

SLUG

SALT LAKE UNDERGROUND
ENTERTAINMENT GUIDE AND REVIEW

MARCH
1991 #27
FREE



PHOTO BY STEVE MIDGLEY

A LOOK AT WHAT IS REALLY GOING ON IN TOWN
NEWS • VIEWS • REVIEWS • PREVIEWS
CALENDARS • MUSICIAN TIPS • MORMON UPDATE
BOOKS • CARTOONS • A LOOK AT FEBRUARY

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from Washington D.C.

JAWBOX, THE STENCH, Sunday, April 7

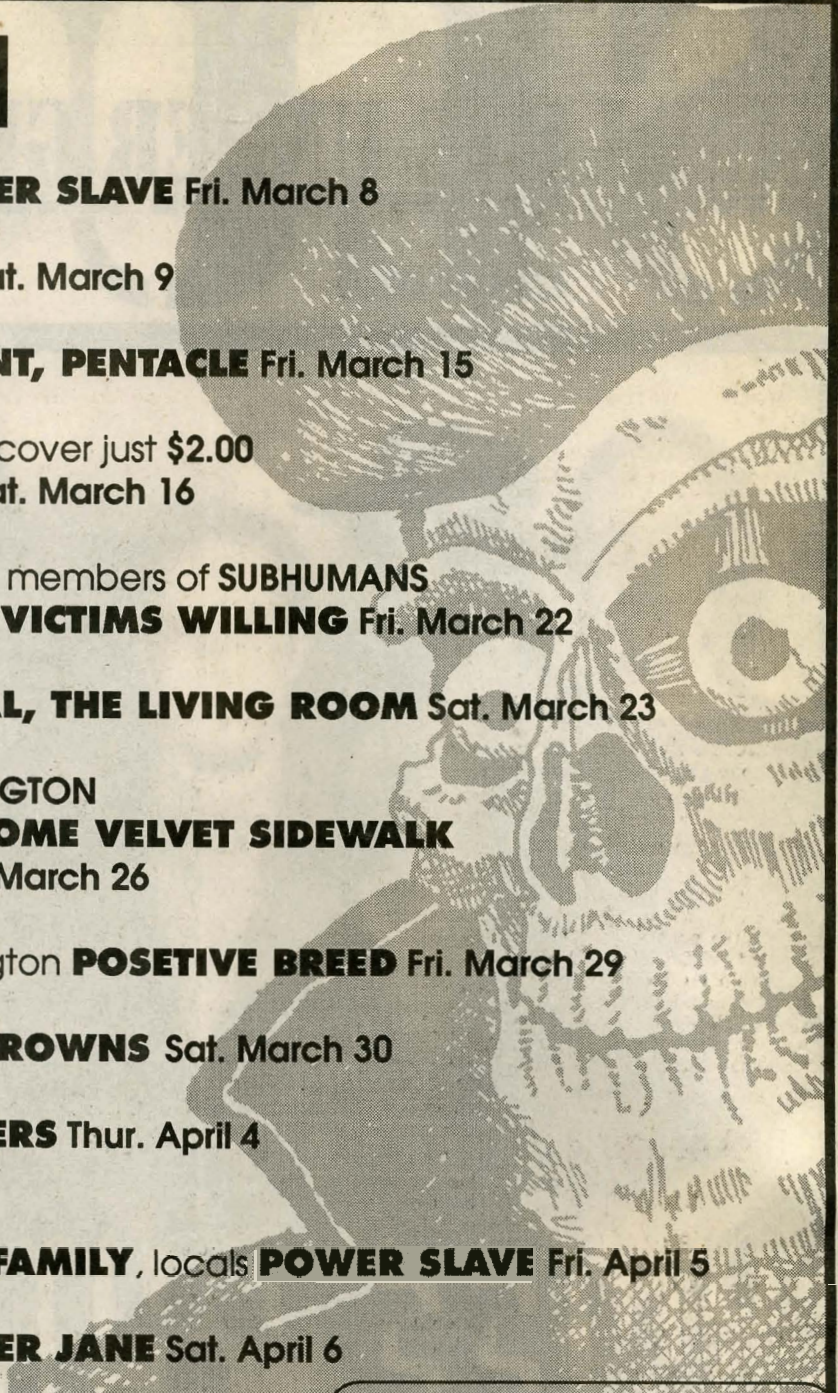
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ENTERTAINMENT GUIDE AND REVIEW

ISSUE NO. 27
MARCH 1991

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and most of all to the people who adver-
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DEAR DICKHEADS

Yo Lars,

You didn't make things better
by telling us to all fuck off. I know
who your SLUG secret admirer is,
but I will never fink.

Bo Diddley

(the name had been changed to
protect the guilty)
P.S.

The admirer wishes to meet the
person behind the writer's killer in-
stinct. Care to leave another per-
sonal? Will ya?

P.P.S.

Catch Deserteire Comedy Theatre
(or tune into KRCL). It's a real bel-
lyful o' laughs. Thanks SLUG for
being there.

Dear Dickhead (Chris Robin),

I'm amazed at your sense of
humor (or lack of in this case). Mag-
gotheads are a joke and the jokes on
you and people like you.

Ringo Maggothead

Dear Dickheads:

This letter is in response to Feb.
issue's letter from Mr. L.L. (golly I
must be cool 'cause I like "ska")
Johanse). Look pencil dick - your
beloved "Swim in Hershel's Anus"
band really is less than the God-like
band you seem to perceive them to
be. I'm by no means a huge Chris
Robbins fan when he undermines
ALL local bands as being "unprofes-
sional." But, come on - the Hershel's
aren't quite General Public yet. Their
manager (or themselves - if they do
their own promotions) must be some
kind of fucking wizard. Be that as it
may - you're Paul Anka-Journey
schtick is pretty much invalid here.
"Ska" is about as truly hip as either
of those acts when it really comes
down to it. Now sure - I've seen how
the Hershel-butts get all the Provo-
ites to jump around like they were at
some kind of punk show when they
play Provo Center Stage gigs - but
isn't interest in "ska" about as up to
date as the politically apathetic BYU
kids (who all wear their matching
penis cap haircuts to be trendy
wannabes)? Now - some of the SHS
guys are truly talented. Since I im-
agine you are their friend or some-
thing, if not a member of the band
itself, maybe you can talk them into
writing some tunes in a genre more
valid in the 90s. Then they could be
more than a party band for kids who
choose not to drink. Provo, go see
some different bands and expand
your narrow horizons. Provo does
have some cool music. Try seeing:
Basic Language, Baby War Stories,
Audrey Smiley, The Plaid Daddies,
and Yexotay, for some variety.

