

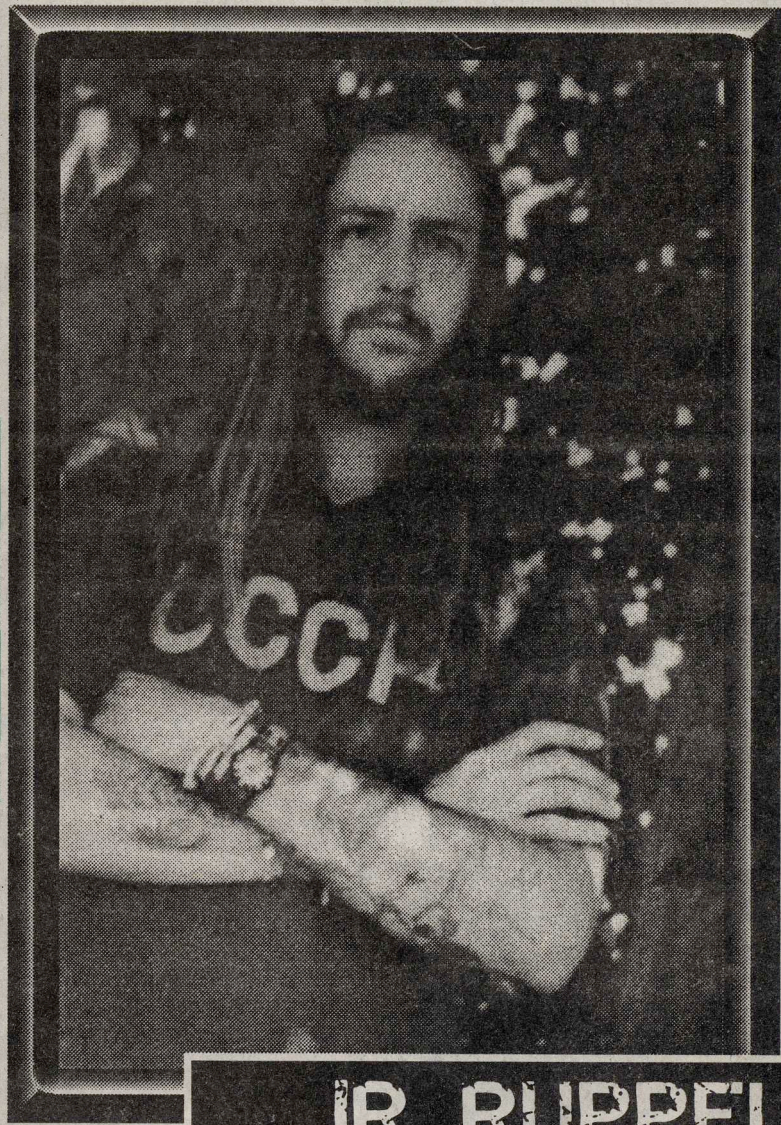
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Sept 2001
Issue #153

magazine



JR RUPPEL
The Musician who created
SLUG & Sabbathon

Mike Watt

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AD Busters

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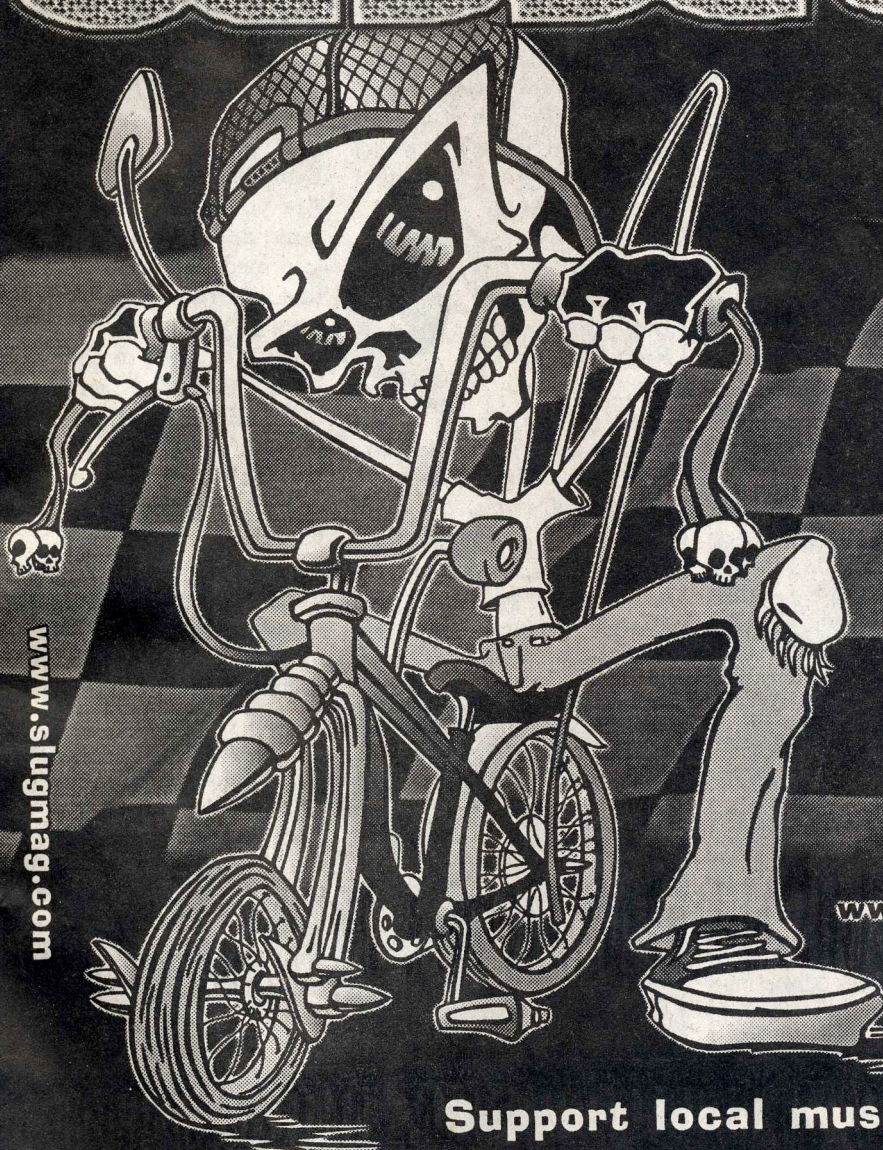
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Deluxe Tattoo • The City Weekly • The Event Weekly • The Haunted Railway • The Heavy
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www.slugmag.com

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That means you can't copy shit out of this magazine!



Listen up Jack-Asses!

It looks like We have our first winner! The victorious contestant of our September "Letter of the Month" contest goes out to Rick Ziegler.

Rick, Thanks for startin' some shit & voicing your opinion. You have won an Art Bar T-model skateboard, vIdeo, & T-shirt from Foundations Skateboards. Give us a call to claim your prize.

It ain't over yet dickheads... send us a letter for your

chance to win FREE SHIT in October.

Dear Dickheads,

Are you really so pig-ignorant and politically misinformed (ED NOTE: YES.) that you truly believe, as you state in your reply to Vox Vesania's letter in the July issue, that "...America is INHERENTLY corporate, AS IS THE REST OF THE WORLD" (italics mine). This is both factually wrong and historically ridiculous. There is nothing INHERENT about the current corporate dominance of our country (which, by the way, is much less dominant in most other parts of the world). I seem to remember our country being, until less than 100 years ago, primarily composed of small farmers and local merchants, with big companies (railroads, banks) being the exception. Presently dominant, yes. Inherent in the system (even in capitalism), no. You do a great disservice to any reader who actually picks up your publication to be informed about things by printing such garbage. Too, although you (Slug) are a corporation, I don't actually think you follow only the corporate ethos (grow and make more money at all costs). I think you actually do want to inform people about things. How can any publication that relates itself to the punk-rock/hip-hop ethos make such a ridiculous statement and pass it off as "accepted wisdom". Gee, maybe local merchants like Blue Boutique, Heavy Metal



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Shop, and Salt City CDs (my baby) should abandon their commitment to actually providing a service and just go for the gold, since, according to your political analysis, we are apparently fighting something INHERENT in the country we are living in. Let's just all pull out our "I Love The IMF and World Bank" banners and proclaim our subservience. WELL FUCK YOU! If you're going to be politically ignorant, stay away from politics and stick to the music. Otherwise, THINK BEFORE YOU WRITE.

P.S. My favorite parts of your mag are Mike Brown's self-help column, jack-ass of the month, and Williams Athey. MORE WILLIAMS ATHEY.

Yours dickheadedly,

-Rick Zeigler

America is inherently corporate. Since history supposedly records things as they happen and change, it's silly to say that it is factually wrong and historically ridiculous to observe what's happened in the last 100 years. You're right; 100 years ago, our society wasn't inherently corporate. But society and economics evolved together, and to say that corporate hegemony has not become inherent to our societal structure is to turn a blind eye to our current reality. There is something akin to capitalistic Darwinism at work in the world, and it has indeed led to a society domi-

nated by mega-corporations. We may hate that fact as much as you do, but survival of the fittest (most profitable) has selected for large, "at any cost" operations and against the mom and pop retailer. I wonder how many local merchants buy their office supplies from Costco? Do you EVER buy anything from a large corporation? If you do, then your argument would lead one to believe that you also embrace the IMF and the World Bank. Let's get real. If you don't think corporations run this country as well as the rest of the world, then you're not even paying attention. Your turn to think before you write.

Dear Dickheads,

I see SLUGmag stickers all over.

Where the hell are people getting the damn things from?

I want one.

Yes.

Where can I purch. one...?

We first started selling them in early July at the Warped Tour. That is where a majority of the stickers came from. Besides that only people in the "in" crowd can get a hold of these glossy gems. But don't fret, starting soon we will be selling them in select stores throughout the valley. So keep your eyes open. If you're lucky you just might receive a few in the mail.

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PHOTO: BRIAN MEYERS

SKOBER: CHILLIE SYLVESTER

Jack Ass of the Month

This month's jackass is a guy that works at another local music store. I don't think I have ever met this guy either, I would name the store, but I think they are doing just fine without me advertising for them. Anyway back to Jackass, this guy has been telling people, and I quote "The Heavy Metal Shop is going under", and that the store this guy works at is, "Taking over our space". First off, if I had a nickel for every time I've heard that The Heavy Metal Shop was going out of business I would have about a buck. To tell you the truth, it would be somewhat of a relief to go out of business. I have to put up with way more shit from people than anyone should have to, and for not very much money. Sorry to all of you non-believers, we are still in business. And have no plans of going out of business. But then again, maybe I am the Jackass, maybe he is right, after all, I was the last one to know when we had to move out of our old Sugar House location. And a sincere thank you to those of you who remain loyal to us, or at least buy stuff from us and don't say rude shit when you come in.

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Localized

By Mark Scheering

Most photos by AHB

Welcome to another edition of **Localized**, the **Slug Magazine** Monthly Music Festival. This month we take a brake from our traditional shows to bring you the **Slug Magazine** music spectacular known as **SABBATHON**. Each year **Slug** presents this legendary local music orgy to raise funds for local charities. This year we proudly support **Spy Hop Productions**, a non-profit organization dedicated to educating young people about the media by giving them opportunities for hands on learning. While past Sabbathon's have taken place at celebrated venues such as **The (Painted) Word**, **the Bar & Grill**, and **Icabob's**, this year Sabbathon will finally have her coming out party at the **Gallivan Center**. There will be food, booths and frightened looks from those brave enough to attend. Of course, the main attraction.

ED NOTE: Band time slots were drawn out of a hat.

1:00 - 1:30 **Endless Struggle**, a punk band who will rip through your head, and fill it with beer and cigarettes. They are true to the faith of the hardcore and will ring out their disgust with a two-fingered toast to your demise. Be prepared to stomp someone.

1:30 - 2:00 **Teen Tragedies** have made no mistakes in creating modern college friendly power punk. Mixing pop punk styles with sweet female vocals, the **Teen Tragedies** are energetic and will stick like gum in your hair. www.theteentragedies.com

2:00 - 2:30 **Alchemy**~ are leading the new alternative, new rock movement within the Salt Lake City music scene. Equal parts space, longing, and power, **Alchemy**~ is a fast, strange trip through dark and lonely



Unlucky Boys

houses, submarine hauntings, and motorcycle disasters. www.redtrianglererecords.com

2:30 - 3:00 **Froglick** is cool big time punk from central Utah. These guys will baste and bake you in stone cold riffs and fast action. Small towns can't hold them back and big cities run for their lives before **Froglick's** audio army. www.froglick.com

3:00 - 3:30 **ECO**, melodic punk from deep in the valley. Riding high on the current wave of pop punk, **ECO** has missed few steps in the bubble gum apocalypse that is growing with the youth throughout the land.



Alchemy



ECO



Endless Struggle

They reap the essence of cool, and sow the triumph of the underground. www.ecopunx.com

3:30 - 4:00 **Violet Run** may fool you at first. Gentle, dark melodies shower the mind; however, **Violet Run** contains a tempest ready to flood the soul's deep, secret crevasses with pain, sorrow, and raw emotion. They blend the softness of early gothic with the rage and horror of its modern evolution.

4:00 - 4:30 **White City** combines live trip-hop and funk with space jams and intense instrumentalism. Traveling far beyond the boundaries of simple thought and emotion, **White City** instead will drive you into the hills of madness and feeling. They are an island of groove that will drive your feet and mind to stranger fields and feral rooms.



Violet Run



Iodina

4:30 - 5:00 **Thunderfist** will kick your ass. No rock stars here, just punk, power chords, and a middle finger straight to your face. Loud and fast, **Thunderfist** will pull it out and shake it in your face - with a smile. Be afraid - or be drunk, either way you will worship the porcelain rock god. www.thunderfistmusic.com

5:00 - 5:30 **Wicked Innocence** have had a long stay within the Salt Lake metal scene. Dark and intense, **Wicked Innocence's** staying power is proven with their ingenious licks and killer rock. As **Metal Masters**, this band will roll you over and force you to **ASSUME THE POSE**. www.wickedinnocence.com



Froglick



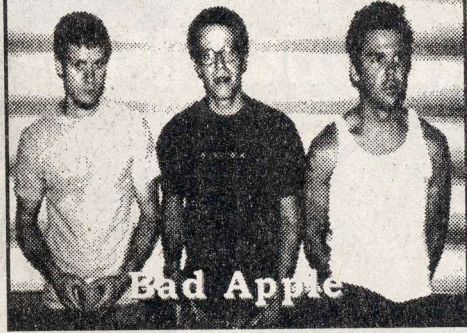
Thunderfist

Sabbathon

Jesus Rides a Rik'Sha



a Rik'Sha are looking to take over the world, or maybe just destroy the one we are comfortable with right now. Utilizing violent bottom end and tremendous power, Jesus Rides a Rik'Sha will rumble the foundations of everything you thought you new about Heavy. www.jesus-rides.com



Bad Apple

5:30 - 6:00 Jesus Rides
7:30 - 8:00 Wormdrive
are my kind of rock stars. Soaked in blood and Pabst Blue Ribbon, Wormdrive hit hard and don't stop knockin'. They are loud and hard and are monsters raging through your house. Don't be surprised if they stain your couch.



Hospital Food

8:00 - 8:30 Bad Apple
emotes a quiet ache from an easy acoustic drone. Somewhere between emo-rock and acoustic grunge, Bad Apple are long lonely walks in the moonlight, agonizing over love lost.



or die.

6:00 - 6:30 Unlucky Boys are a psychobilly porno where all the action takes place in a greasy garage and no one leaves without the money shot. Utah County can't hold them down, and lock up their daughters as they cruise their streets. Punk and rockabilly race in the world's fastest musical drag where somebody's gonna get laid



Wicked Innocence
WHITE CITY
REAT SOLAR STANCE



8:30 - 9:00 Hospital Food
proves that today's pop punk is mad, simply mad. They easily grab you by the collar, look you in the eye, raise back and lick your face. Like their namesake, Hospital Food will get into your system and stay like a rock. www.hospitalfood.net



Teen Tragedies

9:00 - 9:30 Fistfull are raucous and deadly certain they will blow you out of your pants. Punk laced with loneliness and longing, Fistfull redirects expectations of style, show and rock and roll. You will not leave without being run through with hard melodies and a supple caress.

6:30 - 7:00 Iodina are going to sacrifice you to whatever god they keep talking about. Iodina is heavy and hard and a metal metamorphosis from the edgy to the more black metal of today. They are looking to-go-a-viking; they will rape and pillage your soul.

7:00 - 7:30 Erosion have done their best to remove any preconceptions you may have about 21st century alternative rock and roll. Relentless passion fuels a deliberate breakdown of styles as they reorganize them. Erosion is a ride through a musical landscape of haunting twang, interstellar distortion, thunderous rhythm, tension and dark chords. www.erosionarts.com

9:30 - 10:00 Sevengrand sucked on mine tailings and nerve gas from their Tooele home and now are ready to thump your head. Straight-up punk with no chaser, Sevengrand will make you cry to your mommy and kill your gerbil. www.sevengrand.com

SABBATHON 2001 is at the Gallivan Center 9/9/01 1-10pm!
Support Local music for a Local Cause!



