



Number 2
August 11, 1987
FREE!

***The
Return
of the
Fastbacks***



Inside:

Pure Joy, The Rangehods,
Slovenly, The Renegades,
Cryin' Wolf, FIREHOSE,
Fastbacks Contest
and **MORE!**

WHAT'S UP?



Photo by Tamara Allen

The legendary Stump, the Band grew to over 50 people last month, when the so-called "Raven-na Community Marching Band" marched in the Seafair Torchlight Parade. They played Perry Como's "Seattle" and the Sonics' "Psycho" for the entire 3.5 mile parade, then traveled by bus to The Attic to "stump" Prudence Dredge.

Corrections

All right, we admit it, we're no more perfect than anyone else. We did leave some stuff out last week. First, the magnificent cover illustration was created by our Art Director, Scott Neilson. The Joe Foucault photo was by Steve "Phun" Hadley, and the Tom Vail photo was by Holly—we don't know your last name, Holly; let us know and we'll print it next week.



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(This week's cover shot of Fastback Kurt Bloch was taken by Steve Hadley.)

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Greetings once again, and welcome to issue 2 of YEAH!, Seattle's new weekly live music mag (or rag, as certain people call it!). We've been thrilled by the response issue 1 has gotten so far; in fact, that issue is completely "sold out" (so to speak), and even most of our staff members don't have copies! (If you've got one, hang on to it. For all we know it might be a collectible some day!) We've gotten a lot of great feedback and suggestions from readers so far, and we're always interested in hearing more; just write to us at P.O. Box 85256, Seattle, WA 98145-1256. We promise to read anything you write and maybe even to put your suggestions into use!

We've already made a few changes (for the better, I hope!) in this issue: minor ones, but we hope they'll improve the mag's appearance and readability. Content-wise, this is the big **Fastbacks** feature issue, and includes our **first-ever contest**: a chance to win breakfast with the band! We've also got the next installment of our acclaimed series, "A Date with Dash," and lots more reviews. Rob Morgan's *Two Katz and a Toaster* is missing in action this week, but will return next week with its usual brand of comic wackiness. 'Til then, read on!

Sent via P. O. Box 85256

YEAH!:

The obvious value of YEAH! notwithstanding, (telephone) poles stand as the "totems" of our culture. The cover of YEAH! Number 1 reminded me of this passage from a letter I wrote to a friend in NYC. Thought I'd send it along. Note the reference to the telephone pole:

"...Here, I can comfortably spread out and write unselfconsciously. I can look out the window and watch the cars and pedestrians splish along the perennially wet streets, read the rain-soaked posters advertising bands at the local clubs and a 'wacko yard sale' on a utility pole which bears a million colorful little tags, remnants of similar proclamations of years past which could, I'm sure, if retrieved, reveal a telling history of the cultural trends and political causes which have passed through this part of the country, leaving marks which may now be no more readily identifiable than these mute little snips of paper stuck for eternity to that creosote-coated length of pine..."

L. B.
Seattle

(Several readers have spoken up in defense of the much-maligned telephone pole. Don't get me wrong—I love seeing telephone poles plastered with gig posters, political artwork, garage sale ads and the like. I think attempts to prevent such use of the poles is ridiculous and small-minded. What I meant by the headline, *An Alternative to the Telephone Pole*, was simply that telephone poles are a lousy source of information to rely on when planning one's activities. Posters get ripped down, rained on, and otherwise destroyed regularly. We're hoping that people will use Yeah! to plan their nights out, while still appreciating the varied displays posted around town.—Ed.)

Fastbacks

up close and personal by Joe Kline

Seeing Fastback Kurt Bloch play guitar live is like witnessing a very happy child doing an interpretive dance with a chainsaw. The first time I witnessed the spectacle, I was elated, confused, overjoyed, terrified, ecstatic, jealous, and ready for a double gin and tonic. I thought this man was either a number ten on the wacky meter, or a total genius, two concepts which I have since concluded are synonymous.

It's not only how he plays, but the songs he's come up with. There are two Fastback numbers, "Only at Night," and "Wrong, Wrong, Wrong," which rank in my top ten best pop songs ever written by anyone, ever, period. Maybe better than "Walk Away, Renee," or "When I'm Sixty-Four," or at least as good as "Kodachrome," for God's sake.

