter of local bands and Amnesty International, I felt used and cheated by participating in such a misguided and exploitive event.

*Love,
J.D. Slaughter*

Dear Dick-Asses,

The May issue of SLUG is the first issue of your rag I've ever seen and I'm surprised that the Mor-Marine SS Bicycle Corps led by XOXO wuss John C. haven't had Field Marshall Benson buy you out and butt-slam you to Brazil. Thanks for promoting underground music and be on the watch for Opie Manson and the Family.

*Your Friend,
Bud Miller*

Dear Dickheads,

In comment to the "Waiting for next month" letter about the quote, "invalidity" of Truce being on the cover, I must say, I appreciated

continued next page

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

LETTERS...CONT.

the editors note. It sounds more like the "author" of the hate induced letter was heavily under the influence, by that I mean this person is actually afraid that their comments were unfounded. Like what underground shows do they, him/her support? And the chicken shit didn't even have the balls to come forth with his/her name. No doubt this writer has not been fully pleased with all the bands SLUG has put on their cover. Yet seeing as from my point of view, Truce far surpasses the ability of the writer who wrote a derogatory letter to try to tell people that Truce sucks. Yet, in reality this has given them much wanted publicity.

I am not an avid thrash, underground or whatever band follower. I have seen Truce and was fully entertained, let alone able to understand their lyrics. No, Salt Lake City has not run out of bands, and Truce has, through their hard work and determination, gotten themselves noticed, and to some appreciated.

Sarah Owens

Cirkus/ Raw Alliance/ Hat Trick

An all local show this good? Believe it! (With the exception of Hat Trick.) Hat Trick opened up the show with a set of all cover tunes, something that a band trying to make it big shouldn't do. I don't wanna be rude but, DO SOME ORIGINALS GUYS! They had a good sound except for the annoying over chorusing on the guitar.

Next was Raw Alliance, a band that DOES play originals and has potential, rocked hard and heavy with some cool tunes and even started a pit. The Alliance woke everyone up from the opening band and started things rolling.

Main act Cirkus, after not playing a gig for nine months gave everyone a musical treat. They jammed out tunes that just about everyone sang along or danced to. The lead singer sure downed around with the all female front row, teasing them with his microphone pole, that all the girls sure liked to grab at. The whole band put on a great show, they had a lot of nice equipment and knew how to use it.

Every one had a great time, some drinking some not, either way it all went well until, after the show some assholes decided to start shit with just about everybody there. (mainly security) Four people got jumped by the same person that night. My message is this: Go to the Speedway and have a good time, go to a party or go home. Don't start a bunch of shit with everybody just because you have the "I'M COOL AND YOU'RE NOT" attitude. If you want to see the Salt Lake music scene go to shit, then keep it up.

Ben Ortega

Editors Note:

Thank you so much for the letters we have received this month. We are sorry if your letter or column did not appear in this issue. We have limited space and unlimited writing. If you write to us, keep it short, rude and blatant. Response is overwhelming and we are glad that people are getting involved. Your opinions are vital to our paper and we appreciate your input.

THE DICKHEADS AT SLUG

P.O. Box 1061

Salt Lake City, Utah 84110-1961

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MAY 1990

TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
HOME OF THE ORIGINAL QUARTER DRAFTS	30 The Change	31	1	2
5 SKIN 'N' BONES	6 NU STYLE AND GUESTS BIG FACE	7 HOUSE OF LOVE	8 GAMMA RAYS	9 My Sister Jane
12 THE CHANGE	13	14	15	16
19 THE ID	20 SKIN 'N' BONES	21	22 GAMMA RAYS	23
26	27	28	29 GAMMA RAYS	30
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RECORD & TAPE REVIEWS



WONDERCRASH "Wondercrash" EP

Hot off the presses (literally, as the review copy of this album was an unlabeled test pressing) comes the first recording efforts from one of the city's better bands, Wondercrash.

