

SLUG

SALT LAKE UNDERGROUND

ALTERNATIVE GUIDE AND REVIEW

JUNE 1991

ISSUE #30

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The Colour Theory

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GUIDE AND
REVIEW

ISSUE NO. 30
JUNE 1991

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Johnson, Bill Ward, HOFFINE Printing,
Copperfield Publishing

The opinions and views expressed
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SEE PAGE 22

dear dickheads...

Dear Dickheads,

Complainers, FUCK OFF!!!

This little article was going to be a letter to the Dickheads of SLUG, but after seriously sitting down and thinking about it, you pissy complainers deserve a full length article to shut you up, not that I think you'll take the hint.

About five months ago, I took off to my "homeland" of New York after living here for the past two years. While being there I had the chance to visit a few cities, and to observe the overall scenes therein. You people of the Salt Lake/Provo area should kiss the ground you walk on. Contre' to popular belief, we do have one of the best scenes around. Their clubs sucked, and all the weirdos who went liked to fight amongst each other, which caused a general uptight and uneasy atmosphere, which isn't very enjoyable. I admit, I was one of those people who sat on my thumb and took what Salt Lake/Provo had to offer pretty lightly. But after leaving and returning, this is my home and I'm proud of what it has, and a lot of things have gotten better, which totally caught me off guard.

Tons of new opportunities for local talent have opened up, at least here in Provo. Ramon productions has taken off, giving all local talent of all musical styles a chance for promotion, and a place to play. For those actually interested and serious, call him at 489-8069. The Pie pizzeria also has opened up for bands Thursday thru Saturday....

... The Pompadour puts every club I went to back East down in a major way. And you people who don't think you can have a good time without drinking in there are pretty damn ignorant, and are there for the wrong reasons. If you want to get fucked up, do it before you come or in some other parking lot so the club we have doesn't get stiffed by you assholes who don't care enough for your scene to take care of it. Don't be dicks....

Anyway, it's the complainers that fucking piss me off and that tear down what exists here. There's so much to have fun with here, you just have to open yourself up and look for it. It takes a little work to know what's goin' on around here, but if you're not willing to do that much, you don't deserve to take part in it. If you don't like what's going on, then do something to make it better. Quit fucking ragging on everything.

Love and kisses,

Fry of Provo

(Ed. Note. Sorry Fry boy...a bit long winded. Your points are well taken and appreciated)

Dear Dickheads,

You can print this in your useless little commercial rag if you want. It's time more people started (or started again) stirring up some shit in this town. So, I got some complaints. Fuck this politics-is-out-we're-gonna-be-the-next-Seattle bullshit. I've read a number of your featured band write-ups (do actual interviews sometime, instead of interpreting what the band really said) that have slagged off politics and social commentary. I don't give two cents about Salt Lake bands becoming successful. Better to get the locals thinking and questioning what's around them. All the little potheads are gonna be pretty surprised when they're on the first bus to the Humeboldt County drug concentration camp, aren't they? What the fuck is success, anyway? Getting signed to a major and being bled dry for the bloodsucking consumer machine? Fuck success. And on SLUG, I realize it's what everyone makes of it, but are you letting it be whatever it will be? SLUG is a music calendar/Advo advertising bit with some two-bit bickering thrown in and a lot of hot air. So, go on imitating the safe path of Private Eye and KJQ and getting your fat-ass advertisers. No threat means no change. SLUG isn't any panacea, just a cute and cuddly pacification for the true alternatives.

Nothing personal,

Mike Carlson

DOCD/Use Your Brain

Editorial Reply:

After reading Mike's amazing letter, I thought of basically two things. 1) Mike, you knew I was going to write some J.S. type of letter because your usual overly-punk attitude deserves it. You know as well about this journalism thing as I do. If you are such a puritan when it comes to local coverage, why the hell did you quite doing your *Use Your Brain* "Zine." And since you are not, why do you still sign your letters with that title?

If you have such a need to see local politics, gripes and insightful things to say, then write it down and send it to us or get your controversial ass off your self-righteous couch and get your zine going again. SLUG covers the music scene so heavily because the other papers in town don't. Lots of people want to know what is going on in the alternative music scene. As far as your taste in punk-enough advertisers, I guess it all comes down to personal taste.

2) Every month we run a little box somewhere that says we are in

need of peoples journalistic skills. This includes politics, the arts, etc. You are as capable of this as anybody. The in-house staff at SLUG writes as little as possible in the paper so we can leave space for in-coming writing by those who read the paper. I have no sense for political rights and wrongs until they are presented to me. So Mike and others, please don't be afraid to present it.

As usual Mike, you do have a point, but your usual self-righteous attitude is somewhat bullshit. You know what needs to be done. Use Your Brain.

J.R. Ruppel (Publisher)

PS: J.S. says to slug a Coors, and shut your mouth.

Dear Dickheads,

This letter is addressed to all of the lifeforms present at, and responsible for the small explosion between the legs of Stansbury Island, May 18th, that was called 'The Desert Show.' Fiasco is a more appropriate title, for I have never in my life seen such a GRAND PARADE of Incompetence, Ineptitude, Acid Goggles, Wishful Thinking, and General Bafoonery. It truly was show and tell for many a freak, and I could kick myself for dragging thousands of dollars of equipment out there to set up on a 45 degree slope on a 'Stage' made of pallets and plywood, our drummer perilously perched on a 4'x8' flatbed trailer, with dust and smoke billowing around us.

All this I can learn from and infect my head with, but what fucking pisses me off is the way we were treated; and other bands as well.

The fact that 60 percent of the crowd was from Tooele meant that 60 percent of the crowd wanted to hear us. They knew when we were supposed to go on, and they were ready for it.

Now, maybe Tooele is too small and too isolated, and maybe just not cool enough for your hip underground, pseudo-intellectual, retro-psychedelic cognoscenti clique; which has all the appeal of a country club that will not allow Negroes and Jews — but, when the organizers, who made plenty of cash off our uncool 60 percent, decided we could be bumped around and fucked off, that 60 percent grew very ugly.

Our apologies go to Power-slave, one hell of a good band who got equally screwed because these organizers couldn't do the right thing. Thanks to our fans also, (snicker if you want) but they know what they like and will fight to get it.

continued next page

FOUR YEARS...



AND STILL NO RESPECT.

dear dickheads...

So we set up and played five tunes — fast, loud and smart with a big fucking exclamation mark!! Then, mother of all ironies, the PA goes out and these organizers get the benefit of using our PA for the rest of the bands.

That's right — we got bumped, we got cut down, screamed at and threatened and in the end our generosity saved their show; with no fucking thanks from anyone. None.

I'll stop whining now but my mind's eye says your alternative movement is prime for a coup. We are a revolution knocking.

R.M.
Club Zero

(Ed's note: You got "cut down, screamed at and threatened" and you still let them use your PA?)

Dearest Dickheads,

I'd really hate to heap more logs on an already burning fire, but I guess I'll go ahead anyway.

Just a few months ago I was part of the thriving Utah County hardcore scene. I've been moved away for a few months now, but I still keep up on the scene from a distance. A few things recently published in this beloved SLUG disappoint me to no end.

I don't want to destroy friendships or make enemies of anyone, but I do feel that MaryAnne should pack her shit, along with her attitude, and take a really long hike.

The scene in Provo, if not the whole world, is the last place we want to have all this hate brewing: While I'll agree that many jocks do suck, I'd like to point out that if the hate grows more at each and every

concert, then there is no telling where we'll end up. Too many jocks already hate us, why return the hate?

Prove to them that we're not the closed-minded assholes they think we are. Why stoop to a lower level? Try your best to be nice for once. I think you'll like it.

I'm fairly certain that there are a good number of people who are a bit angry with Debra for what she said in her letter. I applaud her open-mindedness. While I realize that she's a girl, I dare say she has balls. And for all of you that are mad at her and consider yourselves to be straightedge; it's not straight to hate.