Until August 3, 1987, the Fastbacks had not performed live in a year. I went to review the show with both eager anticipation and a bit of apprehension. This was the first performance with Nate Johnson on drums, and I was wondering how anybody could attempt to match the energy, intensity and technical flair that predecessor Richard Stuverud had given the band.

The band started their set at the Mural Amphitheater just shortly after 6 p.m., and my attention was immediately captured by lead singer/bassist Kim Warnick. I thought about how we had first met. I was working at this cookie store in the font of a medical building, and she worked upstairs as a dental technician. The thing that had always struck me about Kim was the *magnetism* she seemed to possess. I mean, here was a woman roughly my own age (mid-twenties, approximately) whom, away from work, I had always seen with no less than *three* young men in her entourage. And I mean, like, *gnarly* punker guys with skateboards and spiked leather wristbands and stuff. Some friends and I had once figured out that these guys were really Cub Scouts, and she was their Den Mother. And this was really cool, because it fit her well, and she wasn't self-conscious about it; when she hit the stage, it was with the confidence of a person who knew that rock 'n' roll could be really *fun*, but you didn't have to primp up and get a starlet attitude like Madonna, or something.

And then there was the other woman, in the band, Lulu Gargiulo, of whom I used to be really scared. I'd seen her throw fits, and storm off stage, and yell, and I knew that I'd never want to put on gloves and climb into the ring with her. Then one day, as is inevitable in this tiny, incestuous Seattle rock scene, I



Above, and below left: Two different angles on the Fastbacks.

actually met her, and she was very nice. We went to the racetrack, and for some Cajun food, and then some sushi, and a couple of parties, and a swap meet at the Kingdome, and then we both got real busy, and I probably haven't had more than a five-minute conversation with her since. I intend to remedy this soon. The bottom line is that Lulu holds down the meat of the guitar work for the band, so Kurt can add symphonic overtures and electronic pterodactyl howls at just the right moments. I also discovered just how much of the inner workings and business sense of the band she was responsible for, and decided that she was indeed not only cool, but a real asset to the band.

I've been saving this very complex question, but it seems like it needs to be addressed, and the sooner the better. *Just who is this Kurt Bloch guy, and where does he come up with his stuff?* I mean, not just his own songs, but, like, kind of pop-metal covers of The Sweet, Grassroots, and Boxtops. "Every cover we do is a tribute," he once proclaimed. This made sense to me, of course. It also makes perfect sense to me that his guitar is emblazoned with the words "little buddy," and his amp says "treat cup!" I asked Kurt what he thought was the key to the Fastbacks longevity. "We like us," he explained. "Whenever we fall on hard times, just listening to one of our records, and remembering how much fun it is to play will get us through." Being the veteran that he is, I was curious as to what Kurt thought of the Seattle music scene now, as opposed to five years ago. "Things haven't changed that much. There are places to play, and tons of good bands. If there is one major problem with the scene, it's a lack of audience support for live music. It's hard to get people out to see bands."

I then asked Kurt about his impressions of the other band members, and their respective roles in the band. On Lulu: "She doesn't get enough credit for her role in the band. Our only occasional conflict is that we *both* want to be in charge." On Kim: "The front person, and punk rock persona in the band. I wouldn't feel comfortable writing for any other singer." On Nate: "The drums are a major part of the Fastbacks' sound. That's why it's taken us so long to find a drummer. Nate's role will be that of the troublemaker, i.e., getting drunk after shows, et cetera. It

takes a lot of stamina and precision to play our songs, the way we have them arranged. Nate handles the job just fine."

I figured next I'd ask Nate how it felt to be in the Fastbacks. "They have a very healthy attitude towards music and life in general. I'm having a blast, and I can't pay enough tribute to them." This brought me back to the original question of whether

—Continued on p. 5



A DATE WITH DASH

by
Dash
Danger

Greetings! Once again it's Saturday night, and time for another installment of the continuing drama "A Date with Dash." Here's my *most* charming date for tonight, Muffy (some names have been changed to protect the innocent).

I thought we'd drop in here at the Unicorn to get a bite to eat. This guy over here at the piano is none other than "Wayo" of various local bands (all on the K.D.T. label), a.k.a. **Richard Hogan**. Hey, Hoggo, how ya doin'!

