

SALT LAKE UNDER GROUND

SLUG

ENTERTAINMENT GUIDE AND REVIEW

SEPTEMBER 1989

#9

FREE



THE STENCH

In This Issue

F-Dude • The World According to Clark

Gossip • News • Views & Reviews

Hate Mail • Monthly Calenders and More



Plus Bad Brains
Photos by Steve Midgley

STEVE MIDGLEY PHOTOGRAPHY

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Editors

JR Ruppel
Ziba Marashi

Dear Dickheads...Blah, Blah, Blah

To anyone who cares:
Just to add to Brad's letter about Hastings in the August SLUG — Back when I didn't know any better, I used to go in to Hastings to look for records. Every now and then, I'd find something good in their import section. I never thought twice about how high the price was, because I just assumed that it was due to the cost of importing a record from wherever it came from the U.S.

Well, not too long ago, I strolled into Hastings, since there was nothing better to do. I browsed through the imports and started to find records from bands such as the Descendents, DRI, the Circle Jerks, 7 Seconds, Youth of Today, and other American bands with import stickers. And I thought, 'boy, the employees that work here are fucked in the head!' They just assume that all alternative bands are imported from somewhere else. Either that, or they don't bother to check the address on the record.

So, by putting an import sticker on a record, they think they can get more money out of the consumer. Well, in my opinion, they can go fuck themselves. Support shops like Raunch. At least they know what the hell they're doing.

—Rye guy Workman

Dear Suzi Chi-Cheng Christ:

We laugh at clowns like you. My Sister Jane rules and you are a misogynist asshole, (but I guess you already know that).

Fuck you anyway.
Cindy Smith, drums, My Sister
Jane

Dear SLUG:

Social Distortion has a Utah connec-

tion. Their drummer, Chris Reece is from Payson, a small town in Utah County!

S.D. is about halfway on their USA tour. So far, all dates have been sold out. They have just signed with Epic Records and have a new album n the works.

It has also been announced that they will open for the Rolling Stones when they play L.A. this Sept. Hope you can use some of this in your fine rag.

Thanks,
Cal Reece

DEAR DICK HEADS,

I'm sitting here wondering what the hell is wrong with people. I open a pretty cool music store (I think, anyway), call it The Heavy Metal Shop — which I think is a pretty good name — I sell more heavy metal than anyone else and I sell all the music metal is derived from — hard rock, punk, and thrash.

Sounds pretty cool, huh? Not really. I'm out in the suburbs, Sandy, I mean, right in the fuckin' middle of suppressed hell.

I've got mothers coming into my store telling me I'm ruining their children's lives, the police coming in, telling me to turn the music down and cover up the obscene posters, dick rockers from West Valley ripping off t-shirts, kids coming in after buying tapes from Fred Meyer telling me my prices are cheaper, punks sticking Raunch stickers all over my windows late at night when I'm closed — pretty brave — writing "Metal Shop sucks-Raunch rules" on my door.

And then, don't forget, there's that asshole, Ryan Taylor, who stole three of my video cassettes.

I don't know why I left Sandy.

