

SALT LAKE UNDER GROUND

SLUG

ENTERTAINMENT GUIDE AND REVIEW

DECEMBER 1990

#24

FREE



HATEX NINE

**NEWS
VIEWS
REVIEWS**

**TSOL
SOUL
ASYLUM**

**PROOF OF
PROVO!**

BABY WAR STORIES

HATE MAIL

CARTOONS

**THE CLOSING
OF THE
4TH & 4TH
BUILDING**

**RECORD
REVIEWS**

TWO YEAR ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

SPECIAL

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The opinions and views
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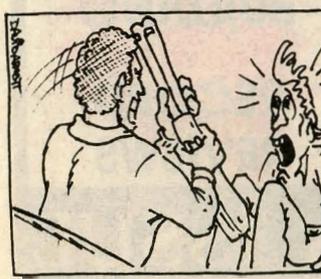
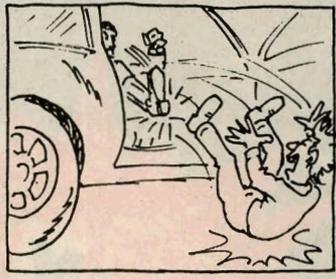
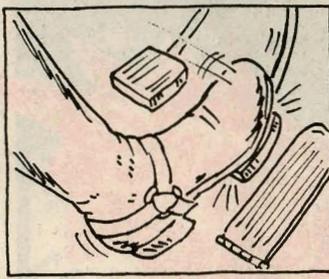
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 what you have-Letters, Articles,
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THE CONTINUING ADVENTURES OF THE "DON'T WASTE UTAH DUDE"
A PUBLIC SERVICE MESSAGE FROM SLUG



D E A R D I C K H E A D S

Dear Sick (and gutlessly anonym-
 ous) c/o SLUG,

Acknowledged my condition.
 Sought pro's help. Unsound of mind
 and hey, I like it that way. Ha, ha,
 because I once cared uncondition-
 ally about this underground. No
 longer salvagable, so thanks for the
 delusion. But hell no, PYRO ain't
 been to Das Shrink. A bonafide
 medical physician instead, with a
 physical ailment. Eureka! Is there
 something contagious in the air co-
 incidental to writers? Journalist
 Clark also landed in the hospital (for
 an entirely different illness). Please
 get better, Stacey, quickly!

Lesson? Don't make too many
 torrential waves around here. Take
 care everyone and Happy Holidays,
 kiddos. Remember the proverb "We
 have always associated genius, at in
 the literary sense, with insanity." If
 true, you're in good company.

Yours never, Laterz,

Lars

p.s. XOXO SC, Jojo, Hate X9 &
 Braunch

Dear Salt Lake City,

I recently received a few copies
 of your 'zine from Shame of Hate X9,
 and what I've read is a lot of bitching
 and no one offering solutions. I live
 near Denver, Co. and here the
 "scene" has been dead and decaying
 for quite some time. I read several
 letters bitching about how shitty
 your 'zine is but I say a shitty 'zine is
 better than no 'zine.

A few years ago, in Denver, we
 had plenty of clubs and plenty of
 fanzines. Now most of the clubs are
 closed and the fanzines have just
 disappeared because people did
 nothing but bitch about how little

we had, not realizing that we would
 end up with even less. No one took
 action or came up with solutions.

My suggestion to you would be
 to stop the piss talks and start send-
 ing in suggestions and solutions.
 Everybody knows what the prob-
 lem is, we don't need to rehash it
 again and again. Give a solution,
 give us a future.

From what I've seen, you guys
 still have good things going for you.
 You've got some cool places to have
 gigs and plenty of bands that want
 to play. Keeping your "scene" alive
 is not up to the club owners, the
 writers of your fanzines, the bands,
 or the person with the most tattoos.
 It is up to each individual. It is not
 "them" that is ripping apart your
 "scene," it is YOU. Do your part,
 give until it hurts, and stand together.
 Talk is cheap.

I commend you, Salt Lake City,
 for trying to keep your shit together.

Love,

Christie Schnoltz

p.s. Looking forward to your visit to
 Denver, Shame, and I love you too.
 Say hello to the rest of the gang.

p.p.s. If you haven't already gotten a
 copy of the Hate X9 7", then get it!
 Warning: Not recommended to
 people with heart problems or weak
 stomachs!

p.p.p.s. Oh yeah, and in regards to a
 letter from Billy Blizzard in your
 October issue. What's his deal with
 accusations of censorship? Why
 waste paper on sexism, rascism or
 anything negative for that matter?

Hey SLUG,

Lars needs a straight jacket like I
 need a hole in the head. Not at all.

Lars is Okay, I think.

Sincerely,
 Jerry McIntyre

Dear Dick Up Your Heads (letter#2),

Since Sheila went to college in
 Denver (she hates the scene there!),
 you will have to make do with my
 handwriting. We had been mean-
 ing to write back Dr. Jo about not
 being in altered states while watch-
 ing Fractal Method. From our stand-
 point, the group was impressive but
 the tone of his voice was groggy. We
 have discussed it further and still
 feel that way!

We're both terribly sorry the
 Speed way is gone. How can anyone
 consider a venue run by ex-musi-
 cians to be equivalent to just another
 business? We don't question SLUG's
 writers for their enthusiasm when
 praising Paul and Zay. They gave it
 their everything. That is more than I
 can say for you and me. Good luck
 Pompadour and please stick with it.
 SLUG too.

All my love (Sheila sends hers
 along),

Roy P. Karrington

p.s. Again, you could use more
 female staff. Natalie is good, and
 Lars doesn't need

Dear Dick heads,

I paid my first visit to the Bar &
 Grill since it's remodeling the other
 night. The gin joint is much more
 appealing. The whole atmosphere is
 different now. It seems to have lost
 its generic look and feel. I'm glad
 there is a place in town you can go
 drink brewskies and watch a band
 that plays something besides Broad-
 way hits.

The B & G seems to stay above
 water, but I wish they got more sup-
 port. I just don't want to see it close
 down like so many other great places
 in town have. If this happens, we
 may all end up at Studebakers being
 poisoned by the overwhelming smell
 of Binaca.