So, why don't all of you closed-minded hate-mongers (like MaryAnne and friends) take your fucked up attitudes and move to New York where you belong. I speak from experience when I say hardcore rules. But it's stupid people like you that ruin it for all. Yes, even the jocks. You would be a lot better if you just put away your huge "Hate Rifle" and decided to try and be nice to someone other than yourself. The bullet doesn't need to take care of the jocks, but of your sorry-ass attitude. You're just some haughty douche-crew bitch that thinks everyone sucks but yourself.

To coin a popular Gorilla Biscuits line, "Use your head, not your fists, to wipe out all the hate."

signed,
A concerned observer

P.S. Thanks for letting me say my piece. I applaud all of you good folks at SLUG for the wondrous work you do for the SLC scene!!

(Ed's note: Some of us "good folks @ SLUG" happen to be from New York. So... kiss my ass.)

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IT COULD BE WORTH IT!

e a r w e x ...

People suck. Humanity is about five rungs below dog shit on the ladder of intelligence. After spending May 19th and 20th out at Stansbury Island, I had proof on why one in ten people are functional dipshits.

There's a time when one has to grow up, and I, sorry kiddos, but I have to dispell that myth about the Trash Fairy. In short, the bitch don't exist. There are quite a few fairies, though, but most of them were tossing their Keystone Light cans everywhere at this Desert Show. My favorite was the Rock or Die Battalion Squad Leader faggot that jumped up and down on the garbage bag place at the front of the stage. Nice hair, dude.

There were quite a few concerned folks that did a helluva job, especially those who were planting trees and passing out garbage bags. In fact, a lot of people pitched in and I'm just being overdramatic. Not by much, though.

I'd say that the ones who were right on the ball were the Hatex9 entourage. Pretty much everyone around Hate and their Enchanted Tiki Volkswagon (torches and all) did their best to keep the land devir-

ginized by garbage. In addition, there were a lot of wanderers picking up as they made way to the stage. The damage was minimal, thanks to these beautiful factions.

Too bad they didn't put the guy in charge of making announcements on the microphone in a Hefty. A hastily made set list ended up being ignored and bands were fighting to get on stage. The opening set was an acoustic-based band where people were invited to come jam, resulting in the one guy who did six hits of acid on top of drinking a pint of spiced rum finding his way to the drum kit. Road Frisbee suddenly decided to beam down from The Enterprise for a 300-song set. Hatex9 got to play for almost a whole 20 minutes. Powerslave and Club Zero were forced to square off against one another, thanks to the master of ceremonies taking a popularity vote from the audience and getting the masses involved. The ebst was Sunday, when House of Cards got to play one whole song before the generator died. It was a real successful festival, right down to the handy man which helped you get about forty miles west of where the show was.

So will I go again the next time one of these fucking things rolls around? You betcha. Getting out of the city and enjoying the outdoors is a healthy, recreational diversion that's actually conducive for your extra-curricular drinking activities.

ENDNOTES:

1) I haven't had any feedback on the smoking article I composed, which I suppose is somewhat positive. Then again, even an opposing view would be somewhat interesting rather than letting this issue hang blindly. Next time around I'll have a P.O. box number handy for correspondence. There's no way I'm giving you assholes my address.

2) As usual, those crazy and ultra-liberal Californians agreed school prayer was not cool. I'm not one to oppress the Big Guy or a brief word to Him, but since a couple of districts in Utah have approved prayer at graduation (such as Provo; now there's a surprise), I hope they won't mind my brief words as Utah's Ambassador to Satan at their commencement exercises.

3) It was me you heard on the radio a couple weeks back, explaining the merits of drinking positive where the current topic was "How People Who Drink Are Alcoholics." Without getting too far into this, since I'm going to cover this next month, I'll admit the only alcohol problem I have is in finding a state store open on Sunday.

4) Bud Scruggs is a pretty funny guy. It seems he's gotten into some hot water over his comment on how those of us who support the ACLU and NOW are "the fringes, the type of people who we don't want to come to Utah." His retraction statement was pretty much the same thing except that he also wants those of us who are the fringes to get the hell out of Utah. You had a cute photo in the Tribune, Bud. I guess if I left there'd be more room for you and your brood to expand. Why don't ya help yourself to another helping of Mint 'N Chip? Oink, oink.

Charles Johnson

DINOSAUR JR

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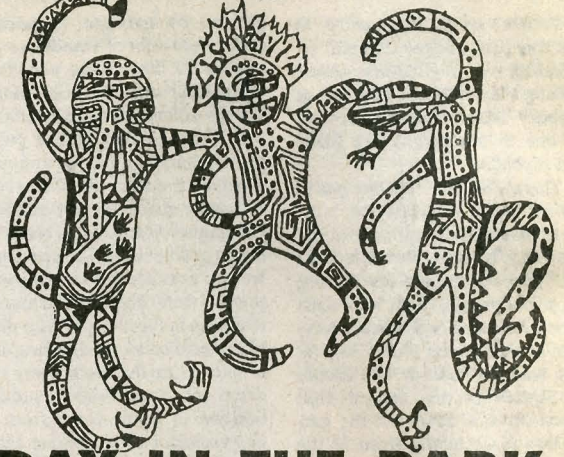
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record reviews...

and rattles his vocal chords, but this only makes Dinosaur Jr.'s songs more fresh and signature. The basic guitar and bass sounds are clean and straightforward but there's always another guitar in the background making unique noises and adding another dimension to the songs.

Now that Dinosaur Jr. are on Sire they have a chance for more people to listen to their music and get some of the attention and success they deserve.

Don't miss them at the Pompadour, Tuesday, June 11th, with Seattle rock gods Nirvana.

Dead Joe.

group sex, coke and the excess of the California lifestyle, there is something humorous behind the serious points she is drawing.

Lunch celebrates the excess of life and living to one's fullest potential while condemning a male dominated world of warfare and desolation. She's too free and uninhibited to be a feminist. She's more of a female terrorist.

Lunch issues a battlecry for women especially to stand and take their hold on modern society.

Manhater or humanity lover? Lunch leaves that for the listeners to decide. If you're unsure of your sexuality or threatened by strong women, then COW might attack your sensibilities. Otherwise, open your mind and let Lunch's ideas fill your head. No write up can do Lunch's performance justice. So buy the CD and experience it for yourself.

M.

SPIREA X

Chlorine Dream

4 AD

The rave sound is all the rage in England, long ago replacing house as the in fad. As bands like Happy Mondays, 808 State, Charlatans, etc.,

continue to gain popularity now in America, a new, mutated rave arises from within the walls of 4AD. It screams from the latest two Wolfgang Press singles, but flows more subtly from the first release by Spirea X.

Following leader Jim Beatty, formerly of Primal Scream, Spirea X garnered much critical attention and was sought out by numerous record companies before choosing to sign with 4AD. "Chlorine Dream" is the first of three EP releases before their full length album comes out in the Fall. The second, "Speed Reaction," is now out as well.

"Chlorine Dream" is three moody yet groovy songs. The title song is a fast rave beat with beautiful harmonies layered over guitars and keyboards and a number of instruments and sounds. These are all layered over the beat which holds the song together and keeps it from becoming too otherworldly.

"Spirea Rising" and "Risk" are two slow groove instrumental tracks with ethereal voices rising and falling throughout the music.

Spirea X is a promising new signing from 4AD and shows the label's commitment to continual forward movement. Pick one up today.

