

SALT LAKE UNDER GROUND **SLUG** ENTERTAINMENT GUIDE AND REVIEW

July 1990

#19

FREE



Photo By Steve Midgley

WONDERCRASH

A look at what is really going on in town

NEWS • VIEWS • REVIEWS • A LOOK AT JUNE

Calendars • Concerts • World According to Clark • Savatage • Letters

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SATURDAY, JULY 7TH

STRANGERS
ED HALL
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MONDAY, JULY 9TH

**THE
SUNDAYS**
YO LA TANGO
AND COMMONPLACE

THURSDAY, JULY 12TH

HERE COMES TROUBLE
SCATTERBRAIN
TRUCE

FRIDAY, JULY 13TH

NOFX
DROWNING ROSES
VICTIMS WILLING

SATURDAY, JULY 21ST

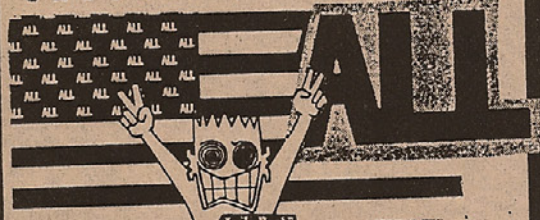
*my
sister
jane*

FRIDAY, JULY 27TH



**BATON
ROUGE**

SATURDAY, JULY 28TH



BIG DRILL CAR

COMING IN AUGUST

AUG 3
NEUROSIS & SKINYARD
AUG 7
FLOTSOM & JETSOM
PRONG
AUG 8
CIRCUS OF POWER
T S O L

DEAR DICKHEADS

Dear Dickheads,

I am writing in response to the opinion donated to June's issue by J.D. Slaughter concerning the Amnesty International Benefit concert that took place at the Ivy Tower on May 3rd.

First - I'd like to agree that the "bouncers" were totally off base in harassing Brent (among others). I also agree that the concert could have been more organized, but what Mr. Slaughter doesn't seem to realize is that as far as the "idiots from Amnesty Intl." were aware, it was all taken care of. These 2 "High School Girls without a clue" realized from the beginning that they couldn't accomplish any sort of decent concert without a lot of help. So they put trust in other people to take care of certain responsibilities.

Thanks to a couple of irresponsible (or possibly just disillusioned) people and a misunderstanding between them - the P.A. that was supposed to be provided, wasn't.

As far as the money goes - I can vouch that it went to Amnesty. The Ivy Tower took a small percentage of the profits, but it was definitely worth the fee for the \$1,300.00 that was raised. Each band from Salt Lake was given \$10.00 for gas (but after all it was a benefit).

Mr. Slaughter, as far as I can see, no one put a gun to your head and said, "you must participate"! Here is a thought; maybe if these two high school girls would have been taken a little more seriously, a lot of the "disorganized mess" would have been eliminated.

After the confusion was over, this concert turned out to be quite enjoyable; and I believe there are about 400 people that would agree with me

Love,
Scott Colbet.

Dear Dripheads,

We thrashers loved your March issue with Truce on the cover! Screw the spineless conformists who don't know the meaning of originality. What is this crap about Truce not having a "cause"? They play 'cause they wanna be rich! We support the Salt Lake Underground, and we support Truce. Great going guys!

Sincerely,
Crotch Watchers Anonymous

Dear Slug,

We're writing this letter to respond to "A Free Thinker" in June's issue. First off, you should know that the American Liberty Skinhead who wrote in the May issue of SLUG

was not a Nazi. American Liberty Skinheads are made up of different types of skins. There are white power, white pride, and national socialists in ALS. There is a difference.

If you really believe in freedom, is it so cool for a 100 people to to gang up on 15 people who were just expressing their beliefs? What ever happened to freedom of speech?

Have you ever talked to a skinhead before in Salt Lake and asked them what they believe in? We are not American Liberty Skinheads and we will not speak for them, but we are not against democracy, but capitalism; although, you must admit, at this point, our country is not really much of a Democracy anymore. What they call Democracy here is really a farce.

We won't go on in this letter, but if anyone wants to know what we really stand for, they're welcome to come ask us, and as long as they are polite, we will be polite. We want people to get their facts straight about skinheads. And by the way, if you are such a "Free Thinker," why will you only listen to one side of an argument?

Just because we are not scared
and hide behind psuedo names,
Tiff & Lisa

Dear Dick Up Your Heads,

We want to know where the hell went Less, Lars and Chuckles? We digged their sour and irritating commentary. Way to go! Yo Val-Go Punch Up Daisies (i.e. die) or something. Lars' reviews are brilliant. A Direct bullseye - better than the majority of criticism we've ever read. SLUG needs more female writers.

We must say that we really disagree with Matt when he described Fractal Method as speed-metal (come again). The lead singer, though impressive, actually ordered (not asked) the sound guy to fix the sound mid-set. What a groggy shit! It was an uncomfortable situation for all. A domineering attitude like that gets you nowhere (except if you are Mr. Fugazi).

When The Word closed we wept (yes, a guy can too). We'd hate to think of the horrific tears shed if The Speedway goes. Hell folks, get real. The notion that the venue is a "Greedway" is pure hogwash - Paul & Zay never made a profit worth condemnation. We think they did it for better reason. We wish to acknowledge it. Something for those at SLUG - Our Compliments.

All Our Love and Tribulations,
Roy and Sheila

Dearest LBM,

Congratulations on being brainwashed by an inept society! I am surprised nothing was said on your behalf in the May issue of SLUG. Obviously, you have no clue about us at all. Let me shed some light on your's and other's ignorance; who can honestly define "punk," especially in this day and age? I don't see anyone here claiming to be anything except human, and some even try to defy that label, (understandable).

Some people believe "punk" is being poor and underprivileged, some believe it is about violence, and others just think it's a style of dress. "Punk" has a lot of different definitions because of the different people and their personalities that make an underground scene what it is. Anyway, why should we define what we are in the first place, especially to people who already understand? We are here for each other. Not to claim who is or isn't this or that.