The other night at the B & G, I
 saw a band called FOR THE LOVE
 OF MARY. I haven't been that im-
 pressed with a local band for a long
 time — if ever. I really groove out on
 righteous, slow rockin', western type
 music. They have the same kind of
 feeling as the Cowboy Junkies and
 American Music Club. I can't get
 enough of righteous music baby. If
 they want to bad enough, I'm sure
 they could get signed by one of those
 money-grabbing record companies.
 Hell, I'd buy their disk.

Now comes my favorite part,
 time to bitch! I'm getting fuckin' sick
 and fuckin' tired of people's bitch-
 ing about the Gamma Rays and
 bands like them that will play a cover
 song. Bands like them (especially
 the Gamma Rays), keep places such
 as the Bar & Grill open. If some of

LETTERS CONT.

you could drop the pseudo-suffer for your art bullshit for five minutes, you would probably enjoy hearing a band that doesn't expend all of their creative energy trying to stay cool. God knows you wouldn't want anyone to find out you're not esoteric and verbose ALL the time.

On the other hand (I'm not done yet), there does seem to be a certain crowd that caters to cover bands. I like to refer to them as the drunk, brainless, Nazi jock-fucks that repeatedly make fools out of themselves under the dance light crowd. Some people's letterman jacket/cheerleader days never end. It's often hard to enjoy a band while trying to ignore an onslaught of high-fives being performed by the Hitler-youth on the dance floor.

*I feel better already.
Love, Ricky*

Dear SLUG,

Before I lay my bog on you, let me say that if no. 12 was the one year point, then no. 24 must be the 2 year mark. I'm pleased you made it this far. As a regular customer of SLUG, allow me to jot down a "Best" list: Best Commotion—Slug; Best Cover—Bucket Bottom; Best Column—World According to Clark; Best Letters—Shame X9; Best Show Review—Chuckles; Best Tape Reviews—Lars; Best Humor—Uncle Ezra; Best Ads—Raunch; Best Gigs—Speedway; Best Commentary—Jojo; Best Bands—Bad Yodelers, The Stench.

Here comes the crud...why do some of SLUG's letters consist of being so ratty? Downright mean to writers. The writers must care a hoot if they're doing time in the "pen" for readers. Just a thought.

What is super "ridiculous" is that gut James Schoenfield. I think the venues we've had (and will have) put much work into this scene. Doing it for a common thread we all share. Maybe that guy James should go watch, listen and feel his music at D-Mart from now on. Spare us the stupidity.

*Sock 'em out SLUG,
Dean T.*

Dear Dickheads,

I send this letter out to all of you meat-eating, so called humans. First of all, Fuck you! The fact that you eat meat disgusts me! Meat stinks! Meat is Murder (nothing to do with the Smiths)! Meat is cruelty! Meat is the flesh and blood of a once living, soul bearing, fellow earthling!

Meat is the problem causing; cancer, heart attacks, high blood pressure, world hunger, clogged arteries, zits and the ecological imbalance. Does any of this concern you? Or, are you too big of a knumb-skulled, low-lived thoughtless,

immature dick-headed cheesewrappers? Think hard! Maybe deep inside of you there are some feelings towards this issue. Perhaps you care for your health, or you are concerned about the well-being and survival of Mother Earth, or maybe you have felt compassion for the slaughtered innocent.

If none of this concerns you, feel free to continue fucking yourself out of your health and planet. I hope the rotting, smelly corpse in your vile gut corrodes most pleasantly. To those of you whom know where I am coming from, "congratulations." You probably understand your life and life on this planet much clearer. Peace and good life to you.

*Sincerely,
Travis Anderson*

p.s. SLUG rules, it is Salt Lake's only salvation, please expand.

Dear Tim Allen and SLUG,

Negative Violence disbanded in mid-May. The founding members Greg (guitar) and Adrian (bass) went on to form a band with myself (drums) and Christian "Christ" Death (vocals). After a couple months and a Blackfoot, Idaho gig, the new band (called A.S.O.A.) folded.

In mid-September, Greg and Adrian got back together with their old drummer Troy to form a metal-band. "Christ" died at about this time.

As of the month of November, the three-some of Greg, Adrian and Troy are back together playing the Negative Violence tunes as God-Head. After joining FIST (a.k.a. Instant Justice), I changed occupations again and now play in Maimed For Life.

End result? I think everyone could give a shit less.

Sincerely, Charlee.

Dear Fellows of SLUG,

I am reminded of a poem by my dear friend Vace Thunderbolt. "A sloth is a wonderful thing, though it is not a human being." He's dead now you know. I just wanted to say farewell to Billy Blizzard, my long time hero and hot coco buddy. So long Lars you poet of all poets. You have all made a large-type change in my pitifull life that I will not soon forget.

I now return to play the old hang-your-head-over-the-bed-until-it-goes-purple game, for you all know I love that game. I'll miss you nutty guys.

Me, Daron, of The Biff Band.

P.S. Hey Commonplace, you rock, but we had that bass like yours first.

~~Mom & Dad - matching plastic couch covers & floor runners
Cindy - New Kids workout video
Johnny - Exposure Tour Tee shirt
Leslie - Vanna White action figure~~

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Saturday, December 8

Maggie's Dream
THE STENCH

Friday, December 14

ABSTRAK - FATAL CAUSE
WICKED INNOCENCE

Saturday, December 15

THIRD RAIL
VICTIMS WILLING - HATE X9

Friday, December 21

SWEE RHINO - BOHEMIA
Daughters Of The Nile

Saturday, December 22

A Benefit For Utah's Against Hunger
Forbidden Son - Slaughterchrist
Wicked Innocence - Decomposers