Love and peace please,

L.L. "I wish I were cool enough to
have a black sounding pseudonym"

Smith - Park City

Ear Wax

A Salt Lake City scene report

Iceburn, a band formed from
the remnants of Brainstorm and
Insight, are readying their forthcom-
ing EP for an early spring release on
Chicago's Victory Records. Though
somewhat reminiscent of their for-
mer incarnations, Iceburn manages
to cull the finer points of their past
glories and utilize those strengths to
the fullest.

The never ending delays with
the new Hatex9 EP continue. A sec-
ond test press was called for, since
the first was of inferior quality. If all
goes as planned, the recording
should be out in late March.

Rumor is circulating that The
Stench are talking to a few labels and
have a tour scheduled to begin at the
end of April running through the
first week of June. Catch them be-
fore they leave on the 9th with
Lawton and again on April 7th with
Jawbox from Washington, D.C., both
at The Pompadour.

Power Slave made their debut
on 2-3-91 at the Pompadour and
completed a final mix for an upcom-
ing LP, a release date is scheduled
for April.

Victim's Willing will be host-
ing a monthly new-band showcase
starting Friday the 8th of March with
Power Slave and Big Brown Beard.

Moral Suckling has an excel-
lent 7" out entitled "No More War
Toys." It's worth the investment and
is perhaps the best release this year
from a local band thus far.

Yexotay's second release, Rit-

ual, is now available. A 5-song cas-
sette, it is very nicely packaged and
is crisply produced. The band also
has a new bass player from Culver
City, California, and is in the pro-
cess of producing their third profes-
sional release.

Scar Strangled Banner is the
latest rock offering for the scene.
Boasting a solid line-up and an in-
credibly tight sound, SSB will pretty
much knock the competition out
with their superior live perform-
ances. Those not interested in the
genre will be hard pressed not to
like them.

Salt Lake Sampler, the second
SLUG compilation tape, features a
slew of local bands who have graced
it's cover, including Strangers, Bad
Yodelers, Commonplace, and many
more. Check Raunch and The Heavy
Metal Shop for Copies.

Speaking of Commonplace, the
band has finished a three song cas-
sette recorded at Ken's World Best
16-track studio. Originally recorded
in response to a record company's
request for more material, Common-
place will be releasing the three tunes
as a cassette single in the near fu-
ture.

A final word comes in the form
of a request for any information to
appear in future scene reports. Send
information, correctional or other-
wise, to SLUG Attn: Charlee — P.O.
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Charlee Johnson

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RECORD REVIEWS



Sadistic Intent *The Unveiling*

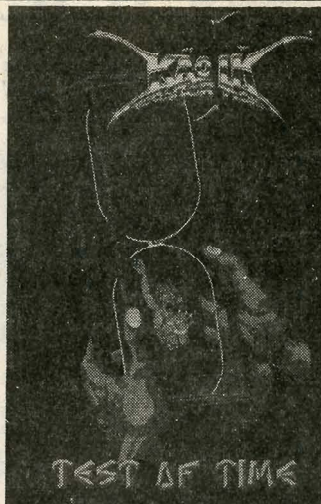
Hey, for a first tape this is actually pretty good. It's only seven songs long, and the program is repeated on both sides, but it is still a good bit of thrash. If anything really could be corrected for their next output, perhaps they could write fewer words for each verse - or more music to fit the lyrics. It sounds as though Allen is trying to put two lines into one on each verse

and the result makes it hard to follow the intent of the song. The songwriting is good, especially on 'Preacher' and 'The Unveiling'. They might think about making their next effort a bit longer for this one seems to end just about the time it gets started. But still, we think it's worth including in your local collection. If they happen to play an outlet around here, you should check 'em out. It should be a good moshin' time.

Sly & Wiz

Kaotik Contortion *Test of Time*

This is a decent bit of tape here. The music flows from the speakers, filling the room with some of the best thrash we have heard from locals since Truce. It's put together well, and the production is first rate. Although there are only six tunes, we feel it is worth the time and money to go find this one, that is if you are a fan of any real good thrash. Of the tunes, we found that 'That's



Not Right' was the best offering on the cassette although 'Ceptic System' is also quite good. The bass lines especially impressed us though we felt, at times, that Jeff was forcing his vocals just a tad. Chad really pounds the skins well and Chance pretty much holds the whole thing together with his first rate guitar work. We would welcome a chance to come observe a rehearsal, maybe

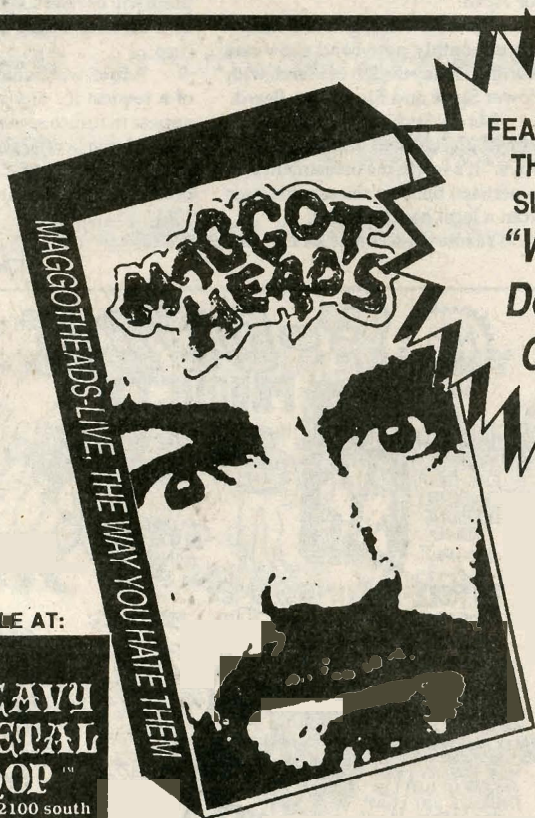
have a little drinky with the boys. We both got a kick out of the bit of extra recording at the end of 'Ceptic System', but whoever was tinkling in the toity really didn't have to go real bad, did they? Laterz,

Sly & Wiz

Throwing Muses *"Counting Backwards"* 4AD/Sire

Admittedly, I am in love with all of the Throwing Muses. This has been an ongoing, anxiety laden, unrequited love affair since seeing them play live twice. Kristen Hersh's catatonic stares turn me on, as does the triangle playing of her step sister and part-time Breeder, Tanya Donnelly. But much more than pretty faces and objects of desire, these two women are crafty songwriters and incredibly talented musicians.