Muffy's seen Rich play lots of times, but never here with just a piano or guitar. When he switches from piano to guitar, he'll play a lot of songs from No. 1 and the Best Boys, Koo Dot Tah, the Coast, Glad Game and other variant bands. He's here from 6 to 10 p.m. every Saturday, and, if you ask him to, he'll play you some of "The Star Cleaner's Reunion," a Cooper Eden Musical he's been working on.

Well, the food is great, the music is great, there's a great beer selection, but the service is pretty bad. It's getting late (the movie starts at 7 p.m.), and no one has taken our order yet, so, sorry we can't stay. You were great, Rich; ciao, baby!

We leave the Dashmobile out front and run down the street to the Varsity Theater, where *La Bamba* is just starting. Yo, Muffy! Get the big popcorn—no, the *way* big one, I'm real hungry! Well. We must be in the front row! Excuse me. Sorry. Hey—what did they play for coming attractions? All right! I'll shut up. Some people are so rude...hey, gimme some popcorn!

O.K. Clap, clap; we gotta run—tight schedule tonight. What—you thought it was sad? Nah, not me, not really. It's just my contacts; they always make my eyes water. Sniff. Damn cold! Sniff.

The only thing that really bothered me about *La Bamba* was the kid, Lou Diamond Phillips. He didn't look anything like Ritchie Valens; he looked like the Karate Kid! But Marshall Crenshaw was awesome as Buddy Holly: the best Buddy I've seen on screen.

Here we are at Squid Row. I like this place a lot. It's small, but really cool. The **Renegades**, a rockabilly band, are playing tonight, and all of a sudden it's not hard to imagine it's 1957.

Alan, my favorite stand-up drummer turned sit-down soundman, tells me who's who. Dave is the lead vocalist, Ballpark's the lead guitarist, Gary's the drummer, and Al's on bass; right, got it. So, can they play?

Well, they introduce Dr. Feelgood's "Right String Baby but the Wrong Yoyo" as a Carl Perkins song, but these dudes can rock out! They do a great original called "Good Things Gone Bad." Al sings Chuck Berry's "Brown Eyed Handsome Man," which he calls a Buddy Holly song (*well, Buddy did record it—ed.*). So maybe these guys flunked history, but it looks like they had better things to do. I really like this club, but "Squid Row?" Nah, they oughta rename it

"I tell him I'm a reporter. What a lie! This ain't reporting."

"Renegades' Row."

Next stop, the Attic. To make a long story short, Ava LaBamba told me that it's her last night singing with a certain band that was mentioned in last week's "Date with Dash." I won't mention them again this week, but I brought Ava flowers and a card. Wanna sign it? It says: "In loving memory of all the good times. Bamba voyage!" The band is singing, "Cry and cry if it makes you feel better, set it all down in a tear stained letter!" but we've gotta run. Hey, we made good time!

Now we're at The Central and **Slovenly** is on stage. I know very little about these guys. They have an album on S.S.T., I think. This song is called "Sometimes Inspiration;" it's kind of mellow. I like them. They do another song and then they're gone.

That brings us to **FIREHOSE**. The Minutemen were the greatest band in the world, not the Replacements or Hüsker Dü or the Squirrels. The Minutemen ruled all, but then guitarist D. Boon died in a car wreck. I bet Ritchie Valens was at the gate to meet him when he got to heaven—"Yo, dude, loved your tunes!"—but Muffy only knows Valens from the movie, so she has her doubts.

Something else almost happened that night D. Boon died. We almost lost his bassist and best buddy, Mike Watt. Mike got depressed and locked himself away, and refused to come out and play. Enter one Ed Fromohio. How Ed got to Mike when George Hurley, his drumming minutepartner and all his other close friends couldn't, I still don't know.

FIREHOSE comes out and blasts into "Chemical Wire," a great song. The crowd is wild, everyone bouncing and thrashing about. Yo, Muffy, I'll catch up to you later; gotta dance! Mike breaks two strings on one song, so Ed jumps into a solo of Elvis Costello's "Mystery Dance"—pretty cool—then George gets to do a drum solo. He's got more brass around him than the Seattle Symphony Orchestra, but I kinda like it that way.