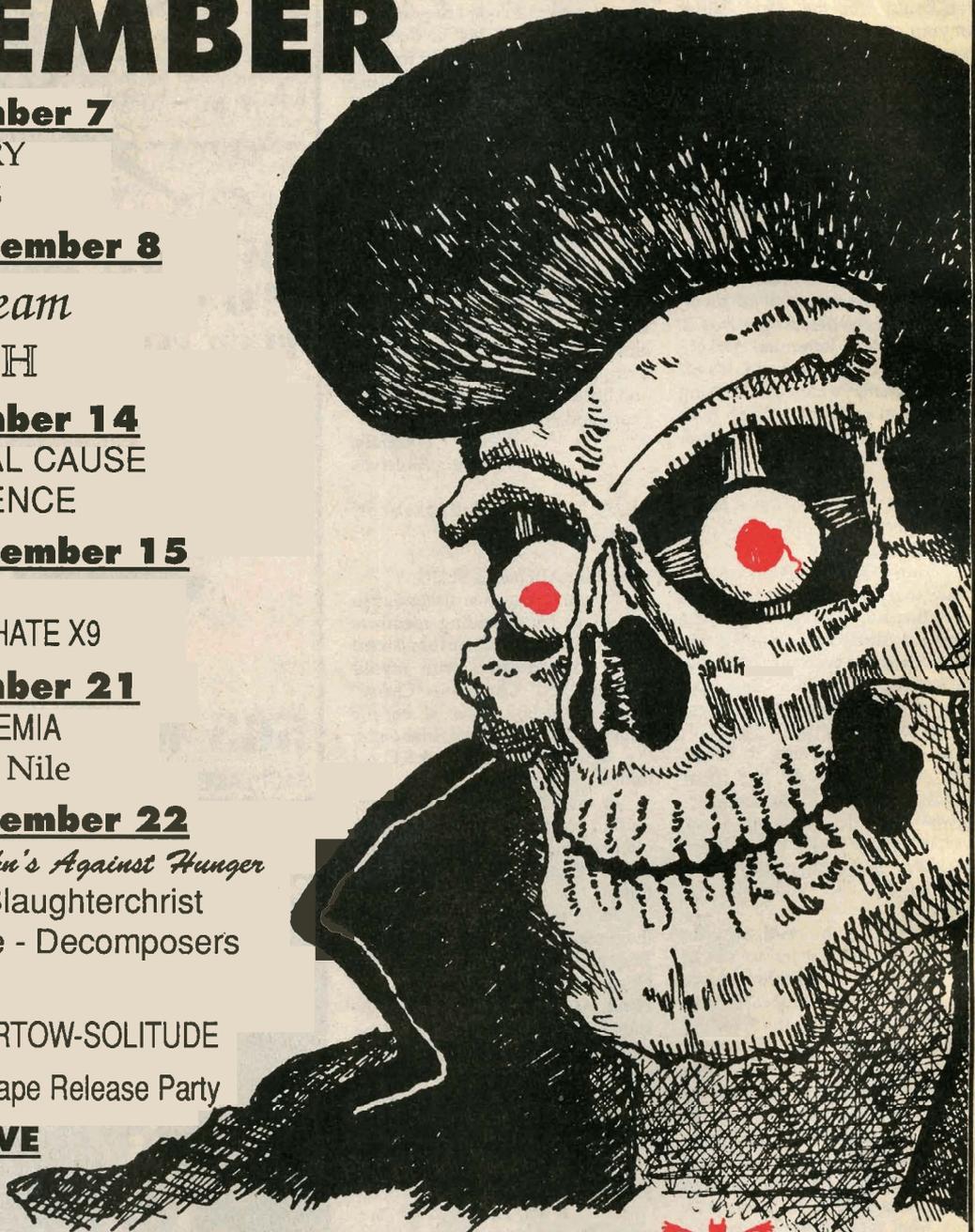
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CONCERT REVIEW

PROOF OF PROVO!
On The Front Line
with BABY WAR STORIES
 October 30 at Center Stage

Sometimes art mirrors life, and other times art takes on a life of its own. Such is the case with BABY WAR STORIES. Originally a photographic exhibit by keyboard player/vocalist John Rees, BABY WAR STORIES has evolved into a band. The visual element is still there, with background slides taken or appropriated by Rees, but music is at the forefront of this battle.

Rees was at a friend's house listening to some women in the next room talking about "birthing experiences." He off-handedly commented to his friend, "Yeah, they're talking about baby war stories." And thus, the idea was conceived.

Rees's former efforts include the ethereal workings of VINCENT'S CROWS, which disbanded after singer Lara Jones left to join COMMONPLACE. Rees is joined by Jonathon Deem on guitar and Brent Astrop on bass. Deem is a blues guitarist and has played locally with JACOBIN' FRENZY, a two man blues assault. Astrop is a former member of FACE, and moonlights on the Country Western circuit, as well as an occasional Werk-schutz gig. All three bring very diverse elements to BABY WAR STORIES which leads them to classify their style of music as "eclectic," not really falling into an already established genre. "We're kind of schizoid about what we're playing," says Rees, barely visible behind his stack of keyboards. "There's a thread running through it," explains Deem. Eclectic and energetic would best describe their songs.

There is definitely an Industrial edge to their music though. Guitars are harsh, keyboards sound brash—at times, grating—bass, steady. Rees sings through effects which makes his vocals raunchy. Deem's blues background comes into play on an industrial blues cover of Tom Wait's "Gin Soaked Blues."

Astrop is the most recent member of the band, joining them the night of this first show in Provo. His bass lines make the songs more full, adding depth to them. The night of the show though, Astrop didn't know the songs and Deem was teaching him chords and riffs backstage during the opening band. Professionalism and good karma lead to positive audience response. "We had sixty people show up at our concert," said Rees "Which is amazing for a local band for their first gig," adds Astrop. Especially when you consider that no one really knew who or what BABY WAR STORIES was. Again, Rees's artwork came into play on their flyers, representing headless baby dolls in various forms.

Besides the Tom Wait's song, BABY WAR STORIES had a set of ten songs. Rees is working on an Industrial version of Bowie's "Fashion" to add to their set, as well as more original material. If you missed them live in Provo, you might catch BABY WAR STORIES on KJQ's "locals only" show, or in the mix at Industrial/Underground Night at the Pompadour Club.

You can check out some other Utah Valley locals on the *Lots of Cool Bands From Around Here* sampler tape. Most notable are Mary Throwing Stones with "Glue Horse," and Verse Vice with "Fat Gulper."

Sure, Provo's scene is not as cool or as big as Salt Lake's, but that doesn't mean you should judge all the bands by SWIM HERSHEL SWIM. There's a lot of talent and creative frustration flowing in the valley. You might be surprised with what that energy leads to.