Kevin Kirk, owner,
Heavy Metal Shop

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—David Paul Smith

SLUG GOSSIP

Lots of fun shit goin on this month. Probably the best news is the reformation of Maimed For Life after three years. They got a shit deal at the Bad Brains show but I know we will be seeing a lot of them in the future ● The Second Annual Sabbathon was more than a success. With almost 300 people in attendance this year, 12 bands played in a 14-hour, Wordstock classic. One highlight had to be the Awol's reunion set after six months of desolation. Maybe we will see more from them. Also, Skin & Bones got to play for more people than they were used to and everybody was surprised. We will see good things out of these guys. After waiting 12 hours, Boxcar Kids finished off the show with an hour-and-a-half epic performance — probably one of their best ever. The day was a smash and the money is going to great causes. Big thanx to everybody who made it happen ● Chapel of Flowers made their Debut & Farewell performance Aug. 19 at the Word. Too bad they won't be staying together because they were really good ● Insight came back from their tour a little early due to van problems, but things went pretty well for them. Their record, which has been promised for awhile, should be out soon. ● Better Way has unfortunately broken up but the members will still be moving forward. Gentry, Kendall, Dustin, and new bassist, Rob, will be forming a new band called Brainstorm and will be doing all new material. ● The City By A Dead Lake album has been sent off — finally — and will be released as soon as K-Disc gets it finished. Don't hold your breath though, it will take longer than you think. The first CBADL show was one year ago October 1. Nice work boys ● Subject to Change is officially gone, but their 22 song tape is available and it's good ● A new band, Jim Bone Occult, featuring seven members of local bands is in the making. They will most likely be playing with the Buttholes next month — hot, hot! ● Boxcar Kids are now setting up West Coast tour shows and will be headin' out in the near future. Good luck Booyeee ● Don't miss the Bad Yodelers album release party Sept. 15 at the Word. Their Running Records release "I Wonder" is their best effort yet.

JACK ON
T.V.
SHIT

A Z O

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sat @ 10:00 pm the cold case (instant requests)

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THE STENCH

Photos by Rick Egan

A couple of years ago, me and my buddy Tom went camping down south. One day, after at least a case of beer and a long conversation on the social relevance of Devo, Tom pulled out a tape and put it in the Box. He said, "Hey dude, check these guys out. Local boys."

"Ah, punk rock, right? Ok, I guess," I said.

Well, that's the last I really heard about the Stench until last September when I sloughed over to the Speedway to see them open up for Psychic TV. Again, after a lot of beer I teetered in front of the stage when they went on and said, "C'mon boys. Impress me." They did just that.

Over the past year I haven't missed one of their shows. I can honestly say I haven't been disappointed yet.

The Stench has been together for almost five years now and it shows in their music. Both in writing and performance, the Stench has progressed into a very successful band. Like most successful bands, people have a tendency to be slightly bitter toward their popularity. The Stench has earned it.

The band hasn't always had it this good; they say they have played more than their share of shitty gigs. Regardless of their longevity, the Stench's music is well-written and produced. This is quite evident in their album, *Crazy Moon*, which is by far the best music that has come out of Salt Lake in a long time.

The band has only three members, Terrance D.H. on guitar and vocals, Geoff Williams on bass and backing vocals and Pat Young on drums. Pat is the third drummer in the band since its beginning in 1984. Pat has done more than an adequate job in his part of the band. After being in the band less than a week he did a brilliant job playing when they Stench opened up for All in June. Less than a month later he was on tour with them.

Geoff says since Pat has been in the band, there is more energy on stage and writing is better because Pat is taking a more active role than most other drummers.

One of the Stench's best qualities is their live performances. If you weren't actually watching them play you could

easily think there are more than three members on stage. Terrance's full and accurate guitar playing, combined with Jeff's driving bass, and Pat's tight drumming give them almost an album-perfect sound. After performing together for five years, their sets are tight and smooth, making it better for the crowd. This, and their popularity, gives them plenty of opportunity to play in more of the large shows.

However, you won't see them play too often (the band tries to spread out their shows so people don't start taking them for granted). Almost every time they play they have a new song they have added to their repertoire.

One thing you can say about the Stench is they work really hard. With a 7" EP, and a full-length album (*Crazy Moon*) under their belt, the Stench have built quite a reputation for themselves. After a five week, 32 show tour to the East Coast and back, the Stench has built their name recognition. It is rare for a band to go on their first tour, have it be successful, and come home and actually make money. They had good response everywhere they went, playing most of their shows with Verbal Assault. They also played with Steele Pole Bathtub, Super Touch, Wind of Change, The Herb Tarlick and The Grim. Bookings were good due to some of Pat's connections back East, and with the help of a booking agency, they got to play big shows with big crowds. They are all looking forward to another nationwide tour in less than six months and a European tour possibly next year.

Crazy Moon, their self-produced album, has sold very fast. They sold almost everything they took with them (nearly 200) plus almost 400 of their EP's. Terrance is now talking about another 7" soon and another full-length album some time this winter. With the acceptance of *Crazy Moon* being so strong, the company that handled it will be releasing "I Wonder" by the Bad Yodelers. The success of the Stench is opening up a lot of doors to the Salt Lake bands who have been working a long time. All of this is putting Salt Lake City on the musical map and people will start taking us seriously.