"Counting Backwards" is no disappointment either. Starting where they left off with



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Bill Grimstead
Rolling Stone

"You can't suck any better than this"

Rob Johnstone
Hit Parader

"Music to throw up to"

Dan Devita
Kerrang

"If you buy this tape you're one dumb son of a bitch, I would rather be eaten alive than listen to this shit."

Brian Lima
Spin

SEE THEM LIVE WITH LA'S
HARUM SCARUM & DROOL
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THE POMPADOUR

RECORD REVIEWS

"Hunkpapa" and moving forward from there, "Counting Backwards" takes tight guitar playing and rough, rocky, almost drunken, slurred vocals and blends them with smooth bass and drum rhythms. The Muses don't use crash cymbals so the drums are heavy and at the forefront of the recording.

"Amazing Grace" is a send-off of the traditional song in the style of the Muses. Kristen's voice is twangy and country-tinged like good, black coffee in the morning. The guitar riffs are scratchy and overlaid with lap steel.

"Same Sun" has a bluesy feel to it. It also contains some of the quirky lyrics that are trademark for the Muses: "That's the same sun that burned my mother/that's the same sun on your dashboard" and the schizophrenic, "I can't lie/some bitch gets through and tells the truth."

And finally, my personal favorite, "Cottonmouth." Kristen sings with all the sigh-laden angst she can muster. "The more he likes me/the more I drink/I think the more I drink/the more he likes me." The paradoxical musings of the Muses shine bright. Check out the bass line on this track. It is heavy and grooving. Bass, drums and vocals start out with layers of neurotic, acoustic guitar added during the chorus. This is Throwing Muses at their best.

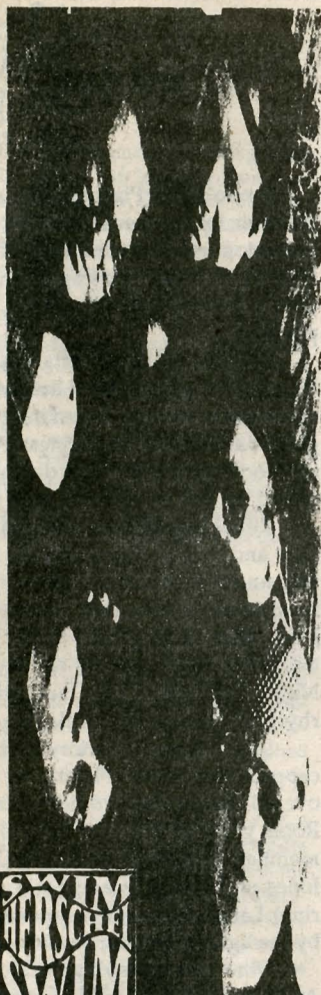
Matt
(God of Creativity)

Swim Herschel Swim

I wish I had a Ray Run
Kick Me Records

I don't know what all the hubbub about Swim Herschel Swim is, from what I have heard on this tape and what I have heard about their live performances, they seem to be a pretty great band.

I Wish I Had a Ray Gun is easily one of the best local releases I have seen in a long time. Not only is it the best packaging on a local product, but the recording and mix is excellent. The music is good, but, I have a hard time not comparing them to 004,



the band that taught Salt Lake about ska music.

These guys have taken their fair-share of blows and have moved on regardless. It isn't surprising, their music is good and this tape proves it. The tape contains 10 songs, nine original and one cover, "Ring Of Fire." When I first heard the tape it was all great except their Cash cover, but after listening to the tape a few times I like it more and more. The song has been covered at least a dozen times, but these guys have added a new twist—a fast tempo, clever time changes and a beat you can easily tap your foot to.

Salt Lake has a drastic need for ska bands, these guys have picked up where most other ska bands have failed...staying together. Keep it up guys, and remember—any publicity is good publicity.

Ness Lessman

SKA SKA SKA SKA SKA SKA SKA SKA SKA

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HERSCHEL
SWIM



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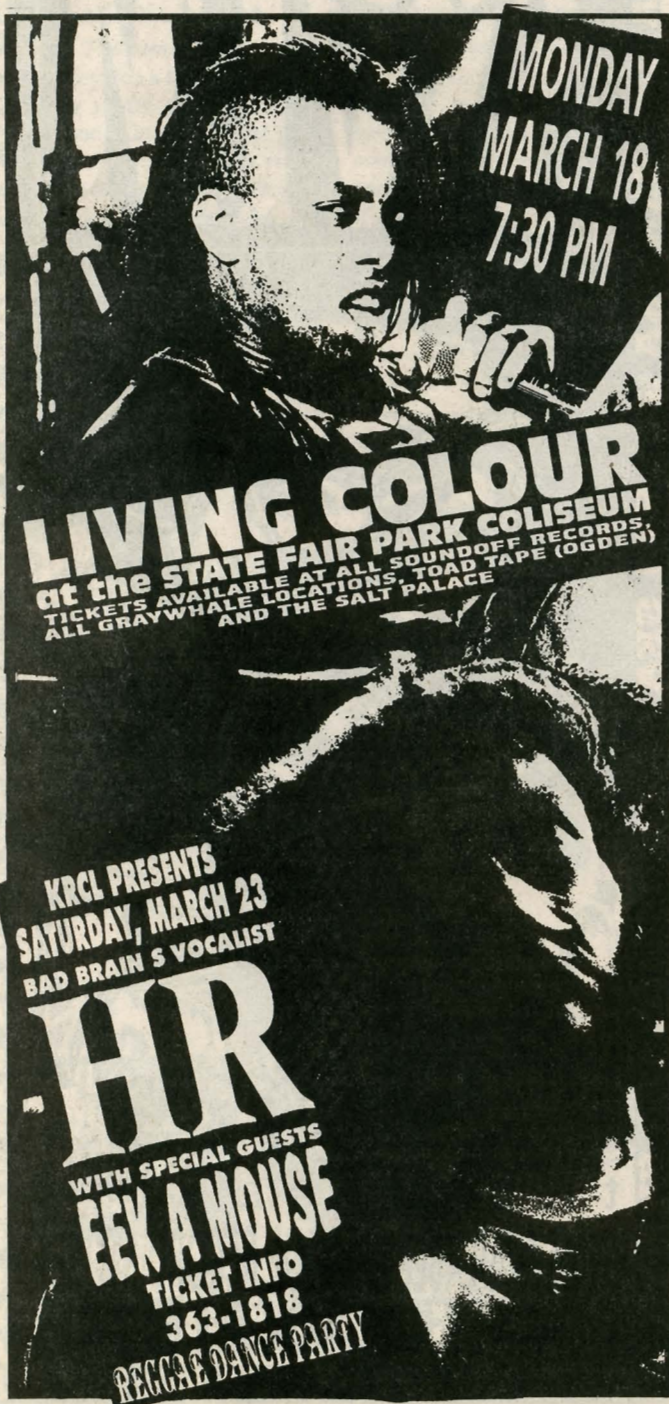
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PROOF OF PROVO

So Be It Ritual Living Room at the Pie Pizzeria

Provo's Pie Pizzeria has added live entertainment to their schedule for the weekends. The shows start on Thursday with live, acoustic music and continue through Friday and Saturday with sets from local bands. The stage is small and the audience is still getting used to the idea of live music but, for the most part, response has been positive.