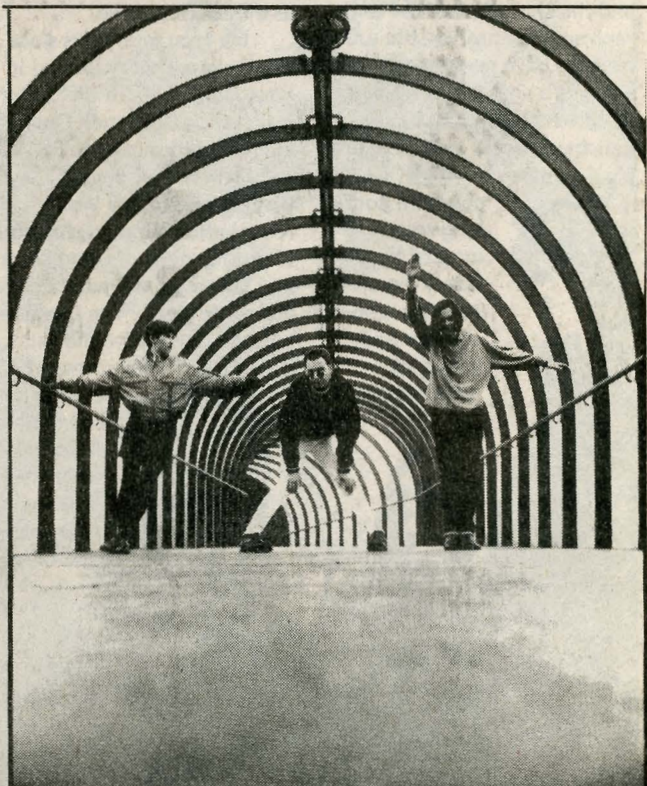
Matt.

LYDIA LUNCH

"Cow (Conspiracy of Women)"

"If you can't give good head, you can't do anything, baby, so you better practice up tonight before you come to my hotel room, you know what I'm saying?"

Lydia Lunch has put her musical career on hold for ventures into writing and spoken word. Her latest release, "Conspiracy of Women," is a verbal assault on her listeners. Lunch's startling frankness is not for the easily offended. She makes shocking revelations about herself and others in a candid and unashamed way. Lunch has a sharp wit that offsets her controversial ramblings. When she speaks of champagne enemas, cock rockers,



Spirea X

photo: Schoerner



Dinosaur Jr.

photo: Robert Goldstein



DINOSAUR JR.

Green Mind

Sire/Warner Brothers

The first I heard of Dinosaur Jr. was their cover of the Cure's "Just Like Heaven." I thought Robert Smith had redone the song, making up for the mistake he'd done the first time. I was dead wrong.

Now the band has left SST for a "major" and had a huge hit in Europe with their single "The Wagon." Although America has yet to show as much enthusiasm in the band, Dinosaur Jr. is growing up fast and with "Green Mind" has shown they won't soon be extinct.

"Green Mind" finds the Jr.'s mixing rockin' tunes with balladish songs. J. Mascis' voice is very distinct. Sometimes he doesn't sound on key and he squeaks, scratches

feature band..

Life
In A
Black
World

The COLOUR THEORY

by Matt Taylor



Ever since I've started going to see local shows in Salt Lake, my friends have told me I needed to check out The Colour Theory. I've always been intrigued by their flyers and the artwork they use to represent themselves, but until recently have never seen them perform a show. As the stage filled with smoke, audience anticipation rose higher. The band came on to play a

powerful hour-long set, marked by heavy drums keeping time to the bass and guitar riffs with deep, rich

vocals poured over the top of this musical concoction. Add to that an impressive visual element that complimented the music and you have the essence of The Colour Theory as they perform live.

It's been four years since The Colour Theory formed in Pocatello, Idaho. In 1988, after losing their drummer, Dury and Orchard moved to Salt Lake where they began playing gigs at The Word. After various line-up changes, founding members Paul Dury and Rob (Ziggy) Orchard have added drummer Van Christensen to round out the band.

Christensen also plays in Bohemia and Shadowplay, as well as another un-

named band. Christensen originally sat in as studio drummer for the band's tape "Steel Glass Shadow" and then signed-on as a permanent member. Although they've tried to incorporate others into the band, The Colour Theory has remained at three people.

The band has been quite prolific in their recording output. They have released three EP's and a full-length cassette, "Steel Glass Shadow." A new 7" single, "Flowers In The Garden b/w Victorian," should be available at TRASH or RAUNCH Records by the time you read this article. Dury says the band has plans to remaster and re-release some of the earlier, now unavailable Colour Theory tracks on a compilation EP, enhancing the sound quality and returning many songs to their original lengths. It's also a chance for the band to get their music to sound more up to their standards. "When you're in the studio at twenty dollars an hour...I spend hundreds of hours just sampling sounds, the backwards things—everything like that to get the perfect tones." This meticulous

process is evident in The Colour Theory's recordings as well as their live performance. The band will record another, hopefully full length, work in early 1992 with plans to release it on CD. The band is currently working on a promotional video to send out to record companies and out of state clubs in order to build more interest in the band nationally.

Although they put out a lot of recordings their main emphasis right now is on playing live. According to Dury, "My attitude, and I think the band's attitude right now is we'd rather play out than record. Recording's nice but if you don't have all the material and all the money to do the recording then it's kind of difficult to do. We're trying to get an audience built up. It's kind of hard." The Colour Theory's audiences have ranged from seven people to two hundred, fluctuating from show to show. While this is frustrating at times, The Colour Theory continues to have shows and is slowly building a bigger, more loyal following.



feature band...

The Colour Theory has come to terms with the "Gothic" label and is even using it now to promote their image. The band dresses in black for their stage shows with smatterings of lace and leather. Thick fog fills the air, while strobes and colored lights add depth to their performance. While none of the band members can be found hanging upside down in bellfrys or wandering graveyards at night and are even seen about town by light of day, they still have strange reactions to their "Gothic" image. Says Dury: "Even people who know us kind of look at us strange, like the music is real dark. We've talked about it as a group and we don't think of the music as dark. We think of it as normal. Most of the subjects we write about don't really deal with death. They may seem dark, they may use real dark terms

in them but a lot of our stuff is oriented to dark music. We don't go around drinking blood or anything." The band members seem the antithesis of the "Gothic" lifestyle. They're just average guys working in a musical medium that they enjoy. The band has also been labeled "Industrial." Finding a musical genre to classify The Colour Theory is not as easy as it seems. The Colour Theory is not a trend. Rather, it's a way for the members to express themselves.

Dury says The Colour Theory draws more on the chord progressions of the Ramones than the traditional two chord "Death Rock" mode. "Then we try and throw an off note in there so it just kind of gives it a dark feel. But we have a tough time writing an up, heavy song." The band is trying to move in this direction though, along the lines of Sisters of Mercy's "Floodland"



The Colour Theory — L to R — Rob "Ziggy" Orchard, Paul Dury, Van Christensen

album. The Colour Theory finds themselves comfortable being classified with the Sisters, having that same moody, guitar based sound, but also claim influence from Bauhaus and Joy Division. Comparisons have been made to the Damned and Killing Joke as well.

If you're still not convinced of The Colour Theory's importance in the Salt Lake scene, then why not pick up one of their recordings or see them live at one of their many shows around town. Seeing and hearing may just turn out to be believing.

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SUNDAY, JUNE 23 — DESERT AIRE

concert review...

Idaho Syndrome with Commonplace
The Pompadour — May 4

Given that I loathe local bands, it may seem surprising that I should have been asked to review this show.

Well, I'm sorry I did. Boy, did these guys suck! Now I hate local bands even more.

Guess what? I just lied, because 1) I actually do like some local bands, and 2) these are two of the coolest bands around.

Unfortunately, neither band really seems to get around much, and that's a pity. (Although IS's Summer touring may prove me a liar).

Most of the members of Commonplace have been kicking around in other area bands for quite sometime. That experience has paid off, since the band has come up with a vision and sound that is uniquely theirs.

Singer Lara is astonishing, bringing a vocal blend of Siouxsie Sioux and the Cocteau Twins' Elizabeth Fraser. She alternates between almost whispered agony and powerful shouts. Magnificent. Of course it helps that she has able support in Scott's and Colin's chiming guitars.

Idaho Syndrome's Riley Fogg isn't Lara's male counterpart yet. Yet. Riley's booming Peter-Murphy-sound-a-like vocals are growing by leaps and bounds every performance, and the band has a great stage show.

With the fog machines clouding the group, leaving short, tantalizing glimpses, IS plays subtle not-quite-Goth-pop with bite.