Matt

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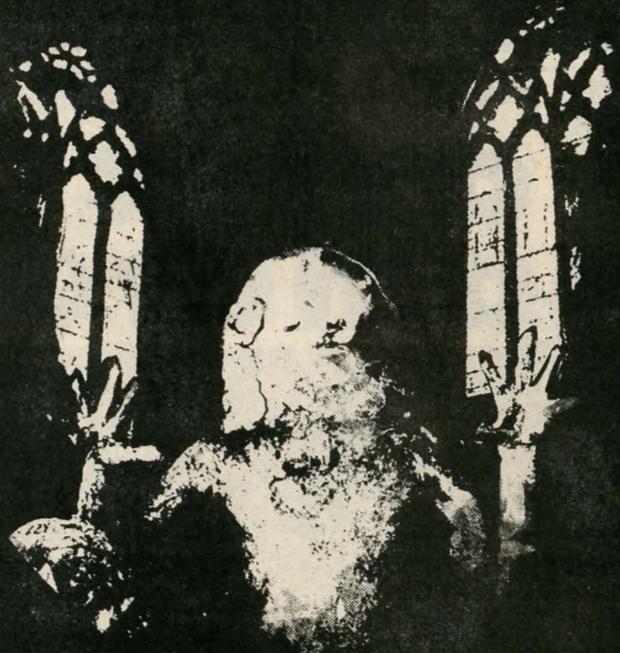
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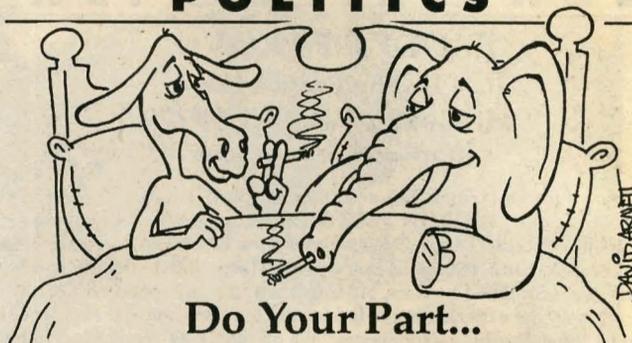
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POLITICS



Do Your Part...

As the population of our country moves into a more liberal position, it appears that our conservative, self-serving government moves to a farther right position. The more freedom and individuality are expressed by the majority, the more people in power stifle that expression. This country seems to be involuntarily regressing into McCarthyism. When McCarthyism took place in the 50's, the majority of the country was more than willing to eliminate the "Red Menace." This time around, the government is serving it's own needs, not the people's.

This isn't just another of the many issues to be ignored. This is an issue that can, and is, leading this state and country into a very dangerous and self-destructive situation. Now, more than ever, we are plagued with economic crisis, world peace issues, moral judgements, and general corruption of government officials. This should be the time for us to take the initiative to become a part of the political decision making process. The problem is, this is usually the time that citizens feel so overwhelmed with all of the pending issues, that he/she is more than happy to turn problems over to someone else. Hence — the emergence of a police state.

What inevitably happens in this situation is a loss of freedom. This is not something that may happen in the future, this is something that is well on it's way to happening now. It would be easy to blame this on the government, but that would be irresponsible. We allow this to happen by not being politically active. Election day has now passed. And once again, the conservatives are in power. The moral minority always shows up to vote, and they always will. There are more liberals in the population, yet voter apathy keeps them from voting. This sounds quite a bit like a social disease.

One good reason that would keep me from voting is party preference. There really isn't much difference these days between a Republican and a Democrat. A politician can't move too far right or left without losing votes. Both parties are moving farther to the right. If Republicans move right, Democrats

must also in order to maintain public support. Bill Orton recently won his seat as a Democrat by campaigning as a "conservative Democrat." As a voter, you really have only two realistic parties to choose from. If you vote for an independent delegate, what are the chances of that person winning? Slim to none. So what do we do?

Writing your congressman isn't the answer; although, it couldn't hurt. Chances are though, no attention would be paid to your letter unless it contained a sizeable "campaign contribution." I believe that a stronger, non-violent approach is called for. I'm not talking about some 60's hippy-peace-dope smoke-athon-free love sit in on the capitol lawn shit. I'm talking about seeking out for public response and support any way it can be obtained. Send an editorial to a newspaper you think will print it. Take part in a demonstration. You may have a hard time finding a demonstration around here, so start one.

The likelihood of having your opinion heard (whatever it may be), is dramatically increased when it is combined with other's. Next time you hang out somewhere drinking coffee, bag the trite conversation about sports and foreplay. Try talking about current issues that effect you. Take a look at what is going on in the government from your perspective — not your parent's or your friend's. What's going on isn't very pretty. Corrupt is probably a better word. Listen to the news on KRCL instead of the Bruce Lindsey show. Television is nothing but a theatrical blindfold. The Nightly News is not going to give you the whole story on what is going on.

Don't let other people decide your future. Do something now, while you still have a chance. If politics continue to move in the direction they are now, we will all have our individuality immobilized right after we are given a good, old-fashioned, Republican frontal lobotomy. Write a letter to SLUG. Let us know you are alive. If we get enough letters, we can probably put them to good use.

Rick Ruppel

RECORD REVIEWS



AGONY COLUMN

God, Guns, And Guts

They refer to themselves as "Hellbilly Deathmetal," and we think that title isn't far off. At times the end result sounds almost as if it were put through a thresher before recorded. Paul's bass lines are the highlight of this tape along with the two little ditties on the back side, "Blackjack" and "Bag o' Bones." Also, a sense of dark humor is displayed, which fits in well with the artwork and general ambience of the cover. If anything, they could have left out a couple of the pentagrams.