Erosion



Fistfull

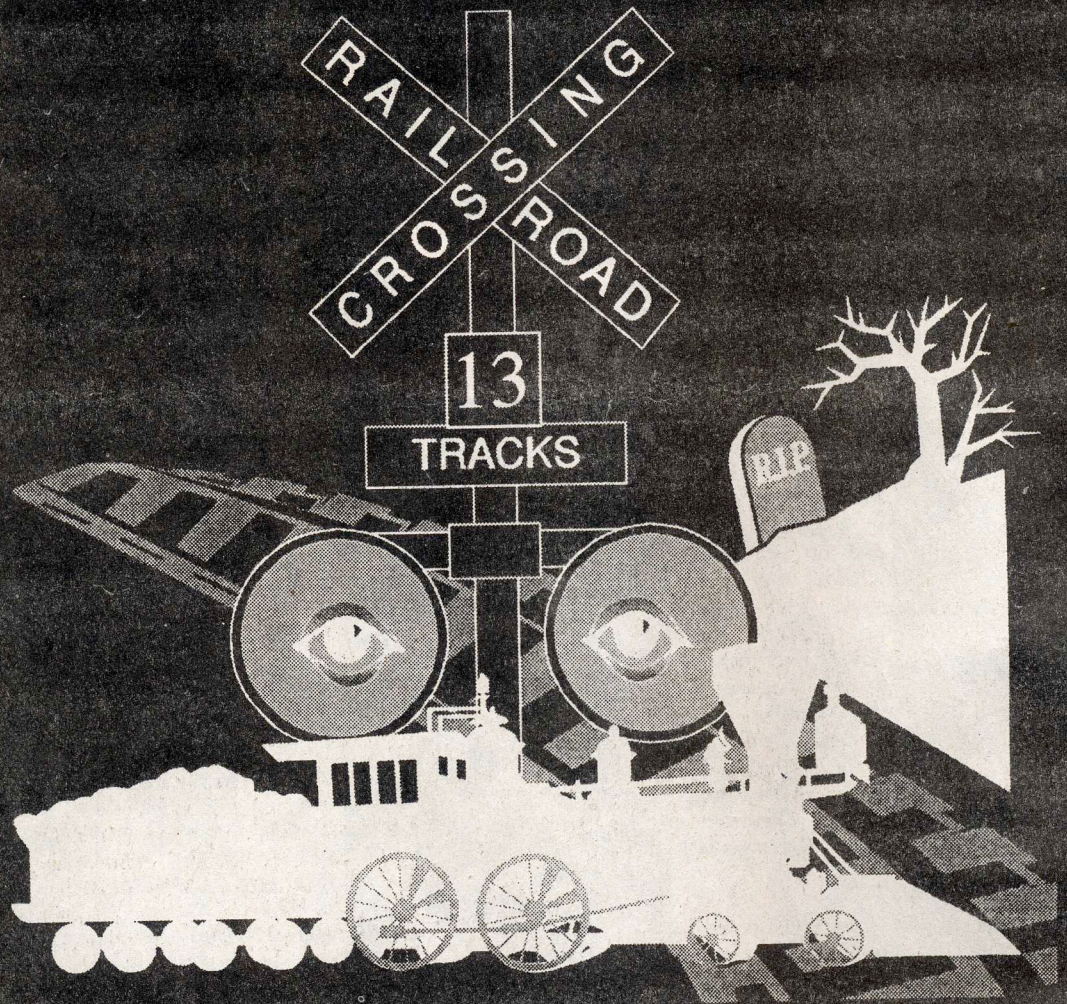


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This Year's Newest Haunting Experience

Pulling Hair and Gouging Eyes
By Ricky Stink

When asked to interview our newly crowned SLUG Queen Jennifer Buchanan, I was hell bent on asking dozens of adolescent questions that any normal pervert would enjoy. Drawing my influences from the Mike Brown school of journalism, friends and fellow perverts, I had a full arsenal of sleazy material waiting to unleash upon our city's newest sex symbol. First off let me tell you something, it is easy to sit around with your buddies and come up with questions about sex and sexuality. But when faced with the situation of asking perverted questions face to face with a sexy woman that you have never met, your manly bravado can quickly take a nosedive. So after about two days of telephone tag with Jen, I was finally invited to pay a visit to her house. With visions of orgies and porn in my head, this is how the interview went.

read this.

SLUG: I can see this line of questioning is not gonna work. So lets move on, what is the cruelest thing you have ever done to anyone?

Jen: I'm not a cruel person, I'm nice, and I don't like to hurt anyone. Actually when I was a freshman in college there was this girl named Brandy Butcher that looked and acted like a bulldog. Always making snide comments and remarks about me. I put up with this all year, until the final project for our class. It was a mock trial and my mom was on the jury. When my mom made a comment on one thing or another Brandy made the remark "now I know why she talks so much she's got a big mouth like her



Polaroids by GILL

she deserved it.

scratching.

SLUG: Do regular guys have a chance with you? What are your criteria?

Jen: Umm, any guy that I can teach, a naive guy.

SLUG: Can you believe you beat out porn stars and strippers for the title of SLUG Queen?

Jen: Oh no, I still can't believe it. I entered like two weeks before the contest with no expectations. Then there I am, on the spread of the contest photos wedged in between strippers and Hawaiian tropic girls. I still can't believe it.

Make sure to ogle over Jen at our upcoming event *Sabbathon*. She will be on hand passing out BJ's, I mean autographs, and answering all questions related to bi sexuality your pea-sized brains can generate. By the way, *Dickies Clothing*, *Wildflower Photography*, *Dan Gorder Photography*, *Talent Unlimited* and *Electric Eyewear* sponsor Jen.

SLUG: What time do you wake up in the morning?

Jen: I usually wake up around 1:30 p.m., unless I have school, then I wake up at 9:00 a.m. I usually stay out until 4:00 a.m.

SLUG: 4:00 a.m.? What the hell for? That is well past my bedtime, unless I'm on one of my rare coke binges.

Jen: I work in bars.

SLUG: Oh, but bars close at 2:00, why are you there till 4:00? Getting drunk?

Jen: No, that's illegal.

SLUG: Lets cut to the chase, are you straight or bi?

Jen: Why do you have to ask me that? I don't want my mom to



"I don't want my mom to read this:"
SLUG QUEEN Jennifer Buchanan
Tries to Come Clean

mom."
Little did she know I was standing right behind her and I grabbed her hair and pulled her to the ground and shoved my fingers into her eyes as hard as I could. I guess that's not cruel, its more retribution than anything,

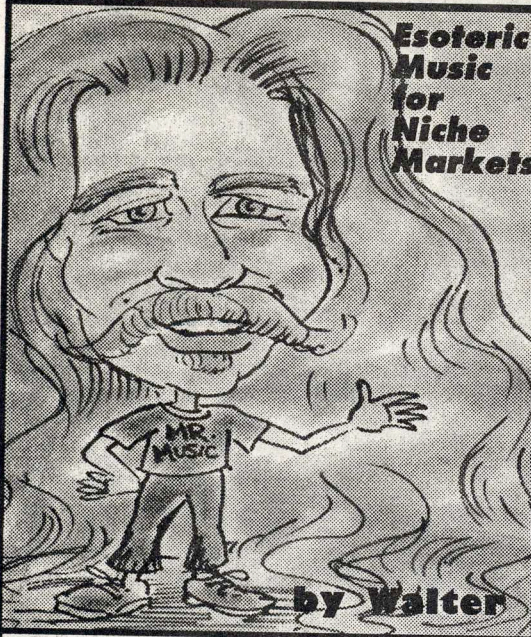
Any guy that would blow up Questar Gas. Actually, I like frat boys. Not really, I want one just for an hour, they seem so easily destroyed. Reverse the roles and beat them at their own game.

SLUG: What are your plans for the Olympics?

Jen: I'm gonna stay here and work, avoid the crowds unless I'm dressed outlandishly and get to be the subject of much foreign scrutiny, puzzlement and head



Geriatric Rock:



As SLUG prepares to celebrate Sabbathon there are a few rules to remember. I'm sure some individuals are already asking themselves, "Come on you geriatric old fucker. What does this have to do with esoteric music for niche markets?" Well, SLUG is a niche market and so is local music. The list of Sabbathon bands is pretty

esoteric and local. Some of those bands have members nearly as old as I am. Christ! Wormdrive, the Unlucky Boys, Erosion, Jesus Rides A Riksha, Endless Struggle, Thunderfist — give them another decade of life and they're geriatric just like me.

Sabbathon appears for the first time at the Gallivan Center, a public facility. The Gallivan Center is a beautiful place and an excellent choice for Sabbathon, however, there are rules. No skateboarding. Do not even think about riding the numerous rails, platforms, ramps, stairs and planters on a skateboard. Yes, the Gallivan Center would make a lovely skateboard park, actually the Gallivan Center is the perfect location for a nationally sponsored skateboard competition — a "street" competition. Sabbathon is the perfect opportunity for a "localized" competition or even a demonstration but it ain't going to happen. Skateboards aren't allowed and for that matter bicycles aren't either. Don't be taking that BMX to Sabbathon with thoughts of riding a rail. The security guards would have a fit.

Speaking of riding the rails. Lucky residents of the southern portion of the Salt Lake Valley can ride TRAX to Sabbathon. There is a "Gallivan Center" stop. Go ahead, ride the bicycle or skateboard to the nearest TRAX stop and ride the rails to Sabbathon. Anyone planning to do so needs to be aware of the rules and perhaps some problems. Have I emphasized rules enough yet?

My advice is to wear a Mr. Mac suit or a summer outfit purchased at Nordstrom...

Don't get on TRAX wearing your favorite punk rock outfit. Ripped clothing, weird hair, T-shirts bearing profane or political slogans — you are just asking for trouble from the TRAX "Brown Shirt" security guards, or thugs. The very sight of a bicycle or a skateboard seems to enrage these highly trained and professional individuals. When "freaky" looking individuals utilizing non-gasoline powered transportation attempt to board TRAX harassment often occurs. My advice is to wear a Mr. Mac suit or a summer outfit purchased at Nordstrom. Since autumn is fast approaching a fall outfit will also work. Wearing "respectable" clothing will pay off at the Gallivan Center. Gallivan Center security don't like "freaky" appearance any more than the TRAX "Brown Shirts."

Say you arrived at Sabbathon and have successfully entered the Gallivan Center. If you have a bicycle, whether you rode TRAX or peddled the thing all the way, be prepared for more harassment. Locking the bicycle up (All bicycles must be locked up.) can present a problem. There aren't many bicycle racks available at the Gallivan Center. As a few individuals learned recently, the white plastic fence surrounding the Gallivan Center is off-limits to bicycle locking. Too many of you fuckers damaged the white plastic fence. Just use the young tree saplings on the sidewalk outside the Gallivan Center. Saplings aren't as susceptible to damage as plastic fences. Also, that Mr. Mac suit or Nordstrom outfit will gain you respect. It's all about appearance.

Since I'm on appearance. Beer is allowed at the Gallivan Center. This has to be one of the most bizarre aspects of the Gallivan Center. Beer isn't allowed at any other public plaza in the entire city, at least not one I'm aware of. Why the Gallivan Center? Who knows? It's a good thing, like Martha Stewart. But again, appearance is everything. If you are wearing your Mr. Mac suit, or even better in this case, your Nordstrom outfit, and if you are carrying a wooden picnic basket — feel free to bring glass bottles.

Supposedly glass bottles are banned from the Gallivan Center, unless they are concealed in

wicker picnic baskets carried by individuals wearing outfits purchased at Nordstrom. It's all about the logo and everyone knows such individuals won't become rowdy or disruptive because they are too busy cutting up expensive cheeses, munching on fresh fruits and sipping expensive wine from glass goblets. Most such individuals probably won't be interested in Sabbathon anyway, but you can pretend, can't you? Stuff a couple of six packs of Rolling Rock inside a wicker picnic basket made of wood, not plastic, with a couple of 7-Eleven hoagies, wear over-priced clothing and enjoy!

There are only a few more rules to remember. Keep off the fucking red carpet! Jesus Christ! Idiots! The last time I visited the Gallivan Center the red carpet was butting up against the concrete planters. Everyone knows the concrete planters are there to provide beauty. They also make excellent seats. So do a couple of the Gallivan Center light posts. However, if the red carpet is butting up against the planters and you sit on a planter — your feet are on the red carpet! Jesus Christ! Keep off the fucking red carpet. And another thing. Do not stand on the planters or the light posts attempting to get a better view of the band on stage! Sometimes this behavior is acceptable, other times it is not and a lot of the acceptability depends on appearance. Remember the Mr. Mac suit and that Nordstrom outfit. Appearance is the key at the Gallivan Center, and also when riding TRAX. If you look like a respectable citizen you will be treated like a respectable citizen. If you look like a punk rocker, hippie, homeless person or any other sort of disreputable character, or if you have any "color" whatsoever — you will be treated as such.

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Reviews & Interviews

ineland

by Brian Staker

Jam On!! An Interview With Culture Jammer and Adbusters Magazine Founder Kalle Lasn

This month's zine feature might not seem like a zine, at all; after all, it's got slick covers, is published out of an actual office, and can even be found at corporate bookstores. But *Adbusters* is more than a magazine, it's a movement. Subtitled "A Journal of the Mental Environment," and the magazine is based on the idea that our minds, the internal world, is becoming as polluted as the outside world around us. The chief culprit: ever more pervasive advertising, and the mass media in which it's increasingly difficult to tell the difference between editorial reporting and paid-for propaganda. The magazine doesn't just chronicle what's happening in that environment; it takes that world on and suggests ways to address it, from Buy Nothing Day to joining the protests in Seattle and elsewhere to painting over "Feel Hungry" on a McDonald's billboard to "Feel Heavy." Estonian immigrant Kalle Lasn started the magazine and operates it from its headquarters in the Adbusters Media Foundation in Vancouver, Canada, and took some time out from adbusting to talk to us.

"The Adbusters Media Foundation was founded in 1989, born out of a battle in the Pacific Northwest with the forest industry," he explains. "They had an ad campaign called 'Forests Forever', that claimed that we would never have to worry about losing forested areas. Some of us environmentalists got angry, and prepared our own 30-second TV spot, that told the truth. After clear-cutting, there is less than 20% of old growth left. TV stations refused to sell us air-time. It was really an undemocratic situation. Citizens were not allowed to talk back. This issue was the catalyst for all we've done. We finally did get some newspaper articles, and radio talk shows."

Adbusters Magazine started publication at about the same time. "It grew out of a small newsletter into a full-fledged magazine," he says. "Culture jamming" is another name for what Adbusters is all about. "Culture jammers are people who don't like our current consumer culture, who believe it's



unsustainable and is going to do us in. They are dedicated to doing whatever they can to change the situation, from putting up stickers to "liberating billboards," to Buy Nothing Day to participating in the Seattle WTO protests. Some of them broadcast on

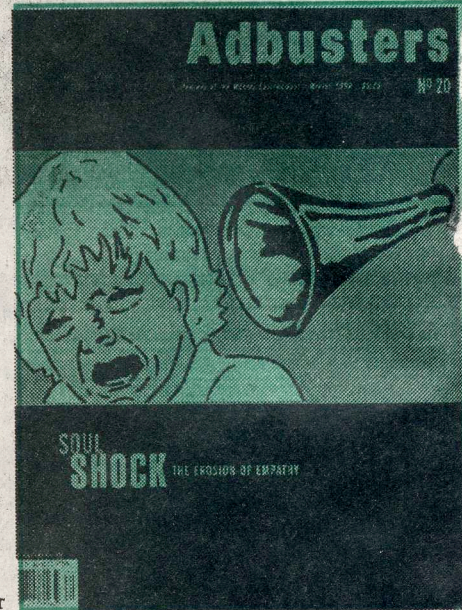
"Culture jammers are people who don't like our current consumer culture...They are dedicated to doing whatever they can to change the situation"

pirate radio. They tend to be media activists; culture jammers realize that the command center of our culture is the mass media."

"Buy Nothing Day has been going since 1993. It has grown from a small Northwest campaign to this huge global event observed in 55 countries. Buy Nothing Day is a campaign that has launched a debate about sustainable consumption, and inasmuch as it's done that it's been an immense success. It isn't just preaching to the converted; it has reached the mainstream now." Indeed, the event has grown large enough under the media lens to warrant mentioning on network news, although under the bemused lens or corporate coverage. "People buy nothing one day out of the year, and see how it feels, and become more conscious of their consumption habits," he continues. TV Turn-Off Week is a similar event.

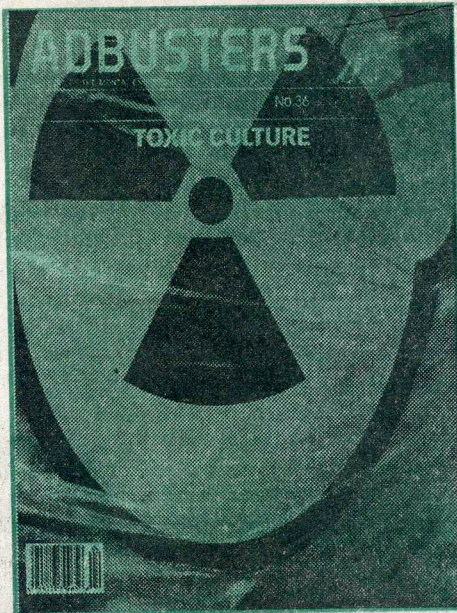
The Foundation's biggest vehicle is the magazine, Lasn says, "with nearly 100,000 readership it's our flagship. At our headquarters on the internet, we average 10,000 hits a day. On the web, people can also download and print out flyers and stickers, look at videos of events, and interact in other ways. The third leg is our Powershift Advertising Agency, which produces TV spots." The magazine's humble beginnings are never far out of mind, however. "It started black and white on newsprint," he relates. "All the writing was originally done by volunteers. Since then we've got 15 full-time people on staff, four in editorial, a three-person art department. We have become "slick subversive." The magazine is driven largely by photographs and graphics to push our message. Our strategy is to sit next to all the other slick mags on the newsstands and beat them at their own game." And they can often be found there, although staff at a local Barnes and Noble here had no idea what department to file it under. "People complain that we're too slick, but we add 2000 more readers with each issue," he proclaims.

"For the last 20-30 years," he explains, "magazine publishers have been caught up in the paradigm of needing advertising in order to bankroll their publications. We never have. It's easy, we charge \$6 an issue and are driven by passion. 2/3 of



ur sales are from newsstand; 1/3 from subscriptions. There's more than the magazine too. There is the video of our TV "uncommercials," which a lot of schools show to their media literacy classes. And the Culture Jammers calendar, with pictures from some of our favorite campaigns." The mag is downright entertaining and fun to read, with features like the Joe Chemo ad parody, which has been a favorite, illustrating a terrible truth with humor, using the visual language of advertising to subvert its message. And the magazine's articles never get mired in media theory but concentrate more on action.

Some of his favorite issues of the magazine are recent ones. The July/August 2001 issue, "Toxic Culture," he believes had "a profound new idea. I think we coined a new phrase with toxic culture. For example, we included scientific studies that followed Mexican immigrants starting mentally healthy, and after they've been in America working for a while they start to have all the traditional malaise, depression, anxiety, addiction, aggressivity and other emotional problems." Although the issue didn't make a direct link, it suggested that the oversaturated media environment has had some connection with the states of mind of people like the shooters at Columbine. Mental maladies can lead to physical debilitation as well; the effects of pollution in both environments seem to be parallel.



"America consumes 80% of the world's resources and produces 75% of the toxic waste." Lasn said.

"The most successful issues of Adbusters take on one issue," he believes. The newest issue is devoted to "Design." "America consumes 80% of the world's resources," Lasn states, "and produces 75% of the toxic waste. One of the reasons is that corporations spend \$400 million worldwide just on telling us how great their products are. Product designers have a big role in every product; everything is highly designed to where it oozes slick cool. Designers give it the glitz; the cool. So we are trying to recruit these cool producers to the other side." The special double issue, their #37, includes an essay on the history of design, stressing its important role as "the production of meaning," as well as other perspectives on design as change and Lasn's belief in "true cost design" which factors in operating costs and environmental damage into the cost of a car, for example. The two campaigns call for a means for a community to share lawnmowers and other tools, and a call for a sneaker design called the "Blackspot Sneaker," to combat the pernicious Nike brand.