Kicking off the concerts was So Be It, socially conscious rockers. Vocalist Dave Nash filled breaks between songs with his wry witticisms and politically tinged insight. So Be It rocks hard with Hendrix guitars and U2 style brashness. Anti-war overtones and humanitarian words are the fare both during and before songs. So Be It kept the crowd up and entertained with their music and their repartee.

Ritual played their two-man Industrial/Techno Pop with energy and drama. Even with the flu, lead vocalist and programmer Eric Anderson put on a great performance writhing and thrashing as he sang and alternately played keyboards and the octapad. With John Jones singing back-up as well as playing keyboards, Ritual delivered music that lies somewhere between Depeche Mode and Nitzer Ebb; lots of cool Industrial noises and intricately technical rhythms. (Ritual will be playing The Pompadour this month.)

Living Room is a crafty Techno Pop group fronted by baseball-capped Tom Laird. Playing in the midst of tacky lamps and an overall decore that would make any grandmother proud, Living Room gives off the cozy aura of a fireside sing-along. Other band members include a bassist, a fabulous record player and, again, John Jones on keyboards and backing vocals (and occasional tambourine). Laird's lyrics are very personal and revealing but are tempered by the lighter, happier sounds of his music.

Other bands playing the Pie last month were Poetic Justice, Ali Ali Oxen Free, Jake & Me and Stretch Armstrong.

The Pie has an intimate feel—like watching a musical performance in your own home. The casualness can be either a positive or a negative thing where audience members complain about volume or musical tastes or where feedback is immediate and enthusiastic.

If you're interested in playing the Pie in Provo get in touch with James Call at the Pie (373-1600) to set up an audition. Keep in mind that the atmosphere is for dining so not every band will fit in the format, but it's a good chance for exposure in Provo.

Coming to the Pie: March 7th, Steve Burchett; March 8th & 9th, Idaho Syndrome; and March 14th & 15th, Ali Ali Oxen Free. For information on the rest of the month call the Pie.

Just an editorial sideline...

Supporting the local music scene in Provo or Salt Lake or wherever doesn't mean attending shows or promoting shows by, say, two bands or within one musical genre. It means seeing as many shows as one is able, whether you like the bands or their musical style or not, and supporting all types of creative, musical expression.

Climbing off my soap box and wishing the best of luck to every local band in Utah.

Matt
 (Deity of Underground Obscurity)

THE ART OF THE DEAL

How To Collect Records Without Filing Chapter 13

Yes, collecting records is pretentious. Then again, your average 10 year-old-kid with a case of the hots for Topps baseball cards is just as obnoxious. I've been collecting seriously for about five years now, and I've noticed quite a few people get into the market recently. Utah could quite possibly host a Goldmine Record Convention this year and have those folks walk away quite happy.

Looking at the industry itself, I'd say that the Straight Edge movement has managed to keep vinyl an acceptable norm. Looking at the number of Straight Edge labels (Revelation, Victory, Work Shed, etc.) it seems as though it has single-handedly made the independent scene quite a rage. It has also single-handedly made Hardcore somewhat of a joke, making me ever-grateful that bands like Poison Idea and godhead Rollins are still alive and kicking.

In any case, personal frustrations aside, record collecting is a two-way street. The east boulevard is trading the west, money. In either case, bartering is the basis for both, and learning how to do both is an act within itself.

Realistically, the average price for a rarity is roughly \$50. A number of factors can determine the price of an item, most notably popularity. Case in point: Glen Danzig's series of Misfits singles from the late 70's and early 80's were little more than novelties. Featuring colored vinyl, nifty artwork and some kooky music, they went for about \$3 when they appeared. Upon the demise of the Misfits, and on the strength of his later accomplishments, record fanatics rushed the marketplace and found themselves paying \$100-\$250 for any official Plan 9 re-release they could find. Since these singles were limited in quantity dealers could ask for these prices and more likely than not, get what they wanted. Though bootlegs would later surface of these items, most notably "Ghouls Gold" and "Eyes To Despire," the originals became the must-haves. When quantities became scarce, the bootlegs also began to raise in price. Double 7" pressings of "Walk Among Us" were being snatched up for as high as \$40 and the sound quality was on par with blowing your nose to the music. **LESSON TO BE LEARNED:** balk.

Then again, if it's something you've got to have, get it. The chances of coming across it again are almost zero, as sad as it sounds. Another

example: I found a 7" pressing of Joy Division's "An Ideal For Living" at a convention in Denver in 1988. The owner of this was asking \$100. I had the money, but balked at his price so I could think it over for a few hours. I figured that it'd be around by the time I came back from breakfast. Sure enough, I decided to purchase it, showed up at the booth, and it had been snatched up. There's always someone else who wants what you want, too. **LESSON TO BE LEARNED:** Two years later I realize that if you want it, buy it. Consequently, pieces of Noah's ark are more common than that God damn Joy Division EP.

Perhaps the most important aspect of this is that one man's garbage is another man's gold. You know that the acne-faced 14-year-old kid who is just getting into Hardcore is wanting every single copper cover, gold lettering, yellow-and-pink swirlie vinyl, autographed piece of Revelation shit ever made and has that green-vinyl S.O.A. 7" on Dischord under a stack of Mad Magazines in his nightstand. Trade lists are the way to go, but, as in the case of garbage and gold, not everyone takes care of their records. Case in point: I had searched high and low for a Revelation red vinyl press of Sick Of It All's 7". I'd found one in the back side of Flipside, and traded some Ramones oldies for it. When the final thing arrived, it looked as though someone had played the thing on a powerdrill. The cover was torn and basically, was a piece of shit. I sent it back and luckily, received my trades with a letter of apology. I was surprised, but still bummed that my quest that had ended was back on again. **LESSON TO BE LEARNED:** Not everyone treats vinyl as gold. I'm still looking for a red SOVA, too, by the way.