This tape warrants a listen, and headbangers may just want to include it in their collections. It moves along quite well and doesn't leave the listener waiting for the hook. In fact, it reaches out and grabs you by the ears and shake, shake, shake, shakes you to the bones. Apparently they are about to release a second work on Warner Brothers Records, *Brave Words and Bloody Knuckles*. We think (no really we do) we'll have to give that one a twist when we get it. Come to think of it, the way the first one grabs at you, the second one may just twist us in return

Sly & Wiz

DON DOKKEN

Up From The Ashes

Burn 'em again. If this is what they call up from the ashes, perhaps they should be set afire again. Don Dokken's metal work has never really been questioned with his former group, but this one is geared strictly for the kiddies. We started to get cavities just from listening to it. The syrup flows from the tape, and we had to break out the rubbing alcohol and freon to clean the gunk out of our speakers. The best cut on this album is probably "The Hunger" but it's not good enough by itself to go out and buy the CD. Maybe if you are twelve-thirteen and enjoy garbage like Anchovy (Bon Jovi) or the new KISS, you might like this one as well. We don't. Track

one, Side two says it all for this effort. Give it up!

-Sly & Wiz

100 CROWNS

American Queen

I recently had a chance to see One Hundred Crowns play live. While I was there they were giving away free copies of their new tape *American Queen*. This little ditty contains six of the best produced songs I have heard in a long time. This type of techno-pop music isn't exactly my slice o' pie, but because the songs are written and arranged well, and the production value is incredible—I gave it a whirl.

Eric Slaymaker's (vocalist/guitarist) voice reminded me of my old Sparks albums. Eric uses dynamics to his advantage, creating songs that flow well and are easy to listen to. This is a great advantage when dealing in mostly synthetic sounds. I must say however, that I preferred hearing them live because of the heaviness of the guitars. The tape is very clean, tight, and a bit too mechanical. Playing the songs live made them seem more realistic and down to earth.

This three piece band is serious about their music and have a very good chance to make a great impression in this local alternative music scene. If you see the tape for sale anywhere, you ought to pick it up or write to *ESA Records at 72 E. 400 So. #300, Salt Lake City, Utah 84111* and I bet they will fix you up.

Less Nessman.

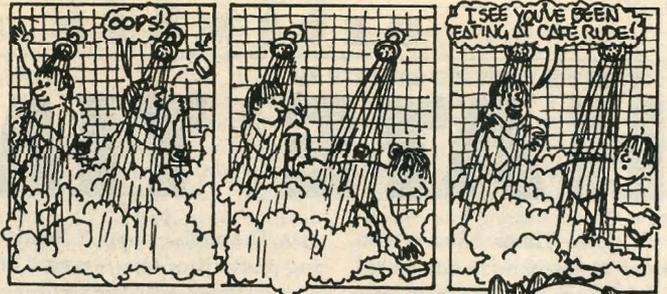
GOD'S ACRE

Ten Gospel Greats

If you think WAX TRAX! records is just another industrial label, then you might be surprised by this latest release on the label. *God's Acre* breaks the industrial trend and is a full-fledged three-piece rock band, not unlike something you'd hear on Sub-Pop. Comprised of Peter Houpt, guitar and vocals; Mark Blade, bass and vocals; and Brendan Burke, drums and logic, *God's Acre* rocks hard.

Bass lines are intricate and add depth to the songs, filling in where just one guitar isn't usually enough. The songs are very intricate—bridges are often quiet or melodic, rising into fevered guitar overlays and jazzed vocals. "Riff 'o' Rama" is a personal favorite, where the guitar changes riffs so often it's hard to keep up. *God's Acre* is a step beyond the Seattle sound, using tempo changes to keep the listener guessing, always on his/her toes. So, if you've been hesitant to check out WAX TRAX!, now may just be the time for you do it.

-Matt



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STORY SUBMITTED BY HATE X9

HATE TIMES NINE

Hate Times Nine is you. Hate Times Nine is our world. Hate Times Nine is how your piece of shit govern-mental has controlled the minds of this beautiful country (not to mention the Indian slaughters or the continued effort to take over the entire planet). A beautiful world for ugly people, a game of mind control. Hate Times Nine has plagued the world for as long as man has controlled women, since humans have discovered the existence of their measly lives. Hate giggered in Babylon 4000 years before the Christ calender. Egypt, 3000 years B.C., Palastine and China, 2000 years B.C., Israel and Ethiopia, at least 1000 years B.C.. Yes, Hate has been around. The people of Earth have not yet learned how to defeat Hate, as it continues to multiply to the highest power it possibly can. Why? Who fuckin' knows? Fear, jealousy, feelings of helplessness. The Hate is in everyone. It seems eternal. Good or bad, (decide yourself for a change) It's a real brainwasher.

As far back as we can see, we have always been the rats in someone else's giant laboratory, who has always and still continues to try and force us to think the way they want us to.

The they try to force us to hate with them, the more we Hate them. Now we are Haters too. We will try not to force you to think like us, we will try not to Hate you, but, we will try to make in you a Hate for them.

Perhaps, when we were young the child inside never really wanted to be a Hater, but, wanted to grow a lover, to discover all the wonderful mysteries of life, to become an adult and live with the wisdom of an elder, understanding all the beautiful magic of our glittering world. La

la la. The bubble popped. Realizing one day, or over a period of several years, that our glittering world is fuckin' trashed. An ugly toxic paradise with holes in the sky and nukes in the ground. Nobody knew any fuckin' secrets of life. Nobody knew nor could they explain or justify anything, only how to make a quick buck. There is no unraveling mystery, other than how fuckin' stupid some people really are. Earth, "Planet Brainwash". Since they grew to find no ultimate understanding of the universe, then sure as hell nobody is going to tell us what the fuck to do. We are four individuals who think individually and will not allow our minds to be stolen by anyone. The majority of society is brainwashed! Except you of course, you're not controlled, are you?

There is a lot of Hate in our world, oppression, starvation, pollution, crooked business, and the broken lives of people controlled by crooked business men.

Could it be time for the people of Earth to unite? Perhaps unite on their own as individuals, not someone else's "cattle and fence" idea of a world class (brainwash) system. Perhaps people (that's you kids) should realize and demonstrate their own strength in this, their world, while understanding and appreciating each others differences. Is this everyone's world? Is there room for greed,

racism, sexism or Hate? If not, then why have these conditions been around since the beginning of time? Hope sounds like a joke most if the time, so maybe try a little faith, ha ha. Maybe try thinking. No one person is going to come along and save the fucking world, so don't sit around the rest of your life watching the tube (box of lies) while our world goes down the tube.

