

FREE

SLUG

JULY 1993 ISSUE #55

LOLLAPALOOZA

INTERVIEW:



CLAWHAMMER

- **STIMBOY**
- **CONCERTS**
- **RECORDS**
- **MOVIES**
- **SHORT STORY**
- **WHITE TRASH RECREATION**

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SLUG

JULY 1993
ISSUE #55

PUBLISHER

JR Ruppel

EDITOR

Jo Yaffe

PHOTO EDITOR

Robert DeBerry

WRITERS

Scott Vice, Lars Telluride

Matt Taylor, John Zeile

Chopper, Stim Boy

CONTRIBUTING

WRITERS

William Athey

Lara Bringard

F-DUDE

Ryan Wayment

Special Thanks To

Stormy, Margie Alban,

Dan Keough, Private Eye

DEAR DICKHEADS

Dear SLUG,

I wanted to personally give you my thanks for saving my life! I just picked up my first ever copy of SLUG and read a few articles, worked the Word Search puzzle and looked at the interesting ads from advertisers of your publication. I've been waiting for a long time for a paper like yours to come along.

Congratulations SLUG! Thanks to you, when I run out of toilet paper, I'll have something to wipe my butt with!

*Sincerely,
Recycle Rich*

Dear Dickheads,

I am both surprised and disappointed to find this type of obvious exploitation of women in your zine. If you think that by printing this ad in your paper you are not participating in the exploitation of women, you are dead wrong. I guess this proves that even in a supposedly liberal scene, women are not spared this kind of objectification. The Growin' Graphics ad is dehumanizing, and I was deeply offended by it. You can be sure that in the future I will refrain from supporting your rag in any way, i.e. T-shirts, compilations and subscriptions. I will also be happy to spread the word. I hope this letter will make you a bit more sensitive to women's problems in this society and hopefully in the future you will think

twice about how the content of your rag affects women.

Natasha Thomas

Dear Salt Lake "Under Ground",

The dictionary definition of underground is of noncommercial newspapers, movies, etc. that are unconventional, radical, etc. Though I may have misunderstood this definition I feel as though I have got something of an idea. so my question is why would a so called "underground" publication (namely SLUG) be found in stores such as Hastings and Pegasus in the small town of Logan, Utah. As I saw a young man walk by me with the new AC/DC compact disc in his hand pick up the latest issue of SLUG I could not take it any more. With the band N.S.C., possibly standing for no money, on the cover it is hard for the few of us in Logan who read this and would like to be called part of the "Utah Scene" to believe that this could occur. Maybe you were not aware of this, but if you are, perhaps you should reconsider your name to something like Salt Lake We Want Every Ham and Egger Who Comes Along To Read This. The Logan scene has progressed quite a bit in the last year and a half and I would hate to see it go rancid. If you would like to distribute SLUG in Logan I'm sure places like the skate shop or the Straw Ibis would be happy to

make space for you. Also it would be Jim-dandy if you showed some support for bands that have the chance to play in Logan. Go for it and you won't be disappointed.

*Listen if you want,
Lethal Injection of Stupidity*

P.S. Don't sell out

Dear Mr. R.J.

In your ad for the "Delta Pub," I noticed someone needs to be rehabilitated on their spelling.

Never heard of the Seedway. But I'm sure, it must be the "Speedway," huh? What are you fucked up on anyway? Or, didn't you have enough room for the "P"?

Well, hope you get your shit together on how to spell. "S-p-e-e-d-w-a-y"

*Cordially concerned,
speedy*

P.S. I've seen much worse in the Deseret News

Dear Mr. Cynic Man,

I'm writing to you because I agree that X-96 is dumb. Why, just tonight I heard that "I know what boys like" song by the Waitresses on that station. You said you had no solution to this problem. I have one. Go park your car in the parking lot of the U of U dorms and tune into 600 AM. It's alot like K-UTE, which seems to be the only station that always plays good music. For instance, tonight I listened and they played Tar and the Biffs and Great Lee Buffalo. So go to the dorms. Or maybe you could write to ASUU and explain to them how stupid it is that every university in Utah including Weber State, has a student radio station that actually broadcasts to the general public except the U of U. KUER doesn't count. Here's where to write: ASUU, U of U 200 So. and University S.L.C. UT. K-UTE's been trying to get money to broadcast for years.

I understand, but can't get it out of the U.

*Love
Jim Flopdinger*

Dear Dickhead,

I wanted to say that I wish you guys wouldn't show naked women's breasts. This is rather offensive to me as a woman and a feminist.

*Thanks, love
Daron*

Dear Dickhead,

Just so you know, I think it's okay to be gay. I think that if a grown man wants to do nasty with another man that's his own decision. But just so you know, I swear I'm not.

Love

SLUG IS: A monthly publication and is put together by the efforts of many people. It is published by the fifth of each month. People interested in contributing to the publication must send stuff to the post office box by the 25th of each month. The opinions in this publication are those of the writers and are not necessarily those of the people who put this together.

**SLUG AD SALES
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SLUG MAGAZINE**

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TM Miller Presents CONVERSATIONS FEATURING DEB AND TODD!

DEB: THIS WHOLE WACO, TEXAS THING IS BOTHERING ME. TOO MANY THINGS DON'T SEEM TO ADD UP. FOR INSTANCE, THROUGH THE ENTIRE INCIDENT WE'RE NEVER TOLD WHAT THE COMPOUND IS BEING RAIDED OR WHAT KORESH IS BEING CHARGED WITH! FIRST IT'S SUSPICION OF ILLEGAL WEAPONS, BUT ARE ANY FOUND?

TODD: RIGHT. THEN WE'RE TOLD THAT HE'S A CHILD MOLESTER, A SEX FIEND, A CRAZED, LONG-HAIRED MUSCULAR WITH A DANGEROUS RELIGIOUS IDEOLOGY AND THAT HIS FOLLOWERS ARE ZOMBIES INCAPABLE OF FREE WILL! ALL 78 OR SO!



TODD: THE NEXT DAY, EXPERTS CLAIM THEY CAN'T FIND ANY BULLET HOLES AND RUMORS AROUND THAT KORESH HAS DISAPPEARED. THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES ISSUES A STATEMENT THAT DAVID KORESH "ALONE" IS RESPONSIBLE AND THAT'S THAT. BEFORE AN INVESTIGATION OR TRIAL IS EVER HELD. I WONDER WHAT HAPPENED TO OUR PROCESS?

DEB: I THINK IT'S CALLED THE "LONE GUNMAN THEORY". MAYBE THEY SHOULD REVIVE THE WARREN COMMISSION TO INVESTIGATE THE AFFAIR. THEN OLIVER STONE CAN MAKE A MOVIE ABOUT IT 30 YEARS FROM NOW.



TODD: THEN, APRIL 19th, THE AUTHORITIES ANNOUNCE THEY'RE GOING TO STEP UP THE TACTICS AND INCREASE THE PRESSURE ON THE INDIVIDUALS INSIDE THE COMPOUND. NEXT THING YOU KNOW, ALL AMERICA IS WATCHING THE BRANCH DAVIDIAN COMPOUND GOING UP IN FLAMES. WITHIN THE DAYS FOLLOWING, THE FBI ANNOUNCES THAT UP TO 40 PEOPLE ARE FOUND WITH BULLET HOLES IN THEIR BODIES.



DEB: DO YOU THINK THAT THIS CARTOON MAY BE GETTING A LITTLE TOO CONTROVERSIAL?

TODD: HA! RIGHT! WHAT'S THE WORST THAT COULD HAPPEN? "LONE GUNMAN TAKES OUT CONTROVERSIAL CARTOON ARTIST"?



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Jellyfish
 WITH ANTENNO AND HAMMERBOX

WEDNESDAY, JULY 14TH
PAUL WESTERBERG
School Of Fish
 \$11.50 8pm



**SATURDAY
 JULY 31ST**

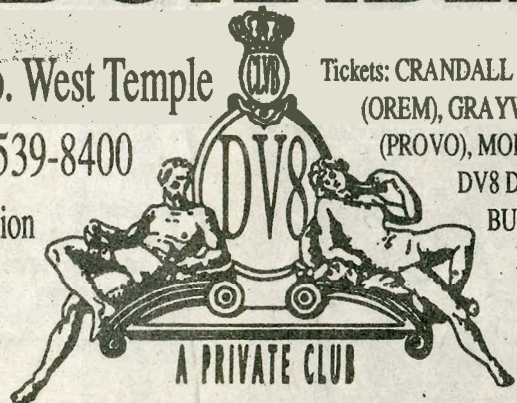


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MISCELLANEOUS

THE SUMMER OF DUH:

1993 concert (Non) Events
 —still no Markey Mark!

LOLLAPALOOZA: This slacker Woodstock thumbs its pierced nose (nipple? foreskin?) at categorization, right? Drop and give me \$27.50: Punk-funk looneys (92-Red Hot Chili Peppers, 93-Primus), Grunge Gods (92-Soundgarden/Pearl Jam, 93-Alice In Chains), Industrial Irritants (92-Ministry, 93-Front 242), Rap dudes (92-Ice Cube, 93-Arrested Development), Rock Chicks (92-Lush, 93-Babes In Toyland), Perpetual Next Big Thing (92-Jesus & Mary Chain, 93-Fishbone/Dinosaur Jr.). Is this how Wrestlemania got started? And why the mighty Tool has to share the sub-stage with art-noise shit-twits like Mercury Rev is beyond me. Jean Dixon predicts: Maynard boys and Rage Against The Machine will peel back mucho caps and never be invited on another package again. Good news: No Porno For Pyros, Bad News: No monster trucks.

LIVESTOCK: It's a stone age shindig with Wilma Flintstone fronting the Jefferson Bedpan and kiddie Christ-figure Barney for dead purple dick-head Jim Morrison in the Doors. Word on the street says that the only original member in Bad Company is the drum roadie. Maybe they'll stage this first Fart-Fest where they really know how to treat live stock ... Dugway Proving Grounds.

ALTERNATIVE NATION TOUR (Spin Doctors/Soul Asylum/Screaming Trees): Now the "Alternative" tag extends to the "Previously Unmarketed." The Spin Doctors, Lenny Kravitz and Terrance Trent D'Arby (!) get to hold their weenies over the same hep campfire as Blind Melon— and Kennedy's making smores! Soul Asylum and Screaming Trees are worth the price alone, so just snub the Spin Dork's Steve Miller Band-on-Robotussinshick. Next year: the Black Crowes/Tori Amos/Gwar!

ALAN OSMOND'S STADIUM OFFRE: Probably not such a hot idea after that whole Waco thing. Special note to future cult leaders: Manson had the Beatles, Koresh had the Nuge—there's a lesson here.

PARKWEST: What do Bon Jovi, Duran Duran, Van Halen and Def Leppard have in common? They're all one greatest hits and/or love album away from an invite to Livestock '94. VH may be grazing already, since the only thing moving fewer units and their new double-live airball is Crystal Pepsi (non-needle flavor). This is probably due to the fact that they didn't include Swingin' Sammy's "TransAm Wonderland," huh? Side-note on Van Hagar warm-up "act," Vince Neil: As Thurston Moore (or was it David Hasselhoff?) Once said: "You can put all the blue stuff you want in the toilet, but the turd will never know."

SALT AIR: How the fuck did this happen? Stone Temple Pilots/Butthole Surfers/firehose/Basehead at the Galleria on the water? Please God/Gibby, don't let this tour have a cute, catchy name (Chlamidia Carnival '93? The Amoeba Of Rock Tour?). The ageless foreigner will creak through the Salt Air as well—someone tell Matt Sorenson at the Private Eye that Lou Gramm is back in the band. Not that we even expect him to be aware of today's scene, much less AOR dinosaurs.

UTAH ARTS FESTIVAL: Going by name-recognition alone, it looks as if this glorified swap-meet features as much Utah talent as the NBA finals. The usual rumor goes that only insiders and selection panel members get to play at this pricey scout-o-rama—ain't that a pain in the middle?

SNOWBIRD: Three words: Tom Fucking Jones. The original Chris Cornell still has his mojo workin' overtime, baby. Forget the Prince and EMF covers, this year T.J. is kickin' it with a Beastie Boys medley and a turgid rendition of "Give It Away" wearing only the trademark Chili Peppers sock. All those canes and walkers in the pit only add to the danger that is Tom!

