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May 2004

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T-Model Ford

"I lost my gun but I still got my knife"

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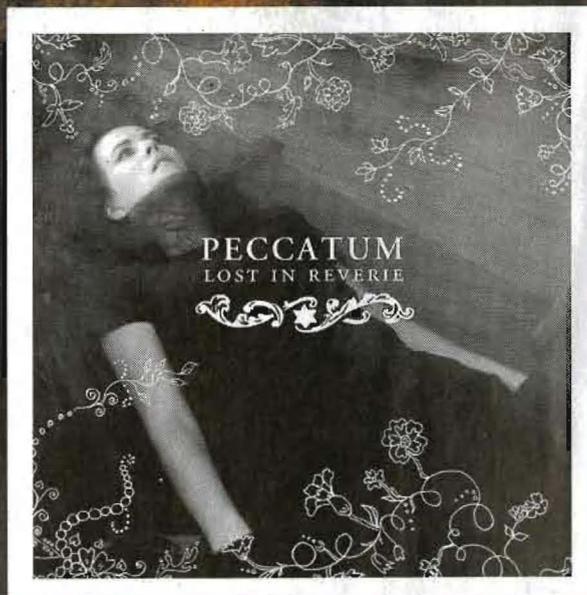
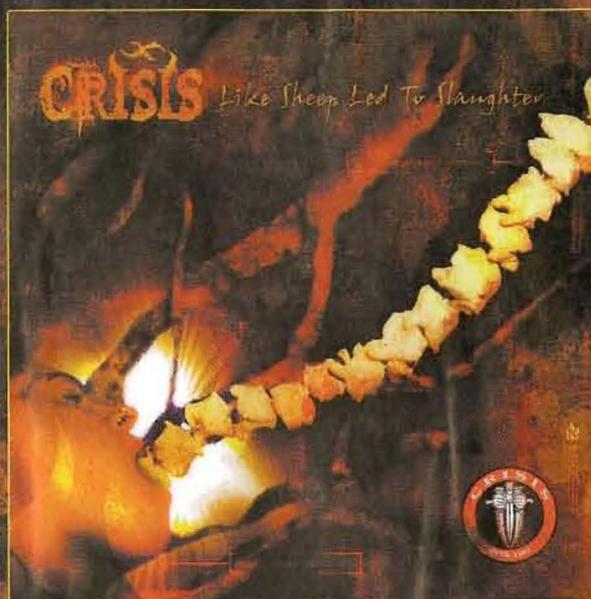
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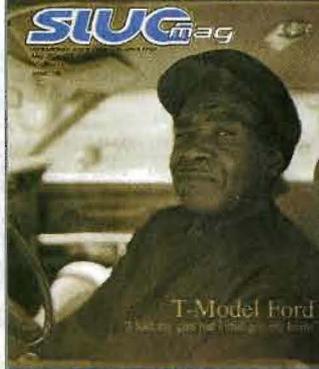
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COVER IMAGE OF
T-MODEL FORD
COURTESY OF FAT POSSUM
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THE FEATURES:

- THE RAPTURE PG 11
- CATTLE DECAPITATION PG 12
- GLASSPACK PG 13
- T-MODEL FORD PG 24
- BJORN LEINES PG 35
- J. GRANT BRITAIN PG 36
- BIANARY SKATEPARK PG 39
- WILLEM DEFOE PG 41

THE FAVORITES:

- BOOKS ALOUD PG 16
- CD REVIEWS PG 27
- CLASSIFIEDS PG 40
- DEAR DICKHEADS PG 6
- DAILY CALENDAR PG 44
- GALLERY STROLL PG 17
- HEADPHONES 22
- KATCHUP PG 42
- LOCALIZED PG 8
- LOCAL CD REVIEWS PG 14
- LOCAL VILLIAN PG 38
- MODUS OPERANDI PG 20
- WASTED LIFE PG 21
- WRITTEN IN BLOOD IS MIA

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SLUGmag

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I think that what you're doing is great. We need more assholes in the world today. It makes me sick everytime I turn on the TV and see some lame ass childrens show about sharing and love. Sharing and love...FUCK THAT. We need to start making children's shows based on Quentin Tarantino movies. People all day long tell me how much of an asshole I am and I love it. The world needs more guys like us. Oh by the way, go fuck yourself...bitch.

—Danny Boy

Danny Boy, you strike me as the sort of asshole who has to Google "Quentin Tarantino" in order to double-check the spelling. Same goes for "TV." I want you to take a long, close look at yourself in the mirror next time you urinate and repeat three times: "Hell, I can finish up that GED."

Dear Dickheads,

Thanks for publishing the article encouraging punk voters in the April SLUG. Even if Utah voters can't make much impact on the presidential election, getting out the anti-Bush vote will help create regime change. My husband Brian E. Watkins is joining the struggle against bleak conservatism in Utah by running against "Radioactive Man" Rob Bishop on Utah's First Congressional District. Brian and other Democrats can win, but only if they get the vote of every single person in Utah who is sick of Republican rule. Please register to vote and make all your apathetic friends register too (you can get mail-in voter registration forms at <http://elections.utah.gov/voterregistrationnewhow.html>). Please drag your friends with you when you go to the polls on Tuesday, November 2.

—Amy Brunvand

P.S. And please check out Brian's website: <http://www.brianforutah.com/>

He's a computer nerd and a good guy.

Thanks for using Dear Dickheads to advance your views and your husband's pathetic election campaign by pretending to be able to relate to the washed-up losers that make up SLUG's reading audience. At least you made one good point: Utah alterna-voters do not have the power to choose the next president, but they can make a huge difference in local

elections, which is vastly more important anyway, because it has a much more direct impact on your immediate environment. But put in your votes on the presidency anyway. If 35 percent of Utah's population does not vote for Bush, and our fine Electoral College delegates represent us as a 100-percent-pro-Bush state, any idiot can see that isn't accurate. Enough discrepancies like that could lead to the eventual overthrow of the Electoral College, a system which sucks shit, to a future where your vote won't be affected by your neighbor's preferences. George W. Bush is a neo-conservative, anti-gay, anti-poor, pro-meaningless-war Nazi desperately in need of enrolling in his wife's literacy program—oh, the irony—who must be destroyed at all costs, or, barring that, voted out of office.

Dear Dickheads,

I was just curious....Is it so wrong to love someone so much when they don't know who you are? To wait for them to walk out of their house just so that you can catch a glimpse of them. To continuously write them love letters even though they repeatedly tell you to stop. It must sound bad, but I still think that one day Patrick will realize his love for me. Everyone tells me that it's kinda creepy, but is it really so wrong?

—Rotten Vanilla

Recommended reading for you: *Obsessive Love: When Passion Holds You Prisoner; Toxic Psychiatry: Why Therapy, Empathy and Love Must Replace the Drugs, Electroshock, and Biochemical Theories of the "New Psychiatry"; Stalk And Kill: The Thrill And Danger Of The Sniper Experience; and City Weekly's I Saw You. Recommended reading for the stalker: How to Stop a Stalker, the Gift of Fear and The Celery Stalks at Midnight.*

Hey Dickheads:

I have a problem, and I wanted someone to not listen, and then make some dumb-ass pointless remark at the end of my letter, so I decided to address it to YOU. SLUG magazine is a great step into creating a tangible culture in the Greater Salt Lake Area. I really admire the fact that you guys work your asses off to expose new bands, and get paid next to shit for it. However, there is more to Salt Lake than shitty wannabe hardcore bands, and emo dumbasses who whine about their girlfriends. What about events? Gatherings? Alternative fashion? I mean, Jesus, there are groups of 30-year old women around here who wear overpriced leiderhosen and pigtales, who call themselves "Lolita Goths". Come on. There are huge groups of people who have amazing ideas concerning government and culture that get NO EXPOSURE. Even those pot-smoking dumbasses down at Drum Circle have something to say. Keep yourselves from sucking even more than you already do. That's all I'm saying. I want to keep this magazine around for a while.

—Tiffany

Hey Tiffany, you know what they say. People in glass houses shouldn't date Ashton Kutcher. There already is a magazine that does that shit. It's called Gothic Beauty. Go fuck yourself.

ABOUT THIS MONTH'S COVERSTORY:

THE FAT POSSUM JUKE JOINT CARAVAN WITH
T-MODEL FORD: MISSISSIPPI HILL BLUES AT ITS BEST....

Stamp of approval by Brad Wheeler

You're probably wondering, "Why I should go to The Fat Possum Juke Joint Caravan? What in the hell does the blues have to offer me? Don't I have to be bald, overweight and a white male to appreciate that shit?" Well, I must admit that there is a lot of shit out there even in the blues world that appeals to just that segment of commercial-buying power, but this, my friend, is not your father's blues show. *The Fat Possum Juke Joint Caravan* is the closest that most of your white crackerasses are ever gonna get to Mississippi.

This is pure, raw, unadulterated and uncorrupted blues, the root of all American music—yes, all American music. There would be no White Stripes, no Led Zepplin, no Iggy Pop, no Velvet Underground, no Rolling Stones, no Nirvana, no Cramps, if it wasn't for the blues. Blues is the bedrock of rock n' roll, the skeletal system that all forms of Western music are constructed upon, the foundation. Elvis wasn't trying to invent rock n' roll when Sam Phillips asked him to record, hell, he was trying to sound like a black man singing the blues. Elvis came about after his buddy Charlie Feathers started taking him around to the porches of sharecroppers, where they would sit and listen with desire at the feet of old black men, who were inspired to change their world through music.

Blues is the first music to have originated in this country (with the exception of Native American music), and it happened through its immigrant and slave populations. It is the only art form that Americans are given credit for inventing.

This shit that's coming to town is the real deal, folks, 100-percent-authentic, grit-your-teeth blues. Opportunities like this one don't come around all that

often. Some of these guys are also in a race against time. These are old dudes trying to keep one foot out of the grave; they ain't young men loading up in a van trying to see America while picking up chicks and leaving band stickers in as many rest-stop bathrooms as they can. This is a rare chance to see the last of a dying breed—the real, live, back-porch, shine-drinking, knife-toting, gun-shootin', hell-raisin', head-cutting, devil-dealing, women-stealing, Mississippi-juke-joint blues man. The mold from which all American musicians come.

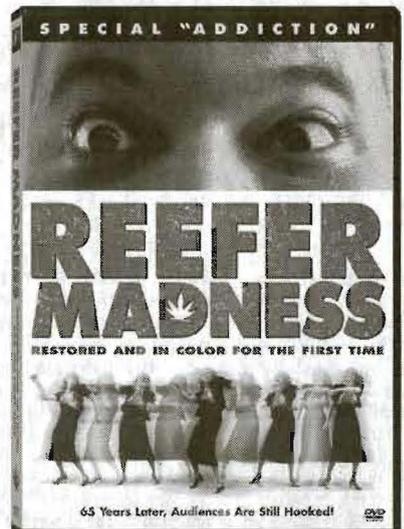
T-Model Ford didn't pick up a guitar for fame or fortune; he picked up the guitar because he had the blues—one of the most honest of reasons for any artist to practice their craft—a desire to transform or at least escape a negative and oppressive situation through art. You think your ass has been through some shit? Well, you should listen in on what this poor old miserable fucker has been through. His father beat him so bad as a child he smashed and destroyed one of his testicles. His wife one day packed up the whole family and moved away, leaving him and not telling him where they went, never to be seen again. Not only that, but this man has done time on the Prachman Farm Chain Gang for murder.

I've been to all sorts of shows, and worked at the *Speedway* when I was 18 (I lied about my age to get the job), and I can tell you, the Fat Possum Juke Joint Caravan is a big deal for anyone. I don't care what in the hell you listen to or are into, this is an opportunity for you to look into the soul of both America and its music. And I guarantee you that if you look hard enough, this show is gonna stare you right back in your face, and when it does, it will change you for the rest of your life.