"Everything we do gets a lot of flack," explains Lasn. "From Buy Nothing Day to the magazine itself. People are divided in love or hate for us. We are in the business of creating cognitive dissonance, a cultural revolution. I can't even begin to tell you all the things people hate about us. Grass roots activists look at something like the design issue and say, 'what's in it for me?' There's no spoof ad or features on activists. On the other hand, designers have emailed and say this issue really pricked their consciousness. It changed the way they think about what they do." In the hate

department, Absolut Vodka went so far as to take legal action when Adbusters parodied them with an ad featuring a wilted-looking bottle titled "Absolut Impotence." Lasn says that "Nike is always playing footsie with us." Intriguingly, advertisers have picked up on the media-savvy skepticism that Adbusters has helped foster and is using that very technique to sell their products in ads like the "Obey Your Thirst" Sprite campaign. "It's a battle of wits, cat and mouse," he says

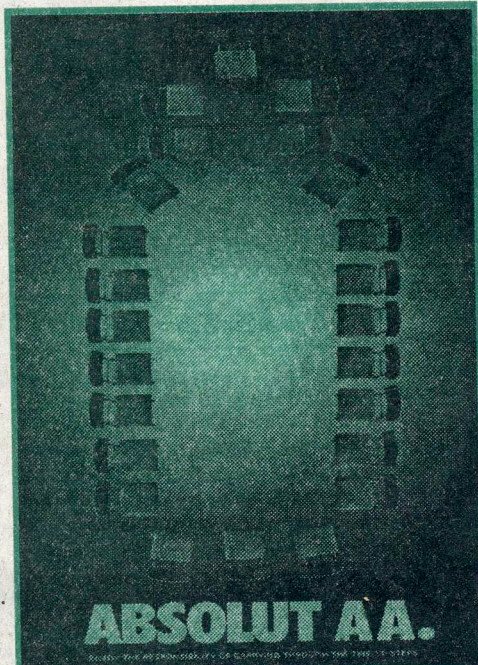
"In the media, things are getting faster, every merger like AOL/Time-Warner is a further level of media concentration," he says when asked how serious the situation is. "We now live in a world in which a half-dozen corporations control over half of all news and entertainment providers. When we try to buy airtime for our viewpoints, they won't sell. Corporations have become the gatekeepers of information.

"We the people no longer generate our own culture, from the bottom up," he continues. "But it oozes from the top down. They set the tone of every debate, they set the agenda. It's not just lobbyists trying to get laws changed, but through owning the media they control the entire discussion."

Lasn employs a "pincer strategy," against the ever more virulent media. "On one hand, grass roots actions, culture jamming as a new hub of action. People know what culture jamming is now. Like our Corporate America flag projects (in which flags with small corporate logos take the place of stars on the American flag), we pitch in with flags, stickers, graphic designs, and occasional radio and TV spots. On the other hand, there are large level top-down strategies, like legal actions against TV stations that refuse to sell us spots. One on one level vs. fighting corporate fire with fire. Social activism has come out of the closet."

From the size the magazine has grown to now, he hopes to go international. "We already send 2000 to Australia, 500 to New Zealand, and 5000 to the UK and Europe. We want to be the international activist journal, because culture jamming is a global fight. Buy Nothing Day is celebrated in 55 countries. We want the production of campaign materials to take precedence, we want to be more driven by the campaigns than the magazine itself."

Adbusters.org is the site. Kalle Lasn's book is *Culture Jam: The Uncooling of America*.



5 a.m. I'm seventeen years old. I try to sneak into my house unnoticed. That's when I realize that the living room light is on and my mother is awake. I'm screwed. She doesn't want to hear the stories of seeing Good Riddance in the basement of Club DV8 or riding around in an old Chevy van with no heater and ten teenagers inside. All she cares about is the fact that her son is just getting home at five in the morning and she is pissed. Thirteen years prior to my first experience with Good Riddance, Russ Rankin finds himself singing for a cover band while daydreaming of being in a band that writes their own music and plays for crowds. He sketches his dream bands out on paper and gives them names. Little did he know that in 1990 one of his imaginary bands would come to life, with himself as lead vocalist. The band's name was Good Riddance. In 1990 guitarist Luke Pabich joined Good Riddance. "I would say that's when we started becoming a real band," Rankin said. The band members began to take things seriously. They started to

write their own music and headed down the road to becoming the Good Riddance you know today. The current line up consists of Rankin, Pabich, Chuck Platt on bass and newcomer Dave Wagenschultz on drums. Over the past decade Rankin has witnessed the punk scene morph from a small-scale musical alternative to a well-exposed musical genre. "In a lot of ways I think it's positive," he said. "A lot of kids looking for a voice have something they normally wouldn't have because it was so underground". Of course there is two sides to every coin. Just in case you haven't noticed, the big wigs of the music industry have been pimping their version of punk like it's the best thing since a toothless blowjob. Rankin



Good Riddance

knows this all to well. "A lot of the real effectiveness and validity of what it has to say has been taken out," he stated. "It's been co-opted by the music industry which has effectively ignored it for about twenty years. Now they've decided that it's really cool and they want to be it's friend." Good Riddance has been with Fat Wreck Chords almost since the beginning of the label. Fat Wreck Chords boasts that Good Riddance is one of their more political outfits and indeed, Good Riddance lyrics are laden with Rankin's political agenda. When I inquired what Rankin thought about Dubya his response was, "I try not to. It's to the point now where the Democratic and Republican parties are becoming

almost one. It's always going to be a rich white guy. It's always going to be a pro-business candidate with a lot of ties to corporate interests." Rankin also had a few things to say about the global sprawl of corporations. "Corporations are basically totalitarian structures," he said. "They don't operate really in the human interest. NAFTA is a good example of that." Even the title of Good Riddance's new full-length release has a political background. The title *Symptoms of a Leveling Spirit* is a quote by President James Madison referring to the elite class fear of America becoming a true democracy. The aforementioned album packs just as much of a wallop as previous releases if not more. It is, in Rankin's opinion, the best release they have put out. "I'm really proud of the lyrics," he said. "Everybody played really well on it." Also, the new album includes an enhanced section although Rankin isn't sure what the portion contains. You can pick up *Symptoms of a Leveling Spirit* at your nearest music slinger or see Good Riddance live. I just wouldn't recommend coming home to mom at 5 a.m.

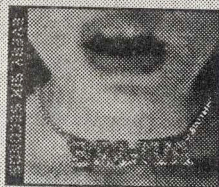
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Maximum Wattage

by Brian Staker



He's back! Indie rock's favorite bassist, the godfather of punk rock, none other than Mike Watt is back slinging the thudstaff, as an old FIREHOSE put it, "ragin' full on." After last year's surgery for an infection in the groin that laid him up in the hospital for weeks, then emerging to join J. Mascis, tour as sidemouse, alongside former Stooges guitarist Ron Asheton, Watt has organized a new tour with his most recent backing band. Actually the "Tom and Jerry Show" with guitarist Tom Watson and drummer Jerry Trebotic is only one of many projects Watt has been involved with on and off since the demise of FIREHOSE in 1994. From the free-form jazz experiments of Banyan to Madonna cover band the Madonnabes with Watson to his recent rock concept albums with the Black Crew to power trio the Pair of Pliers (which included Trebotic), Watt has explored almost every avenue of musical expression available to the "bottom broom." Now he says he feels it's time to "cat and not mouse," so he's hitting the road in the lead role, travelling econo as always, and the show is headed our way September 20th at Liquid Joes.

After blowing crowds away not once but twice last year here, once with J. Mascis and once with the Pair of Pliers, he was still apologetic since he didn't feel his playing was up to par. How does he feel over six months later? "Yeah, I'm getting better," he says. "But I did nine months with J, and then the tour on my own." This is the musical equivalent of training for the Olympics; if bass playing was an event, he'd be captain of the team. "It reminded me of playing with D. Boon (late singer of Watt's first band, the legendary Minutemen). It's much different when you're a side mouse, a deck hand. But it was still a power trio, very muscular, very aggressive." Not to mention freakin' LOUD.

After recovering from the surgery, he says "I just threw myself into playing with a frenzy. My melodic playing style comes from D. Boon. He used to leave a lot of room for me to play in. When people ask me what kind of bass player I am, I say I'm D. Boon's bass player. I don't play it so much as wrestle. Coltrane was another big influence. I'm always trying to get "out there," free from the rote cliché stuff. The bass has a responsibility, with the drums, but I also try to take it out

there, to the spiritual essence." Jazz wasn't his first musical language. "I didn't hear it until my twenties, I thought it was like punk, the same emotions just in a different point in time."

In addition to the surgery, earlier this year the J. Mascis tour van got in an accident on the road in Europe and that leg of the tour had to be cancelled. Watt suffered only mild injuries but Mascis broke his back. "It was horrible," Watt says. "It was like a sickness, but a lot faster. I'm very grateful that the worst didn't happen. But on the road there's always that risk. When I'm on tour I try to keep things very basic, to the earth. I just travel around in my van. The last tour hit 52 shows in 54 days. I try to learn from each town I'm in, get to know the people I meet."

The "tourspiel" is a big part of his musical experience. "I never had a vacation growing up because my dad was in the Navy." Touring is part of a larger agenda as well. "I'm gonna record an album, and I need to get back to playing with my fingers again. I played with a pick with J." Watt seems so connected to the instrument that it's almost like an extension of his body. "Tom and Jerry are great people to play with; I'm lucky to play with very inspiring folks. Jerry is a very powerful drummer, but there will be some calmer stuff too. I'll try to spread the set out to cover all kinds of material. I try to get people not to think in a genre mode... music is just rhythm and notes, the rest is just marketing."

"My next album will be Watt music going through a different format, with drums and organ instead of guitar. I'll explore the organ/bass relationship, and won't worry about competing with the guitar. It'll be kind of jazz but also rocking. There's a time to be a sideman, the mouse, but also a time to cat, to realize your own ideas. It's time for me to be Watt." That album, titled *The Second Man's Middle Stand*, referring to the 40-something's middle age, is expected out next April.

At the show here, he says he's going to play a lot of old songs, but also about 3/4 of them will be new. Any Mike Watt show is such a musical odyssey that it's sure to blow minds ten ways, but look for old faves like covers of his early idols Blue Oyster Cult's "The Red and the Black," Daniel Johnston's "Walking the Cow," and the theme song of Watt's chosen instrument, "Down With the Bass." One can only hope for some old Minutemen nuggets too. He can lay down the rhythm as well as let the bass almost take on the role that the lead guitar plays, although Watson is blistering on the frets as well. More than that, one of the most skilled rock musicians is one of the most down to earth, not above stopping to chat at the bar, but also spilling over with ideas. In his hands music can express the gamut of emotions from punkish anger to spiritual yearnings ala Coltrane, but it's always a positive force, one of vitality, almost a force of nature.

In addition to Tom and Jerry and *The Second Man's Middle Stand*, he's also involved with an upcoming release by indie supergroup Wylde Ratttz, with Thurston Moore and Steve Shelley of Sonic Youth, drummer Jim Dunbar, guitarist Don Fleming from Bongwater, Gumball and a host of other groups, Ron Asheton, Mudhoney's Mark Arm, saxman Sabir Mateen and none other than Sean Ono Lennon. Allegedly the movie *Velvet Goldmine* was based on this band. Check www.wylderratttz.com for more info, including mp3s.

You can read this interview as well as well as Mike Watt's tour diaries, song downloads and lots of other stuff at his webpage, www.hootpage.com.

DJ HELLRAVER

www.hellraver.com

FETISH NIGHT AT CLUB MANHATTAN

Nancy "Strap On" Perkins

All right people. I'm not fucking around here. Do you want to get freaky. Do you want to dress in leather, and have a beautiful girl whack your big, white ass with a hard paddle while two or three more attach clothespins to your balls and make you call them, "Mommy"? I thought so. On Sunday, September 30th @ Club Manhattan, you can have all this and more. Featured artists that night will be locals +maschine fetisch+ who sound like Trent Reznor being ass raped by a gang of midgets. Also, for you fans of NNNNTT SSS NNNTT SSS music, there will be a DJ from New York City that goes by the name HELLRAVER, and I'm sure he'll be more than happy to pin you down and piss on your face. Last but not least, I, Mistress Nancy will be tempting and cavorting with you in the DJ booth and on the dance floor, and by Christ, I will make you squeal like the little fuck piggy you are, and if you're lucky, I might give you a blood enema like the guys in Einsturzende Neubauten. Anyway, I got the rare opportunity to interview DJ Hellraver, and here's what we got.. While you read this, I want you on your knees licking some leather, I don't care what it is, belt, your mom's pumps, whatever, LICK IT!

SLUG: You used to be known as DJ Bent. Some DJ's would consider a name change to be career suicide, What made you switch to Hellraver?

Hellraver: Well what happens alot is people get pigeonholed into a certain style. After eight years or so as "DJ Bent!" I was known strictly for Industrial and Electro. As I'm sure you can understand over-time everyone's taste and styles change. I figured it would be a good time to make a few renovations to my DJing and name, giving me the opportunity to explore new elements of music. When I was going as DJ Bent! people knew what to expect, as DJ Hellraver they're still never quite sure exactly what I'm going to do.

SLUG: You are known to play a variety of music, from Industrial to Trance to Hip Hop. Is there a particular style you prefer?

Hellraver: As a fan of music I like everything. I listen to a wide range of genres. Industrial, Hip Hop, Techno. Alternative, Modern and Classic Rock, Classical music etc. Djing I would say I prefer Electronic music, Guitarless Industrial, and Techno Trance.

SLUG: You now have a musical project Earthshock, Who are the people involved with this? Do you have any forthcoming releases?

Hellraver: Basically Earthshock is myself and my friend Flam. We have an EP out right now that features Athan Maroulis from Spahn Ranch doing guest vocals on one track, and Syn from Digital Noise Addict doing guest keyboards on another.

SLUG: What exactly is Hellraver Productions? What is its purpose?

Hellraver: The concept behind Hellraver Productions is to bring some solidarity amongst a group of DJs and bands from North America who respect each others talent, and work together for a common goal. We set up gigs and shows for each other all over the globe, issue contracts etc.

SLUG: We know you are quite partial to Montreal, is there a particular city or scene you enjoy spinning more than others?

Hellraver: Well everyone has their favorite city. For hanging out and partying, I'd have to say Boston, New York, and Montreal are my favorites. New York City being my home is still my favorite place to play. I have been to some great places though, Toronto, Rochester, Quebec City, Atlanta.

SLUG: Do you have any political or religious beliefs?

Hellraver: That would be another interview in itself.

SLUG: Finish this line: "If I were in charge, I would..."

Hellraver: Smash their windows and kick in the doors.

SLUG: Do you have anything to say to the people in SLC?

Hellraver: Everyone should relax and have a good time, drop any egos and pretentiousness and just do whatever it takes to have fun and enjoy what little time we have in life.

Like I said, September 30th(Sunday, so the mo-mos will stay away) Club Manhattan, +Maschine Fetish+ DJ Hellraver, and myself, Mistress Nancy, now scrub my little Dutch Boy, SCRUB!!!



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Funker Vogt did a teaser tour last year playing only 2 shows in the US test marketing or something to that effect. They will be back this October, but I there is not a date for Salt Lake City yet, and I don't know if there will be. A lot of us are heading up to Seattle for the show on October 19th. If you are interested, join the Utah Industrial mailing group: <http://groups.yahoo.com/group/utahindustrial> or send an email to utahindustrial-subscribe@yahoo.com. Also, Milada Fronta will be kicking off their US tour in Salt Lake City @ Club Manhattan on October 14th.


TOP 10 FOR SEPTEMBER

Compiled by the staff at MODified

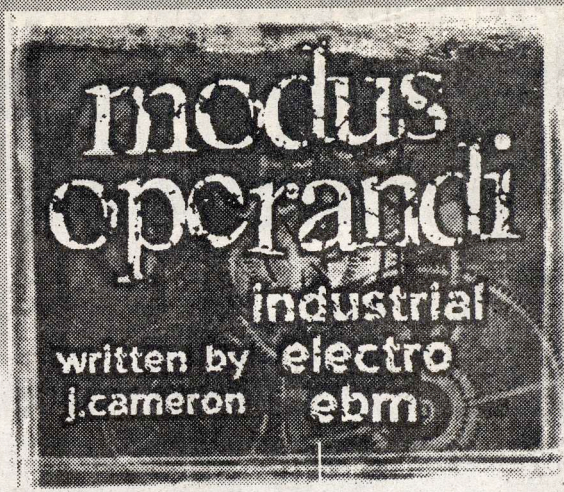
- Assemblage 23 - *Failure*
- Haujobb - *Polarity*
- Flesh Field - *Belief Control*
- Cevin Key - *Ghost of Each Room*
- Apoptygma Berzerk - *Welcome to Earth*
- Covenant - *United States of Mind*
- Fictional - *Fictitious +2*
- Project Pitchfork - *Daimonion*
- Velvet Acid Christ - [All]
- Hocico - *Sangre Hirviente*

	Flesh Field	Belief Control
Inception Records		Rating: 2.5

Ditch the bitch. If I could get away with a three word review I would leave it at that, but since I can't I'll just have to emphasize a little more on the shortcomings of the female vocals. Not only are they incredibly boring, but they're all out of time. Everything seems to come in a split second too late. She's sounds so not into the music at all. I can picture her recording the vocals with her arms folded or with her hands in her pockets. On the other hand, the programming on the album is twice as good as anything they've ever done. It's all composed very well with some serious hints of recent influences like *God Module* and *Assemblage 23*. Hopefully by the next album Rian Miller, Ms. Nasty Voice, will be shitcanned and somebody with a little more emotion or charisma in their voice will be involved.

	L'ame Immortelle	Judgement
Trisol		Rating: 4.5

L'ame Immortelle really has a good way of releasing singles. There is nothing more annoying than a single that is just the album version of the song with a few mixes of the same song. People like b-sides and exclusive tracks, and that's about all that can justify a release of a single. L'ame Immortelle's first single, *Epitaph*, for their most recent release had not only the album version of the song along with 3 mixes, but also had 2 live tracks and an exclusive track. Their second single from the *Dann Habe Ich Umsonst Gelebt* album, *Judgement*, is of similar concept; the album version, a club edit, along with extra goodies like a remix of 'Rearranging', an exclusive track titled 'Redemption', and a demo from 1997 called 'Final Oath'. Now that is a single worth picking up. The mix of 'Rearranging' is a complete turn-around from the album version. A new, more harsh male vocal track was recording for it, and everything is a little more fast paced and noisier. 'Redemption' sounds like a throw-away track from this last album; good song, but not as good as the material that made it onto the full length. Like always, L'ame Immortelle never seizes to blow my mind.



Fictional	Fictitious +2
Metropolis Records	Rating: 3.5

I'm still trying to figure out what justified a separate side-project when this sounds just like *Ravenous*; same members even. I guess it's a little better song writing than *Ravenous*, with a little *Funker Vogt* style percussion, but still. This album has been very hard to find, and when found, very expensive because of some problems with Zoth Ommog. Word had it that when *Funker Vogt* left Zoth Ommog they burned some bridges and Zoth owned the copyrights to the Fictional album and refused to do another pressing of it, so of course they were taken to court and Fictional prevailed leaving themselves with the option for a reissue on another label. The reissue was taken over by Metropolis Records for a domestic distribution with 2 bonus live tracks from the show that was played in Orlando late last year.

	V/A	Electraglow
Backscatter		

20+ artists from Utah and 2 from elsewhere come together for this double-disc compilation that is sure to break our local scene wide open. There has been much hype and anticipation for this to be issued and it is now finally available. Assembled by the members of *Uber Faction*, *Electraglow* exhibits all genres of electronic nature. The first disc is the more clean styles with bands like *Mend*, *The Kingdom*, *Ophelia's Innocence*, *Extropy*, *Uber Faction* as well as some experimental noisy styles with bands like *Infelix*, *Melting hiFI*, and *Quaderac*. The second disc features the more brutal and dark side of the genre. Local favorite *Algorithm Dekonstruct* opens the second half of the compilation with a very exclusive track called 'Innerviolence and Velvet Red'. I emphasize "exclusive" because the masters for the song are lost, so you'll most likely never hear it live or own it on any other CD. Some of the more driving electro style is provided by *Fervid Torper*, *Symbiont*, and an exclusive remix of the *Uber Faction* song 'Grim'. *Little Sap Dungeon* and *LSD sideproject Perception Cleanse Perception* both make their mark with very exceptional tracks, and I can't leave out *Misery Inc*, who's name seems rather cliché, but very much epitomizes the music behind it.