The addition of Matt Taylor on Keys has paid off, giving most numbers a moody majesty. Also, Jon Bray's bass enables the band to have more rhythm than other of their musical counterparts.

Both bands have been recording lately, and it should be nice to have some variety with all the locals recording these days.

Chris Robin

John Wesley Harding and the Deceivers
with the Judy Bats
The Zephyr Club—May 20

What else can I say except this guy is the finest young folk talent in the world today?

Screw Tracy Chapman or Suzanne Vega (*you do it, I don't want to*). John Wesley Harding should be getting the press and record sales.

Already, the 25-year-old British singer/songwriter has made three Salt Lake appearances (including opening stints for the Mighty Lemon Drops and Michelle Shocked), and he's gotten progressively better each time.

This latest appearance featured Harding with his new band, The Deceivers, which includes former Dream Syndicate bassist Walton. Playing with a band rather than solo actually fleshed out the rock side of many of his numbers, most of which benefited.

Among the best in his 13-song set were his cover of "Crystal Blue Persuasion," "Here Comes the Groom" and a reggae-fied "Cathy's New Clown" (which he played in sound checks, so eat your hearts out because I was there).

Throughout, Harding displayed his slightly snotty humorous side, sometimes toying with key phrases, and generally taking potshots at Mormons. However, since this was a Monday night, they (Mormons) were few and far between.

Best of all was his "July 13, 1985" medley, a wicked number directed toward those "Live-Aid" phonies like Paul McCartney (believe me, Paul is dead). The only disappointment may have been the short set. Come back, soon, Wes!

Opening act the Judybats were a bit reminiscent of California's pop-folkies the Origin without the whimpering and whining.

Although the five 'bats did include their awful cover of Roky Erickson's "She Lives (In a Time of Her Own)," they did also include the totally appropriate "I Wanna Fuck Your Hair." Amen, brothers.

Chris Robin

(Author's note: Note the last name, guys. It's Robin, not Robbins. Don't you illiterate little fucks read "Winnie the Pooh.")

but is it cool...

"I Dream of SubGenius"

The Church of SubGenius is a book! No, it's a religion! No, it's a cult! You're all wrong, garment-breaths! The Church of the SubGenius is not only a book, it's also a cult, a videotape, a radio program, and the world's only true religion!

Trust me, I'm an ordained Reverend in the church, and have subsequently learned to "pull the wool over my own eyes."

Perhaps the best starting point for the initiates would be "The Book of the SubGenius" (\$9.95 at finer bookstores), which reveals the master plan of J.R. "Bob" Dobbs, our messiah, who will teach you that all religions are bullshit!

Sure, this one is too, but at least we admit it. Besides, where else could you spend \$20 for a membership and join the likes of David Byrne, Mark Mothersbaugh, Robert Anton Wilson, William Burroughs and yours truly?

Recently, the Church has even taken to minute-long TV commercials on MTV and a spot on USA Network's "Nightflight" program. Who could ask for more?

Other worthy book purchases for prospective SubGenii include "High Weirdness By Mail" and "Three-fisted Tales of 'Bob'," the first an invaluable tome of treasures that can be had by mail, and the second a slightly fictionalized volume of the "saviour's" adventures.

Who cares that "Bob" was supposedly gunned down by fellow SubGenius "Puzzlin' Evidence?" He's subsequently resurfaced numerous times (note "Bob's" striking resemblance to gameshow host "Bob" Barker) and is as alive as you or I.

Go ahead, don't believe me, but *your* ultimate saving grace could lie in *your* realization of *your* own bullshit existence. Read the book, OK?

Rev. Chris Robin

comin' up...



HEADFIRST

Headfirst, a 4-piece hardcore band based in Orange County, CA, will be making their way to Salt Lake City to kick off their first U.S. tour.

Headfirst have been together since May, 1988, and like most bands have had their share of line-up changes. With a solid line-up at hand, the band has recorded two demos, two EPs ("Back in Control" and "Medusa") and one LP/CD, "The Enemy," released on Cargo/Workshed Records in 1990. To be released this summer on Battery Records out of Seattle is their new 7" entitled "Intervention."

Headfirst's sound has been described as "metal hinted hardcore rock." With comparisons ranging anywhere from Slayer to Youth of Today to Rush, the description that has stuck is "Verbal Assault gone metal."

"The Enemy Tour" will be starting out in SLC on June 21 at The Pompadour. Be sure to catch this show with Headfirst and Iceburn's new 3-member line-up.

Stormy

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NOTES FROM THE INDUSTRIAL UNDERGROUND



"You should be orgasming all over yourself..."

Finally! New music from My Life With The Thrill Kill Kult! I have in my hot little hands a promo 12" from the forthcoming "Sexplosion" album. The disco demons return with "Sex On Wheels" and "Dream Baby." No one does trashy disco like TKK, full of sinister sex and sampling. "Sex On Wheels" has rockin' guitar and piano leads over the funkyed up grooves, with Bomb Gang Girlz adding back-ups. "Dream Baby" is a cool dance track with disco chirps and a near erotic feel to it, like a cool breeze on a sweat-drenched summer night of lovemaking. Can't wait for the full album and the upcoming tour. Get on your boogie shoes...Consolidated has a new album and single out on Nettwerk. The album is produced by Meat Beater, Jack Dangers. Consolidated continues with their socio-political messages in between and over great Industrial/Hip-Hop/Rap...Also out on Nettwerk is Skinny Puppy's "Ain't It Dead Yet." The disc really captures

the band live and has amazing sound quality, as well as lengthier versions of Puppy classics "Anger," "Chainsaw" and "First Aid." You also get all of Ogre's fanatical ravings included at no extra cost. Buy the video too though or you miss out on a huge part of Puppyness...Word on the street is Ministry's new release, "The Tapes of Wrath," will be out in September on Warner Brothers Records. It's also rumored that Ministry has been added to the Lollapalooza bill, with Jane's Addiction, Siouxsie and the Banshees, Nine Inch Nails, Butthole Surfers, etc. But will they make it to Salt Lake? Don't hold your breath...Recently released on Dossier Records is "War Music" by Vampire Rodents. A cross between Click Click and Foetus, Vampire Rodents sing of sex and satan. Song titles include: "Abortion Clinic," "Autocannibalism," "Sexrite" and "Fragrance of Christ—" and that's just the really interesting ones. A must for your collection...Soleilmoon rec-

ords is now releasing a magazine, "TOTAL," with a CD. The magazine covers everything from cults to phone phreaking, technology to the KKK. The CD in Volume One has new and unreleased tracks from The Anti Group, Coil, Front Line Assembly, Fini Tribe, Flux, etc. Issues are numbered and limited to 1,000 copies so get yours fast. Write for "TOTAL" info and a Soleilmoon catalogue: SOLEILMOON

P.O. Box 83296
Portland, OR. 97283

...Coil's new album is out on import. Still no word on the domestic, WAX TRAX! release...Another new magazine on Industrial dance music is "Industrial Strength." The first issue is a bit disappointing—very much cheese-whiz in print—but the idea is a good one. Record reviews are out-dated and the writing is like your high school newspaper but there are interviews with TKK and Jim "Foetus" Thirwell. The copy is also really slick. In time this could be a great magazine. Buy it and decide for your damn self. Or not...For the hardcore lover of Industrial music, Shock Records has released a CD collection entitled "The Portable Altamont" which features tracks by Skullflower, Coil, Current 93, Nurse With Wound and Drunks With Guns. The "songs" on this collection were previously available only on very limited 7" releases or not available at all elsewhere. This is where true Industrial music originated. Pick this up or die!...Armageddon Dildos have a full length release out: "That's Armageddon." It's strangely reminiscent of recent releases by Nitzer Ebb but a good record all the same...Two fairly recent releases that a friend turned me on to are Minister of Noise "Hell In Heaven," and G.G.F.H. "Eclipse," on Peaceville Records and its subsidiary Dreamtime. Minister of Noise also has an earlier 12" out on Sinister Groove. The label says it all...