For the past 5 years, Brad Wheeler has produced a weekly national blues showcase in Ogden every Tuesday at Brewskies. He is the host of the weekly Blues News program Monday Nights on KRCL 90.9 FM and received the 2003 Ogden City Mayor's Arts Award for his Blues in Schools program, where he teaches young people about the blues. Brad is also an accomplished musician in his own right and has played Blues Festivals all over the nation.

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Localized is a monthly local band showcase the second Friday of every month at the Urban Lounge. This month's event features Sidecar, Gabrael and Deliccatto.



Dave: Drums
Travis: Guitar and vocals
Nick: Bass
T-Bear: Keyboards and synth
Jarred Wiberg: Guitar

I met **Gabrael** at the House of Coffee, where I have seen them many times before, but never knowing that their incessant reappearance at the coffeeshop was because the band practices so often. Three times a week, to be precise, which involves more than a bit of driving time on the part of many members of the band.

"We'll be honest. We have a hard time explaining [our music] because we're not exactly sure. But I don't think it's too different from other stuff that's out there; we just don't know how to describe it. We were just having this conversation. A lot of other bands know what they want to do, but we don't know what we want to do," T-Bear explains in response to my asking what they sound like.

"I would say hard yet soft. Chaotic yet simple. Dynamic. Supple." Dave says. Another member says that they sound like **The Cure** if The Cure were really pissed off. A sort of hardcore Cure, if you will.

"Yeah, we're a rock band. We sound hard, like other hard bands—we're definitely a lot

which we play with. But then there's a lot of bands out there that have a similar sound that I think we're going to get grouped with—like the screamo and newer hardcore stuff like **Thursday** and **Thrice**. Bands that we get compared with are the ones that are trying to meld different genres together, but I think what we are trying to do is adding new aspects to it," T-Bear continues. He's passionate enough about it to gush about their classification and to drive down to SLC from Logan multiple times a week.

Unlike other bands, they will say that they aren't different. How different can a few guys with guitars and a drum kit be? This either rids them of any opportunity to assume rockstar swagger, or simply brands them as dim-witted. Their practice space, the KRCL building, is haunted, they tell me, in a thinly veiled attempt to change the subject. The guitarist, Jarred, made some sort of pact with the poltergeist to refrain from speaking throughout the interview despite his band members' attempts to make him do otherwise. All the members of **Gabrael** are sort of like the silent member, in that they have little to say.



Alex: Bass
Aaron Adog: Drums
Kid Madusa "Lindsay Heath": Drums
Camden Chamberlain: Vox, and guitar
Scott Fetzer: Guitar and backing vox

I met **Deliccatto** also at the House of Coffee. My first reaction to them was the desire to put them into a shoebox full of cotton balls as though they were baby birds. They are an extraordinarily adorable group of people. They play what is described as dark pop except they don't all wear black eyeliner, as you might expect.

"Do we have to talk about the band?" Lindsay, resplendent in blinding pink dreadlocks, inquires. We do not have to talk about their band or any other band, for that matter. Instead, we talk briefly about candy, which Lindsay doesn't eat.

We also go on to discuss what shows we watched on television as children. It seems that everyone in America is familiar with *Sesame Street* and *Mr. Rogers' Neighborhood* but not *Kids Incorporated*. Everyone can sing the 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12 song from *Sesame Street* and they do so. They also discuss the pros and cons of living in the animated pinball world of the Twelve Song, and the general metropolitan world of *Sesame Street* in general. Imagine living in a world where it is quite reasonable to burst into song with your plush friends who are suspended by wires? But, the real question at hand is, what Muppet would you be if you were a Muppet? No, not the Muppet that you aspire to be, but the Muppet

which you truly are.

"At the end of my dreams, always, the train from *Mr. Rogers'* would appear. Beep beep!" Aaron says. Someone else thinks that the piano player from the show "wailed."

Scott, apparently, is Gonzo, the shy and awkward one with a penchant for chickens. Lindsay is Animal, which I found to be the most obvious, but not necessarily accurate choice. Yes, she does play the drums and her hair flies everywhere, but there is more to the subtleties of the Muppets than that. Camden is the large grey bird with furrowed brows whose name no one can recall.

Lindsay takes charge and asks what band everyone would play with and where they would play if they could play with anyone anywhere. She chooses *Kids Incorporated* at Chuck 'E'Cheese and she tells us so without giving it a second thought. It seems that she has already given this some consideration. Scott would play with **Phish**, which I find both shocking and disturbing. Camden would play with the **Beatles** at somewhere small and intimate like DV8.

All of this information tells you little about their music, but enough about the people to tempt you into believing that they just might play a cover of either the Ladybug's Picnic or the *Kids Incorporated* theme song.

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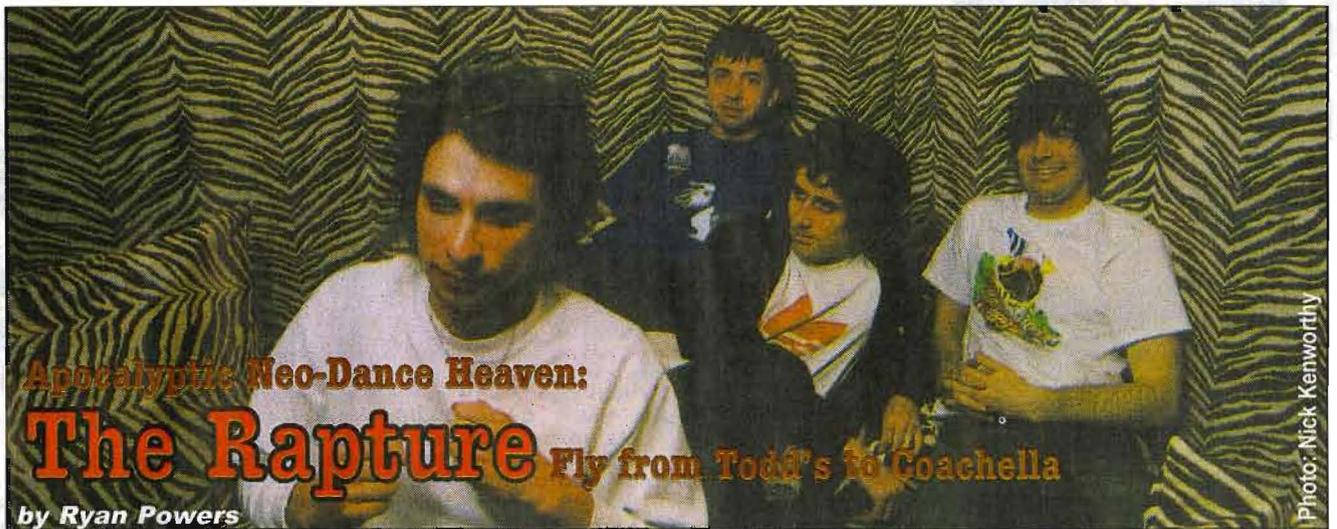


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Apocalyptic Neo-Dance Heaven:

The Rapture

Fly from Todd's to Coachella

by Ryan Powers

Photo: Nick Kenworthy

San Diego 1998: **The Rapture** teetered on the brink of existence, bouncing from city to city until the final lineup conglomerated in New York when **Mattie Safer** contributed his hand at bass guitar and **Gabe Andruzzi** brought his saxophone. The kludge of musicians instigated the genesis of the New York neo-dance-punk sound. Inevitably, the right people began to become entranced by their rare sound—**James Murphy** and **Tim Goldsworthy**, the dance-music virtuosos behind **DFA (Death From Above)**. They gave **The Rapture** the opportunity, and the studio, to create *Echoes*. Both **The Rapture** and **DFA** were taken aback by the excitement and hype surrounding the release of the *Out of the Races and Onto the Tracks* EP and *House of Jealous Lovers* single.

Today, with the long awaited release of *Echoes*, **The Rapture** sees unparalleled success in creating the apogee of dance party music. Critics draw comparisons with bands that range from **The Cure** and **Public Image Ltd.** to **Gang of Four** and **The Contortions**. Everybody seems scrambling to label this group of four hooligans using the coolest new buzzwords: neo-no-wave, dancepunk, electroclash, funkpunk, punk-disco, and neo-disco-punk-funk-electro-wave. All fail in their attempt to encapsulate the synthesis of blaring saxophones and cowbells alongside screeching vocals and disco rhythms into a user-friendly term. *Echoes* contains such a broad array of sonic dynamics, every phrase and comparison only describes a single song or instrument amongst **The Rapture's** infectious entourage. So how do we decode the riddle of **The Rapture**?

The Rapture are not the easiest guys to get a hold of, so the only reasonable plan of action is to track them down in person. On Sat., April 24, **The Rapture** played in *The Venue* with **Black Rebel Motorcycle Club** and **Starlite Desperation**. Arriving hours early, I find them smack in the middle of a sound check. The sneak preview of the night's festivities proves fruitless; the only fact I discover is they are completely able to reproduce the entire variety of multilayered sounds found on their **DFA** recordings. Following sound check, I chase them as they leave the stage with my trusty cameraman **Nick Kenworthy** at my side. Unfortunately, I'm

not able to catch all four members, but I did manage to capture founding members **Luke Jenner**, vocalist and guitarist, and **Vito Roccoforte**, drummer extraordinaire. The following questions I ask while totally kicking their ass in a game of HORSE. The game which normally lasts 10 minutes stretches close to an hour as no one present really knows how to play basketball.

SLUG: What is the worst band you have ever played with?

VITO ROCCOFORTE: You know, we have played so many shows, that if it is a really crap band, we probably don't really watch them.

LUKE JENNER: A lot of times I really enjoy bands that are super shitty, because we play with a lot of bands that are OK, and then when you see something that is really horrible, it is awesome. It feels good.

VR: Our old merch guy loved that; the worst band on tour would be his favorite.

SLUG: So **The Rapture** will be playing **Coachella** in the upcoming weeks, what are your feelings about this magnanimous musical festival, and what bands are you excited about seeing?

VR: We are really excited about it. I really want to see **Kraftwerk** and **The Pixies**. I don't think we are going to get to see **The Pixies** though because they play right before us, and 10 minutes into our set.

SLUG: What is the worst show you have ever played?

VR: I think we just tried to blank it out...

LJ: But remember that show we played here, at **Todd's**? [That's right, **The Rapture** played our own *Todd's Bar & Grill* two years ago with **The Downers**.] I thought I was going to die. I had a fever of 105; I sat in the van sweating until right before we played.

VR: He was too sick to play the next show in Boise, so Matt and I played as a two-piece to about three people.

SLUG: What would you want to say to someone who has never even heard of **The Rapture**?

LJ: I would want them to think that no matter what, if they came to see us play it would be a good time.

SLUG: **The Rapture** has, in a way, brought the audience back into the live show. Instead of simply putting on a great show to watch, you can't help but really dance and feel the music.

LJ: We tour so much we are constantly exhausted. If we can't get the audience to help give us energy, we don't give them energy. And if you can't get that interaction going, you can't play. It is not fun; you just want to go home.

VR: And our stuff is really dancey, so if people aren't dancing and you are playing dance music, it's really depressing.

SLUG: After the experience with **DFA**, have you changed how you will write music?

VR: Well, we have always liked dance music, but now we're able to listen to a song and translate it into something we'd want to do quicker and better. Yet one of the special things about *House of Jealous Lovers* was how it was a real primitive take on dance music. So we'll see if it is for better or for worse.

SLUG: So when can fans expect to see the next **Rapture** album?

LJ: Hopefully in a year. Nothing has been recorded yet.