When I asked the band about politics and what they believed in, Terrance looked at Geoff and told him to take over. One of the things I like about

the Stench is they don't preach in their music. Geoff says that it's not because they are not interested or concerned, they are. Supporting consumer boycotts and taking an active role in politics is something they feel very strongly about. With apathy running rampant, especially in Utah, they like to play for people who are concerned about what's going on around them.

The band would like to say more to get people involved but are very careful because it is easy to say things wrong or to be taken wrong. Ask them off-stage, however, and they are more than happy to discuss their feelings with you.

The band has worked hard and they are going places fast. The music they are writing just keeps getting better. They could easily put a very large nick in the nation's music scene. They have no place to go but up. Check them out sometime and pick up a copy of *Crazy Moon* at Raunch or the Heavy Metal Shop and take the Stench into your house.

JR Ruppel

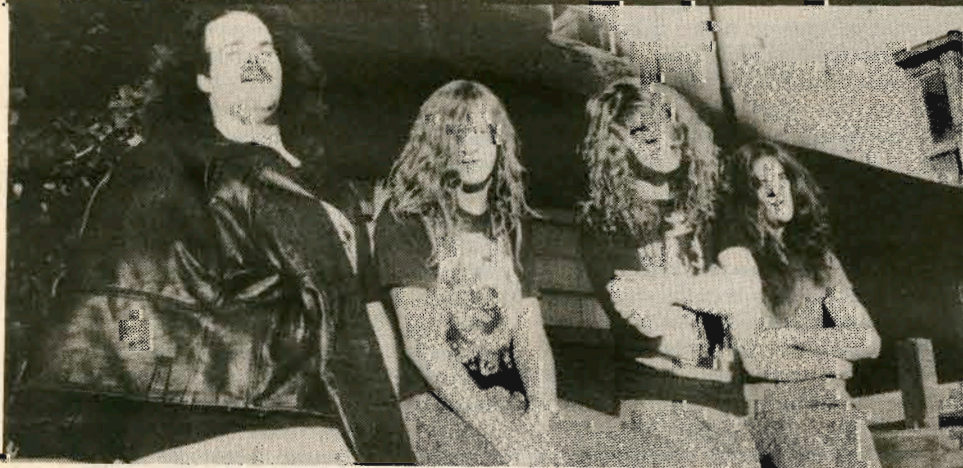
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SLAUGHTERCHRIST



What must these boys' Mums think? I know what I thought the first time I stood outside their studio door and heard them practice — "What the hell is that??"

Since that time I have seen them perform several times and I'm really starting to like them. Because they have such a unique sound (as compared to most Salt Lake bands) you have to watch and listen with an open mind. I did that when I saw them play with Blast and I was really surprised.

Slaughter Christ has two vocalists — Mike Mayo (bass & vocals) and Mark Earl (guitar & vocals) who not only share the role of lead vocalist, but often sing together. Brothers Greg Mulholland (drums) and Mike Mulholland (guitar) fill the rest of the band slots.

Slaughter Christ play only original music which they keep in the style they have developed as a band. Nine months ago, the band formed from two other bands, Death Cry and Baphomet. The band doesn't get to play very often because very few shows come through town that they can play with. However, they have done a studio recording and it is really good. Mark says they aren't going to release it locally until they have a chance to send it to some record companies in hopes of getting noticed.

They practice almost every day and they are always moving forward. So, if you are up for a good thrashing, check them out. They will be playing at The Word the first weekend in October.

Les Nessman

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BAD BRAINS

AND LEEWAY

Photos By
Steve Midgley



Whatever the case, HR is a well seasoned musician and his voice (I thought Axl Rose had range) is as good as the lyrics that come through it. Check out his solo album "IT'S ABOUT LOVE" for more of his talents.