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TOP TWENTY:

1. REVOLTING COCKS
"Beers, Steers and Queers."
2. NINE INCH NAILS
"Get Down, Make Love."
3. SKINNY PUPPY
"Spasmolytic Remix."
4. KMFDM
"Godlike."
5. SKINNY PUPPY
"Tormentor."
6. THRILL KILL KULT
"Daisy Chain For Satan."
7. FRONT LINE ASSEMBLY
"Resist."
8. MEAT BEAT MANIFESTO
"Psyche-Out."
9. FRONT 242
"Tragedy For You."
10. MINISTRY
"So What."
11. THRILL KILL KULT
"Days of Swine And Roses."
12. SKINNY PUPPY
"Morpheus Laughing."
13. 1,000 HOMO DJ'S
"Supernaut."
14. KMFDM
"Split."
15. COIL
"Windowpane."
16. THRILL KILL KULT
"Sex On Wheels."
17. CYBERAKTIF
"Temper."
18. WOLFGANG PRESS
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"Malus Amor."
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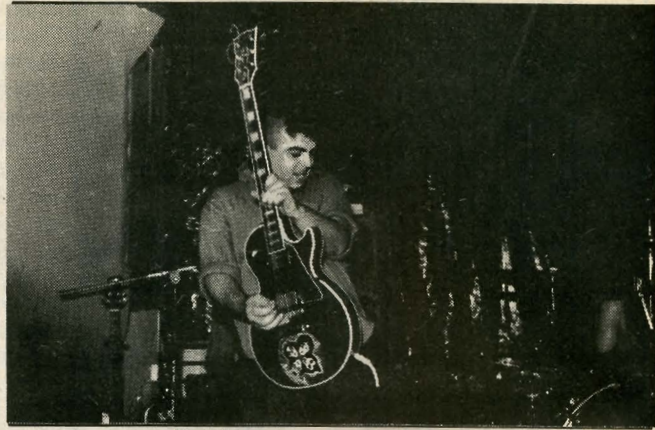
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concert review...



Melvins photo: Robert Deberry

Melvins
Slaughterchrist, Lawton
The Pompadour—May 18, 1991

So at last the Melvins are to grace us with their mighty presence again? Jesus, how long has the wait been? Five-six years? So, do you think I'm gonna miss this - FUCK NO!

Thinking that this show was going to sell out (but it didn't because no smart people live in Utah), and because I really wanted to see Lawton, I arrive at The Pompadour early. And to my great surprise, no big messy line with which to deal. So, in I go. Well inside I give my usual hellos to JR, Nat, and company, and then into the arena (?) to catch Lawton who are just now taking stage.

Lawton rocked!

Four local boys playing twangy, grungy, chordy, sub-pappy tunage. Yeah! Grow your hair longer and you'll be da next Mudhoney!

Next up, Slaughterchrist - these boys been at it awhile now and it's really starting to show. Their performance has become very sure-footed. No dinking around with these guys. They just come out and attack non-stop. And that's what they did! Nothing more, nothing less. Just an assault of grinding, crunching, blurring metal. Amen!

Well, now. On come the Melvins. Oh yessss! From the first note it was apparent that these boys were gonna kick ass. Never have I seen a three-piece band make such a wall o' noise. Everything was overdriven to maximum. I thought my ears were gonna bleed. I was in heaven.

The Melvins were slow and sticky and heavy like musical molasses. They droned and droned and droned with heavy power-chord riffs, tight breaks and buzzer-screaming vocals. Sludgerock never sounded so good. The Melvins pioneered this sound and they reign supreme in the field.

Oh weep, ye who were simple enough to miss it. For you I have no sympathy. If you ever get a second chance, don't fuckin' blow it!

Until next time, catch all the shows you can.

Chuckles



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concert review...



Tonya Donnelly—Throwing Muses photo: Katrina Bekker

Throwing Muses

U of U Mayfest
May 15th, 1991

The Muses have shined on Salt Lake, gracing us with their music and lyrical insight. Two men and two women played to an enthralled audience, held captive by their performance; one that would have willingly sent the crowd overboard, drowning in the musical tide or crushed on the rocks as these sirens sang.

Their hour-or-so long set consisted of eighteen songs spanning their recording career. Throwing Muses showed the living, breathing side of their intelligent music, mixing faster paced songs with thier more lullaby-edged tunes. Tighter than ever, the band handled those shifting rhythms and complicated guitar licks with ease. Casting a spell on the Mayfest crowd, Muses were by far the highlight of the three day event.

New bass player Fred Abong (does he look like Joey Santiago or what?) does a great job, having taken over Leslie Langston's spot in the band. He has picked up the songs and the feel of the Muses with seemingly no trouble, making those bass lines look easy to play. Still, I miss Leslie, grooving with bass in hand.

Expectant mother Kristen Hirsch is all the more amazing, playing guitars nestled next to her unborn child, and belting out vocals with unquestionable strength. Admirable. Add to that the guitar leads and vocals of Tanya Donnelly and the drum beats of David Narciso and you have an amazing show of power and poise.

Live performances of "Cotton Mouth," "Dragonhead," "Soap and Water" and "Hook In Her Head" show Muses' versatility as well as their vulnerability, and their willingness to indulge their fans in both.

If you missed Throwing Muses, you lost out. Make an opportunity to see them live.



Kristen Hirsch
Throwing Muses
photo: Katrina Bekker

Matt.

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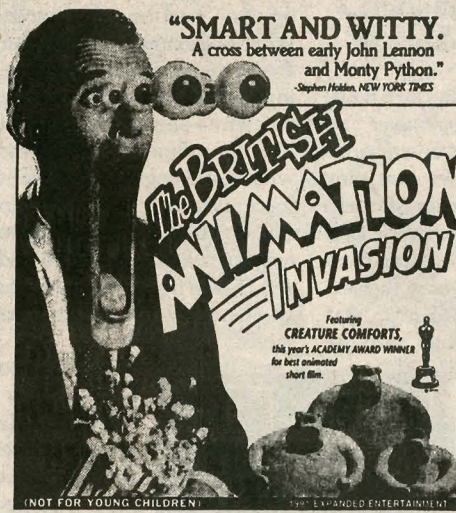
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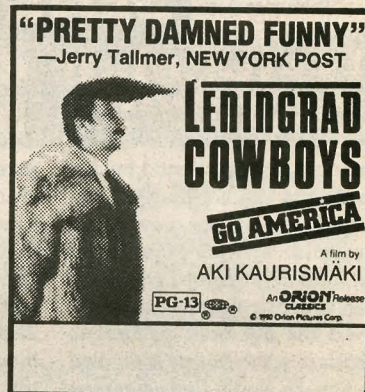


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LATENIGHT:
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9, 10: 11:15
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9-15

PREMIERE
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JUNE 21-27: 5:30





The Confessions of Wanda von Sacher-Masoch

Re Search Publications

If you are looking for a novel filled with erotic narratives and graphically detailed descriptions of "kinky" sex, then you may find Wanda von Sacher-Masoch's Confessions to be a disappointment. True, Wanda's husband was the man for whom the sexual practice of masochism was named, but the sexual indiscretions of Leopold Sacher-Masoch are secondary to the tale of Wanda's triumph over the male dominated society of her time.

Taken from a world of poverty to live with a man who was an emotional pauper, Wanda recounts the story of their ten years together, knowing all the time that she would be discarded by Sacher-Masoch and forced to make her way by her own means. Sacher-Masoch was an extremely talented writer but was void of feeling for others. He lived his life from passion to passion: when one passion died in him, he would find a new one

to replace it. "If he was looking for help where he should have least sought it, this came from the absolute lack of morality that characterized him. Could one hold him responsible for such a lack—for a natural defect, one might almost say—of this sort?"