"Brave Young Captain" gets a "Fuck You, Ollie North!" intro from Mike. It's a timely piece. They play all the album *Ragin' Full-on*, and a new song, then they're gone.

Have you seen that Chunky Soup commercial where all the inmates are screaming, "More! More! More! More!?" Imagine being in a TV store with a few hundred TVs all playing that commercial. The place was nuts! So the band came back to do B.O.C.'s "The Red and the Black." An old Minutemen fave—more encores—three, four, I don't know, everything's fuzzy. Then it's finally really over. Wow. So I go up to Mike Watt, who thinks he's a regular guy, and tell him I'm a reporter! What a lie! This ain't reporting, besides I didn't write anything down, so I sure can't quote him now. But we did talk about Blue Oyster Cult and D. Boon. I bet Denis really gets off watching Ed. I can imagine him bouncing around up there in heaven. Mike and I talked about a lot of things: the Central, the tour. What a nice guy.

Someday I'll tell my kids heroes aren't people who lie and cheat and steal, and it's too bad some people like Ritchie Valens and D. Boon never become heroes until they're gone. Then I'd tell them, "Why don't you learn how to play the bass, like one of *my* heroes, Mike Watt."

Til next week, when the kids are grown: ciao, babe!

(Write me and win a "Date with Dash," c/o YEAH!)

—Fastbacks, cont. from p. 3

or not Nate was going to fill the drummer's throne left vacant by Stuverud. Well, he's *not* Richard, I thought. But, he *is* Nathan, he's an incredibly talented drummer, and his attitude is just right for this bunch. Welcome back, Fastbacks, this rocker's been missin' ya.

Fastbacks Vitals:

Kurt Bloch

Likes: *being taken out to eat.*

Dislikes: *"people with bad breath who talk close in your face about something you're not interested in."*

Kim Warnick

Likes: *Budweiser, Keeto, Deep Purple, meat, the new Replacements album.*

Dislikes: *The Smiths, vegetables, anybody who goes to breakfast with the Fastbacks.*

Lulu Gargiulo

Likes: *Fastbacks, the new Replacements album.*

Dislikes: *Fastbacks, Kurt.*

Nate Johnson

Likes: *wild all-night parties, Lime Spiders.*

Dislikes: *getting up early.*

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Present:

BREAKFAST WITH THE FASTBACKS!

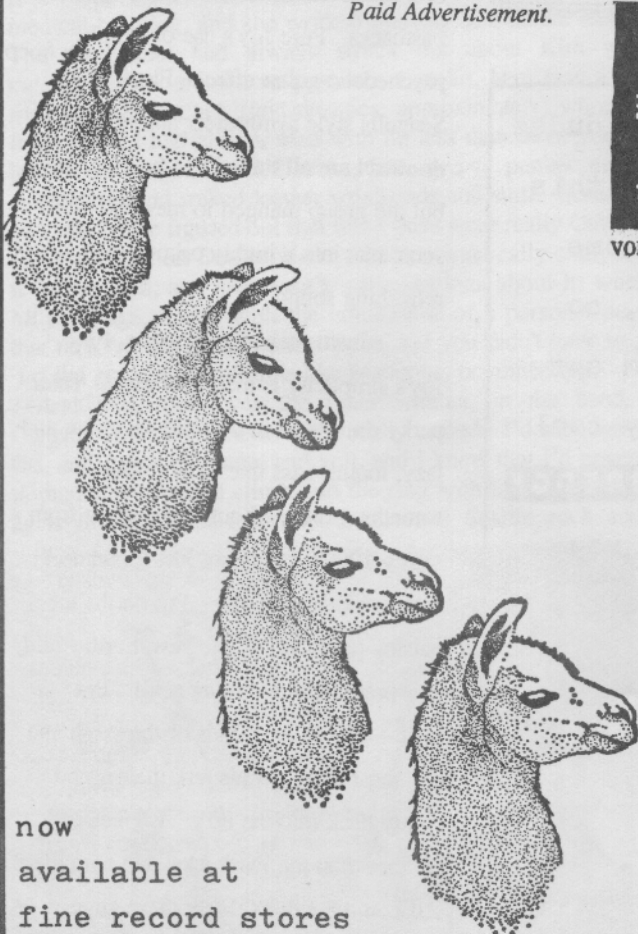
Imagine this: You show up at the coffee shop around 7 a.m. There's Lulu, Kurt, Kim and Nate looking bleary-eyed and ready for coffee. Owner "Cup a' Joe" throws on a pot, and then plugs "It's Your Birthday" into the jukebox, as well as other local singles by the Pudz, Young Fresh Fellows, and Prudence Dredge. You munch a muffin, or a croissant, say "good morning" to Nate, who's hung over, and think to yourself "why am I up this early?"