The second night, Wednesday the 30th had just as much intensity but not quite the same energy level. At least the doors were opened on time. Maimed for Life played on the bill as well, but had to start so early that everyone who wanted to see them ended up missing the boat. When professionals come through town and say 8:30 they mean 8:30!!! It pissed me



LEEWAY

Ten years after their original formation, the Bad Brains finally came through our little town for not one but two nights! The first night, Tuesday the 29th, seemed like it would never get underway. At 9:30 there was a good-size crowd waiting to get into the Speedway but sound check hadn't even happened yet. After a lot of bullshit and stress for everyone working the show, the doors were opened and the crowd poured into the beer room. Then we had to wait for Sick of It All and Leeway (both New York hardcore bands) to power through their sets. They were great, especially Leeway who were exceptionally popular with the girls backstage. Their singer Eddie was 24 and looked like he was pushing 19.

All the waiting was worth it as the Bad Brains played through the most incredible set ever to hit the Speedway's stage. I was in a trance watching HR go from epileptic thrashing about to gentle swaying back and forth, depending on the song. Yeah, these guys have the chops to play such a diversity of music so well. The guys from Leeway told me HR is "the prophet" and he is. He could be the charismatic leader of a cult and I would follow blindly. I wonder if you're a rock icon for long enough if you eventually acquire the powers of a prophet.

off that those guys (the production managers) think they can shit on the locals because they're locals... Oh well. Many of the songs played the night before were included in Wednesday night's set like; "I against I," "I Love Jah," and "Quickness." Too bad more people didn't come on Wednesday because now I doubt the Speedway will take that kind of a risk again, especially since they ended up losing money. You'd think 800 people in Salt Lake would want to come and see such a great band. Those who didn't think it was worth it missed one of the greatest shows in the history of the Speedway's existence.

Jo Jo's Corner

The end of August was a busy, busy time in fair old Zion. There was the much ballyhooed invasion of the Bad Brains at the Speedway Cafe, the Chemical People at the Word, a couple of old timer reunions and the final performances of two of Salt Lake's best bands.

Two epic nights of jah ganja love with Bad Brains was the highlight of August. The Brains were awesomely flowing power jammers as expected. The first night was marred by an extended sound check which kept the doors from being opened until 10:00. Consequently, the opening bands were limited to twenty minute sets. I didn't mind so much in the case of Sick Of It All, who kind of blew, but I would like to have heard more of Leeway. They were very cool fellows and proved to be as fine of drinkers as any after the show. They reminded me of a cross between the Bad Yodelers and the Potatoheads. The Brains ruled the night as expected although the sound was pretty muddy. HR was tossing drops of wisdom through the PA which were interesting if somewhat obscure. For example, "Lesson #2; If the fish didn't open his mouth, he wouldn't get caught." The second night the sound was much better although the crowd was less than capacity. They sounded much better and at one point HR let a full gainer fly to the delight of the masses.

My only complaint was the price of the T-shirts (\$15-\$18) but that's becoming standard these days.

The Chemical People were some fun at The Word especially the guest vocals by All roadie extraordinaire BUG PHACE. Doc and Earl of Bad Brains were checking the show out. Salt Lake legends Maimed For Life regrouped for the second night of Bad Brains featuring Aldine on guitar and original drummer Danny Blisters who came out of retirement for their first show in nearly 3 years. They sounded as good as ever. One of Salt Lake's first "punks", mister Jimmy Germ has been making the scene lately, joining both Maimed For Life and Massacre Head for fun and games. Jimmy Germ was the original singers for the Massacre Guys in 1980 along with Jamie "El Cid" Shuman. He also sang at various times for Maimed and German Killdogs. Massacre Head consists of 1/2 of the Massacre Guys and 3/4 of the Potatoheads. They played about 15 MG and PH classics and a Bad Religion song as well as the old standby, God of Thunder by KISS. Opening bands included a new group called Hangman who played well and Modern Prometheus who I liked except for the fact that they didn't play their unique rendition of Born To Be Wild.

continued



**VERBAL ASSAULT
TWICE AS NICE**

When flyers for the second Verbal Assault show in Salt Lake surfaced, not just a few people thought it was a joke — too good to be true. But on that third Tuesday in August, there they were, the band from Rhode Island, tearing up the tiny (we prefer the word "intimate") stage at the Word.