There is something on this compilation for everybody, no matter what style of electronic music you listen to. You'd be surprised at the amount of talent that exists in the local Salt Lake scene.

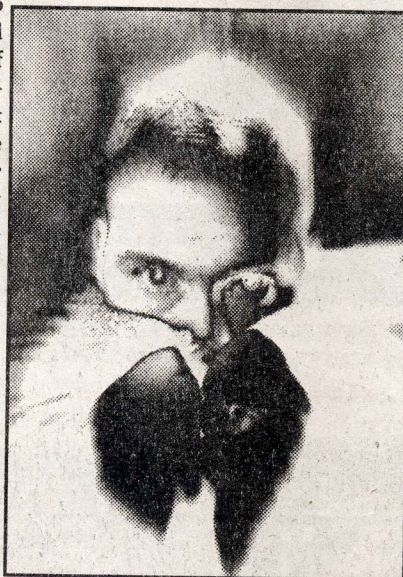
PETER CHRISTOPHERSON & JOHN BALANCE ARE

additional musicians loom in the background. The lights never brighten beyond a sharp blue leaving the band half hidden through out the performance. John paces menacing contorting while screaming, singing and whispering through out. Half way through the book and music

Twenty-one floors above the streets of New York City **John Balance** and **Peter Christopherson**, the principle minds behind **Coil**, smile more often than they scowl while sipping tea between questions like perfect British gentlemen. There is nearly nothing "rock star" about them. Peter explains that normally they go to bed early in the evening and wake before 7am. They've moved out of London, too expensive, too much to clutter your mind with. The scene is far removed from two nights before when **Coil** made their debut American performance dressed in white reflective suits like spacemen escaped from an asylum, bloodied and bruised. It is hard to imagine that this was **Coil's** first live performance in America, until you learn that they haven't performed live more than a handful of times. It wasn't until recent collaborator **thighpaulsandra** convinced them to perform at the Royal Festival Hall in London as part of a festival organized by **Julian Cope** that **Coil** returned to the stage in April of 2000 for the first time since the early 80's. Peter explains their absence existed because that they didn't particularly enjoy performing live while members of **Psychic TV**; though John politely admits he enjoyed performing. They do however agree that they were bored with the traditional idea of performance (guitar, bass, drums, singer) and had been waiting for technology to advance so that they could create a live performance that took its audience to places they had never been before. They wanted to be able to create every aspect of the performance from the sound to the projected visuals. By the late 90s technology had advanced to the point where they were satisfied with what they could do with film in sync with the audio and physical performance; **thighpaulsandra** approached them with the idea of performing in **Julian's** festival and the time seemed right and more importantly they felt the need to finally repay their fans for their years of support. The show was a success and refreshingly enjoyable for the band and before they knew it **Coil** was performing a second show at the Royal Festival Hall and dates in Europe soon followed. Then the offer to play **C7** came and they accepted knowing that this, along with the **Moscow** shows, would be the last for the current line-up because their entire backing band, including **thighpaulsandra**, would soon be departing to tour with **Spiritualized**. John further explains that there is no competition between **Coil** and **Spiritualized**, simply **Spiritualized** can afford to pay more and provide a fixed schedule of performances.

stand have fallen to the floor, the smoke still rises as the set travels through noise, "I am an animal, I am an animal." to stillness, "What kind of animal are you?" before flooring into a backlash of noise. The show ends with John running his head repeatedly into a large sheet of metal held by two young men dressed in white briefs and covered in blood, "Constant shallowness leads to evil." John and Peter break from character to bow and shake hands with the audience as they leave the stage. There are no encores.

Back on the twenty-first floor they explain that the exact meaning behind the show isn't as important as taking the audience somewhere new. They aren't trying to convey a specific message; the audience is allowed to find their own answers. They remember watching concerts where there was someone playing guitar, someone else bass, drums etc and it was increasingly boring for them. They wanted to take their performance in another direction, not theatre exactly, but something magical that causes a reaction, a resonance, not just amplified sound. You can like their performance or hate it but you



can't ignore it. John says it didn't quite climax in the way they wanted, the visuals were slightly off sync. Nonetheless they seem pleased with their American debut. They smile, already looking forward to **Moscow** and returning to play in America. Clearly this time around both are enjoying performing. John even unconvincingly claims to be shy when he's not on stage. I don't believe him but Peter doesn't disagree.

Perhaps by this point you are wondering why all the fuss for an obscure electronic band from England? Consider their resume: John was a member of **Throbbing Gristle**, both Peter and John were members of **Psychic TV** until 1984. John has made appearances on **Current 93**, **Death in June** and **Nurse With Wound** albums. All together **Coil** and their side projects have over 40 releases. In his spare time Peter has directed videos for **Nine Inch Nails** and **Rage Against The Machine**. Everyone from **Skinny Puppy** and **Nine Inch Nails** to **Autrechre** openly confess to being fans.

Then there is the matter of **Nothing Records** and a contract that was signed over five years ago and the only sign of an album has been the title: *Between*. It isn't that they haven't been working on it; they are constantly when they aren't distracted by side projects and live performances. They simply seem to enjoy working with their many friends and their projects. They are also concerned that the right album be released for **Nothing**. Cynically, I ask if they were trying to create something more commercial, they both adamantly reject this idea saying that the album will be anything but commercial.



Going into Irving Plaza I had little to no idea of what to expect from **Coil's** live set. It could be a mixture of ambient textures or a series of harsh noise or a more accessible collection of beats. It would prove to be a mixture of all the above. As the band took the stage, each bloodied with various head wounds, incense burned at the base of the microphone. "Something" from their last release *Musick to play in the dark 2* begins as images are projected against the rear of the stage. John stands center stage occasionally reading from a large book placed on a music stand on his right. On either side of him are Peter and **thighpaulsandra** twisting knobs as two

There has been no pressure from Nothing, or Trent directly, to record a commercial album. In fact there has been no pressure to finish the album, which has been completed many times before they find themselves reworking and restructuring. Perhaps with a little pressure the album might have been completed by now. As it stands of the original recording sessions 1/3 of the songs have survived, other sessions including a stay at Trent Reznor's studio in New Orleans have added and re-shaped the still uncompleted album. They explain while writing in New Orleans it was difficult to not be distracted by the atmosphere, the idea that Marilyn Manson had recorded vocals in the same studio a week before, or that Trent had just finished this or that track. Ultimately that had an influence to the sound that they didn't want for their debut on Nothing. They would like to finish the album soon and Nothing is currently planning on a second quarter release in 2002. To follow up the album the band tentatively would like to release a compilation; not a "best of" but an "introduction to" along the lines of the two compilations, one melancholy the other noisy, they have specially put together for the Moscow concerts because of the recent problems they have had with bootlegging in Russia. It has little to do with the money someone else is making off their music, they're used to that since Some Bizarre who

released their first two albums has short changed them thousands of dollars, it is a question of quality. Who wants to pay exaggerated prices for low quality mixes when remastered versions are available? John further explains it wouldn't be that big of a problem if the bootlegs stayed in Russia but they've started appearing on e-bay as "limited editions," or the bootleggers could at least send them 5 or 6

copies so they could pass them on to their friends because they are conscious of the high prices some fans have been forced to pay for their releases over the years. They are apologetic and hope to remedy the situation but domestic re-issues of their older material is a bit up in the air at the moment. However with a little hunting it is becoming less expensive to track down their import re-issues and side-projects. Following the release of their album in America they intend a tour of America with a larger more complex live show, a magical experience that resonates physically,



COIL

emotionally, some place beyond the everyday experience. Rest assured John insists there will be no mimes and smiles as he confesses they still have a lot to learn about performing live. In parting I thank them for their intelligence and kindness. We agree that sometimes being intelligent can be a bad thing in the music industry; in this case I think it is in their favor.

SUNDAY, SEPT. 30

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Illustration by Eric Hansen

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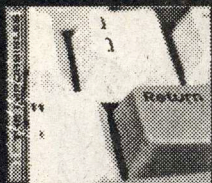


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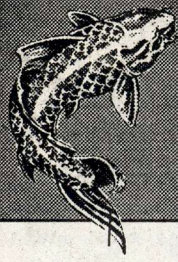
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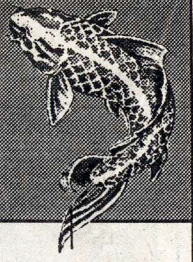
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SLUG/Milosport Summer Skate Series Contest #4: Real Ride

By Craig Cranium

Cheeseburgers are the epitome of the modern mind state. Quick and easy. Plus, like killing four cows with one bolt, cheeseburgers contain the food groups that the USDA says we need in our daily diets. Everything you think you need in one tasty place. Bachoossee, most cheeseburgers just don't come out right. Salmonella horse meat, spicy Santa-Fe aqua blue special sauce, hot 'n sweet mayonnaise.



Park City represent! Aaron Schwendiman

Plus some muh' fuckah is always touching your sandwich with his shit wipe Vienna sausages. What I'm getting at is the new **Real Ride Skatepark** has the potential to be Real Good. But, like mixing teriyaki tartar horse with spicy aqua blue to make that ultimate white-man's taco, Real Ride turned out to be a Real Bad cheeseburger. The ramps are good and the park is big, but the layout looks like one

of them funny sitcom garages where there's a big "mess" and dad's trying to find his bowling ball.

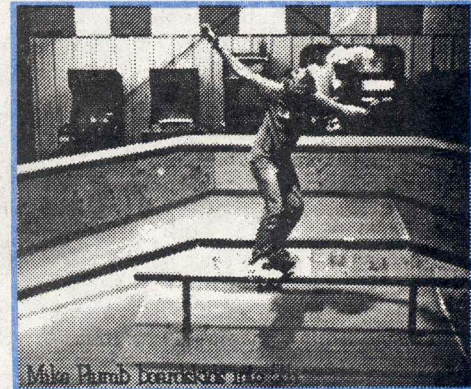
On August 25th there was supposed to be a contest at the Park City Skatepark. Park City citizens protested the event, showing concern about the low-income trash that would crash their tax-bracket cocktail party. Milosport and SLUG obliged and decided to hold **Summer Skate Series Contest #4** at the newly transplanted and remodeled Real Ride. As **Mr. Kelrok** played his records, everyone put on his intense contest face. You would've

thought that first place shop deck was an iced-out doo-

"I thought the judging was the worst I've seen in my entire life"

rag the way they was fighting over it. After the scores got scored, or whatever, there seemed to be some question as to whether or not the judges were watching the contest. I asked Duke Buckman how he felt about the results. He replied, "I thought the judging was the worst I've ever seen in my entire life." Wow. Despite all obstacles, some killer shralping went down. Crowd

favorite **Adam Dyet** did a kickflip melon over the big bump-to-bump and earned eighth place. **Mike Plumb** got totally psycho and ripped a 'neighty off the deck of the flat bank. He got fifth. **Brandon "B2" Dickerson** can ollie over funboxes to backside 5-0, so he got third. To get second



Mike Plumb finishes his trick

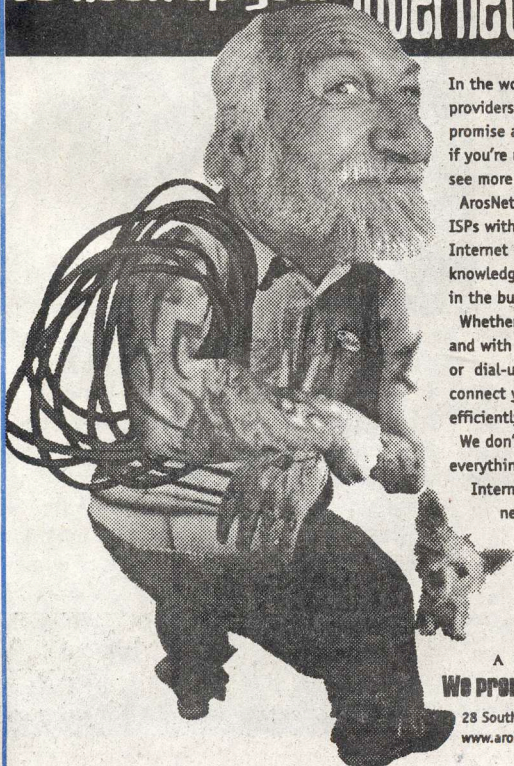
place **Dave Farr** did big tre-flips and backside flips over the big bump. In the last heat, which was a jam session between the top five, **Aaron Schwendiman** put it down with kickflips into all sorts of slide variations plus a double flip over the medium bump. Good job Schwendles.

Come down to the Summer Skate Series finals. If not for the hot stunt-wood action, come to see how pissed skaters get when their buddy didn't place as good as he should have. The final contest will probably be held at the brand new **Sandy Skatepark** on September 29th.

1. AARON SCHWENDIMAN
2. DAVE FARR
3. BRANDON DICKERSON
4. BEN DICKERSON
5. MIKE PLUMB

6. OLIVER BUCHANAN / RANDY RIDDLE (TIE)
8. ADAM DYET
9. DAVID MICHAEL HAYS VAN / JASON DALTON (TIE)

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SABBATHON

14 Years of Local Music History

by William Athey

The Sabbathon '96 T-shirt I'm wearing while writing this lists Raunch, the Bar & Grill, Spanky's and Holladay Records as Sabbathon sponsors. All of them are out of business. The bands that year included The Feel, One Eye, Elbo Finn, Abstrak, Godspine, Riverbed Jed, Anger Overload and others. Almost all of the bands are gone. Some of the sponsors I didn't list are still going strong and many members from the departed bands are still playing with different associates, but a look back to '96 is sort of sad. Things change so fast in the music business. Five years from now the Disco Drippers might be a dim memory. By 1996 even the Sabbathon founder was gone and now we are going way back to speak with the founder about the very early days.

What is this Sabbathon I'm blah, blah, blahing about? When did it start? Who invented Sabbathon and why? I'm sure some people know the answers and there are probably a few with a long history of supporting local music who remember every Sabbathon and who possess every single Sabbathon T-shirt. For you see, Sabbathon always had a T-shirt. Only one person can answer some Sabbathon questions and his memory is not perfect. The history of Sabbathon pre-dates SLUG magazine-by a few centuries..

According to *Strong's Concordance* the

Greek word for Sabbath in the New Testament is Sabbathon, or more correctly, "shabbathown, shab-baw-thone"; from H7676; a sabbatism or special holiday:—rest, sabbath." Further enlightenment is provided by the *Encyclopedia Biblica* which states that "the Hebrew Sabbath conveys the idea of propitiation or appeasement of divine anger." Sabbathon is a special holiday, a day for appeasing divine anger and a day of rest, at least for the audience. The band playing certainly isn't resting, but they are having a special holiday. Sabbathon is an almost yearly event with two goals. The first goal is raising funds for a worthy cause. One might call it the punk rock version of Sub for Santa. The second goal is exposing local talent. Historically, Sabbathon has showcased local bands and for some local bands, playing Sabbathon provided a career peak. In August of 1999 Josh Crowther, guitarist for the formerly Salt Lake City-based Elbo Finn gave this quote to *Salt Lake City Weekly's* Bill Frost. "Hell, all I ever wanted to do was play Sabbathon at the Bar & Grill!" Brad Bacon, a Production Manager for Counterpoint Studios proudly lists working the sound board at Sabbathon as a qualification. Sabbathon has become part of Salt Lake City's history, culture and folklore.

The most recent Sabbathon, in 1999, was shut down by vice, or at least the all ages day was shut-down due to a club violation. This year the previous two-day Sabbathon will be turned into one. Sabbathon is for all ages and that is how

ed on the corner of 400 South and 400 West, right across from Pioneer Park.

The first Sabbathon was a benefit for the Word and six or seven bands played. JR continues, "The next year we did it for fun. The first year there were something like 400 people, an outrageous number of people, so we were like, 'Let's do it again, except this time give the money to someone else.' We gave the money to the AIDS Foundation." JR remembers Sabbathon beginning in 1987- two years before SLUG was born.

•Old School Photos courtesy of Rick Egan of the Salt Lake Tribune•



JR OF THE JACKMORMONS CIRCA 01

Sabbathon began. JR Ruppel invented SLUG and he invented Sabbathon. He gave up the answers over a meal at Kostas, a very fine restaurant. The first question was pretty obvious. "Whose idea was Sabbathon?" JR's answer? "Mine. We were running a club, the Word, and it was the second year and it was hard to keep the club open, we got behind on our rent...At the time the whole community

was there in that building and all the bands were in the lofts. I was going to shut the club and the bands didn't want it to close so everybody pitched in on one Sunday. Everybody played for free and we took all the money and got the place caught up." Here's a little history for the kiddies, at least history as I remember it. The Word began as the Painted Word sometime around 1984 or 1985. A gentleman by the name of Perry Shepherd started the place as kind of an all night poetry/acoustic music coffeehouse. By the time JR took over things were slightly different. The building was locat-



THE FLOWERS CIRCA 1984



INSIGHT CIRCA 89

As he emphasized again and again throughout the conversation, Sabbathon wouldn't have been possible without the assistance of an entire community. The bands, the sponsors, the people who attended — everyone contributed and at the time Salt Lake City did have a community, or at least a certain segment of the population joined together to become a community — a community of punk rockers. Salt Lake City still has something of a community. Look at what Mark Scheering is doing with the Localized shows. Look at the Burt's Tiki Lounge Tiki Nationals and the SLUG Queen Contest. Now Sabbathon returns. I get a tear in my eye over it all. I feel all warm and fuzzy.

Who played at the first Sabbathon? As JR recalled, "The Boxcar Kids, Dinosaur Bones, AWOL, Subject To Change and a couple more. The first year was huge. That club, [The Painted Word] I believe the capacity was only 100 people. I think we had like 300 or 350 paid for the day. The second year we did it at the Speedway. We had some big bands play. Like Liquid Jesus played, it was much bigger. The third year it was at the Pompadour and then I moved it over to the Bar & Grill, which was actually cool. The first day was 21 and over and the second day was all ages." Notice that every single club JR mentioned, every previous Sabbathon venue, is closed.

Which Sabbathon does JR remember best? "Actually it was probably cooler when I moved it to the bar. The bar absorbed a lot of the costs. Chris Johnson [Bar & Grill proprietor] was always really cool about that kind of stuff."

Once again, I repeat, the entire purpose of Sabbathon, besides giving a shitload of local bands some exposure, is to generate funds for a deserving charity. How much money was raised in the past? "I think one year, the biggest year we had, we made like two grand. Usually it was maybe \$500. I don't know, it was actually almost better staying at the punk rock clubs, the Pompadour and Speedway. There's something about people at bars.



People who like to drink don't give a fuck. That's kind of how that works. Even the scene was better. The music scene was more cohesive. Everybody came out. Once you turn 21 you can go to any bar. There's nothing else to do for kids under 21. They'll all be there. It was a pretty cool music scene. The bands all brought their own crowd down and all of those crowds showed up."