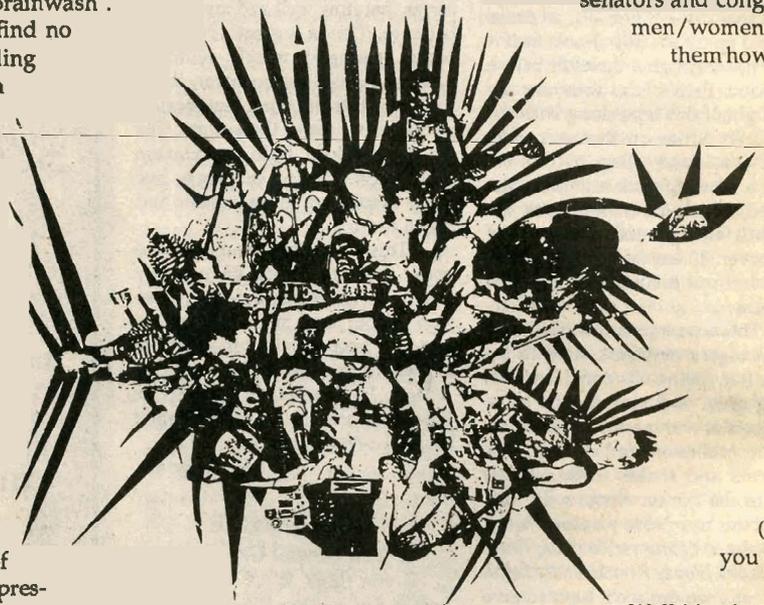
Any-

7 inch on Raunch/R.U. Dead is almost gone, so be quick if you're without. Available at Raunch Records.

Hate Times Nine is, Danno, drums; Mark t, bass; Ru End, guitar; Shame, vocals. There is still some beautiful magic on Earth, may everyone find it one day.

Don't forget to write lots of letters to your

senators and congressmen/women, tell them how you



RUEHD 90

feel (if you do).

Well, it's time for our naps, we should all get together and do something sometime. We live in the Temple downtown on Main. Come over, we can play God. Peace kids. Their coming for your brain.

Question for you to answer and send to hatemail in SLUG: Is the draft (military or beer) a form of slavery?

way we are getting side tracked. Hate Times Nine has been together for ever and we Hate each other and will probably never do another show. This is probably good 'cause we'd Hate to crack the mold between your ears! Just kidding. We'll never stop playing 'cause we feed on your Hate, and we'd love to crack the mold between your ears!

We would like to announce the release of our new 7 inch, "A Christmas in Kuwaitt" on R.U. Dead music, available in February, also "Apprehension" our first

HATE TIMES NINE



MORMON UPDATE

Let The Punishment Fit The Sin!

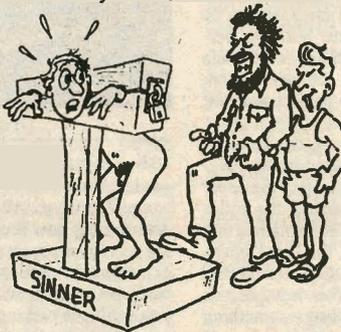
There is really only one thing Uncle Ezra, can say about Bountiful High School's decision to reprimand sexually promiscuous students: Thank you Jesus, it's about time. In my opinion, this should have happened a long time ago. Sex has been misused since Eve had her way with the serpent. If we don't do something about sexual misuse now, things will even get more out of hand. The next thing you know, we'll have south of the border donkey acts going on right in the middle of Temple Square. I am one apostle of God who will not allow this to happen.

It heats my holy underwear to even think that sexual sin may be taking place with our unwed children. Give me one good reason that sex should be used for anything except reproduction, and I'll join the Pagan occult. It's bad enough that some people rationalize sex in a non-temple marriage, but to rationalize it without a marriage at all is nothing short of the work of old Scratch. Why in my day, a high school child would have been ostracized at the mere mention of the word 'sex.' And that is how it still should be. These days, you could probably get a medal

to put on your letterman jacket just for performing the act of sin enough times. Well, no more!

Davis county is on the right track, but I have a few ideas that could take sex out of the adolescent mind forever. Davis county wants students to sign a contract stating that if they become sexually active,

they would lose their very important positions of varsity athlete, cheerleader, class officer, etc. Let us take that one step further. If anyone unmarried (and I mean anyone), is caught performing the unholy deed, they are to be tied up in public, have their faults made known to everyone present, declodded, and left there for two days to be ridiculed by all. If they are caught again, they will have their genitals removed, and I, personally, will see that they are thrown into eternal outer darkness after they die. There is just no reason to be groping



each other without the good Lord's approval.

Now some of you may find this a little harsh. But just think about the consequences of unbridled sex. We have outlandishly high teenage pregnancy rates. The children of these unwed mothers are, no doubt, going to grow up and be at least as sexually mischievous as their "parents." We also have so many social diseases that we have run out of names to give them. Now we just call them a simplex and throw a number after it. The Lord and I believe that if anyone's private part falls off due to their lack of self control, they deserve it. It's beyond me that you sinners can perform lustful

acts right in front of the good Savior that gave you life. If I were him (as I someday hope to be), I would melt unwed sinners together with their own lascivious musk. I'm sure my time will come.

Children, this is especially for you. Every morning when you get out of bed, pray your hardest that you won't be tempted by the lowly

horned one to even have those evil thoughts enter your still pure minds. Every time you feel one of those animalistic images enter your celestial cortex, just hum your favorite church hymn. I always hum "Come Ye Children of the Lord." That does it every time (not that those thoughts ever enter my mind — ever). If one of these thoughts does burn it's way into your head, run, don't walk, to your Bishop and tell him all about what Satan has done to you. Then you should feel guilt and shame for 3 to 5 days.

Youth of today, just remember this. You may think you are fooling God and Uncle Ezra when you are doing touchy-feely in the back of your parents cars. But the truth is, God is getting it all on home-video. And when you die, we are going to show it to everybody (including your parents). So if Bountiful High School kicks you off the football team, just consider it a slap on the wrist compared to the wrath of God. Take heed to my words. Save your parental obligation chores until you have my permission. And you will only get that after the Lord and I pronounce you and your temple spouse, "Man and Wife."