It was an amazing show, very different from their Speedway performance 18 days earlier, not that the first show wasn't amazing. Imagine a sell-out crowd (about 400), already out of control after the incredible Shudder To Think and the homecoming of the Stench, incited by front-man Chris Jones doing a dance called the "Pogo" through a ten-song set. The band tries to discourage stage diving and slam dancing.

"It's not worth it for us to get on stage and watch these kids getting hurt," says Chris.

The Speedway show was the 30th of a 50-show, nine week tour schedule and should have been the foursome's only stop in the City By A Dead Lake. But on Aug. 17, while in Washington state, the boys learned that their Canadian shows were not going to happen. What else could they do? They had to come back through Salt Lake.

"We had fun last time and we have so many friends here," confides Chris. "People just seemed to like us here and no one really tried to label us. We like it here."

So, as I said earlier, there they were onstage at the Word. This show had the same energy and Pogo dancing as at the Speedway show, but the band displayed a comfort and confidence this time that I felt was absent from the earlier show. They seemed like a hometown act — it was a very powerful performance.

The band gave a sampling of the new music which will be released on an EP in the Fall. The title will be "On." Watch for it at Raunch. They plan a European tour in early '90 and a certain Salt Lake City roadie-extraordinaire has been invited along. It may be quite some time before we see the return of Rhode Island's assault weapon, Verbal Assault, but until then, go out and buy the record and learn how to Pogo. Verbal Assault is Chris Jones (vocals), Darren Mock (bass), Pete Chramiec (guitar) and Doug Earnest (drums).

JO JO continued.....

Sabbathon was a huge success. I especially liked Victims Willing and Daneighbors. I didn't see all of the bands due to a sprawling party in the Boxcar studio I got sucked into but I made a point to see the final set of AWOL. They were great as always with Dave Neale flailing his tambourine like Davey Jones on mescaline. Hopefully a new band will rise from the ashes of AWOL that will remain one of the coolest bands in Utah History.

In another obituary of sorts, Subject To Change has called it quits and played their final show at The Word on Sept. 2. It was a mixed occasion. On one hand it was great to hear them playing those amazing songs together again but it felt terrible to realize it was the last time they would do so. I just sort of savored the moment. The only consolation is that they released a tape concurrent with the performance which sold rapidly. Dave and Pat are two of the best songwriters this town has ever produced and their music will be missed. And John's a damn fine drummer also. Pat was obviously into the performance, breaking a total of five strings on two guitars which I believe is an intermountain record.

To close on a happy note, The Stench is back from their tour and sounded great with Shades Apart at The Word last month. Well until next month, shoot pool, not mules.

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RECORD REVIEWS



SUB POP ROCK CITY

"I just want to know what the heck is going on."

You see, there's this place known as *Sub Pop Rock City* where something damn exciting has been brewing lately. It's called a music scene which shits all over any other I've heard, ever! Music with balls, that crunches and kicks and demands to be heard. It's all happening at this place you may have heard of, over yonder hills and valleys, called Seattle.

It rains a lot in Seattle, or so I've heard, and we all know that water is the source of life. It's in your body, it's in your beer, and it's apparently sopped the brains of a record company known as "Sub Pop," causing them to sprout riffs like there's no tomorrow.

I got my first taste of "pop" from this band called Soundgarden. Their *Screaming Life* EP was a little reminiscent of Led Zeppelin, but not in the way that makes one scream, "COPY!" No, it has more to do with immense range and talent that makes all of the songs unique and listenable. Having soon become obsessed with the band, I wrote to their label to find out if any other products were close at hand. To my dismay, there were no other Soundgarden fruits to be had. But, the little pamphlet told about some other treasures that sounded quite delectable: Mudhoney (*Superfuzz Big Muff* — Six epic songs of sickness from the masters of disease and grunge), Swallow (hard, raunchy, rock stuff from four dudes who drink beer and fuck), TAD (God's balls — says it all), and many others. Such tasty descriptions set my mouth watering and my hand fidgeting around my ass, but when I found my wallet, I realized that it hadn't been raining much in Salt Lake City. Trying to make the most of what I had, I opted for the compilation album, *Sub Pop 200*.