The six cuts - three each from This Side and That side - are a strong collection, accurately representing the quartet's original approach and driving blend of garage rock and modern music. Dave Bagley handles vocals and guitar, with Jon Bray on bass, Chris Camberlango playing guitar, and Jamie Shuman behind the drums.

A loss of definition in the mix keeps the instruments too much in the background for the first two songs, but that sounds corrected by the last tune, "Train Song," as well as for the flip. Good lyric imagery in that cut is combined with appealing guitar chords in the mid-tempo arrangement on what is the most gentle of the record's songs.

Wondercrash's vocals are reminiscent of early Mothers of Invention and they come off well here, especially on the opener "Bitter Quips" - a tough entry with solid bass and stringing guitar lines. surreal second vocal over the guitar burn adds dimension to "Happy Nightmares."

The deceptively-soft, acoustic guitar intro on "Roses" is munched well when the hard-edged electric kicks in, but it's hard to beat "Corner Song" for a jamming rock assault; the lyric repetition of the finish here is offset by the biting guitar work with its psychedelic overtones.

Join Wondercrash on June 15 at Cinema In Your Face for its record release party. Also releasing an album that evening at the theatre will be Commonplace, making for a good double-bill of local music.

j.p. gabellini

DANE "Trifecta"

(Not to be confused with Taylor Dane) Some pretty good guitar playing marred by extremely weak vocals. I wish the guy would scream once in a while. The lyrics are as good as almost anything L.A. Guns ever wrote, they even use the expression "Hot Mama" which I have-

n't heard since Foreigner's "Hot Blooded." Dane reminds me of Seattle's Shotgun Mama. Save your money and check out Truce or Slaughterchrist for the real shit.

Phil Harmonic

LUNA

If you like 45 minutes of quiet bass guitar and loud saxophone solos, you'll like this...I don't.

Phil Harmonic



Road Frisbee

ROAD FRISBEE "Technique Before Compassion"

It's evident that these boys have plenty of technique, the musicianship is excellent on this self released tape although production varies from pretty good to poor. Side one really gets me going with the Potatohead connection of John Morris' solid vocals and crisp drumming by Jon Clark. The instrumental side suffers from Yngwie fever at times but overall this is a great debut from a rising local band.

Phil Harmonic



SOCIAL DISTORTION "Social Distortion"

I had no idea people were still doing this kind of music (let alone buying it), especially in a group the likes of Social Distortion. They probably never suspected they'd be doing it to this degree either, until being picked up by a major label. Rockabilly is the current angle spewing from the band, and their spewing it with style and zest.

This type of music has never been on the top of my list, but Social Distortion's self titled album is interesting enough to be listenable, and I suspect damn fine in a live setting. A

little faster pacing than most in the class makes for a rather upbeat effort that can really creep up on you, as on the high points "Sick Boys" and the follow up cover of Johnny Cash's "Ring of Fire."

The lyrics are nothing too impressive, what with all the rhyming and repeating going on, but the delivery by Mike Ness' roughly hewn voice gives them credibility, especially with the occasional tinge that harkens to the past. The most enjoyable aspect of the tunes is definitely the steady, disjointed cadence of the rhythm guitar and bass, pronounced almost to the perfect degree. Repetitious as it gets, it keeps the set together well - laying ground for the occasional inspired lead solo.

The band is probably trying to locate a bigger audience with this release, and may just do so with the right promotion and adequate live delivery. Altogether enjoyable in a social setting, however, I still suspect this record might grow old with a few spins.

John Zeile

FUGAZI "Repeater"

Repeater is the name, and probably a rather symbolic one at that. Perhaps a statement on music in general, or maybe it's just one of the tracks. It could represent the repetition of lyrics in the songs, or even the revival of an early track by the name re-provisional. However you construe it, it's still fresh and exciting and a progression for the band.

