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issue #154

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SPECIAL
COLLECTIONS

Interviews:

PUNK Magazine

Zeke

Social Distortion

Stephen Malkmus



Social Distortion
magazine

The Damned New York 1977

Robert Bayly

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"TO ALL CONCERNED,
After much deliberation, the All Tomorrows Parties organisation UCLA Performing Arts along with curators Sonic Youth, have opted to postpone the dates of this event to a weekend in March 2002. It will still happen at the UCLA campus. Though Sonic Youth have been severely compromised (their studio exists at "ground zero" and is, for the most part, inaccessible—some of us

have been evacuated from our homes, some of us were directly under shower of the attack), the band was prepared to play ATP regardless. All involved were prepared to have the event address the crisis and to deliver proceeds in benefit. A gathering of musicians, artists and poets could only have been a positive thing. Personal travel anxieties, a complete halt to ticket sales and a general sense of unease due to the unpredictability of the Bush/Taliban conflict are the primary factors of our decision to postpone. Additionally, a sense of responsibility towards our children at this time for an environment of stability and reflection is indeed a priority. We apologise to the artists, their various agents, management, and personnel who invested valuable time and effort towards making this ATP a success. And of course to all our friends and fans ready to rock. We can only hope to see everyone springtime 2002 under more cheerful circumstances.

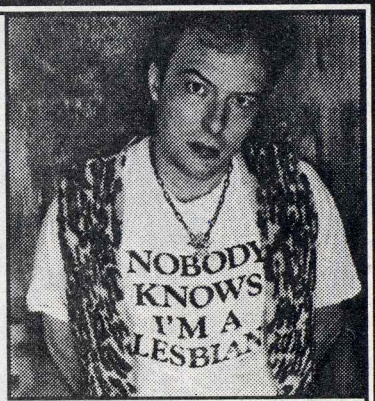
—SONICYOUTH.COM

"THIS IS GOING TO BE A VERY EXPENSIVE WAR, AND VICTORY IS NOT GUARANTEED FOR ANYONE, and certainly not for anyone as baffled as George W. Bush. All he knows is that his father started the war a long time ago, and that he, the goofy child-President, has been chosen by Fate and the global Oil industry to finish it Now. He will declare a National Security Emergency and clamp down Hard on Everybody, no matter where they live or why. If the guilty won't hold up their hands and confess, he and the Generals will ferret them out by force. Good luck. He is in for a profoundly difficult job—armed as he is with no credible Military Intelligence, no witnesses and only the ghost of Bin Laden to blame for the tragedy."

—Hunter S. Thompson, ESPN.COM

"THE DAMNED HAVE ALWAYS HAD CLOSE TIES WITH NEW YORK, ever since they first played CBGB's in 1976 all the way up to this year's posthumous Birthday Bash for Joey Ramone at the Hammerstein Ballroom. It's a city we all love, and have friends and family in the area. THE DAMNED are going ahead with their US tour not only out of respect for victims and their families, but for everyone who has been touched by this attempt at destroying not only buildings and lives but spirits as well. I am American and refuse to bow down to these monsters. I have toured my country for over 20 years and will continue to do so. Each day now I wake up with a jolt as many do, and have a little cry when I realize it isn't a sleeping nightmare but a real one. But I see only two choices, give in or go on. We will not give in."

—Patricia Morrison, THE DAMNED



"IN 1991, JIMMY CARTER PUBLICLY WARNED GEORGE BUSH that his Gulf War would set back world peace and Middle Eastern relations at least twenty years. Now what happens? Now what do we do? I fear a mass slaughter of innocent civilians far greater than what happened at the World Trade Center. I fear governments all over the world will round up and attack anyone who opposes them for any reason on the grounds that they are terrorist sympathizers; kind of like what we did when we locked up thousands of labor union activists and immigrants in the 1920's for opposing World War I. I also fear that after we have blown up and killed every living thing in Afghanistan (which the Soviets tried to do for ten years and lost, by the way) that Osama Bin Laden will emerge from his cave and tell his mushrooming following, 'I told you so.' Even if we wipe out the millions of people who already agree with him—what will their kids be like? And what will their children be like? Look at how young the people throwing rocks at Israeli soldiers are. This isn't going to go away. There has to be a better answer; I just wish I knew what it was."

—Jello Biafra, ALTERNATIVE TENTACLES 9/17/01

"ALL THIS FLAG-WAVING MAKES ME VERY UNEASY. SUCH PATRIOTISM IS JUST ANOTHER FORM OF MOB MENTALITY. And when the mob rules, the first victim is reason. If our country is entering into another phase of rabid war-like furor, I for one am very frightened of the consequences. My fear is that the terrible tragedy of the World Trade Center attack will be used to justify a wide variety of restrictions on our civil rights; a massive military build up the likes of which will dwarf the senseless Reagan years; and the oppression of indigenous and peasant classes of the world, once justified by the 'communist threat' and 'war on drugs,' will be given new life under the guise of the fight against terrorism. In other words, the relentless drive towards corporate rule will be given an enormous boost, and any voice of reason or caution will be automatically dismissed as a reference to the tragic events of last week. We are already seeing discussions in congress on broadening the spy powers of our security agencies, and increased surveillance against our own citizenry, particularly those voicing dissent against U.S. policies (and the corporate-dominance agreements like NAFTA) abroad. Just as nay dissent was once labeled 'communist,' now it will be interpreted as 'potential terrorist.'"

—Calvin Johnson, K RECORDS

(For more info, go to www.zmag.org/gacalam.htm)





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

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ED NOTE: I want to start off this month's dickhead column by thanking all of our readers for making SABBATHON 2001 the biggest and best ever in SLUG history. With your help SLUG was able to raise over \$2,000 for Spy Hop Productions. SLUG would also like to thank our sponsors and the musicians who played. Everyone involved showed enormous support, a positive attitude, and had one hell of a good time.

On a separate note, it has come to my attention that last month, some suburban brats broke into Connection skatepark & The Blindside skate shop next door. This is totally fucked up. It really pissed me off that kids these days have no ethics. If you

wanna steal shit then go to the mall! Don't steal from Mom & Pop stores! Stealing from the little guys is stealing from yourself. You are robbing from YOUR scene. You are making it easier for stores like Hot Gothic to monopolize the market. Don't give up YOUR right as a consumer to decide where you want to spend your (mommy & daddy's) paycheck. Independent stores need your help and support. Show some fuckin' respect. Besides, where the fuck you gonna skate during the winter? Guthrie? I don't think so.

If you know the pussy motherfuckers who are too stupid to get a job so they rob local skate vendors such as The Connection Skatepark and Blindside...send us their pictures and we'll send

the connection skate park

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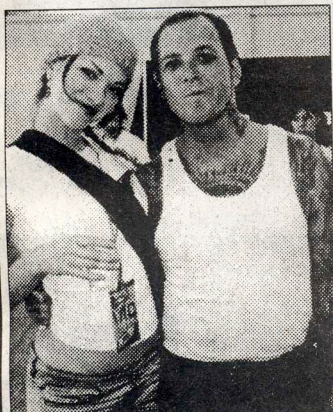
you a FREE board. HOLLYWOOD Skateboards have donated demos of their fine product so you can get your slimy mits on this hot shit legally.

Dear Dickheads,
i was that the Kottonmouth Kingz concert on june 7th. I had a huge flag that you guys took a picture of, infact you took 2. The camera guy said "oh youll be in SLUG mag" where the hell is my fuckin picture? All i want is a little recognition for havin that flag wich later that night got me onstage to sing with Corporate Avenger! hook it up that flag was tight.

PEACE,
-Ezeran

ED NOTE:
There. Your picture is in

SLUG. Now let's check out a picture our readers really want to



see.
THE SLUG QUEEN & MIKE NESS.

Dear Dickheads,
jesus fuckin christ, we dont have your issues in our state of massachusetts. i mean what the fuck, i look online at your shit and fuckin aye, nottin yet. i asked

the fuckin hindu if he had any and nottin yet. just, the main importance is to send this to MA so i can buy copies of it. i dont like to send for subscriptions that ill never know if they will come. and bein overly-opinionated is the shit. dont let no one tell you it sucks.
- Devin M

ED NOTE: Do your parents know what kind of language you use? If I were your parent I would wash your mouth out with soap or beat you with my belt. I'm sorry you can't receive issues of SLUG in your state; I don't think anyone on our staff could even pick out Massachusetts on a map. Talk your parents into buying you a ticket every month to Salt Lake and we will give you an issue every time you visit absolutely free!

dear dickheads,

Just want to say thanks for the article/interview on Kalle Lasn. (issue#153 pg 12-13)I've only recently discovered ADBUSTERS within the last year.(Where the fuck have I been all this time?) Just since I've been reading it, I've made changes in my life. I think this magazine is humorous,cynical and insightful all rolled up into one. It's a perfect read for "Wallowing in complexity." A good way to re-awaken our d o r m e n t , o v e r - commercialized,desensitized minds. Changing the way everything around us seems. I hope that those not familiar with ADBUSTERS will find interest in checking this mag out. Just go to any independent book/magazine store and you should find it. Keep up the good work Slug

- Aaron

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Jack Ass of the Month

This month's Jackass is a double, that's right two Jackasses! For the price of one, actually they are FREE. We will call these two dip-shits "The Moron Brothers", I'm not sure if they are brothers, but they definitely are morons.

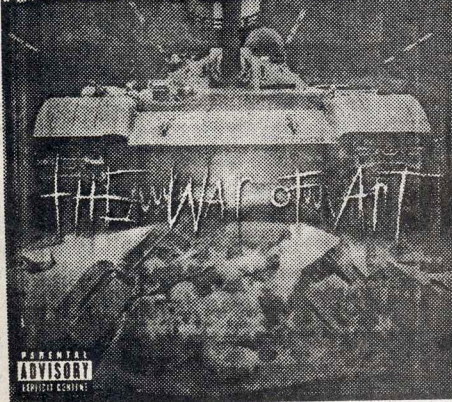


These two jackasses come into the shop, fresh from buying their Misfits t-shirts from that place in the mall. You know the place where most of you idiots buy your t-shirts, shoelaces, and those oh so funny mullet stickers. Anyway back to "The

Moron Brothers". They come in, and first off let me know that they just bought four t-shirts from the place in the mall, and then proceed to ask, "Do you get very much business? How often do you order t-shirts? Is this Motorhead playing? (Anti-Nowhere-League is playing) "Is this OLD punk? If

you buy all your shit somewhere else, PLEASE don't come into The Heavy Metal Shop. And coming in every 4 or 5 months to tell us how cool it is that we are still in business, but never buying anything, is not supporting us.

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LOCALIZED

As the remnants of **Sabbath** continue to beat down

upon my memory, it's time to return to **Localized**, the **SLUG Magazine Monthly Music Festival**. This month we are proud to announce a new venue and sponsor for **Localized**. The **Urban Lounge** is happily presenting the show on the 18th. With a state-of-the-art sound system provided by Mars and sound by Jimmy representing Mammoth, the bands will sound great (Jimmy is one of the best sound guys around—being in a band, I know from personal experience that he's excellent to work with). I would also like to thank Kiesha and Jared Gill and Mike Sartain (deja vu) for taking more than just a passing interest in local music. If you haven't visited the Lounge yet, check out Sunday's experimental jazz or Wednesday's underground hip-hop. Thursday's college night has \$2 twenty-ounce beers, hell yeah. BTW - Look to this month's Modus Operandi for a special interview with Uber Faction. There seems to be no end to the variety of *fantastic* local music in this state. While I have said this before, it bears repeating: *this is the greatest time in local music history, and we have the best scene in the country*. Although some may want to say that Salt Lake is the next big "thing," it's actually much more than that.

DulceSky weave melodic layers of guitars with sonic experimentation and wistful, dream-like vocals to create an intelligent and precise expression of modern rock. While the band can point to their Chilean, Argentinean and Italian cultures for inspiration, current manifestations of British rock and American indie rock form the immediate and primary focus of their music. A constant barrage of musical canons, DulceSky is felt physically and emotionally.

(Oliver Valenzuela: guitar, vox; Gil Curletto: bass, vox; Stefano Ashbridge: drums; www.dulcesky.com)

SLUG: You mention in your bio that you are a Latin band. Is it difficult playing original rock music when us stupid Anglos expect salsa?

Stefano: I don't think we present ourselves as a Latin band—

Oliver: . . . although, we do talk about it in our press kit.

Gil: As people find out DulceSky, I think that some may find it appealing; you might think this music would be different background—they might find that appealing.

Oliver: We are more of a European sound than South American; at least, the bands that we like come from there.

Stefano: One of the things that I liked about the demo when I first joined the band was that, because Oliver is from Chile, it sounded different. That's what intrigued me about it.



Gil: And in Argentina, rock music is very popular. There is a great European and American influence. They listen to a lot of jazz and rock from here. People here think it's all salsa and crap like that; it isn't. The rock scene is huge.

Oliver: That salsa and stuff like that is very popular all over South America, you can't deny that.

SLUG: Certainly here in Utah where we are very sheltered, we lump different styles together, like Cuban music and Brazilian music. We don't seem to see any difference and would never expect something very progressive.

Oliver: We do the same in South America. We lump country and **Michael Jackson** together and say it is American music.

SLUG: When you say you have European influences, do you mean all European music

from rock to folk or perhaps the British rock that seems to be dominant here in the mainstream American idea of European music?

Oliver: The music that really created a revolution in my head was more like **Live**, **Catherine Wheel** and **Lush**. They usually found the most interesting things to think about—such an emotional music.

Gil: Though, I think the sound comes from different influences. For example, I listen to jazz, to everything I can. I think it's good for the band. You should keep an open head about music. There are things and styles you can take; and I think you will hear a little bit of everything.

Stefano: I think you may be able to classify the bass as a little jazzy, the drums as jazzy, but I would say that we are a rock band.

SLUG: So definitely no **Ricky Martin** covers for you guys.

Stefano: (laughs) I don't know, maybe we could heavy it up...

Little Sap Dungeon

may be considered industrial by most, however they move beyond the instant image of fast machine beats and intense guitars. There is a conscious effort to add depth and atmosphere; creating sinister, ethereal landscapes with sudden, violent rainstorms of guitars and rhythm. The mind is lost within chaotic madness and some constant heatbeat. Was Little Sap Dungeon some lost and forgotten paranoid drug-induced reality from my buried past? Was that really just my imagination?

(Kevin C: vox, programming, samples; Gillian Lee: vox; Allen W: guitar, synths)

SLUG: How long have you been together?

Kevin: Allen and I have been playing for about 6 years, playing out in just the last couple. It was an idea in high school. I was doing more death metal and grind core with some of my friends. Little Sap Dungeon was actually what I started calling all my drawings. Then I got hooked up with Allen and we started doing this weird experimental stuff.

SLUG: Dungeons do not draw up images of technology.

Kevin: Little Sap Dungeon was a term for LSD. Little for the paper, Sap for acid and Dungeon from all those twisted images. When I was on shrooms or acid I started doing these weird fucking drawings, from all my twisted thoughts.

SLUG: You don't seem all that depressed or hateful, like one



would expect from an industrial band.

Gillian: Kevin not hateful? (laughs hysterically)

Kevin: I'm probably the biggest fucking asshole. I'm always the guy with his foot in everyone's ass. (Many impersonations of Kevin ensue from Gillian, Allen and even Kevin as they press this point.)

SLUG: Where are you looking to with you music?

Gillian: Kevin is amazing. As I've seen him over the years, the music he comes up with now is amazing. Every fucking song he plays, like from last practice, just blows me away. He's gone from

this garage death metal to more of this melodic industrial music.

Kevin: Well, I guess we're industrial, however, our newer stuff I want to make more dance-rhythmic.

Allen: Maybe a little more easy listening for some people.

Kevin: But we still like the hard drive of punk and death metal. We're influenced by **Skinny Puppy, Tear Garden,**

Godflesh and T h e (Legendary Pink) Dots; but I grew up on stuff like the **D e a d Kennedys.**

SLUG: There does seem to be a shift with bands who once played

death and speed metal to a more electronic sound.

Kevin: I think electronic is taking all that a step beyond. Besides, I can't find a reliable fucking drummer in Utah.

SLUG: So what is the worst thing about being in an industrial band in Utah?

Kevin: No coverage.

Uber Faction with Little Sap Dungeon and DulceSky Thursday, October 18th at the Urban Lounge, a private club for members. Show starts at 9:00 p.m. and is just 5 bucks. Come out and see the next phase celebrating local music!

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SLUG Localized:
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Dulce Sky
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PEEK INTO CHUBBY BUNNY by Gared Moses

SLUG: Let's talk about how the two of you started together.

TRACY: We were like, "We should do the electric guitar. That would be so awesome." So we got electric guitars and we could hardly play them because we'd been playing the acoustic for so long.

ANGIE: Yeah, it's so different. At first we'd turn the top string down (volume) and we'd play single fret, one finger cords.

SLUG: So you guys know much theory?

ANGIE: No. I think it's better that way. When people get too schooled they forget how to break out of it.

TRACY: We both played the piano when we were younger.

ANGIE: I was in concert band for like six years.

TRACY: She plays a mean clarinet. She can play the Star Trek theme.

ANGIE: You don't feel like you're insulting people that don't want to hear you play. They can always go somewhere else in the bar.

TRACY: Kilby's good too. Plus it's all ages.

SLUG: Are you girls here to stay?

TRACY: I intend to stay.



ANGIE: The music scene here in general isn't so "new school" that you can't do anything different.

TRACY: When we started playing, everyone was so nice and ready to help us out. We didn't know anyone.

SLUG: What would you say non-musicians could do to help strengthen the local scene?

TRACY: Stop bitchin' about nothing being cool in Salt Lake. The only cool music in the world doesn't come from the northeast or northwest. There aren't bands anywhere else like there are here.

ANGIE: If you don't know about the music community here, it can be a little hard to find.

SLUG: I wanted to talk about Kicking Judy (90.9 FM). Now that Kara left, you two took

her place on the radio show with Penny.
ANGIE: Yeah. Last Saturday was our officially our first show. The week before was Kara's farewell show.

SLUG: Are you still calling it Kicking Judy?

TRACY: It'll be the same format so we'll just keep the name the same.

SLUG: Tell me about Radiothon?

ANGIE: KRCL does it every year to raise money for the station.

TRACY: We'll be doing it two weeks in a row. The first night we'll play all love songs. The second week we'll play songs about breaking up.

You can tune in to **Kicking Judy** every Saturday night from 9 p.m. to midnight on 90.9 FM. They will be hosting **Radiothon** on Oct. 6th and 13th during these hours. Chubby Bunny has organized a network of female musicians called **UGGLIES** (Underground Girls Getting Loud, Independent and Electric in Salt Lake City). Log on to utahunderground.net/ugglies where you'll find a message board and information on how to get involved.

Chubby Bunny is scheduled to play Oct. 22nd at Rock City (2116 S. Main St.) with **Katy** (Dear Nora) and **Mirah**.

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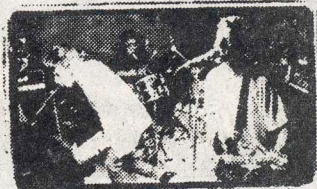
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THE MIGHTY ZEKE

By Ricky Stink
Photos by AHB

It is very hard for me to put into words the great sorrow that has held me prisoner over the last few days. Like the rest of our nation, I was brought to my knees for some of the longest days I have ever had. Just one week prior to the show my anticipation to witness one of rock's modern kings had reached its peak. Then tragedy struck, like jet fuel through steel, an inferno scorched my soul. I have never felt so lethargic in my life, I felt like I had been awake for three days. But thanks to friends, family, patriotism and alcohol, my spirits lifted just enough for me to act somewhat coherent and enjoy true American punk rock.

SLUG: Your newest release *Death Alley* seems to be quite a departure from your previous recordings, slowing things up bit.

ZEKE: I thought *Death Alley* was ten times faster than *Dirty Sanchez*. (Pause), Well actually the track "Arkansas Man" is quite a bit slower. We worked awfully hard to play that



slow. I'm surprised you think that, we thought completely different. **SLUG:** Why did you leave Epitaph? Or did Epitaph leave you? **ZEKE:** We, along with other bands I won't mention, were asked to leave Epitaph. They pretty much just shut down their rock department. We said some things we shouldn't have said, but in reality we just were not happy on the label. They had no clue what we were trying to do and vice versa. I don't know what the fuck they were doing, everything they believed in, we were against. Like when we were on the fucking *Warped Tour* looking out and seeing all these Epitaph bands and MTV kids it was bullshit. That is what Epitaph is all about, not us.

SLUG: Did record sales have anything to do with it?

ZEKE: Yeah, Yeah, we sell around 20,000 copies when we release an album. Which is good for a band playing our kind of music. Epitaph wants you to sell a quarter million copies. That had a lot to do with it, along with the shit talking. We didn't fit in there, we fuckin' hated them all. Epitaph is the McDonald's of punk rock.

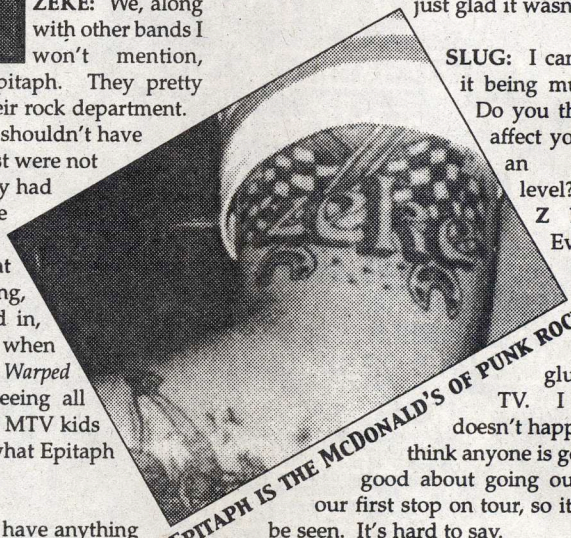
SLUG: Where were you on Tuesday when tragedy struck?