It is this album that has been the source of my pleasure for the past few months. Twenty cuts by twenty different bands (well, one's a rather biting poem), most of which originated on the Sub Pop label, the rest being compelled to add to this recording for some reason. The most amazing aspect of the whole collection is that all of the cuts seem to go together so well, even though the diversity among the sounds is amazing. It is the ultimate label resume that gives Sub Pop a distinct personality, not to mention the Seattle music scene.

The foundation of it all is the sheer power that emanates from every song — the kind of power that sounds far from tamed, owing more to roller coaster rides and rusty old chainsaws. But perhaps it is the content of the lyrics that is most refreshing. Yes, there is one song with 'love' in the title ("Love or Confusion"), but the rest take earthly pleasures into more demented realms, such as "Sex god Missy," "Spank Thru," and "Pajama Party in a Haunted Hive." I don't know where the inspiration comes from because it certainly doesn't borrow from anything else I've heard.

It becomes evident to me that *Sub Pop 200* is the greatest compilation of all time. But it's also the only compilation I own, which brings us to the eternal question: "So what?"

Even the most pathetic band can find it in themselves to write or play one good song (I think). The big answer is that every Sub Pop album I've heard since is quite devastating, no shit! From the brutal barkings of

TAD to the twisted melee of Mudhoney, there is very little that does not please. Probably the most important thing to keep in mind is that these bands all come from a town that one day started an underground scene, were probably shunned by the press, somehow got themselves together on the same local label, and are now gaining attention and acclaim worldwide.

It is the combination of sheer talent and general cohesiveness that makes Sub Pop and its bands stand out from the rest. Wouldn't it be nice to one day say the same of the Salt Lake music scene?

John I. Zeile



KREATOR *Extreme Aggression* Epic Records

KREATOR on CBS records? If it wasn't for the sudden METALLICA trend — in case you haven't noticed — it's cool to like METALLICA now even if ECHO & THE BUNNEYMEN is your favorite group. It's funny, though — it's still not hip in the trendy crowd to like other speed metal bands such as SLAYER, EXODUS and, of course, KREATOR, one of the best of this genre.

These guys kick ass. *Extreme Aggression* will sell more than any old KREATOR album just because it's on a major label, but it's also, dare I say, their best effort so far.

- The album consists of nine songs:
- 1). "Extreme Aggression" — perfect title for this song and album;
 - 2). "No Reason To Exist" — kind of depressing but true, which brings us to;
 - 3). "Love Us or Hate Us" — very true. My favorite song on the record is,
 - 4). "Stream of Consciousness" — fast, can't understand a word, but it doesn't matter. They've kind of beat this subject into the ground, ("Mindless fools, obey all rules. Lost all worth, born to serve.")
 - 5). "Some Pain Will Last" — kind of monotonous. I kind of wish they didn't put the lyrics in this album because here they go again, ("Eternal slaves of morbid minds, helpless and blind.")
 - 6). "Betrayal" — more fast stuff the way it should be played. By far the best for lyrical content, ("Your word isn't worth puke in the dust") — very poetic, in a KREATOR kind of way.
 - 7). "Don't Trust" — more of the same, fast and hard.

These guys know how to put their music together, play fast, and keep it tight. I look forward to seeing them live this month. They were good last year, but with their new songs, they're going to rip it up.

- Oh, there's two more songs, as if that wasn't enough,
- 8). "Bringer of Torture" and,
 - 9). "Fatal Energy" — some more good stuff.

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A Man Named Biff In A Hot Pink ShirtThe Stan Ridgeway Experience

"Leather drinks *with* you."

—Dave Gabler

"I've got a funny feeling about this trip — I think we should have brought the cattle prod."

"Nonsense. What are you talking about?"