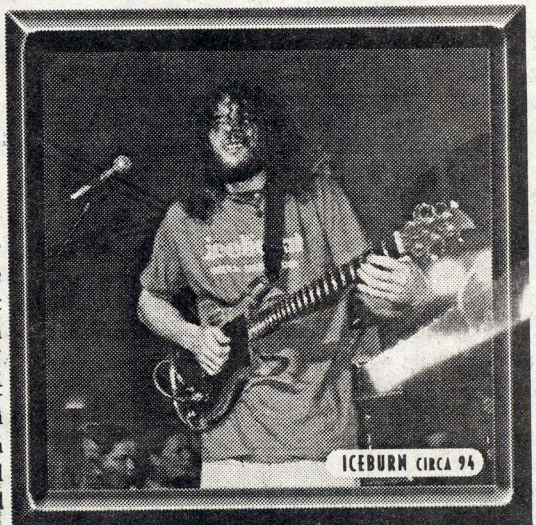
Angela Brown is responsible for some of these questions and this question is one of hers. "How did you choose the bands?" JR answers with typical candor, "I chose the bands I liked." He backed off a little from that statement and said, "I wanted to get bands who drew, as well as cool bands and try to maintain a decent variety. It was pretty rare that we asked a band and they wouldn't do it. We were really surprised. Even big name bands, or soon to be big names — The Gamma Rays did it and Fat Paw did it. Douglas Spotted Eagle did it one year. Then it was getting to be Honest Engine and the Obvious and it became a pain in the ass to do."

Surprisingly, while JR was very grateful to many people for their assistance several names were mentioned more often. "There were always a bunch of people who made it happen. The sponsors were always really cool. Kevin at the Heavy Metal Shop, Tony at Freewheeler, Brad Collins at Raunch and Chris Johnson at Bar & Grill." Sadly Raunch is gone and Brad isn't involved. Chris Johnson doesn't run the Bar & Grill anymore, but Kevin still has the Heavy Metal Shop and Freewheeler is still supporting local

music.

Here's the deal. There are 18 local bands playing at the Gallivan Center. Renting the Gallivan Center isn't cheap, but admission is only \$5 and after expenses are covered all proceeds go to Spy Hop Productions. Is Spy Hop Productions a worthy cause? Spy Hop Productions is a non-profit organization teaching multi-media to "at risk" youth and others. The most revealing aspect of the Spy Hop mission statement is this, "Spy Hop Productions promotes critical thinking and media literacy, helping youth to critically evaluate the media barrage that defines our information age." Teaching youth to become the media savvy is indeed a worthy cause. Since the vast majority act like brain-washed consumers any effort to teach media evaluation is worthy and Spy Hop goes even further.

The bands are kick ass! The cause is worthy. Admission is \$5. If you don't attend you must be stupid.



Concert Previews

Since there is a shitload of concerts and events taking place this month, I've decided to keep my comments during the

introduction to a bear minimum. First order of business, sorry about all the misprints and errors about shows last month, like **Jimmy Eat World** and **Rival Schools**. As the quote goes, "Don't shoot the messenger." I just report what they send, so it's not entirely my fault. Second, school has officially started; "Groan". And last but not least, hopefully everybody received his or her bribery money from "The Idiot We Have For A President." Stories of what y'all spent the refund on or just the usual loads of fan mail can be sent to Kevlar7@hotmail.com. But for now, y'all can pour out some, "Jack Daniels, the best whiskey this side of the Rocky Mountains", (I can advertise that now, Thank you Denver Court of Appeals), get out the day planner and follow along with me.

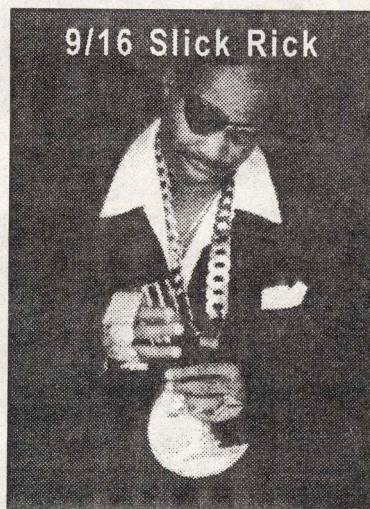
The first is **The Impossibles**, **River City High**, and **Recover** at **Kilby Court** on the 5th. The Impossibles have been absent in the music scene for a long time and their new release is chock full of thunderous soundscapes. **River City High** is a loud rocking band with a kind of southern flavor to their music. These bands must be seen; maximum adrenaline is a sure thing.

The show I will be taking in is the return of **Hog Molly** at **Liquid Joe's**, also on the 5th. This band is the new creation of Seattle grunge godfather Tad. **Hog Molly** basically resumes where Tad left off, with maybe a bit of rock n' roll flavoring.

Another killer show comes at you by way of the 6th at **Brick's**. Power punk crossed with West Coast hardcore bands **Good Riddance**, **Death By Stereo**, and **Kill Your Idols**. **Good Riddance** is probably one of the most energetic and pissed off politically hardcore

band since **Sick Of It All**. **Death By Stereo**, a metal hardcore band with punk roots scares the hell out of me while blowing me away with their creative and entertaining new disc. **Kill Your Idols**; bring elements of hardcore punk, old school and new. Fans of **The Exploited** and power punk will want to check this show out.

The ambient emo-indie band **Pedro the Lion** will be play-



ing at **Kilby Court**, also on the 6th. So, if you're not a power punk freak then come and bliss out to the sensitive and tender melodies of the **Lion** and their insightful lyrics. Yeah! I think that just about covers a pretty good description of them, yeah. Next!

After a very long wait, **Fat Wreck Chords** finally planted its boot up the ass of that damn Canadian band **Propagandhi** and got them to head out to our great city. Talk about one of the most pissed off and with a sense of humor bands ever. Plus, they don't give a fuck. Become one of **Propagandhi's** political revolutionaries, on the night of the 7th at **Brick's**.

Later that night of the 7th, head over to **Bluekats Coffee** around eleven o' clock for the **SLUG Magazine Listen-a-thon** featuring **JJ72**, an Irish angst driven rock band with a melodic twist.

Support **SLUG** and meet handsome and sexy **SLUG** writers and office staff. Oh, and check out the music while downing a cup of the devils nectar in preparation for the almighty **Sabbathon**.

Sabbathon will be thrown on the 9th and held at the **Gallivan Center**. This show features lots of sponsors, (free shit), and tons of killer local bands, (**Erosion**, **Thunderfist**, **The Unlucky Boys**, etc.), and will be hell of a party. Coolers will be allowed; but morons can stay at home and watch football. Plus, since its **Sabbathon**, it will be a good excuse to tell your bishop and thus get out of going to church. (Hey, even the **Lord** likes to party and read **SLUG** magazine. I know; he revealed it to me on some golden picnic plates). Be there, or don't read his devoted magazine anymore, fucker.

After recuperating from the best party of the year, head on down to one of two killer shows on the 12th. The first is at the official **Kevlar7** favorite bar in Salt Lake City, **Burt's Tiki Lounge**. The band is **Rube Waddell** and they are a bunch of junk playing musicians. Think **Tom Waits** mixed with **Skeleton Key** and local band **Shimmy She Wobble**. This band actually hauls around their musical equipment around in their native town in shopping carts and play shows on street corners. How cool is that.

Unfortunately, that night of the 12th, is also the return of the almighty **Zeke** at **Liquid Joe's**. The fastest, loudest, most pissed off band in rock n roll is back to shred nerves and eardrums as they

Bennies, one of my new favorite local bands. Indie rock with a standup bass player, the **Red Bennies'** discs are fucking incredible. Make sure to be their early.

Anybody remember the underwater rap of old schooler **Doug E. Fresh**? Well, his partner in arms **Slick Rick** is coming to town at **Brick's** on the 16th. **Slick Rick** is no stranger to real hip-hop. He has blazed a trail trough the Hip-Hop scene for years and does so with a masterful rhyming skill. "Posers can stay home, Rick is like Rome. Puts your nation to waste, sit home and smell paste. **Eminem** and **Snoop** makes me spew, but **Rick** got raps that are new. Check his show that night, come on now and see the light. Word. **Digyal7** in the house. Wave your hands in the air..."

And the absolute best show of September is **Weezer** at the **E-Center** on the 17th. I will tell you right now that **Senorita Margarita** and I are going to be rocking our little butts off that night. Seeing the band play such nerd rock classics as well as the thunderous and fiery tracks from **The Green Album** will be like a large slice of musical heaven. Arrive early to get a good position in front of the stage and make sure to get tickets early, It will sell out quick.

The 19th has an paint by numbers emo band **No Motiv** with a killer pop punk band **The Movie Life**, who are vaguely similar, in comparison, to the almighty **Seaweed** performing at **Kilby Court**. **No Motiv** is all right, but **The Movie Life** punch and push all the right buttons.

Legendary bass player



blaze through a set of the shortest, but to the point nuggets of pure ass kicking fury. Opening is the **Red**

Mike Watt returns to town at **Liquid Joe's** on the 20th. If you don't know whom mister Watt is, then

you are truly a musical retard. Ever heard of The Minutemen or FIREHOSE? Indie punk godfathers that proved one could play punk with melody. Mister Watt's new stuff is similar to his old bands with a southwestern folk mixed with jazz-fusion sounds. Don't miss this show. Give respect to your roots.

Money is going to be flying out of my pocket by the time this month is over. And the **Burning Airlines** and **Rival Schools** show on 21st at *Brick's* is going to put a series dent in my wallet. Another do not miss show for the month, both of these bands feature indie music legends who keep refusing to play by the music world rules and structures. **Burning Airlines** features ex-members of **Jawbox**

of fat 70s funky anthems with hip-hop styles. Be there to shake your booty to the groove.

Indie rock with atmospheric ambience interlaced throughout the epic soundscapes is probably the best way to describe **Unwound**, who will be playing on the 26th at *Liquid Joe's*. Their music is for people who want to kick back and just let their senses be filled with the creative art of sound.

Normally when it comes to local radio station X-96, I try to not think or say much about them and their bad musical selections. And their **Big Ass Shows** have been bad imitations of **Lollapalooza** and the **Warped Tour**, chock full of terrible bands that play continuously over and over again. But, hey this year, they are apparently trying to have a better selection. So here you go guys, don't miss the **Big Ass Show** **Feat: Staind, Social Distortion, Saliva, A.F.L., Ben Folds, Alien Ant Farm, Handsome Devil, and Prime (STH)** at the *State Fair Park* on the 29th. Actually, most of the bands on this list are crap, except for **Social Distortion**, who will show these other second rate **Pearl Jam, White Zombie, and Limp Bizkit** clones what a real band sounds like. Hey idiots, sorry to have to break it to you, but **Staind** is not the next **Nirvana**, they're just a **Deftones** rip-off band; **Fuckers!**

The last show to close out the month is **Deviates** and **The Line** on the 30th, at *Kilby Court*. Both these guys play energetic sets. **Deviates** are darlings of **Pennywise** and play really killer power punk with a **Rancid** style backbone. While **The Line** are one of the funniest and entertaining power pop punk bands of late. Both bands are **Warped Tour** vets, and I highly recommend people to check this show out.

Time to finish off the bottle of **Jack Daniels** and start cracking on the homework, (what better way to study then drunk as fuck; yee-hah!!). Oh, as a note, make sure to check out **The Damned, Swingin' Utters, and Pleasure Forever** at *Brick's* on October 5th, it's going to be killer, what with every band on that bill being absolutely incredible, make sure to be there early. Well, kiddies higher learning awaits, until we meet again, cheers.

9/16 Money Mark



and on their new disc, *Identikit*, they play way more disjointed rock then they ever did on their first release. **Rival Schools** features ex-members of **Quicksand** and **Civ**. Their new disc is part hardcore meets emo with progressive mathematical rock mixed together for maximum pleasure. Show respect to your musical roots.

Or, if you're a fan of rockabilly, like yours truly, then check out the return of **The Sprague Brothers**, also on the 21st, at the *Dead Goat Saloon*. These brothers know how to get the boots tapping and butt shaking. Just make sure to practice your drunken swagger, so your ability to smash into swing dancers is perfected.

Fans of the **Beastie Boys** and **Beck** will want to attend **Liquid Joe's** on the 23rd for the appearance of **Money Mark**. Mister Mark is one of the creative forces behind the aforementioned bands. His latest disc is chock full

Gallery Stroll

with Miriah Mann

For all you eager to receive some culture don't fear **Gallery Stroll** is here! **Gallery Stroll** is the third Friday of every month from 6pm until 9pm. **Gallery Stroll** is also when most galleries chose to hold their opening receptions for the artists, refreshments are usually provided. Here's a list of this month's shows that caught my eye. It's not a complete list and if you have any tips on where the public can find art please contact me at mariahm@worldstrides.com

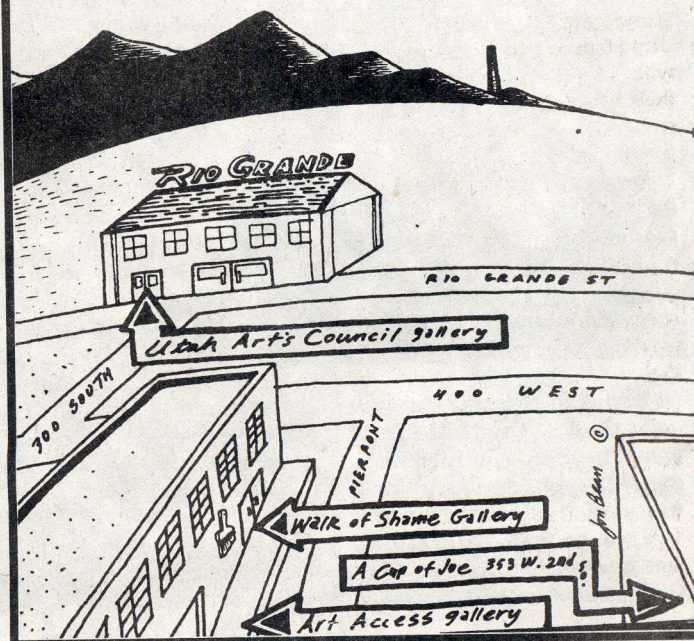
The Salt Lake Arts Center

the Arts Center has been under construction for most of the summer but it will be worth the wait. Their opening show will feature **Kazuo Kadonaga**. **Kadonaga** is a visiting artist and has recently shown in Los Angeles. This show will display his work on wood paper using bamboo shoots. "You can actually hear some of the pieces move with the air in the room. The pieces adjust with the temperature and humidity" explained one of the gallery workers. This show will take place in the remolded section of the Arts Center. In the other half the Utah Arts Council's fellowship program will be showing two artist. **Gary Barton** and **Gregory Schultz**. **Gary** specializes in abstract painting while **Gregory** works in realism. This will be the last show in the Art Center for the Utah Arts Council, they have a new gallery space at the Rio Grande building.

The Rio gallery is already up and running their first show was held in June. The Utah Arts Council will actually be hosting a show in the new space for September. This show will be a group show of local artists featuring **Ben Fox, Angela Brown, Meredith Pingre, Carol Sogard, & Jake DeCola**.

The VSA arts of Artspace is a new gallery that opened this summer on Pierpont. **VSA** is a national organization who will show local, national and international works of art. **VSA** specializes in promoting artist with disabilities. I was able to catch the show that is on display for the month of September, and found several fun mixed media works. This show is titled *Art, Disability and Expression*.

I hope this list of galleries will help you develop an addiction to local art. **VIVA SALT LAKE, SUPPORT LOCAL ART!**





JADE TREE

Fruit From the Tree Indie Label Spotlight by Stakerized!

Sometimes an indie label, no matter how truly independent they try to stay from the taint of corporate influence or the label of a stereotype that gets cast upon it, still gets branded based on some episodes in its history or acts under its umbrella that loom so large they tend to unduly color people's perceptions of it. Does the fruit fall far from the tree? Jade Tree is a label that has a relatively long history, at least by indie standards, and its story is perhaps indicative of indie labels as a whole. We talked to founder Darren Walters to witness the tale of a house that ushered in much of the most influential music on independent labels today.

Walters and co-founder Tim Owens were both running labels at the end of the 80's in their respective hometowns: Walters,



Hi-Impact in Newark, Delaware and Owens, Axtion-Pact in Bethesda, Maryland. After varying degrees of success separately, they met in 1990 and the first Jade Tree release, *Four Walls Falling*, was released in August 1991. Other initial releases included

"At points in our label's career," Walters points out, "certain tags like emo, have been put on Jade Tree, regardless of our sound or ideology. Especially when we first signed the **Promise Ring**, people said, Jade Tree, the emo label. Our releases do have a certain look, if not sound, that makes them ours. It's hard to explain, but nothing ever looks like it's hastily thrown together. When I started getting into punk music, I thought, why is so much of this music so poorly put together? A few years ago, people experimented with alternative packaging, like screen printing on plastic bags, and we've kept some of that.

"It's hard to say what new releases are our favorite, there are so many right now and they vary so much," he insists. "**The Owls** are people we've worked with before, so that's cool. **Strike Anywhere** is this amazing punk rock, full of energy. **Milemarker**, the quality just blows me away. It's like a sci-fi movie soundtrack gone awry. **New End Original** is a new find, so that's exciting too. We knew their work from Texas is the Reason. This batch of records in particular represents a group of people we've enjoyed working with. It's a great time for the label; things are in high gear."

How has the label changed? "In the beginning we had the idea to work with anyone we thought

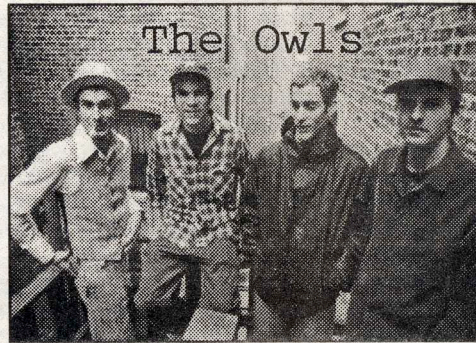
was interesting. At first we didn't focus on the bands but the releases, and we didn't really have an identity as a label. After awhile we started signing bands like **Lifetime**, who are more serious about putting out more work, and now we try not to get bands that do a lot of one offs."

spare time. Releases reflected their own tastes and lifestyles in straightedge punk music.

by **Strike Anywhere's Change is a Sound**.

Touring is important to Jade Tree bands, which hit the road more than a lot of labels. "In the early days, a lot of bands we released didn't tour, and some even broke up by the time the record came

out; that's the nature of music," explains Walters. "But when you are trying to sell records, if they aren't on tour, nobody knows who they are. We split royalties 50/50, and we tell them that we do our part promoting them, and suggest the bands



Distribution changed as well; in 1992 they were picked by renowned Mordam distribution, which was another turning point for them, since it meant they were no longer chasing smaller distributors for payments. "I was doing all our sales at first," explains Walters. "Mordam does all promo in stores. If we didn't have them, we'd have to hire a whole sales department. Now we get paid every month, and we're a lot more organized."