Being the first full length Fugazi, the album is quite a departure upon first listen. Their two previous EPs make their impact quickly, driving the stability and playfulness of the songs straight to your head. With "Repeater" the sound is the same (and quite hard to describe or categorize) but slower in developing it's appeal. There really are no tracks a cut above the rest, but that's as it should be because on the whole it is solid. Everything must be listened to closely and reckoned with to enjoy the full impact of the band.

The music is very controlled and thoughtful, yet biting at every twist and turn. The ability of the band as musicians is obvious, and their skill combines perfectly with Ian Mackaye's lucid, powerful vocals. Lyrically, the band is mature and progressing in the right direction, making their statement and having fun while doing it. Check them out June 6 at Speedway Cafe.

John Zeile

MISCELLANIOUS

PUNKY REGGAE PARTY: TOOTS AT THE SPEEDWAY

The May 20th Toots and the Maytals concert at the Speedway Cafe was full of surprises. Toots Hibbert, reflective of his Pocomania roots, performs like a preacher mastering his audience, and Sunday's concert was at times like a Baptist congregation in full swing. Toots is credited with being one of the first originators of the word "reggae", the name first appeared in his 1968 song "Do the Reggay." Although the original Maytals of Jerry Mathias, Ralieg Gordon and Toots long ago disbanded, any group backing Toots will be forever known as the Maytals. Through out his 29 yr. musical career, Toots has had more of a soul and gospel style than any other reggae singer. When he last appeared in Salt Lake (Feb. '89), many concert goers sounded disappointment that he was too soulful and not enough in the reggae groove. That appearance was to promote his then newly released "Toots in Memphis" album. Both the album and the concert featured Toots at his best. Such was not the case this time. What we heard and saw was classic Toots and the Maytals. Singing hits from the past, it was as if his set list was taken from a "best of" listing. Classic Toots doing Funky Kingston, Tough Time, etc., 70 min. of the best of Toots Hibbert. That was surprise one.

Surprise two, was the enthusiasm and savvy of the crowd. The first several rows of youthful skankers knew the words and the music, and sang along. When Toots went into a call and response routine the youth did not require more than minimal prompting, the exuberance of the fans heightened Toots who in turn....and so on. Too much fun!

My third surprise was the number of folks at the concert. While the Speedway was not packed to the rafters, the 300 or so in attendance was more than I expected. As is often the case in Happy Valley, we have reggae feast or famine. In the feast of two Midas and the Bridge shows coupled with the Eek-a-mouse Mayfest blast at the "U", the Toots concert was the best kept secret in town. I had visions of 50 or less showing up, as happened for the Mighty Diamonds and Inner Circle gigs. The difference this was a happy venue and the rapidly growing popularity of reggae amongst Utah's youth.

The combination of the two, Speedway and youth, lends itself to having concerts that are, indeed, fun filled and festive. We can only look forward to more. To the Speedway and the youth who make it happen, I send an irie thanks—lets do it again.

Guidance!
Papa Pilgrim

Check Nite Roots With Papa Pilgrim every
Wed. nite at 10:30 pm on 90.9 fm KRCL.

My Sister Jane and Zion Tribe (Mayfest)

The second day of May fest, the U's 3-day bash, My Sister Jane kicked off the days festivities.

Lying in the sun, listening to my favorite band I thought to myself: the one thing that would make My Sister Jane more enjoyable would be some new material... And that's just what the audience got. M.S.J. (sounds like a food additive) performed a handfull of new songs, to the bottomless delight of the audience. One verse, I think you can guess what it's about, goes something like this: "Put some salt in the water, and some water in the beer, it's a nice place to visit but, but I don't wanna die here..." sums up my feelings perfectly.