Even in light of their recent loss at the hands of yours truly at a game of HORSE, **Luke** and **Vito** took the stage with **Gabe**, **Mattie**, 2 keyboards, a handful of drum machines, a drumset, cowbell, saxophone, guitar and a bass. Their show is not the rock star routine, rehashing the album-tracks gig one would expect from a band this big. In the middle of a song, during his vocal part, **Luke** jumps the barrier and runs through the crowd, starting dance circles. Then **Mattie** fronts vocals on a new song while **Luke** pounds furiously on a cowbell. High-heeled shoes come off; shoulders crash in rhythm, people dance with other people's boyfriends. It has the intimacy and freedom of a *Kilby* show with the sound system and dance party of a rave. People cannot stop dancing once **The Rapture** hit the stage. Thirty minutes later, the sweaty group of faux hawks, frat boys, old men and teeny boppers dissipates and reforms at the merch table. No one is immune, by evidence of the fallen hairstyles and glazed looks in people's gleeful eyes.

SLUG

Decapitation

Taking an Axe to the Fable of the Sacred Human

by Sarah Pendleton

I was a tangled mass of nerves right before my interview with bass player **Troy Oftedal** of **Cattle Decapitation**. So I employed some relaxation techniques. I brewed some tea, dimmed the lights, and slipped into a tub of gooshy, warm entrails. Thus comforted, I made my introduction:

SLUG: Hi, I'm Sarah, from SLUG.

Troy Oftedal: Hi, I'm Troy, from Cattle Decapitation.

SLUG: So, being out on the desert backroads, have you had the chance to see any Texas vultures pick a human carcass clean, and would you consider adding them to the act if you found them to have good stage presence?

TO: No. No, I don't think that would be a very nice thing to do.

Ouch.

SLUG: At the **Las Vegas Metal Fest** back in August, you guys really stuck out amidst a sea of spikes and leather. Do you view yourselves as part of a new species in death metal?

TO: We're definitely not your typical death metal band, and we're not part of the new version either; this metalcore thing. We are different.

SLUG: How did you arrive at the decision to work with **Bill Metoyer** [**Slayer**, **WASP**, **Six Feet Under**] on the new album?

TO: We've been talking about working with Bill since we put out *To Serve Man*. He's an amazing producer and the record sounds awesome.

SLUG: How many tasty morsels from the new album can we expect on this tour?

TO: Probably about three. We're going to hold off on playing most of the new stuff until **A u g u s t**, because the record won't be out until the middle of July.

SLUG: How has the switch to **Metal Blade** altered the horizon for the band?

TO: Being with **Metal Blade** is

great. The distribution, the promotion and the support they've given us are fantastic.

SLUG: What would you like to say about the evolution of your sound since *Human Jerky*?

TO: On *Human Jerky*, there are all these 45-second-long songs. Since then, everyone has been getting more into song structure and writing. We've all gotten better at what we're doing. It's been a very natural progression for all of us.

SLUG: I think it's cool that you're going to cover a **BirthDay Party** song on the upcoming **31G** tribute album. What made you decide to do it?

TO: Well, part of our roots are in punk, and BirthDay Party is a great band. Plus, it sounded like fun to all of us.

SLUG: Is that going to be your one and only adventure outside the realms of metal?

TO: There might be some other little surprises . . .

SLUG: Do you think there's any hope for the obliteration of all these ridiculous fissures that seem to pit fans of metal against one another?

TO: I've noticed that the metal scenes pretty much everywhere other than San Diego are actually good. The majority of bands and people are there for the music, but in San Diego, a lot of the kids have this need to be the biggest scene king of them all.

SLUG: Would you characterize your CD's lyrical content as a metaphor for the drudgery and routines that seem to encompass the American way of life?

TO: Yeah, but it's *all* of humanity. It's about the disgust that we have for the human race. For the most part, humans are a bunch of mindless creatures, just like any other animal. We don't need to be treated any differently.

SLUG: Do you ever feel like you're saying what everyone else won't even admit to thinking? Do you have an urge to air out the most dank and putrid compartments of the psyche? If so, to what purpose?

TO: I don't come across many people that have the same ideas that we do. We're not trying to open up anyone's eyes, we're just saying what we think is right. If you don't want to understand what's right there in front of your face, you don't have to. I don't know if that's the answer you were looking for . . .

SLUG: Yeah, I think that's a really good answer, because if you are going to cause anybody to have any realizations, it will only be through pure motivations for your actions. And if they don't understand, then it doesn't matter, because you're going to continue anyway.

TO: Exactly. Fuck 'em.

SLUG: Can I ask a weird-ass question to satisfy my selfish curiosity? Wouldn't you like to see what your own organs look like and how they function, and does it ever piss you off that the only way that will ever happen is through death by gutting or surgery without anesthesia?

TO: [Laughing] Hmmm . . .

SLUG: [Giggling] You know, the thought that, "Woah! I'll never be able to see my own liver!"

Troy: [Still laughing] I've never really thought about it. It would be kind of cool. I'd kind of like to see how screwed up everything is, with all the drinking and smoking I do.

I thanked Troy for his time and he was very gracious. He even suggested that I use turpentine on the blood and bile stains that occurred when I stepped out of the tub. Will do, Troy. See you at *Albee Square* on May 17.

"For the most part, humans are a bunch of mindless creatures, just like any other animal. We don't need to be treated any differently."

MOONSHINE
MARIJUANA & SATAN:
The Glasspack
ain't Stoner
Rock, Ya'll
by Rebecca Vernon

Angela was sitting on one of the cheap red vinyl benches lining the wall of the sticky-floored Room 710 at SXSW, minding her own business, when a guy with two feet of unbelievable golden curls and wide blue eyes came up to her, looking more like a Greek Olympics hopeful dressed in anarcho-skater punk clothes than a bar bum.

"You look lonely. I'm buying you a drink," he said.

He sat down for awhile and it soon came out he was **Dirty Dave** from the **Glasspack**. Angela spluttered on her drink a bit.

"You're in *the Glasspack*?! My associate editor loves you guys. In fact, you e-mailed her about sending a Glasspack promo just two days ago."

It's a small rock world.

The Glasspack, based out of Louisville, Ken., is the sexiest, hardest, most soulful, visceral, brain-damaging, destroying, pissed-off, raw, primal rock band that I had the paramount pleasure of discovering last year. Über-raw, chainsaw bass grates under evil, frantic guitar solos (**Andrew "L'il Bucky" Garrett** and **Dirty Dave** share the stringed instruments) and pummeling, punishing drums (**Brett "The Cap'n" Holsclaw**), topped off with a whirlwind of howling, distorted vocals. It's like **Black Sabbath**, **Jucifer** and **Speeddealer** making out before being obliterated by a Molotov cocktail thrown by 1,000 decomposing corpses.

Dirty Dave will probably like that comparison. He loves zombies (*Dawn of the Dead* remake over *28 Days Later*, if you were wondering, but slower zombies are better). But like **Kyuss** guitarist **Josh Homme**, he shies away from the stoner rock label.

"We mainly try to capture the free-spirited psychedelic jams of the 60s and 70s with the attitude and aggression of punk rock's early days. But in the end, it's all just rock n' roll. You can put a prefix or adjective on it if you want or if it helps you sell; I just prefer not to. To me, **Cannibal Corpse** is just as rock n' roll as **CCR**. I only judge rock by 'the content, not by the color.'"

Rock n' roll infected Dave like a virus.

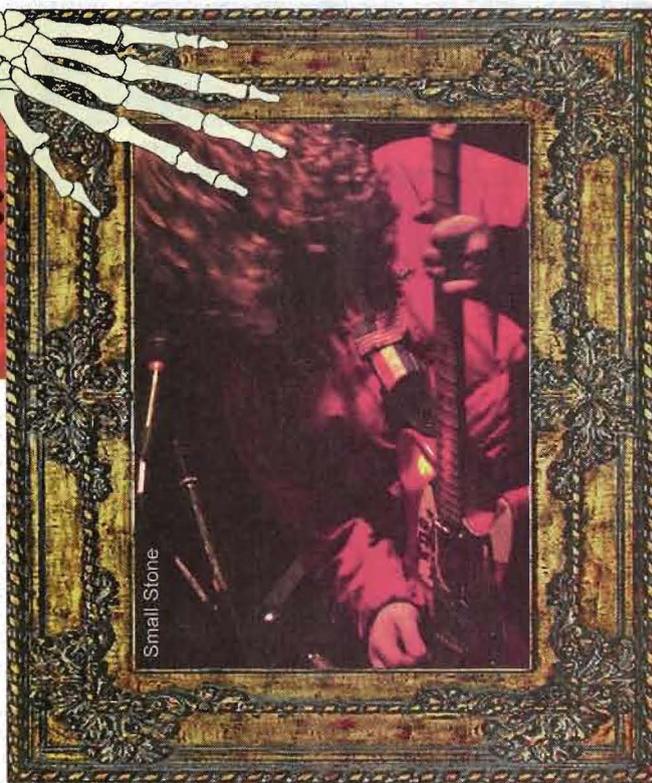
"Rock n' roll has changed my life so much, I can't even fit into society correctly," says Dirty. "Rock n' roll taught me I could do anything I wanted. I have somehow within the last five years—with the help of friends—toured over 40,000 miles in a van, put out three Glasspack records and a Glasspack EP, been in magazines and videos and comps all around the world, graduated from college with awards, sold art and continued to do whatever the hell I wanted and then some without ever looking back."

The Glasspack recorded an album, *Glasspack/American Exhaust*, to be released on *Man's Ruin*, before the label's abrupt demise. They're now signed to *Small Stone Records*, which also puts out **Dixie Witch** and **Fireball Ministry**.

"When *Man's Ruin* folded, I got stuck with the recording bill, so I'm rather bitter about the subject. But I know it made me and the band stronger," he says.

The South is a unique place, but Dirty Dave says it hasn't had much of an influence on the Glasspack's music, and he doesn't consider himself a Confederate. But he does like Kentucky.

"My surroundings are more beautiful than you could possibly understand, and the music scene here is very active. I've always been a part of the punk and metal scenes in Louisville; I've always been into aggressive music. The Glasspack really doesn't fit into any particular scene, but it's a



good thing, because it keeps trendy little indie-rockers out of my sight. Our local favorite venue would be *The Rudyard Kipling*, it's a nice place; it's just that the drinks cost too much. But are they ever cheap enough?"

The Glasspack lied to open for **The Frogs** by saying they were their favorite band ever.

"We wanted to get on the stage and piss off all the indie-rockers—you know, black-framed glasses, Voivos, and pretentious attitudes—but when we got done, they cheered in glory, about 400 of Louisville's finest. I had people saying to me, 'The Frogs were boring after you guys.' I just thought to myself, 'Isn't rock n' roll a beautiful thing?'"

The Glasspack are gearing up to release *Bridgeburner*, their follow-up to 2002's brutal *Powderkeg*. **Bobby Pantella** and **Ed Mundell**, drummer and guitarist, respectively, of **Monster Magnet**, appear on the album.

Says Dirty, "Bobby was mixing our record in Jersey. Our label wanted to use two tracks I saw as unfinished. I called Bob and asked if he and Ed would finish them. Bob played bass on "Gettin' Shitty" and Ed played lead guitar on "Peepshow." I was amazed; guys like those are legends to me."

Bridgeburner also has a blistering rendition of "Gimme Shelter."

"We call our version the 'Altamont Version,'" says Dirty. "I watched *Gimme Shelter* and I was oh-so-inspired by the ending, when all the hippies go home with their tails between their legs, knowing love will never be all we need."

The Glasspack submitted a video to be played on *Headbanger's Ball*, but it never aired.

"MTV2 was too scared of the Glasspack, so it didn't get played. However, it did get played on FOX Sports Net. Imagine that."

The Glasspack has a link to the SLC. **Joey Toscano**, lead singer/guitarist of local band **Iota**, is their webmaster and good friend. When The Glasspack toured through Salt Lake last year, Dirty Dave was completely unimpressed with the Great Salt Lake.

