

SALT LAKE UNDER GROUND SLUG

ENTERTAINMENT GUIDE AND REVIEW

September 1990

#21

FREE



STRANGERS

Photo By Steve Midgley

A look at what is really going on in town

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Calenders • Concerts • Revolting Cocks • Hate Mail and More

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THIS
MONTH



DEAR DICKHEADS

Dear Dickheads and aficionados,
Tis I - Inexplicable SLUG stool pigeon and adjective fool (will I ever learn?) here to place highest regards on these individuals: Branch, Saltas, Paul & Zay, Charlie, JR & Natalie, the Hate X9 crew (who endured my personal loathe mail), Ian & Alexis (who didn't begrudge me for my reviewers sarcasm), Dan Yodeler & Mikey Slaughterchrist (for their blunt candor, whipping my flabby soul into shape), and JoJo Corner (#20-an ordeal which speaks for itself) ... May I extend unequivocal gratitude...and kudos to KRCL. Last but not leastly - thanks Biffers & Truce (for your kind sentiments in SLUG and Private Eye).

M. Dainque - Sincere appreciation for your negative constructive criticism and judgement. Less whiney than most other predictable prattle to disgrace these pages. Advice back? Meditate a wee bit harder on the descriptive words I utilize, get an esoteric clue or two. You missed the boat, buddy. Don't presume anything. No "thesaurus" (Pyro burns such books). OK, you caught me red-handed: sample literature, vitals of philosophy, liberal press and zines. Just try not to hold education against my punk nature please...heh. Speaking of snarliness, Rollins is God!! So go ahead and complex me, anyway. And my avid fetish for words.

This is it kiddies. Laura has an expansive trip charted for the outer reaches of pubdom. Destination: Sing-a-popr. Yeep, leavin' this rag...but hark...I shall return! During my absence, do try to fondly remember my deepest ambivalence for you all - above and beyond the call of duty. Until then, seething hate mail groupies unite...

Gone on a furlough fer a yarn.
Later,
Lars

P.S. Endearing Closing Remarks: Move it! Get off your fuckin' ass and look into Private Eye and the Cinema In Your Face magazine. Do it now. Read, Read, Read...

Dear Sluggers,

I have some shit to say to you (that's why I'm writing). Some good, others bad. Anyway for some good things to say, let me start by saying the Ramones' interview was pretty fucking cool. And you will stick to your guns and put it second behind the local Satanic Dennis Hopper-types Slaughterchrist. Also, I am glad you exist so I can use you to expose the band I am in now - Weird (Pork) - Eggplant. I understand my last band is doing well and has the Zephyr Club sound nearly perfected. Skin 'n' Bones eat your hearts out! But the question is...What does "Underground" mean? Now, don't deny it, you have altered three things I have said or written to SLUG so as to be less offensive. Is this the work of an "Underground" publication or just a publication that writes about the underground? I still think you're cool, it's just that if you are claiming to be underground yourselves, than you are being pretentious, but I'm not sure that you are. I am just wondering.

By the way, Sunshine and the Biffs, I would like to give all of you guys a big wet french kiss for being nice to me. Let's do a gig together - contact me through electric chickens incorporated.

Love and Love
Billy Blizzard

P.S. Bone Occult ain't over. Satan Dude Mon ain't playin' no fuckin' covers. He's gonna kick all our asses and fuck all our girlfriends and then make us apologize. Despite what I said earlier, Jim, you are a genius. Take your shirt off.

Ed Note: Billy, we can't give you a definition of what or what is not "Underground" you will have to check your Cap'n Crunch Punkometer for that. As far as taking out part of your writing, we have made it clear from day one how we feel about things that are sexist, call it what ever you like...

THANK YOU!!!

from all of us at SLUG for your help with this year's SABBATHON

THE BANDS

IDAHO SYNDROME - COMMONPLACE - HERMITAGE - ONLY A TEST - WONDER-CRASH - ROAD FRISBEE - DA NEIGHBORS - DINOSAUR BONES - SHOT IN THE DARK - STRANGERS - NAUVOO - MAGGOTHEADS - SLAUGHTERCHRIST - HATE X9 - VICTIMS WILLING - TRUCE - BOHEMIA - SWEE RHINO - LIQUID JESUS - SKIN 'N' BONES - BOXCAR KIDS

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The opinions and views expressed in this rag are those of the writers and are not necessarily those of the people who put this shit together.

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

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T A P E R E V I E W S

**HATE X9***Apprehension...*

My first show I ever saw featuring locals when I first moved out here from NYC this year was a few months ago. Poison Idea, Oregon's finest, were headlining; Victims Willing and Hate X9 were the support bands. I came into Ye Old Speedway very early, with about 75 other souls, to witness the opening act because I was intrigued by the name. The lights went down and before me were the men who would become my very favorite SLC band — who else but Hate X9.