ZEKE: We woke up just outside of Spokane in a

hotel room, Donnie got a call from his wife, (pause) and it seems so surreal it just hasn't set in yet.

SLUG: How do you feel about the situation and U.S. policy on the matter?

ZEKE: We're such misfits and outcasts we can't even get involved on a community level much less get involved with politics. I've been waiting for 12 years for an attack of this magnitude to happen. Unfortunately it did, I'm just glad it wasn't worse.



SLUG: I can't imagine it being much worse. Do you think it will affect your tour on an emotional level?

ZEKE: Everybody is going to be

glued to the TV. I hope this doesn't happen, I don't think anyone is going to feel good about going out. This is our first stop on tour, so it has yet to be seen. It's hard to say.

SLUG: Your album was due out early September but has been bumped back to late October, why is that?

ZEKE: Well it's pretty much our fault. We wanted to put our own artwork on the cover, we were looking in old seventies chopper magazines for an idea. But I guess we took too long. The album is out in Europe and Canada; I have no fucking idea why it is not out here yet.

For those of you stupid enough to miss the show, you not only missed one of the best shows of the year, you missed **SLUG's** finest *White Trash Steve* duke it out with a girl he had mistaken for a guy. Pure entertainment. Understanding your ignorance, you will now have to wait until October 23rd to pick up *Death Alley*.

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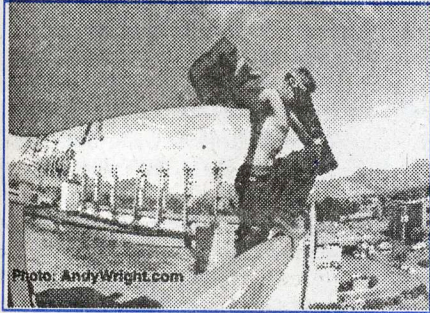
M3 SNOWBOARDS

PRODUCT REVIEW BY JOSH SCHEUERMAN

rails. The best place for snowboarding all year in the U.S. is Mt. Hood on the Palmer Snowfield/glacier, which is only closed for 10 days out of the year.

I talked to Millennium Three about having a demo of next year's boards for the weekend. They stepped up with the boards and a pass to High Cascade Snowboard Camp on Sunday. H.C.S.C. opened in 1989 and has been improving each year to offer the best in coaching and off-hill activities. This year they have a Super Pipe and a new Vans Triple Crown street course and ramps in Government camp. The list of coaches is long, and filled with boarders that know how to board and teach at the same time. The guest coaches included Todd Richards, J.P. Walker, Blaise Rosenthal, Tara Dakides and Jeremy Jones, to name a few.

Pulling into the parking lot of Timberline Lodge, I picked up my pass and headed for the mountain. The first two days I spent at the public park and racing. The public park had one jump, a half pipe and three rails, which was plenty since I hadn't had a good session in four months. The



nightlife comes alive as the final camp comes in on Saturday night and the bars fill up. Government Camp (or Sandy City) has all the accommodations you need; food, beer and skate parks. By Sunday I was tired and weary, but I made it to H.C.S.C. and on the first day of camp, the kids knew what they were there to do. The camp had plenty of jumps, rails, one regular pipe and a super pipe all groomed that day by the coaches and "diggers." Scotty Wittlake and others from the M3 team were on the hill

slaughtering it.

For Millennium Three's line this year, think "army goes postal," with each series being uniquely different. I tried the Cap 157 and the new Sidewall 158. I tried each board on different days, but with the same all-around riding. The Cap was a little stiffer because it was new, but provided a solid landing. The Sidewall is the newest series by Millennium and is an all-around board that jibbed with the best of them and had a great pop to it. These boards rock. To really test the durability of the boards, it would take more than three days, but 1/3 of the mountain was riding an M3 and I heard no complaints. Something new I learned from reading through the catalog is that all M3 boards are made in Oregon and have a two-year warranty. The weekend ended my dry spell and fever of summer and with blue skies I couldn't have asked for anything else. There is one adult-only camp each year that is more relaxed and really just a time to board and bar-hop.

Thanks to Millennium Three for the great boards, High Cascade for the pass and Timberline for carrying on the tradition.

So with the season approaching, buy your new gear now and stay tuned for upcoming snowboarding events sponsored by SLUG magazine!

graphics are a refreshing change from skulls, snorkel aliens and that wacky yoba doba shit. Hollywood

skateboards celebrate the smog and neon rags-to-riches phenomenon that is Hollywood, California. Plus, every deck comes with a razor blade and a rolled-up dollar bill. Don't axe me why, but my dog Lex Diamonds told me, "Yeah yo."

I spent the second weekend in August snowboarding. Not "dune boarding" or "mountain boarding," but actual snowboarding with jumps, halfpipes and



Hollywood, the place where people will do just about anything for fame and fortune. The movie Bowfinger

comes to mind. Heather Graham opened her buttery sex hole for everyone at Bowfinger Studios to bring to fruition her naive Midwest dream of being a co-star in a major motion picture such as Chubby Rain. Steve Martin, Habib, and that other white dude all got a piece of that ass. Even Eddie Murphy's spracker twin brother was accommodated and serviced by Heather's stardom-craved lollipop wrapper. I axed my boy Nelly and he told me, "It must be the money, Craig."

Meanwhile, in the world of wood-pushing, Don "The Nuge" Nguyen put on his Daniel Shimizu costume and



jumped Springfield gorge, uh, I mean the El Toro 20 stair. Now, El Toro ain't in Hollywood, but the Nuge's Oscar nominated performance cast him in a leading role on the set of Hollywood skateboards, veteran psycho dude Kris Markovich's new company. Hollywood hails from the Tum Yeto camp, so if you like Foundation, Toy Machine and Zero boards you'll like the way Hollywoods shralp. The

★ HOLLYWOOD ★ SKATEBOARDS



Product Review
BY CRAIG CRANIUM

HOLLYWOOD SKATEBOARDS

Social Distortion/Mike Ness Interview

by Kevlar7
photos AHB

Mike Ness has seen many things come to pass during

us not to go, but we felt that it was the best thing to do. We weren't really happy with the label and the future of Timebomb is up in the

air right now. So chances are that we'll probably shop the record around and see what label offers us the best. We want to have more say in the recording, marketing, and distribution of the record.

SLUG: That seems to be what a lot of musicians who leave major labels are saying. Do you play a lot of the new songs live?

Ness: We try to play a little bit of everything from our set list. Give the fans what they want to hear. Some old, some new. But, these new songs I'm really happy with. I think they are the best songs I've ever written.

SLUG: How is the new line-up translating to the live shows and in the studio?

Ness: Very well, I think this line-up is one of the best we've ever had. We replaced Dennis with a good friend of the band that had been with us for a long time. So, he knew the songs and was very enthusiastic about playing with us. After Dennis died, it was a really hard thing; I had to decide if I wanted to continue the band. Dennis and I formed this band together. I don't think he would have wanted me to throw in the towel. He would have wanted us to continue and take the band as far as it could go. So, after dealing with those emotions, we made a solid commitment to make a solid line-up. We recruited Charlie in the band, who also plays on the solo records, to replace Chuck Biscuits after he left several years before. And with Charlie, he is one of the tightest drummers, and it's great to play with a drummer who knows where you're going.

SLUG: Are there going to be any future solo discs?

Ness: Absolutely, I want to be able to do

more of that. When I first decided to do the solo records, it was because I wanted to see if I could do something different outside of Social Distortion. And now, I want to kind of balance that out. Do Social Distortion for a while and then kind of take a break from it and work on my solo stuff.

SLUG: How do you feel about Social Distortion's evolution as a band since *Mommy's Little Monster*, as compared to the new stuff that you're writing now?

Ness: I think the band has always tried to stay in line with its beginnings and the direction it's been heading. With the new songs I tried to write them with more of the angst that was on *Mommy's Little Monster*. I mean, angst never really goes away, I think it makes a person who they are. So, I tried to capture the angst that I feel now in the songs I'm writing. I mean, I never write music that I think people will want to hear, I write songs and record albums for me. If people want to listen and like what I've written and recorded then that's great.

SLUG: How do you feel about people crediting Social Distortion as being one of the godfathers of the new psycho/rockabilly and greaser revival in the underground?

Ness: I think it's great. I feel really thrilled when people say that we inspired them. I remember when we would get up on stage, when we first started putting grease in our hair, and there were not many bands out there doing it. It was probably around the time of *Prison Bound* that I started to be influenced by rockabilly, country and various Americana roots music. I always felt that all those guys and bands were similar to punk rockers, they had a lot of the same anti-social message. And I could relate to that and wanted to incorporate that in our music.

SLUG: What do you think about the sudden explosion of these bands as of late?

Ness: It's really fuckin' cool to see it gaining popularity. The only thing I don't like is when some bands are just doing the same thing that other bands are doing. Basically, just jumping on the coattails of stuff that's already there. It's great when bands add their own individuality to the sound and try to put some variation in their musical approach to that scene. But, I think it's great

his life and career with Social Distortion. He's been in jail, he's recovered from drug addiction, and he's seen his band go through line-up changes that would send any other band. But, the worst was the recent unexpected and tragic death of his best friend, co-founding member and guitarist of Social Distortion, Dennis Danell. Through all this Mike Ness has been able to keep the band running forward like a fine-tuned V-8 engine, spouting hellfire and brimstone.

After the release of Social Distortion's last studio album *White Heat*,

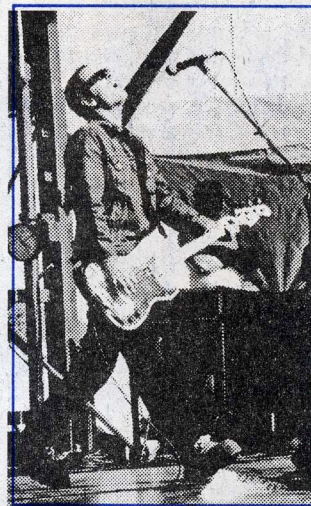
White Light, *White Trash*, Mike Ness decided to do his own thing and to give the Social D guys time to spend with their families and friends. Exploring the roots and traditions of his inspirations, Mike Ness recorded two solo albums *Under The Influence*, and *Cheating At Solitaire*, both chock full of traditional rockabilly and honky-tonk covers and heartfelt originals. Resolved to continue Social Distortion, Mike Ness recruited a new guitar player, let go of their label, and hit the road with their eyes fixed on recording a new disc. As corporate radio stations continue to rot Social Distortion songs that caught the stalwart ears of the public, Social Distortion are playing to larger and larger crowds of fans, old and new. A week before Social Distortion was to play the X-96 Big Ass Show at the fairgrounds; I was able to have a pleasant and informative interview over the phone with Mike Ness about a wide range of topics.

SLUG: I think the question that most people want to know is when is the new record coming out?

Ness: Well, we are hoping in the spring, we have the material written, and want to get the demos done in the winter.

SLUG: Is it going to be on Timebomb or Sony Records again?

Ness: We parted ways with Sony about five years ago. We had finished our contract with them and we wanted to leave. They begged



that we've inspired a second generation of musicians, and that they look to as inspiration.

SLUG: What is it like being a father/husband/frontman?

Ness: I love being a father and a husband. I also love being able to get up on stage and play my heart out. I would have to say that my family comes first, but there's nothing else I'd rather do than play music.

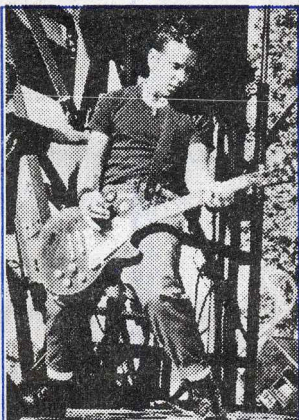
SLUG: So, have you been able to finally purchase your dream hotrod?

Ness: I like to collect things, so I'll get this car that I've always wanted and then I turn around and want another car. It's like a fucking addiction (laughs) My wife thinks I'm fucking crazy, because I'll customize a car and then turn around and buy a new one. But, it's my dream to have a whole fleet of hotrods.

SLUG: You have a lot of tattoos, sleeves and individual ones, do you remember the age when you got your first tattoos?

Ness: Uhh...yeah, I have this problem when it comes to talking about my tattoos. When I

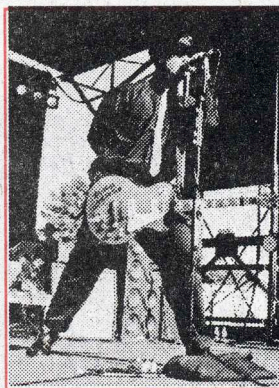
first got a tattoo it was to be different and show my anti-social attitude. I got it when I was seventeen and back then it wasn't common. I saw the Stray Cats with their tattoos and wanted to get one. These days, kids are getting tattoos because it's fucking trendy. There's no rebellion in getting tattoos these days. And because of that I usually cover them up and don't show them off like I used to. I haven't got a tattoo in a long time; I just can't sit for hours in a chair under the gun like I used to. I tend to even forget that they're there.



SLUG: Okay, this next question is about your feeling concerning the terrorist attacks on the World Trade Center and the Pentagon. What do you feel about it?

Ness: In the past, when things like this happened, I pretty much separated myself from it. But this time, for the first time, I felt sadness and shock. I also felt fear for my family. We were in Arizona when it happened and

fortunately we had a rental van that we drove back to California in. But, I think that this whole thing will make America a little bit more aware of the rest of the world and how America affects other countries. Like, when Bush traveled to Europe and everyone in those countries were protesting him. While back home, people seemed to approve of him and what he was doing in regards to his policy in dealing with the world. Now, I don't particularly like Bush, but I do respect him for how he's handled this situation.



SLUG: And now, this will be last my question. Each year, as Social Distortion gets bigger and bigger, where do you see the future of Social Distortion, or Mike Ness, for that matter?

Ness: I'm hoping to take Social Distortion as far and as big as I can. I mean, when I was young I would see The Clash playing huge fucking venues and wanted to be just like them and be as liked by so many people. We don't even have a label right now, so it will be interesting to see what is going to happen next with us, but I just want to play music for large audiences who enjoy our music.

*Robert
Ogden*

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A Glass Half Full

"Exploding the teenage underground into passionate revolt against the corporate ogre since 1982"

-K Records.

People had packed the small warehouse at the August Art Center in Provo to hear K Records' artists at their best. **Wolf Coronel**, **The Microphones**, **Get the hell out of the way of the volcano** and **Calvin Johnson** (part owner of K Records) were playing a spoken word and song set along with an improvisational play. K records have been putting out low-fi albums since 1982, making albums the way they wanted without compromise. While talking to Calvin after the show and over the phone recently I found out staying independent means staying true to yourself and what you believe. Here's a taste of one man's glass half full.

SLUG: Having been around since 1982, how has K Records remained independent?

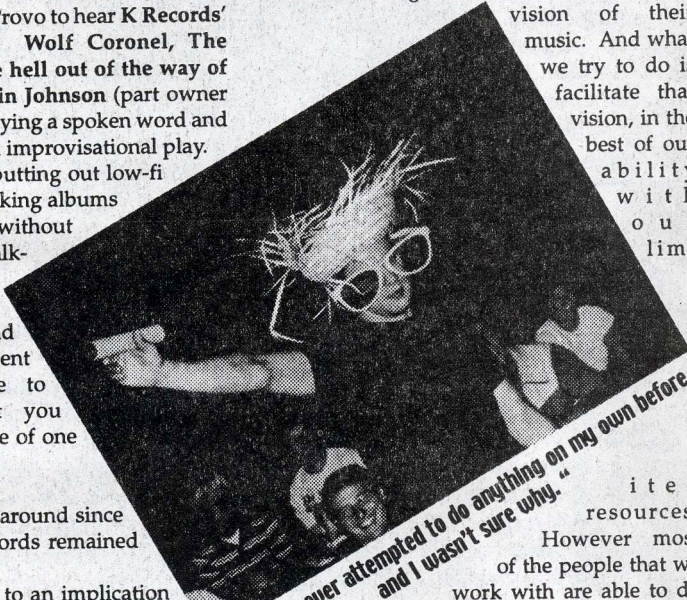
Calvin: There seems to be an implication in the question that going corporate is something that is a natural process. There's an underlying assumption that somehow it's desirable or some way tempting and the fact is it's really not an issue. It's not a temptation; it just doesn't exist as far as what I

do. It's not like I'm interacting with that world at any time.

SLUG: What's the philosophy of the independent artists you work with?

Calvin: The people that we work with have a certain feeling or

vision of their music. And what we try to do is facilitate that vision, in the best of our ability with our lim-



"I had never attempted to do anything on my own before and I wasn't sure why."

resources. However most of the people that we work with are able to do the work that they want with those resources so the work ends up the way they want it to and packaged the way they want it and recorded how they want it. So that is the criteria to which we're working. Trying to achieve the work on the level that the artist is working on and that's the entirety of the equation. And it doesn't even make sense in a commercial criteria to try and compete with Warner Brothers. We don't have the resources and we can't, there's just no way. So in our best interest it's important to put out the music we think is good and not worry about whether it's going to be a hit or not. It's a losing game. So the

only point in doing this is because you want to do it. And for me I have the pleasure of working with a number of creative people and I learn a lot. To see other people's creative process.

SLUG: How long have you been touring by yourself?

Calvin: I've been touring for a few years now, but I do both. I still do shows with **Dub Narcotic**. I had never attempted to do anything on my own before and I wasn't sure why. It's a different thing than working in a band and other people. It's a collaborating process at all times. Working by yourself you have complete control.

SLUG: The "Paper Opera" tour had each artist doing solo acoustic, is the atmosphere always that intimate?

Calvin: Yeah, it was really a great experience to tour with the **Microphones** and **Get the hell out of the way of the volcano**. Every night was different. The "Paper Opera" play she wrote just that afternoon. She would write stuff during the day and perform it at night.

SLUG: Coming soon from K Records is **Calvin Johnson: What Was Me**. Is that the solo Calvin?

Calvin: Yeah, it's just me and my guitar. They're songs I haven't recorded anywhere else.

SLUG: Concerning **Modest Mouse's Sad Sappy Sucker** release was that something that was always going to be released?

Calvin: It was going to be released way back when, but they put out **Long Drive** and **Isaac** didn't want to confuse people by putting the album out. He wanted to put out another album first and then release it. By the time **Lonesome Crowded West** came out **Modest** was on tour and there wasn't time to put it together. So finally I went up to his house and put all the original artwork from '95 together. I love those songs and a lot of people have expressed dissatisfaction with the album. To me though that is **Modest Mouse**. By time they got around to **Long Drive**.. it was just a rock band that played **Isaac's** songs, but the weird shit he did first was **Modest Mouse** to me. I'm really glad that those songs came out.

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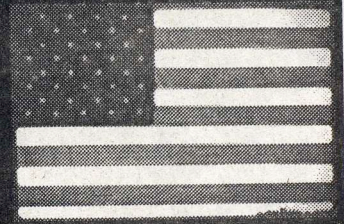
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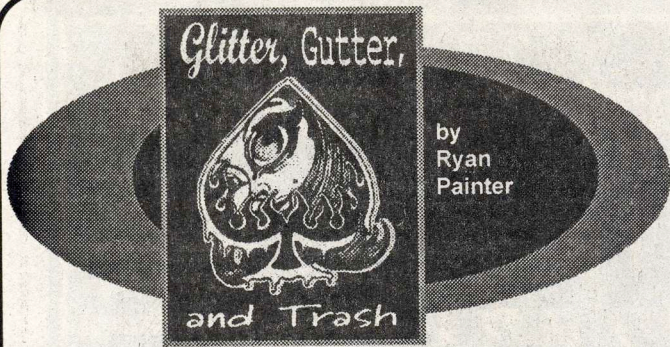
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I've spent the past few months annoyed with music. Listening to albums had become a chore and the thought of having to review another set of releases for October's issue was painful. Then the sadness came with uncertainty, discomfort and a disaster that left the world reeling. I've had my fill of death, between life and my recent research on World War II. I've turned back towards music as an escape and thankfully there has been somewhere to escape to.

Clan of Xymox have been trying to make the sister album to their self-titled debut ever since re-christening themselves as a goth act. *Notes From The Underground* is a noble effort, but much like *Creatures* before it, it fails to completely sustain itself. Even with that said it is the best goth album to come out in some time. Perhaps there in itself is the problem. There was a time when Clan of Xymox didn't seem to be trying to be anything but original. Their first three albums, *Clan of Xymox*, *Medusa* and *Twist of Shadows*, were all different in sound but constant in high quality (I'd go so far as to say nearly flawless). Then came *Phoenix*, the album that was going to make them huge. It failed to do so, partly because it was supposed to succeed. Following which, Xymox went from 3 members to 1 and transformed into a rather horrible electronica act and released *Metamorphosis*. Then came *Headclouds*, still electronic in nature, but closer to the quality of the first three releases (including a great cover of Bowie's "Wild is the Wind"). Then came Ronny's change of heart. Single-handedly he's strapped goth to his back, shunned his electro-techno days and foolishly shelved the dark synthpop of *Twist of Shadows*. Yet on *Notes From The Underground*, there are synth lines that are reminiscent of the sweeping cinematic vision of *Twist of Shadows*. But there is also a bit too much of the *Sisters of Mercy* in the mix and lyrically, I prefer the broken English of the first album and the candlelight imagery of the two following albums. Perhaps if the focus was not on the audience but on the music, Clan of Xymox could return to their heights as one of the best bands around.