—Helen Woolff

MEDIA MAN!!!

IN THE LAND OF THE ONE-EYED BEAST, THE BLIND MAN IS KING

I haven't had a TV since May 1989. Given the One-Eyed Livingroom Monster's toxic nature, it's no wonder it sounds like I just said I haven't had a smoke since May 1989.

Actually, I quit smoking in 1985 after waking up suddenly at 3 a.m. clutching my heart, doing John Hurt in the "Alien" dinner scene. I quit smoking immediately.

It took longer to quit TV—all of "The Winds of War." Each night, I'd ponder whether I really liked what I was watching, or whether I could find something better to do with the monthly cable bill, like take up smoking again.

I'd wake up watching a test pattern and realize I'd fallen asleep on the sofa again. So I'd have to start over again the next night trying to decide if what I was seeing was worth it. But I'd fall asleep again and forget what I saw so I'd have to do it again the next night. And so on.

Okay, so I grew up pre-*Sesame Street* and I'm a slower learner. But I did finally realize that TV was like a giant sleeping pill, but harder to swallow, and less nutritious.

So I sold the TV. Gave the VCR to my daughter and son-in-law when they got married (later I realized—well, nevermind). Started sleeping in bed instead of on the sofa. Started reading books, not the *TV Guide*.

Do I miss it? Oh, I see TV now and then when I visit family and friends, but it seems I haven't missed much, except maybe *Star Trek, The Next Generation*. And, of course, I have a little two-inch battery-operated TV to watch the war, but it doesn't count. It's black and white.

I've looked forward to bragging to my grandson that, at his age, I used to have to walk clear across the bedroom to change the channel. Now, I'm looking forward to saying I've never seen "The Flash." I hope he doesn't disown me.

This turning off the TV phenomenon is interesting. Now and then on the CBS Evening Crock you see a story about Mr. and Mrs. Everyperson and their six little rugrats who've quit TV for an entire week. Network TV crews jostle for position

in the family room to interview the family in mid-week of the experiment.

They report: Mrs. discovers that Mr. is bald. Mr. discovers Mrs. name is Jane; not Joan. Mr. and Mrs. discovers they have six kids, not five, as they'd thought (they get booked on *Donahue*). The kids, bored, rob a video store (they get booked on grand larceny). The family discovers that Grandpa died two years ago.

Geraldo calls.

Then, quick as a commercial break, the TV cameras go, the week ends, the experiment stops, the set is back on, family members stop talking to each other and harmony is restored in the Everyperson household.

When I quit TV forever (and for good) Geraldo didn't call me. Of course, I'd probably bean him with a folding chair if I was ever on his show, but he doesn't know that, so how come he didn't call?

Does the Everyperson family have a better PR firm than I do? Is Geraldo waiting until I run nekidd into the streets screamin "I want my MTV?"

I have a hunch: the Everyperson family got on Paul Harvey because what they did—quitting for a week—was unusual, this newsworthy. Arsenio hasn't called me because what I did—quit entirely—isn't. I have a hunch there are lots of people like me who've quit TV.

I'll bet you don't believe this. After all, if it hasn't been covered on *60 Minutes*. If *Saturday Night Live* hasn't done a funny sketch on it, if there hasn't been a CBS-Washington Post poll, is it really an issue?

In video veritas.

Still, such an insidious, unAmerican, subversive movement, if it's real, however grassroots, unorganized an suppressed by TV news, is mind-boggling. Imagine people who not only don't know who shot J.R. but don't care, who don't realize Howard Cosell isn't doing Monday Night Football anymore and don't care, who think Bart Simpson is a U.S. Senator from Wyoming.

What goes on in the minds of people who have never seen an entire episode of *Cosby*, who can't imitate Tom Brokaw, who can't hum the theme of *Jeopardy*?

Dare I suggest: thinking? Nah. Too Radical.

FRIDAY
JULY 16TH

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No Restrictions - Arrive early \$4

from Lookout Records BUMBLESCRUMP & THE CREEPS

SATURDAY
JULY 17TH

THE BASEMENT OF DV8 (Private Club)
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No Restrictions - Arrive early \$5



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FRIDAY
AUGUST 6TH

THE BASEMENT OF DV8 (Private Club)
115 So. West Temple 8pm
No Restrictions - Arrive early \$4



CAUSTIC RESIN



Record Reviews

STRETCH ARMSTRONG

Old School
self-released

After surviving a number of line-up changes and solidifying their sound, Utah County's STRETCH ARMSTRONG have made their jump to the big-time with their first release, *Old School*. And, frankly, it was worth the wait.

Old School opens with a bang, with the punchy "Pain." Lead vocalist Scottie Van Wagnen pleads his case in a miserable love affair while his band mates rip through classic ska instrumentals.

Luckily, the energy continues through song after song, and the selections for this recording include all of Stretch's best original numbers. Especially notable are "No Room For Hate" (especially the instrumental interludes that follow), "T.B.T.F.", and the Russian flavored "Borisoglebska."

Actually, there are no stinkers on the tape. Stretch manages to pack much of its live energy onto the recording and blends funk and a number of other influences while managing to stay true to its ska roots. The virtuosity of bassist Darren Hutchison, sax artiste Rachelle Jesse, and Curtis McKendrick's wailing trumpet all are showcased, as is the exhortation of Van Wagnen. Only keyboardist Ryan Ridges seems to see short shrift (and probably only because of the songs selected for the tape).

Ska aficionados should go run out and purchase "Old School" right away, while local music fans should lend an ear to one of the state's most talented bands.

—Scott Vice

N.S.C. 7"

R.U. Dead records

R.U. Dead records has recently reissued N.S.C.'s first 7". I cannot say this any other way. Do yourself a favor and go buy it.

To the point, N.S.C. doesn't fuck around. Fast Forward and Direct, they tell it like it is.

Five songs covering subjects such as Native American rights, religion and personal issues; you can't lose anything.

No one does punk this cool anymore. Sara and Travis share the vocals and the recording just wails. All in all it is fuckin' hot. I definitely say, check out a song on there called "Falling Memories." This 7" is worth looking for. Four and one quarter stars.

—Chopper

MERCYFUL FATE

In The Shadows

Metal Blade

Advance Cassette

MERCYFUL FATE have reunited, King Diamond, vocals, Hank Shermann, guitar, Michael Denner, guitar and Timi Hansen, bass are all present and accounted for. The new album, *In The Shadows*, will be released on June 22.

So who cares? Well according to press materials, this is a legendary band and Shermann's guitar playing has influenced a legion of today's metal guitarists.

The music is heavy metal as it's been played for many years. Song themes are classic heavy metal; dark magic, fantasy, and witches. The lyrics are surreal and King Diamond can vocally reach the high places without screeching.

The band hasn't recorded in ten years, but they obviously kept up on their instruments. The playing throughout is tight with some nice heavy metal guitar, bass and power drumming.

"The Old Oak" and "Shadows" are both great songs. Diamond does his best old, grizzled, sorcerer imitation to recite the "Legend of the Headless Rider" "Is That You, Melissa" is operatic (Freddie Mercury lives) and at the same time dark and frightening. The heaviest and best song on the album is a reworking of the band's "Return of the Vampire."

The album has only one problem; it sounds like it was recorded ten years ago. The band can still play, they just didn't progress. All the legions should be happy, this is the Mercyful Fate they loved and they sound the same in 1993.

—WA

SOULSTORM

Darkness Visible

Metal Blade 14007-2

Metal Blade has this genre down cold. SOULSTORM is another death metal band combining industrial noise with extreme hardness. This band isn't interested in speed. They attempt to bludgeon their listeners with slow, grinding, pounding power.

They were kind enough to print their lyrics in the CD booklet since Nick S., vocalist and bassist, is another hoarse-voiced demon. The slow motion beating is SOULSTORM's method of paying society back for all the hate and pain it has placed in their minds.

The lyrics to their song "Nothingness" are; "you are nothing, stand there...criticize. Envy will blind, weakness divides, you are soulless, realize the hate, let it surface without reason, all is left cold." Or, how about these lyrics, "Hiding inside behind strained walls, faceless life, control is now gone." That is how "Empty Mental Room" begins.

At least they don't want to go around cutting up virgins and raping dead children. But, they are from Holland where their sexuality hasn't been as repressed as that of Americans.

A mistreated, horribly depressed bunch, they have recorded the sound of their pain for the world to hear. It is a damn fine job. If you buy it, just don't walk around all day depressed, head down, looking for money on the ground. It is only music.

—WA

NUDESWIRL

Nudeswirl

Megaforce/Music For Nations

COZAZ 1

NUDESWIRL fits right in with the hundreds of alternative guitar bands popping up everywhere. They combine punk and metal, throw in some melodic pop hooks and just a dash of psychedelia for what is becoming a cliched sound.

The vocals have that same abrasive tenor quality you've come to expect. NUDESWIRL is not content to simply write a nice little short pop ditty. They stretch the things out with tempo changes, throw in a few tasteful acoustic breaks with harmony vocals and so-ling approaching arena boredom.

The album is not bad. The tasteful use of feedback and the psychedelic noodling around are what saves it. The band has some effects pedals in their arsenal and they know how to use them at the right time, just in time to stave off the boredom.

The vocals are buried too low in the mix to truly catch what they are singing about. Song titles such as "Dogfood," "When I'm Dead," and "Ringworm" could be interesting if the lyrics were printed or understandable.

NUDESWIRL fits firmly in with the Springhouse/Walt Mink guitar rock sound. Both bands made recent appearances in Salt Lake. If you saw them and like them, or if you have their albums this album should hold some appeal.

—WA

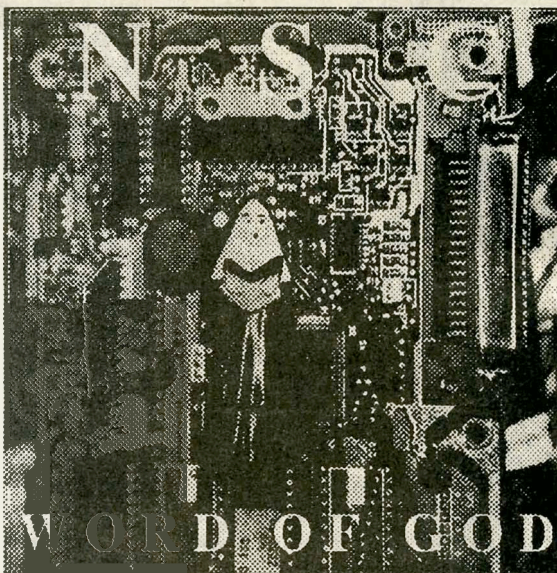
BIG DRILL CAR

Toured

Cargo/Headhunter

HEB-010

Toured was recorded live in 1991 at CBGB's. Since the recording BIG



DRILL CAR has replaced the drummer and the bassist. They also changed labels from Cruz to the Headhunter division of Cargo.

According to the band, their main motivation for recording this was money. The total cost of the recording was \$25. They must be broke. Maybe they need money to go into the studio. Whatever.

The recording is raw, just barely above a bootleg. There are 11 songs in just barely over 30 minutes. Included are songs from their albums and their first EP. This is fast, loud punk rock. If you can't wait for a new studio album and you are a BIG DRILL CAR fan pick it up, but only at a budget price. Don't pay \$15 for 30 minutes of music.

—WA

ALCOHOL FUNNYCAR

Burn

C/Z Records

058

ALCOHOL FUNNYCAR have only been around since '91. "Burn" is a five-song EP and it is the first thing the band has released to aluminum. They plant themselves firmly in the midst of the host of bands with that muddy, grinding sound.

It's muddy, thrash music, but the band fits right in with C/Z's roster. The melodies are there and so is the speed. ALCOHOL FUNNY CAR is yet another band playing their brand of loud, heavy melodic punk. The EP is the perfect place for them to start. There isn't enough time to get bored and it may gain them some fans while they work on a full-length album.

The live show is reported to be hot. They are on tour around the United States and they may make a visit to Salt Lake City this summer. Watch for them to play a local club. If your taste in music includes muddy, melodic speed rather than grinding sludge, check out this EP.