So imagine roaming into Raunch a few weeks ago, and there before me is this 7-inch with neat splattered vinyl, no less. Professional

packaging, supreme color pressing, and cool graphics made up this excellent indie release on the R.U. Dead label. Structure wise, it's one of the finer independent packages I've ever encountered.

How about the sound of Hate X9? Imagine 12-inch fingernails ripping across a chalkboard in a classroom where an altar of bloody brimstone serves as the teachers desk, from which the tortured screams of ravaged virgins are violated vertically, horizontally, and alphabetically somewhere in Hiroshima circa 1945. Yeah, and that shit all happens in the first twenty-seconds of "Generica!" The sonic impact of Hate X9 renders my nervous system into complete disarray. How can a band be so goddamn loud, painful, yet air-tight? Suffice to say, most West Coast acts are inferior to those of the East, but these Hate dudes could give even the most seasoned vets in NYC a good run for their money!

Apprehension... is proof that there is life in SLC (although this 7-inch EP could induce an embolism or painful, icy stroke if played loud enough). My only gripe is that I have to replace the cartridge on my turntable after each subsequent play. My faith in any scene starts to die as the

winter months approach, but Hate X9 have managed to surpass all the labels and re-affirm the faith that **HARDCORE LIVES!** Support your scene—more importantly, support the Hate X9 crew. Give 'em a few more months and they will be going places. Afterwards, only then will the Stench have the right to say they are the best band in SLC.

Charlee Johnson

IDAHO SYNDROME*Opus of Youth*

Spinning webs of intrigue, suspense, despair, and horror, Idaho Syndrome continues with their latest effort, *Opus of Youth*. With this tape they have made it more difficult for critics to use the "rip-off" notion, a tag that haunts many local bands. The first song comes on, "Turn," a pretty solid tune with hooks galore—the critic replies: "H'm, sounds like Joy Division, (The Cure, Bauhaus, R.E.M. whoever) rip-off!" The critic content with his or her summation continues on listening, but becomes extremely nervous. The following song, "Not My Home," doesn't sound like whoever. This song, an intriguing trip about "things not seeming the way they ought to,"

is musically supported by jumpy piano, set to varying drum rhythms, guitar swirls going in and out, while an out of place cello plays with an abrasive ring. By the time "Dinosaur Bones" comes on, a reggae-ish rhythm set to an occasional guitar frenzy with the lead singer repeatedly screaming "Dinosaur Bones," our critic has given up.

Now this does not mean Idaho Syndrome are guru's of authenticity, but they have by no means gone full circle, they still have a ways to go. But they are trying, and their efforts are getting pretty exciting.

Opus Of Youth does have some problems. The mix does not do justice to the vocals. The tape sometimes seems a little too confusing, it lacks a strong focus. "Rainmaker" jumps into it's chotic end too quickly, without a decent transition. The tape makes up for these weaknesses by providing very exciting, picturesque music that makes you chuckle one moment and terrifies you the next. It is also nice to know that this band is trying to be a little more daring, not as daring as Knob, without being too experimental. As far as focus, give them some time, this band is becoming very interesting. Watch out for them.

Kirk Colton.



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CONCERT REVIEW

REVOLTING COCKS & SKATENIGS

August 24 at Speedway Cafe



photo by John Bones

When I heard Revolving Cocks were coming to Salt Lake my nipples got hard. Ever since seeing their video, "You Goddamned Son of a Bitch," I have wanted to experience the Cocks live. The video is incredible; a rock-n-roll stage show to end all rock-n-roll stage shows. Unfortunately, most people were there to see Ministry or Alain Jorgensen, oblivious to the fact that Revolving Cocks are a totally different band with a totally different feel. Playing up the stereotypes of rock-n-roll bands and making fun of inherent sexuality in the rock-n-roll world, the Cocks play funky up, thrashed out music that incorporates elements from Olivia Newton-John and C&W, with ad-

libbing taken from K.C. and the Sunshine band.

Originally comprised of Richard 23 (Front 242), Luc Van Acker and Alain Jorgensen, the Cock's first single, "No Devotion," was an instant hit and lead to a full length album, *Big Sexyland*. Sexually charged and morally decadent, *Big Sexyland* was strewn with dead corpses, decaying social and religious values and the destruction of morality as it has existed for thousands of years. Since then the Cocks have undergone various personnel changes, losing Richard 23 and adding Paul Barker, Bill Rieflin and Chris Connelly. A live album and video were added to the Cock's discography as well as three more singles and the most recent album *Beers, Steers and Queers*, the aftermath of the apocalypse and music for those still living in the rubble. The faces may look familiar but the band remains Revolving Cocks. Say the name out loud a couple of times just to make sure. Revolving...Cocks! It feels good to say it.