When Zion Tribe came on three hours later the crowd had increased considerably. Zion Tribe was born (or at least baptized) at Mayfest 3 yrs. ago, and every one had expected quite a bit from them. Zion Tribe had trouble finding that energy and togetherness in the beginning and, in comparison to what was expected of them, turned out in an almost lack-luster performance. The set did have it's great moment, such as "Unconditional Peace" I'm not saying Zion Tribe put on a bad show, they didn't. I've seen them do good shows and excellent shows, never bad ones. In all honesty they did get folks dancing, which was nice to see in the near-comatose Mayfest crowd.

Josh High

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SLUG'S-JUNE-FEATURE-BAND



Bad Yodelers Left to Right: Mark Allen (Guitar), Brent Peacock (Drums), Rob Sunderlage (Bass), Dan Keough (Guitar), Terrance D.H. (Vocals)

photo by Rick Egan

BAD YODELERS

To some of you SLUG readers, hearing about the Bad Yodelers two album record deal with the European label "Semaphore" might seem like just another overnight success story. Well, these guys have been working hard for seven years to make this happen. They've played with 8 different singers as well as several other personnel changes through the years. The current Bad Yodelers are by far the most professional sounding line-up yet.

Formed in 1983, the Bad Yodelers, with Brian Szugye singing, played a one-off show in the basement of Jon Schuman's house (Jon Schuman was in Massacre Guys at that time). Another band that played that night would later be known as Victims Willing. With a new line-up featuring Jeff Yellowswater on vocals, the Yodelers recorded their first 3-song demo. One being a hilarious version of the

Dr. Suess classic "One Fish Two Fish." It was that demo that secured them the opening band slot for the Discharge concert at the Indian Center. However, by the time they actually played the show they had yet another vocalists, Norman Frazier, who didn't even last through the end of the Discharge performance. He broke his front teeth doing a stage dive during their last song.

By 1984 Kevin Golding (now their road manager) was doing the singing. An Eleven song cassette was recorded and released and the band played a lot more. They started getting a steady following along the Wasatch Front and played in Idaho as well as Las Vegas. Because of the way the cassette was received by the general public they had plans to release a 7" single but Kevin left after a great performance playing with 45 Grave and the plans for a single were put on hold.

With the arrival of Yodeler

vocalist number 5 Karl Alvarez, the group started to pull away from their punk roots and were writing in a much heavier style. During the Karl Alvarez era, the band recorded 9 songs and played extensively until Karl's move to California to play bass for the Decendents. (Now known as All) Once again the Bad Yodelers were without a singer, so they recruited long time friend Dow Patten to sing. Dow only lasted a couple of shows before moving to San Francisco.

It's 1987, this time around Lara Jones assumed the Vocalist posi-

tion (she now sings with commonplace). Lara only performed 2 shows with them before musical differences forced the departure of the Bad Yodelers 7th singer. It wasn't until the Bad Yodelers permanently borrowed Stench frontman Terrence DH that things really started to click for them. They recorded their first serious album "I Wonder..." on running records. Almost immediately, Semaphore Records in Europe was interested in distribution rights for the European release of "I Wonder..."

Now with yet another lineup change (new bass player Rob, who also plays with Brainstorm) they have been asked by Semaphore to tour Europe this fall. The idea of the Bad Yodelers on tour seems odd because these guys, at least for the past few years, seldom even play in Salt Lake. In the month of September they have a European tour planned.

Semaphore has already asked them to record their next LP in Europe and surprisingly they turned down the offer. Instead they have opted to record here in Salt Lake, so they will have total control of their sound and will once again produce the effort themselves. They will begin recording this summer and if all goes well, we will see the next Bad Yodelers album by the end

of the year. Because of some very poor distribution in the United States the Bad Yodelers will be looking for a new distributor that can help them become as popular here in the U.S. as they have become in

Europe. Bad Yodelers are one of the better things to come out of Salt Lake and are putting us on the musical map.