Give credit where it's due: "punk" (style, music, attitude etc...) originated in New York City in the early 1970's. It was then brought to England soon after, then finally spewed itself across the nation's headlines with the message "do it yourself."

The idea has been manipulated, loved and abused by thousands. From that, sub-cultures were born, ranging from "skate-punk" to "death-punk." But who cares? The idea is to be yourself. Think for yourself. Don't follow a movement started almost 20 years ago inch by inch. As for the "real punks" in London, I'm positive they're not the brainless sheep you portray them to be.

I always laugh at all the controversy on "punk" being dead or not. Don't get stuck in the past. Will it change your life if it is or isn't? Think about it

As always, the "MO-
HAWKED, SICK-MINDED
REBELLIOUS, NOT-REAL-
PUNK-HERE IN UTAH"

Dear Dickheads,

I hate you. I hate Uncle Ezra. I hate Lars. I hate JR. I hate the Boxcar Kids. I hate Raunch. I hate Dinosaur Bones. I hate Freewheeler Pizza. I hate Victims Willing. I hate Mark C. Jackman. I hate the Speedway Cafe. I hate Commonplace. I hate people with long hair. I hate skinheads. I hate death-rockers. I hate people who drink foreign coffee. I hate straight edge the most. I hate The Stench. I hate Bohemia. Basically, I hate everything you like.

What do I like? I like companies that don't advertise in SLUG. I do like the Gamma Rays. I like girls who wear make-up. I like nice cars (VW vans are not nice cars).

So, what does all this mean? Eat my fuck, I am richer than you and I have a nicer car than you and you will never see it parked at the Speedway. Get jobs you low-life, thrift store shopping pukes. Shave your legs girls and put a bra on.

Sincerely,
Brad Dyson

P.S. No thanks, I don't want a subscription to SLUG. The ink always runs when I wipe my ass with it.

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AND OUR THANKS TOOOOOO:

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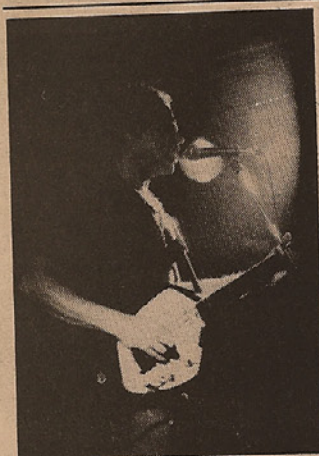
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T A P E R E V I E W S



STRANGERS

This is a tape I have looked forward to hearing for a long time. The band was not together at the time I heard so much about them, so seeing them play or hearing their music was not possible. When I heard they were back together, I really looked forward to seeing them play live. I knew Mike Paoli (vocalist/lyricist) from ways other than in the band, and in my mind he didn't

strike me as the lead singer type. However, after hearing the tape and seeing them play live with Second Self I was amazed at the power behind Mike as a vocalist and the band that is now performing as a three piece, with Max Kaminski on drums and The Boy on guitar. These guys are veterans and it shows in their musicianship.

The tape is nothing but great. The recording features Duke Paoli on bass, but Mike is playing bass and singing now. It was recorded two years ago for an album that didn't shell out and is now going to be available on cassette.

The band certainly has plenty to say. The tape is filled with their own blend of politics, personal philosophies and humor. The song "Dr. Mengele" is a little ditty that takes a satirical look at nazism. Be careful how you listen to this tape, and don't get the wrong impression, because of their cynical look at the world. They are anti-fascist and they are not afraid to talk about it.

Pick songs have to be "American Mod," "Kill Without Mercy," and "Architects of Pain." The tape consists of 19 original songs. The tape moves well and features songs in a wide range of influences and writing styles.

TRUCE

"Systematic Slaves"

Last summer I gave these guys a less than enthusiastic review. But after learning more about them, hearing them practice, and seeing them live, I have been delivered from the shackles of narrowmindedness. These guys are not only SLC's best metal band, they are one of our best bands of any kind. No spandex sissy shit mope rock here, these guys go for the jugular. This tape burns from the title track through the party lament "Pray to the Porcelain God" (a condition I'm sure we've all experienced at some point in our lives), to the tasty closer "Necropolis City." My only reservations about this tape is the copy I got wasn't dubbed very well, and there are only four songs on it. Besides that, the recording and performance is excellent. A fine addition to any local audiophile's collection.

Phil Harmonic

GWAR

"Scumdogs of the Universe"

Everybody knows the main point

of Gwar is seeing them live. To leave a Gwar show without a smattering of gore juice is to miss the entire experience. Slime and ooze are to a Gwar concert what acid is to the Grateful Dead. That's why I was surprised to find on this tape that Gwar can actually play and write some good songs and pull off an engaging studio effort. Needless to say, the tape is much slicker and more polished than the live act; but, with all that mayhem onstage, who can really concentrate on notes? They may yet turn out to be the best costume band since the New York Dolls. "Slautghterama" is a real rib tickler.

Phil Harmonic

BRAINSTORM

Brainstorm

I don't know a whole lot about these guys but I go for this tape. Metal that grooves, more in the mode of Faith No More and Fugazi than Metallica. Nice gear shifts from chunka chunk speedcore to melodic thrash. Because of their diversity, I can't really pigeonhole these guys, which is a good thing. I hope I can check them out live before the Speedway goes down.

Phil Harmonic

BRAINSTORM



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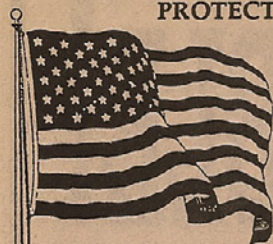
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OUTSIDE SEATING

MISCELLANEOUS

PROTECTION VS. DENIAL?



"A country's flag is a symbol of more than nationhood and national unity. It also signifies the ideas that characterize the society that has chosen that emblem as well as the special history that has animated the growth and power of those ideas."

Justice Stevens - Texas vs. Johnson

Alright, I'll buy that. So how does amending the Bill of Rights preserve our "special history" and stifle the "growth and power of ideas" at the same time?

The flag as I see it is a symbol of personal liberties. Am I not at liberty to own a flag and do with it what I will?