The show got underway with two versions of "Beers, Steers and Queers," with some help from the Skatenigs. "No Devotion," "Let's Get Physical," "In The Neck" and "Union Carbide" made up the first half of the show—the "Donna Reed" half. Fans were still anticipating Ministry and still caught up in the excitement of Al. The addition of two of Salt Lake's own hand picked Revolving Pussies did little to liven things up. But with some friendly goading from the band the audience exploded with showers of saliva, trash and middle-finger salutes that turned into slam dancing and stage diving when the music resumed. "Something Wonderful," a song "to do your aerobic workout to" picked up the pace and the energy level. Club fave and Cocks rock anthem "Stainless Steel Providers" continued the fervor, as well as "T.V. Mind" and the show ended with encores of "Get Down" and PIL's "Public Image," homage to "has-been" Johnny Rotten.

The dildo swingin' red-necks put on quite a show but there was still something lacking. Besides the absence of Luc Van Acker, Bill Reiflin and some Revolving Pussies, there was a forced excitement and enthusiasm from a crowd expecting Ministry and finding out instead "IT'S A REVCO WORLD."

After a few false starts, Wax Trax! recording artists (Is this really true?) Skatenigs ripped their way through a set of Cowboy/Chili Pepper social commentary on everything from racism to S & M. Just when the grind was getting good they'd get stuck in the Chili Pepper rut of white boys trying to be black but finding they have neither soul nor rhythm (nor really large penises, the band having to bring extras.) The Country Western send-offs were more believable and well received. But there's something heartwarming about seeing a stage full of good ol' boys playing their hearts out. If only the lead singer could have kept his revolting cock in his pants...

Matt

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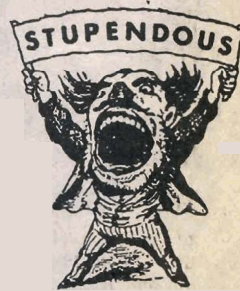
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INTERVIEW

CIRCUS OF POWER

TSOL - EVERY MOTHER'S NIGHTMARE

This was one of the better shows I have seen at the Speedway in a very long time. The show started up with Tennessee's Every Mother's Nightmare. We had a chance to talk to them and found they had only been together a year, they were very young and ambitious, down to earth, and enjoyed the fact that they had almost overnight success and they were not complaining. Even though the band looked like a band off of



Every Mother's Nightmare

Hollywood Boulevard, (they got plenty of well taken shit from us about looking like The Nelsons) their Southern influenced sound was unique and refreshing. By appearance, they could easily be mistaken for your run-of-the-mill Bon Jovi-types, but their music is anything but typical. Their influences include everything from Randy Travis to The Sex Pistols to good old fashioned bluegrass which they have listened



TSOL

to their whole lives. In other words - don't judge a book by its cover...check them out if they come through town again, or pick up an album.

I have to be honest I didn't pay much attention to TSOL because I was anticipating Circus of Power. I

did notice, however, they delivered a great set, as always, of both old and new music. A good part of the crowd was there to see them play, and these fans were impressed with what they saw. I was disappointed that more of their old-time crowd wasn't their to see what they had to offer.

When I heard Circus of Power was coming I was most excited. The band is managed by BMG, so lining up an interview was no problem. We had a chance to talk to Alex (vocals) and Ricky (guitar), but when we got down to doing the interview we wound up just shooting the shit. We did discover they have a tendency to get classified with metal bands and they are overlooked as just a rock n roll band. Their music is simple and direct and they don't rely on "image" to sell their music. They don't really fit in most commercial classifications so they don't get airplay or MTV time, and because of this fact people don't get exposed to their music. If people could hear what they were about, they would sell a lot more albums.



Circus of Power

Their set was great! They hit all of my favorites including "Got Hard," "In the Wind," "Simple Man/Simple Woman," and many others from both their new album *Vices* and their self titled first album. I was bummed they didn't play "Crazy," a little ditty written by Iggy Pop. Musically I was more than impressed, Gary Sunshine (lead guitar) is my new favorite guitarist. I was sold on Circus of Power because of Alex's voice, however, due to a hectic road schedule and a cold his performance was not as good as I had hoped for. All in all, I would still say it was one of the better shows I have seen this year.