"It stunk really bad. I really wish I would have gotten to see rock formations and dinosaur remains."

www.theglasspack.com

LOCAL CD REVIEWS

BY REBECCA VERNON | REBECCA@SLUGMAG.COM

STARMY CD RELEASE: SAT.,
MAY 15, URBAN LOUNGE, W/
HELLO AMSTERDAM

GERALD MUSIC CD RELEASE:
FRI., MAY 28, EGO'S



Nova, Witch Hunt EP

Nova's 5-song stoner rock shifts gears between dirty, fast, pist-off rock n' roll à la **Turbonegro** ("Eskimulet"), and the smooth, melodic, easily distinguished classic stuff like **Queens of the Stone Age** ("Sektor9," "Witch Hunt"). All the songs have these things in common though—driven, even drumming and guitar riffage that makes you feel like you're barreling down a highway at 90 mph with your head stuck out the window, dog-like. "Fresh Tackle" is my favorite song; melodic, moody and impetuous, its forceful violence is the slow, subtle kind; like a virus taking over a host body with cunning skill before moving on to the next victim ... www.novakills.com



Bob Moss, Folknik II, Soundco

Gourd fanatic **Bob Moss** unveils eight personal takes on classic and obscure covers, many unique to the West, and five Bob Moss originals with his trademark breakneck-speed banjo-picking and wavery, sarcastic vocals. With **Folknik II**, Moss establishes himself as one of underground folk's most important, compelling, quirky and unique voices in a genre that I dub "scandalfolk." "Emmanuel David Family Tragedy," a cover of Ogden songwriter **Rick Soderberg's** song, is based on a true story about the suicide of the leader of a Utah-based polygamist cult. "Charlotte the Harlot" is deliciously vulgar, about a rattlesnake that ... well ... you'll hafta hear it. Moss sings Dylan's "A Hard Rain" like he wrote it, and the funniest track is "Blinded by Turds," a scatological cowboy ballad about a woman who relieves her bowels in the face of a cowhand, blinding him. www.soundcorecords.com



Her Candane, Could Be Nothing to Some EP, Sound vs. Silence

Her Candane's much-anticipated five-song EP is finally available for consumption. This ain't no generic hamburger-and-fries meal, though; it's a seven-course feast of hummingbird eggs and escargo—varied shades of gourmet poetry; a delicacy of words. Her Candane's music, shot through with algebraic guitar backlashes, perfectly executed drum finesse, urgent, raspy vocals and brain-curdling breakdowns, is closest to mind-driven math rock, but their lyrics eschew pompous intellectual pinwheeling for a brand of poetry that is warm and human. They might be as funny as hell onstage, but underneath lies a pain you find in the words ("The sun's coming up too early. These times are dark holidays. Wasted, worthless, broken.") you usually don't find in musicians that're under 21. www.hercandane.com, www.soundvssilence.com



Blind Iris, Self-titled

Classic Southern rock holds hands with modern post-grunge yowlers **Creed** and **Staind** and maybe even a little **Presidents of the United States of America** (especially in "Elevation"). Plenty of bassy, scrapey vocal stretches are backed up by melodic guitar-picking, gentle drumming and tight, classically trained bass. Most of **Blind Iris** is very radio-friendly, but they have some curveballs to throw in, like alternative-country overtones that come out sometimes ("Freedom Calling"), reggae/funk ("Reggae," "Hard Track"), and straight rock ("Survive," "Drifting Soul," "Secret Garden"). My favorite track is probably the slower "Until I See You Again" ("You taught me how to crawl, I'll follow if you fall"). www.blindirisband.com



Jesse Michael Garcia, Out of Exile (2004) and Realization (2003)

I think these two albums can join **Cristian Jonassen's** as three of the weirdest albums I've ever reviewed, but that's not necessarily a bad thing. Maybe the more intelligent you are, the less you're able to relate to mere humans? **They Might Be Giants**, random lines from **Tommy: The Musical** and the **Pink Panther** theme are the sorts of things **Jesse Michael Garcia** likely hums to himself as he vacuums his shag rugs and grooms his rock garden. The songs are kind of rock, kind of synthy, kind of gothy, and all very melancholy, with Garcia's strong voice very loud in the mix. The lyrics could be nonsense or could just be the ironic truth as you've never heard it before. In "Life is a Test," from *Out of Exile*, Garcia sings, "No mercy for the weak or the young ... There is hunger, there is fear. ... Killing is a quest, life is a test." Yes, exactly, he seems to say. Some religions teach life is a test. But a test of what? www.jessemichaelgarcia.com, jessegarcia2004@yahoo.com



Die Monster Die, Honor Thy Dead, Doctor Cyclops

Die Monster Die falls somewhere between the musical style and life/death outlook of **The Misfits** and **Necromantix** and the tongue-in-cheek doom of **Type O Negative** (especially in "Rotting in the Attic"). Almost every song enlists zombies in one form or another—whether real or imagined is uncertain, e-mail them to find out—i.e., "When Dead Things Rise Again," "1,000 Corpses Walk the Earth," "Black Death Sheds Its Skin" ("There's nothing to fear, I know I must look decomposed"), "Dead Alive," etc. Zombies can never get, um, old, though. There's something sexy about loving a girl so much that you'll preserve her lifeless body in formaldehyde to hold onto her ("Formaldehyde and the Holy Ghost"). The lyrics are so clever it's ... well, scary ... and their bloody, masked live show is, of course, memorable. www.diemonsterdie.net



Starmy, Black Shine

Shameless plugs for **Andy Patterson**, I know, but **Starmy's** big, plump rock sound is given full justice by *Black Shine's* thick n' crisp production. Starmy's toe-tapping, booty-shaking and infectiously danceable sound bridges all the decades since rock was born—50s garage sound and 'tude (**The Kinks**); 60s psychedelia mostly via the keyboards, like **The Beatles** and even more, **The Doors** (listen to the horns of "Whisper to Me" and "Cherry Pop"); 70s classic rock and punk (**The Ramones**, **The Who**—they even kinda look like **The Who**), early 80s melodic dark-rock appeal (note "Stalker"—my favorite Starmy song); 90s revival rock and the new millenia's retro-garage explosion (**Division of Laura Lee**, etc.). Attitude-wise, **Hawaii Five-O**, **Hunter S. Thompson** and **James Dean** come to mind. Starmy encompasses the word "cool," and if you were wondering, that can't be learned. www.gostarmy.com



23 Extacy, Download the Rapture, Dungeon Recordings

Dude, **23 Extacy** is sooooo good. Even if you don't think you're into industrial, if you're into heavy music of any kind, you'll be into **23 Extacy**. They sound at most moments like a more synthy, dance-clubby version of **Ministry**—they have the same dense, layered sound that reeks of excellent production and hours of tedious soundcrafting—you know, tapping a sink pipe in the kitchen for 20 minutes trying to get just the right sonic tincture. Dark movie samples and female screaming probably extracted straight from some rubber cement/jalapeño fetish site pepper the album liberally. The sonic manipulation and sampling, the song structuring, the vocals, are primo. **23 Extacy** will plunge you into a dark pit of purest evil. Will you get out alive? And when'll they play live? www.dungeon-recordings.com

SATAN SEEN SHOPPING AT THE ABYSS!!!



Witnesses say he buys his music there on a regular basis now.

"He was very upset that he was buying the corporate stuff at the big chain stores for so long", an eyewitness said.

When asked what he recently purchased at The ABYSS, Satan told us he just picked up the live Children of Bodom, the new albums by Decide and Decapitated, and even some gothic rock and industrial stuff for his girlfriend, like Hocico, Scarting, and Skinny Puppy. He also told us he would be back to pick up some of the great power metal and progressive titles available, too.

"The selection is great, and the prices are low, so I could even afford a t-shirt and some incense!", he said.

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OUR SELECTION
KICKS ASS!

GALLERY STROLL

by Mariah Mann

Gallery Stroll is held the third Friday of every month, where local galleries stay open late for us working folk from 6p.m. to 9p.m. We here at SLUG thought we'd offer this friendly reminder and little preview. Now that you are fully informed, don't miss the chance to check out this month's show's **May 21**.

Artisan Frame Works and Gallery, located at 351 W. Pierpont Ave., is pleased to present the most recent works of **Benjamin Higher**. Higbee's show, **Re:Surface**, will explore several different ingredients that will resurface and restructure his canvas. This show will run from May 20 to June 17 with the artist reception on May 21 in correlation to Gallery Stroll.

Art Access, located at 339 W. Piermont Ave., will feature the works of more than 50 local artist in their second annual fundraiser and exhibit titled **300 Plates**. The artists that were invited to show were instructed to create art on recycled metal printer plates. Some of these plates will be auctioned off the previous night at a silent auction, but the entire collection will remain on display and for sale until June 11.

Bridge Space Forum Gallery, located at 511 W. 200 South, will welcome local artist **Bevan Chipman**. Chipman has been creating work based on the Sudanese Women of Utah and the traditional culture of Sudan. The women of Sudan are strong and beautiful and the show will emulate those elements. A percentage of the proceed raised from the exhibit will go to benefit the local Sudanese education fund. The show will hang from May 21 until June 12.

Mainly Art and **Mainly Art 2** are gallery spaces dedicated to local artists and run by local artists. Located in the Crossroads Mall, the space is a celebration of all art mediums, from jewelry and ceramics to crystals and metal sculptures. **Mainly Art** is facilitating a new project of decorating the Salt Lake Valley with fiberglass seagulls. These birds are meant to remind, inspire and encourage unity in the Salt Lake population (similar to the water buffalo of the Olympics). Unity seems to be the theme of **Mainly Art**, especially as the **Diversity Ball**, the world's largest disco ball, is calling this gallery home.

Maggie's Nest, located at 39 I Street, will be celebrating the outdoors this month with three local outdoor enthusiast artists. **Lynn E. Mechan** will display his recent oil-on-canvas landscapes while **Tom Dunford** exhibits his watercolor and pen drawings along with oil paintings of fly fishing. **Tim Davis**, who also has a passion for fly fishing, will display his photographs of this popular sport. This show is currently on display and will continue through May 21 in conjunction with the **May Gallery Stroll**. For extended hours of operation, please contact Maggies at 363-7764.

Phillips Gallery, located at 444 E. 200 South, is pleased to present the most recent work of **Earl Jones**. Jones has contributed to the Utah art community his entire life—he is a highly respected teacher of the arts and film at the **University of Utah** and the **Utah Arts Center**. This show will explore Jones' most recent landscapes, figurative work and sculptures. The exhibit will run from May 21 through June 11, with an artist's reception May 21.

Rio Grande Gallery, located at 310 S. 455 West, will host the **Park City Arts Council's** show of 14 artists from the Park City and Wasatch County area. Works range from jewelry to watercolors and oils to drawings. Artist include but are not limited to: **Suz Mole**, **Marianne Cone**, **B.J. Kase**, **Gloria Montgomery**, **Ron Butkovich**, **Alison Armstrong**, **Craig Jenkins** and **David Merrill**, and the list goes on and on. This is a wonderful opportunity to experience so many artists work at one time. The show will hang from May 10 to June 11, with an artist's reception on May 21.