This country was built on, and still maintains a pride in, a history of free expression, or should I say REBELLION? Was rebellion acceptable then and not now? Let's face it, not everyone is ecstatic about the way this country is being run. The reason there is a "free" United States is because people had the balls to incite a little productive rebellion.

Some people think, me included, that this country is again heading towards authoritarian expression and government by a moral minority, much like the rule of Great Britain in the early eighteenth century. I'm sure that King George was not happy with the Boston Tea party then, just as King George is not happy with flag-burning now. And after all, a protest with out expression is a protest ignored.

As a symbol of the basic rights of every human being, the flag becomes a prime source of expression. Personally, I've never burned a flag, nor do I plan to. But if the occasion arose where flag burning would further a necessary change, the right to do so should be mine.

"I believe the failure to persist in enacting a constitutional amendment to protect the flag would express a startling lack of confidence in our freedoms."

Orrin G. Hatch - House of Reps. Utah

Get your thumb out of your ass Orrin and listen to what you just said! Our freedoms do not exist within the flag, they exist within the right to maintain them. Are you trying to tell us that without a "constitutional amendment to protect the flag" we will have no confidence in our freedoms? We can have no confidence in our freedoms unless they exist in the first place.

And get this: There is no difference between burning a flag, and writing about burning a flag. The intent and attitude behind the expression is the same.

Where do you draw the line between what is appropriate and what is not? It should all be appropriate in a so-called "freedom based" society.

Matt Monson

SLUG PICK OF THE MONTH

ED HALL Plays Speedway July 7



When Ed Hall came to Salt Lake last year, it was on a Wednesday night and their wasn't nearly enough promotion done. However, the small but responsive crowd enjoyed the show. Their sound is quite original - blending avant garde with rock & roll, and even the semi-expected country western influence to their sound. They hail from Austin Texas, home of the Butthole Surfers. So having almost an experimental sound part of the time must not have been to strange where they come from.

The music moves well. Because of the mixed influences they draw from, every song sounds different from the next. Both their first album *Albert*, and their new album, properly titled *Love Poke Here*, are both doing well for them. If you haven't seen them play you should. This night will be a great chance to see Strangers play also. They will be headlining the show.

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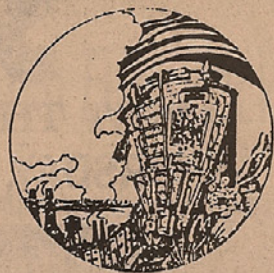
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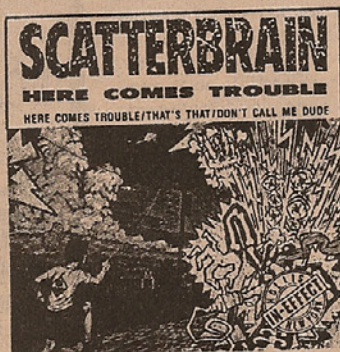


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INTERVIEW



Savatage

Savatage, one of the best heavy, almost speed-metal bands, played at Rafters on wed. night June 20th. The place was packed and the bouncers did a wonderful job of removing the usual drunken assholes from the pit, so the show was actually fun. Before the show I had the opportunity to speak with lead singer Jon Oliva...

SLUG: Can you give us a quick history of the band?

Jon: We formed in '79, we were together for a few years playing bars—our first record came out in '83—SIRENS, followed by THE DUNGEONS ARE CALLING which came out in '84. Then those were bought by Combat and rereleased. And then we got picked up by Atlantic. They saw us play a show and they loved the band, they wanted a band and so they signed us. In '85 our first major album came out, POWER OF THE NIGHT and it did very well for them. We then hammered out on the road with that, and we came back in and went to London to do FIGHT FOR THE ROCK. Which was the 4th album, right, and that was in '86. In '87 we did THE HALL OF THE MOUNTAIN KING and now this one, GUTTER BALLET. In the mean time, we've been on the road and keeping busy doing everything that you're supposed to do in this business, and going out of our minds.

SLUG: Who are the band members?

Jon: keyboards. Criss Oliva—lead guitar. Chris Caffery—rhythm guitar (SLUG: He's the new guy, right) Yeah, he's the new guy. And ah, Steve Wacholz—on drums. Johnny Middleton—bass guitar.

SLUG: How do you like Salt Lake?

Jon: This is our second time, we did a big show here, like, a couple months ago. (SLUG: That was at the Speedway, right.) Yeah, the boat house or whatever, an old boat house or something like that. It was packed, a big show, so we decided to come back and do it one more time. We had a great time here.

SLUG: Why did it take so long for the new album?

Jon: Well, there were several reasons. I mean, we were together for a long time without any kind of break. So, after HALL OF THE MOUNTAIN KING and the tour, we took a little break for a few months. A couple of us went, ya know, away for a while. Then we spent 4 months writing and 7 months recording. (SLUG: The new album sounds really good.) Yeah, it definitely payed off. I think that the lay off actually did us good, because, ya know, we got to really spend time writing, all our other records were pretty weak because of the time schedule. With this record, we took our time and did it right.

SLUG: What are your favorite songs?

Jon: Hum... that's tough, I like so many. (SLUG: Just a couple of faves then.) Probably, ah "Hall of the mountain king" and "When the crowds are gone", off the new album. Oh, "Sirens", I love "Sirens".

SLUG: How many more albums should we look for?

Jon: We have 4 more with Atlantic. They keep us busy, ya know.

SLUG: What Are your feelings about the EXPLICIT LYRICS label on GUTTER BALLET?

Jon: It sells more records. But I care about the reason it was put there. In the song "Rage in war" I used the phrase "Son of a bitch".

"YOU BETTER LISTEN TO ME YOU SON OF A BITCH—
YOU BETTER DISARM THOSE MISSILES SLEEPING IN THE DITCH—
YOU HAVE NO GOD DAMN RIGHT TO DO THE THINGS YOU DO—
THE WORLD WOULD BE A BETTER PLACE IF WE WERE RID OF YOU!!!"