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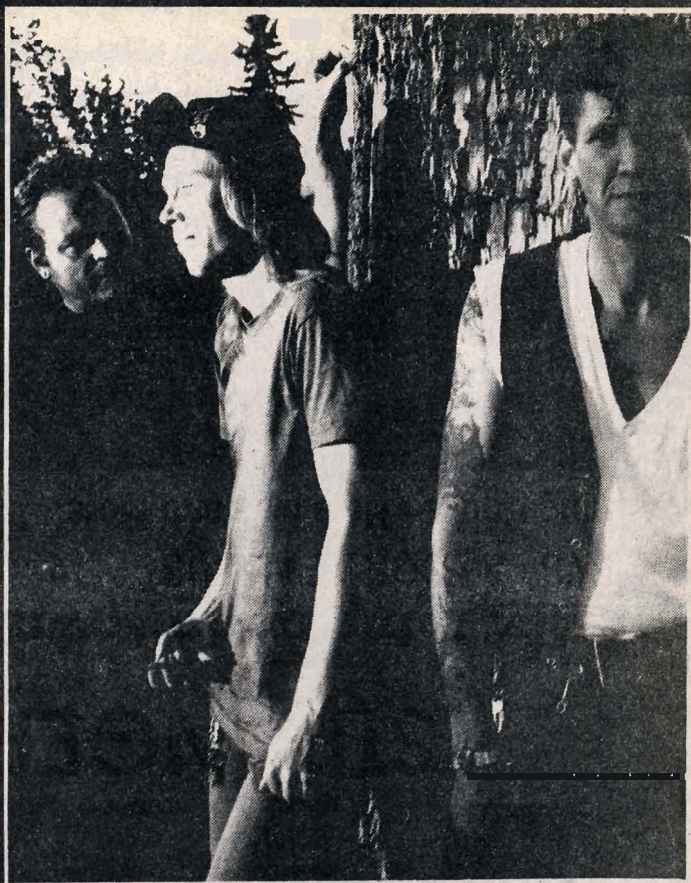
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SEPTEMBER FEATURE BAND



"Rock 'n' Roll should be a blue collar idiom - simple and understandable."

STRANGERS

I can clearly recollect the first time I had any dealings with Strangers. Actually it wasn't the band but with Michael Paoli, lead singer, bassist and lyricist. I was watching the door at The Word the same night Strangers were playing over at Speedway. I guess something went wrong. I saw Michael coming up the ramp and I knew I would have to deal with him. I didn't know anything about him, but he looked very intimidating. When I told him it would cost him \$3.00 to get in he just looked at me, smiled, opened the door and walked right past me. I thought for sure he was going to kick my ass, reck the place and then leave. Consequently, he checked out the band for about five minutes, then left.

It wasn't until about six months later that I met Mike under different circumstances and discovered he was a really nice guy. At this time he spent about two hours telling me about his band. At that time Strangers were not actually together, but were taking a break. I had never seen them play,

but had heard from some of my buddies in AWOL how great the band was. I did get to hear a copy of their tape, the one that is going to be available to the public this month, but I still wanted to see them live. A few months ago I finally got to see the band play live. They were playing with Second Self, a band from California, at The Speedway. For some reason I couldn't picture Mike singing for a band. Needless to say, I was both surprised and impressed with what I saw.

The name Strangers, has actually been kicking around for about ten years since Mike moved back here from California. The band has survived over the years with several different musician changes but is now better than ever. The band is now a three-piece outfit with Mike playing bass and singing lead vocals, the rest of the band consists of Max Kaminski on drums, and The Boy on guitar. The band wrote a good portion of the music they are playing now, as a four piece, with Bruce "Duke" Paoli on bass. Now as a three piece

the band's sound is as solid and tight as ever.

The band didn't want to spend a lot of time talking about the past, not that they are dismissing it in any way, but have started fresh as they are now. They still play a lot of their older material, but are now spending as much time as possible writing new music. I asked the band about their music. I was always under the impression they were a punk band, however, this isn't necessarily true. They all have listened to it for years and it certainly influenced them, but the music is just rock n' roll. I got the usual answer when I asked them about influences, "We listen to just about everything from classical to punk rock." If you have ever heard Strangers play, this is quite evident. One minute their music will sound as though the band was formed in the 70's in urban America playing the hard-driving rock n' roll and then will move into a ska-sounding number which could have been influenced by The English Beat. This diversity keeps their music interesting.

Saying these guys don't have something to say about life would be a lie. Because of Mike's unique lyric writing style, they have been called everything from militants to fascists. Let me say now, they are not. Mike uses satire and irony to make his point. If you don't listen to the lyrics carefully it would be easy to get the wrong impression.

Musically, they are easily one of the most versatile and talented bands in town. The Boy has been playing guitar for a long time. He played with one of Salt Lake's first punk bands, The Boards. Since that time he has played in several bands including The Informers, Shot in the Dark and several others he didn't seem to want to talk about. His style is almost impossible to define. I guess there is no point trying, let's just say he easily carries the weight of a lead and a rhythm guitarist. Max's drumming is what gives Strangers the power that makes them one of the most solid bands in town. He gives the band their versatility, with a variety of different styles he has developed over the years. He also played with Shot in the Dark and drummed with Parallax for a while. Mike used to be just the vocalist, but when Bruce left the band, he picked up the bass. Now he is carrying the vocals and the bass.