I hope this gives you a guide to sort thru all the amazing art that is available to see during Gallery Stroll. If you have a upcoming art show to which you would like to invite the masses, please contact me at mariahm@worldstrides.com. **SUPPORT LOCAL ART !!!!!!!**



THE URBAN LOUNGE

- Saturday..1st** Rodeo Boys, Dirty Birds
- Sunday..2nd** Underground 80's Night */ DJ Calvin X
- Wednesday..5th** Sam Eye Am
- Friday..7th** Debbi Graham
- Saturday..8th** SLAJO
- Sunday..9th** Underground 80's Night */ DJ Calvin X
- Wednesday..12th** DJ Rebel
- Thursday..13th** Molman, Omni
- Friday..14th** SLUG Localized */ Delicatto, Gabriel,
- Saturday..15th** Starmy CD Release Party
*/ Downers, Hello Amsterdam
- Sunday..16th** Underground 80's Night */ DJ Calvin X
- Wednesday..19th** Sam Eye Am
- Friday..21st** Spacetime
- Saturday..22nd** Magstatic, Spiv, More than Medium
- Sunday..23rd** Underground 80's Night */ DJ Calvin X
- Wednesday..26th** DJ Rebel
- Friday..28th** Anticon Records Presents:
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2/15: *The Day the World Said 'NO' to War*
 Conceived and created by Connie Koch
 Hello [NYC]

www.akpress.org

Guess what, everybody. America is still at war! You probably forgot since it's not being spoon-fed to you daily by corporate media, but yes, there are still men and women fighting and dying right now in Iraq. The death count at the time I'm writing this is pushing 700 (Americans only, please) and who knows what it will be by the time you read this? In February of 2003, approximately 30 million people (according to figures from organizers and police, although most conceded there were too many to count) demonstrated against US intervention in Iraq. *2/15* is a compilation of absolutely soul-stirring photographs of people protesting in the most inventive, clever, hilarious, shocking and profound manners imaginable. From individual shots of grandmothers wearing "Fuck Your War" stickers and punks with signs proclaiming "Bush's War is Gonna Fail, Kinda Like He Did at Yale," to dazzling conceptual art and murals to panoramic shots of the streets and centers of nearly every major city in the world packed with protestors, *2/15* showcases not only the magnitude of the demonstrations, but also the complete, otherwise-undocumented brilliance of the people screaming for peace. It suggests to me that probably every person on the streets at that time is more intelligent than those making the decisions for our nation, or at least less self-interested. Quotes from demonstrators, political theorists and world leaders intersperse and are dwarfed by the pictures. —*Nate Martin*



White Line Fever: The Autobiography

By Lemmy Kilmister

Citadel Press

www.kensingtonbooks.com

Screw the Beatles, *Motörhead* is the best rock band from England. As SLUG's only staffer with a *Motörhead* tattoo, I'm uniquely qualified to make such a judgement. No other band on Earth has influenced as many punks and metalheads alike, no other Grammy-nominated rock band has *Motörhead*'s underground credibility and no other band has relished the rock n' roll lifestyle of travel, inebriation and groupies as much as *Motörhead*—Lemmy Kilmister in particular. His autobiography begins with his normal childhood and his involvement in the formative years of rock n' roll, and ends with *Motörhead* as one of the greatest icons in the history of rock music. In between, Lemmy writes about *Motörhead*'s many run-ins with the music industry. Several times their labels gave them no support, forcing *Motörhead* to promote their own records and tour their asses off. Ironically, it seems that taking things into their own hands is what allowed them to endure the hard times and become the institution they are today. No rock n' roll biography is complete without fucked-up stories, like *Motörhead*'s drummer Phil "Philthy Animal" Taylor pissing in a bottle at *EMI Records* and leaving it behind a couch to fester. Once, on a trip to Thailand, Lemmy was invited to witness a young girl get raped, beaten and shot, an event popular with traveling businessmen. Lemmy refused the offer, because as we learn in the book, he's a very ethical, progressive and intelligent human being, as well as the gnarliest rock n' roller alive. —*Dave Barratt*



Morphing The Blues: The White Stripes and the Strange Relevance of Detroit

By Martin Roach

Chrome Dreams

www.ipgbook.com

The story's a familiar one. Unknown band (a.k.a. The White Stripes) plays in-home town at local pub. Locals don't pay much attention; it's just little Jack Gillis-White. Everyone grew up together, same musician, new project. Unknown band decides to try the Independent Music Jamboree in Austin, Tex. See kids, everyone can make it in Texas. A major music magazine, *NME*, is impressed and puts them on the cover. Next thing you know, the unknowns are now an international success. And the divorcées have to work together all the time. Possibly more interesting than the rise of The White Stripes is how this author and historian explores the history of Detroit and its music, starting with the underground railroad bringing the blues to the north, and continuing on to the rise of Motown. Then he covers the more recent successes of bands like The Stooges and MC5 to the recently noted Von Bondies, Soledad Brothers and Detroit Cobras. You may need to take notes as you read. The author must have penned it in a few days because there're tons of typos and he moves back and forth quickly, oftentimes not keeping things in chronological order. If you can look past the writing flaws, this book has a lot to offer, not just for The Whites Stripes "Candy Cane Children," but also for those true music connoisseurs. After reading this book, I now have a whole list of new music to check out! —*Mariah Mann*



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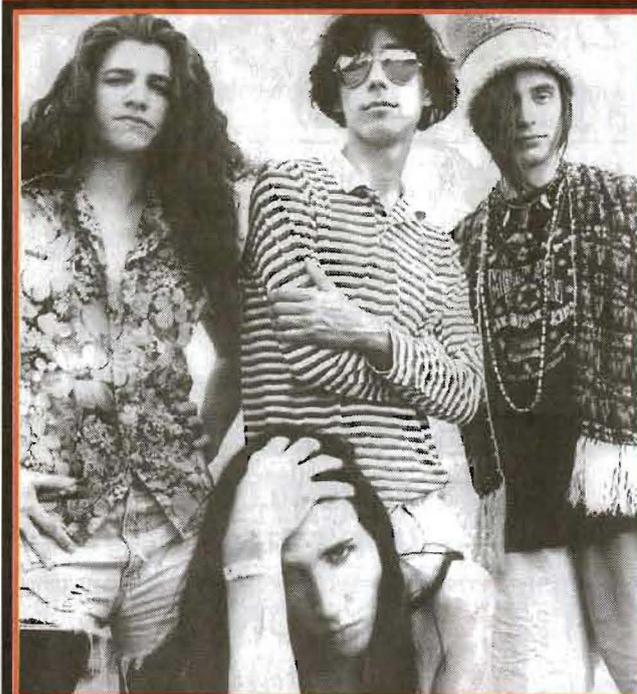


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GLITTER GUTTER TRASH

BY RYAN MICHAEL PAINTER

IT PROMISES TO BE A SUMMER FULL OF BLISSFUL NOSTALGIA WHEN MORRISSEY AND THE CURE (SOMEWHAT BITTER RIVALS) RETURN TO STAKE THEIR CLAIM ON THE AMERICAN SUMMER. MORRISSEY WILL HEADLINE LOLLAPALOOZA WITH THE FLAMING LIPS AND BRMC SCHEDULED ALONG FOR THE RIDE, AND THE CURE LAUNCH CUREFEST IN LATE JULY ENLISTING THE RAPTURE, INTERPOL AND MOGWAI AS MAIN STAGE ACTS.



THE SPOOKY KIDS

LUNCH BOXES & CHOKLIT COWS
EMPIRE MUSICWERKS

Yes, this would be the music that **Marilyn Manson** did his best to keep from being released. Recorded in the early 90s by **Scott Putesky** (a.k.a. **Daisy Berkowitz**) before the hysteria and controversy had taken the spotlight, *Lunch Boxes & Choklit Cows*, the first of two collections of four-track demos cleaned up for public consumption, carries a more straightforward heavy rock approach than are found in the major label releases that would follow in the years soon after. After a few listens, it seems rather selfish for Manson to have tried to keep these recordings locked away. They are neither embarrassing nor a skeleton lurking in the closet revealing a techno past. Simply put, the majority of Manson fans will find these recordings fresh, exciting and despite their humble recording origins, hinting at the bite the man and the band would unleash.

STELLASTARR*
STELLASTARR*
RCA

SIGUR ROS
BA BA TI KI DI DO
GEFFEN

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SKYWAVE
SYNTHSTATIC
ALISON/BLISSCENT RECORDS

Perhaps this review is a few months overdue considering **Stellastarr***'s self-titled album was one of the more exciting albums to come out in 2003, but better late than never, eh? It boasts a mixture of chorused guitars, pulsing bass lines, dramatic vocal stylings à la **Talking Heads'** **David Byrne** with a touch of the **Damned's Dave Vanian** thrown in for good measure, all underscored by a soaring ethereal female vocal line. Certainly they sit alongside contemporaries **Interpol** and **The Rapture** as a nod to the past with an injection of modern sensibilities and slick production that sounds neither intrusive nor overdone (think of the rich sounds of the later work by **The Cars** and **The Police** when the notes seemed to take on a different weight when compared to their earlier material). Yet unlike their contemporaries, they aren't as easily pinned down to comparisons. Frankly, they don't really sound like anybody else, which in itself is quite an accomplishment.

I suppose the question was: How do you follow up one of the most heartbreakingly beautiful albums ever made? Score three movements for a performance by the **Merce Cunningham Dance Company**, apparently. The result is 20 minutes of stark compositions revolving around the clicking chimes of a music box that builds to a chaotic meshing of distorted radio signals caught in electrostatic over the sounds of tap dancing. There are elements that point to where the band has been and perhaps a view into a harsher future where not everything is simply strange, beautiful and fascinating; it can be vicious as well. *Ba Ba Ti Ki Di Do* is unlikely to bring new fans into the fold, but will undoubtedly excite those who are already looking forward to their next full-length.

There is a sense in *School of Etiquette* of the urgency that pushed **Joy Division** to walk the line between control and chaos, pushing forward in the way the bass bounces, the vocals interject and the drums push in this all-girl rock outfit from San Francisco. In that sense, it isn't very complex; not that there seems to be a direct formula repeated over and over until the sound is stale (only two of the 12 songs reach the four-minute mark), but the music is very direct without elaborate tricks. Lyrically, there is also a nice sense of irony, sexual confidence and haunting moodiness that sets **Boyskout** alongside early **PJ Harvey** rather than the up-and-coming crop of preassembled girl pop-punk bands. Sadly, the frantic pace of the album loses steam in the middle and stumbles about before picking up a bit again for the end. Half brilliant, half mediocre.

Skywave have the sound of early **Jesus and Mary Chain** records with a touch of the pop that would surface in **Ride** and **Lush** a decade later. Underproduced to the point of distorted chaos, vocals pushed behind the guitars and drums with the bass weaving in and out here and there, *Synthstatic* is either DIY bliss or a derailed train, depending on your mood. It seems to strive for that **My Bloody Valentine** feel, but often misses much of the haunting warmth that made those releases so phenomenal, and yet, despite its shortcomings, songs like "Nothing Left to Say" and "Over and Over" capture the lingering sense of desire and loss better than anything I have heard in the past five years. For it was there, the beauty caught in the ugliness that made the British noise of the early 90s so engrossing. Sure, it doesn't have the swagger of **BRMC**, but it does have a vulnerability that distorted music tends to be missing these days.

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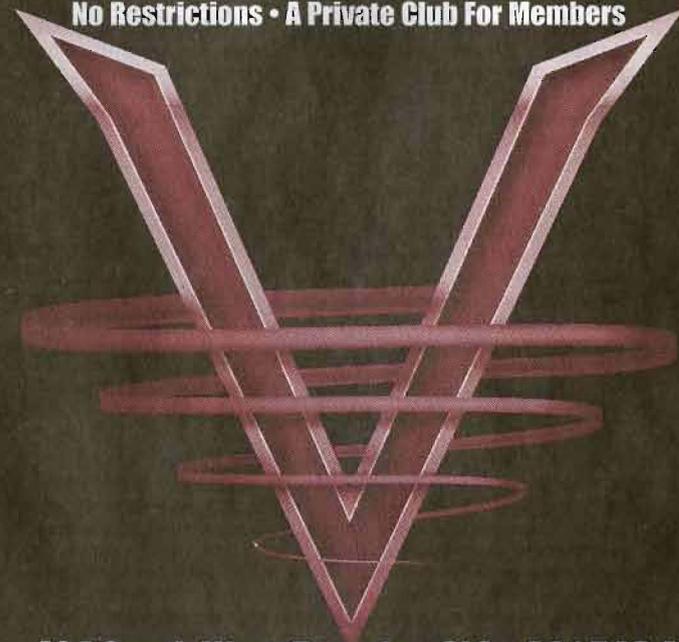
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MODUS OPERANDI

Top 10 for
May 2004

oneamyseven@kommandzero.net | by oneamyseven photos by .ke

Saturation Bombing in Toronto, Canada is growing to be a regular event in the Industrial music festivals and is one of the few "dark" festivals on the North American continent. I was lucky enough to be able to make it to the second installment, **Saturation Bombing II**, April 9 - 11. The people at these festivals become like family and it's great seeing them as well as enjoying and interacting with so many of my favorite bands.

oneamyseven during the set of **Iszoscope**

The night before it all began, there was a pre-party at Savage Garden, a quaint post-apocalyptic club, with a couple of lesser-known bands. It had been a long day of travelling, so it was hard to shake my booty, but it was nice to relax to the sets of **Weave**, **Consume** and **Electroz**.