Through Wanda, the reader gets a look at the life of Sacher-Masoch as well as an overview of the social conditions of the late 1800's, especially in regard to women. That Wanda is touted by the publisher as the first "feminist" is fairly accurate. She gives the first written record of a woman rejecting male institutions, such as marriage, and male domination as a whole, opting instead to care for her child alone, by her own meager means. Wanda becomes an archetype for modern feminism by merely telling the facts of her life and their outcome—she is more happy to live alone than to live with men who would degrade and use her to satisfy their whims. Casting off her shackles, which happen to be fur coats in her case, Wanda sets herself free and shows other women the way to liberate themselves.

That this book is written by a woman also gives it a different, more accurate perspective. In traditional literature there are women such as Anna Karenina,

Madame Bovary and Sister Carrie, who are literally ruined and driven to their deaths when rejected by the men they love. Wanda's story shows these characters to be perhaps wishful thinking on the part of male society and a way for men to further keep women "in line." These pathetic characters are role models for the women of their times, showing them what hap-



pens when they are disobedient to the male hierarchy and how their lives will come to no good if they do not remain in their "place."

But then came Wanda, a woman of truly unique character and integrity, who remains true to herself and her children only. She finds little comfort and peace with her husband. She is forced to seek out "the Greek" with whom she will have an affair to satisfy her husband. She is dressed in costly and uncomfortable furs and has to beat her husband as well to keep peace in her home.

The Confessions of Wanda von Sacher-Masoch are as revealing as they are repulsive, but, ultimately, it is Wanda who gains the reader's sympathy and admiration at being able to have survived and overcome such cruelty. She does not hold a grudge or become a bitter human being, but lives in enjoyment of her new found self worth.

"My Story Is Over."

Matt.

(Available at Raunch Records)

.....

American Psycho

Brett Ellis

(Vintage Contemporary)

Very rarely does a fictional novel accurately depict a decadent lifestyle that exists within the framework of a modern society, "American Psycho" is a disturbing, yet very poignant story that is quite representative of the last decade's so called 'Me Generation' in America.

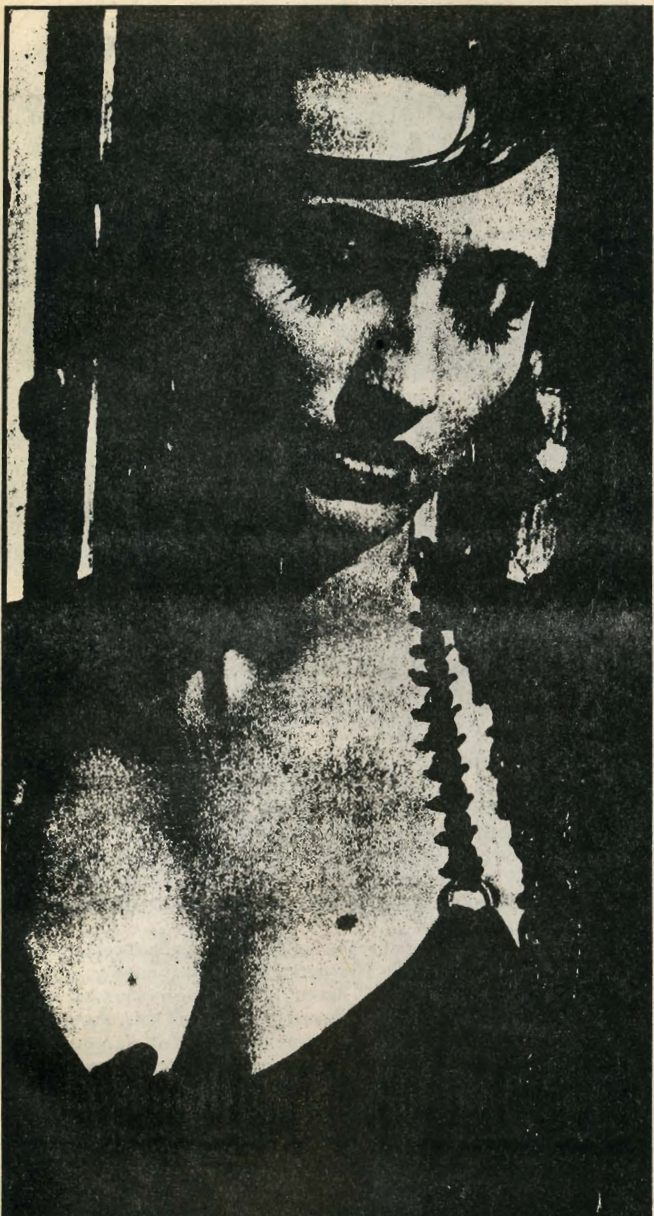
Brett Ellis has created the definitive icon of the Wall Street subculture, a young man named Patrick Bateman, who is seemingly obsessed with all aspects of the young urban professional lifestyle. There is little deviation from the course of this accepted existence, thus leaving no room for imagination. "American Psycho" is a study in conformity and how the overwhelming desire to belong within a structure begins to stifle individuality.

Brett Ellis has composed his tale in a first-person narrative that is maddening. The reader exists within the story as a constant companion, seemingly nestled in Patrick Bateman's conscience as a confessional. The conditions of this are on par to entering a play after intermission, then leaving prior to its conclusion; one observes the characters in their actions without any knowledge of their background or motivation.

When Bateman's character begins to lose stability, it becomes apparent then that there wasn't any stability thereto begin with. There is no explicable drive, therefore the murders he commits are not of a misogynist nature. They are against humanity itself. The complete mutilation of his victim's physical existence is the result of Patrick Bateman's desire to inflict pain. There is no explanation, nor need there be. Patrick Bateman simply exists to do so.

Perhaps the hardest thing to understand is why one would create such a story without an explanative history preceding it. "American Psycho" simply does not need one. There are those who have existed within our society, such as Jack the Ripper and the Zodiac Killer, that are without definitive biographies. Such legends are made reality only by the crime left in their wake. Though it is fictional literature, "American Psycho" is perhaps the closest explanation one will ever have for such brutality.

Charles Johnson



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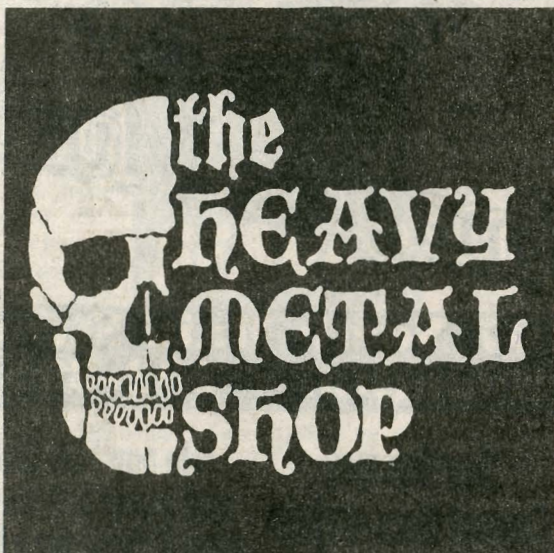
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Allen Boys

I knew as soon as Andi Allen stepped out of the van in his brushed denim flares and pointed, patent leather boots, that the audience to see Alien Boys was in for a real treat. After five weeks on the road, Alien Boys finally made their way to Salt Lake City. Any time a band travels from somewhere other than California or Seattle, they have something great to offer. And, of course (as usual), I was right.

After a long rockstar-induced theatrical warm-up set by Pentacle, these German boys took the stage with some serious rockin' n' rollin' in mind. Fuck the SubPop "louder than fuck" attitude, these guys were doing it while Soungarden was still pissing their pants to Blackfoot. They played an incredible 45 minute set that was far too short for my liking. After the show I had a chance to talk to them and they said that the U.S.A. has been good to them but they usually wound up playing for small, zealous crowds who had good ears for real rock and roll.

May 25th I found myself at The Bar & Grill to see Strangers and House of Cards. When I got their late, Strangers where already on stage but I got to hear a good portion of their set. I haven't seen Strangers since last summer when they played with Ed Hall. I heard that they had been changing their style a little, but I was amazed at the way they sounded. As long as I have been following local music, I have never seen a band progress as well as these guys. I haven't always been their biggest fan but after that night I will be frequenting as many of their shows as possible.