—WA

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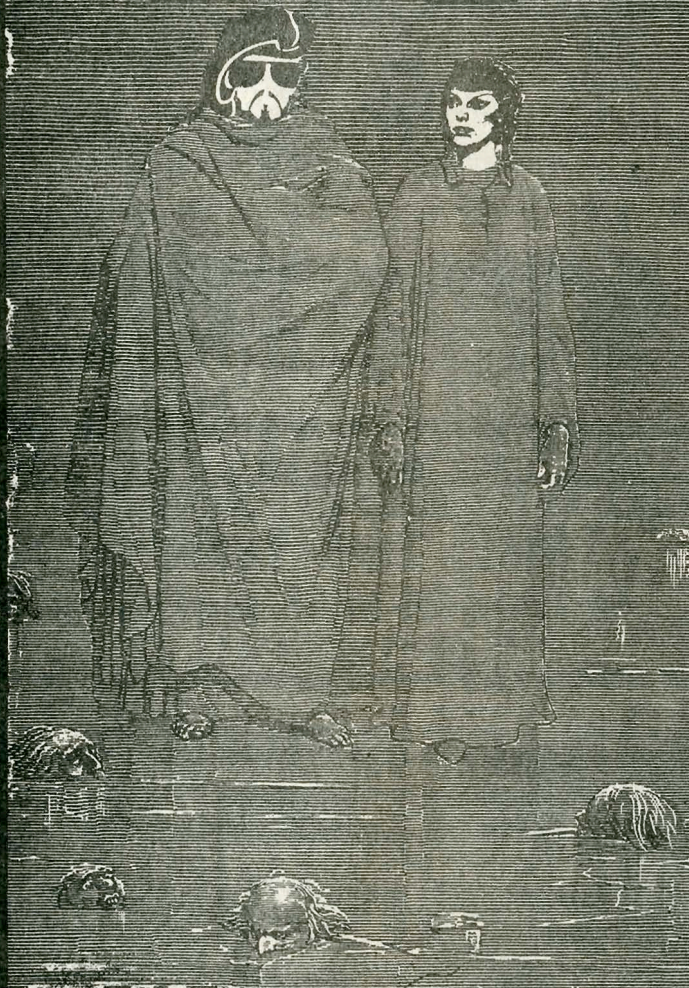
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|--|---------------------------------------|---|---------------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 29 DEAD VOODOO | 30 KATS SWING | 1 SKABS ON STRIKE | 2 ONE EYE HONEST ENGINE | 3 GAMMA RAYS |
| 6 BRAIN PUDDING | 7 STONE PONY | 8 SUPREME LOVE GODS PURE MOTH MACABRE | 9 JOHN BAYLEY | |
| 13 PAULS GOD KILLER GLOWNS | 14 DEAD KATS | 15 BIG F ONE EYE | 16 GAMMA RAYS | |
| 20 the FRANKS | 21 BROKEN HEARTS DEL MOTELS | 22 CRACKERBASH THE SHAVERN | 23 VOODOO SWING THE SCOFFED | 24 CLOSED |
| 27 THE OBVIOUS HONEST ENGINE | 28 DEAD KATS | 29 ABSTRAK | 30 THE CHANGE | 31 with THE REGULARS |

U.K. BESS

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SHORT STORY

He shuffles his feet, scattering the blades of grass. His toes curl up, grabbing at the naturally green carpet lined with sequined droplets left from this evening's rain. One slides slowly down the waterslide-like ridge and careens left, splattering on another crushed blade below. The moon further disguises itself, slowly darting behind some leafless trees to the east, running its cool, liquid light through the limbs and spilling out on the ground between the two homes the man is now staring at. The moon is like a dry beast sneering down at the man and coaxing the ground to swallow his naked feet. The man is frightened, but assured by the swarming voices that whisper thoughts into his head throughout the day. They tell him to not be afraid of the night but to envelop it until the end, when the sun can be seen approaching the latitude of the mountains and scares it away to its forest of eternal darkness.

A car passes and the occupants stare at the man who has now begun to take all of his clothes off. Their faces are like traumatic corpses that, being ill-fated, were unable to attend their own funerals. Imagine the loved ones that regretted not having seen the lifeless bodies lying in their coffins with that fake grin carved into their faces, that must have been temporal hell. The brakes are blinding as they finally pass, leaving a wave of one thousand cars behind them, all filled with the same people, laughing, taunting, digging into the man's brain. He stands trembling, unfold-

ing the red handkerchief in his right hand. In it lies his destiny, the beginning and the end. He slowly pulls the revolver and lifts it to his head, the barrel pushing deep into his throbbing temple. He sings a song of sweet lament and pulls the trigger letting the acrid fumes shoot out and dissipate into the atmosphere.

As he falls and looks left he sees the bark fly off one of the two trees he had worshiped not long before. The moon was still there, now becoming more obscure with the coming of the sun, also the coming of a new day. Once again an outside force had caused him to fail this fatal suicide, be it the pagan gods of the forest or just his own self will. Whether it was either or not, again he must face society after this stereotypical scenario of the L.S.D. freak, although he had these tendencies before experimentation into the underworld.

Tired and confused he ran to the tree with his gathered clothes in his hand and stared at the hole his bullet had left. Now he too had committed a grievous wrong in his eyes, by hurting the one thing that had always been there for him. Maybe this was also an auspicious occasion that could finally make him understand his own problems in a world where he was that tree. Or maybe he should just get some sleep and relax a little, he thought as he walked off.

"I hope you went out smiling like a child into the cool remnant of a dream."

—James Douglas Morrison

—Ryan Gillespie

SLUG IS LOOKING FOR COLUMNISTS

- Positively Queer
- Politics
- Theatre / Dance
- Whatever You Want

WHITE TRASH RECREATION

My name is Squareman, and I am white trash. You know, for years I didn't even know what white trash was, so how could I even suspect that I could have a problem with it. I am accepting my roots, however, and allowing them to guide my destiny. Since moving to Utah a few years ago, I have scoured the Wasatch Front in search of my heritage. My search finally landed me at the Mickey Thompson Stadium Off Road Races on June 24th.

This particular adventure goes back many year's age to when I was in high school in L.A. I had a friend named Neil. Neil is the son of a truck driver, and basically grew up under the hood of a car. Neil and I lived together for a while until three years ago when he decided to get married and pursue the domestic lifestyle.

As life sometimes goes, I have had little contact with my friend since that time. Back in mid-June, Neil called me up out of the blue to tell me he's going to be in Salt Lake City. It seems that Neil is working the stadium off road racing circuit as part of a pit crew. Anyway, Neil told me that he's going to leave me four tickets at will call at Rice Stadium.

My mind flashed back to years ago when Neil and I would sit and watch monster trucks and tractor pulls (can you believe this guy's from L.A.?) on ESPN. I would marvel at the energy that he and the crowd would put into this stuff. After a moment of reflection, I realized that this would be a cultural chance of a lifetime.

I quickly invited my girlfriend Monica. Having a Chicana girlfriend is a definite plus for white trash in the western states. It can, however be hazardous in the south. I then called up a couple who are the closest to yuppies as my friends come (i.e. they own a house and Tom has a steady job). I figured this could prove interesting, as Tom is in total denial of his own white trash tendencies. My memories of Tom go back to the days when he himself wore a leather jacket and spent more time on a motorcycle than he spent on his feet. As testament to his genetics, the only word his boy can say besides "mom" is "car."

As we pulled into the stadium parking lot, my view was filled with shirtless and tanktop wearing men, women in bikini tops, baseball caps, long and permed hair, and more tattoos than you'd see in Sturgis during a Harley-Davidson rally. This was white trash at its best! Monica became painfully ethnic, Tom and Lisa winced, little Jethro sat up wide-eyed in his car seat, and I beamed with inexplicable joy.

ESPN cannot do justice to stadium off road racing. The sight of speeding cars ramming each other, catching fire, and flipping through the air can transform the normally sedate, diplomatic human being into a snarling, blood-thirsty Roman. Everytime a car would crash or a motorcycle would fly through the air the crowd would jump up and scream in ecstasy. This had all the excitement of cock fighting, beer baiting, and a public execution all rolled into one glorious spectacle.

I was a little concerned about how my guests would react to all this. Monica dug her fingernails into my leg and screamed "yes!" as a customized Jeep Cherokee flipped end over end during the first race. One down. Little Jethro screamed "car! car!" and bounced in his seat race after race. Strike two. By the time the motorcycles were running their first heat Tom began chewing his nails and bobbing his leg. Lisa, too, became transfixed by it all. I, of course, was in my glory. No one will ever have to talk me into going to one these again. Although next time, I'll get there earlier so I can see the swim suit competition.

Before we left the stadium I took a long look around the crowd. With careful observation, I saw all races were represented in the stands. The Sheriff's department and Salt Lake Police stood by peacefully visiting with their fellow citizens. Down on the track, both men and women drove the vehicles and worked the crews. Two men in wheelchairs were driving against those without disabilities. This was true equality. This is the America our founding fathers dreamt about. I held my head a little higher as Tom screeched out of the parking lot. I think we all left uplifted and edified by the experience; but more importantly, more in touch with our roots.

The next morning, I couldn't wait to call my best friend Paul to tell him that I had at last participated in the greatest white trash experience of them all. I was sadly disappointed as he upstaged me with his "tubing" down some river in Arizona the week before. I don't look at this as a defeat, however, just another challenge to meet. It's another adventure to experience in this great, mythical, wild west we live in.

Next month Paul will write the story of his Arizona tubing adventure. Keep a look out for other great sports articles as Paul and I search for the world's greatest white trash leisure activities.

—Squareman

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even after they die.

DEAD-ALIVE

TIMOTHY BALME DIANA PENALVER ELIZABETH MOODY IAN WATKIN "DEAD-ALIVE"

PRODUCTION DESIGNER BOB McCARRON EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS RICHARD TAYLOR PRODUCTION DESIGNER KEVIN LEONARD-JONES MUSIC BY PETER DASENT DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY MURRAY MILNE EDITOR JAMIE SELKIRK
SCREENPLAY BY STEPHEN SINCLAIR FRANCES WALSH PETER JACKSON PRODUCED BY JIM BOOTH DIRECTED BY PETER JACKSON

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Due to the SHOCKING NATURE of this film NO ONE UNDER 17 ADMITTED

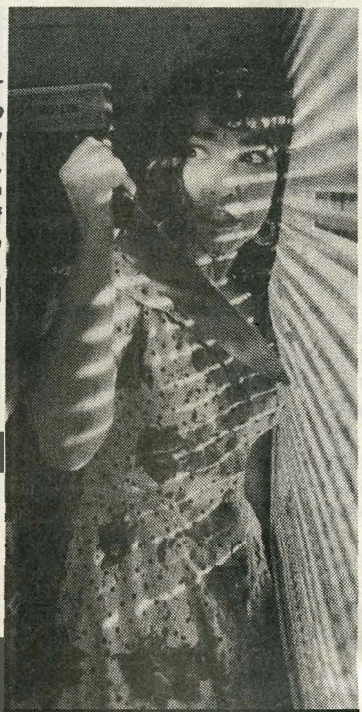
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MOVIES

DEAD ALIVE

Warning: this is not a film for the squeamish. While *Dead Alive* is a good-natured and campy spoof of horror and splatter films, it out does any film in the genre that I've ever seen in terms of stomach-turning violence. The sheer quantity of severed limbs, mangled bodies, buckets of blood and rotting zombies must set a new record.

The film is basically a fractured fairy tale. It starts out fairly innocently enough: two young people, Lionel and Paquita, fall in love and decide to go on a date to the zoo. Lionel's mother, who keeps her son on an apron-stringed leash, gets wind of the rendezvous and sets off to stop it. Unfortunately for her, she is first bitten by a malevolent Sumatran rat-monkey whose toxic venom quickly transforms her (and those whom she subsequently dismembers) into hideous nightmares.



Diana Penalver stars as "Paquita in DEAD ALIVE"

Poor devoted Lionel. His devotion to his afflicted mother is touching, but misguided. Soon his neighborhood is swarming with hideously deformed aberrations.

With lighthearted comedy and a touching love story, *Dead Alive* is never serious in its grotesqueness. Near the end, the violence is so pervasive that it almost becomes a cartoon, much like *Itchy and Scratchy* on amphetamines. This film is an E ticket at the amusement park with clever absurdities along the way.

So hold on to your hat and leave your lunch at home. The ride is about to begin.

—Joe Video

NOTICE!