Saturation Bombing II, Day One

Prospero was an act unfamiliar to me with the exception of his track on the **Saturation Bombing I** disc. He pumped out some incredible down-tempo beats. Unfortunately the sound system didn't put out enough oomph for my liking. The set was phenomenal until the last song. A woman came out on stage to sing, moan and/or wail. I wasn't sure what she was doing. It didn't fit his set and left a bad taste in my mouth for the performance. I will still purchase **Prospero's** album this fall (**Brume Records**).

Empusae was dark, powerful and beautiful. This was a highly anticipated performance and didn't disappoint. **Displacer** contributed to the otherwise one-man-show. Again, I wish the PA had more power because those beats were so intense.

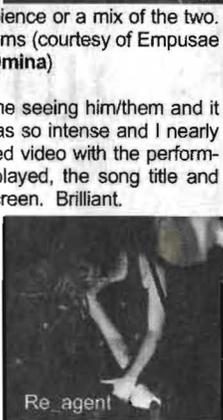
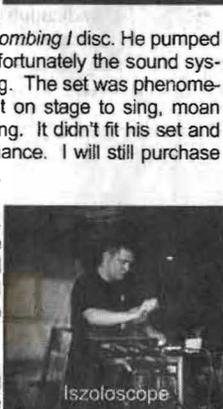
Ah Cama-Sotz: This was the first time seeing him live. I was unsure if his performance would be the hard dance stuff, the dark ambience or a mix of the two. He rocked the place with magnificent live drums (courtesy of **Empusae** - who also plays live drums for **This Morn' Omina**)

This Morn' Omina: This was my second time seeing him/them and it was better than I remember. The energy was so intense and I nearly blistered my feet from dancing. Synchronized video with the performance was nice. For each song that was played, the song title and phrases from the song were visible on the screen. Brilliant.

Saturation Bombing II, Day Two

Aidan Baker was the most unusual act at the festival. This was the only performance without beats. The set consisted of ambient music played mostly with a guitar. At one point he was playing his guitar like a cello. I like this stuff live, but would struggle to listen to it on CD.

Re-agent was another unfamiliar act to me that proved excellent. **Displacer** made another on-stage appearance giving Justin of **Re-agent** the opportunity to step away from the equipment and sing. The only artist I can even compare him to is **Lexincrypt**. He had harsh



1. **Horchata** - *Basidia*
2. **Horchata** - *Integral*
3. **Empusae** - *Funestes*
4. **Empusae** - *Ritual Decay*
5. **Various Artists** - *Saturation Bombing II*
6. **Bong-Ra** - *Bikini Bandits, Kill! Kill! Kill!*
7. **Various Artists** - *Re:sound*
8. **Larvae** - *Fashion Victim*
9. **Pneumatic Detach** - *Pa-re-ses*
10. **Oil 10** - *Links*

rhythms, scathing vocals with delicate melodies mixed with dark classical piano.

Scrap.Edx w/ Liars Rosebush was one of my favorites for the event. The set was begging for some mood lighting and smoke (The venue only had light coming in from the street outside). These two guys really tore it up. And they didn't look like they were playing solitaire - they were working it.



Iszoscope really had a good time and so did the audience. He knows how to get people dancing. His album was my #1 of 2003 so it was exciting to see Yann perform again.

Mono No Aware was another act that I was looking forward to seeing outside of SLC. His set was so heavy and noisy - I felt bad for the people without earplugs. Leif is an amazing performer to watch.

Saturation Bombing II, Day Three

C2 cancelled due to car problems. That bummed me out.

Horchata is my new fixation. I fell in love when I first heard of **Horchata** via the video on **Ad Noiseam** - check it out. His set was phenomenal. Heavy bass mixed with interesting video was striking. I would love to see this guy live again.



Larvae continued the mood that **Horchata** created with more beautiful heavy beats. The video playing was perfect with political imagery, strategic product placement and vintage video games.

Pneumatic Detach provided another powerful and amazing set with some killer live drums. Absolutely delicious. It ranks among my faves.

Needlesharing: Due to my Jaeger overdose in Germany, I missed **Needlesharing** vs. **Panacea** at **Mfest**. I really regretted missing that so I wasn't about to screw it up this time. I was hoping **Mr. Sharing** would be decked out in his leather harness as I see in other live pics. I still thought he looked like **Mr. Slave**. The set was as wonderful as I imagined. I adore his drum'n'bass and techno samplings.

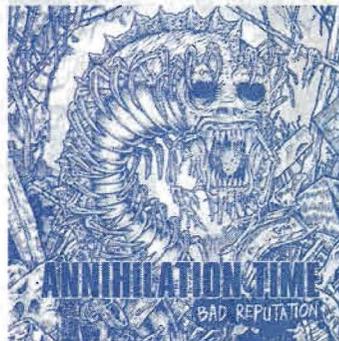


The night could not have ended better.

Despite the efforts of MTV and the Warped Tour, hardcore punks everywhere are still setting up their own shows, putting out their own music and making their own bullet belts. True, the music industry has succeeded in creating squeaky-clean McPunk that's inoffensive to parents and easily accessible to 10-year-old kids, but the DIY underground in existence since the very beginning of all punk rock has steadily grown to the point that real DIY punk is almost as easy to find as **Good Charlotte** CDs at Wal-Mart. For example, check out the bands on HardcoreHolocaust.com versus what you'll find at Virgin Megastore. It's easy to tell who's in it for the love of hardcore punk culture and who's in it for a Cadillac Escalade with gold wheels.

Annihilation Time Bad Reputation 7"

If **Foghat** were punks from L.A. instead of moustache rockers, they'd sound much like Annihilation Time. By now you might be thinking they wear mohawks with yellow bellbottoms and sound like a cross between **Styx** and the **Germ**s, but Annihilation Time are really good at blending fast hardcore with hooks and solos inspired by classic rock. Annihilation Time is appropriate for moshing, smoking bowls *and* detonating pipe bombs while high on PCP. They're not fence-sitters who are only into hardcore until they finish college and become unbearable yuppies. They eat, sleep and breathe the 'core 24 hours a day, seven days a week, which is why their **Thin Lizzy** cover sounds more like a fuckin' **Flag** cover. (Deadalivre Records, P.O. Box 42593, Philadelphia, PA, 19101/www.deadaliverecords.com)



Hellshock Self-titled 7"

I have a hard time with a lot of modern crust bands because they're too into blastbeats (just like crappy death-metal bands), their logos are indecipherable (just like crappy death-metal bands), and the vocals sound too much like a warthog fighting a badger in a garbage can (just like crappy death-metal bands). Hellshock avoids those pitfalls with gloomy peace-punk that actually still sounds like punk. At 33 rpm, Hellshock reminds me of "Out from the Void"-era **Anti-Sect** with epic dirges accented by plodding, metallic riffs. At 45 rpm, they sound more like thrash-metal-inspired crust like **Concrete Sox** and **Sacrilege**. I don't even care what the "correct" speed is, Hellshock is skull-crushing at both. Their dedication is obvious—everything from the music to the lyrics to the album art are very well done. (Whispers in Darkness Label, PO Box 40113, Portland, OR, 97240-0013)



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HEADPHONES

BY NICK JAMES

May shows: Brian Tappert (*Soulfuri*) May 8 @ *W Lounge* (warm-up set Shawn Phillips) Grant Nelson (*Swing City*) May 22 @ *W Lounge* (warm-up set Nick James—my birthday) (Check out interviews with Brian and Grant on www.slugmag.com) Feel free to e-mail me: nick-james@slugmag.com

Audiowhores
"Nekoosa"
Soulfuri/Deep

From one of the most respected labels comes an all around in-your-face recording on *Soulfuri's Deep* label. Quality ... this filtry, Latin, flute-filled groover will kick your butt! Including a remix by John Julius Knight (check out "Find a Friend," also available on *Soulfuri*), with this release, label owners Marc Pomeroy and Brian Tappert show they know what's up! (Don't forget, Brian Tappert will be performing at Salt Lake's own *W Lounge* on May 8.) Info: www.soulfuri.com

Roy Ayers
Sugar (Joey Negro) 12"
BBE Records

From jazz legend Roy Ayers and remix king Joey Negro comes one of my favorite tracks to arrive this spring. Vibes, vocals and disco flavors make "Sugar" fly right up there with Grant Nelson's mix of Jamiroquai's "Too Young to Die." This has to be in the bag of Dimitri from Paris. Maybe an assumption; however, if you know your style, you'll check it out. www.bbemusic.com

Blak Beat Niks
The Sun Will Shine 12"
Slip n Slide

Slip n Slide (on the dance floor) is what they mean! The A-side—"original club mix" (also available on *Jazz in the House Vol. 12*)—is right in line with the sounds of **MAW** and **Blaze**. With male choir, congas, Rhodes, and flutes, this early-eve track will start your night right. The B-side (my favorite) includes a remix from producer Simon Grey (check out "Prophecy" on *Purple Music*). This bomb-track includes the perfect breakdown right when you need it, building up to Latin pianos, disco soul and some groovy-ass bass ... an essential. www.kickinmusic.com

Brian Tappert & John "Julius" Knight
Soulfuri in the House LP/CD
Defected Records

Defected claims these series are "the definitive guide to upfront house music selected and mixed by the world's finest DJs and labels," and they are not joking. The "In The House" series has been the best series I have seen ever come out on LP/CD. From Sandy Rivera to Dimitri from Paris to Jay-J and Miguel Migs, these series present some of the best music of our time. Finally, the long-awaited "Soulfuri in the House" is here! Perhaps my favorite so far (where's Grant Nelson's), these two LPs or double-disc CD is definitely worth getting.

Reel People
The Light 12"
Papa Records

From the groovy and soulful sounds of *Papa Records* comes another hit. Being charted all over, from *Four Four* and *Soulfuri*, this beep-bopper will move your

ass! It includes remixes from **Copyright** (check out "Bulo" on *Soulfuri*) and the sultry vocals of **Vanessa Freeman**—so why haven't you got it yet? If you're not familiar with **Reel People**, also check out "Can't Stop" and "Butterflies," where they lead the way in deep and soulful house. www.paparecords.co.uk

Generous Flavour
Waiting 12"
Swing City Records

From Denmark's producer/DJ Morten, "Soul Magic" Trust (also brought you "Love Has Come Around," released on *Morehouse*), we have another wicked release on *Swing City*. One of the few labels that can't do no wrong, you'll want this soulful pleaser in the bag. "Waiting" is the first release under his new moniker, **Generous Flavour**, and in it, Morten works it with club, dub and a capella mixes. Female vocals, Rhodes, piano and "in the pocket" bass makes this release soulful, sexy and swingin'. Info: www.swingcity.co.uk

Deepswing feat. Jay Gee
Get Ready 12"
Generate Music

Our boys at *Generate* (Eric and JD) know how to keep it going. With their last single, "Take Me to the Disco," you have another one to add right in! This time their release is with guest vocalist John Gibson (Jay Gee), backing vocalist for legend Stevie Wonder and respected gospel singer in his own career. The "Deepswing Rhodes Mix" is in my house, full of driving beats and sax hooks. Also, to complete the package is the "Mochico Mix" from house DJ/producer Eddie Amador. www.generate-music.com. Special thanks to Jennifer and Eric for the CD (Miami).



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The history of rock music is filled with the lore of one wave after another of British invaders assaulting American ears. But there's nothing quite like the delayed reaction between the time the *One Little Indian* record label began life in 1986 and gained a beachhead in the U.S. barely last year.