Being a three piece has made music writing easier, but because of the different musical ideas each member of the band has, writing can become a bit of a musical tug of war. This hasn't been a disadvantage for the band. They are still writing songs that sound new from the other songs they still perform. The music hasn't stagnated over the years, but is progressing in a way that will keep the band always moving forward in a positive direction.

The band plans on recording a new cassette after the one they will be releasing this month. After that they hope to be recognized on a national level. The band has the experience and the talent to have a very large impact on our fair city and on music in general. The band is always looking for ways to improve their sound and make it new. They will be having a tape release party at the new Cromlech Temple of Fun (formerly The Word) on September 22nd, they will also be playing October 2nd at the Speedway with Social Distortion (who consequently asked them to play on the bill). If you haven't experienced Strangers it is about time you did.

JR Ruppel

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

Uncle Ezra Wants You!!

Brothers and sisters, it is time again to send our boys off to war, and I couldn't be any more grateful to do it. I will be the proudest father at the airport when I send my eldest, Ezekial, off to slay those evil God-less terrorists. I took the liberty of enlisting my son in the Marine Corps while he was away for the weekend at the annual "Friends of Parley P. Pratt 10k run". I can't wait to see the joy in his eyes when I tell this brave soldier the good news.

Just hearing our beloved President Bush speak those reverent words of God, Flag and Country reminded me of better times when we were at battle with those communist menaces, Korea and Vietnam. With the exception of a few brain damaged hippies, our country was never happier. If I didn't have flat feet, I would have been there myself. Just as Nephi

slayed Laban, so would I have removed this lascivious blotch from the eyes of God.

There is, obviously, no other option for this chosen country but war. We must drive these mindless, oil-hungry, Muslim fanatics into the Red Sea, and put this evil behind us, so that we can continue down the road to salvation - so we lose a few boys of our own in the process. You can rest assured that there is a seat next to Brother Brigham in the Celestial Kingdom reserved for them. Those who die in the fight for good must surely be exalted above all others, so it is written, so shall it be.

Here are a few things to do before you send your son off into the field of glory. Make sure you send him off with enough Book of Mormons for every member in his company. Every member a missionary. In time of crisis and emotional

neediness, that is when the baptism rate is the highest. Also, have your boy send you a urine-sample every week. We do have to keep these boys away from drugs and alcohol at all cost. One minute they are smoking a marijuana cigarette with their buddies, and the next thing you know they are riding with a motorcycle gang, covering their body with tattoos, and showing off their scarred veins to loose women in ten dollar motels. I am pulling a little spiritual weight with some Congressmen I have business dealings with to ensure that my boy gets in a platoon of all Latter Day Saint soldiers.

Just remember, a war is exactly what this country needs to get back on it's feet and put the liberals back in the shadows, where they belong. If your boy does happen to die in battle with those sand demons, you have done your part for God, Flag, and Country. Besides, the Celestial Kingdom is a far better place for your boy than this world of sin. If war goes as planned, we'll be there with them in heaven as soon as possible. Until next month, Yes to Armageddon

Uncle Ezra

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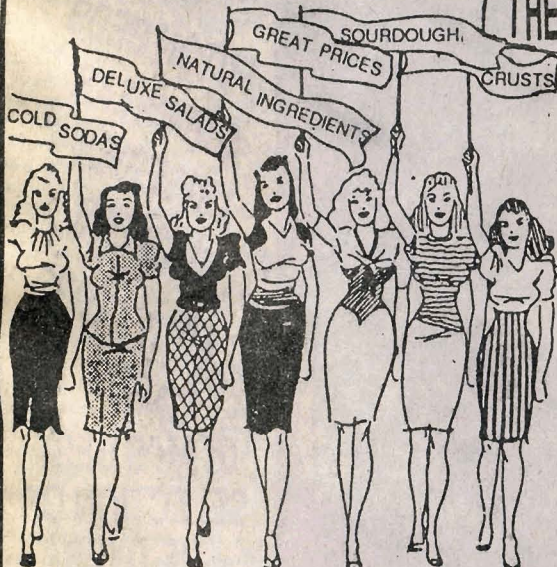
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JOJO'S CORNER

I believe the best groupies are not in Salt Lake but in Peoa, they just don't know it cause nobody plays there. I think the White House should be painted purple and gold and rededicated as a "Theme Park" for Prince and Cher fans. I believe the empty seat on the Supreme Court should be filled by Professor Griff and I think that Jesse Helms is tolerant and broadminded but misunderstood. I think that people need to be protected from the first amendment and that all artists receiving NEA grants must first guarantee that they will produce only bland, wholesome, family fare which will not challenge the public or provoke any kind of visceral response. I believe that Ozzy and Judas Priest are guilty of promoting suicide and that "guns don't kill people, songs kill people." Finally, I believe that the profile of Liberace will be sighted in a tortilla in LaCrosse, Wisconsin, that "Seasons in the Sun" by Terry Jacks is a vastly underrated masterpiece of American music and that a Woman's place is at work, paying the bills so her man can take it easy, watch porn videos and drink beer with his buddies.

p.s., Nixon is innocent!