CLAN OF XYMOX | NOTES FROM THE UNDERGROUND
METROPOLIS

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ECHO & THE BUNNYMEN | RHINO/WARNER
CRYSTAL DAYS 1979-1999

I bought it and instantly freed it from its packaging. Not since *Joy Division's Heart and Soul* has a box set demanded to be purchased. *Crystal Days* has everything; songs from before Crocodiles up through the grossly overlooked *What Are You Going To Do With Your Life*. 52 tracks, hits, rare bits, live covers and a book that combines a detailed history of the band and commentary from Will and Ian on the songs, albums and situations surrounding each major release (who would have guessed that "The Killing Moon" almost didn't happen?). Major highlights include a live version of "Start Again" which would later appear on Ian's first solo release after a drastic reworking, live tracks from their Scandinavian tour in 1985 and many single-only mixes, including the classic all-night version of "The Killing Moon."

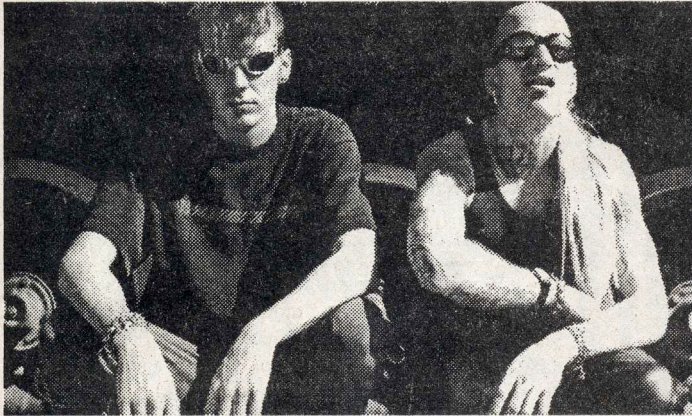
NEW ORDER | GET READY
REPRISE

Don't waste your time reading this review; simply go to the closest music store and buy this album. I thought the recent side projects, *Monaco* and *Electronic*, had released tremendous records. Maybe they did, but they're nothing compared to this. I don't know how to explain it properly, maybe it can't be explained. Every once and a while an album comes along that revitalizes me, reminds me why I became obsessive-compulsive about music in the first place. This is one of those albums. I could listen to it a thousand times and never be bored with it because the album sounds like everything they've done mixed together (including *Joy Division*), with the guitars turned up a notch and the keyboards and synths pulled back in the mix. The result is an album full of songs that all could be released as singles. I do however, have a hard time calling *Get Ready* a pop record, even though it is in many regards, because that doesn't give New Order the respect they deserve. This is, simply put, a masterpiece.

CURVE | GIFT
HIP-O/UNIVERSAL

For too brief a moment, Curve were the darlings of the UK press. They swaggered like the *Jesus and Marychain*, full of feedback and Dean Garcia's bass hooks with dead sexy vocals supplied by the equally attractive Toni Halliday. This was the sound of the future. Two albums and a handful of EP's later, Curve called it quits. The UK press had long since abandoned ship, choosing to chastise for the same reasons they praised. Meanwhile *Garbage* waltzed in with a slightly altered sound (less distortion, more straightforward pop sensibilities) and frightfully similar image (sexy lead vocalist) and proceeded to conquer the world. When Curve reemerged with a new single, and eventually a new album, there was a massive amount of anticipation. Would Curve be the next big thing? Sadly, no. *Come Clean* wasn't pop enough for the mainstream and seemed a bit rushed, lacking continuity. Many speculated that Curve would never be heard from again. Thankfully, that isn't the case. After releasing *Open Day At Hate Fest*—a collection of rare tracks—via their website *Gift* followed. From the moment it begins there is a newfound sense of urgency. The drums hit harder, the bass sounds thicker and the vocals kick in perfectly. This is how a Curve record should sound. "Hell Above Water" and "Gift" rattle at a breakneck pace. "Perish" recaptures the near-pop brilliance of their early singles and has often demanded to be played repeatedly before moving on to the rest of the album. This is what the world was waiting for, the Curve album that should have been. It's amazing what a band can do when the world has turned their backs on them. Cameo appearances include the likes of Kevin Shields (*My Bloody Valentine*), Alan Moulder, Flood and Alan Wilder (ex-Depeche Mode).

In February of this year I had set aside an entire month's column to feature local industrial artists. This month I'd like to focus on one particular project that has put forth a lot of effort and resources to give our local scene the exposure that it deserves. **Uber Faction** members **XoN** and **Fleisch** have taken it upon themselves to compile a double-disc compilation titled *Electraglow* in hopes of putting out the names and music of artists that have been either neglected or unrecognized in the past.



SLUG: When did you two start working together?

XON: We met in September of '97 and we finished recording our first, yet to be released, album around November/December. We started getting a set together shortly after that and started practicing. We had two drummers at that time, it was all primitive MIDI stuff. Our first show was with **The Electric Hellfire Club** the following April. It turned out pretty cool. We got a really good response.

FLEISCH: It was different too. I hadn't really heard many industrial or electronic bands in Salt Lake and I think the only other thing at the time were **Darkies**, uh, I mean **Daughters of the Nile**.

SLUG: So were you the only local industrial project at the time that you were aware of?

XON: No. There was **Fervid Torper** and **Cannibal Buffet**. They came up and introduced themselves to me after the show. They expressed interest like they wanted us to play some shows with them or start some sort of project or something, but that just fell apart like they did. Just people talking out their ass.

SLUG: Now, only a few years later, there seems to be a lot of local electronic sub-genre projects. Do you think these people were just hiding out back then, or that everybody just started working on material at once?

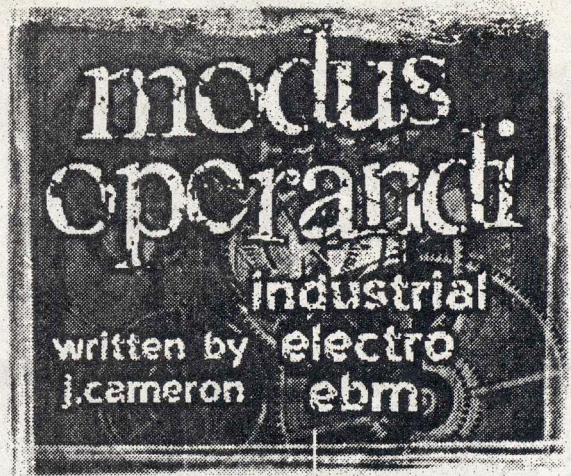
XON: I think there were about half as many bands around back then, but everyone was a basement band, like pretty much hidden. Us three bands were really the only one's getting out at all and doing anything.

SLUG: What was your inspiration to use your own finances and resources to compile all of the tracks and release the *Electraglow* compilation?

XON: Pretty much to get everyone exposed, do everyone a favor. The only things that get exposure are things that are poppy and that's the only thing that media focuses on. They don't focus on anything small, any small movements like our scene.

FLEISCH: The exposure thing is a big thing, but it's so much for us to see that there are other people doing this in Salt Lake too, and that there is so much good stuff going on here in Salt Lake. That's why we started working with **AlgorithmDekonstrukt**. He really didn't have much of a live show and he wanted to build it up more. That's some of our favorite stuff in town. Hopefully from this we'll see more of these bands starting their live act. I don't think all of them will, but it'll be interesting who does.

XON: Another we're trying to do with this compilation we're trying to help people out in different ways locally. Trying to lead by example and get



peoples asses moving so they can get their names out.

FLEISCH: I think it will be good for people to look back and say that they were a part of the *Electraglow* compilation. I mean, who is from Salt Lake that wouldn't want to have a compilation of really cool material of local artists that are from here? A lot of these bands are going to be going somewhere in the next couple of years and I think it'll be really cool to look back and say, "Wow, that's what they sounded like 5 years ago." It's documenting history in a way.

Much thanks going out to the members of **Uber Faction** for taking some time out to talk about their efforts and projections. The *Electraglow* compilation can be purchased at **MODified Music**, the 2nd South **Graywhale** CDs, and the **Brickyard Media Play** location. Visit the home of **Uber Faction** and *Electraglow* at www.fleshkontrol.com.

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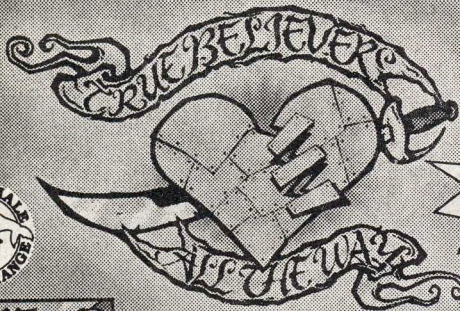
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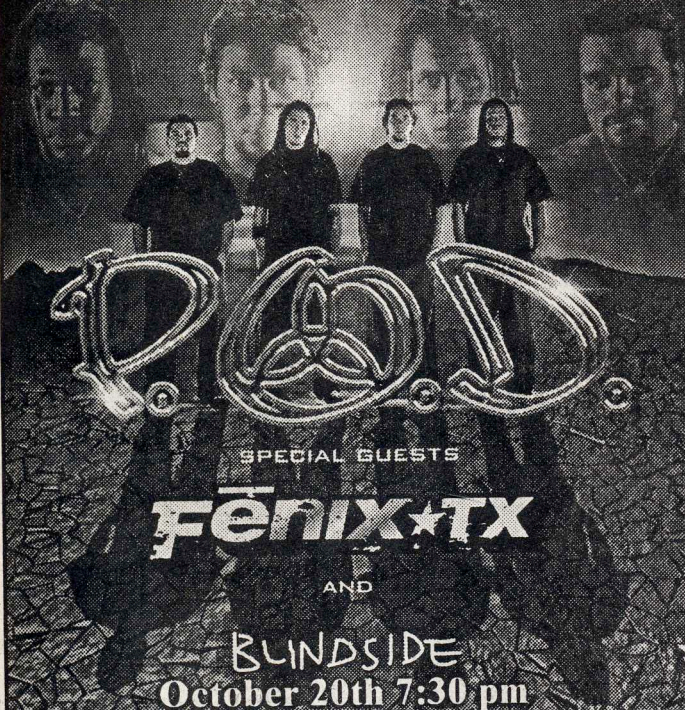
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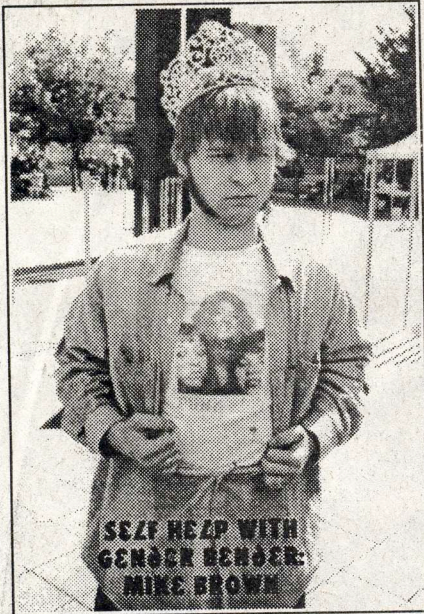
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DISGRUNTLED WAITRESS SEEKS REVENGE!!



Dear Mike Brown,

I need revenge. I hate my old boss so bad. He is the biggest cocknobber imaginable. I wish he would eat a bowl of rotten cunt logs and choke to death. I was a waitress at his restaurant but then he fired me for no reason. I hated working for him anyway. I need to get him back. Here's a list of things he's done: 1. Never gives you a paycheck. 2. Stores wet dirty towels for next day's use. 3. Talks about your physical "ass-sets". 4. Expects you to pay his bills with your cash. 5. Hates Utah but won't leave. 6. Runs the same daily specials for nine years. 7. Re-dips his french fries all day. 8. Refers to his employees as 'bitches'. 9. Takes off his pants exposing his naked old man ass in the office with the door open.

Please help Mike Brown. What can I do to get back at him? Since I'm fired I really don't care how mean I should be to him. What's he gonna do, fire me again? Thanks
Sincerely,
Out of work waitress.

Revenge. What a strange thing. So much of human existence is based on it. Pretty much every major war is just a form of revenge of some sorts. Like a couple weeks ago capitalism took a blow to the mid section. So the corporate media told us who to hate. And now we get to seek revenge and kill some people who probably don't care if they die anyway. Oh well. The worst that could possibly happen is that I could get drafted and SLUG won't be as good as it used to be.

The point is that revenge effects almost every human being in some way, shape, or form. I personally think it's childish (imagine that). Right now my dad is getting revenge on my mom by making her dad, my grandpa, pay for my tuition. My mom thinks my dad should pay and my dad thinks my grandpa should pay. It's kinda funny cuz now I'm the actual tool of revenge. I am the patriot missile fired by my dad headed towards the Middle

Eastern country known as my mom's house. And it's hilarious to watch my sophisticated parents reduced to a seventh grade level of shit talking and petty bickering.

And even last week I acted out my own form of revenge. See, I went to this party with a girl I knew. And she was flirting with me all night. But then I almost fought a hippie with a trust fund and a bad attitude. She ended up fucking him instead that night and I caught them. So I went outside and peed in her car. Then I left her a note saying, "Remember who fucked you before you got liposuction". I felt a lot better after I was mean to her. And she never called me again, problem solved.

Enough about me. Here's what you need to do. The first and most obvious solution for revenge is to make a simple phone call to the health inspector. I've worked in the food industry before, and I have never ever met a restaurant manager that likes a thorough health inspection. They would rather have a glass tube shoved in their urethra and then have their shaft smashed with a hammer. They would rather have their colon surgically removed with a rusty x-acto knife with no anesthetic and then have it fed to them. They would rather have an enema with gasoline and then smoke weed out of their ass. You get the point.

But calling the health inspector is kind of easy and might not provide the satisfaction you need. So get creative. Do some research and find out what his favorite possessions are. Chances are he really likes his car, all guys do. So fuck with it. Some good things to do are: 1. Shit in a Ziploc bag and cut the corner, then write obscenities all over the car like you were frosting a cake. 2. If he leaves the windows open a crack, then you can piss in that same Ziploc bag and freeze your piss into the shape of a flat square. Then you slip the frozen piss into his driver's seat and it will melt. 3. Or just get crazy like my friend Timmy, who flat out spray painted "Proud to be stupid." On a jock's car that used to pick on him in Jr. High. Good job Timmy. 4. Save up some old milk, at least a month old, and pour it down his vents. I know a kid named V who did that because the student

body president of his school knocked his scooter over.

If he has pets you can fuck with them too. Just please don't hurt them. All I'm saying is that it is very easy to paint a dog without harming him. One time I was mad at my neighbors so I kidnapped their Persian cat and gave it a Mohawk. Then I drew a gigantic dick on their driveway with soap. You should do that to. Soap is easy and fun to write with on concrete. It comes off after lots of effort.

Also, you should fuck with his personal life. Like put his number in the classifieds with a fucked up message saying that you can only call between 3 and 4 AM. And the message should say shit like "bearded men only, I'm new at this so be gentle." And if he's married you should try to ruin that too. Like send flowers to his house when his wife is home and he's not with a card saying shit like "I've never fucked on a salad bar before."

There are so many possibilities. And I'm running out of room. The best advice I can give is to just have fun with your revenge. Enjoy it. And now that everyone reading this knows what I'm capable of, don't piss me off. I have a lot more ideas that I choose not to write in case I need to use them in the future.

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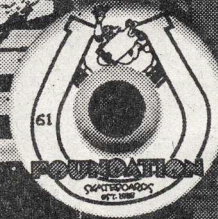


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Sire-ing a Scene

Indie Label Spotlight

by Stakerized!

The more things change, the more things never stay the same. After being a famed A&R (artists & repertoire) man in the record industry for years, in the early 70's Seymour Stein started Sire Records with Richard Gottehrer. The label was legendary for its ties with the New York punk/indie music scene, signing many bands of the day and bringing them from New York notoriety to national and worldwide acclaim. Page after page of band websites start their tale of getting signed: "Seymour Stein saw us perform and was blown away..." And that's no small compliment from someone often called visionary.

The reason he was able to create such magic with the label was that he wasn't just an industry type, he really loved the music. He told the BBC: "It was a beautiful night, in November. I was standing outside of CBGB's and heard the Talking Heads for the first time. I felt like I was being picked up by a vacuum cleaner, like the cartoon where the mouse gets sucked up. I found myself moving to the music. At the risk of offending all the other artists I've worked with, this is the moment I'll always remember most."

Eventually, other hands wanted a part of it, and Warner Bros. acquired the label, although later it detached and became an independent part of the Warner Music Group, a unique position to be in. It's perhaps ironic that, for all the indie groups he worked with, in the industry Stein is best known for signing Madonna.

It hasn't been all a lovefest between musicians and Stein & Sire; Richard Hell's side-man Robert Quine told the online magazine Perfect Sound Forever (furious.com/perfect/): "When we got back, we were basically through. We just limped on for two years. We weren't very interested. We knew we hated Sire and Seymour Stein—he's the Roy Cohn of record executives. They treated us like garbage. They wouldn't give me a free copy when it came out—they told me to ask Richard and wouldn't let me into their offices. Hell was difficult and they had no use for us. They only signed Hell and that created all kinds of legal problems. I never got any royalties from that record. The band was kind of pressuring Hell at the time that if he didn't get off Sire, we would quit."

Stein dropped the Dead Boys for being too harsh, although their release *Young, Loud & Snotty*, was in its own way just as revolution-



ary and groundbreaking as some of the Ramones and Sex Pistols. Cheetah Chrome, Dead Boys guitarist, told the zine First Church of Rock'n'Roll, "I guess I probably need to point out that at the time (1977), Sire was NOT a major label. In '76, '77, Seymour Stein started buying up all the punk bands he could, looking for the next Ramones, (or rather, looking for tax write-offs FOR the Ramones). We were "lucky" enough to be one of them. The asshole still does this, and wrecks a lot of what could be decent careers with his little development deal scam.

"Anyway, in the midst of our first tour, Sire became a subsidiary of Warner Bros. who ARE a major label, so next thing we know we've got these doofus A&R guys at all of our shows, setting up in-store appearances, radio interviews, and showing "toot" up our waiting noses. This also brought what's known as tour support, so we got to stay in decent places and eat a few times a week, hell, sometimes we could even buy beer and cigarettes!! We never got to be "rich rock stars" per se, but we had plenty of press, the girls loved us, all the dealers wanted to hang with us and we couldn't walk down the street in damn near any city without being recognized. We could also destroy hotel rooms, dressing rooms, rental cars, etc., and Sire or our manager would get us out of it or pay for it. Just the thing for 5 like-minded juvenile delinquents like ourselves!

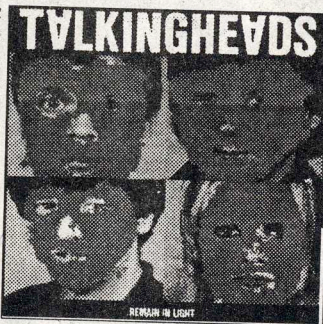
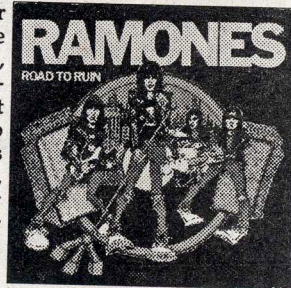
"Now, if we were to appear today? My guess is we'd die the death, overshadowed by morons with black contact lenses and lead singers that wear baseball caps that can't play their fucking guitars. Plus, I'm proud to say that not one Dead Boy could rap worth a shit, and wouldn't want to, so that's another strike against us.

"Nah, unfortunately, instead of changing things to where the criteria record companies used to sign acts changed, the kids figured that anybody that could wear a safety pin in his nose had

a right to a million-dollar contract after two guitar lessons! From what I hear these days, we played too well, cared too much and dressed too cool to ever make it in today's market."

If there was controversy, it was because, as an industry maven, he wasn't just trying to give these bands exposure, he was trying to make them huge, and if they didn't seem likely to have at least a fairly large following, the relationship didn't last long. He told the New York Times, "I've looked for artists who had drive—who wanted to make it at any cost," he says. "The songs are everything. But there has to be a very strong desire on the part of the artists to make it—almost a ruthless desire. I spotted that in Madonna. She wanted it badly, and she had the ability."

A partial discography of Sire Records includes the Ramones, Patti Smith, Talking Heads, Echo & the Bunnymen, the Smiths, the Pretenders, Paul Westerberg & the Replacements, Lou Reed, Kristin Hersh, Lush, Belly, Primal Scream, Book of Love, Throwing Muses, Depeche Mode, Pet Shop Boys, Soft Cell, The The, Everything But the Girl, k.d.lang, Seal, Debbie Harry, Madonna, the Cure, the Cult, Aztec Camera, the Dead Boys, Richard Hell & the Voidoids, the Flamin' Groovies, Poster Children, Tom Tom Club, Ice T, Ministry, Radio Birdman, the Rezillos and Brian Wilson.



DEAR SLUG. THIS MONTH I...

WHAT'S UP WITH GEORGE?

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 - FOUND SOME NEW PANTS TO WEAR
 - DRANK A BUNCH OF WHEAT GRASS JUICE AND ARGUED WITH BOB ABOUT RETALIATION LOUDLY IN A CROWDED STORE
 - WAS ACCUSED OF BEING A CAPITALIST BY A CUSTOMER
 - DIDN'T RAISE A FLAG
 - DIDN'T MARCH IN A PEACE RALLY
 - THOUGHT THAT I HADN'T DONE ANYTHING TO ANYBODY
 - WAS LIKELY WRONG
 - WAS MILDLY REPULSED WHEN SHALICE FOUND A PUBIC HAIR IN OUR PIZZA
 - WAS SURPRISED THAT THEY ACTED SO FOOLISHLY AND RUDE WHEN SHE COMPLAINED
 - AGREED THAT HE SHOULD REFUSE THE SMALLER REPLACEMENT PIZZA FOR FEAR THEY HAD DONE SAVAGE AND TERRIBLE THINGS TO IT
 - FELT THAT ALL OF US HUMANS ARE PRETTY PATHETIC
- LOVE, GEORGE



by Stakerized!