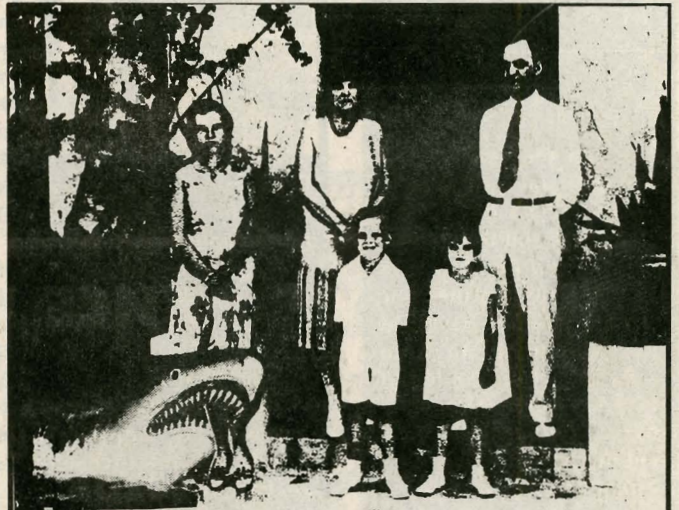
So there you have it. Three of the more important tips to scouting records. Searching the stuff out can be a bitch, but you'll find that three publications feature fine ads for such. They are Maximum Rock-N-Roll, Flipside, and the ever-trustworthy Gold Mine. Sending a S.A.S.E. along with a list of your wants usually guarantees a response from those souls in question. With the limited quantities of such booty, communication is the finest way to get your hands on the stuff. Drop your socks, grab your crotch, and good luck.

Charlee Johnson

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An Excerpt From The Forthcoming Book I Heal the Band

I

In the years that it has been my privilege to serve as personal physician and legal counsel to the cabal of ranting dervishes that cloaks itself in the name "Sweet Rhino", I have had the opportunity to form certain conclusions relevant to their individual and collective natures. I shall present these here in the interest of curious patrons of local music. However, I am told it is customary in treatises such as this to chronicle the genesis of the band in question, paying careful attention to their musical influences and muses. I must therefore focus briefly on these matters before ascending into the realm of slanderous conjecture and fabrication from which I am more comfortable and qualified to speak.

Sweet Rhino consists of Ryan Ashton on guitar, Bill Olsen on bass, Lorenzo Ciacci drumming, Dave Neale singing, eight geese a-laying, and Craig Scott on sax. It was impossible at the time of this writing to meet with the entire band in corporeal form, as the necessary invocations take a great deal of time and invariably have a deleterious effect on local seismic and meteorological activity. I was therefore directed by



their drummer to approach a certain nervous and befuddled employee of the Orange Julius stand in the ZCMI mall; and read to her specific sections of the Rosicrucian Code of Ethics and a French translation of the *Farmer's Almanac*. This I did, with the happy result that she was able to channel all five members of Sweet Rhino and give them voice. The interview was necessarily brief, as it put a great deal of strain upon their chosen medium and agitated her co-workers to the brink of hysteria. I opted for quick, simple questions.

"I think I see the security people approaching. Briefly, what are some of your individual musical influences?"

The Orange Julius girl began to sway back and forth rhythmically. Her nametag identified her as Jenny #224, and she couldn't have been older than sixteen. As she answered me in a medley of impossibly deep voices, her pupils dilated and contracted in time with her pulse.

"Stevie Ray Vaughn. The Residents. The Police. Slack. The Miracle Workers. The song 'Eye of the Tiger', by Survivor. XTC. Fear. Angst. Branford

Marselis. 'The Seatbelt Song', released by the Utah Safety Council in the mid-70's. Miles Davis. Jocko Pastorious. Courtney Pine."

The names came out in a cacophony; I wondered if the guys were able to hear each other's responses in the cramped blonde confines of



Jenny #224's head. Jenny's friends Sherri #162 and Lori #4 ASST.MNGR. had drawn back from her in horror during the course of this recitation, and I knew that my time was short. Jenny #224 herself was clutching a vat of hot scone batter and plastering herself with it erotically.

"Can you guys get her to knock that off? OK—never mind; next question. Many people have classified Sweet Rhino as a funk band, which really doesn't do justice to the diversity of your influences. Nevertheless, do you have any specifically 'funk influences'?"

There was a pause, and a terrific struggle for control wracked Jenny #224's small frame.

"Chili Peppers. Living Colour. Fishbone...we also owe a great deal to the Boxcar Kids..." The voice trailed off.

The interview was clearly at an end. Jenny #224

was sprawled unnaturally across a glass case of plastic oranges. She was completely covered in scone batter, and resembled a giant mock-up of a mutant skin cell. Lori #4 ASST.MNGR. had sufficiently recovered her composure to call for help, and a knot of half-bright security guards quickly surrounded the unfortunate Jenny. They chewed their pen caps. One wrote, "I wonder what happened?" on his clipboard, apparently making himself a mental note to check into that sometime. I strode briskly into this circle and put my hand on the shoulder of the nearest guard.



"Don't worry, son," I reassured him. "I'm a doctor."

II

The scientific literature available to the modern physician is sadly deficient in information about diseases peculiar to lycanthropes; an oversight I intend to remedy when I reach retirement. Much of the therapy I have been called upon to prescribe to the Sweet Rhino boys has for this reason been born of the trial-and-error approach. Their significantly overdeveloped pineal glands have espe-

CONTINUED

of the band members have lain upon my examining table at one time or another and told me with a look of extreme gravity, "Our band functions in four-space, not three-space like other bands. That's what gives us our edge..." just before transforming into a moth or a stop sign or some such nonsense. I have seen no evidence to support the claims of the popular press that these musicians "squirt blood from their eyes like Gila Monsters" or that they are "mythically endowed fetishists". However, I will not attempt to deny other manifestations of their unusual genetic makeup.

I shall therefore confirm for the record the reports of spectacular poltergeist activity that spice up Swee's concert appearances. This is due, the band tells me, not so much to the presence of malevolent entities as it is a result of the Yeti parentage all five members share. Since the band is in essence creating an opportunity for their audience to join them in four-space, it is little wonder that invisible Yeti pranksters lend a hand to encourage the reluctant and faint of heart among us.

The mighty psionic ability that is the Yeti birthright surely is connected to the fact that the band credits Uri Geller

knowledge declined to attend any of Swee Rhino's performances, they assure me that they communicate with him regularly. Indeed, the very name "Swee Rhino" was a gift of Geller's, who hinted that it was the secret name of one of his Sacred Inflatable Priestesses, who dwelt in his legendary Forbidden Closet.

Those of you who have yet to see Swee in concert are forcing the rest of the human race to wait for you to catch up. This band is on the evolutionary freeway, and those who don't keep up will ultimately be eaten. Swee Rhino is appearing at The Bar and Grill on the sixth and seventh of this month. Other gigs in March will leaked to the press in time for you to renounce your life and hear this band.