I didn't know how to explain the mounting apprehension that I felt, so I said, "Oh, I don't know. Maybe we could zap some local women and make a name for ourselves." Which wasn't a bad idea, really. But the truth of the matter was that I felt unprepared, and some animal danger instinct made me wish that I was at least armed. I felt also that the cattle prod would be the perfect accessory for this trip: twelve volts of Reality Adjustment that hits like a bad pun and is a lot more fun to deliver.

The frightening truth was this: Steven and I were on our way to Park City to see Stan Ridgeway at Z Place. Now, those of you who've made beasts of yourselves in that town before must have noticed just how damn gullible and jaded the natives are. This is fine to a point, but I seriously believe that I could walk up to any upstanding Park City citizen, shake my pecker at him while describing the birthmark on his wife's ass, then tell him that I'm a renowned brain surgeon and he would wind up buying me a gin and tonic. For this reason, I was worried not about our reception, but just how low we would sink.

A glance around Z Place justified my panic. The place looked like a gutted out casino, and the doormen were wearing shoulder holsters. I had a horrible vision of what a firefight in this nest would be like — mass carnage as hulking bouncers with Jiffy Lube haircuts started blazing away at well-dressed coke dealers carrying Gucci machine pistols. I accosted the barmaid with a hunted look and demanded that she dole out tequila shots until her arm got tired.

Tequila was probably a poor choice. The stuff tends to grab my Id like the bridle of a horse, and an hour later I found myself trying to explain this to a nervous girl with a freeze-dried hairdo and a hat that looked like a diseased lung.

"Tequila," I began, "flows by the quart in the veins of Satyrs. It cascades down the majestic waterfalls of the river Alph. Did I mention that my friend and I are here to represent organized religion? Have you ever heard of the New Church of the Iron Flounder?"

She gave me a look that was nothing but disbelief — she obviously wasn't a native. I was not without credential, however. I

pulled up my shirt with an air of authority and showed her my navel. She began to treat me with a New Respect.

I had by this time already introduced Steve to several people as my illustrator and personal surgeon, and I was suddenly struck with the idea that if the cash situation got really desperate we could charge these people a buck apiece to watch him remove my gall bladder in the parking lot. It would prove something to these rising businessmen that I believe in strongly — that any semi-intelligent scumbag could make it in this country providing he had strong natural vaudevillian instincts. Give the people what they need entertainment-wise. And what these people needed was to see a hippie get carved up like a grapefruit by a dangerous lunatic who claimed he was both a skilled surgeon and a bona fide Minister of the Iron Flounder.

This never became necessary, though, and Steven and I stayed as close to the bar as we could. It was at the bar, in fact, that I began questioning a gentleman by the name of Biff about the warm-up band. Biff was wearing a shirt that I can only describe as looking like battery-powered Pepto Bismol. Our conversation went something like this:

"So, what did you think of Margie's Ovaltine? I mean, um, Susie's Shredded Wheat? Er, uh, who was that again?"

"Mary's Danish."

"Yup. So, how'd you like 'em?"

Biff seemed stew over this for some time, and I began to feel a little guilty for taxing his cranium so. However, at length he seemed to brighten and said, "Well, I wouldn't buy their album, but I would fuck the singer." I thought this was a mighty generous offer on Biff's part, and told him so. He bought me a gin and tonic and wandered off toward the dance floor. Biff is a doomed wretch.

Stan Ridgeway took the stage at that point, and I suppose that a nice token sentence about the music that night is in order. Tough. The crowd at Z Place seemed to have a mutant capacity for booze, and they were leaving Steven and I far behind. The details of the rest of the evening are just too heinous and surreal to tell...suffice it to say that we wound up victims of Park City's humorless backwater law enforcement. Maybe I'll be able to tell that story with some objectivity next month; certainly not until the attorney's fees are paid.

SUBJECT TO CHANGE

Phil Harmonic

This long awaited tape includes no less than 20 songs and well over an hour's worth of music. Recorded at various locations over the past year, the sound quality varies slightly but the performances are all top-rate. Excellent harmonies, melodies and some of the finest cow-bell work since Hard Days Night make this a product worthy of any audiophiles purchase. All the hits are included here with "Tree", "Junkie" and "Anne" standing out. The intro to "Saturday" is a classic. It's a shame they didn't release this before their last concert.