Poverty is violence, and one expression of poverty is hunger. Millions of Americans, almost half of them children, go hungry each day. Globally, we continue to spend more time and resources developing, using and threatening to use weapons of massive human and planetary destruction than on nurturing and celebrating life.

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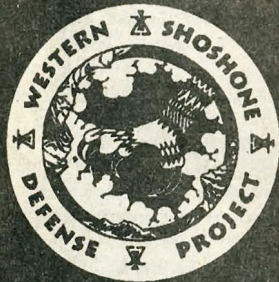
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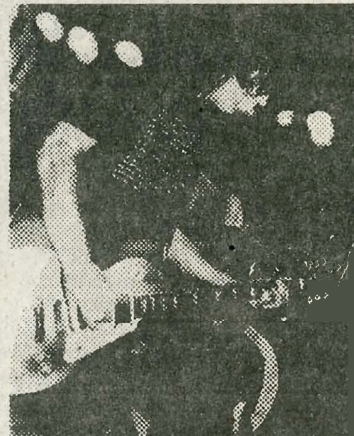
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CONCERT REVIEWS

INSATIABLE KING APPARATUS SKANKIN' PICKLE JUNE 1-MURRAY PARK

Unbelievable the "no show" of headliners SKANKIN' PICKLE from this three band outdoor ska show turned out to be good news. The absence of the Bay area Pickles left more time for the lesser-known openers to shine.

Locals INSATIABLE started the festivities with a short 30 minute set that played up their strengths and showcased the better tunes from their self-titled release.

Happily, the 8 piece group downplayed the soul and funk and eschewed cover songs. In addition, INSATIABLE's numbers occasionally drone on, but not so with their first set. The songs were all punchy and danceable and proved to be an extremely pleasant surprise. If the band continues to move in this direction, then future appearances will be eagerly awaited (although those who stayed for INSATIABLE's second set reported that the band fell into earlier bad habits).

The highlight of the evening, though, was definitely Canada's King Apparatus. While their previous Utah appearance was at a sparsely attended Bar and Grill show last year, Apparatus may have generated a number of new Utah fans.

The group's guitar-driven brand of ska had the minuscule pit area filled by skanking revellers. In addition, the space left by Pickle's vacancy allowed the group to play all of their best songs, some of which were left out of their abbreviated first set.

Lead singer Chris Murray launched from song to song, lending his distinctive croon to numbers like "Made For T.V.," "Live Feed From Heaven" (a swipe at television evangelists), and "Heartless."

Guitarists Sam Tallo and Paul Ruston definitely stole the evening, however, with their virtuosity. Ruston, in particular, was outstanding as he circled the stage area during the band's fastest number "Death Car On the Freeway."

The band's repertoire spanned their early 7" material, their self-titled debut album, and their as-yet-unreleased second album and include the amusing but honest "Buy Our Stuff."

As for SKANKIN' PICKLE...well, their bus broke down on route to the venue. But, strangely, they weren't missed. Funny.

—Scott Vice

FRANK BLACK REVEREND HORTON HEAT JUNE 2-CLUB DV8

REVEREND HORTON HEAT recently came through Salt Lake on the Frank Black tour thing. The Rev being the opening band there on.

Completely fucking hip. Psychobilly at its finest, firmest and hardest. It is safe to say I put new batteries in my dido for this one.

I like this band much more live! Oh what a feeling! I do implore you check out their albums.

They came on stage quietly and when the lights came on and the band started playing, I swear I saw Elvis. "Lonesome Train Whistle" was the first song I think but, I was a bit stunned by the bright lights. The Rev. played alot of stuff off of both their albums. They even got an encore from the crowd! "400 bucks," "I'm Mad and "Nurture your pig" were some of the memorable ones.

The Reverend tied me to my bed posts the whole set. Oh god it was good.

—Chopper

HONEST ENGINE & MAYBERRY JUNE 8-BAR AND GRILL

There are a lot of smaller bands in Salt Lake that get very little said about them. So I decided to head to the Bar and Grill to hear something new. Headlining this event was a local band called HONEST ENGINE. I had never even heard of these guys before, but they sure had somethin' going on. Sort of a fusion between funk and metal, and a trace (and no more) of that there grunge sound we all know. The sound was fresher than a lot of bands I'm hearing today, and I liked it a great deal. Upbeat music and melodic vocals. Cool. The crowd got into them, too. (or maybe it was just because of the fifty cent drafts.)

Opening up the show was the band MAYBERRY, who I was going to see in the first place. I had seen these guys once before at Club Starz, and had heard them on the Salt Flat CD. These guys are a good band, but were also victims of circumstance that night. They played as well as they always do, but the P.A., which really sucked, kinda gave out on them mid-way through their short set, which did their sound no justice, and made their vocalist Ryan sound like Al Jourgensen. He was also having problems with his guitar, and had to put it down for the last half of the set. You could tell they were trying to make the best of a shitty situation, and were just fucking around, and trying to having fun. No harm done, they've played alot better in the past, and will in future gigs, I'm sure. And put out some new material on tape, you guys!

I'm sure we'll be hearing more from these two up-and-coming-bands in the future, hopefully in SLUG or in recorded format of some kind. They both deserve more recognition.

—Smith Reid

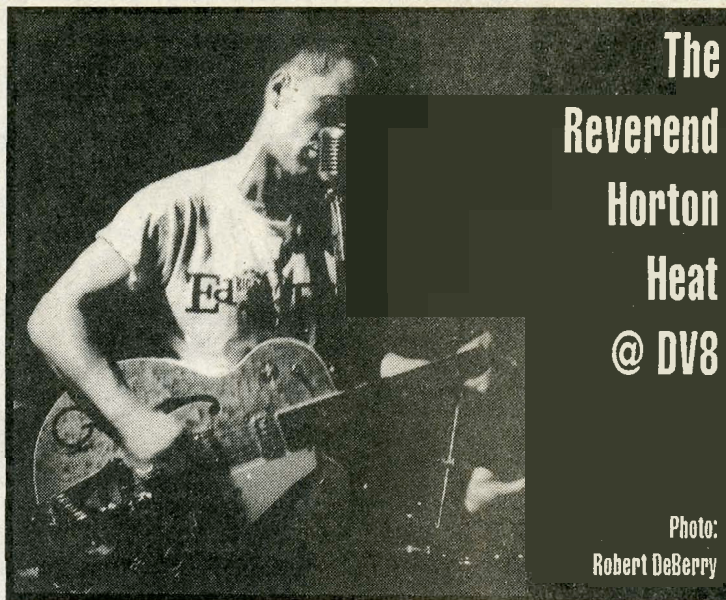


Photo:
Robert DeBerry

STEEL POLE BATHTUB ETHYL MEATPLOW JUNE 21-BAR AND GRILL

Once in twelve eons, you find a group that throws you against the wall, tells you to spread 'em and for some odd reason you like it.

That was the feeling felt by about 60 people recently at the STEEL POLE BATHTUB/ETHYL MEATPLOW show the 21st at the Bar and Grill.

Neither of the acts pre or post Ethyl even came close to the live show offered by this California-bred trio.

Opening up with what was thought to be a sound check, developed into a full blown, do as you please, sex session with a special guest on stage succumbing to all the wants and desires of the band.

The music was hard as I am sure some of the audience members were when one of the bands special guests took off her shirt and Wee Wee, one of the members of the band, spewed his own liquid brew (Evian) upon the audience.

If you missed the best damn show to enter The Beehive State since Neil Diamond rocked the Delta Center.

After seeing Ethyl Meatplow perform in a club I think all concerts should be banned from stadiums and all concerts be confined to anything go's. (ANYTHING)

If you don't already have this disk I suggest you get it and save your soul.

—Jake Leonard

STRETCH ARMSTRONG BUCK-O-NINE JUNE 5-MERIDIAN SCHOOL

The state's best unsigned act, STRETCH ARMSTRONG, once again provided a spectacular show, opening for San Diego's BUCK-O-NINE in a sparsely attended show in Provo.

Stretch's Scottie Van Wagnen wobbled from number-to-number, serv-

ing up Stretch's best material (and then some). The band opened with the delightful "Borisoglebaska" as the rhythm tion danced onto the stage accompanied by that songs Russian-flavored opening strains.

Stretch was soon launching into song-after-fast-paced-song and included a few new tunes, the most notable of which were "Rainy Day" (featuring talented saxophonist Rachelle Jessee ed vocals—which she accomplished remarkably well) and "Dirty Little Slut."

But the group also played the best of their earlier material, from "No Room For Hate" (a plea for tolerance rendered outstanding by an extended instrumental conclusion) to "T.B.T.F." to the band's best tune, the angst-ridden "Pain." Also included were covers of "Charlie Brown" (enlivened by "Ska Bob" Walter's guest appearance and trombonist Mr. Lee's imitation of the "Peanuts" adults).

Stretch then made way for the 6-piece Buck-O-Nine, a relatively (and undeservedly obscure) California band that played an outstanding set comprised of songs off their Buck Naked cassette, and covers of Operation Ivy's "Sound System" and the Clash's "Wrong 'Em Boyo."

BUCK-O-NINE's strength lies in the groups flippant attitude, reflected in a cruel song aimed at no-talented musician Jon Bon Jovi and "A Few Too Many," dedicated to those of us who've occasionally over-indulged in spirits and made asses of ourselves.

The band scarcely missed a beat, despite the fact that the drummer had worked early in the day and took a late flight to Utah. In fact, while Buck-O-Nine's sound is rather restrained on tape, the group was exceedingly powerful and fast on stage.

Promoter Bob Walter planned this show as the first of a series this summer, so hopefully future concerts will be better attended to encourage the idea.

—Scott Vice

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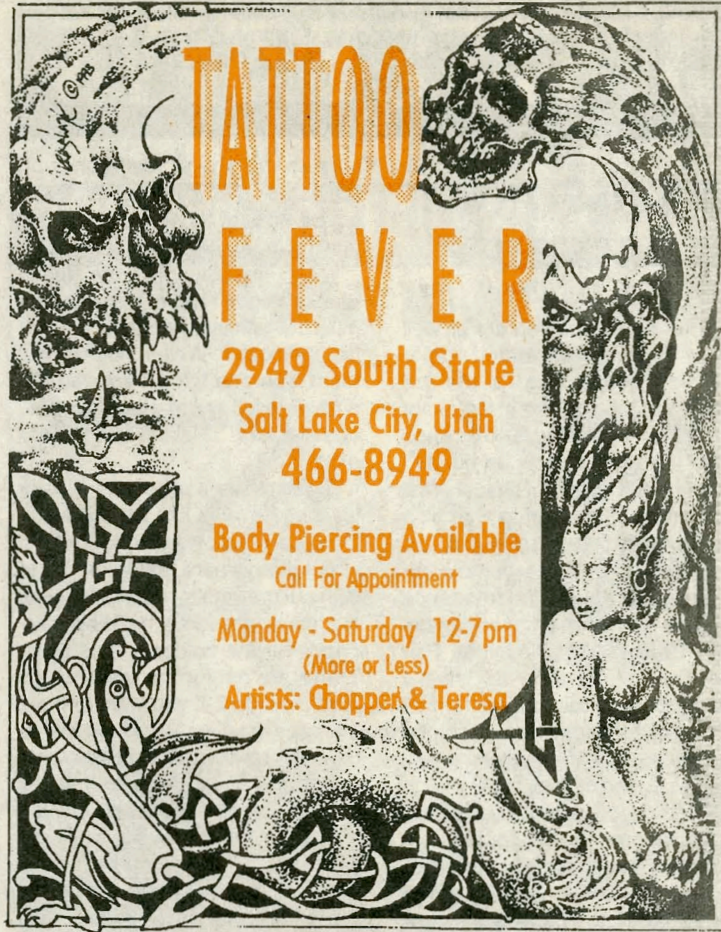
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STIMBOY SAYS

BACKSTAGE

STIMMY!

June, as I'm sure you are all well aware brought that bloated corporate pig, Lollapalooza, to the fair environs of the beehive state. I kept waiting for the "Wicked and Strange of the Villiage" to show up but all I noticed was a couple of typical West Valley rednecks wearing Sub Pop hats. I thought that was pretty wicked and strange. For this humble reporter, the Lollypoploser experience was only one small jump above the Triad Center's Arts N' Crafts Fair and the University ta Utah's Snorefest. Lollypalooza, as far as I can tell, was originally envisioned as a unique sort of event one would travel to, a kind of punk rock version of a Grateful Dead tour. That Lollapalooza even happened in Utah is a testimony to the fact that whatever noble intentions Perry Farrell had at its inception, it is now nothing more than lame package tour with vague, tokenistic "alternative" leanings.