Meaning the politicians, which is true it would be a fucking hell of a lot better. (SLUG: Do you think they were more concerned with the political content of the song rather than the actual lyric?) Yeah I think so. Fuck 'em if they can't take a thought. (SLUG: What do think of the freedom of speech issue?) Freedom of speech is like, if you don't want to listen to it don't buy it. There's no one walking up to you saying 'you've gotta buy this record or die.' It's just a lot of uptight parents. The whole censorship thing is a complete bunch of bullshit. It's like, a 16 year old kid can go to a movie and see Jason hatchet up somebody but I can't say 'son of a bitch'. The kids have to be 18 to buy it.

SLUG: Is there anything you want to say before we rap this up?

Jon: We should mention that we're recording a live album in L.A. and that'll be out by x-mas. The new video, "When the crowds are gone" will air in July on MTV.

SLUG: Thanks for talking to us. I hope the show goes well.

Jon: It should, this is the best monitor system we've played with yet. And we're always happy to talk to you or the fans, any time.

The show was great, Rafters is a cool venue (check it out for yourself some time). The sound was really loud but well mixed and the band played a great set of new and old material, favorites all. If these guys come through town again (which they probably will) you should definitely check them out.

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Photo by Rick Egan

WONDERCRASH

The Wonder of Wondercrash

P.A. buzz and blue strobe flicker as the band takes the stage. Vocalist and guitar player David Bagley finds his place at the forefront of the band, center stage. He's a dark haired, James Dean type; teen rebel grown into a twenty-something terror. Unassuming bassist Jon Bray hides behind guitarist Chris Camberlango, who hides behind his dark glasses. Jamie Shuman is stripped to the waist, ready for his musical workout, making his presence known behind the drum kit. Pat Munson, newest band member, makes his own space on the small stage, adding new dimension to the band with additional guitar and vocals.

The band is Wondercrash.

What's to wonder about?

The music is dark—moody at times. Angst is a major part of David's vocals, complementing his low vocal register and adding fullness to the Wondercrash's music. Melancholic, but not depressing, here is a vision of reality seen through the eyes of real people and realized in musical form.

Still Wondering?

After playing together in other incarnations, the five wonders settled into Wondercrash last October. You've probably seen one or more of them, playing in a different band, at one time or another. Chris played with Potato Heads and Boxcar Kids; Dave, with Blood Poets, which progressed into Howl; Pat, with Subject To Change (soon to be heard on the "City by A Dead Lake" LP); Jamie, in Massacre Guys & Boxcar Kids; Jon, with "no one really well known," spending much of his time working on soundtrack music for some student films. They've been in more local Salt Lake bands than most people know exist.

But it's Wondercrash that's been their greatest success.

Blue vinyl has flooded the Salt Lake Valley and is creeping into the surrounding areas. Last March saw Wondercrash in the studio recording their recently released six-song EP. The band had come to the decision that they either had to "make it hap-

pen ourselves" or else it wasn't going to happen. The band felt they had some really strong material that would translate well on vinyl, so they took Wondercrash into Anderson Studios and the result is now available for the listening. Pick up a copy and decide for yourself.

Songs were chosen by popular vote within the band. Each member—except Dave, who was on vacation—made up his "top six" list of songs. Amazingly, the lists overlapped enough to make the final decision an easy one. Makes you proud to be an American. Democracy even works in a band.

Listening to the EP and seeing the band live leaves less and less to wonder about Wondercrash. Their music says it all. Guitar based rock'n'roll with the energy of a 95 mile per hour train wreck. Driven by unique drum background beats, the band moves forward adding bass and layer upon layer of intricate guitar work. The final touch is the rough-edged vocals which pull the songs together, bind them tightly, wrap them up and toss them into the musical abyss.

A west coast tour is in the works for the Fall. Wondercrash is anxious to hit the road and share their sound with more of the country. They had a full house at their Cinema In Your Face record release party, showing that they can play to please, and they have the following to prove it.

Three guitars, live on stage. Pat has taken over parts of songs that were overdubs in the studio. Taken over and added to them. It can't be easy to take three guitars and give them each a distinct voice, but Wondercrash has figured out how to do it. And they do it. They're louder than the hum of the P.A. They are good.

The EP is number one on the K-UTE charts and has made it into the College Music Journal report. Wondercrash is making it happen for themselves. So stop wondering.

Check out Wondercrash live, July 11th at Siren Song in Provo. Look for more dates to follow.

Matt

Next Month
SLAUGHTERCHRIST



M O R M O N U P D A T E

"As Righteous as We Wanna Be"

Plug your ears brothers and sisters! What I am about to tell you may shock the weak hearted and the spiritually sensitive.

There is a negro-hooligan-tramp band from Florida sexually assaulting the fragile minds of our young saints. I personally have heard the so called, *As Clean as They Wanna Be* version of 2 Live Crew's album, and I was morally appalled - NEA! Abhorred by the filth pummeling my spiritually fine-tuned ear drums.

Last Sunday, after a spiritually riveting K-BYU devotional, where I was reminded of the importance of keeping all things just in the Lords eyes, I took it upon myself to cleanse my nine lovely children's rooms of any wicked contraband. After finding a pack of face cards, a Sears ladies' underwear catalogue, and several chocolate bars, I unveiled 2 Live Crew tape purposely hidden from mine and the Lords eyes. When confronting Ezekial on this blatant transgression, I thrashed him soundly before he could get the words, "but Father," out of his mouth. Upon further extraction, my son confessed that a colored class-

mate from school had forced it upon him.

After sweating blood through the first song on the tape, "Me So Horny," I was physically ill, and my wife Sariah fainted from over exposure to the horned one. Following the exorcism on my home, I gathered together the hierarchy of our community priesthood leaders in an effort to rid our community of this ethnocentric breach of free agency. We have proposed that all welfare funding be terminated to therap-appreciating populace until 2 Live Crew is sent back to where they came from and made aware of the rights that would no longer be theirs due to their lack of respect for this great country. They should consider this a sympathetic act. Back in

Brother Nephi's time, they were putting Lamanites to death for far less than this.