You can win! Just write on a postcard "*Why I want to have breakfast with the Fastbacks,*" in 100 words or less, and mail to:

YEAH! Magazine Fastbacks Contest
P. O. Box 85256
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Entries must be postmarked no later than September 7, 1987.
YEAH! Magazine and University Coffee, Inc. are not responsible for Lulu first thing in the morning.

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VOICE

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1. Fastbacks: ...and his Orchestra (Popllama, P.O. Box 95364, Seattle, WA 98145) and *Everyday Is Saturday* (No Threes EP, P.O. Box 95940, Seattle, WA 98105, 1984). No gimmick here, no persona, no concept: just the will to communicate. With early-'70s trash as a first cause and '77-'80 U.K. punkpop (X-ray Spex, Revillos, Girls at Our Best) as the end of history, singers Kim Warnick (bass) and Lulu Gargiulo (guitar) and writer Kurt Bloch (lead guitar) make old sounds and gestures seem like the only language they'll ever

REAL LIFE
ROCK
TOP TEN

BY GREIL MARCUS

jumps the kind of drama real life seeks and usually doesn't find—especially, these days, on records. I love this band.

need to say everything there is to say. The flattened vocals produce an overwhelming sense of realism, the rave-ups and hidden rhythm-

WHO'S DOING WHAT

July 30, at the Far Side Tavern, the **Ranghoods** started off with "Rough Town," and ended with "Dodge City." In between, they did "More of the Same." O.K., fine. Can I talk about **Cryin' Wolf** now?

Not yet? O.K., don't get me wrong. Hey, I paid cover, I danced, I yelled. I must have had a good time, right? So what more can I say? It's like reviewing MTV. You've heard 'em; you know what they played, and how they sounded, and what they looked like. You even know what beer they drank.

So what about the other guys? It's tough being an opening act, and I thought it took them a while to get the audience's attention, but once they got it, they didn't lose it. Jack (from the Cowboys) on bass, Rick (from the Lonesome City Kings) on guitar and vocals, and Brent (from some record store on the Ave) could be the next big local kinda thing.

They did a cool version of "Have You Ever Seen the Rain" by C. C. R., and then a great cover of Rufus Thomas' "Walking The Dog" that got the crowd going, but they saved the best for last with the awesome oughta-be-big hit "Don't Break My Twisted Heart." The band then came back for the only encore of the night, Chuck Berry's "Bye Bye Johnny." Everybody danced like wacky.

• **Danimal**

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OK! So Dave Guinn, one of the **YEAH!** ad dudes came to my house last Saturday to pick up this ad and it wasn't done and I wasn't even home and now he's going to pick it up tonight, so here it is. Anyway, we've got a new album out by **GREEN PAJAMAS** which is extremely cool and a very swinging LP by **PRUDENCE DREDGE**. You can buy 'em in lots of stores, or if you can't find them anywhere, write us and we'll send you our **FREE** catalog which has lots of other great stuff.



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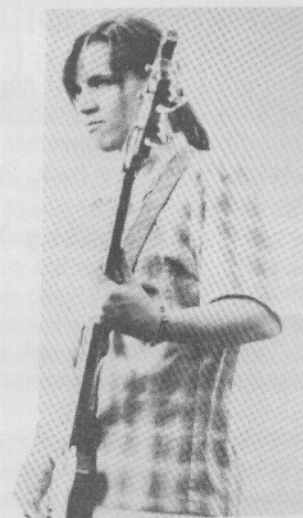
T.D.

P.S. We just whipped Popllama at softball and we're gon- again.