Jon Bray



Next Month's feature
Wondercrash

JOJO'S CORNER



Celebrity Skin

A couple of weeks ago, in honor of Mother's day, I hosted an old-fashioned country jamboree at my sprawling mountain retreat. Having sent my own mother on a fact finding mission to Antelope Island, I was relaxing in the shade of a persimmon tree, sipping a vodka gimlet and bitterly contemplating the Kentucky Derby. On my right, wearing a paisley dashiki and a bolo tie made of ferret teeth was my trusted friend and confidant, Hambone Milk. On my left, nursing a rusty nail, was my paramour, the delightfully intoxicating "Liz." We were ruminating over the state of popular music when I had feverish vision. It might have been induced by the heat of the sun, or some spoiled Rose's lime juice, but it was indeed a vision, a glimpse at the destiny of popular music.

"Let's start a band" I said, "it's all clear to me what it takes to make it big!"

"Tell us, O Jojo," Hambone and Liz beseeched, "what does it take to make it big?"

"It's a simple formula, just ask yourself, what kind of music is the ideal summertime, get stoned party groove that every high school kid in America likes?"

"Why, it must be world-beat; reggae." They answered.

"Right! And what kind of music is the ultimate drink and get laid party sound that everybody

digs, whether they admit it or not?"

"Heavy Metal!" They shrieked in Unison.

"And who was the most crotch grabbing metal band of all time?"

"Led Zeppelin, of course."

My vision was becoming clearer, only one element was missing. I then asked them who the most popular singer of all time was.

"Naturally, it was the King, Elvis



Dread Zeppelin

Presley. But Jojo, what is the point of all this?" they asked.

I then explained my theory.

"First, you get a reggae band, but instead of playing reggae music, you do old Led Zeppelin songs, only you play them with a reggae beat. That way you are guaranteed a youthful and loyal audience. Then, to get the old folks involved, the people with the cash, you get Elvis, or in case of death, a really good Elvis impersonator to sing. If we just follow this plan we're certain of global domination!"

It was this highest moment of euphoric vision that Hambone reminded me that such a thing had already been done. I was shocked and dismayed but had to confess that it was true. In my vision, I had merely flashed back to the most cathartic and enriching 45 minutes of my life; the DREAD ZEPPELIN experience.

Dread Zeppelin is a thing that must be seen to be believed, an overwhelming blend of timeless reggae riffs and 70's rock & roll interpreted by the "legitimate son" of Elvis Presley, TORTELVIS. Their six song cassette on Birdcage records is an instant party classic featuring immortal remakes of "Whole Lotta Love," the "Immigrant Song" and Joni Mitchell's classic, "Woodstock" live, the band is completely stylee with the aid of Mr. Charley Hodge who hands Tortelvis his water and towels onstage. You can relive the Bob Marley, Led Zeppelin and Elvis experience all at the same time.

The only reason I mention all this is that Dread Zeppelin will be playing June 15 & 16 at the Zephyr Club. Now I'm not a big fan of private clubs, especially those that require cellular phones for admittance, but I'm willing to suffer for JAH! Besides, most of the people that work there are pretty cool and you can always find a member to sponsor you even if you don't have a BMW and a gold card.

Dread Zeppelin would be

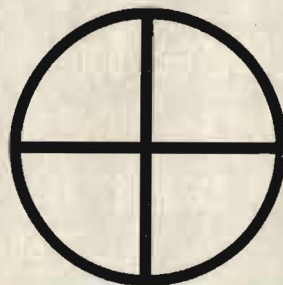
a perfect way to follow up May's premier retro rock experience Celebrity Skin. For those of you who missed it, (and many did,) too bad. Featuring former Germs drummer, Don Bolles, Celebrity Skin is rock & roll parody galore with a healthy dose of glitter. The only better combination I could imagine is taking Spinal Tapp and crossing them with Slade in their prime. That comes close but that recipe might give you Pretty Boy Floyd instead. The difference is that Celebrity Skin know that they're ridiculous. I wish I owned some fringe and platform shoes to really make the scene happen.