Until next month
Uncle Ezra.

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continued from previous page

Built in 1908 by the Armour Meat Company, Wagner Prosthetic Manufacturing, Inc., acquired the building in the 40's for the purpose of manufacturing prosthetic appliances for amputees around the world, said Schmit. He noted that while the company retains the same business name, it has been a property management company since the 70s.

Mostly rented to local bands and musicians for use as rehearsal space, Raunch records set up shop in the building six years ago and has survived to the surprise of many city officials. Due to the close of the building, Raunch was forced to relocate and can now be found at 820 So. Main Street, next to Cafe Trang, said owner Brad Collins.

The new store is slightly larger at 1,200 square feet and gives Collins the chance to do "fine" window displays, he said. You'll still be able to find all the stuff you've come to expect from Raunch at the new store - alternative music in album, cassette and CD form from the likes of Fugazi, Chaos U.K., Sonic Youth and local bands like the Bad Yodelers and the Stench, skateboard stuff, some jewelry and T's.

Regarding the local music in stock, "I only sell what I like," said Collins. An attitude that goes without saying for the rest of his inventory, too.

"The move will be good, it's the first street level location for the store in plain view of people passing by," said Collins, who hasn't done much to advertise the new location. Still, "the kids know where it is and word of mouth will let people know," said Collins.

Back to the building itself.

"We really wanted to fight for the retail store [Raunch]" because they've been a really good tenant, concluded Schmit, but in the end it couldn't be done.

Since the closure of the building, Wagner Prosthetics has been charged with failure to obey an order, i.e., to make the necessary repairs it was ordered to make but couldn't, without the necessary permits which were unobtainable until parking had been secured, which couldn't be secured because the city didn't have a formula for determining rental space and price...

Schmit claimed he went ahead with some repairs without first obtaining the necessary permits, but with what he alleges was the full knowledge of Suggars.

As of press time, city officials were unavailable for comment.

But never fear, Schmit would like to see the building end up in the hands of its former tenants. He said that he has been approached by a group of individuals interested in acquiring the building if the planned upgrades are completed. Whether or not those upgrades are allowed to occur is apparently in the city's hands.

In the meantime, Schmit said he will fight the city and its charges of non-compliance, and will proceed with litigation of his own against it and several city employees he alleges went out of their way to shut the building down.

If you're interested in contacting the arts group that wishes to acquire the building, contact Russell Schmit at 278-9176 for more information.

Lara Bringard

CONCERT

SOUL ASYLUM

I was glad to here about Soul Asylum Finally coming to Salt Lake. This is one of the most overlooked bands around today as exhibited by the small crowd at the Bar & Grill. Even though Soul Asylum have been holding steady at the top of the College Charts since the release of their new album *Soul Asylum and the Horse They Rode In On*, they have been almost completely overlooked by local radio stations. The crowd may have been small but they made up for it with their enthusiasm.

Soul Asylum played very loud and hard with a lot of energy, though bassist, Karl Mueller played almost the whole show sitting on a bar stool. Their set consisted of old and new material as well as a few well selected covers from the 70's. Not only did we get to see a great show with paid admission but also received a complimentary copy of Soul Asylum's new CD.

Skin & Bones opened the show with their set of free-form-form-funk. The biggest criticism I have of Skin & Bones is that their songs are 10 minutes and 5 guitar solos too long.

Scott

VIEWS

I would have to say the coolest thing to happen last month was the debut of Iceburn—they rule, that is all that has to be said. Those lucky-duck Yodelers are headed to Europe this month, and I wish them the best of luck. They played The Pompadour December 1st and played a great set after working in the studio all week. They should get used to that since they are going to be playing every night in Europe.

If you feel like frequenting Rafter this month, you ought to check out Every Mother's Nightmare on December 8th. I saw them last time they were here, but didn't pay too much attention to them because I was anticipating Circus of Power. That's it for this month but I thought you should know my ten album picks of the year.

1. Bad Yodelers - I Wonder...
2. Alice In Chains
3. Circus of Power - Vices
4. Ed Hall - Love Poke Here
5. Soul Asylum - And the Horse they rode in on
6. Replacements - All Shook Down.
7. The Fluid - Glue
8. Iggy Pop - Brick By Brick
9. Social Distortion
10. Primus - Frizzle Fry

Ness Lessman

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CONCERT REVIEW



TSOL and TRUCE

November 14 - The Pompadour

Well SLUG heads, another month has come and gone, this time around finding us at The Pompadour to view TSOL and local faves TRUCE. Coming up with anything new about TRUCE is becoming increasingly difficult, but we will say this band is just getting better and better every time we see them. They do have a new drummer, which they have been playing with for about a month (as of the show). We were able to speak with Steve (guitar) after the show and he filled us in on the goings on of the band. Right now they are making ready for the EXODUS show on December 8th. This is at the Fairgrounds so check your rock calendars for details. We will definitely be there, and you should be too...

TSOL, originally based in Los Angeles, played to a rather sparse crowd that night. You dear readers must come out and support the underground. From what they presented to the crowd, we could see the years of touring have not gone by without imparting some road savvy on these guys. They held the crowd together quite nicely and put forth an enjoyable set. If anything, they appeared to be too much like a G&R wannabee band to really take too seriously. Most of their tunes dealt with the same old formulaic lyrics and riffs that now plague the FM airwaves.

We had the good fortune to talk with Mitch (drums) before the show. In case you didn't know, TSOL was formed in Los Angeles in 1980. Four guys by the names of Jack, Todd, Ron, and Mike started the whole thing ten yaren ago. Jack and Todd quit the band in '82 and Mitch and Joe Wood (voice) joined. They proceeded to work the LA club circuit for the next three years, playing, as Mitch puts it "our balls right off." Soon afterwards Mike quite and Scotty joined (axe) and they started again. Before long, adversity reared its ugly head and Ron developed a drug problem and left the band. (Let this be a lesson to you readers.) He was replaced by Dave Mello and the band began yet again.