If any of you know me you will know that I am not the biggest blues fan. However, after a few drinks House of Cards sounded great. Now, I am not saying that they sounded good because I was inebriated, but because I was just too damn drunk to leave the room, I sat through their set and enjoyed it. If Strangers and House of Cards ever play together again, don't miss it, they were a great combination.

I had the fortune of visiting New Orleans this month. Let me tell you something boys and girls, don't be complaining about the alternative music scene in Salt Lake. I spent five fun filled days and nights in the party capitol of the U.S.A. and I couldn't find shit to do. Not that there wasn't anything to do, I just couldn't find it. However, I did find it interesting that you could buy 24 oz. drinks on the street like big gulps. It made Utah seem like a quaker village...oh that's right, Utah is a quaker village. It is embarrassing that this fair city of ours can't even host decent conventions. Olympics...yeah right!

Great new bands are turning up these days. This month I saw Watergate (now Water Front) for the first time. I have seen these guys in bands before (well, Chris any way—he played with Sadhana) but this is by far one of the strongest new bands in town. The singer/bassist was playing for the first time ever in front of people and playing as strong of a set as they did...very nice boys.

Well kids, the time has come, finally, and all I have to say is one word NIRVANA. After a few years of blowing off shows in Salt Lake they will be blessing us with their presence. Not only that, but Dinosaur Jr. will be here the same night...kneel down and face mecca. Every time anybody from the Seattle area comes through town and sees the flyer for the show, they just laugh and ask if tickets are really on sale. I guess both bands are famous for shining shows. Lets hope not this time around. See you there.

Less Nessman

musician tips...

presented by
PROGRESSIVE MUSIC

How To Mike Drums And Influence Producers.

It seems as though engineers and mixers grumble more about drum sounds than anything else in the studio today. All of us have had those miserable sessions when it seemed the very best sound you could obtain was still slightly worse than a cardboard box and a Q-tip. The opinions of engineers on "how to," "what with," and "where at," are as numerous as the engineers themselves. How many times can you remember the drummer coming in for the second session, only to find that your real neat sound from the day before had vanished? That long, hard stare you received from the drum booth was not respect. He probably thought you were fresh out of the trees.

A friend and I were discussing the vast differences we had heard from one day to the next, with the same drummer, kit and microphone selection. The sound one day was great, and the next, the cardboard box. There does not appear to be a logical explanation, but I assure you there is.

I do not have any incantations or special herbs nor do I suggest burning incense to make your drums sound good. However, I may have an answer as to why they sometimes sound bad for no apparent reason. As we all know, when the drum sound is loose and muddy, the entire track will be little better.

In most cases, we are dealing with an average of ten to twelve microphones on a kit. The phase-time relationship between these microphones can be extremely critical. If phasing errors are present in substantial magnitude, the low end response will be loose, muddy and undefined. The center image will be cloudy, with random notes across the stereo spread. Not a happy state of affairs.

Each mike, whether it be designated for tom, snare, kick or cymbal, will receive signal not only from its intended sound source, but the leakage from all the other drum instruments as well. This leakage will sum at random with the number of mikes used on the kit. The more mikes, the more leakage to be heard in the mix. This leakage, if not phase aligned, will cause the hollow, muddy sound described above.

A brute force method for eliminating the negative effects of what we shall term "bad leakage" is to electronically gate the tom and overhead mikes when not in use. When the drummer strikes a drum that has its microphone muted via a gate, the

mute threshold level is exceeded, which opens the channel, allowing the microphone to be heard. This electronic band-aid for leakage can and does tighten the overall drum sound, but not without a price. The band-aid is only concealing a lack of knowledge in microphone placement and technique, a dying art this day and time.

This "bad leakage" can be transformed into good leakage, making the drum kit sound rich and fat, without reducing the apparent size of the kit. I have a method for nulling the phase errors in a drum kit. I feel so strongly about this method, I am convinced it can help you obtain a tighter rhythm sound.

First, let us assume the kit to be well tuned and well played. The type microphones you prefer are not nearly as important as how you implement them. For example, these are my favorites: AKGD12E for kick, C451E with 20 dB pads on snare, C451E's with 10 dB pads on high hat and overheads, and Shure SM-57's on toms. This is not to say these are the best, just my preference.

With all the console faders down, bring only one fader up at a time, adjusting the level and equalization for that particular drum channel as well as possible. Now, with all fader levels, and equalization settings obtained, mute all the drum channels except the snare and floor tom mikes. Have the drummer hit the snare in a steady, repeatable fashion. Lower the snare fader level and increase the floor tom fader until the level of each of the two channels is approximately the same. (The snare leakage through the floor tom mike being the same apparent loudness as the snare mike itself.) While listening in a mono mode, instruct the drummer to continue the steady beat and have an assistant move the floor tom mike over the head of the tom in a circular manner, being sure to cover the entire surface of the head, until you hear the phasing between the two microphones "lock in." That is to say, the loose, hollow sound at some point across the head will be at a low ebb. You are effectively nulling the bad phase response out.

After having determined the mike placement to obtain the best snare sound through the floor tom leakage, lower the floor tom fader to about the same relative level as the snare channel in the text above. Now, proceed to raise the next highest tom fader and repeat the phase adjustment process. Each tom, cymbal and

overhead microphone thereafter is adjusted, utilizing the same method. When all the microphones have been adjusted for phase response, return the faders to their proper and respective levels. The leakage remaining will add richness and fullness to the overall sound. Any "bad leakage" left will, for all practical purposes, be masked by the inphase relationship of the the kit.

Some trouble spots are the smaller toms of 8" or less in diameter. The head is so small, the placement becomes harder to determine. At times it may be necessary to reposition one of these small toms slightly to compensate for the phase lag between its microphone and that of the snares. Most usually this can be done without affecting the drummer's playing ease to any great extent.

The kick drum can be phase aligned as well, although it may be necessary to reverse the polarity of the microphone itself, due to the usual technique of miking the kick from the inside of the shell, which is 180 degrees out of polarity with the front.

Slight and conservative equalization changes can be made after the drum kit has been phase adjusted

with little affect on the phase response overall. However, bear in mind the equalization on each channel was adjusted before the phase alignment had been performed. Therefore, the phase shift inherent in each particular equalization was compensated for, to a certain extent, by the mike placement and phase alignment procedure. Equalization changes after the fact will slightly alter the response to some degree.

In summation, all too often pet microphones and techniques are implemented with no regard to phase or time lag differences between adjacent microphones. Hence, consistency is lost between setups. On drums, the phase difference can be a tremendous disadvantage or it can be an asset if properly done. The same procedures can be used on pianos and even microphones placed across the room from each other, with similar results.

Give my technique a try. The drummer will love you, and you will be extremely satisfied with yourself when you realize how much better it sounds and how much easier the mix becomes later on down the road. I am sure you will agree, it's worth the time spent.

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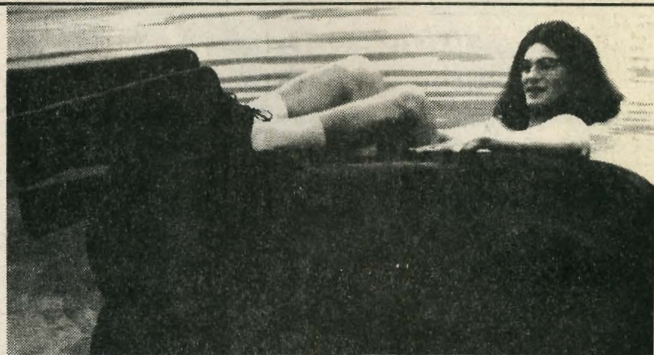


movies & videos ...

Rubin And Ed....