On the local front, for those of you wondering what happened to Sun Regime, the rumor mill has it that Rod may join Tragic Mulatto and Ben and Sean are moving to Washington. Seth is writing an opera with a diabolical and intriguing plot. Good luck to all those folks. Farewell to Peter Yanowitz who moved to Los Angeles to jam with the Apples and Ms. Sue. The role of drummer in the Boxcar Kids is now being played by hooter. Pat of Subject to Change fame may be joining Sweet Rhino in addition to his sporadic duties with The Joads.

New album pick of the month, "Meet John Doe." The X instigator turns out a quality effort on Geffen.

Words to live by: "I'm so full of action, my name should be a verb..." Big Daddy Kane.

GRUNTS



and

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INTERVIEW



The Mission U.K., Review/Interview

On May fourth the leaders of a movement that critics have been trying to declare dead for years made their way through Salt Lake City pleasing long time fans as well as new converts to this world wide crusade. The band put on a show that was nothing short of a religious experience. Intricate guitar work and powerful vocals made this the best show of the year. Lead vocalist Wayne Hussey captivated the audience throughout the performance and at one point played a solo on his acoustic twelve string that would put most screaming strat guitarists to shame. Now this is where the Trib. and the Deseret News both got it wrong, that was not original Mission guitarist Simon Hinkler on stage, he apparently left the band a week prior to the Salt Lake show and was replaced by Drummer Mick Brown's former Red Lorry Yellow Lorry bandmate Wolfie.

Opening The show was the disappointing Wonderstuff. A band that on their albums can out harmonize the Beatles and on songs like a good night though can out funk the Chili Peppers turned into just another Marshall stack, rock n roll bar band. From the way that lead singer Miles Hunt keep trying to imitate John Lydon by constantly insulting the audience you would of thought he hated Salt Lake. But backstage apparently he found one thing he liked about Salt Lake and spent the whole night in the corner with her playing rock star. Maybe Miles should take some of his own advice and fucking grow up!

I got a chance to ask The Mission a few questions while they were here and this is what they had to say.

Slug: Wayne and Craig being former members of The Sisters of Mercy what do you think of the dance music Andrew Eldrich has been putting out under the Sisters name?

Craig: Couldn't care less...he's a businessman, he wants to make money, and now that he's working with Tony James (Sigue Sique Sputnik) it's perfect because they're both businessmen.

Slug: Wolfie you picked up after Simon left the band a week ago, did you already know the songs?

Wolfie: I knew how the songs went but I didn't know what the parts were that he played. We did a show the day that he told us he wouldn't be doing the tour, so it's just got better and better since then really. I mean it's a shame and I hope he comes back.

Slug: Why did he leave?

Mick: He was just sick of it all.

Slug: Now Wolfie and Mick, you use to play with Red Lorry Yellow Lorry right?

Wolfie: That's right, yeah.

Slug: When and why did you leave The Lorries?

Mick: Well it happened quit a long time ago, but originally I knew Craig really well and Craig and Wayne were going in the studio and they didn't want to use a drum machine and it went from there.

Wolfie: I left in January, it's not because of the music .. its just political.

Slug: Are there any hard feelings?

Wolfie: There's no point in havin' hard feelings because lifes to short I think. I'm quite happy and I'm sure that they are and that's as far as it goes..... And that's about as far as I can go for now.

Scott

CONCERT REVIEWS - CONTINUED



**PSYCHIC T.V., TRAGIC MULATTO,
WARLOCK PINCHERS & FRACTAL METHOD**
May 18th @ Speedway Cafe

If you were at the show you know about all the delays and band problems that occurred throughout the evening. If not, then who cares? How was the music?—now, that is the real question.

Fractal Method, local Speed Metal kids, played hard and steady. Admittedly, I am not much of a Metal Fan, but they're great at what they do. Not to minimize the band's attraction, but you'll just have to see them for yourselves.