Punk as Fuck, an Interview with Punk Magazine Founder John Holmstrom by Stakerized!

There are times and there are times, but how many magazines can say that they gave a name to an entire musical revolution?

Punk Magazine just celebrated the 25th anniversary of its initial publishing in 1976, the year that marked the start of punk rock as well. After a long hiatus, publisher John Holmstrom just started up again with issue #0. I don't want to say too much more to preface, just that this is an incredible story.

How did you start Punk Magazine? "Twenty-six years ago, you know, I was just out of art school. My teacher, Harvey Kurtzman, was the guy who started MAD Magazine. He recommended me for a job, and that put the bug up my butt." Why did you want to start a magazine about what was to become punk rock? "It wasn't just about punk music, but other things. I just wanted to do a really outrageous magazine. Legs McNeil came up with the name "Punk." "And McNeil is also generally credited for making it a part of common usage.

What were your favorite early features?" My favorite was Issue #15, the Mutant Monster Beach Party. It was like a feature length movie." The magazine often used then-novel panel cartoon stories that mixed line art and photographs. "It featured Debbie Harry, Joey Ramone, Peter Wolf of J. Geils Band, and Andy Warhol. It was what we were all about. People often point to my interview with



Legs and John taken at the CBGBs benefit 1/10/01, photo by Price Abbot

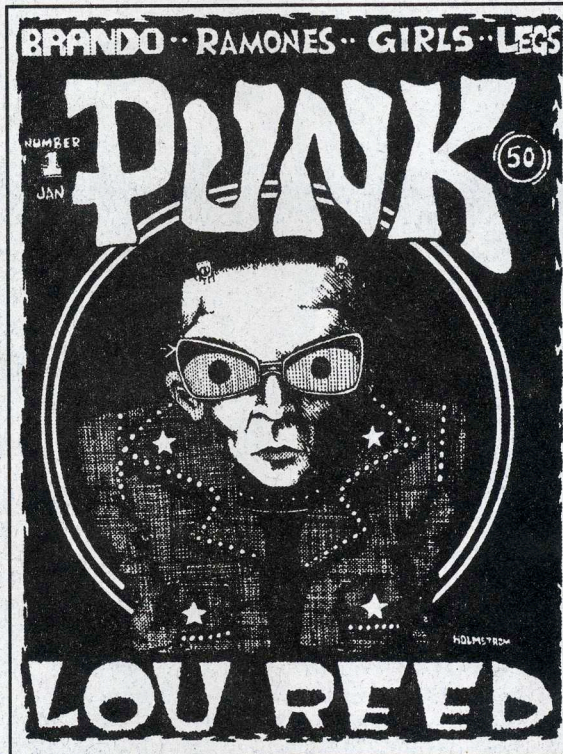
Lou Reed in Issue #1 though. I caught him at an interesting time. People say he was rude but that was just his public persona. He was really a nice person. Issue #7 had his rapidograph drawings he did during *Metal Machine Music*. People think that album was just noise, but he planned it out in great detail. If you listen you can hear things like tape machines going in the background."

To me, punk is just rock-n-roll without the bullshit.

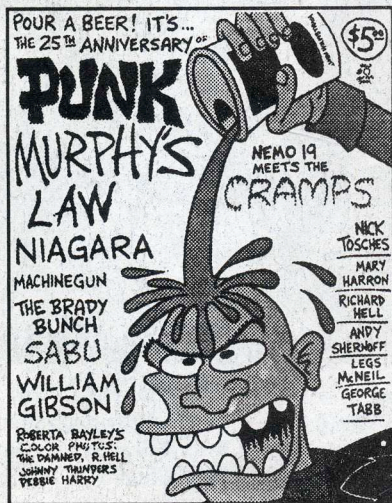
did more for than anyone else was the Dead Boys. They played at CBGB's Summer Festival. The first article about the Ramones helped them get their first record deal. And Blondie was kind of obscure, a lot of people didn't have respect for their music. We were the first magazine to put the Sex Pistols on the cover. Some remained obscure, like Robert Gordon, who did some rootsy stuff with Link Wray. And Suicide, people didn't realize they were the first punk rock band. The Dictators remain sort of obscure, they never made it big like the Ramones."

How did the magazine change over its three and a half year history? "Every issue changed. We went from tabloid to magazine format, and back again. Then we were over-size. We were always changing, that was the one thing that made us unique. Now since we started again we've only put out one issue, and the biggest change is now we have computers. Back then it was 100% hand lettered. And there are new people. The band I like the most, that convinced me the scene is happening again is the Bulllys. We have our listening party on the web, punkmagazine.com, and bands include the Mud City Manglers, the Priests, the 411s, and Nova Express. A lot of bands have potential. Once you perfect your sound, there's nowhere to go but down." Yes, but there's the idea of a band progressing. "Right, people like Alice Cooper and the New York Dolls sounded terrible at first. But some bands there is something interesting there that catches your ear. A lot of bands are too comfortable just being punk. We're doing a story on the Damned, and they are far from just punk. But we're still mostly punk."

How did photographer Roberta Bayley come to work for Punk? "Roberta worked the door at CBGB's, so you had to know her to get in. The real reason, on the cover of Issue #2, Guillemette Barbet took a great photo of Patti Smith, and had to borrow Roberta's darkroom. Then Roberta's first assignment was the Ramones on #3. The Ramones called later, the photo session for their cont on page 26



MUTANT MONSTER BEACH PARTY



What was it like hanging out with people in the early punk scene? "It was great, being a big music fan, and we were creating a new scene. Later, I realized I was one of the most influential people on the scene. In two weeks, I went from a nobody to... we were kingmakers. Before Issue #1, nobody knew who we were. Everybody was waiting for a magazine called New York Rocker to put the New York scene on the map, and then we came out of nowhere. They loved us and hated us. The band we

Roberta Bayley: New York's Doll

by Kevin Kirk

Roberta Bayley has captured some of the most enduring moments from the early days of punk rock. You might not know her name, but you definitely have seen her pictures. She is the photographer of the now classic Ramones' first album (she was paid \$125 for that photo!). She took the cover picture for the Richard Hell & The Voidoids *Blank Generation* album, a true punk classic. Back in the day she was Chief Photographer for the original *PUNK Magazine* and a door person for CBGB's. I had the pleasure to interview Roberta (via e-mail).

SLUG: When did you first start taking pictures?

R.B.: I started taking pictures seriously in 1975. I did take 2 semesters of photography in high school in California and enjoyed it a lot. My teacher was Brooks Dutt. I later found out he was doing nude sessions with my sister's friend Sandy (16 years old!) I bought a Nikon in San Francisco in 1971 but didn't have a darkroom so I didn't pursue it seriously. I went to London in 1972 and came to NYC in 1974 and began working at CBGBs. I bought a Pentax Spotmatic in 1975. A friend gave me a darkroom and I started taking pictures of bands who needed photos.

SLUG: How did you get involved with photographing The Ramones and Richard Hell?



R.B.:

I began working at PUNK Magazine (see www.punkmagazine.com) in 1976 and that led to many sessions including the Ramones which led to the album cover. Richard Hell was a boyfriend briefly in 1974 and after we broke up and I began taking pictures, I took many photos of him and his band the Voidoids. Richard has a record coming out on Matador of two live shows from 1978 and I will be contributing photos for that. He also has a book coming out soon (*Hot and Cold*)

nal photo? I love that picture!



Debbie Harry & Roberta Bayley

R.B.: Actually the group photo on the reissued CD was the original cover - when Sire signed a distribution deal with Warner, the Voidoids record was delayed and they were allowed to re-record it. In the meantime I did more sessions with Richard and he decided to use the *You make me* ___ cover instead.

SLUG: Anybody who you would especially like to photograph?

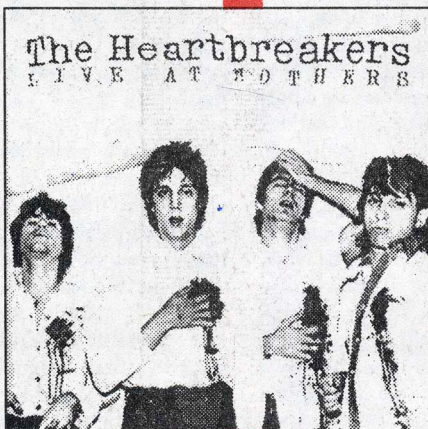
R.B.: I stopped taking photographs in 1983, but I could be coaxed out of retirement by Russell Crowe. I was blessed by having very cooperative subjects. I work fast and impatient rock musicians appreciated that...

I had some annoying subjects who I would prefer not to mention by name. Oddly enough they were never the "big" names. Deborah Harry, probably the biggest musician I photographed, was also one of the loveliest to work with, always so generous and real.

which will include some of my photos.

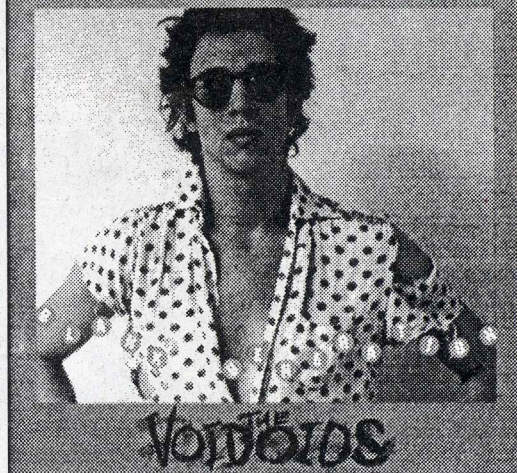
SLUG: I love the Heartbreakers photo with the blood as if they have been shot, lately I have seen other bands do this, such as The Murder City Devils. Whose idea was it to do this for the Heartbreakers' photo shoot?

R.B.: This was Richard's idea. The "blood" is Hershey's chocolate syrup. This is what they used in cheap black & white B movies to simulate blood. This idea was recently used by super hot men's designer Hedi Slimane in his latest Paris collection with the "blood" being embroidered onto shirts in red sequins!



SLUG: Why did they reissue the Richard Hell & The Voidoids CD without the origi-

RICHARD HELL &



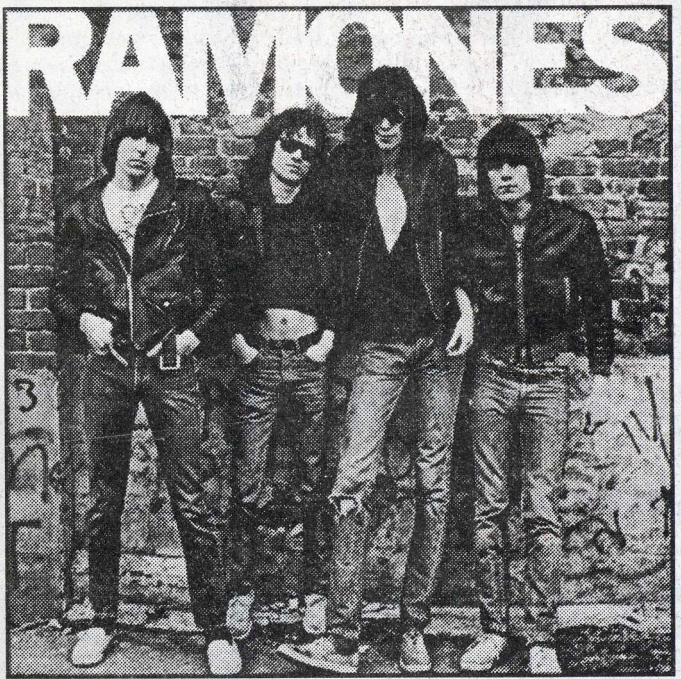
SLUG: Anybody that you wished that you had photographed?

R.B.: Brian Jones, Michael Hutchence, River Phoenix.

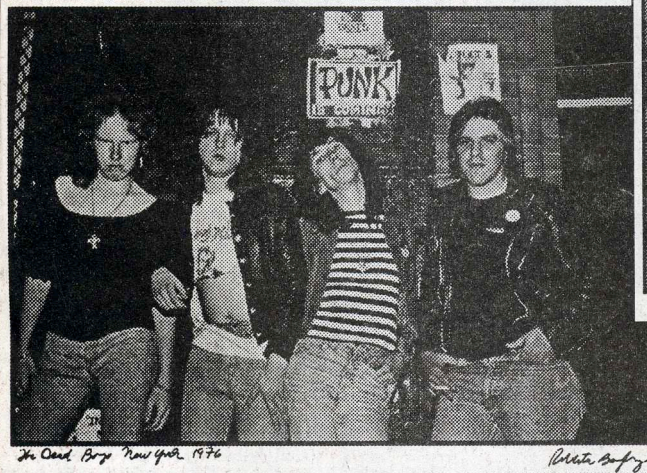
SLUG: Being a New Yorker, are there any thoughts that you would like to share with us on this tragedy?

R.B.: Yes, I was here on St. Mark's Place, working on the computer and listening to the radio (Howard Stern) When Howard mentioned what was happening, I turned on CNN and when I saw what had happened I went up to my roof where I have (had) a perfect view of the Twin Towers. I watched them burn and crumble. It has been a very sad and very depressing time. Nothing

He was a good friend of John Holmstrom's. John is very disheartened. Who knows what the future of Punk Magazine will be? Our offices are in "The Zone" and we cannot go there and there are no phones.



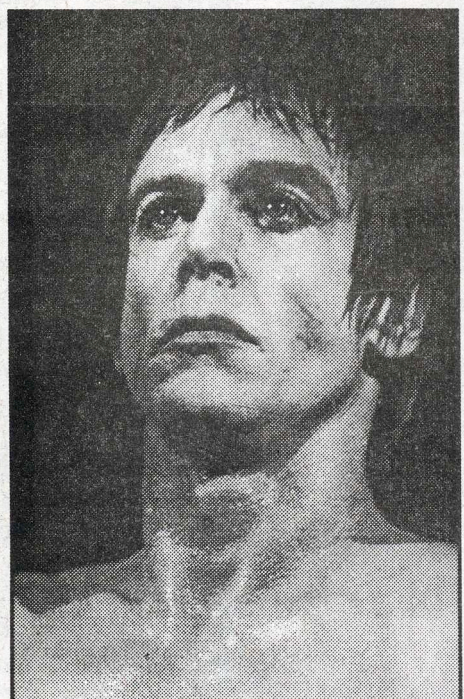
NYC 1976



seems real. Oddly enough, the weather was perfect on that day has been pretty beautiful since then, the best weather this year. So it's hard to believe in the horror. But I have felt proud to be a New Yorker in these hard days.

SLUG: Since you were so involved with PUNK magazine the first time around, will you be as involved with the new PUNK magazine?

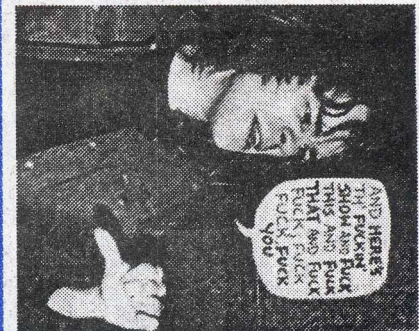
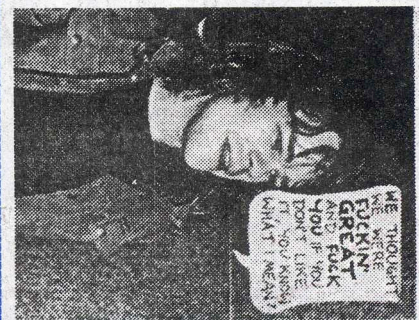
R.B.: I really don't know what to say. One of the members of the band The Bullies (who played the PUNK Magazine party in January) was a firefighter who died in the attack.



IGGY POP

It is really a strange time. I hope you will cover Richard Hell's book *Hot and Cold* when it comes out (soon). Maybe the nude photo of Richard in the book will give us a rare moment of laughter!

To check out more of Roberta's photos, pick up the book *Blank Generation Revisited...The Early Days Of Punk Rock*. And remember to buy it at Sam Weller's 254 South Main and support the independents!!



David Johansen of The NY Dolls

cont from pg 23

PUNK

best photos when it came to narrative stories. She was an action photographer, rather than a still photographer. Her style really fitted the magazine well."

How did you meet and become friends with Johnny Heff, guitarist/backup singer of the Bullys, who was also a NYC firefighter lost to the WTC disaster? "I went to see them, and put them on the Top 99 at Punk Magazine, just like I used to do the "Pot 100"

at High Times when I worked there. The founder of High Times (Tom Forcade) was the biggest fan of punk I ever met. HT was the first national magazine to put Debbie Harry and the Sex Pistols on the cover. (Forcade also produced DOA, the Sex Pistols' concert movie) A friend sent me the Bullys' CD, and I was really impressed. I went to see them in August 99, it was the same time of year, like I saw the Ramones in August '75. I introduced myself, and saw that they were the real deal.

Johnny jumped all over me for help. I tried to get him to open for the Ramones, and the Bullys played the last Joey Ramone party at CBGB's before Joey died. They have mp3s up. They were the first band I wanted to play the benefit to kick off the Punk Magazine rebirth. They were glad, cause they usually got the shit

spot, like first or second, and I had them late in the evening. A good singer and bass player, the singer with an edge in his voice without

album didn't work out and they used her. She put a lot of energy into the magazine. Hers were some of the

being grating, and a great image. You know, an image like the school bullies, and it's kind of hard for 30 year old guys to pull that off. But done so well, with such a sense of humor. Like a Dictators, a name to live up to, but a loudmouth."

How has punk rock changed since the early days? "When I was listening to punk rock, I thought it applied to Alice Cooper. I thought

afterward. It got too difficult to publish. We were literally pulled out of our offices kicking and screaming. I think there was a government influence on it. Someone who is highly placed in the punk movement told me Jimmy Carter was heard to say "we gotta stop this punk rock thing." Weird things happened to our mail; we never did get the Clash album. We got hate mail. One package looked like

these legal papers, but stuck together. Then I opened it and all these firecrackers went off, it was like this little bomb. And a note inside said FACE ACID NEXT; FAN. Someone sent an artwork made out of razor blades, so to open it you'd cut yourself." Holmstrom



John's Birthday cake to the face during CBGBs benefit 1/10/01, photo by John Nikolai



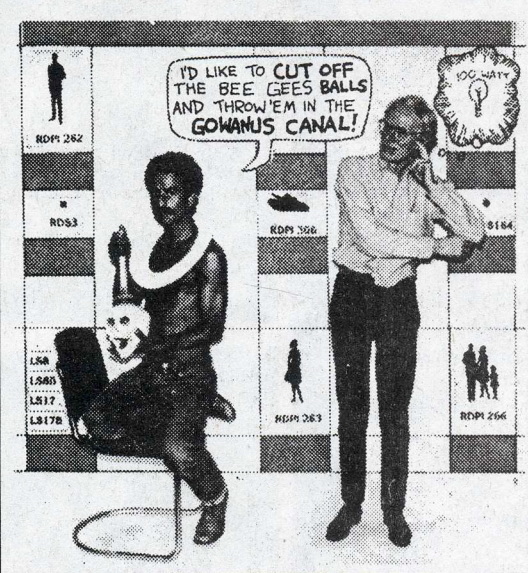
John and the Damned, "Life's A Gas" show. Photo by John Nikolai

it was just rock'n'roll played loud and fast. I heard about the Stooges and the MC5. The MC5 were hippies but had this energy, the fuck-you attitude of garage bands, that hippies didn't have. The anger, the aggression; the Stooges may have been the angriest band alive. The Sex Pistols wrapped everything up so well, they made everyone forget that there was any other way to do it, and when they collapsed it sucked the energy out of it. There were still people like the Misfits and the Ramones. Hardcore was the first big change. But punk isn't strictly shock rock. The newest thing is "punk rock'n'roll," going back to early 50's rock and early R'N'B, like the Bullys. I didn't like a lot of punk rock in the 70's. To me, punk is just rock'n'roll without the bullshit. I'm just happy to be working on the magazine again. We weren't ready for what happened back then; the media took over "punk." But people love the word "punk," they still love the look, the jeans and leather jackets, the mohawks."

still managed to make a living doing cartoons for Scholastic kids' magazine Bananas, which he'd been doing before Punk, and other freelance work. "Then in '84-'85, I lost the freelance work. In '86 or '87 I went to High Times, and it was very interesting. The editor wanted

PUNK - (pŭngk) noun
[ORIGIN UNCERTAIN]
1 Obs. A PROSTITUTE
2 Slang a BEGINNER
AN INEXPERIENCED HAND
b SOMETHING
INFERIOR OR USELESS
-adj Slang U.S. VERY POOR;
BAD; INFERIOR; ALSO
3 A YOUNG RUFFIAN
4 A WORTHLESS ARGUMENT, NONSENSE

A WARPED MAD SCIENTIST- DOCTOR ANDY- WHO ALSO HAPPENS TO BE PRESIDENT OF THE AJAX FALLOUT SHELTER COMPANY- IS ABOUT TO TEST OUT HIS NEWEST SHELTER. HE TRIES TO THINK OF A WAY TO TRICK HIS ASSISTANT INTO BEING A GUINEA PIG.



"But in 1979, after Nancy (Spungen) died and Sid did it, no record company would touch us. Then Tom Forcade died, and my father died shortly

to bring back the garage band thing, like the Chocolate Watch Band, the Count Five. I did a comic strip interview with Eldridge Cleaver. The hippie resurgence was starting back then. We did covers on Sebastian Bach and Cypress Hill. It was kinda weird, the same thing happened to punk. We were creating a music culture that didn't exist before. I went from editorial to publishing there, and learned a lot about that side of things."