But before that, groups the label discovered have long had a vital influence on U.S. indie music tastes, with the likes of the *Sugarcubes*, *Skunk Anansie*, *Sneaker Pimps*, the *Shamen* and others, highlighting one of the most diverse and extraordinary "rostars" in the music world. *OLI* didn't slow down this year either, as March saw the release of three highly lauded CDs by master tunesmith *Lloyd Cole*. *OLI* inaugurates April with their extensive catalog campaign "Crossing the Pond," with material not released in the U.S. heretofore, including Björk's pre-*Sugarcubes* post-punk unit *Kukl* (Icelandic for "witch"). Longtime Indian *Sabrina Scolaro* sent us smoke signals over e-mail to explain why *One Little Indian* is no small matter.

SLUG: When and how was *One Little Indian* originally started? Describe the musical niche it fills—was there a conscious decision to include political groups like *Flux of Pink Indians*?

Sabrina Scolaro: The label started in 1986 (or around about that time). Derek was in the band *Flux Of Pink Indians*, which split around 1984. He set up the company with his wife Sue and the ex-*Flux* guitarist Tim Kelly. I don't know if we fit a particular niche, to be honest. The rosta is so diverse musically that it would be hard to pigeonhole. If I had to, I'd say we were eclectic. Derek had a history of working with anarcho-punk bands such as *Chumbawamba* and *Crass*. It was natural to include *Flux*.

SLUG: What made the label such a success in Britain? How were you able to pick such remarkable artists for the lineup?

SS: Our success is owed to the bands. Singles such as "Ebenezer Goode" and "Move Any Mountain" by *The Shamen* really put us on the map. Then Björk's first solo album, *Debut*, consolidated *One Little Indian* as a label who wasn't afraid to back their artists, no matter how diverse their musical styles were. Derek pretty much signs bands he likes. A lot of the bands approach us because of those already signed to the label. We're very much an artist-led label; all the creativity is driven by them and we give them the freedom to do what they want. That, in itself, is extremely appealing to many bands.

SLUG: Why was the decision made to start a U.S. branch of the label, and why is now the right time for it? Why do you think America is ripe for the releases that you are sending our way?

SS: We decided to open our own office in NYC because it was so bloody hard to get a license deal in the U.S. Once we met Celia Hirschman, we thought, why don't we just do it ourselves? Celia completely understood the ethos behind *One Little Indian* and it just made sense. Why is now the right time? Well, look at everything that's going on with the majors at the moment. The indies are just getting on with their work, whilst the majors are busy swallowing each other up! It's the perfect time for us, really. America has always been open to good music; we just need to penetrate the system.

SLUG: Discuss the new releases from *Lloyd Cole*—why are you especially excited about them?

SS: This is a question for Celia, really, as this is a U.S.-only release. I'm gutted that I can't work this for the rest of the world (they are released through *Sanctuary*). The records are great and it's been a real coup for us to be able to release them in the U.S.

www.indian.co.uk

SLUG: Will bands tour the U.S. in support of some of the releases? What is the strategy to market the label in the U.S., and how will you appeal to the American market differently from the UK?

SS: First we want to make sure they're getting the right publicity at press and radio and then back it all up with a good tour of the U.S. The label's successes are what will market the label in the U.S. From my discussions with other indie labels based outside the U.S., I've found that a lot of them are watching what we're doing with keen interest. As we have a diverse rosta, some bands will appeal more to the American market than the UK and vice versa.

SLUG: What are the long-term plans for the label, as far as growing it further, keeping things exciting, etc.? Are there any new signings on the horizon, or new releases besides those already mentioned?

SS: We've got the strongest rosta we've had for many years, and it's growing all the time. We've been in contact with a lot of interesting artists since we opened the office last year and they, in turn, have put us in touch with a lot of exciting possibilities. There's always new signings.

T-Model Ford

by Frank

Blues, like other music, never died. It has been constant throughout the history of American music. The blues has directly and indirectly influenced every musician that has come after. But the blues doesn't stop there; it's changed culture through being the creative backbone that has manipulated and progressed conventional thinking. The rebellion of any music that changed society by only doing what it wanted, has its roots in blues. We are fortunate that the blues have lasted so long, but this has left us with fewer and fewer blues musicians that understand and respect the tradition of the music. One of the few left is **T-Model Ford**.

T-model Ford plays the Delta Blues. This is no big city music, it's the music of sharecroppers and people from the south that have a long history of backbreaking labor. T-Model was born in Forrest, Mississippi. He never went to school and started working when he was old enough to walk a plow behind a mule. He's had a life filled with enough tragedy that would break an average man. He was beat by his father. A wife committed suicide while pregnant and died in his arms. He

was sentenced to 10 years on a chain gang for murder but was lucky to only serve two. He's had plenty of character-building experiences; namely, five wives and 26 children. He's worked over half of his life and it wasn't until his later years that he began a new life playing music. Since the mid 1990s, with the help and support of his label *Fat Possum*, he has put out four albums and at 80-some odd years, he doesn't plan to stop until, as he put it, "The good Lord makes him."

SLUG: T-Model, I heard that the last time you were in Salt Lake City, you and Paul "Wine" Jones got in a knife fight.

T-Model: Yeah, it wasn't no fight; I just knocked him out. I didn't want to do it but I talked to him and told him. I said "Paul, look, I want to be friendly with you. You stop telling me about the white ladies. I don't have a white woman and you don't, neither. Don't come getting at me

cause a white woman leave you and come to me. Don't come saying to me nothing about, That's yours and that's mine. You're gonna cause some bad confusion if you do now. You better keep that on your mind."

I guess he was in his wine, so he forgot and he come up to say something and put a hand on me; he hit the floor. And his buddy comes up, "Why'd you hit him?" I said, "I'm waiting on you, too!" Both of 'em hit the floor. They don't bother me now. But I didn't want to do it. If a man's talking to my old lady, I'm not gonna get after him about it. She's the one!

SLUG: You've got a great name and I've heard stories of how it came about, but what's your story on how you got your nickname?

T-Model: Oh that was in the 50s, about after '52. A guy came from the Delta to hire me to work for him, to drive a log truck. The man that raised me, Mr. ... oh, I done forgot his name, told him, "Yeah, he's a good worker. Now if he don't suit you, don't fuss at him, put him in your truck and bring him back to Forrest. If he suit you,

you can keep him." He say, "Now, don't fuss at him, he'll leave you and he'll fight you, too!"

I made the first load of logs. I come back up there where we turn off and he said, "James."

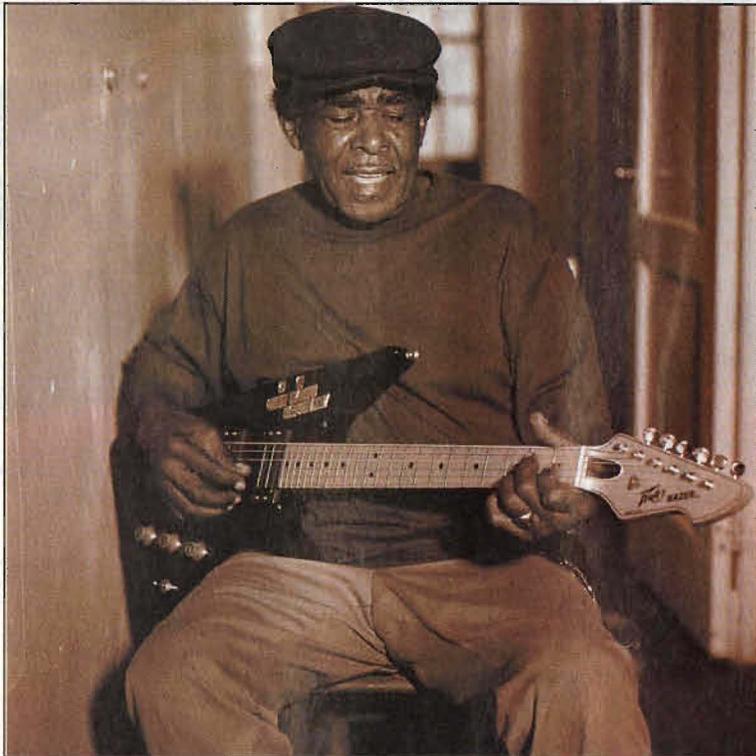
I said, "Yes, sir."

He say, "Wait a minute" and I walked up to him. He said, "I'm gonna give you a new name."

I said, "Yes, sir."

"I'm gonna name you T-Model Ford."

I said "Thank you" and that's all everybody knows now is T-Model Ford. My real name is **James Lewis Carter Ford**. But don't nobody know that. I'm T-Model. I like that name myself. And the ladies like that name.



"I been a bad man with a guitar ever since."

SLUG: You must have to fight the women off at shows.

T-Model: Yeah man, they come all up on the stage; they have to make 'em get down. I m a lady s man!

SLUG: You get a great reaction out of people at your shows.

T-Model: Yeah, man, everybody likes me. They come from miles and miles to hear T-Model. I had no idea I was gonna be this good, but I was. I think I m a great man. Everybody likes me, the white and the black.

SLUG: When did you start playing music?

T-Model: I didn t start until I was 58 years old. I never been to school a day in my life, I can t read and I can t write. My last wife bought me a guitar and a little amp. When she bought it she said, "Do you see that present?" [When quoting a woman, T-Model mimics her by raising the pitch of his voice.]

I said, "What present?"

"Up behind the bed."

I turned around and looked back, all three of my little children were in my lap and I said, "What is that?"

"I bought you a guitar and a little amp."

I said, "Oh baby, what are you spending my money on something like that? Old as I is, I can t play no guitar."

She say, "You can learn." I say, "Well, if I keep a-learnin , you gonna stay with me?"

She say, "Yeah, I m gonna stay right here, not run off." The next Friday night, she run off. That s when I picked the guitar up. I went in there and sat down and done the best I could. I didn t know what I was doing, but I learned. I learnt a little of **Muddy Waters** style in there.

A guy come up, we worked together, he said, "T-Model, you can t play that guitar!" I said, "I ll tell you what, I m gonna mock the man that made this. And sure enough, I left it from right there."

A white fella from the hills brought me a gallon of moonshine. I wasn t drinking nothing then. I got to playing that thing and that guy come in and I said, "Look over behind the bed and hand me that gallon of moonshine."

"T-Model, you ain t got no moonshine!"

I say, "Yes I do, man, look over behind the bed," and he brought it to me. I took the top off and I taken a little taste of it and that s the best moonshine I ever put in my

mouth, man. I got me a good swallow of it and then got on that guitar and I started to singing the blues, trying to play it, not learnt to play it, and I been a bad man with a guitar ever since.

Ain t nobody learnt me nothin, I learnt it myself, my own style. Muddy Waters, **Howlin Wolf**, **BB King**, some of everybody. So now I can play it like I want to. Nobody can play my style. They can hear it but they can t play it. I m a bad man; I lost my gun, but I still got my knife.

SLUG: Are there any young musicians that can carry on the Delta Blues?

T-Model: No, there ain t no young folk gonna carry it on. They got into this here rock style and that s what they trying to play and they can t play that. Some of them are trying; every time they get a chance they ll get me to come in with 'em. They want my style; everybody wants that style, but they can t get it. I m a lady s man.

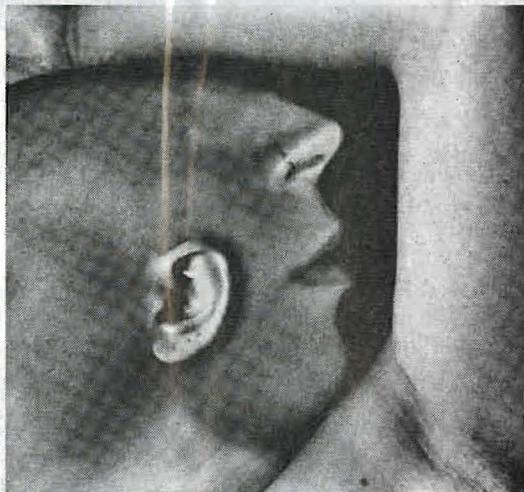
SLUG: Does it take a certain type of person to be able to sing the blues?