Warlock Pinchers are the spawn of Satan. But hell rejected them and sent them to Denver where they formed a Heavy Metal/Rap Band. These boys like to swear like sailors, dress in drag, dance with large stuffed objects (they are probably not old enough to buy blow-up pals) and basically have a good time on stage. You can't really take them seriously as musicians though. The set was laden with gimmicks and their best numbers were rip-off covers of "Forever Your Girl" and the Tiffany cover "I Think We're Alone Now." (Remember how much you liked the Lords of the New Church's version of "Like A Virgin?" It seemed so much easier to believe when Stiv was singing it.)

Surprise artists, Tragic Mulatto, drove twenty hours straight from Kansas City so they could be with us. It was worth the drive—at least for the Speedway crowd. Even after the long trip to Salt Lake the San Francisco based quintet played their raw, rough edged songs with maniacal energy, eventually winning over the audience and performing the most successful and most well-received set of the evening. Lead screamer and tuba player, Gail, gave her lungs a workout, to the surprise and admiration of the audience. Two percussionists, one with a sprained foot, hammered out the rhythms. Add guitar and bass and you have the trappings of an incredible musical outfit. Their last show before returning to San Francisco, Tragic Mulatto played like their lives depended on it.

Hampered by technology, Psychic T.V. still attempted to deliver one of their infamous ventures into musical mind-alteration. At the forefront of the English dance/house/acid/rave/whatever you care to call it movement, Psychic T.V. are the leaders of the pop sensibilia and have cornered the market on the attending attitude. Taking credit for the widely used term "industrial" and "acid" music, lead singer Genesis has had years of practice at his trade. He relies heavily on improvisation and spontaneity to reach his maximum potential lyrically and vocally. Prophet or pompous ass, he has a charismatic quality that is hard to ignore. PTV performed a visual, aural, beat-oriented set of music, with slides, film tapes, samples and programming to back them up. The overall fluidity of the show was marred by constant interruptions, breaks in transition and bad attitude. Britain and America haven't gotten along so badly in over 200 years. Unfortunately, it was the music that suffered. Holistic and Hallucinogenic, look for the new PTV album out on WAX TRAX this month.

Matt

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CONCERT REVIEWS



MY LIFE WITH THE THRILL KILL KULT

AND IDAHO SYNDROME

April 26th @ The Speedway

Are the disco demons from another dimension? Or are they the favorite Saturday morning cartoon in hell?

Whatever they are, Nervous Xians beware! My life with Thrill Kill Kult continues to shock and amaze as they beat their way across the West on a two and a half week tour-jant. April found them at the Speedway, with a much larger and more enthusiastic crowd to greet them than when they were in Salt Lake a year ago. From the first cloud of fog to the last throb of their dance club favorites, TTK delivered high-tech, synth sampled dance music with driving energy from "straight outta hell."

Taking the stage in leather bondage face coverings, Buck and Buzz handled the keyboards, samples, sequencers and percussion with technical precision. Groovy appeared on stage in his devil horns hat, like something you'd see on an unassuming trick-or-treater at Halloween or any ghoulish demon on Scooby Doo (Where are you?). Distorted vocals by Groovy and Buzz in the "devil voice" mode rounded out the sound. Back and forth they traded, making a near duet out of "Do You Fear For Your Child?" And when Groovy sings "Kooler Than Jesus" you almost have to believe him.

All that was missing were the Bomb Gang Girlz. But who needs 'em? The Thrill Kill Kult Boyz perform just as actively on their own, enraging the hormones of the female members of the audience. (The photo queen is still drooling over Groovy Mann—sexist bitch!)

Slammin' and jammin' and groovin', the Thrill Kill Kult followed Dante's illustration trail down into the depths of the Inferno—dance Inferno. "Nervous Xians," "Kooler Than Jesus," "And This Is What The Devil Does..." & "x-Communication" mixed and meshed with new trash disco hits "A Daisy Chain for Satan," "The Mindway" and "Days of Swine and Roses." The less familiar songs were greeted with just as much enthusiasm from the crowd as they danced their way into a devilish frenzy.