That feels better, I guess I'm just chagrined at the fact that we

dedicated a monument to the crew of the Enola Gay out in Bendover for the heroic murder of several thousand Japanese civilians at a time when Japanese diplomats were desperately trying to negotiate peace with the Truman administration. It warms my heart to know that the pilots and crew of the Enola Gay can travel to air shows and earn tremendous profits selling A-Bomb paraphernalia to misguided patriots. As an added bonus we have Dan Marriott stating that he thinks the use of nuclear weapons is OK in the Middle East. I urge everyone to register as Republicans in the coming elections and vote for Atwood in the primary if only to keep Marriott off the ticket. Here's a story, I was once on a plane to Los Angeles and the flight was delayed twenty minutes because Dan Marriott held up the boarding line whining about his seat. No more whiners in Washington, I say, especially if our tax \$\$\$ are paying for the ride.

But you say, "What up, Jo Jo? I thought this was a music magazine, what's all this bitching about politics?" Well, I'll tell ya, in theory, public officials work for us, and if we don't hold them accountable, we get screwed. It's only a short step from censoring lyric content and

album covers to state control of the media and the destruction of the First Amendment. When that happens you will have nothing to listen

to except Montovani and Zamfir with perhaps an occasional Gordon Lightfoot tune thrown in for spice. (After all, he's from Canada and probably wouldn't be affected.) We've seen it happen in Nazi Germany, Stalin's Russia and the "Cultural Revolution"

of Mao's China. And we're dangerously close to following their example. This brings us to my album of the month; *Ritual De Lo Habitual* by Jane's Addiction. These guys have been in the center of the whole controversy, (in fact, a retailer in Michigan was recently arrested for displaying a poster of the "uncensored" album cover) and it comes through in their music. Perry's mad as hell and he's not going to take it anymore. This is a much more political work than any of their previous acid meanderings. There are a few flaws; "Been Caught Stealing" is pretty silly, an anthem about, of all things, SHOPLIFTING! (Ooooo Perry, you are such a rebel!) and side

two is basically a reworking of Bauhaus' *Burning From The Inside* and Alice Coopers' *Halo of Flies*. These minor problems are more than re-

deemed by the shimmering beauty of "Then She Said..." "Ain't No Right" and "Obvious" as well as the raving tirade in the liner notes which all Parents should read but won't understand. Jane's Addiction albums are like David Lynch

movies, if you like them or hate them, they will make you view the world a little bit differently and isn't that the point of art anyway?

Locally, Strangers have been tearing it up and Mike Paoli has reopened The Word as The Chromlech Temple Of Fun. This comes just in time with the Speedway's incipient demise. Another brilliant musician lost with the death of Stevie Ray Vaughn and best wishes for Curtis Mayfield.

Food for thought; Mayberry, North Carolina is the only Southern town I know of in the U.S.A. with no black people.

Until next time

JoJo



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Skateboarding: Or, "Play With Your Toys In The House."

And now, from the urethane lines of communication comes the squeal of slides and grinds and cries of discrimination and skaters rights. For so long we have traveled unguided, we must now consider alternatives. United, we stand. Scattered, we fall. Take a look.

Skating is as much of a sport as football, soccer, or track. Skating requires endurance and strength and is a great exercise. It requires a goal, dedication. It teaches you about life in general. Shouldn't our kids have goals? One day, he's learning laceshoes, the next, he's the president. Right. Anyway, goals are what skating is all about.

You make the call. A group of guys are preparing for a football game when a security guard drives up and tells them they have to leave, and they can't play because they are damaging the grass. You make the call. What emotion will these guys be feeling? Not happiness. But what about skating? It is a very similar story, but the reason you have to leave is because you might injure yourself and they don't want to be held responsible. You might sue. Catch-22. They won't open a skatepark because somebody might get hurt, and consequently will sue. So you skate in your driveway and wish you lived somewhere else. It is the same everywhere. When you unite and make a stand for a cause, you can make a change for the better. I suggest that if you skate competitively you should join the N.S.A. (National Skateboarding Association). If you are interested in getting involved, you can write to our regional division headquarters of Utah at the following address...

RMSA

(Rocky Mountain Skateboarding Association)

8852 Alpen Way

Salt Lake City, Utah 84121

Gary Bates - President

They are in this month's *Thrasher*, and they can get you started on the road to being pro. Right.