It was in 1996 that the next major change happened, when their release of the **Promise Ring** took off with the band's rapidly expanding fanbase, and the sudden growth led Walters and Owens to quit their other career plans and run the label full time. It wasn't long after this that the roster expanded to include widely varying bands from **Joan of Arc**, **Pedro the Lion** and **Jets to Brazil**, whose *Orange Rhyming Dictionary* became the label's biggest seller. Other recent releases include the Owls, heavily influenced by jazz as well as the more rocking Joan of Arc, the arty dance music of **Zero Zero's AM Gold**, the melancholy melodicism of Pedro the Lion's *Winners Never Quit*, released in 1999, is due for a follow up this fall with *It's Hard to Find a Friend* and *The Only Reason I Feel Secure* EP. Jets to Brazil's *Four Cornered Night* followed up mightily on ORD. The harder punk realm is represented



to do their part by touring. We can't force them to tour, but it helps. And I come from the punk rock days when seeing bands live was a really important part of the experience. There are people who do this for a living, and those

who do it for art." The label doesn't listen to demos, and with the roster as full of new releases they really don't need to. "We like to see a band live, not just hear a demo before we sign them. There are a lot of variables in a live show; maybe the sound was bad, maybe the set was cut short. Some bands we've signed have had bad gigs, but we like to know that bands can play their songs live. We get a lot of word of mouth about bands that play shows with our bands. I went to visit a friend who played Milemarker until they were embedded in my brain, and I finally decided we should check them out. A friend brought me the Explosion demo. I bought the demo of Strike Anywhere and emailed them later."

"We like to plan ahead six

months in advance," Walters explains. "We just signed **Cub Country** and **Denali**, and the records won't come out until next year. Even though we have

when we do, it's good. I don't have a good handle. I think people respect us. People who buy our records understand that Joan of Arc won't sound like Strike

Anywhere. People have tended to identify Promise Ring and Jade Tree as emo, but their release helped us get a lot bigger. Jets to Brazil is far from that emo thing. A label will always be defined by its biggest bands." The Promise

Ring's show last year at Kilby Court was one of the biggest at the venue, filling the room to overflowing. The biggest before that was PtL.

He doesn't know what the future holds beyond their six month plan. "We love what we do," he enthuses. "Tim and I are going to keep doing it until our hearts aren't in it anymore. We're in another transitional period with a lot of new music, and everything has come naturally so far. We take everything step by step. We're both 30 now, will we still be doing it when we're 40? I might be the same person when I'm 40," he laughs.

Pedro the Lion will swing

New End Original



plenty of bands, we seem to keep finding more. It's kind of like falling in love; it always happens when you're not looking for it." Cub Country's Jeremy Chatelain, a Utahn originally playing bass in **Jets to Brazil**, sent him a demo. "There is a whole contingent of ex-Utahns living in New York," explains Walters. "We had worked with him, and he told us he was recording stuff in his room. He played us this acoustic country folk stuff, and we said wow! It seemed natural."

If there's one thing that unifies Jade Tree bands, it's their punk background. "All have come from that background, whether they play it now or not. We all came of age during the punk period. It effects how we do business, and how we live our lives. It's a good thing, but not always so obvious. A band might sound furthest from punk, but it still has an effect on them." That can mean a DIY recording style to getting demos to a label that doesn't take demos. "We deal with some of the most talented and personable people out there," he continues. "If we worked with people whose work we liked and personality sucked, we wouldn't get near it."

"I find that what we think about the label isn't what other people think," he says about this label whose identity has been as varied as the bands under its tree. "We rarely get feedback, but

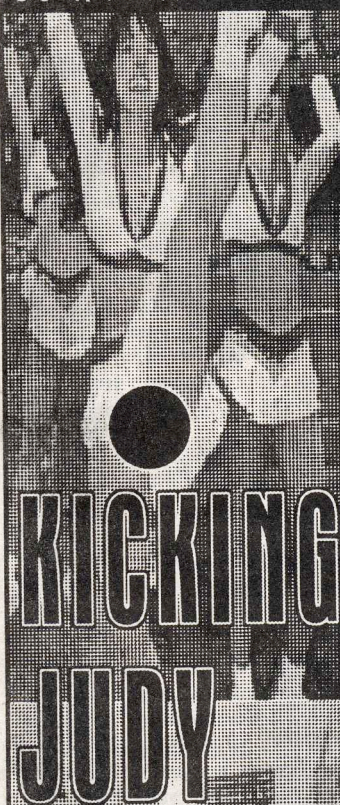
Pedro the Lion



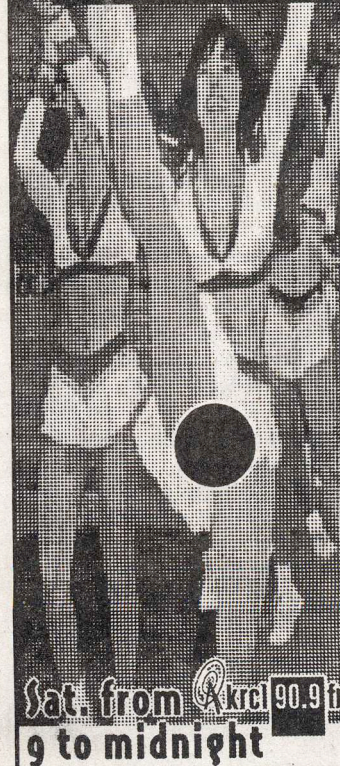
through Kilby Court September 6th with **Seldom**. New End Original hits Kilby Court September 7th with **American Analog Set**, whose new release is out on **Tigerstyle**. The **Explosion**, **Promise Ring**, **Juno**, **Jets to Brazil**, **Milemarker** and **Strike Anywhere** have all played here within about the last year.

To find out more, check out jadetree.com.

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Iron Man



by jd zeigler

Mike's parents offered to pay his way to a prestigious writer's camp in hopes that it would inspire him to turn his prodigious talent with words toward publications more lucrative than those he'd published in already. Most of his work so far had appeared only in academic quarterlies like UCLA's "The

LACan", Austin University's "Semiotexan", and the University of Florida's "The Floridian Derridian". And while his Deconstructive style and Joycean wit had earned him accolades and a reputation in such rarefied intellectual circles, his stories had earned zip in cold hard cash, that most open of all signifiers.

A few articles in "Readers Digest", opined his mom, and Mike might be able to quit the dish washing job he'd held since he dropped out of college in his senior year eight years ago. His dad said it was time he shit or got off the pot. Mike decided to take them up on their generous proposal, not that he needed help to write well, but it would be a nice break from dish washing. He packed his shorts, laptop, bathing suit, favorite Pere Ubu tee shirt, bid farewell to Cambridge, Massachusetts, and flew to Colorado.

On the first day of Camp Bradbury, at the orientation meeting under the tall pines, a lottery was held to determine who each budding author's professional "counselor" would be. Mike rooted for his number to come up in Professor Andrea McKinny's fishbowl. Andrea was an up-and-coming star in the avant-garde literary firmament. She was tenure track at the University of Iowa and had already published a lauded book of feminist free verse called "Bye-Bye-Sexual". She was also an exceedingly comely woman and Mike alternately fantasized about bedding her and/or meeting her editor. But it was not his lucky day. (You make your own luck, his father would have said.) Mike's name was drawn by an unfairly successful hack called Bubba Hicks who'd written several best sellers in the horror genre. The camp's promotional brochure billed him as "the Second Coming of Stephen King". In the accompanying photograph, Bubba wore a tee shirt emblazoned with the gargyle visage of Ozzy Osbourne. Mike was properly horrified.

Bubba's second transgressive act was to address Mike as "Mikey". Mike knew that the subtext of this diminutive nickname was that he was merely an aspiring and unknown writer cum dishwasher whilst his new mentor was already a published millionaire at twenty-five. However, Bubba's most egregious transgression occurred when he suggested helpfully to Mike, "Mikey, you're too hung up on high falutin' abstract ideas. You need to loosen up, get your creative juices flowing. Here. Write a three-thousand word story based on these lyrics," and handed him a sheet of paper with the words to Black Sabbath's Iron Man on it.

Mike considered telling Bubba all the creative things he could do with that paper, preferably rolled up tight and inserted violently into one orifice or another, but then he recalled the large amount of dough his folks had dropped on the camp. While he was used to being an adult who received frequent parental windfalls, he was not a completely ungrateful lout. In a fit of pop culture daring-do, he accepted Bubba's lowbrow challenge and took himself and his laptop off to a secluded bucolic spot to commune with the black leather clad muse of heavy metal.

After reading the song's first verse: "Has he lost his mind? Can he see or is he blind? Can he walk at all, or if he moves will he fall? Is he alive or dead? Has he thoughts within his head? We'll just

pass him there. Why should we even care?" - It was evident to Mike that the song delineated a classic existential conundrum for the object (Iron Man) of the singer's (Ozzy) gaze. The Foucaultian twist at the end of the verse arose from the subject's (Ozzy, again) dilemma of whether or not to accredit imminence to Iron Man, the unknowable other - along with the post-modern alienation implied by the final question. Mike began to type his opus, eloquent words cascading across the screen describing the fin de siècle angst of his protagonist, Iron Man.

This was going to be a piece of cake, Mike thought. An ardent admirer of Beaudrillard, the arch-punster of the French Deconstructionist School, he decided to title the story, "Irony Man". Chuckling at his own witticism, he moved on to the next verse.

"He was turned to steel in the great magnetic field where he traveled time for the future of mankind."

"What the fuck?" exclaimed Mike, flummoxed by the literal, as opposed to literary, left turn of the line. His ability to assign his own meaning to the song was stymied by the historical dogma of the lyrics. However, Marx already proved that history was nothing but a dogma itself, and would disappear after the fall of Capitalism. But that didn't help Mike further the plot. Then a light went on in his brain. Of course, Iron Man was semiotic code for Stephen Hawking, who, paralyzed in body, traveled through time with his intellect. History was thereby negated. Mind took precedence over matter. I think therefore I am. Iron Man, the perfect Cartesian hero. Mike's fingers flew over the keyboard.

Inspired, he read the chorus. "Nobody wants him. He just stares at the world, planning his vengeance that he will soon unfold."

Well, OK. This was going to be harder to interpret, but Mike was confident he could come up with something. For starters, paralyzed people were usually not objects of desire except to really sick perverts. Mike was well aware that perversion was always defined by the dominant culture, which rendered all definitions of it relative. That being axiomatic, Iron Man/Dr. Hawking, denied both acknowledgment and realization of his innate sexuality and forced to sublimate his libidinal energies to serve his super-ego, i.e. his theories in the field of Physics, struggles with fantasies of revenge generated by his frustrated id.

"I'm a freakin' genius," Mike muttered as he spun his archetypal tale of psychological strife between Man's reason and instinct. Oh the glorious web of interrelated meanings! He grabbed the lyric sheet and read on.

"Now the time is here for Iron Man to spread fear. Vengeance from the grave kills the people he once saved."

Mike groaned. (Oh the tyranny of specificity!) What the hell was he supposed to make of those two sentences? Blocked, feeling like he needed a break, he stood up and walked away from the picnic table he'd been sitting at. This story was an exercise in futility. Why was he even bothering to try? Away in the distance, he could hear laughter and splashing as other campers used their "creative time" to go swimming in the lake. Was it Mike's imagination, or did he descry flirtatious squeals issuing from the slender throat of Professor McKinny as some sexist Neanderthal threatened to duck her under? Fool! A woman like that needed to be wooed with words. Mike decided to show her "Irony Man" when it was finished and returned to the picnic table, his literary resolve strengthened by the thought of a tete a tete with the beautiful Andrea.

Perhaps the hard rock muse had a soft spot for would-be swains, for Mike effortlessly banged out a couple of paragraphs on the return of the repressed being a Jungian inevitability in the psyche of the anti-hero. Thanatos vanquishes Eros and the good scientist goes bad. Ha! A new spin on the old mad scientist angle, he thought. This was turning into a veritable metatext! What came next?

"Nobody wants him. They just turn their heads. Nobody helps him. Now he has his revenge."

Denial. Denial. Denial. Freud got it all so right. In a society dedicated to conformity, infirmity was the new taboo. For all his brilliance, a man like Stephen Hawking was ignored due to his physical condition. Sure, lots of people bought that book of his, but how many actually read it? Furthermore, one could see in this a typical mechanism of tolerant repression - the "other" could publish his words but no one would read them. The individual voice was silenced by corporate fascism. Mike felt a certain empathy with Irony Man's plight. Only one more verse to go. Closure was within sight.

"Heavy boots of lead fills his victims full of dread. Running as fast as they can. Iron Man lives again."

Mike contemplated these last words. Lead was a shield against radioactivity - radioactivity that was generated by an atomic death ray weapon invented by a mad scientist, namely Stephen Hawking, aka Iron Man. Mike pounded the laptop's keys like a concert pianist bring a Rachmaninoff concerto to its passionate climax. Iron Man lived again, having triumphed like Nietzsche's ubermensch, soaring beyond good and evil, determining his existential role in the Cosmos and solving the dilemma posed in the first verse. It was finished. Closure achieved. The End.

Mike ran a spell check and saved the file to a floppy. It was too early to show the story



to Andrea though. He'd bring it to her in her cabin tonight after the day's organized activities were over. The setting would be more intimate without a throng of other nascent novelists hanging around. In the meantime, there was a round table discussion on esoteric imagery in graphic novels that he was interested in attending.

Irritatingly, it turned out Bubba was at the round table, too. He probably mistook it for a symposium on Superman Comic books, sarcastically thought Mike as he took pains to avoid his assigned mentor, hiding in the back row behind a fat guy with a ponytail. "Irony Man" was a real pearl of a story and he had no intention of casting it before a vine like Bubba, who would surely want to read it if he caught sight of its author. Luckily, Mike went undetected, but the fat guy blocked his view of the lecture's slide show of esoteric images, and Mike realized he should

have gone to the workshop on publishing instead.

But that minor annoyance was the farthest thing from his mind when he knocked on Andrea McKinny's cabin door later that evening, clutching a printout of "Irony Man" in one hopeful hand. There was no answer. Mike rapped louder with his free hand. All he heard in reply were multitudes of horny crickets desperately chirping their arthropod come-ons in the surrounding woods. He understood just how they felt and knocked again, so loud his knuckles bled. This time a man's voice responded from inside the cabin, "Who the hell's there?"

Maybe he had the wrong cabin.

"Do you know were Professor McKinny's staying?" called Mike. Muffled giggles and thumping came from inside. The porch light went on and the door finally opened. There, in all her long-legged charm, stood the chairperson of the University of Iowa's Woman's Literature program. "Who are you? What do you want?" she asked Mike, a quizzical expression on her lovely face. She apparently wasn't wearing anything except an Ozzy Osbourne tee shirt. The effect was so erotic that Mike was robbed of his usual facility with words.

"Me. I wrote this," he thrust "Irony Man" into her hands. "Lemme know whatcha think, huh?"

"Well, I will if you insist, but you weren't assigned to me," she said. "Why don't you give this to your counselor? He or she will want to read your work. Who is your counselor, by the way?"

"Um, Bubba Hicks."

Andrea's luscious lips curled into an amused smile. "What a coincidence," she commented, "Bubba's inside. I'll give this to him for you and I'll make sure he reads it before he goes to bed." She winked saucily at Mike, waved a friendly bonsoir, and closed the door gently in his face.

Mike remained on the porch, still as a steel statue, blind and deaf to the moonlight and noises of the night, his mind gone blank - paralyzed, until the light went off. Then he ran, stumbling, back to his own cabin, chased by the harsh metallic sound of laughter ringing in the dark.

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CHECK OUT OUR BOOTH AT SABBATHON!

AMERICAN : The misfit duo of the art of guitar soloing Jeff Hanneman and Kerry King are back with Tom Araya (bass / vocals) and drummer extraordinaire Paul Bostaph. While Jeff and Kerry still have work to do on their much maligned soloing styles, the quartet known as **Slayer** has produced another album that could have come from

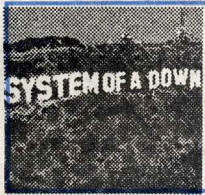


no one but Slayer. While **GOD HATES US ALL** was recorded at The Warehouse in Vancouver (owned by Bryan Adams), luckily none of the lingering, insidious pop influences of the studio's owner infected the hate-bathed recording. After a history of nearly twenty years, Slayer's sound is still as envenomed as ever. "....I'll instigate. I'll free your mind. I'll show you what I've known all this time. God Hates Us All!!!!" - in stores September 11th. — **System**

Of A Down has just released the follow-up to their gold-status rendering, self-titled debut. **TOXICITY** once again reveals the quick-witted sense of humor / sometimes serious approach that **System** takes with their music. These contrasting approaches have become a mainstay of **System's** sound. While "quirky" has been used to describe their music in the past, **TOXICITY's** focused sound unifies the varied elements of **System's** song writing. **TOXICITY** also has a much heavier edge than the debut. This is a great album.

ROADRUNNER:

NER : Crap! What the hell has happened to Roadrunner Records? I know this has been a long time coming, and this gripe is far from original, but why does Roadrunner suck so bad these days? There was a time when RR was one of the preeminent metal labels. I remember reading an article stating that the powers that be at the label would be concentrating on the "new" metal sound. Well, what did they end up with? Glassjaw, Coal Chamber (actually not horrible), Boiler Room and **Machine Head** - yuck. Rob Flynn's (formerly of Exhorder) post thrash efforts are leaving me a bit chilly. I've listened to the latest **Machine Head** release **SUPERCARGER** three times and I'm left



with nothing but a bad taste in my mouth. I'm bored. I think I'll go take a nap.

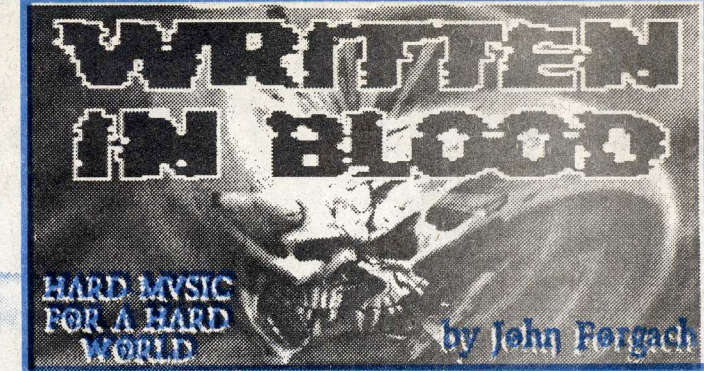
RELAPSE : Fans of extreme metal this is what you've been looking for.... even better, this is what I've been looking for. **Pig Destroyer** has released **PROWLER IN THE YARD** as a follow up to '98's **EXPLOSION IN WARD 6**. This Virginia (the new hotbed of extreme metal) based band combines all of the scary, unpredictable elements of extreme metal with a touch of hardcore sensibility. **Pig Destroyer** also adds the rhythmic, metal backbone of death metal and mentally deranged lyrical content. While the vocals tend to lean to being overly caustic at times, the guitar / drumming interplay is exquisite. The music from **PROWLER IN THE YARD** has a distinctive pummeling effect on the listener, but at the same time **Pig Destroyer** never releases the groove-laden stranglehold on their aural victims.