You want danger? Thrill Kill Kult'll show you what danger is baby. They're "America's most dangerous cult."

We can't say enough about our local favorites, Idaho Syndrome. If this review seems tainted by personal prejudice in favor of the band it's only because it is.

Blending guitars and keyboards with ever-shifting, unpredictable rhythms, lead singer Ryley Fogg adds the final touches with his deep, rich voice; a musical trend that started with Ian Curtis and the Joy Division, a refreshing change from screaming tenors that usually front bands. Still he has the strength and the voice to lead the band on their musical exploration of the Syndrome that caught hold of the Speedway crowd.

Audience response was excellent, one member even naming Idaho Syndrome as his new "Number One Local Band."

Hopefully there's no cure for the Idaho Syndrome, but it will haunt us, weaving through our minds and sweetly tormenting our souls for years to come.

*Matt and Barb, with
special guest Dangerous Don*

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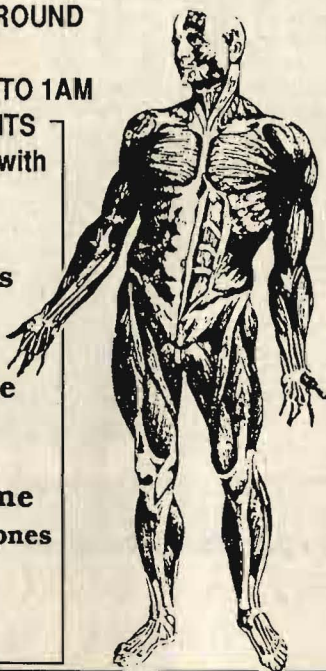
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MORMON UPDATE

Healing The Homosexual

It has come to my attention that psychologists in these latter-days claim that they can cure the homosexual of his/her carnal lust. Well, it's about time that the men of science join with the saints in a combined effort to cleanse our kingdom of this plague, in preparation for the second coming of our Lord Jesus Christ.

I'd like to shake the hand of that God-fearing psychologist who so selflessly gave of his talents to rid our promised land of that sexual crime that drags with itself a train of irreparable, and in most cases, unimaginable sins. Sure, Uncle Ezra would do a few things different than

Dr. fix-a-femme, but I can't be everywhere and bless everyone with my wisdom at the same time.

But if I could be everywhere at once, this is what I would do with me and the Lords time. First of all, there is no psychotherapist better than the almighty himself. That is why I recommend the guiding hand of the BYU pschology department for prompt and thorough cleansing of this unmanly lasciviousness. Keep in mind-those other "treatment centers" are just out to make a buck, we're out to save a soul! And second, it's time to get the Liahona rolling on our new young adult electroshock devotionals, where our

budding Aaronic priesthood holders get a badly needed jolt during impressionable times of misguided hormonal development. I'm sure my masculine presence will be felt at each and every one of these testimonial gatherings. And may I recommend an outing to your stake farm for a little castration as a subtle visual reminder of what can happen when our God-given powers of procreation are involved in frothful acts of depravity.

Now, a few reminders. When casting out the effeminate seed of Satan through the laying on of hands, never, never close your eyes. You just can't tell where the wayward, groping hands of a pleasure seeking homosexual will prod next. Also, be sure to use only UNCLE EZRA'S

water-based consecrated oil. Take my word for it, any homosexual becomes aroused at the prospect of having petroleum based oil rubbed on his head.

Use caution when embracing or employing tender looks on your younger boys. Emotions are not essential to attain spiritual happiness, and often do more harm than good. Encourage your young priesthood holders to hold only to the iron rod of God.

Happy Healings
Uncle Ezra

Ed. Note: In response to comments regarding this column; *lighten up and recognize satire when you see it.*

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