The legalize marijuana booth was about as radical as it got. And how 'bout that alternative information booth? You mean I don't have to go to Barnes and Noble, or Raspberry Records to get my copy of Flipside anymore? Naturally, I enjoyed a "smart drink" although I think that is something of a misnomer. They should more appropriately be known as "Stupid Drinks." I certainly felt very stupid after spending four bucks on a concoction that tasted like Tang mixed with chalk. I didn't buy another one however, so if I wasn't smarter, I was at least a little bit wiser. Of course the "Cyber Pit" kept me well informed of the schedule of events. For example, I learned the rest of the nation got to see bands like Free Kitten, Sebadoh, Tsunami and Cell. I also learned that Bash and Pop were a local band. Now the last time I checked, Minneapolis was not, in fact a sub-urb of Ogden. As far as Tommy "Beau Brummell" Stimson's set went, Lloyd Bentson said it best; "You, sir, are no Paul Westerberg." (Neither, is Paul Westerberg anymore, for that matter, but at least he can still knock out the brilliant song every now and then.) The way I see it, you

may as well spend your money on "Livestock 2003" because that's where 90% of those bands will be playing in ten years anyway.

"My, my, Stimmy," the gentle reader might remark, "surely you must have enjoyed *something* about Lollapalooza?" Well, I must admit, there was one thing I enjoyed exquisitely well about alternafest 93, and that was... Having a backstage pass.

The backstage pass is invaluable for mega events like Lollapalooza. Obviously it allows you access just about everywhere and frees you to sell your previously purchased ticket, but there are more valuable dividends for the holder of said pass. These are not for the reasons you might imagine. If you want to meet the stars, you'll be out of luck. Hanging out backstage at shows of this magnitude is like being on a movie set: You might peripherally catch a glance at the stars, but basically you'll spend most of your time watching the crew eat lunch. On the other hand, if you're heavily into checking out a fleet of custom tour buses with airbrushed cowboys and indians on the sides, ala Karl Malone's diesel, then the backstage Lollapalooza experience is just the ticket.

Sorry to disappoint, gracious reader, but there are only two distinct advantages of having a backstage pass at Lollapalooza. The first is complimentary soft drinks and plenty of ice and the second is; no lines for the toilet! Running water too! (Well that and watching Babes In Toyland simultaneously eat lunch flee the English press.)

STIMBOY QUIZ:
The best way to get a backstage pass to Lollapalooza is:

- A: Write for SLUG
- B: Work for some pathetic "alternative" radio station.
- C: Join Fishbone.
- D: Schmooze Alice in Chains' publicist at the Bar and Grill.

The correct answers are, of course, B, C, and D. SLUG couldn't even get comp tickets for the show although Bob DeBarry did get photo clearance. I'll leave it up to you to decide how I got my pass.

To sum it up, Lollapalooza had its winners and losers, its highs and lows. Here's a summary of my thoughts: Best bands:

TOOL, naturally. The band every-

one wanted to see didn't disappoint. Too bad they didn't have any water hoses on the second stage during their set.

ARRESTED DEVELOPMENT: Believe the hype.

DINOSAUR JR.

Finally the perfect setting for J. Mascis' majestic guitar. Backstage highlight for me, standing next to the man himself during the Primus set.

LOSERS:

PRIMUS: Never cared for Rush in junior high, don't need their latest incarnation. Even in private, I've never found masturbation that gratifying. Two words of advice for Primus: Power chord.

FRONT 242: You can take the boys out of the disco but you can't take the disco. . . Oh, never mind.

FISHBONE: Angelo gets a point in my book for leaving his tour bus and actually talking to the people. If course that was mostly shuckin and jivin to sell his bad poetry book. Hey Angelo, next time bring a band with you, this four song, twenty minute jam ain't cutting it. A shame too, cause at their best, Fishbone rules in a big way.

Everyone else was mediocre. Why Layne Staley needs a guitar on "Rooster," I'll never know.

BEST FOOD: Jamaican Jerk Chicken, Turkey Leg Jones and the African stand. If Lollapalooza is so cutting edge, what were Dominos and Arbys doing there? Can you say corporate sponsorship?

The real stars of Lollapalooza were the crew. The sound was absolutely immaculate

BEST QUOTE: "Baaahhhh": Various people being herded out after the show.

STRANGEST STORY: Reports that someone was dosing people with acid soaked hit of Visine. Evidently some folks tripped for three or four days.

Now on to all purpose fun stuff.

June was Salt Lake nostalgia month with reunion sets by the Boxcar Kids and Subject to Change at Spanky's. Also there was the triumphant return of Brendan Welsh and Atomic 61 at the Bar and grill. Abstrak and S.N.A.G. opened this sludge fest in fine form.

As of press time, the legendary Decomposers have disbanded due to the ever popular personal conflicts. It's a shame, they were one necessary and unique voice in the monolithic, hegemonistic Salt Lake "scene."

Finally, June was once again a payolla month for fine recorded me-

dia: My top ten includes:

BOSS HOG, Girl + (Amphetamine Reptile.) I told my brother to put this on the other morning and it cured my hangover. Godhead from Cristina and company.

JON SPENCER BLUES EXPLOSION, Extra Width (Matador.) The other half of the equation. Should be the Jon Spencer *Rhythm* and Blue Explosion judging by the slinky Farfisa organ on "Afro."

URGE OVERKILL: Saturation. (Geffen, orange vinyl.)

In a word: Swank.

BAD RELIGION: Recipe For Hate (Epitaph.) We always knew these guys had a brain but they got plenty of heart as well. This album starts slowly but by the midpoint you can't help but be hooked. You've probably already bought it anyway so why waste ink?

FUGAZI: In on the Killtaker (Dischord)

Incredible, as always. See Bad Religion review above.

WOMEN: VIP b/w Laura (Stab You in the Back 7", blue vinyl) Great snotty hyper intellectual punk rock from the belly of Orange County. "Laura" is the best masturbation ode since "Turning Japanese."

HAZEL: Jilted b/w Truly. (Sub Pop 7", grey vinyl.) I liked their Cavity Search single better. I don't want to tell you how good Hazel is. I want them to be my little secret. This single sucks. Don't move to Portland. Don't buy their upcoming album.

THE MUFFS: (Self titled, the insidious Warner Bros.) Love the band, love the album. Unfortunately, this is the only release on my list which is not available on vinyl. But that ain't their fault. They'll be playing here in August so come see em.

OXO #5 (Various artists, OXO label.)

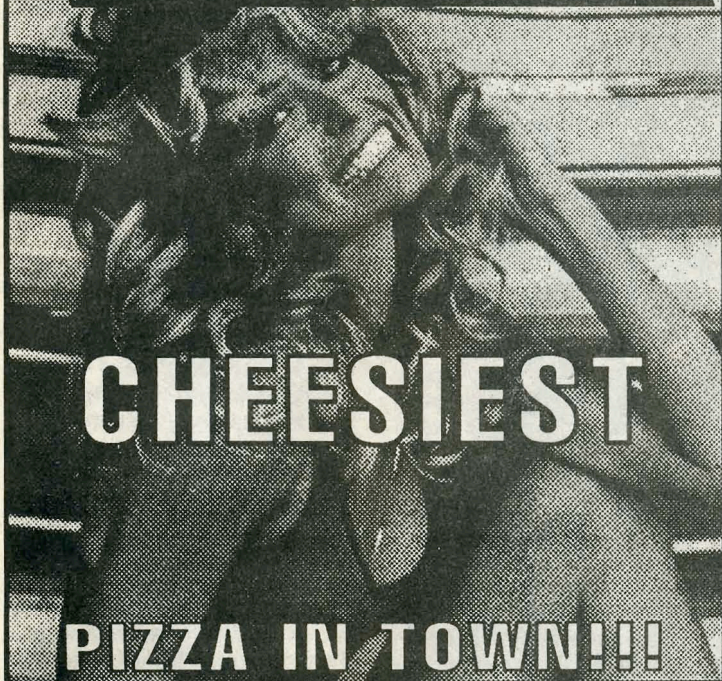
Jantitor Joe wins, hands down. Also includes tunes by Muskelunge, John's black Dirt and Snag. (Not to be confused with Salt Lake's own S.N.A.G.) A necessity for any vinyl archivist.

WYKGD LYZZRD: "Codpiece" ep (Brutal Equation records.) Tijunga California's heaviest. Constantly on the verge of either breaking up or getting signed to Geffen.

Well that's it for this month. I'll see you at any or all of the shows coming this month: X, Paul Westerberg, P.J. Harvey, Butthole Surfers, Hammerbox, Supersuckers, Big Drill Car and most especially at any of the numerous local shows happening just about every day in town.

LUV YA, MEAN IT, Stimmy.

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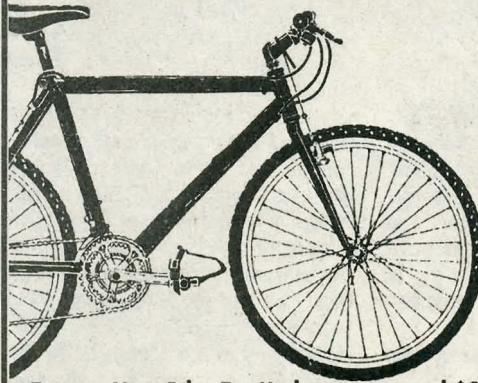
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COMIC REVIEWS

Scottish cartoonist Eddie Campbell (now a native of Australia) has been in the comics business since the 1980's and, while he has largely labored in obscurity, the efforts of certain comics publishers have resulted in greater exposure for his work.

Campbell's work is always distinctive, whether it be his modern-day Roman mythological figures (in the BACCHUS and DEADFACE material), his semi-auto-biographical ALEC tales, or what-not. Witty dialogue, carefully-crafted narrative, and powerful (if sketchy) illustration are always evidenced in Campbell's comics material, and the comics shelves have recently been stocked with a trio of Campbell projects, all reviewed below.

—Scott Vice

GRAFFITI KITCHEN

Written and Illustrated by

Eddie Campbell

Tundra Publishing

Campbell's ALEC strips have been coming along sporadically since his career began, culminating in THE COMPLETE ALEC (compiled by Eclipse Comics and sadly out-of-print). Luckily, Campbell has returned to the world of Alec MacGarry with the self-contained GRAFFITI KITCHEN.

GRAFFITI KITCHEN opens with a very unflattering look at MacGarry (artist Campbell's alter-ego) as he displays his bruised ego and quickly evolves into the tale of Alec's tangled involvement with the middle-aged Jane Maison and her young daughter, Georgette.

But rather than being a very male, dominant tale of male-female relationships à la Henry Miller or Ernest Hemingway, GRAFFITI KITCHEN is very critical of males through the flawed MacGarry. MacGarry eventually beds the wifish Georgette and feels unrelenting remorse, then falls into a disastrous fling with Jane, the entire time pining for Georgette.

But Campbell keeps the tone light, with matter-of-fact reporting and sometimes trivial scenes that combine to make one cohesive and engaging whole.

All this may sound boring and disheartening, but it is anything but. KITCHEN is at times whimsical, sad, comic, and tragic...just like life (funny coincidence, isn't it?).

Just as in Campbell's other ALEC tales, GRAFFITI KITCHEN relies on Campbell's strengths, characterization

and discretion. Campbell's characters speak truthfully and realistically and stumble and bumble through life, just like humans. Situations are never the unmistakable ring of truth. Campbell's accompanying drawings range from photo-realistic to (most often) very sketchy. While this approach may take some getting used to for less discriminating and tasteful comics readers, it suits the material well.

Like good literature, GRAFFITI KITCHEN makes the heart soar and opens the mind to new experiences. And, at 48 pages for \$2.95, it's a rare bargain—no slim volume for the buck. Hopefully, this is one comic that will receive attention outside of the comics field. It's that good. For those of you who think the comic book genre has fallen prey to stagnancy, GRAFFITI KITCHEN is a more than adequate rebuttal. (B&W, \$2.95) Grade: A+

—Scott Vice

THE 1,001 NIGHTS OF BACCHUS

Written and drawn by Eddie Campbell and others

Dark Horse Comics

Campbell has returned to his greatest source of "fame" (his revisionist view of the Roman god of wine, Bacchus, who has survived to modern times) in Dark Horse's THE 1,001 NIGHTS OF BACCHUS.