Sweet melodies mellow the souls of men and help prepare them for the gospel. On the other hand, music can be used for sensuous and carnal purposes. But all the blame cannot be put on 2 Live Crew. Even Donny Osmond is aiding Satan in



his quest for immorality. I remember when Donny Osmond used to be such a nice boy - look at what the Satanically influenced music industry has done to him. I'll personally see that his Holy Ghost is taken away.

It's all a vicious cycle Brothers and Sisters. The music industry has never helped in cultivating a spiritual environment for the Lord's chosen people. Even in the days of Benny Goodman, music was produced solely for the purpose of giving our boys at war something to neck and pet to. And somewhere along the

line, some apostate joker decided women were good for something besides having babies and catering to their priesthood holder's needs. Take for example that voluptuous hussy, Madonna. I personally like to see my woman barefoot and pregnant. I sicken at the thought of seeing some sexually promiscuous harlot advertising her wares on MTV (Masturbation Television).

I think it is time we started a music industry of our own. You'll be glad to know your tithing dollars are being put to mine and the Lords use (Uncle Ezra Records). My first album is entitled *Spiritual Silence*, where only the spiritually fine-tuned (like myself) can hear the angels extolling the sweet songs of God from the rafters of the Celestial Kingdom. Others will hear only silence. Sorry Donny if you hear something, it is just Satan... Again.

Until Next Month, Yes Censorship
Uncle Ezra

Note: Donny, see me about your church membership, I think a pardon can be worked out with the big guy.

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

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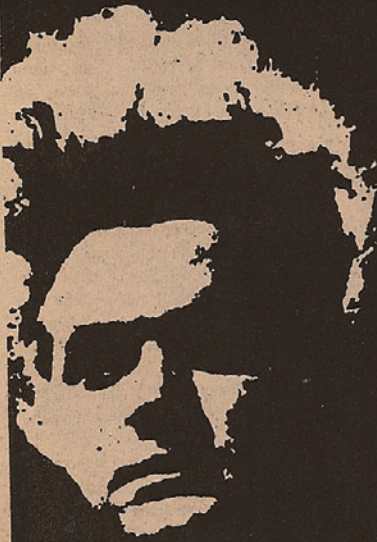
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JOJO'S CORNER

THIS IS GOING TO BE A SHORT COLUMN BECAUSE IT'S just too damn hot to concentrate on anything. SOCIAL DISTORTION blew into town last month and played a great show to a near capacity crowd at the Speedway. It's amazing how many people have suddenly "discovered" them since they signed with Epic Records. On the Prison Bound tour only about fifty people showed up. It's great to see them doing so well after ten years of struggle and adversity. Mr. Ness has certainly earned whatever success might come his way. A highlight of the evening was a great set by the reformed STRANGERS, one of my all time favorite SLC bands. After the show, members of SOCIAL DISTORTION, STRANGERS and BOXCAR KIDS went back to THE WORD for a jam session that lasted 'till four AM when everyone but Mike Ness was too drunk to play anymore. SD even made the channel four news on account of their drummer being from Payson.


Last issue I made a mistake and said Pat Munson was joining SWEE RHINO, I was wrong, he up and joined WONDERCRASH instead who held a record release party June 14 at the Cinema with COMMON-PLACE and a surprise set by SUBJECT TO CHANGE. Everything went well despite the horrible P.A. system and interminable delays before the show.

Did everybody have fun at the Utah Arts n' Crafts fair down to the Triad? I think of all the bands that played maybe four wrote their own material besides that it was the same old thing as the last three years. Hopefully when Larry Miller builds his new arena the arts fest will move back uptown and loosen up a little. The brownbag series is where it's really at and Casey has some great things lined up for the twilight concerts this summer. Keep a lookout.

The king hillbilly balladeer romantic John Doe made a surprise visit to SLC to promote his new album and did a radio interview and strummed a few on KRCL. He'll be back in town with his new band on August 12 at either The Speedway or Bar and Grill. Speaking of the SPEEDWAY, I understand their building has been sold out from under them which means we may no longer have an all ages hall in SLC. They need your support now more than ever so go to a show or two while you still can and maybe we can keep original music afloat here, God knows no one else will do it for us. (Ooops, sorry I forgot, Jo Jo doesn't believe in God, he's an gnostic nihilist.)

Album pick of the month, "Goo" by SONIC YOUTH. These kids can't be accused of selling out for the major label dollars. This is as damaged as anything they've done previously and even features a Raymond Pettibon cover. A must! Other highlights this month include new product from Hothouse Flowers, Tackhead, Steve Earle and the incredible Masters of Reality.

Until next month remember, sobriety is curable.



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SKATE

HOW SHOULD I SKATE?

The man looks upside-down at the world passing by as he holds his handstand on the skateboard rolling underneath him. Another man concentrates on the music from his walkman and negotiates the sidewalk cracks on his way to work. Yet another man thinks only speed and fluidity as he carves the tile into a backside grind in a perfect egg pool with a high bust factor. A young man falls softly back into the half pipe after a high ollie. Another man aggressively ollie-slides a handrail, thinking of his nuts only for a millisecond.

Now obviously, there is more than one way to skate. But, to some there is only one way to skate...HARD. Skating used to be super rad. It was punk rock man. We did 360 bonelesses and early grab launch ramp airs. We did street plants & acid drops off six-foot high. Our trucks were tight, we tic-tacked because we couldn't turn, and we liked it that way.

Now we ollie down ten stairs, slide or grind handrails, ollie over barrels and fire hydrants, our trucks are loose and we turn now. We ollie into our airs, we don't thrash - we style. Let's face it. *Skate or Die* is a dinosaur phrase. Used

by posers and people who don't skate.

There are no posers if you ride a skateboard, that is your sailors pass. You are a skater. When you stop, you no longer skate. If you are learning and other skaters intimidate you by their abilities, shine 'em man! Everybody sucks at first, and everybody gets better with practice. Earn their respect by skating and trying and paying your dues.

If you skate for transportation or for fun, carving and flowing. Learn a few modern tricks that can help you. Ollies transport you over curbs with ease, sidewalk crack ollies off the front wheels are fun too. Skate a ramp or a pool. This is where carving started. Rent an H-Street video.