Now is your opportunity to see them before the media blitz turns them into schmucks! In two months their posters will litter every pre-teen girl's bedroom and you'll find their eerie grins leering at you from airport shot glasses, automobile air fresheners, and elk calls!

There's not much else I can tell you that you can't hear for yourself at The Bar and Grill. The band goes into the studio later this month to commit elegant and original four-space sound to three-space memory. There is a tour tentatively planned for later this spring, and God knows that's when the big money will hunt them down and claim them, so see them now. The alternative is to become the unwitting dupe of forces you don't understand, like poor Jenny #224. The colleague to whom I referred her reports that she is doing much better, although she still eats soap and shaves the bottoms of her feet twice a day.

by Dr. M. Bacchus Stern

photos by Steve Midgley

See Swee Rhino
March 8th
Z-Place, Park City



as their spiritual guide. They contend that Geller is a visionary and shaman of awesome power who simply failed to understand the limitations of television as an artistic medium—thus, they tend to react peevishly when he is spoken of in a sarcastic tone. Although Geller has to the best of my



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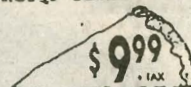


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MORMON UPDATE

Judge Ye Not...

Hello once again brothers and sisters, and beware. Beware of what the virus press has to say on our latest church misunderstanding. If you haven't heard the real story, then listen up. He's innocent.

Hasn't anyone heard of parables before? You know - the house built on sand? The boy who blew all his Father's money? The greatest baseball player that ever played the game? Get the message, brothers and sisters? Those stories were just a spiritual step ladder for us to stand on to get closer to God. Why some of Paul's stories still make me weep uncontrollably. Brother Dunn is a prophet, and it is always the prophets who are misunderstood.

Woe unto those who blaspheme against the baseball stories of God. My legs shake for you. We saints are simple-minded people and we under-

stand wisdom spoken in simple ways; such as, sports. What could be easier to relate to than sports? Paul H. Dunn knew that and went with it. Oh the simple and timeless beauty of it all.

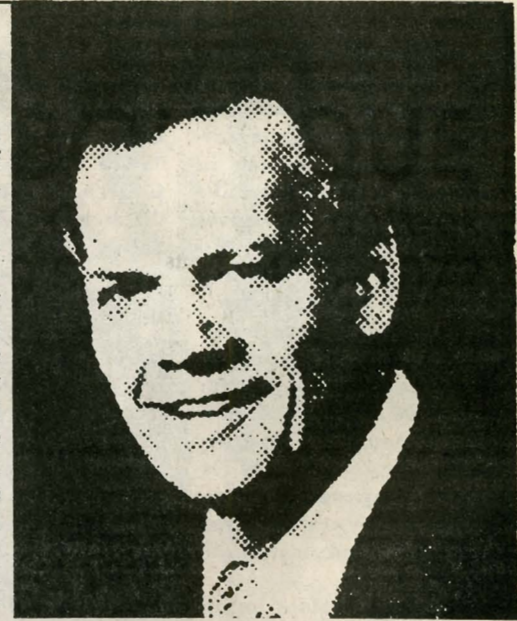
I love sports. Do you? Why I remember when I was a younger man. I was a letterman football player in high school. Most of our team was made up of God-loving saints. When we played a gentile school, we could all pray for God's strength to demoralize the other team to the point of shame. We would punish them with no remorse because we knew it was to be.

Never once in my four years at Emma Smith High School for the mortally superior did we lose a game. We wore our religion on our sleeve, and we were grateful. You have to take what you can in this world if you are a saint - it's our Father's will. I call

it "The Golden Rule." Only if you are a member of our true church can you take it with you. I'm taking my letterman's jacket with me when it is my time and I will high-five the coach in the sky.

Do you see my point? Did that really happen, or was I teaching a lesson? It doesn't really matter. What matters is that we benefit from my wisdom. I know I do.

Remember, Brothers and Sisters, ignorance is bliss as long as it is true and spiritual ignorance. There is no need to be



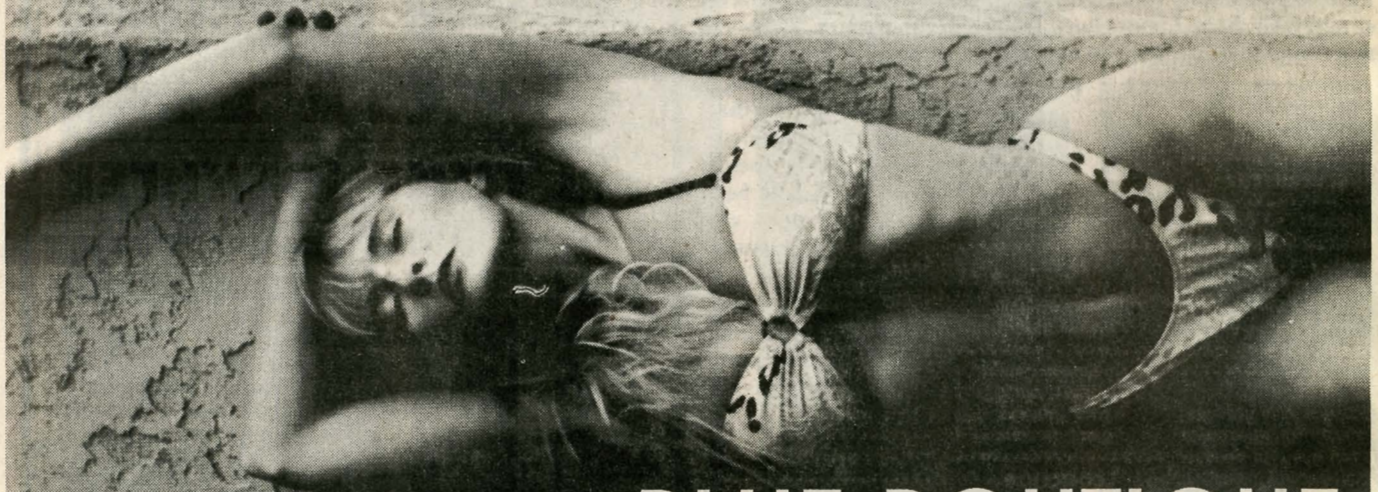
Paul H. Dunn

skeptical as long as you follow your bliss.

Until next month, keep believing.