Do you remember those wonderful "On the Road" movies of the forties and fifties? Those wholesome comedies featuring Bob Hope and Bing Crosby in strange and exotic locations? Well, neither do I. And fortunately neither does Trent Harris, the writer and director of Rubín and Ed.

Rubin (Crispin Glover) and Ed (Howard Hesseman) are far more peculiar and funnier than Bing and Bob, or Dean and Jerry for that matter. Rubín is a shut-in, with a fondness for Mahler and rubber squeeze toys. He also possesses a pair of ninja platform shoes which are potentially lethal at thirty paces. Ed is a passive-aggressive salesman with a Herb Tarleck wardrobe and a hair-hat from hell—a Willy Lomand for the 90s. Rubín and Ed are two men with a mission in the sprawling Utah Desert. Essentially this film is what "Ish-tar" wanted to be: A comedy



Crispin Glover in Rubín and Ed

with lots of sand, only this film has Simon the Cat instead of camels and wicked social commentary instead of lame tin pan alley songs.

Kid," and Hesseman transcends his well known work with admirable insight and verve.

Trent Harris is a director who is absolutely necessary today. Someone who sees the world with a particular kink that Steven Spielberg or George Lucas wouldn't. If you support underground music, you should also support films which are produced outside of the corporate Hollywood mainstream.

Rubin and Ed premieres at the Tower Theatre Friday, June 7, at 8 p.m. All proceeds will benefit the CLarry

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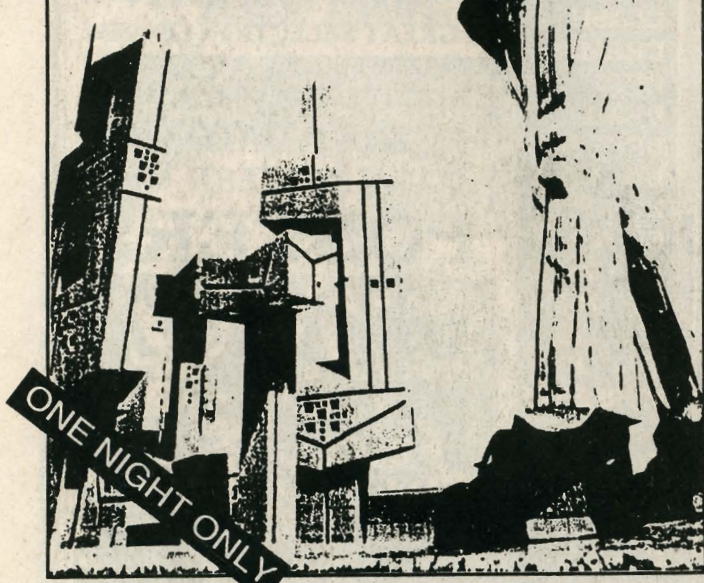
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The most miraculous thing about this film is that it was made at all. Utah native, Trent Harris, and Crispin Glover have been developing and re-writing the screenplay for nearly ten years. Last Summer, a budget was finally secured and the film went into production only to be halted when Peter Boyle, (who was originally cast as Ed) suffered a heart attack and was replaced by Howard Hesseman. It is a tremendous coup that given the limitations of time and money, Harris was able to produce such a charming and provocative piece of work. This is by no means a flawless film, the pacing is uneven and the desert scenes tend to drag. Also the character of Ed's estranged wife (Karen Black) is somewhat one dimensional. These, however, are minor complaints given the overall wit and conviction with which Glover and Hesseman interpret their respective roles. Glover has not had a vehicle so suited to his peculiar talents since Harris' brilliant "The Orkly



Rubin And Ed

Roberts foundation to encourage and fund local film makers.

Jo;c

concert review..

No Man Gamma Rays

Zephyr Club—April 30th, 1991

As the Gamma Rays began to play, i sat in the kitchen listening to their cover classics, now performed ad nauseum to the twelve people present, and wondered what the record was for hearing the "Jane The Slut/ Stairway To Heaven" ditty? i know after five to ten times, I had better br puking and buzzing like a barfly to relish their tired standards. Forsake the almighty dollar, boys...go for integrity, suffer the indignation of fewer bookings, go out on a limb—do a Debbie Gibson ballad—seriously!! You've seen one Gamma Rays' show, ypu've almost seen them all. Party band of the century? Most definately. But, Hey, Utah's only got so many club-eligible drinking fools—maybe they could gig at rest homes and Tupperware conventions—tapping an entire, thrilled, excited, new market. Otherwise, Pedersen better start whistling with his anus for me to chance a listen.

As for No Man...their gig was highlighted by Roger Miller's (Mission Of Burma) crafty electronic crush and Russell's (didn't catch the last name) inventive bassplay. Without a human drummer, No Man's two-man attack took on

small scale industrial intonations with programmed mood synth and scintillating rhythms. With a medium-sized dancefloor separating the rabid dionysians from No Man—the show took on head-above-water realities, where Miller's quips were greeted with

the warmth of shark smiles. Somehow No Man managed to be great, covering a couple of Mission Of Burma songs and debuting material from their unreleased summer LP, and even furnishing the empty dancefloor with fitting momentos of Miller's bygone days of sonic assault—several pairs of foam earplugs. Unfortunately, they remained

unclaimed for innane display in some adoring fan's collection. Perhaps it's an irony that the most memorable shows, like No Man, give a rare glimpse of the exposed artist without the shield of applause and acceptance, for Miller and sidekick Russ certainly squirmed like electric eels out of water. A superb outing.

*Horse Grubt &
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M.K.
Let's not do this, it gets us nowhere. Be patient.
N.K.
.....
Axe Master— Happy you-know-what. Your card cheered me up. Thanks for the boost.
Your Friend Forever!
.....
Photo Queen— Come back from Boston you WHORE! Love, M.
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BIG RED
It's not working. I don't want it. I can't come back to you. I'm Sorry. Please don't give my parents grief.
On My Own
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J.D.
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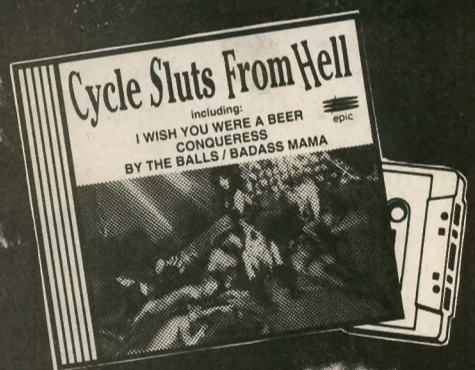
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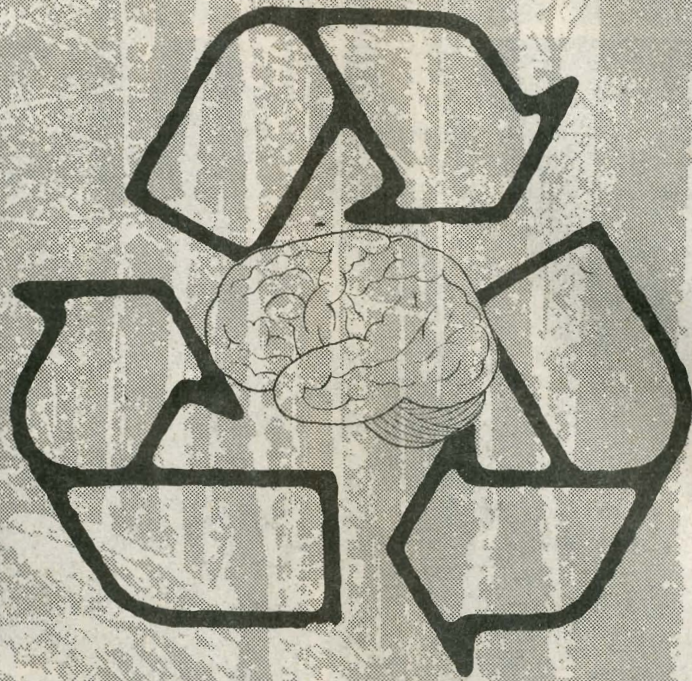
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