In short, just skate. There are so many things to skate, it is a shame to pass any of them up. And for the streetstylers who skate downtown, skate hard but be cool. Don't piss people off, take care of your scene and spots. Don't tag places, stick stickers instead. Vandalism is not our friend. All skaters are brothers.

Next time - Woman skaters, The Saturday Scene, and what in hell is Prison Escapee?

Christopher



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17 THE CHANGE	18	19 My Sister Jane	20 Irie Heights	21
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24 SKIN 'N' BONES	25	26 THE PLEAZERS	27 GAMMA RAYS	28
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THE WORLD ACCORDING TO CLARK

MURDERED A SCORPION IN YOUR SLEEPING BAG AND CAN'T WAIT 'TILL CINCO DE MAYO

A tale of true grit on foreign soil

by Clark Stacey

THE BEGINNING

On December 18, 1989, I was sitting at my wide mahogany desk in the posh downtown offices of Salt Lake Underground, when the phone rang. This was very unusual, so I got a bottle of tequila out of my desk drawer and took a healthy nip from it. I believe one should celebrate singular occurrences before confronting them. I put the bottle down and picked up the phone.

"You made my phone ring," I said in greeting.

A long, tormented human wail came over the line, followed by the choked sobs of a devastated man trying to compose himself and speak. He finally succeeded.

"Clark," a familiar voice howled, "we are despised!" I recognized the voice as that of Dave Neale, a fellow occasional contributor to SLUG, singer for the almighty Sweet Rhino, and just a helluva good egg besides. At the moment, however, he was obviously a very unhappy egg, and I soothed him as best as I could. After some time, his voice and breathing returned to normal,

and he recounted to me an incident that I will abbreviate and paraphrase here for the reader.

Dave works at a bookstore of sorts downtown (just a few short blocks from SLUG's stately twin towers) that attracts a large and diverse clientele; some factions of which we suspect read SLUG. These suspicions were justified when two Jehovah's Witnesses came in to drop off some pamphlets and Dave overheard them discussing our beloved monthly.

The gist of their conversation was that SLUG was indeed a peach of a paper, chock full of insightful commentary, easy-to-read type, and evocative photography; but they sure were glad no one had heard from Neale or Stacey in a while.

"Where do these guys hang out anyway?" one Witness asked. "Once every three months or so, their trips crop up like herpes, I read it, and it's like dragging my brain across a cheese grater."

"They're hacks," his companion responded. "They sit in their leather-lined offices high atop SLUG towers, and cast their opinions at us

like monkeys throwing dung from the treetops. I'll bet they're businessmen...that's why we don't hear from them much."

When Dave had finished his tale, a fresh wave of grief choked his voice. I tried to bolster him, but his last words before he hung up were, "Clark, they called us HACKS!"

I hung up the phone and sat back to think these accusations through. "Ungrateful sods," I thought to myself. Hadn't we put ourselves in harm's way countless times in selfless journalistic martyrdom? And it was then that I decided to truly imperil myself for you, reader. I decided to venture boldly into strange foreign lands and bring back the sort of stories that would curdle your blood, tickle your loins, and activate all of your instinctive mechanisms. I decided to go to Mexico, reader, just for you. I took another deep pull from the tequila bottle. I believe high ideals should be celebrated before they are demonstrated.

PART ONE: CONSPIRACY

"We can't be lost! This is a god-damn Triple-A road map! If this thing were wrong, thousands of geriatric travellers and their Winnebagos would vanish into this fucking desert every year!"

"The facts are in, Tom. If we're not lost, then we're something that

looks just like it."

Tom was becoming very excited, which is a definite precursor to trouble. He experimented with various perspectives of viewing the map, including pressing it to his forehead and holding it up to the rearview mirror.

"Any luck?" I asked innocently. "Fuck off," he growled. "Pull over so I can kill you."

By now the heat was definitely taking a toll on Tom's equanimity. Ever since we had crossed into Baja California at Tijuana God knows how many weeks ago, we had been enduring average outside temperatures of ninety-five degrees with no shade in sight. The difficulties we've incurred with maps haven't helped any. We have invested in several Triple-A road maps so far, and not one of them has been worth a pinch of shit. I secretly suspected that the "Good Sam Club," arch-rivals of Triple-A, are behind the whole thing. How much do we really know about these "Good Sam" people, anyway? How do they recruit their members? What is their creed? They seem like nice enough people: out for a lark in their mobile rest homes, decked out in their floral-pattern bermuda shorts and legs like birch saplings. But I have a feeling that they're a lot more organized than we think. I'm talking secret handshakes, military discipline, political takeover plans...the works.

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If I'm right, the specter of terror and paranoia the media has created surrounding the Hell's Angels and others of their ilk is nothing to this. Imagine the nationwide panic when people awaken to the fact that the Great Chicken-Legged Menace has been secretly shuffling between the KOA support bases all across America, buying rocks with bead plastic eyes glued to them and plotting untold political mischief in our national parks.

I'm sure the reader will agree that this theory merits further study. However, it has nothing at all to do with Mexico and true grit, so I will forgo on with my story.

Tom and I were en route—we hoped—to a little town called Mulege on the southern gulf coast of Baja. We had briefly passed through Mulege on our way south, and had unanimously decided that the town was quaint. Quaint as in cobblestone streets, a little Dickens-esque town square, naïve, friendly people, and the happy coincidence that fair maidens outnumbered slaving males two to one. This last bit was important, as Tom and I had been moving through the remote Baja backcountry for over a month with no company but each other and pan. Enough said on that score.

The date was May the fourth, and we had to make some serious time if we were going to get to the big Cinco de Mayo Booze Bash and Mariachi Hoe-Down the Mulege natives had planned for the following evening. There was a certain foul effluvia in the Jeep: the blended miasma of two unwashed pagans with atrocious—even dangerous—dietary habits. For example, we had breakfasted that morning on fish tacos, rotten fruit, and Tom's special blend of instant coffee. I dread that coffee every morning—a battered plastic cup containing a thick blob of viscous goo that tastes like Satan's armpit and makes your ears ring. I don't mean to dwell on such unpleasant details, but I feel that it is essential the reader understand the conditions Tom and I were immersed in; as I believe they played a significant part in the awful spectacle that took place that afternoon, on a road that may or may not have led to Mulege.