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na do it



(Pure Joy bassist Lisa King at the Mural Amphitheatre, August 3.) Photo by Steve Hadley

After a happily frenzied Fastbacks set August 3, **Pure Joy** clambered onstage. The band may not have fully earned their widespread raves, but what I saw makes me rate them one of the ten best active bands in Seattle, along with the Fastbacks. Pure Joy's use of simple psychedelic guitar effects, Flock of Seagulls style synthesizer and a small drum set are all things I've heard before, but the group managed to mesh all these sonic bits into a highly original and refreshing sound.

Instrumentally speaking, Pure Joy's simplicity is their best asset. Their perky drum sound, psyched-up guitar and lazy, loping bass lines sound like something dragged out into the sun from a musty 1960's basement, just for some summer afternoon fun. Put on the the paisley pants and fringe vest, Earth-Child, let's pretend we're taking acid! But wait—the colder sounds of the synth and the angst-filled vocals jerk their sound firmly back into the 80's. Lighter and sweeter than the Fastbacks, and with more self-control, I don't doubt these guys should have some more great vinyl very soon.

• **Tim Chamberlain**

WHO WHERE

Clubs and bands must submit listings of upcoming gigs by Thursday at 5 p.m. for publication in the following Tuesday's issue of **YEAH!** Please mail listings to us a P. O. Box 85256, Seattle, WA 98145-1256.

A **YEAH!** starburst (★) indicates an all-ages show.

TUESDAY 11

Copy Generation at the Ballard Firehouse, N.W. Market and Russell.

Psychotazia at the Hollywood Underground, 323 2nd Ave. S.
Stevie and the Blue Flames at Larry's Greenfront, 209 1st Ave. S.

Splinter Party at the Vogue, 2018 1st Ave.

WEDNESDAY 12

Sweet Talkin' Jones at the Old Timer's Café, 620 1st Ave., through Friday.

Car Maig DeForrest and the **Mr.T Experience** at Scoundrel's Lair, 3244 Eastlake E.

Electric Generation at the Ballard Firehouse.

Bochinche at the Hollywood Underground.

Drivin' Wheel at Larry's Greenfront, through Saturday.

Duffy Bishop and the Rhythm Dogs at Meeker's Landing, 1401 W. Meeker St. in Kent.

Paisley Sin at the Vogue.

THURSDAY 13

Mentors, St. Vitus, and Malfunkshun at the Central Tavern, 207 1st Ave. S.

Suns of the Desert at Scoundrel's Lair.

Jr. Cadillac at Parker's, 17001 Aurora Ave. N.

Positive Vibrations at the Ballard Firehouse.

Psychotazia at the Owl Cafe, 5140 Ballard N.W.

FRIDAY 14

The Ones and Big Tube Squeezer at Squid Row, 518 E. Pine

The Razorbacks at The Ballard Firehouse.

MIA and Napalm Beach at The Central.

★ **Bochinche** at Freeway Park, noon, free.

★ **The 57's** at Victor Steinbrueck Park, 5 p.m., free.

Young Fresh Fellows and Power Mowers at The Attic, 4226 E. Madison.

Defenders at the Owl Café, through Saturday.

SATURDAY 15

Flat Duo Jets, Bar-B-Q-Killers, and Killkenny Cats Athens, GA Inside/Out comes to you live at the Central.

Bosch Society at Squid Row.

Young Fresh Fellows,

Powers Mowers, and The Squirrels at the Attic.

★ **Razorbacks** at the Seattle Center Mural Amphitheater, 1 p.m., free.

Razorbacks at the Ballard Firehouse.

To Damascus and Eastern Star at Scoundrel's Lair.

★ **The Accused, SGM, Hester Prynne, and Toxic Slaughter** at Natasha's, 3536 Arsenal Way in Bremerton.

SUNDAY 16

Tony Buford and Full Moon at the Old Timer's Café, through Tuesday.

MONDAY 17

★ **Variant Cause** and **Green Pajamas** at Seattle Center Mural Amphitheater, 6 p.m., FREE.

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Pop band (recently featured in *The Rocket*) restructuring; seeks new personnel. **Guitarists, bassists, and drummers** urged to call 323-4926. Influences: R.E.M., Squeeze, Motown, Prudence Dredge. Egotistical types don't bother.

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