The story behind this volume involves the world-weary Bacchus stumbling into The Travellers Joy, a modern-day inn, where he is taken in by Hector, the kindly owner. Bacchus soon becomes catalyst to some tale-spinning, as Hector promises to keep the bar open as long as the patrons can keep Bacchus awake.

This soon evolves into a nightly ritual, as the barflies conspire to keep the ancient deity conscious through the ancient art of telling stories.

The best of these tales are "Heukening and Disobedience" (a very Irish tale of the amusing angel Seamus) and "O King, It Has Come to My Ears That..." (a creepy tale loosely based on a tale by Fyodor Dostoevsky).

But the real charm to these tales lies in the framing sequences, as the bar, patrons, and Bacchus are featured in asides.

A number of contributors abetted Campbell in these tales, from artist Dylan Horrocks on the first story, to co-writer Wes Kublick on "O King..." and "One For The Road, O Auspicious



King (Then send for the Wazir)" but the work remains, by and large, Campbell's. And, ultimately, it is Campbell who succeeds and fails.

In fact THE 1,001 NIGHTS OF BACCHUS is maddeningly inconsistent, ranging from good to downright awful. The biggest flaw one can pinpoint lies with the artwork. While Campbell has never been one of the field's strongest illustrators, his graphic storytelling has always been consummate. Yet, on several of the book's tales, the artwork appears rushed and sloppy (and occasionally unprofessional). It's as if Campbell's other work has taken away too much of his time for this material and so it gets little effort.

Nevertheless, the stories do retain a great deal of charm and entertainment, and while it may be disappointing to BACCHUS readers, it is a vast improvement over most of the dross to be found soiling the shelves in comic shops. (B&W, \$3.95) Grade: B-

—Scott Vice

FROM HELL, VOLUME TWO

Written by Alan Moore Drawn By Eddie Campbell

Mad Love/Tundra Publishing

For those of us interested in following Alan Moore and Eddie Campbell's FROM HELL serial in TABOO (but too cheap to buy the expensive issues of that horror title), Mad Love and Tundra have done us a favor by releasing two volumes of collected material.

FROM HELL (for the uninitiated) is a sixteen-part "melodrama" written by Moore and illustrated by Campbell and detailing Moore's posited explanation behind the "Jack the Ripper" murders. But rather than being simply a reconstruction of events (fictionalized and historical), FROM HELL is a very rich period piece and drama, drawing together characters as diverse

as Queen Victoria, John Merrick (the "Elephant Man"), and more. How this all ties together is fascinating, and only a master like Moore could pull it off.

Volume two features Chapter 3 and 4 of the ongoing tale. In it, we see a plan hatched by some prostitutes of London's Whitechapel area to extort money from Queen Victoria. This, in turn, leads to a nasty series of events as the Queen Mother sanctions Roy, physician William Gull to take any steps necessary to protect the Royal Family.

And yes, for those of you curious, Moore does subscribe to the Whitechapel theory murders were the result of a Masonic conspiracy (in response to an appeal by the Queen to cover up an "indiscretion" by Crown Prince Albert Victor). The evidence Moore has compiled to justify this conclusion is staggering, as is the wealth of sources drawn to enrich the tale.

Writer Moore should be applauded for the effort expended to make FROM HELL so detailed. Unfortunately, Chapter 3 ("Blackmail or Mrs. Barrett") is a relatively weak effort. While the argot of the street walkers appears very accurate (to a layman), the dialogue is occasionally wooden and talky. In addition, scenes seem entirely too contrived and convenient. In short, the whole chapter is too stogy. Happily, Moore fares much better in Chapter 4, "What Doth The Lord Require of Thee?," in which Victoria beseeches Dr. Gull to take any necessary steps to cover up the Royals' dirty laundry and Gull takes soon-to-be accomplice John Netley on a tour of London's mystical underpinnings...

It is here that artist Campbell is at his best, too. Campbell's sketchy renderings make things seem very harsh and unglamorous and the details evidenced as Gull and Netley traverse London are staggering. The research employed to make the setting so accurate must have been enormous. The fact that Messrs. Campbell and Moore manage to turn in a good story, too makes the accomplishment all the more mind boggling.

I could go on and on...FROM HELL should appeal to Ripperologists, fans of historical drama, conspiracy nuts, and those just looking for a good story. Hopefully, the publishers will continue to publish this material regularly. The horrors of the work may indeed have come FROM HELL, but the work itself is angelic. (B&W, \$4.95) Grade: A-

Further recommendations:

As always, CEREBUS (by Dave Sim) is a must-buy (more on that next), but Moebius' AIRTIGHT GARAGE #2, PALASTINE #3, and SANDMAN MYSTERY THEATRE #5 should be on anybody's shopping list.

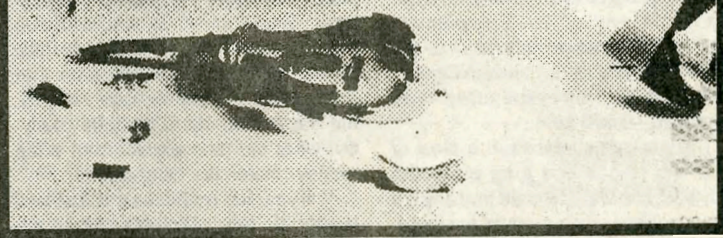


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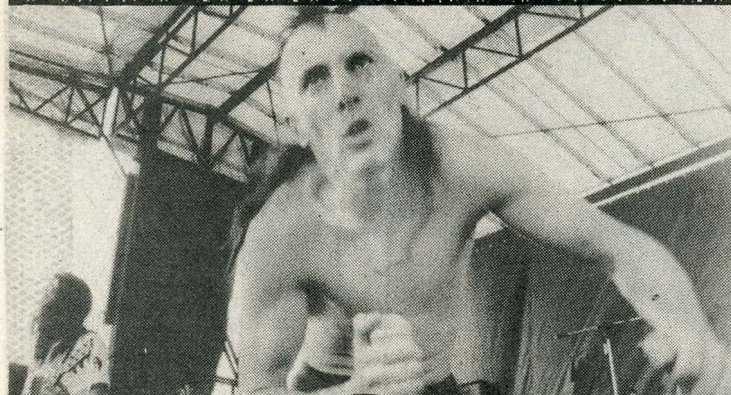
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LOLLAPALOOZA



TOOL photo: Robert DeBerry

LOLLAPALOOZA 83

Ogden, Ut Fairgrounds

The outdoor dust-bowl of hype has come and gone—Lalapalooza Festival 3 happened this year at the Weber County Fair Grounds in Ogden, Utah June 25. This event pulled in an estimated 18,000 plus.

The event showcased a slew of acts, two stages and a lot of booths with food, cool stuff for sale that any kid with a college degree could easily afford.

Let's cover the bad stuff first. Remember this is one person's account and not necessarily a common consensus. My first real complaint was the \$27.50 ticket price (plus service charge). Granted, there were a lot of bands and paying to see each individually would have far exceeded \$30.00. Though considering the outrageous amount of money one had to spend to purchase food & drinks, 30 bucks was quite steep. However, considering that they wouldn't allow you to bring anything in to the concert, including water, they knew that they could charge whatever they wanted for their goods. Then if you got thirsty and wanted something to drink you could hang out in the mud and wait to be watered like an animal.

Beer was the worst of it. The beer gardens were located in a fenced off area where you couldn't see either of the stages. After standing in line up to an hour (in the sun) one could purchase a 22 oz. beer for a mere \$4.00. Now that is normal at an event like this, but, to get another beer I had to wait another hour for another. To top that off, the only beer they had available was Coors. Food was a different story. They had a variety of foods available, from Mexican to Pizza to Turkey. Most of the food looked good but after buying my ticket I had to be sure of what I wanted. A beer, a shirt, something from one of the booths or lunch.

The booths were all pretty enjoyable. There were a lot of different and interesting things available, but like the food it was pretty pricey. As for the shirts they were all at least \$23 and more than I cared to spend. Since RAGE AGAINST THE MACHINE chose not to sell their shirts for that price, I chose not to buy one. All in all, the day turned out to be quite costly, but what can one expect from a big money-maker like Lalapalooza.

If you didn't mind dirt and dust, and the terrain didn't bother you than the location was ideal. However, I felt that more grass & shade and less dirt would have been nice. For a festival that should have invited more environmentally-conscious people, the place was a hell of a mess. Last, but not least, was the always-present police who made over 25 arrests, mostly for disorderly conduct. Enough of the bad and on with the good.

First of all I must say this: The fact that I didn't have to drive to another state to see this monstrosity was also nice. Doubtful, however, that Utah will ever be graced with this pleasure again. Since the event is basically a music event, having two stages made a lot more bands available to the crowd. However, the obvious scheduling problems made it impossible to see all bands available. In any case, I am going to talk about the acts that I had the chance to see.

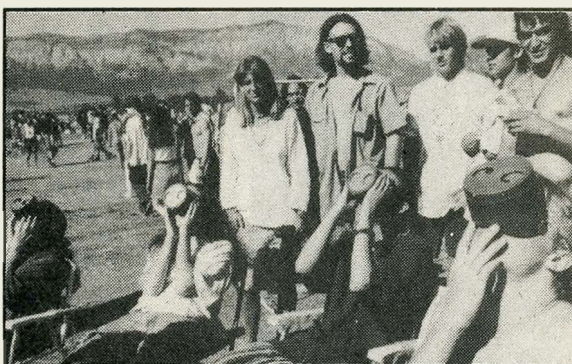
The main, big stage had quite a diverse line-up for the day. The first band on stage was RAGE AGAINST THE MACHINE but I only caught the last two songs due to traffic. From

what most of the people I talked to said Rage was the most energetic act of the day. BABES IN TOYLAND where a very good act. They played most of their set from their new album *Fontanelle*. After Babes was FRONT 242. Since I hadn't heard too much from these guys I opted for *Mercury Rev* on the smaller stage. Confusion is the only word I could use to describe this band from New York City. These guys had a touch of Sonic Youth to them. Very enjoyable and I would highly recommend picking up their CD.

After MERCURY REV was TOOL. This band which can easily be described as angry where one of the surprise hits of the event. They began their set with a chainsaw juggler, which really got the band going. They took the stage and the crowd started a huge pit which resulted in a few injuries. After TOOL I headed for the booths to check out what they had before DINOSAUR JR hit the stage. I would have to say that there were mixed feelings about this band but I personally like them. Due to conflicts in the band this may be the last tour that they will do. ALICE IN CHAINS is a great band but not my cup of tea so I headed for the village to check out the open forum tent. There was some great artwork on the walls of the tent but not too much going on. I do know they had interesting speakers in Portland, like Timothy Leary, but I didn't catch anything too exciting.

On the way back to the big stage for PRIMUS I passed "LSD Rick." A very unique individual with a head full of trivia and for a buck you could take through his special glasses that supposedly replicated an LSD trip.

When PRIMUS hit the stage it seems the whole attending crowd



\$1 Acid trip visual from LSD Rick

headed for the stage. Why not? PRIMUS deserved it. With a great line-up of music and Les Claypool, a great show himself, it was worth the wait.

All in all the event was put together very well. The bands were on and off the stage quickly which left little time for the sun-baked crowd to get bored. I just wish that the event had been more of a spectating thing not such a big promotional money-making extravaganza. That is what the



Babes In Toyland

even was meant to be in the first place—a chance for alternative music to become more accessible. But over the past few years it has just turned into a big price tag.

A View From Abroad

By Ivar John Zelle

I thought it would be totally incomprehensible. I wanted it to be, like, wantonly verbose and dynamically apocalyptic. I expected it to be the pinnacle of my midformative years. I at least wanted to have a little bit of fun. Alas, I did LOLLAPALOOZA by way of San Francisco and somehow came away from it completely unchanged! The same man I was before!!