After much debate and experimentation, Tom and I discovered that the map began to make some strange sort of sense if you held a quart of tequila up to it and read it through its amber depths. We revised our course, and twenty minutes later we found ourselves on the first paved road we had seen in two weeks.

A further brief word about our circumstances. Tom, myself, and the Jeep that was our steed were all extremely dirty. We were unshaven, sunburnt, hungry, and probably reeked of tequila and the rut. It was in this condition that we rolled up to a roadblock established and populated by a group of fifteen surely gentlemen with big guns.

The kind of guns that shoot really fast and make big holes in people.

These were Mexico's infamous Federales Narcoticos...a crack band of meenies who have been trained since birth in what Mike Watt called the "well-rehearsed cold stare." As we slowed down, one big burly fucker stepped up to the Jeep. He was pouring sweat; hardly surprising, as his mother had cruelly bundled him up in army fatigues that morning (Army camouflage? In the desert? Now, in the blazing afternoon heat, he looked to be dangerously on the edge of heat exhaustion. Tom was not sympathetic. "Tell these punkin-heads that we're church people and get us the fuck out of here. What the hell is this?"

"Beats me," I said quietly. "I got sick of playing soldier when I was twelve. These guys must be either terminally bored or totally insane."

A loose circle of similarly attired men was now assembling around the Jeep. The big guy who had stepped forward initially—I'll call him "Juan Law"—now leaned in my window and delivered himself of a block of angry gibberish. He then opened my door and seemed to be inviting me to step out. I was a little reluctant to do this, though, because I astutely perceived that all the guys with guns were OUT THERE and I was IN HERE and that seemed to be a good way to keep things. Juan Law was visibly displeased with my hesitation, and I glanced over at Tom for support and advice. Tom was gone, nowhere to be seen, and in his place was a pungent little bastard with a pistol tucked in his belt. I'll call him "Pistol Paco". P.P. was leaning into the backseat and happily strewing the contents of my backpack around, too busy to even glance at me. Since the whole guns-out-there, me-in-here thing had turned on me, I gave Juan Law a fetching smile and stepped out.

Now that I was finally out, Juan got some more gibberish off his chest, then pointed to a cluster of enclosed trailer about twenty yards from my car. He then joined Paco in the task of taking things out of our backpacks and hiding them. The back window of the Jeep was open, so I stood behind my car and watched these two fellows work. After a while, I noticed that Paco wasn't paying attention to what he was doing, and one or two items of camping equipment found their way back into their respective cases. Juan noticed this too, and rebuked his colleague sharply. A heated argument broke out, and I began to entertain hopes that they would shoot each other. Both men quieted, however, and burrowed back into our packs. I went to look for Tom.

I wandered around between the trailers I mentioned until I heard Tom's voice screaming obscenities from the only trailer with a closed door. I struck out in the direction of the screams, just in time to see Tom go flying through the doorway. His shoes were in his hand, and he was closely followed by a grinning cop with a machine pistol. He launched into a tremendous monolog of epithets, finally pausing for breath after

what seemed like several minutes. The guy with the grin was beckoning me into the trailer Tom had just left, and this seemed to cheer my partner considerably. I shot Tom a curious look, and he actually laughed.

Now, those of you who have been strip-searched by somebody who doesn't speak your language can surely recall just how horrible it is to watch someone with a gun pantomime instructions to you as to what is expected of you. This cop knew the English words for clothes, but he followed up the word "pant" with a gesture that looked like someone operating an ice auger, and I panicked. I kept my eyes on him as best I could, though this was often impossible as he directed me through a complicated series of calisthenics. After a few minutes of this, the cop paused suddenly and broke into a wide, perverted grin. He took his flashlight out of his belt and started doing the ice-auger thing again.

Dignity, reader; a word about dignity. I don't know what that little fucker thought I had stashed up in the only part of my body I've never seen before. Illegal immigrants? From America to Mexico? Levis for

the locals, perhaps? The fact is that Tom and I rolled in the journalistic mud for you people, so leave poor Dave alone.

I survived. As I left the trailer, a huge Winnebago with a satellite dish atop it was rolling up to the roadblock. I went to check Tom and the car, and found him looking despondently at the ruin of the backseat. I heard laughter, and looked behind me. Juan and Paco were talking with the driver of the mobile home. "Poetic Justice," I thought. Any minute now, Ma and Pa would be hustled into the Trailer of Sin while the interior of their abomination was demolished by mutants.

I heard more laughter, now, and as I looked closer I saw a camera lens flash as Paco and Juan posed arm in arm for Grandma. I heard the clunk of the transmission as Pa dropped her into "drive", and I watched in awe as they pulled around the road block. Paco and Juan were waving happily at the back of the home, and my staring eyes finally registered the blood-red symbol in the corner of their window. Good Sam. Something needs to be done.

Next Month: Part 2 - Flashbacks

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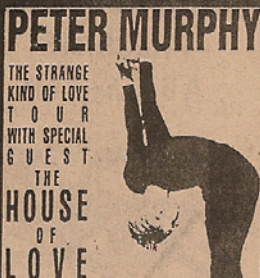
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CONCERT REVIEW

Commonplace

June 13th @ Siren Song.

June 15th @ Cinema In Your Face!

Common?

(Un)Commonplace played two great shows after a few months sabbatical from the local scene. Their time off has been well spent, producing a 7" single, "The Chosen Ones," and adding a new song or two to their repertoire which debuted at the Cinema show.

Scott Bringard and Colin Kelly play back and forth on guitars with the rhythm section consisting of Jason Bringard on drums and Troy Harris on bass.

Fronted by former Dinosaur Bones singer, Lara Bringard, (Un)Commonplace plays in the melodic, hypnotic realm of Cocteau Twins and Siouxsie, but with their feet more firmly on the ground. This is a straight forward musical foray. An imaginative marriage of voice and guitar, the union being rich, fresh and youthful—full of energy and excitement; the anticipation of Christmas morning by sleepless children.