— **Deceased**, the first band to ever be signed to Relapse Records, has released the seven song ep **BEHIND THE MOURNERS VEIL**. Of the three original tracks on the ep, I definitely hear the classic **Deceased** sound. One thing I'm not hearing is the pronounced use of the **Iron Maiden** styled guitar harmonies, something **Deceased** has been guilty of over-using in the past. Covers of songs originally recorded by **Tankard**, **D.R.I.**, **Warfare** and **Anthrax** are also included.

METAL BLADE : Chris "Cookie Monster" Barnes is back with his laughable, muppet styled vocals and his band **Six Feet Under** to release **TRUE CARNAGE**. While the band stepped it up a bit on their last album (**MAXIMUM VIOLENCE**) with **Steve Swanson** replacing **Allen West** on guitar, their music is still too simplistic for my tastes. If you liked **Six Feet Under** in the past (I'm sorry), then you'll love them now (your entire CD collection is probably over-due for a burning). A video for "The Day The Dead Walked" is included on the CD.

SPITFIRE : The multi-talented **Eric Peterson** reveals himself with in his band **Dragonlord** and their debut **RAPTURE**. **Peterson**, best known as founding guitarist of the band **Testament**, gathered some heavy hitters from the metal world to bring his vision to light. **Eric** (vocals / guitar) started the band by recruiting **Lyle Livingston** on



keyboards. The band rounded out with the addition of **Jon Allen** on drums (**Sadus**), **Steve Smyth** on guitar (**Testament** touring guitarist) and **Steve DiGiorgio** on bass (**Sadus** / **Death** / **Testament**). **Dragonlord** is one part **Testament** to three parts symphonic, black metal. This is an extremely cohesive sounding unit. **Eric** does a surprisingly good job musically and vocally away from **Testament** - the band he's been defined by for so many years.

ROTTEN RECORDS : Another musician broadening his horizon is drummer **Matt Sanders** from Australia's **Damaged**. **Matt** has taken over the vocal duties of his new band **Hellspawn**, leaving the drumming to one of his pseudonamed bandmates on their release **LORDS OF ETERNITY**. **Hellspawn** gets inspiration from the Scandinavian black metal scene, but gets their sound from a solid production and crushingly heavy guitar work. This band also steers away from the canvassing effects keyboards, rather, using the keys primarily to accentuate the music and add atmosphere where needed.



SANCTUARY : I really, really wanted to like the new **Megadeth**,

but unfortunately not even a hero could save **THE WORLD NEEDS A HERO**. I was a huge **Megadeth** fan in the very beginning through to '90's - **RUST IN PEACE**. I tolerated and even enjoyed the more commercial **COUNTDOWN TO EXTINCTION** and **YOUTHANASIA**. The band lost me when they went fully south on **CRYPTIC WRITINGS** and **RISK**. Sadly, **THE WORLD NEEDS A HERO** wallows in the same musical mediocrity as their last two releases. While every **Megadeth** release (even the bad ones) has its moments, those "moments" seem to be getting farther and farther apart.

SELF RELEASED : The band **Chemical Generation** perfectly describe their music as a cross between speed and punk metal. Listening to track one "Kids", I decided that this band, despite certain pitfalls, had at least an interesting sound. By track five, the drum only intro revealed (and I finally realized) that not only were the drums coming from a drum machine, but that track five was the fifth song in a row with same, exact drum beat. Coupled with the drumming faux pas, I also realized that each song contained nearly identical guitar rhythms. At that point I instantly hit eject and threw the CD out of my speeding automobile. It was early, I was tired - it won't happen again officer.

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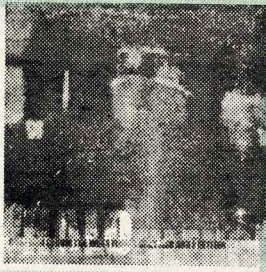


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Burnt By The Sun

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JAG PANZER

Mechanized Warfare

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STUCK MOJO

Violate This

Century Media

Violate This is a comprehensive collection of previously unreleased demos, alternate takes, b-sides and brand new recordings that span the entire career of Atlanta's originators of 'rap metal'.



ROYAL HUNT

The Mission

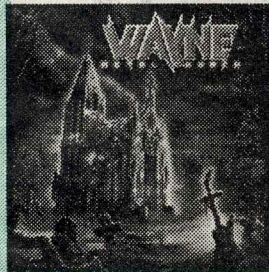
Century Media

The Mission is the Century Media debut from this Danish act whose merging of powerful heavy metal with classical influences has built and incredibly loyal fan-base worldwide! Featuring vocalist John West (Badlands, Lynch Mob & Cozy Powell).



HYPOCRISY
10 Years Of Chaos And Confusion
 Nuclear Blast

After 10 years of pummeling metal fans around the world, Hypocrisy salute their fans with this collection of classic favorites. As an added bonus, the first 1,000 CD's will be a limited edition double disc featuring their early demos, video cuts and a brand new song! Out Now!



WAYNE
Metal Church
 Nuclear Blast

The original voice of Metal Church returns! David Wayne re-teams with Metal Church guitarist Craig Wells to once again harness the power of vintage metal. The spirit of '80s metal is alive and well; it resides inside the Metal Church. Out Now!



MESHUGGAH
Rare Trax
 Nuclear Blast

With Rare Trax, Meshuggah take you deeper into their demented minds with this collection of previously unreleased rare demo recordings and remixes from various recording sessions and also includes their first mini LP form 1989, Psykisk Testbild. Find out why this band intimidates and raises fear in aspiring musicians all over the world! Out Now!



VARIOUS ARTISTS
Power Of Metal/Symphonies Of Steel
 Noise

As summer draws to a close, and carefree youths prepare once again for a nine month sentence back to school, Noise Records will ease the pain with this low priced compilation that features old acts like Kreator, Celtic Frost and Running Wild as well as current artists such as Iron Savior, Gamma Ray and Virgin Steele!



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Human Error

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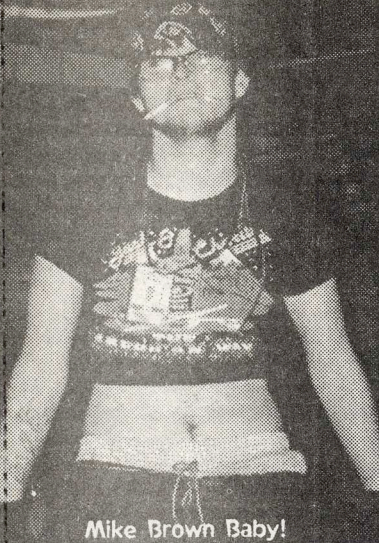


Lonely Frat Hopeful Questions Initiation

Dear Mike Brown,

I am new to your great state of Utah. And I have just started classes of my freshman year of college at the University of Utah. To make some friends and to get to know some of the people here I decided to join a fraternity. Here's where it gets weird.

The initiation process was quite worrisome. It started out normal, like there was a pie eating contest and a scavenger hunt of an embarrassing nature. But then it got strange. I don't want to name what frat it is for fear of not being initiated, but here are some of the other initiation rituals.



Mike Brown Baby!

I had to go catch 2 stray female cats and make them fuck each other inside the confessional booth of a Catholic church, and I had to film it to prove that I got them to hump. Kind of strange but I was willing to do anything to be friends with these super cool dudes. Then I had to strip down to my underwear and go into this special room in the frat house. There I proceeded to be spun around in circles by some of the elder frat guys while they sprayed my entire body with easy-cheeze. Then I got blindfolded and lead behind what they called the wall of shame. I felt the easy-cheeze being slimed off of me but I don't really know how. I mean, I don't think that these hetero-homophobe muscle-y cool frat dudes would really lick all the easy-cheeze off of me, but when they took the blindfold off, my body didn't have a hint of cheese on it and there was all of these empty Ritz Crackers boxes on the floor. I was too afraid to ask any of the elder frat members what had happened so I just kept quiet. Then they told me that I had one last initiation and that after I was

finished with this one they would show me were they keep the roofies.

I was led into yet another room, still in my underwear, and there was a hole in the wall. It was a little lower than waist high and it was about the size of a silver dollar in diameter. "The Hole of Triumph and Unity of the Fraternity of ..." was written over the hole. They told me that I must obtain a penile erection and insert it into the hole of triumph. When I questioned why one of the elders said, "hey, do you want to come raping with us Thursday at Club Axis or do you want to stay home alone in the dorms?"

So I stuck my boner in the hole of triumph. One by one all of the elder frat members left the room and I felt funny things all over my special part. I really didn't mean too, but some how an orgasm escaped my body. And minutes later they said that they would let me know in a week if I was in or not.

I still don't know if I am in or not but I am worried. I mean these guys are cool and get all the girls, right? There's no way that they made me do, you know, homo things? Mike Brown I am worried. Please advise me on weather or not I should pursue joining this fraternity or if I should just make friends else were.

Sincerely,

Confused Freshman Frat Hopeful

Allow me to answer the following questions in poem form:

Please don't ever get me wrong,
I know it's important to get along,
But putting your schlong,
Where it don't belong?
I'd rather be a freshman loner,
Than have to suck a frat fuck's boner,
But when you finally get initiated,
Life won't be depreciated,
Cuz you'll get sorority sisters heavily sedated,
With wine and roofies pussy's get emancipated,
Free twat for frat boys who formally masturbated
With 2-inch boners inflated girls get impregnated,
When asked, "who knocked you up?" girlie points and says, "They did."
But protected by the fraternity
It'll be an eternity
Before charges get pressed and you'll need an attorney
Or you could be that guy at the party
Drinking rum Bacardi
Asking every girl "when we fucken?... are we?"
Or do a kegger stand
While listing to a rap-metal band
And not stopping until the second hand
Makes it all away around the clock
And you fall on your lubed cock
While pulling up your tubed sock
You get up and declare, "I'm ready to rock!"
Or go to The Pie for a pizza pull-a-part
And eat so much that you start
To fart so bad you need new drawers from K-mart,
Or go Axis or go to Bricks
To pick up chicks
With eating disorders or maybe fake dicks,
And fake tits and fake tans even fake extensions
Make for fake fucks in the back of Ford Expeditions
And use a fake condom for feeling unfake repetitions
Of your tiny dick that is making incisions,
In her loose lipped pussy covered in warts
And scabs caused by many dicks of different sorts,
The next day you'll get the doctor's reports
Saying you got crabs from her pussy hood
All along thinking now that her tube-top didn't look so good.
But all along you knew you would.
So freshman frat boy
It's time that you employ all the joy
That you'll get being a senior's toy

E-mail your fucked up problems to mrbrown101@hotmail.com

PS I do not hate Cammi Garrison. I'm sorry that she thinks that.

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Biohazard
Uncivilization
Sanctuary Records

I love finding material that supports the paranoid concepts that occupy my mind. Biohazard's new disc *Uncivilization* is helping to move that along quit nicely. Hunter S. Thompson said "There is no such thing as paranoia, your worst fears can come true at any moment." Biohazard proves this, they have the answers that aren't easy to swallow and do a viscous job of forcing it down your throat. Like their previous albums its musically diverse fusing metal and hardcore with social commentary and street sensibility. It also features guest appearances by members of Agnostic Front, Cypress Hill, Pantera, and Type O Negative. I'd suggest you go buy this album but you're probably too weak to comprehend the reality they put forth.

-Frank

K.
New Problems
Tigerstyle

After last year's epic singer/songwriter collection, Ida's *Will You Find Me*, with its emotional snapshots making it one of the best albums of the year, this is a "solo release" by Karla Schickele, with help from the rest of Ida. Since she mainly plays piano in the group, the album features a lot of that, as well as her incredibly emotive for a midrange voice. Her bass playing is also highlighted, and the record is actually more guitar-oriented than the Ida. With all the piano-based male singer/songwriters like Ben Folds Five and Rufus Wainwright who have gotten a lot of press in recent years, Karla Schickele should demand equal time.

-Stakerized!

RX Bandits
Progress
Drive-Thru Records

The RX Bandits have come out with their third release and I am not impressed. Hailing from Orange County, CA., these guys have "next big thing" carved into their forehead. A radio friendly mix of punk, ska and reggae. If you have heard the local band Hoo Ray Who you know exactly what they sound like already. All these songs sound the same; heard one you've heard them all scenario. If you are a fan of cheesy introspective ska, punk, reggae and what not, then buy it. I am really sorry but I didn't even let this finish in my cd

player.

-Matt Bruce

Edith Frost
Wonder Wonder
Drag City

After her last release, 1999's fuzzed-out country workout *Telescopic*, this is a return to her roots in traditional sound. People tend to expect new music to grab them immediately, but this is the kind of thing that you have to listen to repeatedly to let it grow on you. Her girl-next-door looks are matched by a voice that seems a bit plain at first but then is quite expressive. Not to mention her impressive songwriting talent. When *Telescopic* came out she played the Moroccan that February and I had to walk all the way home to West Jordan. It was worth it.

-Stakerized!

Suzanne Vega
Songs In Red And Gray
A&M/Universal

"Once I stood alone so proud/held myself above the crowd/and now I'm low on the ground," Suzanne Vega confesses in "Penitent." It is this revelation that reminds us why Vega is still one of the more original and best of our singer/songwriters. Intimate, thoughtful, and highly lyrical, *Songs In Red And Gray* marks her triumphant return. Despite saying these songs are "fictional" it doesn't take a genius to hear the words to "Widow's Walk," and the especially poignant "Soap And Water" to see how her divorce has affected her songwriting. In choosing Rupert Hine to produce her, Vega's songs are fleshed out with orchestra, classical instruments, and subtle background vocals. But wisely, Hine keeps her lovely singing and acoustic guitar in the front of every song, and the result is divine.

-Son of Damian

Robert Pete Williams
S/T
Fat Possum Records

How can any real lover of great music not like this label and all the southern blues records that they put out? Pretty much anything I receive from Fat Possum Records is bound to be golden. This music is traditional blues from the Deep South. It's just a man with a guitar and his voice. Unfortunately, this recording is posthumous, because it was originally released in the seventies and then re-released by Fat Possum. In that time Mister Pete Williams has passed on to that golden bar in the sky where Jesus pores the wine for all of eternity and there is no closing time. In the meantime, I recommended all of you enjoy other artists from this label to check out this disc, its right up there with all the other greats like T-Model Ford, Robert Belford, Scott Dunbar, and King Ernest. For the rest of y'all, I highly recommend fans of Americana roots blues country to pick this up, or even if y'all enjoyed the music in the movie "O Brother, Where Art Thou?" Open your minds and expand your musical horizon.

-Keular7

thebrotheregg
Snowflake and Fingerprint Machine
Tony Hill
Inexactness

(both) Woronzow Records
From Woronzow, the house of British psychedelic band Bevis Frond come these two latest releases by the label. thebrotheregg is folksy, Beatlesque, awright Pink Floyd, with jazzy touches on stuff like "Dark Workmanship." "Billy Barty's Brains" somehow manages to be a touching, if loopy ballad. The title of Tony Hill's album is, well, inexact. Much like the playing of Bevis Frond, who make up the backing band on this album, this is rocking yet precise as only the British can be, yet not so much to be anal retentive. A little bit more jazz fusion as well as blues oriented than BF, Hill's guitar playing is at times reminiscent of John McLaughlin, at times Clapton (early), and his singing as well.

-Stakerized!

Five Horse Johnson
The No.6 Dance
Smallstone Records

I usually have a problem with bands that play southern rock and hail from places like Chicago or Virginia. But there is always an exception, and this band happens to be one of them. White trash rock ala *Raging Slab* and *BTO* are prevalent throughout the album. Cut your sleeves off, no, I mean cut your head off.

-Ricky Stink

John Vanderslice
Time Travel is Lonely
Barsuk Records

After last year's *Mass Suicide Occult Figures*, the former MK Ultra member's second solo effort is a concept album about a programmer/geographer/ chanteur, Jessie, who travels to a U.S. relay station in Antarctica where he is plagued by a computer virus, isolation and ensuing madness. Ranging lo-fi to in its own quirky way, hi-, the disk really sounds like it would fit well with the Elephant 6 roster if that was still around, and indeed, members of Beulah guest, as well as Oranger and For Stars. From sparse guitar to horn arrangements, this is really unique. In telling a strange story it never wanders far from the tuneful. John's travels take him to Kilby Court Sept. 25th.

-Stakerized!

Bill Janovitz
Up Here
SpinArt Records

First order of business is to explain who 'ol Bill is. He is the lead singer for many bands, most notably Buffalo Tom. That band is one of the best and greatest Midwestern punk band chock full of emotion since the demise of Husker Du and The Replacements. Bill has decided to make his second solo album and the finished product is simple breath taking. Although, not for everyone, *Up Here* is a disc of beautiful acoustic songs that are bluegrass and alt-country for people who want a relaxing somber album to listen at night to. Just a man and his acoustic guitar writing emotionally revealing songs

full of passion. A disc for either fans of Buffalo Tom, or fans of mellow but soul stirring acoustic music that isn't boring hippie folk.

-Keular7

Novadriver
Void
Smallstone Recordings

Stoner rock is a powerful thing. Listening to it sober is nice, but getting blunted and fuckin' shit up is a much better musical experience. I'm not talkin' about hippie fucks getting high and preaching love and bullshit, I'm talkin' getting stoned, drinkin' a fifth of Jack and raising some hell. Stoner rock is good.

-Ricky Stink

Sunset Valley
Icepond
Barsuk Records

Second in my list of summertime releases with wintry themes is this third release by this Portland band. Very few bands can wear their influences on their sleeves and still not sound derivative, but this poppy late 60's/early 70's sounding band can. "Ironmen" has nothing to do with Black Sabbath, and "Nico Ride" isn't a Velvet Underground paean, though the latter band's presence is felt, especially on the leisurely "Fall Fly." Perhaps an augury of seasons to come, for those stuck in the immobilizing heat haze.

-Stakerized!

Glasseater
7 Years Bad Luck
Fearless Records

This band is made up of young guys who could pummel the shit out of those dorks who make up the bands MxPx and New Found Glory. Those kiddie-punk bands wouldn't stand a chance against the dual vocals and hardcore meets pop-punk sound these guys bang out. One guys sings with that teenage pop vocal style that seems to be the new trendy way to sing if you want to get fourteen year old girls to buy your record of squeaky clean punk. But just as that fourteen year old girl starts to get hot and bothered by the pop singer of Glasseater, all of a sudden the other vocalist starts screaming his head off in true hardcore fashion and thus the girl's eardrums are assaulted and violated by dangerous and volatile music. Real music for real people who like a punishment in their pop songs. Buy it, even if your not a fourteen year old girl, it appeals to all ages and you'll love it.

-Keular7

ZEKE
Death Alley
Aces & Eights

I've been waiting impatiently for months to get my grubby hands on this disk. ZEKE's fifth album is a departure from last year's ultra pissed release *Dirty Sanchez*. *Death Alley* slows things up a bit with songs about the good things in life like horror flicks and Satan. Sixteen songs in fewer than thirty minutes is pure ass kickin bliss.

-Ricky Stink

The Apes
The Fugue in the Fog
Frenchkiss

The planet these Apes come from is one fucked-up orb. Sounding really similar to a simian version of Beastie Boys side project BS 2000 (who got their name from my initials, little known fact for ya), with lots of beat-laden songs referring to themselves like "Ape Town," "Apes Theme," and "Apes Salute," and "Apessounds." Fuzzed out vocals, bass and actual vintage Moog! If they'd used this for the soundtrack of that Tim Burton movie then it might not have sucked quite as bad. And got someone who could act instead of Brad Pitt.