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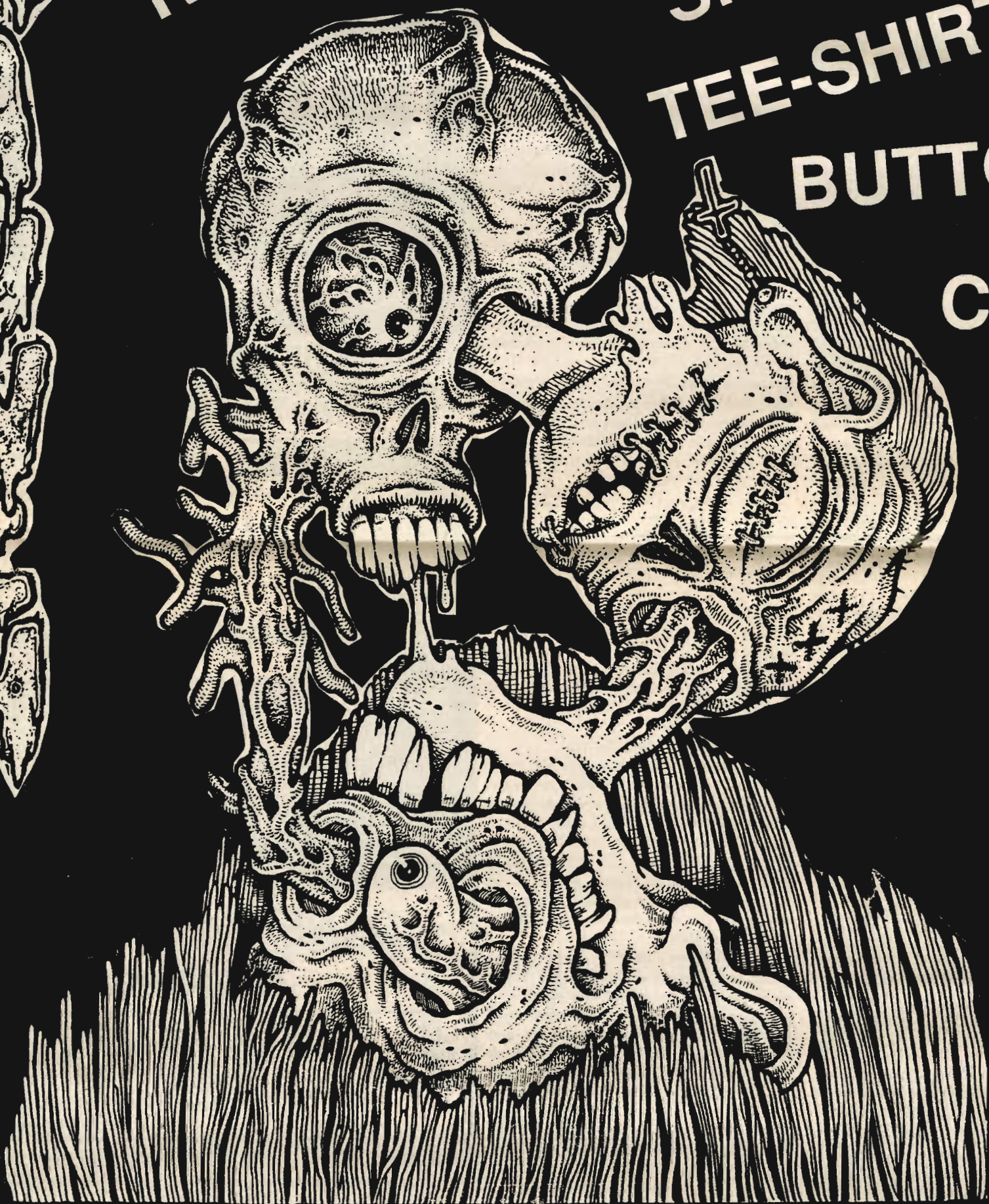
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