The were signed by Enigma Records but Enigma folded from under them leaving them with no record company, no radio airplay, no MTV, no nothing. Meanwhile, all their buddies in LA were were making the bigs and headlining major venues. Mitch just hopes their time will come too.

This tour they are promoting their latest effort *Strangelove*. They have been touring for the last ten weeks. Some of you may remember last august when they were here with CIRCUS OF POWER and EVERY MOTHER'S NIGHTMARE. They toured with them for about four weeks, took a week off and then started this leg of their tour, headlining all the way. This was the last stop on their tour before heading home where they plan on taking some time off, then they'll start working on their new album. But hey, that's the life of a rock n roll band, right? Like Mitch told us "we got a van, we got a trailer for the equipment, we're out here getting paid to do what we like to do, who can complain, right?" Right.

Before leaving, Mitch told us they have friends in all the cities they've played and they really like to play Salt Lake. So how about it children of the night, how about showing up in droves next time they come through. Until next time,

Sly & Wiz

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JOJO'S CORNER

1990 is drawing to a close and as promised, here's my list of events and records I considered notable over the past year. Probably the most idiotic trend in the past year has been that of "remix albums." Milli Vanilli, Paula Abdul, Technotronic, Bobby Brown, New Kids on the Block and the Cure have put out remix albums this year. I have to wonder why anyone would want to buy a tape with even longer versions of the same horrible songs. Haven't these jerks been formatted into the ground already? Evidently not.

There are two reasons for this glut. In the old days, when a band didn't have any new material and wanted to stay in the public eye or had to fulfil record company obligations, they basically had two choices: Either release a greatest hits collection or a lame live album. The difference today is that Paula, New Kids and the Milli's never wrote any of their own material to begin with and as a result have even less control over their careers than bands of of say, five years ago. They're capitalist tools packaged and marketed with the sole intention of separating mall rats from their parent's greenbacks. (Of course you could say the same thing about KISS, for example but at least they decided to wear ridiculous make-up and platform boots themselves. It was only after they started thinking of themselves as legitimate musicians and not a variety act that they became truly worthless.)

A concurrent rationale is pure commercialism. Why should a record label bother writing and paying to produce new material when they can simply repackage the old stuff and sell it again to anyone stupid enough to buy it? All you have to do is look at Milli Vanilli. When they started bitching six months ago about wanting to actually sing on the next record Frank Farian did the only sensible thing. He hired a few more ringers and released a remix album so he could cash in on the craze while he could. I mean did anyone really believe the Milli's were hired by Frank Farian because they were great singers and not because they looked cute in videos? I say let 'em keep their damn Grammys. Everyone knows it's a bullshit award the industry gives itself for selling lots of product. It has no bearing on reality outside of that. Only in the peculiar world of the Grammys is Milli Vanilli more talented than Neneh Cherry and Jethro Tull a better heavy metal band than Metallica.

One good point of 1990 is that the old diggers put out some great albums. Releases from Neil Young and Little Feat almost compensated for bloated box sets from Led Zeppelin and Elton John as well as a live albums from Phil Collins and various

incarnations of Pink Floyd. Steve Earle kept on sluggin' and Public Enemy hasn't slowed down. The Smithereens put out their best album in years and John Doe and Exene respectively kept X-heads aquiver with excellent solo releases.

Anyway, I promised you lists so here it goes. My other favorite albums of the year:

BIG LABELS:

PRIMUS: Frizzle Fry
ICE CUBE: Amerikkka's Most Wanted
JANE'S ADDICTION: Ritual De Lo Habitual
EXTREME: Pornografitti
KING'S X: Faith Hope Love
SONIC YOUTH: Goo
WILLIAM S. BURROUGHS: Dead City Radio
POGUES: Hell's Ditch

LOCALS:

WONDERCRASH: (EP)
SOUND IN TIME: (cassette)
TRUCE: Systematic Slaves (cassette)
BAD YODLERS: I Wonder (CD)

BEST REISSUES:

ROBERT JOHNSON: The Complete Recordings (CBS)
MASTERS OF REALITY: Self Titled (Delicious Vinyl)
GREEN RIVER: Dry As A Bone/Rehab Doll (Sub Pop)
SOUNDGARDEN: Screaming Life/Fopp (Sub Pop)
THE RUTLES: Self Titled (Rhino)

BEST CONCERTS:

EXTREME/ALICE IN CHAINS (Speedway)
SABBATHON 90 (Speedway)
JANE'S ADDICTION/PRIMUS (Fairgrounds)
CELEBRITY SKIN (Speedway and Pompadour)
JOHN DOE/KIMM ROGERS/BOX-CAR KIDS (Bar and Grill)

That's all for now, see you next year with a column from Los Angeles on the X reunion concert.

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PERSONALS

Greek Family Man Yes our ilk is timeless but I'm in Dante's Purgatory. Must be my Welsh hot head **Tempermental Pyro**

Court Jester, Fell flat on my face. As does every zealous fool. You've been dear. Thanks for moral support. **Laura**

JoJo, Couldn't resist. Alfie cares for JoJo. Best Controversy: Stirring up controversy. Smoochie, Slobbery kisses to you, **Spanky N. Alfalfa**

Roses Are Red, Violets Are Blue, I Love The Girl, With The Dragon Tattoo. **D.**

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CONCERTS

Exodus

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Every Mother's Nightmare

Rafter's
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Mojo Nixon
Dead Milkmen
Cave dogs
Thursday, December 6
U of U Ballroom

Aztec Camera
December 12
Fairpark Horticulture

Slaughter Eyes

Friday, December 14
Salt Palace

Jane's Addiction
Primus
December 7
Fairpark Coliseum

Desert Aire
Sunday, December 16
Bar & Grill

PLAYS

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Scrooge
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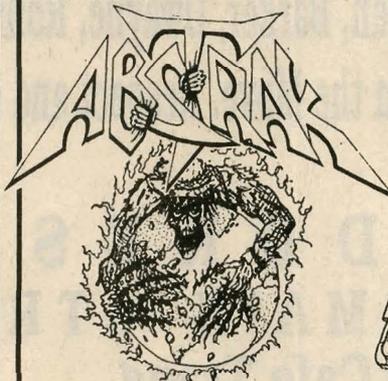
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