Yeah, I did have a good time. I'm sure anyone who went at least enjoyed a day off from the rigors of life; the opportunity to hang out drinking beer and listening to music, as well as the discovery of plastic gizmos that replicate the experience of LSD. No shit! If you are cool, you were there. If you aren't cool, you were there: If you are "way too cool" or just broke, you weren't there. I happened to go because I have a genuine interest in music and taste for adventure, not to mention a free ticket compliments of a sibling. This is how I saw things.

Whoever selected the lineup for the main stage must be retarded! It's nice to give bands exposure, to try and be diverse, and even to be somewhat politically correct in this day and age. But if you want to entertain a bunch of people who are drunk and stoned to the bejzus, you have to live in reality. Judging by the crowd, the two biggest selling bands were the reason for 50% of the audience. The level of intensity jumped up from nowhere the second ALICE IN CHAINS revealed themselves, but lapsed in a handful of songs as everyone realized that this wonderful band who sounds great on tape are "El stinko" live. It's not even their fault, it's just that their music drones too much to keep an audience perky.

I wouldn't consider DINOSAUR JR. to be a great live band either, although I'm a huge fan of theirs. Still,

the crowd of "Alice" fans couldn't tolerate the fuzz inspired Dinosaur even though they delivered a good set. Any band that closes their set with the best song from their second album should be applauded. Maybe they should've changed their name to "Jurassic Jr." for this tour and audiences would've ate it up.

BABES IN TOYLAND also suffered from the "you've never heard us so we must stink and we feel like shit having to play in front of you and we're the only women playing and since your not responding you must hate women, etc..." factor. It's too bad, because their music is suitably raucous for live.

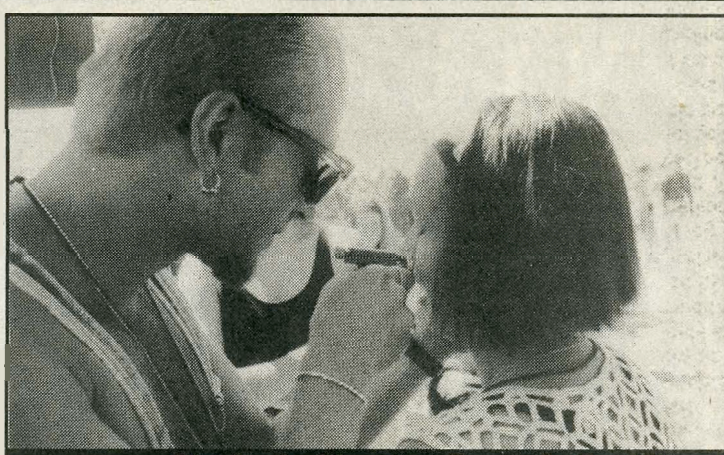
PRIMUS at least conjured up some good will as the evening wrapper. The dead walked the field again with the introduction of primo-video art to enhance their already prevalent loopiness. The first band to really catch everyones vibe, even PRIMUS had to submit to the failings of the sound system as some of SES C'S more tranquil lyrics were lost to the wind, and it wasn't even windy out!

Yes, the sound system on the whole was about as effective as wet matches, except for-you guessed it, the second stage. I had to forego the pleasures of FRONT 242, ARRESTED DEVELOPMENT, and most of FISHBONE in order to check out "up and coming" bands like MERCURY

REV and TOOL. MERCURY REV might have been good if they had been on the same planet as the rest of us. I wondered why I couldn't hear the lyrics to the songs when lo and behold, I realized the singer wasn't too concerned about singing into the mic. And for fucks sake, you couldn't hear the flute player either!! And they didn't even have a mandolin player!!! At least I could see them, and that was a trip in itself.

The big surprise was TOOL. There were lots of TOOL fans around, some even wore TOOL shirts and had tattoos of wrenches and hammers on their skulls. The band emerged with a few sarcastic words toward hippies, a few blessings from RAGE AGAINST THE MACHINE (leading to self gratification) and proceeded to unleash the most powerful set of the whole day. Perfect sound, perfect intensity, perfect stage demeanor. What the fuck, these guys would've had all 30,000 people bowling in awe had they played the big stage. Timothy Leary even came out to say that Tool is the band of the 90's. Timothy Leary may be a washed up dry heave, but he might be right about Tool.

After the day was over, I had to reflect: What's the point of paying \$30 just to get a nasty sunburn, hang out with a bunch of high schoolers who are only there to maintain their stature of cool, get overcharged for beer and



The Body Piercing Booth in the Village

food, and try to listen to bands who look like insects from where you're standing? Well, because it's something to do, goddamnit. Because 30,000 people can all laugh at once when the announcer tell them to come back for Bon Jovi in a couple of weeks. Because people are practically naked and doing weird shit to their hair and bodies.

Most of all, it's just a good idea to support these events as the natural cycle of progress, because some day in the near future, someone from a really cool underground band is going to say "fuck LOLLAPALOOZA!" They'll go out and organize a few hip spon-

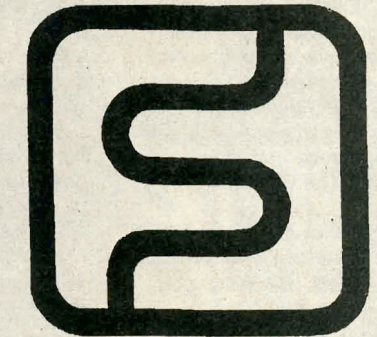
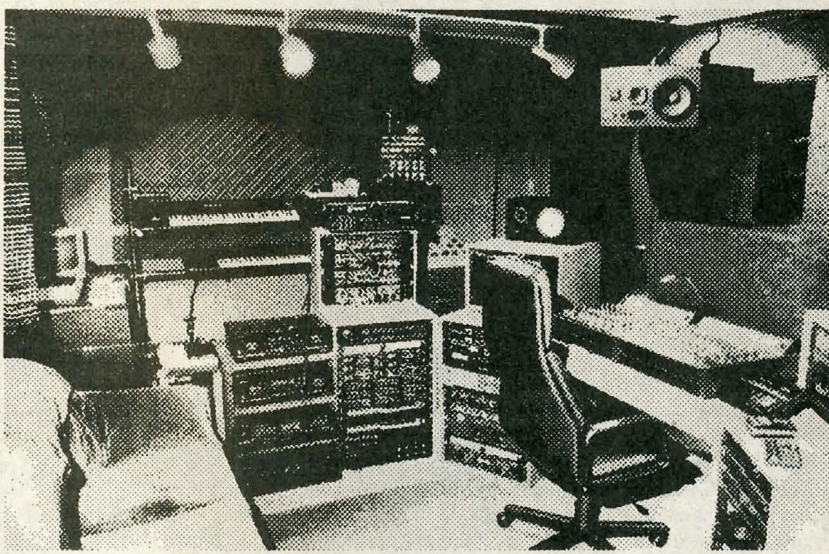
sors, about 20 of the coolest most unknown bands, and start a tour. Each venue will sport four to five stages, each area will hold about 30,000 people, who will all be able to see and hear the bands. Each band will sell their own merchandise and collect all the proceeds. Timothy Leary will be sacrificed on a special center stage. Beer and cigarettes will be free. The day will be a holiday! Everyday will be declared a holiday....

all photos by...
Robert DeBerry

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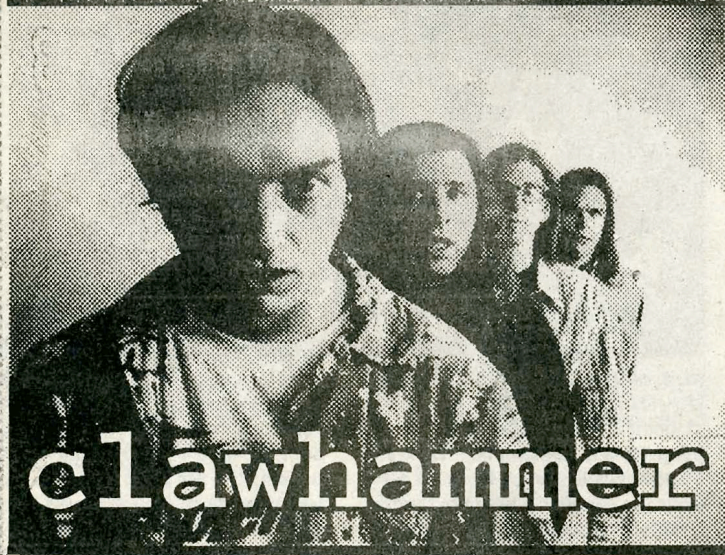
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INTERVIEW



The music of Claw Hammer is an adrenalin soaked, non-linear miasma of bluesy punk, underpinned by the ranging vocals of Jon Wahl, an incredible songwriter and front man. Due to the fairground's notoriously bad acoustics, and the general unfamiliarity of Utah audiences with Claw Hammer's prolific catalogue, much of their set went over the heads of the spectators at the Fugazi/Rocket From the Crypt show. All I can say is, do yourself a favor and buy any of their releases on Sympathy and Trigon or their latest long player, "Pablum" on Epitaph. Claw Hammer remains a unique and original voice in a world of pretenders. This interview occurred after their incredible set at the Fugazi show with a few cameo appearances by members of Rocket From The Crypt.

Claw Hammer is: Jon Wahl: guitar, vocals and harmonica, Christopher Bagarozzi: guitar, Rob Walther: bass and Bob Lee on drums.

SLUG: Tell our readers a brief history of Claw Hammer.

JON: Let's see. . . Rob?

ROB: Okay, back in 85, Jon decided he wasn't going to play music anymore, he was going to be a sculptor.

JON: So I bought a lot of underwear and that's a brief history.

ROB: But he decided that wasn't so good either, so he put an ad in the paper for a piano player who liked the Replacements, Stooges, MC5, Matt The Hoople and The Three O'Clock. Chris answered the ad and said "Jon, your piano sucks, why don't you be the guitar player?" So Chris and I got together, and went through a succession of bass players and drummers, played some shows in LA that everyone was really happy about like 3 people were

really happy about these shows. Then they recorded 3 songs for a Trigon Records compilation but their bass players and drummers were really flakey so I joined.

SLUG: How did you guys hook up with Long Gone John? (Of Sympathy for the Record Industry fame.)

ROB: He was a big fan of the Pontiac Brothers who Jon used to play with and the Lazy Cowgirls. We played a couple of shows with the Lazy Cowgirls and he came and checked us out and liked it.

JON: And he lives in Long Beach where I'm from. So we put out the Candle Opera single and the Fubar album which is actually self titled. We were going to call it that but some band called Fubar had just put out an album so the name was already used. We didn't want people to think that Fubar had put out an album called "Claw Hammer."

ROB: Plus, they were kind of military oriented.

JON: Our first album was very military oriented.

CHRIS: It was done to military specs.

SLUG: How's Epitaph working out?

JON: Well, they're putting out NOFX, Bad Religion, so they're working out pretty good. . . Oh, do you mean for us? Oh. Great actually, they're really cool and we're getting great tour support which we've never had. Every week Brett mails out flowers to us and his wife ships out dinners to us, so it's working out pretty good. You can't beat tour support like that.

SLUG: Do you ever get strange responses from people who have some preconceived notion of what an Epitaph band should sound like?

CHRIS: They're branching out and decided to take a chance with us.

JON: Brett's produced every one of our records so he wanted to eventually take us under his wing. Anyway,

they mailed out all these promo CD's and press kits etcetera, and one of them was to this customer in Hawaii, it was actually a retail mailing poll to outlets who are good for Epitaph. So they faxed back this letter saying, "We got the new Claw Hammer release, thanks a lot for mailing it but I must say that me and all my friends at the record store just sat their with our mouths wide open in disbelief. We can't believe that you're putting out Guns N' Roses sounding bands now. But thanks anyway." I thought that was pretty cool.

ROB: Jon and Chris play on the new Bad Religion album.

JON: We play chess on one song.

CHRIS: We play chess on every Bad Religion album.

BOB: I would like to take this opportunity to not only thank Fugazi for letting us play with them, but also for rescuing my shoe. I was out in the audience during their first song and someone stepped on my foot and my shoe came off and there was no retrieving it, so I just walked back thinking "oh boy, now I have to buy some new shoes. Then someone threw it on stage and rather than throw it back out, they held onto it.

JON: Bob was walking around without his shoe for like 15, 20 minutes and we were standing by the side of the stage and they handed it back to him. It was fucking awesome, I could not believe it.