Words are being said about the Espresso handrail, mainly that "My grandma bomb drops that with her Depends' on." The banks are open to skaters, so thank the Questar corporation and treat the place with respect. Don't move the curbs. The lights are out at the Key Bank railslide, no more skating there at night. Bart's ramp is considered a ruler, and Troy is handing out free triptape cards for the B.B.B. The Prison Escapee Team has 5 members. They wait for a sign of hope.

As far as shops go, I've seen them all, and in my opinion, Salty Peaks Snow and Skate shop has the best selection of decks, trucks, and wheels around. They know what they are doing, and give you true value for your money. Because you

work hard. Call them, 467-8000.

In this world of skate videos, a slew of tricky new videos await you. Recently, I enjoyed the new G&S video, "Footage." It has a killer soundtrack, the tricks are cool, there is pool skating, a lot of ramps and vertical, entertaining footage, and rules. Also, I previewed a promotional video from the New Deal, and you had better be ready to die when you see it. It won't be released for a few months, but it flows so rad that you will want to skate immediately after you see it. The New Deal is a dandy little company, their board wood is the strongest I have ridden in a long time. My Andy Howell board is fantastic, and they also have new budget-priced wheels called Nude Eels.

So, until next time, keep skating, and pray that somebody, anybody, will have a street contest soon. With or without trophies.

Chris

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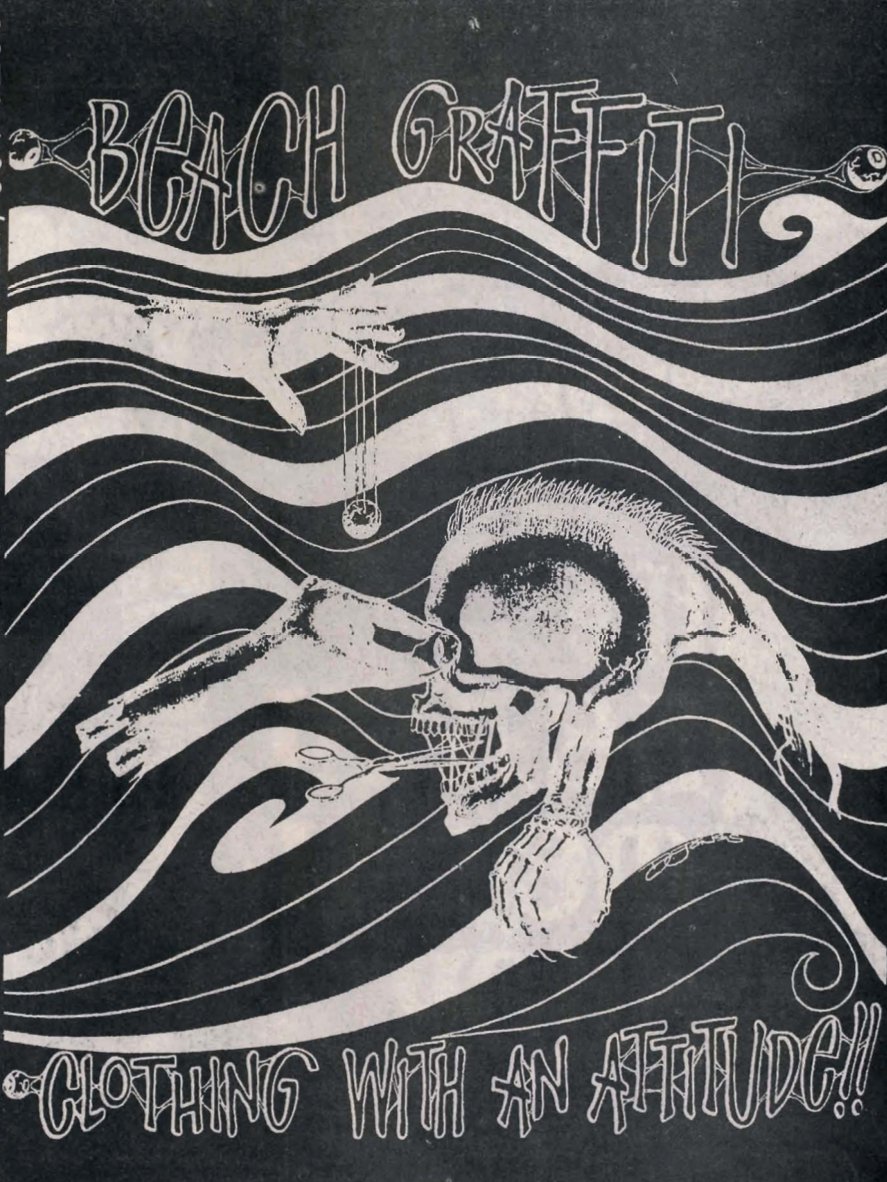
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THE METAL SCENE

FM RADIO BURNOUT

Baton Rouge - Cirkus

July 27 - Speedway Cafe

Well, another night at the Speedway cafe

July 27th saw Cirkus opening for Baton Rouge. A large crowd showed up, which was encouraging to see, however we felt the evening could have been better spent at home drinking and listening to the tapes of these bands than waiting for thirty minutes to get in to hear bubblegum rule the night.