Uncle Ezra

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JOJO'S CORNER

This month, due to his increasingly hectic and erratic life, JoJo is taking a sabbatical. His psychic powers have been sorely tested by the events surrounding the Mary's Danish fiasco at the University of Utah last month. He will be recuperating at a private care facility located somewhere between Barcelona and Madrid. We at SLUG are sorry to inform our dear readers of this turn of events but feel a leave of absence is the best strategy to preserve the sanity of all people considered. It was JoJo's wish that his readers would attend a performance of Jesus Christ Superstar at the First Presbyterian Church in his honor and memory. (Ed's note: please be dead. Don't tease us.) We hope that in time, JoJo will be cured of his twisted delusions of grandeur and psychic prowess and will once again be able to grace our pages with his inimitable verve and wit. Get well cards may be sent to SLUG and donations for his care should be forwarded to the Southern Poverty Law Center. I'm sure that if JoJo was here now he would urge you to attend the Neil Young, Sonic Youth and Social Distortion concert as well as the Living Colour/King's X show. But, when last sighted, JoJo was ranting incoherently about porcupines at the car wash. The meaning of this we cannot ascertain. JoJo would like to thank all SLUG readers for their letters and support and hopes to rejoin our staff soon.



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MARCH 8-24

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8:00 pm

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MUSICIANS TIPS

Protecting Your Equipment

If you're like most musicians, you've invested several hundred, if not thousands of dollars in musical equipment. This equipment is also responsible for the well-being of your income in many cases. If the gear doesn't work, then neither do you, and that makes it hard to pay the bills.

In order to protect your car from being totalled, most people have insurance of some form or another. If you own a home, (most don't) you may be able to obtain a damage insurance rider for your gear, but the best way to assure a long life for the equipment is to be sure that it doesn't break down at all. In order to do this, you need to protect the equipment with a case of some type.

Road cases are handy for this type of work, and in many instances can help speed up the load-in and set-up time for the band. Racking up mixers, amplifiers, digital effects, equalizers, etc, will also help eliminate ground loops (see January issue) and will allow you to hard-wire all of the gear together. You can purchase racks of various strengths from your local music store.

You say you can't afford to buy a rack or road case? Build your own! You can build a durable, low cost case or rack with plywood.

Use half-inch or 5/8 inch plywood (ACX). The sides are double thickness and glued together. This helps make the handholds more comfortable for whoever gets the job of moving the rack, as well as strengthening the top/side joints. If the equipment isn't very heavy, simply screw it into the side pieces with long sheet metal screws. Use flat washers under the screw heads to protect the rack ears on the equipment from scratches. For heavier gear, cut the inside piece back an inch or two, and use aluminum or steel angle to make a rail. Then simply drill and tap the rail with 10-32 screws.

Power amps are very heavy, and require a slightly different approach. Use 5/8 or 3/4 inch plywood, and have a metal shop make a frame out of 3/4 inch angle iron. Weld all of the seams. Bolt the frame into the front of the box, putting washers under the bolt heads to

prevent the wood from being split under pressure. Also use a lock-washer under the nut. Drill and tap the steel frame to match your equipment requirements.

If you're talented, build your own ATA type boxes. The parts you will require are available at most music stores. You'll need aluminum extrusion, plywood, Kydex or ABS Plastics for the sides, corners, latches, contact glue, dished or spring handles, and rivets. (You may also use Ozite carpet for the sides, front, and back.)

First decide on the size of the case. Lay out all sizes on paper, and transfer the plans onto the plywood. be sure that the size of plywood you choose will fit into the extrusion that you use when coupled with the thickness of the covering chosen. Laminate the covering onto the plywood with cement, and cut the wood pieces to size. Use the extrusion to join the sides and back together, rivet at least every six inches. Use screws instead of rivets to hold the ball corners to the case.

Once the sides and back are completed, make cut-outs for the handles. If the rack is going to be filled with heavy equipment, place two handles on each side for better balance. Create cut-outs for the latches, and rivet them in place, followed by using either screws or rivets to hold the handles in place.

The box should be fairly complete at this point. Materials are fairly inexpensive, and by using your own time for building, you can save a great deal of money by making your own cases. Cases are like insurance policies, you never really think you need one until it is too late. Don't realize that you need a case *after* your gear is damaged or destroyed by the roadies who didn't have to buy the gear in the first place.

See you next time when we talk about mike techniques for a good PA sound...

Doug Wallentine



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MOVIE PREVIEW

Terminal City Ricochet

Fridays at 11:45 pm through March
Cinema In Your Face (45 W. 300 So.)

"Any similarity between this film and reality just happens to be the way things are."

Terminal City Ricochet, a Canadian cult flick featuring Jello Biafra, has finally hit Salt Lake. Complete with maniacal secret police, a corrupt, devil-worshipping mayor, nuclear fallout, space junk and an apathetic paperboy turned political activist, TCR meets all the necessary requirements for your typical good guys win, bad guys lose scenario.

TCR features Jello Biafra, punk icon and free speech advocate/activist, going against type as Bruce Coddle, the mayor's personal body guard, media manipulator and general dirty worker.

Mayor Ross Glimore, played by Peter Breck of Big Valley fame, who became popular as owner of the local hockey team, the Terminal City Ricochets, and as host of a TV-game show, is facing reelection and needs a scapegoat on which he can pin many of the city's problems.

The city itself, one of only six liveable cities left in the world, is a place where people are routinely squashed by space junk falling in flames from the sky, something the local tabloids under the control of Glimore deny on a daily basis. Sewage is converted into food-flush the toilet and presto! Lasagna. Real estate developers are declared "honorable environmentalists" by Glimore who also claims the city has no deficit because the government doesn't do anything to cost its citizens any money. Glimore further encourages parents to send their kids on the "Children's Crusade." A supposed summer camp, the Children's Crusade performs mind control experiments which will someday enable parents, and subsequently

Glimore, to control children by remote control.

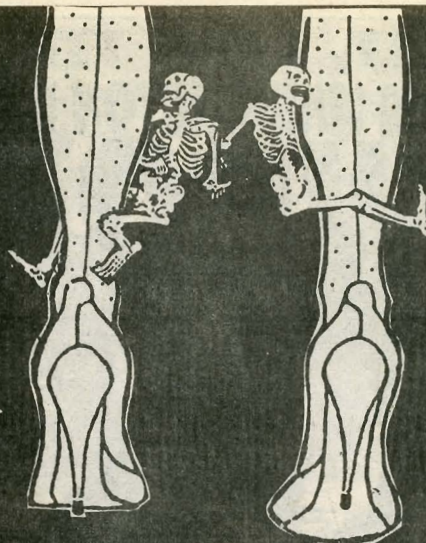
Our hero, Alex, once an apolitical paperboy, becomes a political activist after Glimore has him arrested. Apparently Alex saw the Mayor run over an old lady.