As far as his plans for the future, "I'm just trying to raise money for the magazine, but it's hard. I'd like to do it right. The next issue will be out in December/January, and the WTC will be old news by then. About the Bullys' tribute, there will be a little bit about the tragedy. I want this to be just another issue of Punk. I want to tell people what a cool guy he was, his importance to the scene. He was the first guy in rock'n'roll to die a hero's death. The Bullys were just getting in position to become successful. The band is devastated but will go on, I hope they will go on."

Johnny Heff, guitar player for The Bullys, worked during the day as a New York City firefighter (Div. 01, Bat. 04, headquarters was Ladder Company #11 located on East 2nd Street between Avenues B & C). His unit, well-known to everyone in the neighborhood because of the low-rider fire engine that featured a huge toy Godzilla on top of the cab, was one of the first on the scene of the terror attack. In all likelihood he was involved in the ill-fated rescue mission in the World Trade Center when the building collapsed. As a friend put it, "Knowing Johnny, he was probably the first guy out of the truck and into the building."



Johnny Heff of The Bullies at the CBGBs.
Photo by John Holmstrom

I saw The Bullys at The Continental over the summer. It was a rough gig for them. They had sound problems, and the show was real rough. Stop and go. Johnny's amp kept screwing up, and he was getting pissed off. It reminded me of the early Ramones gigs, when Dee Dee would throw his guitar on the ground in frustration and storm off the stage. Then in the middle of all these problems the fire department showed up. They were going to shut down the club. On any other night I am sure they would have, but Johnny leaped off the stage, ran to the back of the club, and

took care of things. Afterwards, I asked Johnny about what happened. This was the first time he talked about his job with me. He was real proud that he was able to save the show with his unique connections.

That's the last time I spoke with him.

If not for The Bullys, I might never have bothered with the relaunch of PUNK magazine. This band, more than anything else, convinced me that there's a real rock 'n' roll scene out there worth writing about. I wanted to bring out a new PUNK magazine so maybe we could put The Bullys on the map, just like we did for The Ramones, Blondie and the Dead Boys back in the day. I honestly thought think The Bullys had as much potential as any of them. I had been working on a script for a new fumetti that would have starred Johnny and The Bullys. I am hoping we can rescue it somehow, but replacing Johnny will be impossible. He had real star quality. I thought he was like the Jimmy Cagney of punk rock. (Come to think of it, Cagney might be the original punk - but more on that some other time.) Johnny had real star quality. He was good-looking, articu-

late (in his own way), talented, ambitious, and charismatic. The Bullys are feeling a much greater sense of loss. Johnny was the band's motivator, songwriter, spokesman, leader and businessman. He devoted all of his spare time to running the band. The Bullys will hopefully keep the band going in some form, but it will never be the same. Their loss, and the loss Johnny's close family members are feeling, is incalculable.

To support the family of Johnny Heff and those from his Fire Station, write a tax-deductible check made out to:

Eng28/Lad11, WTC Relief Fund

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John Holmstrom
Editor/Publisher
PUNK magazine



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LAME ASSS

With Your Host Kevlar7

Concert Previews

Social Distortion at the *X-96 Big Ass Show* was fucking incredible. It's good to see those

guys are still able to go out and kick ass. If you saw me getting down on the side of the stage and want to inform me of how moronic I looked, e-mail me at www.Kevlar7@hotmail.com, to fill me in.

If its not to late, make sure not to miss **The Damned**, **Swingin' Utters**, and **Pleasure Forever** at *Bricks* on the 5th. Do not miss any of these bands, get there early.

Also, on the 5th, the return of **Rocket 350** at *Burt's Tiki Lounge*. Last time these guys played here it turned into a huge drunk fest. Rocket 350 hails from Atlanta, Georgia and has a style of rockabilly/psychobilly reminiscent of the Rev. Horton Heat. Opening is local faves **The Unlucky Boys**. Flip a fricking quarter to decide between the two shows, but do not miss either one.

The 6th should also be a damn good time, with the return of **El Vez**, at the *Zephyr Club*. Billed as



the "Spanish Elvis", he does the King's songs all in Spanish. Ohhhhh.....yeah, baby. Who's your king now sweetheart?

If kick ass local music is your thing then check out the rockin' sounds of **The Kill**, **Iodina** (my vote for craziest and disturbing live performance), **The Downers**, and **Hammergun**. This is a benefit show for the *My Sweet Records* Compilation featuring these bands and more. It's on the 6th and it's at *Kilby Court*.

If any of you were bummed that **Ben Folds** canceled playing at the *Big Ass Show*, well, he wants to make it up to you, with a free concert on the 7th at *Bricks*. Should be a damn good show don't miss it.

Great punk in the form of **Bigwig** and **The Places**, also on the 7th, at *Kilby Court*. **Bigwig** played on the *Warped Tour* and their latest on *Side-One Dummy Records* is quite entertaining.

The 8th brings **Southern Culture on the Skids** to our town at *Liquid Joe's*. Playing a southern fried funky rockabilly groove, the **SCOTS** put on one of the most hilarious and entertaining live sets around. Opening is **Slim Cessna's Auto Club**. A rambunctious honky-tonk country group that sings all the right songs about love, god, and murder. Hang your heads in shame if you miss it.

If any of you are broke, or have to miss the above show for whatever reason, there's always the free show at *Burt's Tiki Lounge* on the 9th. The band is **Marvelkind** and they are very out there. From electronica of 808 State, to David Bowie glam, to indie emo-Jimmy Eat World, these guys do it all and it's fucking incredible.

Killer blues on the 9th with **Scott Keaton and the Deviants**, at the *Dead Goat Saloon*. These guys play a soulful blues that is incredible listen too.

The 10th has psychedelic English pop from three guys from San Francisco. Their band is **Black Rebel Motorcycle Club** and they are finally returning to *Liquid Joe's*. Lets hope that these guys will actually play this time, since I've been hearing so much about how good this band is live.

Fans of indie mathematics-emotional rock with that soft to loud feel will want to check out **Victory at Sea** and **The Butchies** at *Kilby Court* also on the 10th.

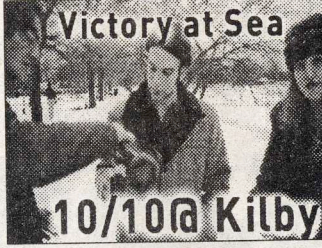
For those who like heavy kill-

your-mother-for-Satan music, there is **Tantric** and **Oleander** at *Bricks* on the 10th. Actually, what interests me, is the openers **Beautiful Creatures**, who describe themselves as a kick ass rock n' roll band. Should be cool just to see them.

All of you pissed off at the world punk rockers out there must not miss the return of **No Use For a Name** at *Bricks* on the 11th. This band knows how to get the sides splitting and eyes watering with their hilarious power punk that hits hard and fast.

Modest Mouse is at *Bricks* on the 12th. I think most people have heard of this band by now, so I don't really need to say much about them. You either like them or you don't. So, go see them, or don't. Your choice.

Ahhhhh.....yeah, it's the return of **Fishbone**!! These guys are the kings of fusion. All those fucking



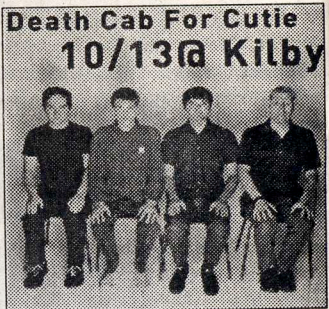
tree huggers might want to take a clue from these guys what a real band sounds like. **Fishbone** plays funk, ska, metal, and punk. Pretty much any type of music, they do it. They are playing two shows, the 12th and the 13th, at the *Zephyr Club*.

Indie music and mathematics rock fans will not want to miss out **Death Cab For Cutie** on the 13th at *Kilby Court*.

Red Planet is a power pop heavily influenced by Cheap Trick. They will be playing at *Ya' Butts* on the 13th as well.

Here's another one for all of you adventurous musical types out there. French experimental darkwave bands **Mlada Fronta** and **Mimetic** will be playing at the *Manhattan Club* on the 14th. Those who live and die for the deconstructive sounds of **Coil** will want to attend.

More killer blues on the 15th at the *Dead Goat Saloon*. The two bands are **Little Charlie** and the **Nightcats** and **The Rusty Zinn Band**. In preparation for Halloween,



Localized will feature three scary industrial bands on the 18th, at *Urban Lounge*, site of future **Localized** shows. The bands are **Little Sap Dungeon**, **Dulce Sky**, and **Uber Faction**. These bands are local, so make sure to support them, and wear lots of scary make-up. Ha!

If you like that **Korn / Papa Roach** sound, then check out locals **Eight o' One** at the *Urban Lounge* on the 19th. Word homies.

More indie mathematics rock with a deconstructive experimental edge in the form of underground faves **Sweep** the **Leg Johnny** and **Form of Rocket** at *Kilby Court* on the 20th.

More epic rock on the 21st with **The Stereo**, **Pieces of 8**, and **Norris** at *Kilby Court*. The **Stereo** have progressed their sound and it is more prone to be a rock sound with off time beat signatures and changes.

Alright, the next do not miss show of the month is on the 22nd at *DV8* in the form of **Murder City Devils**, **American Steel**, and **Botch**. Attention!!! Unfortunately, this will be the **Devils'** last show. They are breaking up after this tour, so this will be your last chance to see this killer rock n' roll band tear it up. Don't miss it.

Something different to throw at y'all. The group **Sound Tribe Sector 9**, an electronica techno band that plays guitars, basses, and drums, will be playing at the *Zephyr Club* on the 22nd. These guys use visual projections and the like, basically acid trip and pot smoking music. Check it out if you dig that kind of stuff.

Fans of **Pavement** will not want to miss **Stephen Malkmus and the Jicks** on the 23rd at *Liquid Joe's*. **Stephen** has decided to leave his alt-noise masters behind and do his own thing. Opening is **The Standard**, out of Portland, Oregon.

Atmospheric music, dripping sensuality and beauty is what

best describes **Bardo Pond**. Having opened for Mogwai on their European tour, Bardo Pond are touring in support of their new record on Matador. Pick up the disc and Check 'em out on the 27th at *Kilby Court* if you are a fan of Tortoise, Godspeed You Black Emperor, and Mogwai.

There once was this band called **The Suicide Machines** that started out playing a ska/punk hybrid form of music, then they changed their sound to a more mature rock with progressive indie sounds.



They are coming to *Bricks* on the 27th. And to end the month of October off with, after *Trick O' Treating* for lots of teeth rotting but oh so good candy, their is the star-studded show at *Bricks* on the 31st. The bands are **Bouncing**

Souls, One Man Army, Flogging Molly, and Madcap. The band not



to miss at any costs is **Flogging Molly**; with their Irish Drinkin' Punk sound. Plus, see ol' **Kevlar7** in his Harry Potter costume.

And that does it for another month of great previews. Oh, as a word of advice, don't miss **Built To Spill** and **The Delusions** at *DV8* on the 1st and **Unwritten Law**, also at *DV8*, on the 3rd. The **Unwritten Law** show is a CD release party, where one can get their grubby hands on their new disc before it hits the record stores. You've been warned. Have a safe Halloween, study hard for school, watch for **Kevlar7** appearances.

Gallery Stroll

with Miriah Mann

Evening gallery strolls are free and open to the public. It is a chance to support local artists and celebrate the few cultural opportunities Salt Lake has to offer. Last month was such a thrill- the Arts Center reopened its doors with a beautiful show from artist **Kazou Kadonage**. Pierpont was also buzz with artist studios and galleries open up and down the street. Salt Lake is truly a city alive with art. As Halloween approaches, the artist, are gearing up to celebrate the holiday with galleries full of "Dark" art.

Gallery Stroll is always on the third Friday of the month.

A Nightmare at Artspace... The Revenge- Back by popular demand Breezeway productions has put together a group show featuring Salt Lake's darkest art. Take a peek at the chamber of horrors window display, if you dare! Gallery Stroll night 6-9pm 353w. 200s.

Punch your lights out! An experimental collaboration in film and paint by Jon Bean and Alex Ferguson. Live music by Jon Bean, presented by Walk of Shame gallery 351w. Pierpont. Gallery stroll night from 6-9pm

Forms of Life paintings by **Steve Larsen**. This show runs the entire month and concludes on

November 10th. Hosted by the Sweet Branch Library 455 F Street

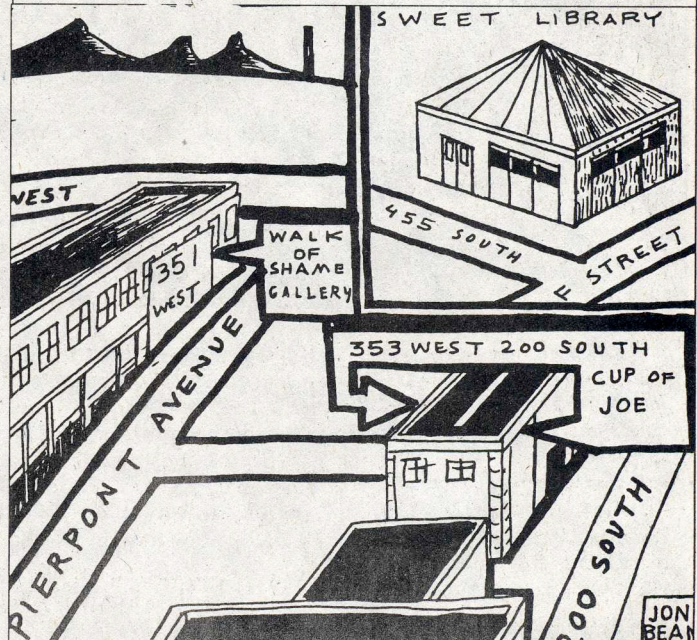
Cup of Joe will be showing paintings by **Amanda Schwender**. Cup of Joe is open until midnight all week except for Sundays they close at 8pm. 353w 200s.

Can't make it to Gallery Stroll? Try checking out some performance art by **The Dept of Modern Dance** at the U of U. Did you know that we have one of the leading student companies in North America, right here in our own backyard? See for yourself Oct. 11-13 or 18-20 at The Marriott Center for Dance on the U Campus. These performances are sponsored by **SIMPLE Shoes**. Several lucky dancers will receive award scholarships courtesy of the shoe company. This will kick off the first in a series of SIMPLE sponsored art programs around our nation's universities. Don't miss out. Advance tix can be purchased at ArtTix. Call 801.581.7100

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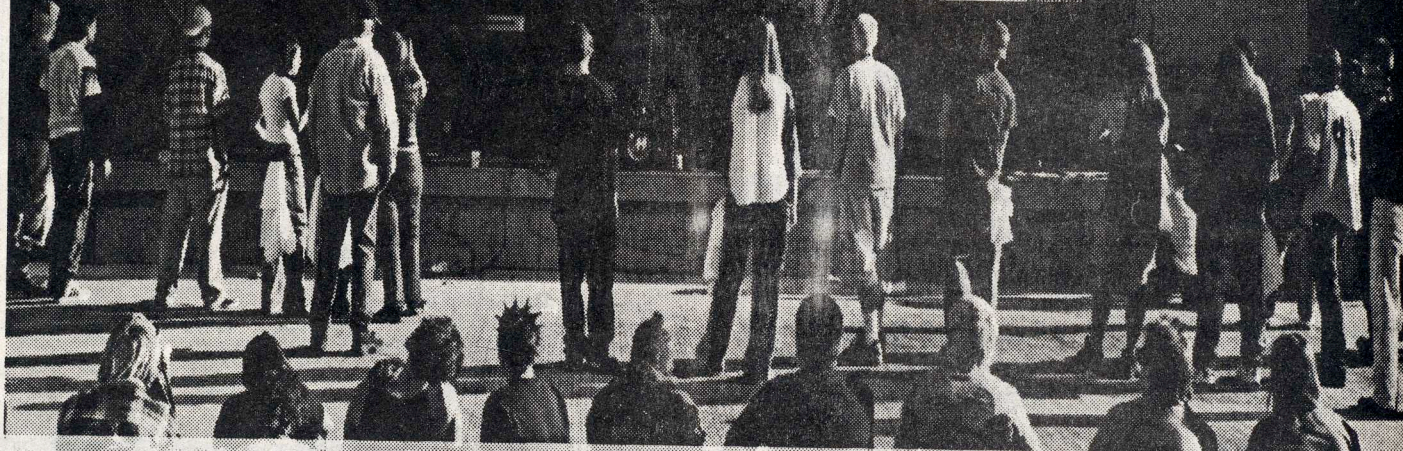
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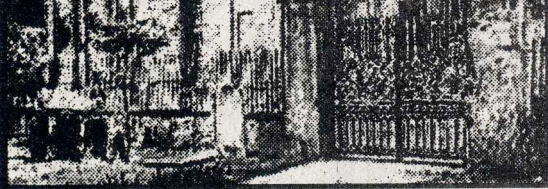


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ghost walk

J. Zeigler



In the space of one week, Pete and Rosie took every single walking tour the city of Charleston, South Carolina had to offer. They made educational strolls through fragrant magnolia gardens and fetid cypress swamps. They sauntered over restored ante-bellum plantations whose only claim to fame was the fact that they were spared Sherman's destruction. They slunk through Charleston's old Red Light District (the Wicked Charleston tour) feeling like historical voyeurs. On Friday they hiked the jewel in the walking tour crown, the mile-long row of opulent mansions which lined the city's esplanade. To Pete, their vacation was a monotonous blur of Greek Revival architecture and Spanish moss.

The one thing that did pique his interest, however, was the common thread winding down the paths of each and every tour - the dark skein of slavery. The unwilling hands of human chattel built every garden, plantation, and mansion that he and his wife toured. Slaves also laid down the cobbled streets of Old Town, and many a brothel had catered to Early American tastes for brown sugar. In the worn narratives of the tour guides, "the peculiar institution" was a distant horror, nearly mythic in its removal from modern life. At the same time, their spiels jogged Pete's memory of family stories, handed down to him by generations stretching back to Africa, speaking to him through the mouths of his grandparents whose own grandparents in turn had known bondage. Charleston was the first American soil that Pete's ancestors, and indeed thirty per cent of all people ever kidnapped from Africa, set foot upon. Therefore, it was damned and haunted in the Moss family's tales.

But Pete, a man with an advanced degree in engineering and the practical mind to match, didn't believe that the past could hold the present in thrall. He had no qualms about vacationing in accursed Charleston. He found the city a quaint and charming holiday spot. Still, he was glad to be done with historical walking tours and was looking forward to his and Rosie's last few days there being relaxing ones filled with seafood, shopping, sidewalk cafes, and other twenty-first century comforts. His wife, however, had something else in mind.

"Look, honey, there's a Low Country Ghost Walk at midnight tonight. Let's get tickets."

"Damn, baby. Haven't you had enough walking tours?" Pete groused. But he knew he was licked because his second-generation Irish-American wife was convinced she possessed the second sight of her Druid forebears. Rosie could no more resist a ghost story than her great-grandfather could resist whiskey.

So midnight found Pete and Rosie standing in St. Phillip's Church Cemetery, huddled with other ectoplasm enthusiasts and astral af-

cionados in front of the very former United States vice president, John C. Calhoun's, grave. Already, Pete was extremely disinterested and his mind wandered away from the tour guide's overly dramatic lecture. By the light of the guide's also overly dramatic candle-powered lantern, he noted with approval that he and Rosie weren't the only interracial couple. A middle-aged white husband and black wife were listening to the Legend of the Gray Man Ghost with rapt attention, as was Rosie and everyone else, except Pete.

"And when I blow out my lantern," (An when Ah blo ouht mah lahntern) Sue Anne, the guide, drawled, "You all might see the Gray Man as he makes

his midnight round through the graveyard."

With a quick puff, she plunged them into darkness. Credulous eyes strained to see the nonexistent. The middle-aged wife giggled. Pete shifted from one sore, over-walked foot to another, rattling the gravel of the lane beneath him. Rosie clutched his arm and leaned forward into the fragrant night like a bloodhound catching the scent of fleeing quarry. He knew she was attempting to sniff out ley lines and aural tracks in the surrounding gloom. Not for the first time, he marveled at the superstition surely encoded in Celtic chromosomes. Suddenly, Rosie stiffened like a successful bird dog. "Over there," she directed in a hoarse stage whisper, pointing with her nose. The tour group obediently turned as one toward an ancient oak tree bearded with Spanish moss. The long whisker-like garlands swayed gently in the late night zephyr blowing in from Charleston harbor. When three or more by chance crossed paths as they shifted to and fro, the resulting shadowy shape was both monstrous and fleeting. "Oooh," the group sighed in unison, its expectations exceeded.

"Oh, give me a break," muttered Pete softly to himself. Unfortunately, Rosie heard him. She gave him a sharp dig in the ribs with her elbow. "Shhh," she hushed.

"Well, I do declare, seems we have ourselves an adept here," said Sally Ann as she relit her lantern. Tours were always more interesting when a true believer started showing off. And it didn't hurt Sally Ann's tips none either. "How long have you had the shine, Mam?" she asked, hoping she could keep Rosie on a roll.

"Ever since I can remember. It runs in the family. My mother and grandmother had it too. My da says there's fairy blood in that side of the family."

As invisible as a ghost himself in the night's Cimmerian mists, Pete safely rolled his eyes in skeptical derision. He'd never heard any of Rosie's numerous siblings refer to their father as anything more colorful than the all-American "Dad". And here was Rosie talking in brogue like she was a character in a Roddy Doyle novel. Something told Pete it was going to be a long night.