BOB: That was the second greatest thing that's happened on this tour.

ROB: What was the first?

JON: The night before in Lawrence.

CHRIS: We tried to explode Rocket's van with fireworks and they tried to light ours on fire. By the end of the tour we are going to explode their van.

JON: We were driving down this country road.

ROB: We were throwing firecrackers at them and they were shooting bottle rockets at us. At one point we were at a stop sign and Pete ran up and shot us again with a roman candle.

JON: Evidentially, all the cars that were coming up behind us stopped in the middle of the street and just sat there because there were sparks everywhere and Peter's all running around acting crazy, shooting this roman candle.

ROB: They thought it was a drive by.

BOB: Drive by shooting, Kansas style.

ROB: We're waiting for the third best thing.

JON: The third best thing will be being in Idaho for the first time in my life.

(General talk about the tour and the lack of backstage beer when playing with Fugazi.)

CHRIS: They're adamant about it.

JON: They're Adam Ant about it?

ROB: Yeah, they don't smoke, don't drink. . .

JON: We're Duran Duran about it.

SLUG: What was the inspiration for "Poor Robert."

ROB: Jon was in the all night Denny's with his friend Danny McGoo, right Jon?

CHRIS: Rob's the story teller.

ROB: You know why? Cause there's no fucking beer, I can actually talk for a change.

PETE: Are you guys doing an interview?

JON: This is Pete, the guy who was shooting the bottle rockets. You know, I was thinking, there was that one moment when Fugazi had that shoe on stage when they actually had a little soul.

PETE: Holy moly!

ROB: So Jon and his friend were at Denny's and they ran into Wildman Fisher who did a bunch of crazy stupid stuff in the late 70's. So he was rambling and ranting and raving about the Go Go's and new wave. So they wanted to know about the Magic Band and and Robert Williams but every time they asked him he'd just say "poor Robert, he's got a wife and kids."

JON: And then he'd go back to "Are the Go Go's millionaires now do you think? What about this new wave music?" Dan just wanted to get an answer about Robert Williams because Dan used to know him when he was the drummer for the Magic Band. But every time he asked, he would just stare into his coffee and say, "poor Robert, he's got a wife and kids. . . So what about this?"

BOB: I met Wildman Fisher at a party last year and told him that we had dedicated a song to this incident but he denied the whole thing ever happened. "I didn't say that!" I was the only one there who would talk to him too. It got to the point where he was chasing me around the party so he would have someone to talk to.

CHRIS: The song should've gone "Poor Bob, he had to talk to Wildman Fisher all night."

SLUG: What's your connection with the Red Aunts?

JON: I was the drummer for the Red Aunts. My wife and I formed the band a long time ago at a really drunker party.

CHRIS: She answered an ad in the paper that said. . .

JON: Piano player and wife wanted. Just touring so much with Claw Hammer, I had to quit so they could get a new drummer.

CHRIS: Now he's going to quit Claw Hammer and join Red Aunts cause they don't tour as much.

JON: And then when we get back they're going on tour for two weeks so I can miss my wife even more. (John, of Rocket from the Crypt and Drive like Jehu drops by.)

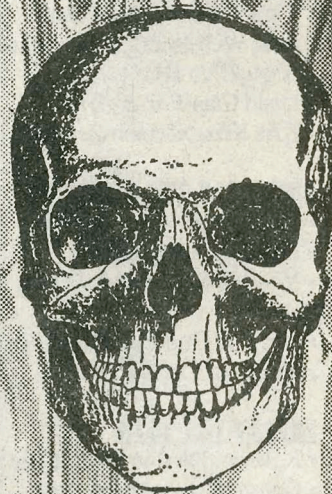
JON: This is John Rees
CHRIS: Singer extraordinaire and kind of soft...
JON: Elvis Presley imitator of Rocket From the Crypt. Any questions?
SLUG: What do you use in your hair.
JOHN: It's called "Nunya."
SLUG: Nunya?
JOHN: Nunya business.
SLUG: What happened to your megaphone voice tonight?
JOHN: My throat's kind of burnt out. I have to get a new battery for it.
ROB: Some record store in Hawaii said we sounded like Guns N' Roses.
JOHN: Actually they were just talking about the drumming. "A really good band that would be just awesome except for the Guns N' Roses drumming" I think is what they said.
 (Everyone takes turns admiring John Reese's new guitar, a three pickup blond Kay.)
JON: It suits you, a pretty guitar for a pretty guy.
 (John leaves and we get back to the interview.)
ROB: One thing that's really good about this tour is that they're really fun to hang out with.
CHRIS: Yeah because a lot of shows we play, we get stuck with bands that that are so fucking bad it's unfucking-believable.
BOB: Like say, Bomb?

CHRIS: They were terrible, but with Rocket on the tour, we know that every night there's going to be at least one good band on the bill.
JON: Ask us some other neat little questions.
BOB: Ask us how we like Salt Lake.
SLUG: How do you like Salt Lake?
BOB: Hell, I don't know, we haven't been here very long. (Laughter)
SLUG: What are the best drinking bands.
CHRIS: Us, Mudhoney, Pop Defect.
 . Surgery
JON: Surgery! Surgery tops it all. We played with those guys in Lawrence and they were so fucked up.
CHRIS: They're about as fucked up as they're going to get.
JON: They were great.
CHRIS: The Didjits are a good drunk band, Mudhoney's one of the best, though.
SLUG: Drunk Tank are good drinkers.
BOB: I think Surgery tops any band in America though.
ROB: They got there in the afternoon and started drinking and drank all night long. And they were stoned out of their minds on pot.
JON: And apparently they do it at every gig but they manage to play really hard and good.

— Jon Shuman

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MONDAY THE 5TH

- Blue Devils Blues Revue w/ The Russel Jackson Band - *Dead Goat*

TUESDAY THE 6TH

- Voodoo Swing w/Broken Hearts-*Dead Goat*
- PJ Harvey w/ Moonshake - *Club DV8*
- Brain Pudding-*Bar & Grill*
- Jr. Gone Wild-*Zephyr*

WEDNESDAY THE 7TH

- The Franks-*Dead Goat*
- Trash Can Sinatras w/LKage-*Club DV8*
- Stone Pony-*Bar & Grill*
- Greg Kihn-*Zephyr*

THURSDAY THE 8TH

- A Band and His Dog-*Dead Goat*
- Voodoo Swing-Burts Tiki *Lounge*
- Supreme Love Gods, Pure w/ Moth Macabre-*Bar & Grill*
- Tinsley Ellis-*Zephyr*
- ★ Reggae By the Lake-*Saltair*

FRIDAY THE 9TH

- Insatiable-*Dead Goat*
- John Bailey-*Bar & Grill*
- Warren Zevon-*Zephyr*
- Stone Pony-*Uncle Barts*

SATURDAY THE 10TH

- Billy the Kid-*Dead Goat*
- John Bailey-*Bar & Grill*
- Salsa Brava-*Zephyr*
- Stone Pony-*Uncle Barts*
- ★ Butthole Surfers, Stone Temple Pilots, Firehose & Basehead-*Saltair*

SUNDAY THE 11TH

- Goat Pickens-*Dead Goat*
- ★ Jellyfish, Antenna, & Hammerbox-*Club DV8*

MONDAY THE 12TH

- Blue Devils Blues Revue w/ Tempo Timers -*Dead Goat*
- Rooster Band-*Zephyr*

TUESDAY THE 13TH

- Dead Cats-*Dead Goat*
- Pauls God & Killer Clowns-

Bar & Grill

- Drivin N Cryin-*Zephyr*

WEDNESDAY THE 14TH

- Thru the Blue-*Dead Goat*
- Paul Westerberg & School of Fish-*Club DV8*
- Dead Cats-*Bar & Grill*
- Kris Kristofferson-*Zephyr*

THURSDAY THE 15TH

- Stone Pony-*Dead Goat*
- Dead Kats - *Spanky's*
- Voodoo Swing-Burts Tiki *Lounge*
- Big F & One Eye-*Bar & Grill*
- House of Cards-*Zephyr*

FRIDAY THE 16TH

- Reverend Willie-*Dead Goat*
- Gamma Rays-*Bar & Grill*
- Crazy 8's-*Zephyr*
- The Change-*Uncle Barts*
- ★ Bumblecrup w/The Creeps-*Basement of Club DV8*

SATURDAY THE 17TH

- Zion Tribe-*Dead Goat*
- Gamma Rays-*Bar & Grill*
- Crazy 8's-*Zephyr*
- The Change-*Uncle Barts*
- ★ Rein Sanction w/Twice *Wilted-Basement of Club DV8*

SUNDAY THE 18TH

- Goat Pickens-*Dead Goat*
- Sparky-*Zephyr*

MONDAY THE 19TH

- Blue Devils Blues Revue-*Dead Goat*
- Dead Cats, Voodoo Swing, & The Scoffed-*Zephyr*

TUESDAY THE 20TH

- The Strangers-*Dead Goat*
- The Franks-*Bar & Grill*
- Beat Farmers-*Zephyr*

WEDNESDAY THE 21ST

- Will "Smoke" Logg & The Flamethrowers-*Dead Goat*
- Broken Hearts & The Del Motels-*Bar & Grill*
- Sun Dogs-*Zephyr*

THURSDAY THE 22ND

- Dog House-*Dead Goat*

• Dead Kats - *Spanky's*

- Voodoo Swing-Burts Tiki *Lounge*
- Crackerbash & The Shaven-Bar & Grill
- Sun Dogs-*Zephyr*
- ★ Makeshift, Lifetime, The Bouncing Souls, & Critical Mass, Suspension of Disbelief-*Pioneer Hall*

FRIDAY THE 23RD

- Kid Logic-*Dead Goat*
- Voodoo Swing & The Scoffed-*Bar & Grill*
- Twist Offs & Gamma Rays-*Zephyr*
- The Obvious-*Uncle Barts*

SATURDAY THE 24TH

- Gamma Rays-*Zephyr*
- The Obvious-*Uncle Barts*

SUNDAY THE 25TH

- Goat Pickens-*Dead Goat*
- Sparky-*Zephyr*

MONDAY THE 26TH

- Blue Devils Blues Revue-*Dead Goat*
- Rude Mood-*Zephyr*
- Decomposers, Debris Stream, Rag, & Primitive Tribes - *Spanky's*

TUESDAY THE 27TH

- Voodoo Swing & Broken Hearts-*Dead Goat*
- The Obvious & Honest Engine-*Bar & Grill*
- Rude Mood-*Zephyr*
- ★ the The-*Saltair*

WEDNESDAY THE 28TH

- Tom Cats-*Dead Goat*
- Dead Cats-*Bar & Grill*
- House of Cards-*Zephyr*
- ★ Michelle Shocked & The Casualties of War-*Saltair*

THURSDAY THE 29TH

- True Silence-*Dead Goat*
- Dead Kats - *Spanky's*
- Voodoo Swing-Burts Tiki *Lounge*
- Abstrak-*Bar & Grill*
- Main Squeeze-*Zephyr*

FRIDAY THE 30TH

- House of Cards-*Dead Goat*
- The Change w/The Regulars-*Bar & Grill*
- Austin Lounge Lizards-*Zephyr*

SATURDAY THE 31ST

- H X-*Club DV8*
- The Change w/The Regulars-*Bar & Grill*
- Jolly Boys-*Zephyr*

SUNDAY AUGUST 1ST

- Dead Cats Johnny Clegg & Savuka w/Murray Attaway-*Saltair*

MONDAY AUGUST 2ND

- ★ Fifteen & Furley-*Bar & Grill*

TUESDAY AUGUST 3RD

- Adorable-*Club DV8*

WEDNESDAY AUG. 4TH

- ★ Farside, Waterfront & State of the Nation-*Pioneer Hall*

WEDNESDAY THE 11TH

- ★ Shelter, 108 w/Lockjaw & Waterfront-*Pioneer Hall*

MONDAY THE 16TH

- ★ Big Drill Car, Alloy, Inside Out, & Iceburn-*Club DV8*

MONDAY THE 23RD

- ★ Supersuckers & Face to Face-*Club DV8*

★ Indicates All Ages Welcome

Sorry if we didn't get your event or Club Calendar into this month's Calendar. Due to circumstances beyond our control we couldn't get Spanky's give them a call and find out what's happening there
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• If you want an event in the calendar send it to:

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