While in jail, where all sorts of tortures are carried out, Alex meets TCR goalie Ace "the Saviour" Tomlinson, who is supposed to be dead, according to Glimore. A few games back Ace took a puck in the head and he's been wandering ever since trying to regain his memory and expose Glimore's corruption. Ace is also the only witness to the Mayor's devil worshipping hobby.

After escaping from jail, Coddle (Biafra) creates the opportunity as part of a plan to frame the two for all the city's problems, Ace and Alex team up to kidnap Jim, the mayor's son, who winds up joining them in their quest to depose Glimore. Needless to say, nothing goes as planned but what does transpire is set to music by Canada's Nomeansno plus the Beatnigs and the Groovaholics. Jello even joins the bands on a couple of tunes.

While the soundtrack (put out on the Alternative Tentacles label) is mildly entertaining, TCR, the flick, does manage to be interesting despite all its morals: Good can triumph over evil, clean up nuclear and toxic waste and recycle or future generations will have to pay the price, blind faith in flashy, well groomed politicians is truly stupid, et cetera, et cetera, et cetera. In spite of all its shortcomings, TCR does have the makings of a good cult flick and Jello Biafra as the bad guy is something to see - Biafra the actor versus Biafra the musician are two wholly different people. Check it out for yourself next Friday at Cinema In Your Face.

Lara Bringard



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POLICE STORIES

Long Beach, U.S.A. - 'Let's Hit The Beach, Dude!'

Recently, during a road trip to Los Angeles, I was given the opportunity to see some of the finest police work.

I was transporting a friend to the Los Angeles International Airport. We had arrived a day ahead of schedule, and decided to spend the day in Long Beach. We had not planned on going to the beach and were left without our swimming suits. To be safe we asked a few of the locals if their would be any problem with wearing just our underwear on the beach and in the water. Everyone we asked said that they didn't think that there would be any problem at all and one person even went so far as to tell us that people were often seen wearing only there underwear on the beach.

With what we thought was the approval of the local beach goers, we proceeded onto the beach and found a spot to spend the day. We eventually took to the water and swam to the break. We were about 30 feet away from the beach, with water up to our chests. During our swimming, someone kept yelling. Thinking it was an irritated father yelling at his child, we ignored it. The voice continued and we finally turned around to see what all the commotion was about.

"Hey! Hey! Get In Here Now!," yelled a tall life guard.

"Who, us?" was the general reaction of me and my friend. We indicated our obvious surprise by displaying a look of wonder and confusion on our faces.

Now, Get Your Asses In Here Now!" continued the life guard.

We immediately did so, assuming that we had drifted too far into the surf and that we were going to receive the usual, fatherly but stern, talking -to about beach rules. Now, my friend must have been feeling incredibly obedient that day, because he swam quickly to the beach and got out of the water. Upon doing so, he was promptly abducted and restrained with what looked like a very unusual and painful strangle hold. I continued toward the beach—more out of concern for my friend than out of obedience for the now smiling life guard.

I reached the beach and cautiously approached the life guard. I then asked what was wrong and asked him to let my friend go. "Get Over Here and Shut The Fuck Up" was the only response I got from our somewhat dubious life guard until I did as he said.

When I got within arms reach of our friendly beach protector, he seized me and put me in a similar restraining hold. He then began dragging us to the beach sub-sta-

tion. On our way, I noticed that the locals who had before seemed so friendly and helpful had now become extremely irate and had lent themselves to jeering and spitting. We were greeted by two flaxen-haired, overly sun-tanned life guards who escorted us inside. We were immediately hand-cuffed to two of the many, state-of-the-art exercise machines and left alone to ponder our fates.

While sitting there, dripping in salt-water, in our underwear, with "Surfin' USA" playing softly in the background, I realized that our excursion to the beach had somehow gone amiss and that the seemingly good-natured folks of Long Beach had suddenly changed their minds about the beach dress code.

The life guard came back with a stern and contorted look on his face that bore the likeness of Humphrey Bogart when he was covered in leeches in *African Queen*. He proceeded to ask us what the hell we thought we were doing swimming in our underwear on his beach. We told him that we had asked around to see if there was anything wrong with swimming in our underwear and that everyone had told us that indeed there was nothing wrong with it. He then went into a series of John Travolta genuflects and said, in effect "What? You guys expect me to believe dat?" Well, we did. He then asked us if we were each others sexual partners, if we liked that kind of thing (what kind of thing), if they let us do that where we were from, where we were from, and if we would wait right there. He then called the City police and within twenty minutes we found ourselves in a jail cell in Long Beach.

We were subjected to more of the same pre-pubescent, mind-numbing insults and ego-retarded shows of manhood by a short, fat, smelly, hairy, Old Spice-type cop. He told us that if he had his way he would "have our balls cut off" and "put a bullet through both of our heads, and dump us in a drainage system." He also inquired about our past employment (God knows why). My friend and I were presently working with developmentally disabled adolescents as instructors. We told him so and he asked if we liked to perform sexual acts with those children. At this point I began to lose faith in the intelligence of this policeman and wondered how long it would be until we could return to the beach.

He left for about ten minutes and returned with a 6'5" blonde, mustached, fuck-face buddy of his. "Oh great," I thought "more John Travolta impressions." His partner told

CONTINUED

us that if they booked us he would personally find a way to teach us that "no homo-faggot-lesbian-hippie-free-love-schizo fuckers were never going to be allowed in his town."

Now, my friend and myself thought all this was grand and that these 'peace' officers had slightly overdone the "welcome to Long Beach" motif. We asked them when or if they were going to book us and if we could go. We sat there for about two more hours, hand-cuffed to the bars, still in our underwear. Every ten minutes, like clock work,

our two new friends visited us, told us what they would do to us in their town, and left again. Finally they released us, gave us our clothes, and deemed us PERSONA NON GRATAS?

We were relieved, grateful, and I think we even learned a few important lessons: (1) Never trust anything that anyone says in Long Beach. (2) Cops are great people. (3) It is no wonder that America's former president Ronald Reagan hails from Long Beach.

Matt Monsan

CLASSIFIEDS & PERSONAL

PERSONALS

The path to Hell is paved with good intentions. Welcome back Marty and Small Fry. Congrats Ellis and Jill. Lars

Goodbye to my friend, I'll see you when I'm wondering again... RIP Speedy's Zenith. Alas, dies infaustus. Love, Laura

Paul and Zay, Good to hear you've both returned to playing instruments. Acoustic sets and drums. Thoreau's "simplify," right? Pyro

Goodbye to my friend, I'll see you when I'm wondering again... RIP Speedy's Zenith. Alas, dies infaustus. Love, Laura

Dearest Ryno — I am loving you like always. Be patient, our time will come. Miss and Love you, The Queen.

Please Charlee, tell us you are kidding.

CLASSIFIEDS

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