He was correct. The Ghost Walk continued until the wee hours of the morning, covering hundreds of miles of Charleston's cobbled streets...or so it seemed to Pete and his aching dogs. The tour visited the far-flung haunts of the Ghost of the Whistling Doctor, Sue Howard's Ghost, Issac Hayne's Ghost, the City Hall Ghost, and last, but not least, the Gullah Boo Hag.

Much to the entertainment of her fellow tourists and Sally Ann's secret delight, Rosie was able to make contact with each and every

revenant - every one but the Boo Hag that is. Pete, who made the decision back at St. Phillip's to sacrifice his right to his skeptical opinion on the altar of connubial harmony, found the legend of the Boo Hag the only interesting tall tale of the night. Breaking his vow of silence, he asked Sally Ann so many questions about the Gullah, the rest of the Ghost Walk became a miniature history lesson on that unique black Creole culture of Southern coastal islands - much to the chagrin of his upstaged wife.

Later, back in their quaintly luxurious room in the two centuries old King Street Inn, Rosie made her displeasure over Pete robbing her spotlight known in both a subtle and certain way. She gave him a brisk dismissive "good-night" peck on the cheek instead of the passionate kiss that on all previous nights of their vacation had signaled that she was going to bed but was not inclined to sleep. Then she climbed into their antique four-poster and turned her back to him. Pete, a man who knew damn well when he'd been given "the back", fluffed up his pillow with more vigor than was necessary to arrange its downy contents and reciprocated his wife's posture. Two could play this passive aggressive game, he thought as he fell into a disgruntled sleep, where he dreamed he'd married the Boo Hag, demon seductress of the coastal swamps.

By the time he woke up the next morning, Pete had shaken off his uneasy dreams and gotten over his and Rosie's mutually childish snit, figuring even the happiest of marriages had their petty moments. He was more than ready to kiss and make up with his wife, even looking forward to it with erotic anticipation, but Rosie had already risen and departed. Pete found a note she'd left, coolly informing him that she had gone shopping and since she knew how he hated hiking from boutique to boutique, she had decided not to wake him.

A more imaginative and emotional man might have concluded that he was still being given the back and been a bit peeved. Pete, however, was not the head of engineering in the design firm he worked at for nothing. Calculating that Rosie's Irish would come down by dinnertime, he decided to pleasantly spend his solo day aimlessly wandering the streets of modern Charleston, sort of a walking anti-tour - a symmetrical counterweight to days of regimented marches through the past.

After indulging himself in a sumptuous Low Country breakfast of biscuits and gravy at the King Charles Hotel on the edge of the historic district, Pete, a grande mocha latte granta in hand, began his serendipitous trek. Since aimlessness never came easy to men of his profession, he wandered the streets of Old Charleston by turning right and left alternately at intersections. On his zig zag trajectory, he window shopped antiques and lingered in bookstores, vaguely missing Rosie, yet feeling oddly footloose, too. Between his job and his family, he rarely got a chance to be alone with himself; solitude tasted as sweet and cool as the drink in his hand.

As he moseyed along, sipping occasionally, Pete's thoughts moseyed also. He affectionately laughed at silly Rosie and her superstition, marveled at how genteelly upscale the city was, and contemplated the fact that there were two interracial couples in the group last night's tour of the Confederate phantoms of this former bastion of slavery and segregation. Pete mentally congratulated himself, his genera-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 40

HEAVY AS HELL



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"Every gun that is made, every warship launched, every rocket fired signifies in the final sense a theft from those who hunger and are not fed, those who are cold and are not clothed. The world in arms is not spending money alone. It is spending the sweat of its laborers, the genius of its scientists, the hopes of its children" - President Dwight D. Eisenhower

People from pockets all around the park are drawn to the commotion of the outdoor kitchen. Some of them let us know the other cities where they saw other FNB groups, and one woman exclaims, "I thought you guys were a myth!" Well, FNB actually has a long history in SLC, but it has been hibernating for about a

any fees for permits.

The most memorable arrest threat for Jonnathon was around '95-

FOOD NOT BOMBS

By Giles Larsen

You don't need to be a former general and president like Dwight to make the connection between the massive allocation of public resources toward the iron fist of the state and the chronic conditions of poverty that are clearly visible in Pioneer Park. That's where a group of volunteers meets every Saturday as the Farmer's Market wraps up to prepare a free lunch for the people who don't

year. It started up again on September 8, 2001. That's when I got involved, but for the old-school Food not Bombs-ers, like Jonnathon "Not Bombs" and Scott Fife, the FNB here does seem to hold a semi-mythical status.

'96 when the city literally closed off pioneer park to all access as a "test run" to push out the homeless. The FNB defiantly went to a city council meeting to tell them, "We're going to be there on Friday to serve food regardless. We're going to show up," gloats Jonnathon. Unexpectedly, "We set the tone of the whole meeting," he says, explaining that the meeting was packed by people wishing to speak on another issue: whether the park should be turned into a "square" so that businesses across the street could serve alcohol. After members of FNB spoke, "there were all these Mormons who would rant about the harms of alcohol, and at

FOOD NOT BOMBS

FNB hit the Utah scene on Mayday '93, originally serving food every Friday in the park, and then adding a second day at the City-County Building. That's when FNB started feeling pressure from the city to shut down.

the end of their speech they'd add, 'And we should be helping the homeless too!'" he recounts. "We caused such a ruckus that the cops were told to help us out in anyway they could!"

Of course, FNB philosophy views serving the hungry merely as an important "band-aid solution," so during its years of activity it also worked closely with social justice movements in the valley. "We got to the point where people got used to seeing us at every single rally," serving coffee and bagels, says Jonnathon. After years of work, FNB members started to burn out, and the SLC FNB fell apart of its own volition.

In the interim, the Provo FNB picked up some of the slack, but as I watch the residents of the park line up for hot soup and bagel sandwiches, it's obvious that there is an immediate need for the SLC FNB. We get slammed



photo-Ben Quillinan

have a home to return to. Under a blue tent with a banner that reads "Food Not Bombs," knives sink through fresh tomatoes, peppers, onions, and zucchini in a pursuit of the "radical notion" that our first priority should be meeting the basic needs of everyone.

Some of the Food Not Bombs-ers head over to the Farmer's Market to see if they can round up any additional ingredients for the meal. FNB makes a point of showing just how wasteful our economically-oriented society is by cooking vegetarian meals with 100% donated food from local restaurants, supermarkets, distributors and producers.

to haul away any- one. "They thought it was a joke," he laughs.

FNB continued its operations throughout the 90's, serving four days a week in SLC plus 2 days in Ogden at its peak in '97, with numerous threats of arrest and constant harassment by the Health Department. "We didn't have a problem abiding by the food-handling regulations," admits Jonnathon, but FNB refused to pay

100 people before we get to serve our own starving selves.

So if you want to reduce waste, serve the needy, challenge militarism, and have a damn good time doing it, come join us any Saturday around noon on the South side of Pioneer Park, or call Scott Fife at 424-0460 for more information. You won't regret it. Being able to say, "Hey, do you want some food," is one of the most gratifying experiences there is.

FOOD NOT BOMBS

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THURSDAY

Gothic Upstairs: DJ Evil K and DJ drown

Industrial Downstairs: DJ Reverend 23 and DJ Wookie

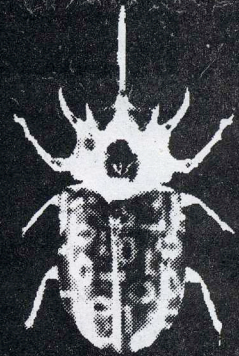
FRIDAY

Industrial Upstairs: DJ Reverend 23 and DJ Unit:1-amy-7

Gothic Downstairs: DJ Evil K and DJ Jacob

SATURDAY

A mix between gothic and industrial on both floors with DJ Reverend 23, DJ Delilah, DJ Evil K and DJ Pele rotating between both floors



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Live The Cruxshadows
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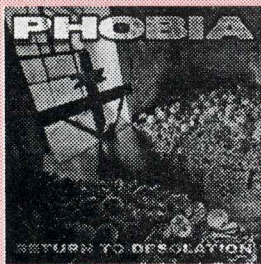
10/31 - Halloween Party with dancing
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SUBTERRANEAN SECT



PHOBIA
RETURN TO DESOLATION
RELAPSE

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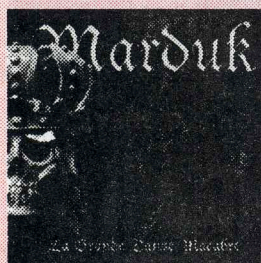
SOILENT GREEN
A DELETED SYMPHONY FOR THE BEATEN DOWN
RELAPSE

A DELETED SYMPHONY FOR THE BEATEN DOWN IS AN ABSORBING EFFORT, SHOWCASING SOILENT GREEN'S IMMENSE TALENT WHILE SOLIDIFYING THEIR PLACE AMONGST EXTREME MUSIC'S ELITE.



MOONSPELL
DARKNESS AND HOPE
CENTURY MEDIA

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MARDUK
LA GRANDE DANSE MACABRE
CENTURY MEDIA

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SILENCE
CENTURY MEDIA

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CENTURY MEDIA

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KATAKLYSM
EPIC / THE POETRY OF WAR
NUCLEAR BLAST

CANADA'S KATAKLYSM, THE INVENTORS OF "NORTHERN HYPERBLAST" AND ONE OF THE MOST BRUTALLY FAST AND TECHNICALLY ADVANCED BANDS AROUND ARE BACK WITH THEIR NEWEST ALBUM EPIC - THE POETRY OF WAR. THIS ALBUM SHOWCASES KATAKLYSM'S INCREDIBLE KNACK FOR CREATING SONGS WITH BLISTERING INTENSITY, SUPER HIGH-SPEED BLAST-BEATS AND SEARING GUITAR SOLOS WITH INTENSE CLARITY.



DESTRUCTION
THE ANTICHRIST
NUCLEAR BLAST

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GODGORY
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NUCLEAR BLAST

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ALCHEMIST
ORGANASM
RELAPSE

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STEPHEN MALKMUS, STEPHEN MALKMUS

An Interview by Stakerized!

Pavement was

in some ways the seminal indie band and outfit that put everything together in one smart package: a noise influence of Sonic Youth, angular rhythms of Wire and other art punk bands, a sarcastic lyrical snarl borrowed from Mark E. Smith of the British band the Fall to the point that Smith once complained that he wished they would stop trying to sound like him, and a melodic sense good enough that they scored rave reviews and a near hit with 1994's "Cut Your Hair." But last year, after releasing *Terror Twilight*, an album that hid a brilliant bite in its mellowing sensibilities, the band went their separate ways. After relocating to Portland, singer/guitarist

Stephen Malkmus emerged from artistic seclusion with his self-titled solo album with his new band the Jicks, an album of pop pastiches that brilliantly skewers everyone from Jimmy Buffett to aging and not-so-aging hippies to Yul Brynner. We managed to catch him waking up late one morning in the Portland home he shares with girlfriend Heather Larimer, who sings backup on the album and sometimes on stage. He is sounding more relaxed and at ease than perhaps ever before. We asked him all, as a song on his album says, "the what where why and how."

I start with the question everybody asks post-breakup; how difficult was it? "The breakup of Pavement wasn't particularly difficult—it was over ten years that we were together, and it had just gotten a little tired. So it was like if you try to wring water out of a towel that just doesn't have anything left. On the other hand, it was difficult because you're ending something that you've been doing for a long time. For me, I chose to forge ahead. We're still all friends. Although I wish Mark Ibold (former Pavement bassist) would've called me back

when I phoned him in New York after the bombing to see if he was all right, but I suppose he was busy."

How much is the solo album a departure and how much a continuation of his work with Pavement? "I'd say the new album is a departure, more the sound of the instruments I was going for. "The Hook" and "Discretion Grove" are departures; "Church on White" and "Jo Jo's Jacket" with its "ooh ooh's," are like something Pavement might do. The cover art (Malkmus scrubbed teen-model fresh in an Underdog t-shirt) is a departure, but the inside collage is like



Pavement. "Discretion Grove," I guess, is angular, like early Pavement. I'm not doing anything more complicated, but some things I wouldn't have tried before, the tacky, jokey element."

When I press him for a possible title for this interview after reading reams of press hackery with titles like

"Crooked Reign" and "Still Slanted After All These Years," he audibly shrugs over the phone. "All this is kind of stupid, titles like The Tao of Steve, like that movie, and All About Steve instead of All About Eve. I'm good at that, I could fill up a magazine with bad puns. I was at my parents' lately and looked at my old college papers. I had put these really stupid titles on them that I thought were funny but were just lame. I tore off all the title pages and just kept the papers." If anyone can guess the three obscure references of the title of this interview, email in and win a prize.

Are there some songs he's happier with than others? "Well, I suppose playing live, there's "The Hook," which is really good on record, but live, we have trouble establishing the groove. I'm really proud of "Church on White;" it's a good song and fun to play. If I had to, I could defend them all in a court of law, but I could also find flaws. I still stand behind it."

Pavement was in a way the quintessential indie/college rock band. Are the same people listening to your solo work? "The audience for the new album is probably quite the same as that for Pavement, I mean, there's always an effort to reach people. There are always people who are fans, people who like a wide variety of indie groups like Ween,

Drag City stuff, Smog. Then, besides that, there are high school kids getting into new music, and college kids who pick up your record for whatever reason. I'm never one to turn my nose up at an audience."

Would you say the new songs are parodies? "I wouldn't call the new songs a parody, cause there's hardly ever a parody. Some songs are more like a sendup, or an effort to sound like a singer you've heard, like "The Hook" or... I try to imagine what different bands would sound like. You play a song enough and you don't think about it. Sometimes I pretend I'm Ron Wood, but then people have always done that. Cream tried to sound like a Southern blues band."

At the same time, there's still the dark humor that he perfected in Pavement on this record. "That's still going on. Everything's going subtly wrong in most of the songs; someone's fucking up or people are breaking up." Yes, but sometimes it's on the epic level of ancient Greek gods on the breathtakingly beautiful "Trojan Curfew," or the more prosaic tale of college breakup and hippiedom foregone in "Jenny & the Ess Dog." But overall, the album is brighter, somehow happier than Pavement releases, perhaps reflecting his own happier state in the Northwest.

He's said in other interviews that when he finishes an album, thinking about all the things he could've done but didn't, that's when the impulse comes to write new stuff. "I have been writing," he concurs. "The Jicks were started without much fanfare, I hired them to work on the record. But now we've toured a lot, we're a real band. We are working on



photo: JashScheuerman

another album to put out next year, and you will hear some of the songs on our tour." One can only hope; set possibilities are limited with no Pavement covers in the offing.

How is the new band different? "With different people, you're going to have different vibes and internal rhythms. It's more about personalities than musical talent. They all live here in Portland. This album was recorded like a Pavement album; they all came in for a short time, and they'd all like to have more input. We have time to mess around and tape stuff in my basement, and Pavement never had that luxury."

And then the Matador label guy cuts in the phone line to interrupt and shepherd Malkmus to the next interviewer in wait, and I don't get a chance to ask my final question: What's It Like Being in a Band Where He is the Solo Artist, Band Leader, Spiritual Advisor, and Guitar Hero? Oh well, as with all things Pavement and post-Pavement, a search of the still somehow inscrutable work itself is perhaps more fruitful if you're looking for more questions, not necessarily answers.

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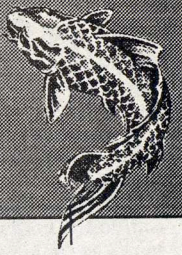
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GHOST WALK, CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

tion, and America for finally standing in the bright light of the present - the light that dispelled for good the twin darkness of prejudice and superstition. History, as that arch-engineer Henry Ford had correctly said, was indeed bunk.

Without deliberation, Pete's walk was taking him to the harbor. Waterfront Park was at the very end of the street he was on, Queen Street. But in keeping with his right left right plan he turned right down Church Street, then left onto Chalmers, pleased with himself for he still was headed for the ocean. But, near the bottom of Chalmers, Pete stopped dead in his tracks. Opposite, at number 6 Chalmers Street, stood the Old Slave Mart Museum, cheerful blue doors belying its history of suffering and injustice. The bleak wind of the past, or maybe just a morning sea breeze, blew litter down the street and Pete shivered in spite of the summer heat. Had one or more of his ancestors passed through those deceptively colorful portals? Intrigued and curious, Pete crossed the cobbled road and went in.

It turned out most of the building; its offices, "barracons" - Portuguese for slave jails, and the adjacent azure-doored warehouse where the actual auctions took place, were all undergoing various stages of renovation. The elderly black lady manning the information desk refused to take Pete's admission money.

"There's nothing to see right now," she explained. "We're not even offering guided tours until December."

"Oh, I've had plenty enough tours," replied Pete. "I'd just like to walk around, if you don't mind."

"Suit yourself," and she let her only visitor of the day in.

The woman was right. There was nothing to see, unless one had a fascination with ladders, drop cloths, scaffolds, and empty display cases. The museum's disarray looked much like Pete's own home's when Rosie changed the décor from high tech to shabby chic. Disappointed, he swished the slush of his granita around to refresh its icy taste and wandered into the low-ceilinged warehouse.

Since Pete was a tall man, the warehouse's thick oak beams were mere inches over his

head. Unconsciously, he stooped to compensate for the claustrophobic feeling above him. The room was unlit, making it feel even more hemmed in, and confinement seemed a quality of the stuffy and warm air inside. But once Pete's eyes adjusted to the gloom, he could see that the warehouse was actually very long, much longer than it was wide. He wondered if human beings once lined its sides, displayed like rows of canned goods in a supermarket waiting to be bought?

Horrifying. Pete shuddered at the thought and goose bumps caressed the back of his neck. Then he shook himself. This wouldn't do - getting spooked like this. The past was dead. Best to leave superstition to Rosie and her innocuous fairies. It was 2001 and he was a man of his own time. His career, his marriage, and his prosperity proved that beyond a doubt. Raising his plastic mermaid-embazoned cup, Pete bravely toasted the present and curtly dismissed the past.

As the chill slush slid down his throat, he suddenly felt on him the even colder gaze of the many dead who'd passed through that sorrowful place on their way to worse misery. Their ancient eyes fastened upon Pete, puzzled and wondering at the apparition of freedom they beheld through the semi-transparent walls of time. Abruptly aware he was not alone in that awful room, Pete froze, his heart speeding up unpleasantly. But he pulled himself together before his emotions could get out of hand.

Stop it, he ordered. It's just your imagination. Then he turned and strode quickly out into the hot Southern sun; the sound of rattling chains nipping at his heels like rusted iron bloodhounds.



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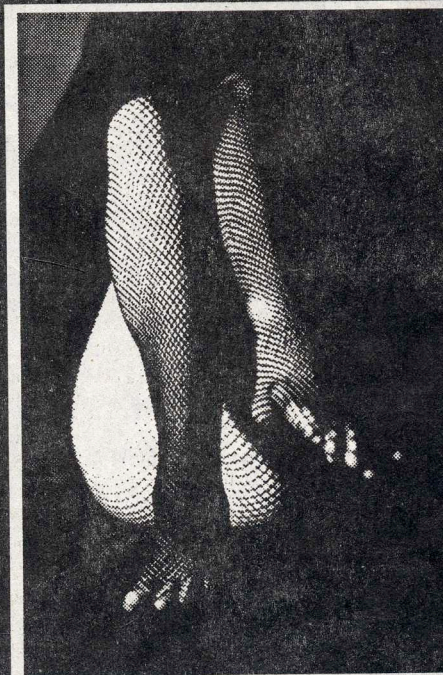
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**SLUG SUNDAY
CALENDAR**

[Oct. 7]

Cow-trash psychobilly w/
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[Oct. 14]

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MLADA FRONTA & MIMETIC

[Oct. 21]

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Photo by Russ Daniels



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My assignment this month is to write something about Lester Bangs. I'm not always good with assignments, and how in the hell does a person write anything about Lester Bangs? This issue of SLUG is devoted to *Punk Magazine*, however, as nearly as I can determine Lester Bangs was never published in *Punk*, or at least not while he was still alive. *Punk* did publish photographs of Lester, usually the photographs were cartoonish in nature, but since *Punk* is newly revived and Lester is dead *Punk* has now published some of Lester's writing. There are those who claim that by the time Lester arrived in New York City, the *Punk* years, he was in decline, his greatest work already behind him. His name and reputation were built in Detroit where he labored for *Cream Magazine*. Whatever. Obviously a lot of SLUG readers have no concept of Lester Bangs since he died before they were born — April 30, 1982. Last year a Lester Bangs biography by Jim DeRotatis was published. The title? *Let It Blurt: The Life and Times of Lester Bangs, America's Greatest Rock Critic*. Then there's this movie, *Almost Famous*. Cameron Crowe wrote the script and a Utah boy became almost famous because he played Crowe in the film.

Crowe wrote for *Rolling Stone* at a tender age and the film is about his experiences. But how did Crowe arrive at *Rolling Stone*? Lester Bangs. One aspect of Lester that is often ignored is his mentoring. He took young writers under his "wing" and he encouraged them. He also helped them get gigs, even gigs at *Rolling Stone*, although Lester wasn't too fond of *Rolling Stone*. Philip Seymour Hoffman plays Lester in the film, and that depiction is probably all most people know about Lester Bangs.

Lester Bangs' mother was a Jehovah's Witness. His father was an ex-con and an alcoholic. The marriage that produced Lester was her second and she was 43 when he was born. Thanks to his father Lester landed on his head when he was 18 months old. Needless to say he had a fucked-up home. Let's see. He lost his virginity in a Tijuana whorehouse when he was a senior in high school and he received a bad case of gonorrhea for his pleasure. He read a lot of comic books and his mother didn't approve. He started drinking Romilar during the Summer of Love and pretty much never stopped.