Cirkus did present a fine stage presence and worked the crowd well, preparing them for Baton Rouge. They showed professionalism in the way they worked together and used the available stage space. It also seemed that they understood their role as the warm-up band and didn't try to upstage the headliners.

Musically speaking, this band is very good, very tight, although most of what we heard seemed to be inspired by Jon Bon Jovi (Anchovy) and mostly suited to the FM radio, listened to by the twelve to fifteen year old group. The basic scheme of the lyrics followed the archaic formula of boy meets girl - boy inserts penis - girl leaves boy - boy cries "please don't go, you're my only true love," ad nauseam. The music is definitely listenable but it tends to get old fast.

Baton Rouge took the stage after an interminable delay during which the females in the audience were invited to parade their bodies to the catcalls and whistles of the crowd.

Raw energy flowed from Baton Rouge whilst on stage. The bassist slung his instrument around as though it were just a toy, all the time not missing a beat. The keyboardist showed versatility by doubling on rhythm axe for the majority of the set.

The vocal portion of the show was, to say the least, a disappointment. The singer appeared to be there only to sing out the singular verses of each song, with the rest of the band singing the choruses. At this we would have to say the band was repetitive, but redundancy can be fun, huh. At times, Baton Rouge resembled INXS with their lyrical content and repetitious chorals.

The crowd (we would estimate at about 300 or so) went absolutely berserk for "Walk Like a Woman" but other than that, the overall mood was one of indifference. The men were there to scope the women, and the women were there to be scoped by the men.

Midway through the set, the band seemed to lose interest, almost as though they were saving energy for later dates on the tour. They could be a very good band instead of just another FM fodder group if only they explored new territory rather than remaining in areas already overexposed by their predecessors. We would hire them for a private party, where the crowd needs music in the background instead of thought-provoking musical expression. If this band were an NBA team, they would almost have to be the Houston Rockets, or the Cleveland Cavaliers. Good, but not all that good. Dangerous, and capable of being among the elite, but all the necessary pieces are not quite there yet.

Overall ratings: Cirkus - One Headbang, a sixer of Miller, and rustle horns some. (You're good but try some originality)

Baton Rouge - One and One-half headbangs and a quart. The quart is just to wash the bad taste out of your mouth that this band leaves you with. They need an attitude adjustment for starters. That may be all that stands between them and the next plateau. Try European audiences and stay away from Los Angeles. Bad Vibes. European bands make music to make music... American bands make music to make money. The end result is seen in the crowds and how they react to the sound they hear.

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CONCERT REVIEW

ALL BIG DRILL CAR SADHANA

July 28 at Speedway Cafe
Tight!

When you're on the road eight to ten months out of the year you can't help but be a tight band.

ALL doesn't just play their music, they live it, giving it their all. ALL has proved that practice makes perfect, playing a hard-edge set at the Speedway that was as near perfection as a band could get. The shifting tempos and rhythms that trademark the band were right on target. Pauses between songs were minimal if there were breaks at all. Songs blended into one another with precision. Energy levels were high and ALL tore through songs that ranged from their Descendents days to the very latest ALL fare.

The quest for ALLness continues as pop sensibility combines with sharp-toothed punk influences, giving ALL its bite. They bite hard and they play clean. They are ALL you need to know.



ALL



Big Drill Car

If you missed the Speedway show, pick up a copy of *Trailblazer* or *Allroy Saves* at your favorite record shop, turn them up really loud and jump up and down until you fall on the floor. It's a poor substitute for a real ALL show but it's the next best thing to being anywhere else.

Big Drill Car, another Cruz band, helped get the crowd going, mixing their own batch of musical madness and insane choreography which ranged from goose stepping to jumping jacks. Breaking out from behind Southern California's "Orange Curtain," Big Drill Car shows that a conservative environment can still breed energetic and re-

freshing music. (But we live in Utah so we already knew that.) They even played a cover of Cheap Trick's "Surrender."

Sadhana, also played tight. Movement is the key here as heavy beats progress to harder, faster riffs, all within the bounds of individual songs. Unpredictable, but they never left the crowd behind, staying just a step or two ahead. Hopefully we'll hear more from them

Matt (with Brian, the photo queen.)

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