-Stakerized!

Iggy Pop
Beat Em Up
Virgin Records

Mister Pop is just utterly revolting. He sings revolting songs. His music his heavy and revoltingly loud. I mean just look at him; he's revolting. And that's why I love him. The man has always been the pure definition of revolting and ugly. When he fronted the Stooges back in the Seventies, he played music that a lot of mainstream people found him totally ugly and unacceptable to all the hippies and disco queens. Iggy belted out raw and obnoxious rock n' roll that found many people who were looking for some extremity in music at that time period. Fast forward to the 2000's and Iggy is still doing music same that he did back then. This disc's album cover is the epitome of Iggy's music on this disc. Hard, but sexy.

Controversial, but hard to take your senses off of it. The truth is there revealed in all its ugly and revolting glory, and Iggy is there to growl and spit it out for a whole new generation that desperately needs to be shown what rock n' roll is all about. Fans of old Iggy albums, especially *Instinct* will want to own this one. New fans, prepare for the revolting Mister Iggy Pop, you'll love every minute of it.

-Keular7

Red Planet
Let's Degenerate
Gearhead Records

Coming from the same planet as the Go-Go's, the Knack (look for my vinyl single of "My Sharona" on Ebay soon—Not! because I still love it so much) and the Dark Lord Ric Ocasek, the back cover sports band members variously in a Donnas t shirt, with an Eddie Van Halen-style striped guitar, and in a "Red Planet" t-shirt painted Cheap Trick style. That tells you all you need to know about this affair. Individual tracks don't stand out, but it's one big hook from start to finish, a guitar-heavy sugar injection through and through. The Fastbacks' Kurt Bloch gives it just the right touch as producer. If this is degenerate then let's not be "generate," or whatever the opposite of degenerate is.

-Stakerized!

Halfway To Gone
High Five
Small Stone Records

Normally, I love this kind of music.

Stoner rock is fun to listen to when the need to hear dirty grungy metal chords in a Black Sabbath kind of way strikes. But, this album is just way to mediocre in the bands playing. Yes, they do some interesting stuff and try to do no things with their southern fried stoner rock sound.

Unfortunately, after listening to the whole thing, I feel that it wasn't worth a repeated listen and that I would rather listen to far more superior bands that are in this genre, like Alabama Thunderpussy, Kyuss, Spirit Caravan, and Bottom. And if y'all are interested in this kind of music, check out the aforementioned bands, before giving Halfway To Gone, I think you will find my opinion to be quite right. I think this band has potential with more practice and better song writing, but for this album, it doesn't quite do it.

-Keular7

Ex Models
Other Mathematics
Ace Fu Records

It doesn't take a PhD to get this Jersey punk band that sounds like a spring-loaded Richard Hell after listening to the first Devo album, playing around with his electric organ and guitar out of a Sears catalog. Why do no punk groups sound like this anymore? Well until the use of speed comes back into vogue in the indie music scene none will. They sound like they are on their own natural adrenaline. These models hit the runway for us at the end of July with Swearing at Motorists at Kilby Court.

-Stakerized!

Don't Be Scared, A Fearless Records Sampler
Various Artists
Fearless Records

What a fucking cool idea for a compilation. This disc's seven bands are all pretty damn good to listen to. Each band has three songs to give the listener a sense of what the band is about. Usually, it is two songs that are available on their latest or past release on Fearless. The third song is for fans of the bands, who already own all their discs; it is an unreleased or hard to get song from the band. Absolutely brilliant. One thing I really hate from other compilations by record labels, is the "only one lousy song per band". You don't get to much of an idea what the band is about. Especially these days in the indie world when bands are hard to pigeonhole. Oh, by the way here is a list of the bands that are on the disc: Dynamite Boy, Glasseater, Junction 18, Bigwig, Lonely Kings, The Aquabats, 30 Foot Fall, and At The Drive-In. That last band got its start on this label and the songs showcased here from them are far more superior then anything off their latest. Don't believe me? Well, buy this disc and you'll see what I'm talking about, especially the unreleased song by them.

-Keular7

Beulah
The Coast is Never Clear
Velocette

Don't be put off by the model-boy

look of Beulah on the cover of their newest release; as the title indicates, this album is no musical cakewalk. As with their previous work, this group can throw you more curves than anybody. After starting leisurely with "Hello Resolven," then the faux-go-go opening of "A Good Man is Easy to Kill" just leads the way into Elephant 6-style keyboards and light horn motifs and the casio of "What Will You Do When Your Suntan Fades?" If there is one instrument that screams Irony Ahead, it's the casio. I'm not going to warn you about any more landmines; it'd be like telling the plot of a film that was "you just haveta see it" intriguing while leaving you wondering whether you liked it or not, or whether that mattered.

-Stakerized!

Melochrome
Stay A Little Longer
Loosethread Records

Maybe I'm just not allowing myself to delve to far into some bands' records, or maybe I'm just sick of groups who sound similar to other bands, but are far less superior then those bands they are aping. This band falls into the genre of groups who do are mediocre in their attempt to play really slow atmospheric music that is both sensual and beautiful.

Unfortunately, I can give you a long list of bands who do this style of music a helluva lot better than Melochrome, the best being The Higher Burning Fire. I don't mind mellow music if it's engaging and interesting to listen to. This band is neither, just boring and uneventful. What makes it worse, that they guys are to corny and sugar sweet, especially when the girl in the band sings a song. It's like nails on a chalkboard. Maybe these guys will try something more interesting when writing their next disc, but on this one the tracks just runs out of steam and the disc falls flat on its face. I'd rather listen to those far more superior sounding bands then this bland stuff and you should too.

-Keular7

Alfie
If You Happy With You Need Do Nothing

XL Recordings
Named after a Michael Caine movie from the sixties, their album cover a naïve folk art patchwork from the early 70's. At least with this group they have the excuse that they actually are British for why they sound British. This is a pleasant listen in the mode of Oasis and all the bands that have followed, lots of nice acoustic guitar, but there's something in its relative quietude that doesn't seem languid or languishing, just lazy.

-Stakerized!

Porter
Whisky Hill
Blue Monster Records

Simply fucking awful, is what this disc is. Even Seniorita Margarita, upon hearing the first two songs on this disc, asked me, "What in the hell are you listening to, this shit sucks!?" Needless to say, it got ripped out of



my player and is enjoying the rest of its life at my house as a beer coaster out on the patio. Best way to describe it? Boring hippie world crap, trying to pass itself off as cool drinking bar music. Hey, looks can be deceiving. They have a cool name. (I love port beer). They have titles about drinking. The title of the disc is about a hill o' whiskey. Instead, what you get is Dave Mathews singing, guitars turned way down in the mix, and this annoying guy playing a xylophone like he's back in kindergarten. Hey, I got nothing against xylophones, Oingo Boingo has shown that a band can use one in its compositions and make it sound really fucking cool. But these guys are not that great band, and the xylophone player is probably some "stoned out of his gourd" hippie whose mommy and daddy bought him one on Christmas. And since he has good weed the band had to let him in...I think you get the idea. (Got nothing against weed either, just hippies who make really bad music).

-Keular7

Agnostic Front
Dead Yuppies
Epitaph

You know who Agnostic Front is, right? The Godfathers of Hardcore. AF started in '82, when punk was Art. They made statements, political and social. AF is still singing with true rage about all the bullshit in this hell hole of a country. If you consider yourself a part of some fringe of society, a punk, greaser, skater, whatever, then you already know this, right? You already own an AF album, right? If you don't then I guess you are just cultural dead weight and should be shot. *Dead Yuppies* has all the intensity and angst that embody punk because AF made hardcore what it is today and they still play it better than anyone. And hell, who couldn't like an album about dead yuppies.

-Frank

Tight Bro's From Way Back When
Lend You a Hand
Kill Rock Stars

Two years after their debut, *Runnin' Thru My Bones*, the Tightest Broze you noze are back. This album supposedly 'refines' their Iggy/MC5 on amphetamines approach. Whatever. It might not cap their opener, but the title track, "Make It AHabit," "Because I Said So," and most of the rest rock out like other bands are afraid to do one tenth of these days.

-Stakerized!

Daily Calendar

Submissions for the SLUG Calendar are due by the 1st of the month.

Fax to 487-1359 or email dickheads@slugmag.com
You can't blame us if you don't send it in!

Wednesday, September 5
The Rubes- *Dead Goat*
The Impossibles, River City High, Recover- *Kilby Court*
Hog Molly- *Liquid Joe's*
HR- *Zephyr*

Thursday, September 6
Good Riddance, Death By Stereo, Kill Your Idols- *Brick's*
Gearl Jam- *Dead Goat*
Pedro the Lion, Seldom, St. Ryan's Lament- *Kilby Court*
David Garza, Lina, Willa Ford- *UofU*
Charlie Robison- *Zephyr*
Soul Funkshun- *Ya'But's*

Friday, September 7
SLUG Mag's JJ72 Listen-a-thon- *Bluekats Coffee*
Propagandhi, Randy- *Brick's*
Get Stakerized!- *Club Expose*
General Rude- *Dead Goat*
American Analog Set, New End Originals, Coastal, Matt Matteus- *Kilby Court*
Rubberneck- *Liquid Joe's*
Ian Moore- *O'Shucks*
Megadeth, Endo- *Saltair*
Oak Ridge Boys- *Utah State Fair*
Million Miles, New Transit Direction- *Ya'But's*
Neville Staples- *Zephyr Club*

Saturday, September 8
Zach Parrish- *Dead Goat*
Vehicle, Hudson River School, W3PM- *Kilby Court*
Rubberneck- *Liquid Joe's*
Ian Moore- *O'Shucks*
Nashville Bluegrass Band- *Sandy Amphitheater*
Sundance Blues Festival
Willie Nelson, Bachmann Turner Overdrive- *Utah State Fair*
Sam, 9 Spine- *Ya'But's*
Fistfull- *ABG's(Provo)*
Neville Staple- *Zephyr Club*

Sunday, September 9
SLUG Mag's Sabbathon- *Gallivan Center (1-10pm)*

Monday, September 10
Brian Kenny Fresno, Ether- *Kilby Court*
Studebaker John & the Hawks- *Dead Goat*
Destiny's Child, True Vibe- *State Fair*

Tuesday, September 11
Cronk- *Harry O's*
New Transit Direction- *Liquid Joe's*
Lonestar- *Utah State Fair*
Grant Lee Phillips- *Zephyr*

Wednesday, September 12
Rube Waddell- *Burt's*
Sarah Pierce- *Dead Goat*
Zeke, Red Bennies- *Liquid Joe's*
Clay Walker- *Utah State Fair*

Thursday, September 13
Nigel Richards- *Bricks*
Elsewhere- *Dead Goat*
Solas- *Peery's Egyptian*
REO Speedwagon- *State Fair*
Desmo- *Ya'But's*
Pat McGee- *Zephyr*

Friday, September 14
Mudpuddle- *Dead Goat*
Kill Your Idols, Sold Separately- *Kilby Court*
Disco Dridders- *Liquid Joe's*
Kris Tagong and The Others- *Ya'But's*
Los Mocosos- *Zephyr*

Saturday, September 15
Laughing Man- *Dead Goat*
CJ Chenier- *Gallivan Center*
Brewfest
Cooking with Gandhi- *Ya'But's*
Maybellines, Breezy Porticos- *Kilby Court*

Sunday, September 16
Fistfull, Tommy Gun Killers, Wolf- *Zephyr*
Slick Rick- *Brick's*

Monday, September 17
Breaking Pangea, Day of Less- *Kilby Court*
Percy Strothers - *Dead Goat*
Weezer- *E Center*
Shudderbug- *Liquid Joe's*

Tuesday, September 18
Epoxy's- *Kilby Court*

Wednesday, September 19
Lo-Fi Breakdown- *Dead*

Goat
No Motiv, The Movie Life, Fairview- *Kilby Court*
Liquid Friction- *Liquid Joe's*
Starship- *SL Community College*

Thursday, September 20
Jerry Joseph & Jackmormons- *Black Diamond Anniversary*
Gearl Jam- *Dead Goat*
Matchbox 20, Train, Pete Yorn- *E Center*
Ordinary K- *Harry O's*
Soul Teen and The Crackers, Audible- *Ya'But's*
Mike Watt- *Liquid Joe's*

Friday, September 21
Rival Schools, Burning Airlines- *Brick's*
Sprague Brothers- *Dead Goat*
James Taylor- *E Center*
EZ Cheese, Moon Monsters- *Kilby Court*
The Given- *Liquid Joe's*
Soundsend, Desmo- *Ya'But's*
New Deal- *Zephyr*

Saturday, September 22
Sprague Brothers- *ABG's*
Swing Gorillas- *Dead Goat*
Minders, Waxwings, Bad Apple, Downers- *Kilby Court*
The Given- *Liquid Joe's*
Million Miles, Vertical Skinni- *Ya'But's*
Junior Brown- *Zephyr*

Sunday, September 23
Phantom Limbs, Explosions in the Sun- *Kilby Court*
Lake Trout with Money Mark- *Liquid Joe's*
Intl Assoc. of Pipe Cleaners Union- *Oldfellows Hall*

Monday, September 24
Big Jack Johnson & Oilers- *Dead Goat*
Man of the Year- *Kilby Court*
Culture feat. Joseph Hill- *Safari Club*

Tuesday, September 25
John Vanderslice, Magstatic, Gift Anon- *Kilby Court*
Ex-Girl- *Zephyr*

Wednesday, September 26
Ginger- *Dead Goat*
Unwound- *Liquid Joe's*
Karl Denson's Tiny

Universe- Zephyr
Thursday, September 27
Hillbilly Voodoo- *Dead Goat*
2+1 Trio- *Ya'But's*
Kelly Joe Phelps- *UofU Gardner Hall*
Fistfull, Alchemy- *Liquid Joe's*
Karl Denson's Tiny *Universe- Zephyr*

Friday, September 28
Steven Wells and The Suicide Kings- *Ya'But's*
Mike Miller Trio- *Dead Goat*
Plug Spark Sanjay, Zero Hour- *Kilby Court*
Gift Horse with Todd Snider- *UofU Social Work Aud.*

Saturday, September 29
Jeff Halford & Howlers- *Dead Goat*
The Rapture- *Kilby Court*
Lou Christie, Frankie Ford, Little Eva Police Benefit- *E Center*
Sam, Gellopy- *Ya'But's*
The Rapture- *Kilby Court*
KXRX Big Ass Show: Prime Sth, Ben Folds Five, AFL, Alien Ant Farm, Saliva, Staind, theSTART, Social Distortion- *State Fairpark*

Sunday, September 30
Deviates, The Line- *Kilby Court*

Monday, October 1
Apples in Stereo, Minders- *Liquid Joe's*
Robert Mirabal- *UofU*

Tuesday, October 2
Rock Opera movie screening- *Brewvies*

Thursday, October 4
The Samples- *Eccles Center, Ogden*

Friday, October 5
The Damned, Swingin Udders, Pleasure Forever- *Brick's*
Rocket 350- *Burt's*
Backstreet Boys, Krystal-Delta Center
Pick up the new SLUG- *Anyplace Cool!*

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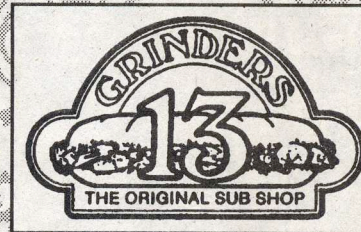
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What's Up With George ?

Dear SLUG, This Month I...

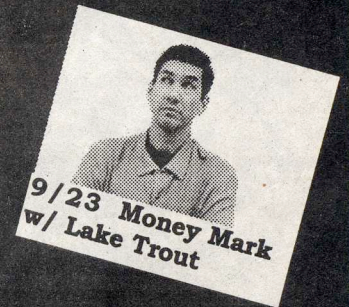
- got some meat from the damn meat center
- wondered if it was pronounced Sligo or Slgo
- wore my Birdwells
- enjoyed a beer with little miss Pouncey Tract
- did not demand satisfaction
- saw two foxes
- ran for my life
- appreciated all the encouraging words
- crabcakes anyone? ha ha ha ha!
- short pump

-Love George



SHOWS AT JOES

9/20 Mike Watt



9/26 Unwound
w/ Polar Goldie Cats

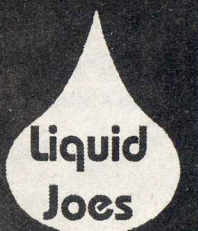
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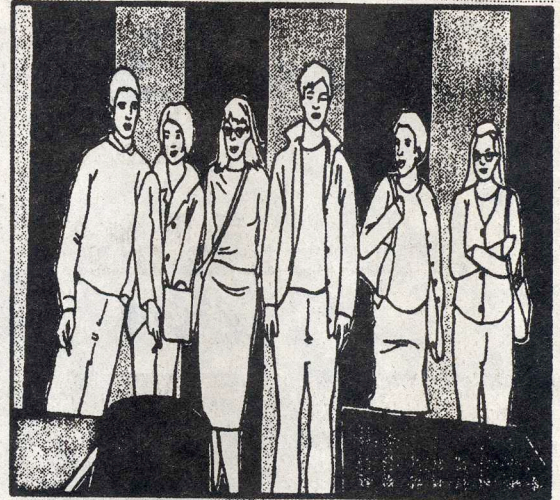


KILBY COURT CALENDAR

741 S. 330 W. SLc, Utah call 801.320.9887 for info

September

- | | |
|--------------------------------|-----------------------|
| 02- Jazz Night | 18- EPOXYS |
| 03- JUBA | 19- NO-MOTIV |
| SATURDAY SUPERCADÉ | MOVIE LIFE |
| Mosure | FAIRVIEW |
| 05- the IMPOSSIBLES | 21- EZ CHEESE |
| 06- PEDRO THE LION | Moon Monsters |
| SELDOM | 22- the MINDERS |
| St. Ryans Lament | BAD APPLE |
| 07- AMERICAN ANALOG SET | the WAXWINGS |
| NEW END ORIGINALS | the Downers |
| COASTAL | 23- PHANTOM LIMBS |
| Matt Matous | EXPLOSIONS IN THE SUN |
| 08- VEHICLE | 24- MAN OF THE YEAR |
| W3P.M. | 25- JOHN VANDERSLICE |
| Hudson River School | Magstetic |
| 10- Brian Kenny Fresno | Gift Anon |
| Ether | 28- PLUG SPARK SANJAY |
| 15- KINDERCORE Listening Party | Zero Hour |
| MAYBELLINES | 29- the RAPTURE |
| BREEZY PORTICOS | 30- SUNSET VALLEY, |
| 17- BREAKING PANGEA | the THRONES |
| Day of Less | |



Coming this fall:

OCTOBER:

OVER IT... STARING BACK... THE NOBODYS... FILTHY JIM... CONVOCATION... 31 KNOTS...
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 SWEEP THE LEG JOHNNY... FAVEZ... TIME SPENT DRIVING...
 LOVELETTER BAND... A BOY NAMED THOR...
 THE PROM... THE GAMMITS... THE FAIRLANES... DASHBOARD CONFSSIONAL...
 STARLIGHT MINTS... BARDO POND...

NOVEMBER:

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