Here's the scoop on Romilar since it is hardly popular these days. "ALL Scot-Tussin liquid cough medicines are priced lower than our competition to give the customer more for their money at point of purchase. Romilar AC:

Our Romilar was once owned by Roche. We have formulated our Romilar AC to compete with Robitussin AC, Halotussin AC, and Guaituss to name a few price wise. Same formulation as Robitussin AC but much less expensive. Robitussin AC per 4oz. is \$2.85, Halotussin is about \$1.70/4oz.. and Guaituss is about \$1.23/4oz. Our Romilar is \$.62/4oz standard wholesale cost but can be bought for as low as \$2.48/PT on some special promotions (such as trade shows)." And what if a companion overdoses on cheap Romilar?

"Poisonous Ingredient: phenylephrine and dextromethorphan, chlorpheniramine, acetaminophen. **Symptoms:** muscle spasticity, breathing or no breathing, pinpoint eyes, cyanosis (bluish colored fingernails and/or lips), abdominal cramps (or spasms), weak or low blood pressure, convulsions. **Home Treatment:** DO NOT INDUCE VOMITING. **Call Poison Control:** They will instruct you if it is necessary to take the patient to the hospital. Take the container with you to the emergency room. **What to Expect:** Some or all of the following procedures may be performed: Use gastric lavage. Administer activated charcoal. Administer a laxative; a counteracting medication (narcotic antagonist) may be given in multiple doses if needed. Administer intravenous fluids as needed. Monitor breathing. **Prognosis:** If an antidote can be given, recovery from an acute overdose occurs within 1 to 2 days."

Lester Bangs did not die from a Romilar

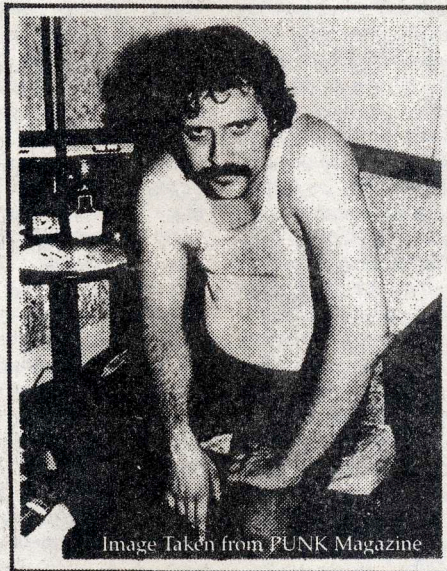


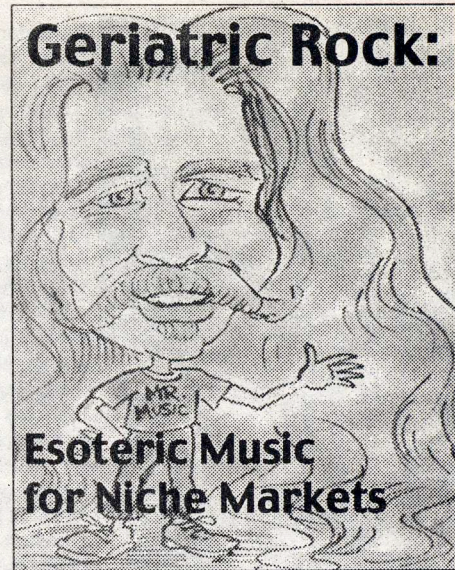
Image Taken from PUNK Magazine

**"LESTER" BANGS -
LOUD-MOUTHED PHONY-WORKS'
DURING THE DAY AS "ROCK-CRITIC"**

overdose. Nope. A couple of popular Utah drugs killed him. Here in Utah we ingest Darvon for the physical pain and Valium for the emotional anguish and Lester was dead. Practically whenever "America's Greatest Rock Critic" wrote — he was fucked-up.

I realize some around these parts don't much care for Patti Smith. She's a little deep for a 50 word record review, the custom in the year 2001. Here is the closing paragraph from Lester's nearly 2,500 word review of Patti Smith's *Easter*.

"Horses changed my life, but I've recognized that there was something almost supernatural about the powers it tapped, that no artist or audience can expect that kind of baptism in the firmamental flames every time. So I don't even feel bad about having to say that *Easter* is just a very good album, and now I even like *Radio Ethiopia* in a *High Times* slumming sorta sense. But something still sorta clutches at my heart when I hear Patti sing 'Look around you



... do you like the world around you?' No, I loathe what I see emerging with every particle of my being, and baby yes, I certainly do feel there's a war on which almost nobody wants to recognize, and even as I can look into the hideous technocorporate heart murdering face of the enemy I'm stumped as to tactics. But while like with hippies looking better in retrospect than today's dutiful deadwood children 'cause at least they were rebelling I can't help but admire you whatever you do in the face of McCartney-disco-fusion, still I think I've finally found a word for your tactic. It's called *diversionary*."

He also wrote a 10,000 word essay on the Stooges, a 1,000 word review of Black Sabbath's *Master of Reality* and 3,800 words on Van Morrison's *Astral Weeks*, to name just a few. These word counts would never fly today, and in fact, if Lester Bangs came on the "scene" today, some argue, he would never be published. Lester Bangs was banned for life from the pages of *Rolling Stone* after he lambasted Canned Heat. Jann Wenner, then and now publisher of *Rolling Stone*, had taken prior heat from Elektra and Columbia because Lester had ripped on MC5's *Kick Out the Jams* and a record dear to the heart of every Utahn, *It's A Beautiful Day's* eponymous debut.

Buddy Miles had chased Wenner from the office when he came calling to complain about Lester's less-than-favorable reviews of his first three albums. Banned for life from *Rolling Stone*? Here is what Lester said about *Rolling Stone* in 1982, words which ring truer than ever today. "I always knew *Rolling Stone* was a piece of shit. The reviews I did for them really stuck out like sore thumbs, and I never did get along with Jann, because he really likes the suck-up type of writing." Of course Lester Bangs had returned to and departed from the pages of *Rolling Stone* by the time he gave that quote.

There is one more thing about Lester Bangs. He also fancied himself a musician and he had a fucked-up band, kind of like a local, too often ignored writer. *Birdland with Lester Bangs* is available for the curious. Otherwise, pay attention to club calendars and get Stakerized.



**Muslimgauze
Kashmiri Queens
Staalplaat**

"Nothing will ever be the same since the fatal attacks of September 11th has become the mantra of the reformist republic. It's hard to argue the devastated public will no doubt find new meaning amidst this turbulent new millennium. Bryn Jones of Muslimgauze sonically brought the turbulence that is the Middle East into our sound systems during his productive life before he passed in early 2000. *Kashmiri Queens* is the latest out of the dozens of unreleased recordings that have been slowly trickling out of Staalplaat & Soleilmoon archives. It is a suite of hypnotic rhythms, soft female voices, harmonium drones with noise accents less brutal and incendiary than many MG releases. The earthy warm tones here are welcome humanistic contrast to the harsh edge aural assaults of other releases that accurately portray the political landscape of the chaotic nightmare that we're entwined in.

-Davey Parish

**Los Straitjackets
Sing Along with Los
Straitjackets
Calvacade Records**

Those who were fortunate to see the Rev. Horton Heat a couple years ago, may remember seeing a four piece wearing Mexican wrestling masks and playing pure rockabilly instrumentals. Well, these mysterious Spanish-speaking gents are back with a new disc. After painstaking recording methods, which is apparent by the album cover, the musical wrestlers were able to trap some of their friends into singing the lyrics to such classic songs as, "California Sun", "Treat Her Right", "The End of the World", and killer Spanish versions of "Tallahassee Lassie", and "King Creole". Check it out.

-Keolar7

**Butthole Surfers
Weird Revolution
Hollywood/Surfdog**

According to nearly everyone in the "critical" music community the Butthole Surfers' new *Weird Revolution* just isn't much good. I'm wondering where their senses lie. Gibby and Leary give away the entire concept with the first song. That Timothy Leary reference? In the largely forgotten past Allen Ginsberg recorded a piece with the Gluons entitled "Birdbrain." It is my contention that the Butthole Surfers used that recording as the inspiration for the entirety of *Weird Revolution*. Sure there's the Sugar Ray tribute, "Dracula From Houston," but those who believe Gibby is trying to be a rapper are sadly misguided. The cat is doing spoken word. Further hints as to the intent are offered by a reference to Bob Dylan's motorcycle crash, "Mexico," as well as the subtle tribute to Riley King's "Rock Me Baby," a tune covered countless times by countless artists and a tune providing the chorus to the Butthole's acid nightmare "Intelligent Guy." The Butthole Surfers have lost not a thing. *Weird Revolution* is not a shameless commercial attempt, nor is it fucking around with a computer gone wrong - the Butthole boys pretty much fooled all of you sillies. Better listen again and make a list of "beat" references.

-Walter

**The Witches
Universal Mall
Fall of Rome**

MY CD OF THE MONTH! This Detroit group brings urgency to a bunch of influences from their hometown, from Iggy to the MC5 to hundreds of obscure garage bands laboring under the intoxicating influence of gasoline fumes. There's also some Doors and Jesus and Mary Chain, with the latter's primal rhythms and the former's mystical powers. Man, this band has some heavy mojo. It could be 1968, or 1982, that this band takes you back to, but it's a spell you won't soon shake, though shake you indeed will. "People What's Wrong With You" if you don't get this record?

-Stakerized!

**Murder City Devils
Thelema EP**

Sub Pop Records
Fans of this band will be happy to see them back in action with the six songs on this EP. But those fans will also be amazed by the band's attempt at trying new

things. Granted, the signature MCD sound is still intact. Blazing rock n' roll guitars, creepy organ, thunderous bass and drums; all intertwined with the lead vocals being screamed out in a raspy voice that narrates tales of whiskey, sailors, and abusive relationships. But, the band tries to utilize melody and progression in the compositions on this record; elements that adds to the menace and anxiety of the recording.

-Keolar7

**Boredoms
Rebore Vol. 0 By Eye
Warner Music Japan**

Packaged differently than the *Rebore* 1-3 series and subtitled *Vision Recreation Newsound*. This is a spacey companion piece to *Vision Creation Newsun* and an odd compliment to the *Rebore* remix series. With Eye doing the mix, I'm sure he had access to all sorts of unreleased source material from the *Newsun* sessions. He uses this to advantage and a more Bore-centric sound than Eye's previous long player this year, the great *Planetary Natural Love Gas Webbin' 199999* as DJ Pica Pica Pica. This space chill onion has many layers that peel off so nicely that you barely realize you're listening to the same album halfway through it on repeat. Some October U.S. appearances will ensue, including one at the Sonic Youth curated All Tomorrow's Parties festival featuring much other top notch entertainment

-Davey Parish

**Erosion
Self-Titled**

Erosion Arts Records
Having the fortune to see this band live several times, I was finally able to score a copy of their disc. Whether it's been out for awhile or not doesn't matter, I think more attention should be drawn to this band. Every genre of music gets pretty much covered by this incredible local four piece. From the epic indie soundscapes of, "Spill Highway" to the thrashing noise fury of "Dark Cherry Soda", to the Devo pop-punk of "Hair Do", the rockabilly sound of "Western Hanging", this band covers all the right notes and melodies perfectly on this killer disc. Hopefully the band will record their German version of "Paranoid" by Black Sabbath soon. Support local music!!

-Keolar7

**Andre Williams
Bait And Switch
Norton**

Andre Williams returns to his earlier sound heard on hits like "Sweet Little Pussycat". I think this is a good move, as only Andre can provide us with his particular brand of soulful sleaze. His sexy "take no prisoners" attitude is best summed up in the song title "Slang It Bang It And give It Cab Fare Home". Good backup by Matt Verta-Ray from Speedball Baby, Marcus "The Carcass" Natale from the A-Bones, and The Four Dollars in a traditional late 50's/early 60's R&B style. Guests by Rudy Ray Moore AKA Dolemite and Ronnie Spector. Standouts include the sexual urgency in the vocals of "Get This Love Off My Mind", the cold as an Iceberg Slim novel "Soul Brother In Heaven And Hell", and believable Jailbait tales "The Lie" and "Sent Up".

-Davey Parish

**Dexter Romweber
Chased By Martians
Manifesto Records**

First up, the clearing up of who Mister Romweber is. He used to be the lead vocalist of The Flat Duo Jets. He has apparently decided to step out of the ashes of that band and do something similar but different. Accompanied by drummer Sam "Crash Laresh" Sandler, the two have set out to write an album choke full of B-Movie anthems, rockabilly, and honky-tonk anthems. Most of the tracks are instrumentals, but those are so fucking engaging and full of fire and brimstone, that one will be unwilling to break away from the musical trance that will be placed on the senses upon listening to them.

-Keolar7

**Thalia Zedek
Been Here and Gone
Matador**

Now here's a singer with a history. In the 90's in the group Come and the 80's with Live Skull and before that, Uzi, Thalia Zedek was a key force in the New York indie music scene and that of the world. 20 years since beginning, her voice evokes with every syllable the weight of experience like Patti Smith's. Her own compositions, starting with the opener, "Excommunications," seem to struggle against the odds to get their point across, and are the stronger for it. And they don't suffer under the comparison to covers of Leonard Cohen's "Dance Me to the End of Love"



BADSVILLE Acetate Records/ Cinema Diablo

The early eighties brought us the classic flick *The Decline Of Western Civilization*, which documented punk and garage rock at its roots. Now twenty years later at the turn of the century, we are blessed with a second coming of angst and aggression that only The City of Angels could provide. Hard hitting garage and punk supplied by underground heroes such as *The Hangmen*, *The Street Walkin' Cheetahs* and scores of other bands will keep even the most attention deficient fourteen year old glued to his set. Learn what a shithole L.A. is from real testimonials from your favorite bands! If the music isn't enough to give you a hard on, then witnessing *Texas Terri* prance around in next to nothing should do the trick. As an added bonus buy this movie on DVD, then, like your favorite porn, you can click to your favorite parts.

-Ricky Stink

and "Manha de Carnival" from the movie *Black Orpheus*. And in it's own strange way, this is punk.

-Stakerized!

The Business *No Mercy For You* Epitaph

Well, The Business is now on a bigger label and maybe they will get the credit they deserve. These guys have been around forever and still remain true to their old skool 77 punk roots. This record talks about everything from prison and drinking to stealing and fighting. The best way to enjoy this CD is with a bunch of friends and a guinness in your hand...OI!

-Matt Bruce

Reducers SF *Crappy Clubs and Smelly Pubs* TKO Records

A punk band that wants to take you back to the days when Dead Kennedy's ruled the west coast musical scene. Snotty social messages that reflect on the current marketing stench of boy bands and pop stars, the reflection of getting old, and the whole prospect of getting screwed again. Reducers SF ram the point home with pop-punk sound that is familiar, but engaging to listen to. If you like your punk sloppy and with attitude then check out the Reducers SF, they're right up your alley, or make that, your gutter.

-Keolar7

The Deep Eynde *Suicide Drive EP* Black Cabaret Recordings

The Deep Eynde are throwbacks to the 80's glam-punk heyday. I cannot over emphasize how much these cats need to be seen to be fully appreciated. The singer has fangs, nephew! On their debut EP, *Fate Fatal*, the Fly, Chris Notsoverynice and Eric Blitz take us on a nocturnal romp through the subterranean stylings unearthed by bands like the Damned and the Misfits. With sinister surf-fuzz guitars entombed in reverb, Danzig-esque vocals choked in echo and oozing moxy and catchy lyrics like: "Hey, hey, hey. La, la, la-la-la. Whoa-oh, oh. Oh-oh, oh, uh-uh, uh-uh." the Deep Eynde spell it all out in cobwebs and dirty lace. And to make it even cooler, these guys are DIY, kiddies! Visit them on the web at www.deep-eynde.com. This is a perfect soundtrack for midnight matings with teenage Goth-punk chicks.

-Shame Shady

The Dirtbombs *Ultralight In Black* In The Red

Infectious raw soul shakers meet pre MC5 punk stomp in a "Motown goes Garage" meltdown. Largely a tribute to the most loved soul music of leader Mick Collins' childhood radio memories. Smokey Robinson, Barry White, and Marvin Gaye are among the artists lovingly dredged through the fuzzed up funk, two drummer garage blasts. The hybrid renditions are further enhanced by production that sounds miraculously faithful to the time frame of the originals. Throw in the intro of Bela Lugosi's *Dead* reproduced to the T, to back up the Curtis Mayfield's "Kung Fu" and a heavy version of Thin Lizzy's "Ode To A Blackman" and they've cross-referenced outside boundaries lesser souls would have assuredly stumbled on. The sexy set culminates with the bar room ode to an erection "Do You See My Love (For You Growing)".

-Matt Bruce

Burning Airlines *Identikit* Desoto Records

After the demise of Jawbox, lead vocalist J. Robbins started up Burning Airlines. Their first recording *Mission: Control* was very reminiscent in approach as to Jawbox. But, with this new disc, the band is breaking out of the Jawbox sound and are trying to formulate their own sound, or experiment with creating a whole new way to construct the basic guitar, bass, and drum sound. Listening to this disc is like looking at a Dali painting. It's strange and hard to look at, but for some reason its strangeness and bizarreness is what makes it compelling and engaging to listen to.

-Keolar7

The Warlocks *Rise and Fall* Bomp!

Psychedelic like Sonic Youth were psychedelic with more than a hint of frontman Bobby Hecksher's tenure in Brian Jonestown Massacre, the Warlocks' first full-length release creates epic, sometimes eerie, sometimes lovely and lush soundscapes. The *Rise and Fall* charted by this cycle of songs is most likely that of "The Left and Right of the Moon." The *Dark Side*, of course. The Warlocks will cast their spell in the opening slot for the Black Rebel Motorcycle Club makeup show at Liquid Joe's October 10th.

-Stakerized!

Mad Daddys *The Age of Asparagus* R.A.F.R. Records

Fans of The Cramps will freak the fuck out when the first two songs from this killer disc thunder out of their speakers. From the gruff and menacing vocals to the thunderous bass/guitar mixing it up with the gyrating beat. Great songs like, "Daddy Needs a Mommy", "Shake It Like You Mean It", "I'm Mad", and "Blonde On a Bum Trip", are fine examples of the message that the Daddys get across in their hell blazing rock n' roll. Fans of rockabilly and greasers will love to get drunk to this kick ass disc.

-Keolar7

AntiSeen *The Boys From Brutalsville* TKO Records

Shit howdy! Riding the wave of punk nostalgia reunion tours, Antiseen are back with this disc of straight-up inbred, white trash, trailer park thrash for dirt bag retards. They ain't makin' no bones about it either. We used to rock a couple Antiseen cuts back in the day, but on this new one "the boys" have become a trite parody of themselves. Spouting right wing, white pride nationalist rhetoric on "Melting Pot" one minute. And the next, condemning "Talk Show Trash", they appear to be confused about their message. The music rocks fairly hard and is great for pissing off neighbors, but country, soul and rock n' roll just aint my can of jell-o. They do a cover of the Ramones' "Commando" but it's not enough for redemption. Dedicated to the memory of Dale Earnhardt Sr. #3. This is the ultimate soundtrack for snorting speed and impregnating your sister.

-Shame Shady

The Casualties *Die Hards* Side One Dummy

They are back and this is considered their best CD! I mean listen to them on *The Early Years* and you can track their musical improvement throughout the albums. You end up at *Die Hards*, a much more talented album and as tough as ever! Tracks like "Get Off My Back" show how uncompromising this record is and they even give props to good ol' Joey Ramone. If you are a spiky hair drunk punk then this album should already be in your collection.

-Matt Bruce

Daily Calendar

Submissions for the SLUG Calendar are due by the 1st of the month. Fax to 487-1359 or email dickheads@slugmag.com.