Idaho Syndrome

June 17th @ The Bar and Grill

June 18th @ Speedway

June 20th @ Siren Song

Whether there are four people in the audience or a full house, Idaho Syndrome play to please.

Sunday's Bar and Grill show was the tightest set I've ever seen them play. Charged with nervous energy and anxious anticipation, the show was an Idaho Syndrome epidemic unleashed. A small audience, but a big performance.

Larger numbers attended both the Speedway show and their gig at Siren Song, enthusiastic screams and cheers greeting the band's performance.

With the release of their new tape, "Opus of Youth," and the debut of a new song, "Cavalry," a hard-driving, ever-shifting anthem, Idaho Syndrome continues to progress and develop. Always interesting and innovative, you'll want to keep close watch on this band in the next few months.

Have You Seen This Geek?

I Have. A few weeks ago, a friend and myself were wondering through Crossroads Mall simply passing time when my colleague said "Hey, there's Michael Damien." Knowing her as well as I did, I knew she wasn't going to miss out on an opportunity to make him squirm. She handed him a SLUG business card then proceeded to hold an informal interview for the readers of SLUG. Half way through the conversation it got ugly, when she told him what she thought of his music. She said, "I really hated that cover of ROCK ON you did." Needless to say he didn't handle criticism well. He then got quite huffy and defensive. He suddenly lost interest in talking to us because we gave him an honest opinion. After a brief lecture on journalistic integrity and a sorry rationalization about wanting a top 40 hit, he stopped talking to us. However, his hair did look good.



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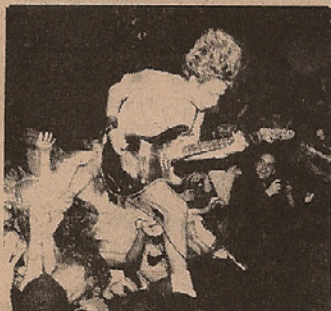
FUGAZI

The Second Coming

photos by Rick Egan



Fugazi



The Stench



Mark of Insight

On June 6, 1990, Salt Lake City saw the 2nd Coming. Few people knew, few people gathered, & few people saw. The Golden Gates of the temple stayed closed, but the Speedway doors were blown wide with the rhythmic powers of Fugazi.

The show was opened by Insight who rocked the place into a frenzy with their brand of heavily metallic crunch and chaotic stage presence. They demand attention and they get it. Needless to say the place went bat shit. We danced, we sweated, and we passed out, well damn near.

After a Pepsi and a sit outside most people seemed eager to reenter The Speedway to catch local faves The Stench. The Stench played tight and gave it their all. A set of mostly new material that, although still sloppy, seems more aggressive & heavier than some of the stuff on their new LP, which is great. But, I would like to hear them play more of their older material. Hey guys, that is the stuff we love.

After another brief visit to the cool air outside, we entered again to catch D.C.'s Fugazi. Summerizing my feelings and the history of Fugazi could take up a lot of space, so I will just say that these guys have a lot of experience and talent under their belts. They took The Speedway stage by storm. These four D.C. boys look and play furiously. Intense rhythms & catchy hooks played aggressively with precision. It is amazing how they can display such hateful attitudes in such easy flowing music, that contrast is what gives them originality and fluidity. You can spend your aggressions for one hell of a good time - and a good time it was.

Chuckles

PYRO'S WASTELAND

LARS' INCARCERATION

Keeping it brief and crude...to all the customary suckers who responded with itchy hate mail about lars to this paper, I'll quote the infamous Pecorelli 'Thanks for being so damn predictable, cretins' (such as Val, bringing me much humor at his expense). Tsk, Tsk. Nor do I claim any 'hipness'. More like an unkosher dickhead, practicing the finer points of assholeism. Agitating the hell outta you, busting butts, stepping on fragile egos (i.e. musicians) and generally just a preposterous Pyro. Lookie the results. God bless SLUG! Touche'.

Obviously, American Liberty Skinheads dug themselves into their own Auschwitzian grave of hypocrisy with said letter. But hey, I still say we can never be liberated individuals unless we try to communicate. Ignorance spawns ignorance so lets try to educate instead, otherwise the racist human condition breeds on.

Lars

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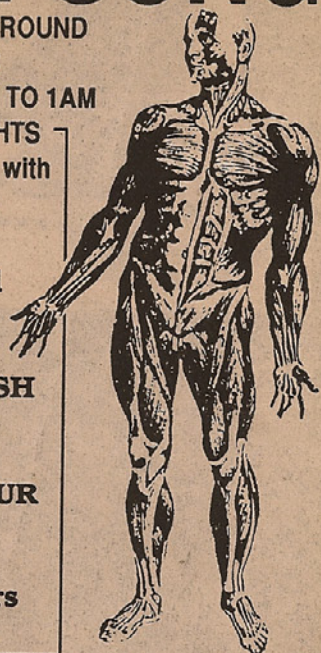
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Crimson Tears

+ Guests

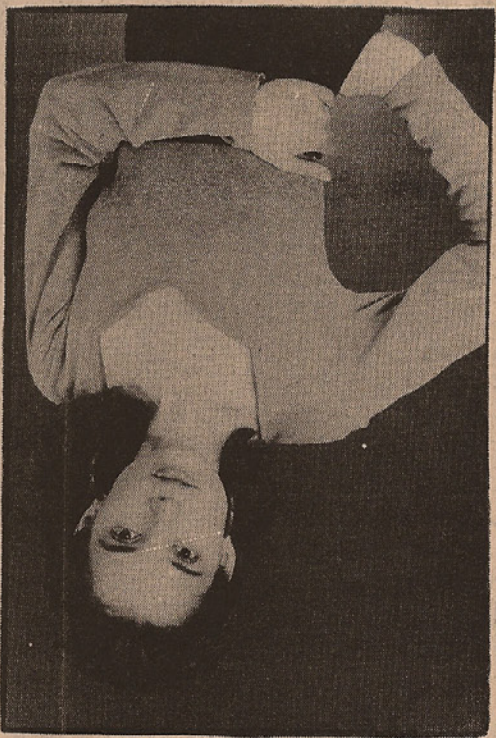


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