Friday, October 5

The Damned, Pleasure Forever, Swingin' Utters- *Brick's*
 Rocket 350, Unlucky Boys- *Burt's*
 Just the Two of Us, Get Stakerized- *Club Expose'*
 Amanda Schwender art show all month- *Cup of Joe*
 Backwash- *Dead Goat*
 Backstreet Boys, Sisqo, Krystal- *Delta Center*
 Swank Five- *Liquid Joe's*
 Tanglewood- *O'Shucks*
 Wumpscut CD release party -*Sanctuary*
 Sexy Food- *Urban Lounge*
 Blues World Order, 2+1 Trio- *YaBut's*
 Porterhouse- *Zephyr*

Saturday, October 6

Unlucky Boys- *Burt's*
 Mystery Meat, Get Stakerized- *Club Expose'*
 Lisa Marie & CoDependents- *Dead Goat*
 The Kill, Iodina, Downers, Rise- *Kilby Ct.*
 Logan James, Elsewhere- *OShuck's*
 The Flies, Sin Night- *Liquid Joe's*
 Pure Grain, Torque- *Urban Lounge*
 2+1 Trio- *YaBut's*
 El Vez- *Zephyr*

Sunday, October 7

Ben Folds (free)- *Brick's*
 Highball Train- *Burt's*
 The Unlucky Boys - *Club Manhattan*
 Badapple- *Moe's*
 Disturbed, Drowning Pool, Adema- *E Center*
 31 Knots, The Places- *Kilby Court*
 Audio Flo, G-13- *Urban Lounge*
 B-Side Players, Jacob Fred Jazz Odyssey- *Zephyr*

Monday, October 8

Marvelkind- *Burt's*
 Carl Weathersby- *Dead Goat*
 Loveletter Band, Boy Named Thor, Kelly Slusher- *Kilby Ct*
 Southern Culture on the Skids, Slim Cessna's Auto Club- *Liquid Joe's*
 Frontline Assembly, Wumpscut CD release party - *MODified music*
 DJ Matty L- *Urban Lounge*

Tuesday, October 9

Anne Murray- *Abravanel Hall*
 Scott Keeton & Deviants- *Dead Goat*
 The Items, Dennison Witmer, Japanic- *Kilby Ct.*
 Youth at Risk- *Kilby Ct*
 After Eden- *Liquid Joe's*
 Lo-Fi Breakdown- *OShuck's*
 White City- *Urban Lounge*
 Paladins- *Zephyr*

Wednesday, October 10

Tantric- *Brick's*
 Chrome Molly, Die Monster Die- *Burt's*
 Scott Keeton & Deviants- *Cicero's (Park City)*
 Mlada Fronta/Mimetic - *Club Manhattan*
 Weber River Blues Band- *Dead Goat*
 Victory at Sea, Optimus Prime- *Kilby Ct*
 Black Rebel Motorcycle Club- *Liquid Joe's*
 Gothnight- *OShuck's*

Sam Eye Am, DJ Transmit- *Urban Lounge*

Ordinary K- *Zephyr*
 DJ Cheap Slice- *Brewvies*
Thursday, October 11
 No Use for a Name- *Brick's*
 Metal Meltdown- *Burt's*
 Uncle James- *Dead Goat*
 Royal Bliss- *Liquid Joe's*
 Insatiable- *OShuck's*
 Debbie Graham Band- *Urban Lounge*
 PDEX, Averopuerto- *YaBut's*
 Robert Walter's 20th Congress- *Zephyr*

Friday, October 12

Alchemy- *Burt's*
 Badapple, Get Stakerized- *Club Expose'*
 Modest Mouse- *Brick's*
 Zion Tribe- *Dead Goat*
 Janet Jackson- *Delta Center*
 Karl Blau, Sunfall Festival, Brilliant Stereo Mob- *Kilby Ct*
 Disco Drippers- *Liquid Joe's*
 Bella Morte, Cruxshadows- *Sanctuary*
 No Release- *Urban Lounge*
 Off Balance- *YaBut's*
 Fishbone- *Zephyr*

Saturday, October 13

Violet Run, Inviolat Row- *Burt's*
 WTC Victims Benefit- *Club Expose'*
 Saddle Tramps- *Dead Goat*
 Death Cab for Cutie, The Prom, Gerald Music- *Kilby Ct*
 Disco Drippers- *Liquid Joe's*
 Lost Horizon, No Release- *OShuck's*
 Wicked Innocence, Nostrovia- *Urban Lounge*
 Slender- *YaBut's*
 Fishbone- *Zephyr*

Sunday, October 14

Highball Train- *Burt's*
 Mlada Fronta, Mimetic- *Club Manhattan*
 Jazz Night- *Kilby Ct*
 Sin Night- *Liquid Joe's*
 Audio Flo- *Urban Lounge*

Monday, October 15

Little Charlie & Nightcats- *Dead Goat*
 Open- *Liquid Joe's*
 DJ Matty L- *Urban Lounge*
 Bob Schneider- *Zephyr*

Tuesday, October 16

Fairlanes, Gamits- *Kilby Ct*
 Sand- *Liquid Joe's*
 Sons of Nothing- *Urban Lounge*

Wednesday, October 17

Optimus Prime- *Burt's*
 Leftover Crack, Life Over Law- *Connection Skatepark*
 Stacy Board- *Dead Goat*
 Dashboard Confessional, Seville, Duvall, Hudson River School- *Kilby Ct*

Thursday, October 18

No Release- *Liquid Joe's*
 Sam Eye Am, DJ Transmit- *Urban Lounge*
 DJ Cheap Slice- *Brewvies*
Thursday, October 18
 Andy Hughes- *Bricks*
 Fink Bait- *Burt's*

Gearl Jam- *Dead Goat*

Royal Bliss- *Liquid Joe's*
 SLUG Localized: Little Sap Dungeon, Dulce Sky, Uber Faction- *Urban Lounge*
 Positively Negative, Million Miles an Hour- *YaBut's*
 DJ Logic, Project Logic- *Zephyr*

Friday, October 19

Unlucky Boys, Metal Meltdown- *Uncle Bart's*
 Mystery Meat, Get Stakerized- *Club Expose'*
 Lo-Fi Breakdown- *Dead Goat*
 The Given- *Liquid Joe's*
 POD, Fenix Tx, Blindside- *Saltair*
 Bill Morrissey- *UofU Fine Arts*
 8-0-One, Wicked Innocence- *Urban Lounge*
 7 Grand, ECO, Hospital Food- *YaBut's*

Saturday, October 20

Get Stakerized, Violet Run- *Club Expose'*
 Nick Curran- *Dead Goat*
 Guess Who- *Delta Center*
 Sweep the Leg Johnny, Form of Rocket- *Kilby*
 The Given- *Liquid Joe's*
 Sore Losers, Tommy Gun Killers- *Todd's*
 Speak No Evil, Sam- *YaBut's*

Sunday, October 21

The Stove (previously G-13) - *Club Manhattan*
 The Stereo, Pieces of Eight, Norris- *Kilby*
 Sin Night- *Liquid Joe's*
 Audio Flo- *Urban Lounge*
 Badapple- *Zephyr*

Monday, October 22

Tantric, Oleander, Beautiful Creatures- *Brick's*
 Cruel & Unusual- *Burt's*
 Roger "Hurricane" Wilson- *Dead Goat*
 Murder City Devils- *DV8*
 Favez, Time Spent Driving, Macgyver, Day of Less- *Kilby Ct*
 Starlight Mints- *Liquid Joe's*
 Dear Nora, Honor System, Chubby Bunny- *Rock City*
 DJ Matty L- *Urban Lounge*

Tuesday, October 23

Greg Piccolo- *Beatnik's*
 Stephen Malkmus, the Standard- *Liquid Joe's*

Wednesday, October 24

Sturgeon General- *Burt's*
 Sounds End, Badapple- *Liquid Joe's*
 Trouser Trout- *Dead Goat*
 Alison Brown- *Peery's (Ogden)*
 Sam Eye Am, DJ Transmit- *Urban Lounge*
 DJ Cheap Slice- *Brewvies*

Thursday, October 25

Rockin' Lloyd Tripp & the Zippguns- *Dead Goat*
 The Intima, Ted Leo, Tolchock Trio- *Kilby*
 Royal Bliss- *Liquid Joe's*
 Nostrovia- *Urban Lounge*

Friday, October 26

Red Bennies- *Burt's*
 Get Stakerized- *Club Expose'*
 Adjustments- *Dead Goat*
 Form of Rocket, Hudson River School, New Transit Direction, Vvast- *Kilby Ct*
 Marginal Prophets, Swank 5- *Liquid Joe's*
 Streamlined- *Urban Lounge*

Day of Less- *YaBut's*
Saturday, October 27
 Suicide Machines- *Brick's*
 Metal Meltdown- *Burt's*
 Get Stakerized!- *Club Expose'*
 Insatiable- *Dead Goat*
 Bardo Pond, Wolfs- *Kilby Ct*
 Marginal Prophets, Swank 5-
Liquid Joe's
 Fuel, Saliva, Breaking Point-
Saltair
 All Hallow's Eve Ball-
Sanctuary
 The Items, Death Boy Goes
 Electric-*Todd's*
 Cartoon Criminals- *Urban Lounge*
 Audible- *YaBut's*
Sunday, October 28
 Digital Underground- *Brick's*
 SUBMIT w/ Fervid Torper -
Club Manhattan
 Lenola- *Kilby Ct*
 Sin Night- *Liquid Joe's*
 Audio Flo- *Urban Lounge*
 Strangefolk- *Zephyr*
Monday, October 29
 No Use for a Name- *Brick's*
 Thunderfist, Turbo ACs- *Burt's*
 Tinsley Ellis- *Dead Goat*
 DJ Matty L- *Urban Lounge*
Tuesday, October 30
 Punk Rock Prom- *Kilby Ct*
 JW Blackout- *Liquid Joe's*

Solipsis- *Urban Lounge*
 Nickel Creek- *Zephyr*
Wednesday, October 31
 Bouncing Souls, One Man
 Army, Flogging Molly,
 Madcap- *Brick's*
 Never Never, Iodina- *Burt's*
 Halloween Party: Get Stakerized,
 Chubby Bunny, - *Club Expose'*
 Kettle Fish- *Dead Goat*
 Slapdown- *Liquid Joe's*
 Halloween Party: Rocky
 Horror- *Sanctuary*
 Sam Eye Am, DJ Transmit-
Urban Lounge
 Halloween Party- *YaBut's*
 DJ Cheap Slice- *Brewwie's*
Thursday, November 1
 Built to Spill, the Delusions- *DV8*
 Neil Diamond- *E Center*
 Short Run- *Kilby Ct*
Friday, November 2
 Nickelback- *DV8*
Saturday, November 3
 Wolfs, Captured By Robots- *Burt's*
Sunday, November 4
 Mike Brown autograph sign-
 ing- *Salty Peaks*
 Dirty Hessian Session-
Connection Skatepark
Monday, November 5
 Pick up the new SLUG-
 Anyplace Cool!



The Urban Arts Committee
 presents

Digital Underground

at **Brick's**
 579 W. 200 S.
Sunday, Oct. 28th
Halloween Weekend

Info line
801.530.7679

*A PRIVATE CLUB FOR MEMBERS

Oct. 21

the stereo

w/ pieces of eight & norris
 kilby court

Oct. 22

the murder city devils

w/ botch & american steel
 (murder city devils last show)
 club dv8

Nov. 1

built to spill

w/ the delusions
 club dv8

Nov. 2

nickelback w/ default

club dv8

Nov. 3

unwritten law

openers TBA
 club dv8

Nov. 6

butthole surfers

w/ kid 606
 club dv8

Info.

most shows will sell out!!!
 tix available \$1 off at area
 51, or for regular price at
 gray whale cd, the heavy
 metal shop, and cd
 warehouse in provo - more
 info at utahconcerts.com or
 801.575.1924 - club dv8 and area
 51 are private clubs for members

Kilby Court Calendar

October

- | | |
|--|--|
| 02- OVER IT
STARING BACK
Baltimore Drive | 13- DEATH CAB FOR CUTIE
THE PROM
Curtains
Gerald Mast |
| 03- NOBODY'S
FILTHY JIM
w/3pm | 14- Jazz Night |
| 04- CONVOCAION OF (Tiger Style
Records)
ATTENTION (ax- Gloria Record
and the Stereo)
Pieces of Eight | 16- THE GAMMITS
THE FAIRLANES |
| 06- "My Sweet" Night ONE:
The Kill
Iodine
The Downers
Rise | 17- DASHBOARD CONFESSIONAL
SEVILLE
DUVALL
Hudson River School |
| 07- 31 KNOTS
THE PLACES | 20- SWEEP THE LEG JOHNNY
(Southern Records)
Form of Rocket |
| 08- LOVELETTER BAND
A BOY NAMED THOR
KELLY SLUSHER | 21- THE STEREO |
| 09- DENNISON WITMER
JAPANEIC | 22- FAVEZ (Doghouse Records)
TIME SPENT DRIVING
Macgyver |
| 10- VICTORY AT SEA
Optimus Prime | 23- DEAR MORA
HONOR SYSTEM
Chubby Bunn |
| 12- KARL BLAUGH
Sunfall Festival
Brilliant Stereo Mob | 25- THE INTIMA
TED LEO (Lookout Records)
Tolcheck Tm |
| | 26- "My Sweet" Night TWO:
Form of Rocket
Hudson River School
New Transit Direction
Vuest |



Kilby Court is an all ages venue in SLC, Utah located at 741 South 330 West. call 320-9887 for info.
No Rock Star attitude...

- 27- BARDO POND
Seeing Infrared
The Wolfs
- 30- Punk Rock Prom
- 31- SHORT RUN



Coming Soon

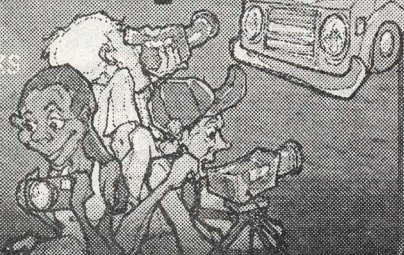
NOVEMBER:

MICROPHONES... THE LIARS... SNEILBOUND... FEDERATION X... HEY MERCEDES...
LES SAVY FAV... FIVER... M4M4... WILDMAN FISHER... NOGGIN TOBOGGIN...
PIRX THE PILOT... CRY BABY CRY... MR. T EXPERIENCE... LOVE AS LAUGHTER...

SPY HOP PRODUCTIONS

would like to thank everyone
involved in this year's Sabbathon

THANKS



SLUG!



355 W. Pierpont #200 801.532.7500

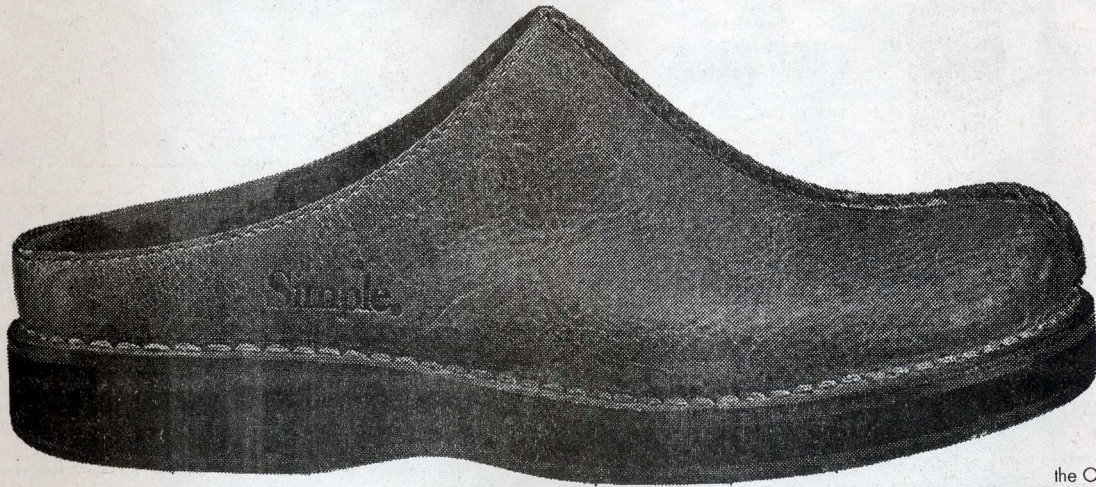
WHITE CITY SACRED BEAT GEOMETRY

OCTOBER 9TH.....URBAN LOUNGE
743 0442

OCTOBER 13TH.....THE SAFARI
WITH G13...DAN LLOYD'S BIRTHDAY PARTY.....531 0707

OCTOBER 19TH.....MOES
WITH INFRARED ROSES...358 SOUTH W TEMPLE

The path to knowledge is kinda rough, you're gonna need good shoes.



the Ojai

Simple[®] stream of consciousness

A National Road Tour...Coming to a campus near you!

University of Utah, Salt Lake City
Performing Modern Dance Company Concerts -
October 11-13 & 18-20 2001 (Fall Concert)
Spring - April 11-13 & 18-20 2002 (Spring Concert)

University of California, San Diego
FallFest - October 5, 2001
WinterFest - February 22, 2002
Sun God Festival - May 17, 2002

University of Colorado, Boulder
Student Art Exhibition - December 7-21, 2001
Student Art Exhibition - May 3-17, 2002

University of California, Santa Cruz
Random with a Purpose, Theatre - February 1-9, 2002
Chautauqua, Theatre - May 9-19, 2002

University of California, Santa Barbara
Student Art Exhibition and Poetry Slam - February 15, 2002
Student Art Exhibition - June 4-14, 2002

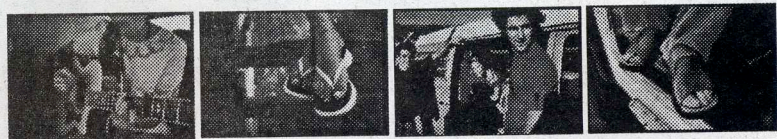
Northwestern University, Evanston, Illinois
WNUR JazzFest (groovy tunes) - Spring 2002
Flicker Film Festival - April 2002

University of Michigan, Ann Arbor
Halloween Concert, Spook Fest - October 28, 2001
U-Club Poetry Slams - Every other Thursday from
October 11, 2001 - April 4, 2002

University of Washington, Seattle
Summer Art Festival - July 16-20, 2002

The best stuff is always in fine print... Introducing the **Simple Shoes Stream of Consciousness Road Tour!** We'll be visiting eight universities across the U.S., sponsoring a variety of creatively focused events. Our travels will be documented in our down-and-dirty "zine" featuring interviews, cool art, dope photography, poetry and doodles we collect from people like you that we meet along the way.

Come visit us at the Student Union October 10th to see our new fall 2001 product line and talk to us Simple folks. Also, don't miss what is sure to be an amazing show - the **University Modern Dance Company's Fall Concerts** (see dates to left). Tickets available through ArtTix 801-581-7100.



NASDAQ DECK

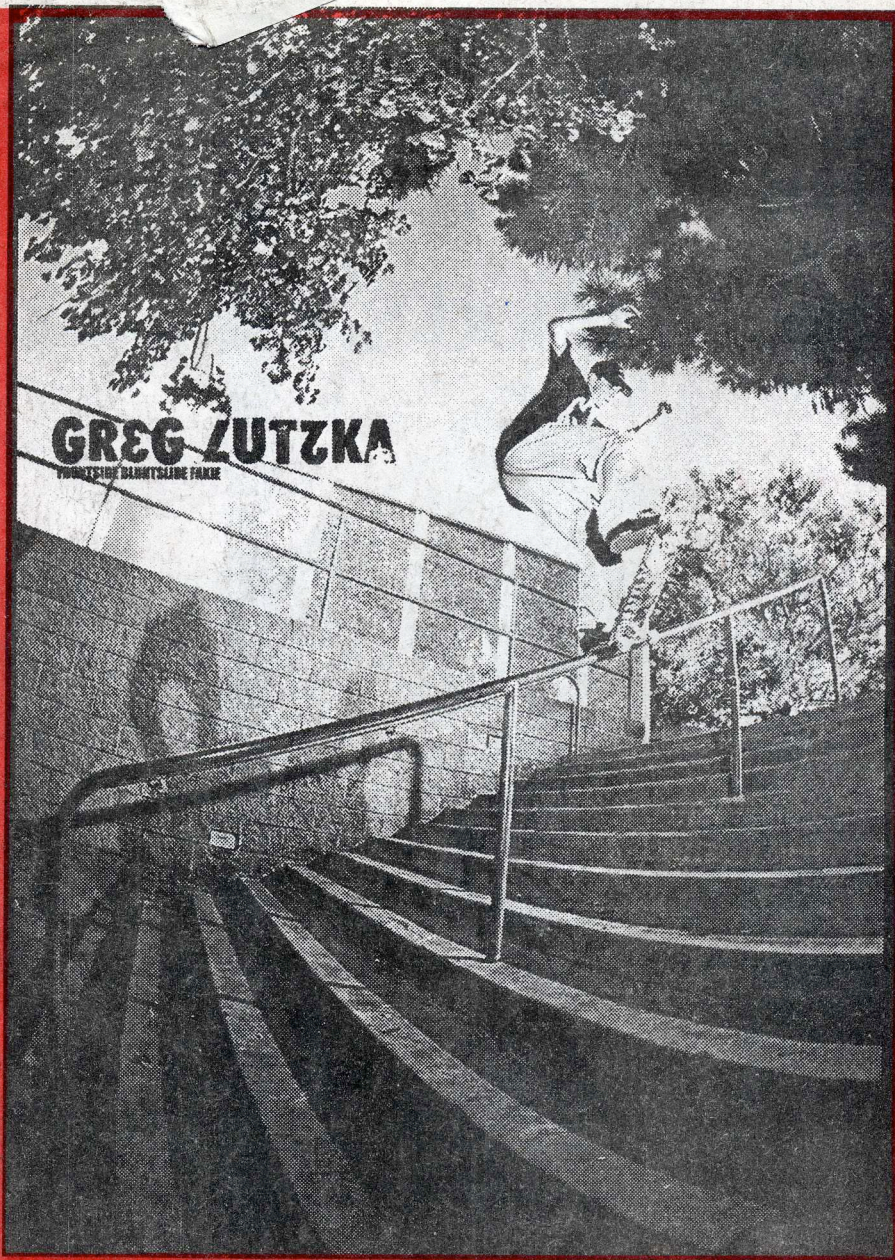
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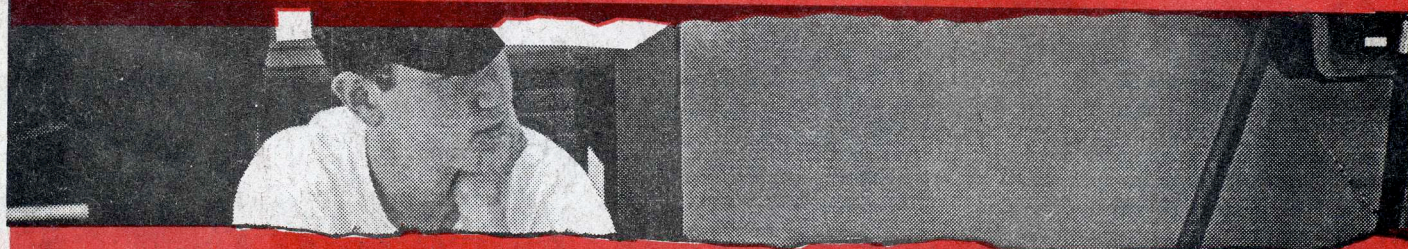
Offer good the weekend of October 13, 14, and 20, 21. Be sure you bring in this ad as your coupon!

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