T-Model: Well, I don t think it do, it s just what he wants to do. Take interest in the sound and want to do it. But if he gets that other kind of sound in his head, he can forget about it.

SLUG: Do you have to listen to old blues to be able to sing the blues?

T-Model: No, you don t have to listen to 'em. You can just hear one verse of it and leave from right there and go on. That s the way I do. I can t read nothing, but I can hear something one time and go back to my guitar and play it. And I play a little of everybody when I get to drinking a little of that Jack Daniel s, and go to feeling good. I m a bad man with that guitar. Muddy Waters, a little Howlin Wolf, something of everybody hits me. When I ve heard a little of it, I can go back and pick it up and bring it out. I ve played with more guys, but I m still the boss of the blues. I feel proud of myself. I m an old man but I m a young man.

Utah is fortunate enough to have two chances at enjoying amazing blues musicians. **Fat Possum s Juke Joint Caravan**, presenting T-Model Ford, **Kenny Brown** and **Cedric Burnside**, and **Paul "Wine" Jones**, are playing two nights; first in Ogden on Thurs., May 13 at *Brewski's* and then Friday night at *Club Halo* in Salt Lake. We have few chances left to see remaining blues legends like T-Model. I would believe that anyone who values music of any kind would desire to see the roots of their favorite music played in person. Hopefully the good Lord plans to let T-Model keep singing the blues for a long time.



Physical Malfunction by Arthur Soontornsaratoo

Drama. Don't we all have more than enough drama in our lives, with everything from global conflicts to personal crises giving us enough tension to make everyone from the most battle-hardened to the most easygoing reach for the antacids. But when it comes to the visual world, it seems like "gimme more stim" is the name of the game. What used to seem mildly enthralling to our visual palates leaves us numb, our orbs caked over with layers of fluorescent lighting dust and retinal burn from staring at computers, our nerve endings permanently set to spazz mode from too much video games when we racked-up thousands of hours before we'd even grown pubic hair. Still we crave drama, whether it's from the latest round of "reality" TV shows as relief from the drudgery of our own inane lives, or movies rendered less and less believable by special effects, or plastic shopping mall landscapes of consumer fantasies. A few brave souls still make the attempt to create their own eye candy and still deserve the term "artists." Joel Speasmaker, all of 22 years old, and a slew of likeminded friends in Virginia Beach, Va., and far beyond, have started their own art community online and in the pages of their zine, *The Drama You've Been Craving*, to realize their own artistic visions and plant it in a few of our retinas as well. It's not just an online gallery but an online journal for the group, discussing, rehashing and even remixing each others' work. The range of that work runs from the primitive pop of Travis Robertson to the modernist punk graphics of Drew Heffron, also featured on artwork for *Epitaph Records*, to the now-age psychedelia of Ben Stottlemeyer. Speasmaker touched all the major plot points.

SLUG: How did you start *The Drama*—where did you get the idea?
JS: It started with a bunch of artist friends of mine, going to a lot of art shows in our area, and wanted to combine our efforts. We've only done two issues, but there was a big jump between them. The first one had pretty much no writing, and was very slim. This time there's more writing than artwork, and it's about the art world in general, not just our little circle. We have features about a lot of art magazines that are my current faves, like *Giant Robot*, *Tokion*, and *Arthur*. Just ones that I found cool. There are tons of new magazines coming out right now about art and design.

SLUG: What kind of art or artists do you look for, or if not look for, what kinds of art do you attract or gravitate towards?
JS: I don't think there is one certain style in *The Drama*. On the website, we have received hundreds of applications to join, and we have as much variety as possible. Some of the artists are just

photographers or designers, and some work with many media. Right now we have just 18 people on the web, and we plan on keeping it that way to keep it manageable right now. There were six or seven others at the start who have since moved on. *The Drama* is really two entities: the website is an artists' collective, and the zine is any kind of article on art and design. Artists on the site aren't just from our neighborhood in Virginia but are from New York, Boston—one girl is from Texas. One of the things I like the best is that there are a lot of people I've met through *The Drama* and become good friends with.

SLUG: How do your website and print zine serve different functions?
JS: We started with the website first, just to promote the people on it, and the website is still devoted to that. The magazine promotes them as well, since the second issue still has a lot of focus on *The Drama*, but also looks long and hard at the larger visual environment. We also have an online store that sells the magazine, posters, T-shirts and other items.

SLUG: What kind of artwork do you yourself do, and what kind of art and design has influenced *The Drama*?
JS: I wouldn't really call myself an artist; I just keep the thing organized. There is so much online stuff that everything is an influence. It kinda started out in futurism, but now shows more of a hand-drawn style.

SLUG: Since *The Drama* was originally your punk band, do you still have a relationship to the music world?
JS: When it started, *The Drama* was a conglomeration of a bunch of things. My band, and the website. We've thought about featuring music reviews, but decided against it, since a lot of other magazines do that. The new magazine comes with a CD by the *Sirens*, a band who are friends of mine, but also really like music. They are as enthusiastic about it as we are about art.

SLUG: What future plans or changes do you see in the works for *The Drama*?
JS: Hopefully *The Drama* will become a full-time job. I'm in school, and graduate in a couple of weeks in web design. We hope to sell more ads. It's a sad reality, but in the magazine world, you have to rely on ads.

WWW.THEDRAMA.ORG

CD REVIEWS

BROKEN SOCIAL SCENE

Bee Hives
Arts & Crafts Records



Broken Social Scene = Sonic Youth + Air + (early 1970s) Pink Floyd

Bee Hives is a collection of B-sides that were recorded before last year's highly praised Juno-award-winning album *You Forgot It In People*. This album is dominantly instrumental, but like their previous efforts, it is overflowing with diverse and beautiful brilliance. One moment there will be a clap-along pop tune and the next, an electronic whirlwind of sonic intricacies. The album begins with "Market Fresh," a chilled-out acoustic toe-tapper, and is later followed by the peppy banjo rhythms of "Backyards" (which features vocalist Emily Haines from *Metric*). There is also a great version of *You Forgot It In People*'s slow echoing anthem, "Lover's Spit," that is played much slower on a solitary piano and with Leslie Feist on vocals. Broken Social Scene has something special that truly works in pop music, and never comes up dull. I hope this is the future of rock music. —**Chuck Berret**

Alien Crime Syndicate
Ten Songs In the Key Of Betrayal
The Control Group

Allen Crime Syndicate =
Turbonegro (badly done) +
Switchfoot + Weezer (badly done)

"What people need forever is rock n' roll!" Amen, brother. However, coming from these guys, I wonder if they are sincere. It seems that ACS is trying to write radio hits that are somewhere in between nu-metal, nerd rock and revival rock n' roll. For example, the opening track, "Forever is Rock N' Roll," sounds like a bad rendition of 70s RnR, while the second track is a terribly clichéd version of a nu-metal "ballad." In other words, it sucks. The rest of the album just sounds like a watered-down imitation of a retro rock band. If this is what bands are going to make their music sound like so they can get a Top 40 hit, then I worry about the raw and rough sounds of rock. I worry because rock is going to become as bland and boring as all the shit that gets played on X96. Making a song like, "The Husla Life," complete with bongos, is not rock n' roll, it's just shit. Go to www.aliencrimesyndicate.com and tell the band that, like AFI, they are a bunch of fucking posers. —**KeVlar7**

An Albatross
We Are the Lazer Viking
Ace Fu Records

An Albatross = The Locust + Devo + MC5

In the growing field of "spazzcore," it would seem difficult for an eight-minute, 22-second EP to chart new territory. Yet, *An Albatross*' 11-track *We*

Are the Lazer Viking does just that. Leaving the misinformed leftist politics and mask-wearing to the other boys, Philadelphia's An Albatross focuses on the ass-shaking bacchanalian possibilities of rock n' roll. Guided by Phillip Price's swirling Farfisa and Edward Gieda III's soulful yelping, tracks such as "The Revolutionary Politics of Dance" and "Get Faster, Cry for Happy" implore the listener to uncross his/her arms and find love in unfettered movement. Accordingly, the band identifies the Lazer Viking as the powerful harbinger of positive sexual energy, a fluorescent rock n' roll deity. Let us praise his name! —**J Thomas Burch, Esq.**

Atom and His Package
Hair: Debatable
Hopeless Records

Atom and His Package = Wesley Willis + Ryan Powers

That's right, folks, Atom and His Package have split like an atom in a nuclear bomb. This is their last record and mastermind Atom Goren will no longer be touring as AAHP, but I'm sure this is certainly not the last we've heard from him. I can't imagine someone who makes music this weird and simultaneously good doing anything else but making music. Anyway, this album leaves an impression somewhat less profound than a mushroom cloud. It's a live disc and unfortunately bizzaro quirk-pop doesn't exactly translate as well into that format as punk or rock bands. Most of Atom's music relies on a sharpness of sounds (bleeps and bloops and other synth trademarks) that are sacrificed in the space

between the PA speakers and the camcorder mic (or however they recorded it). It's split about half and half between old stuff and new stuff, and includes favorites such as "Mustache TV" and "Undercover Funny." There's a bonus DVD with footage from their last show (which is also what the CD has on it), a music video and a couple of documentaries for people who don't know the entire history of Atom & Co. If nothing else, seeing a dorky kid with glasses standing in the front row of the show next to a kid with a mohawk, both of which have their fists in the air screaming, "We want metrics!" makes the DVD worth a watch. —**Nate**

Avoid One Thing
Chopstick Bridge
SideOneDummy

Avoid One Thing = The Replacements + The Pixies

The Mighty Mighty Bosstones bass player goes solo on this release and damn me if it ain't a revelation! *Avoid One Thing* is an all-star band from Boston, Mass., started by bassist/singer/songwriter Joe Gittleman (Bosstones, *Gang Green*) and joined by guitarists Paul Delano (*Darkbuster, Mung*) and Amy Griffin (*Raging Teens*), and drummer Dave Karcich (*Pilfers, Spring Heeled Jack*). In the tradition of bands like *Jawbreaker, The Lawrence Arms, Sugar* and maybe even *Hot Water Music*, *Avoid One Thing* does sound kind of like the Bosstones in terms of song structures (but there's not even a whiff of ska, thank Christ!), great melodies, strong choruses and overall catchy songs. If you like the Bosstones' more rock songs, then you'll dig this album. —**Fat Tony**

The Berlin Project
The Things We Say
Orange Peel

The Berlin Project = Fenix TX + Weezer

Formed in 1995, *The Berlin Project* is an emo band from Pittsburgh, Penn. The group has three CDs under their belt and has a large fan base throughout the eastern United States. They've played with acts like *Green Day, New Found Glory, Cypress Hill, The English Beat, The Toasters, Midtown* and *Catch 22*. In March of 2001, *Orange Peel Records* from Northern California signed TBP, and *The Things We Say* is their second record on the new label. Though the band's diverse list of influences includes *The Clash, Rancid, Operation Ivy, Saves The Day, Midtown* and *A New Found Glory*, the album is a mixture of rock pop and melodic punk. I'm sure they'll soon be plastered all over MTV2's airwaves, so just save time and check them out now. —**Fat Tony**

Beyond Surface
Destination's End
Young Metal Gods Records

Beyond Surface = Paradise Lost + Dark Tranquillity + Staind

During the "Young Metal Gods" band competition in Europe, these young German boys swept the show, leaving hundreds of other bands to shame. What I want to know is, who in the hell were these other bands? I ask this because *Beyond Surface* is the most boring and uneventful band to ever record an album. Plenty of ambient synthesizers set you up for the continuous sound of boredom and overdramatic melodics. There is absolutely no power, mood or dynamics to this music. If you want to play gothic metal, then make it interesting; make it melancholy and dark. Don't start moaning in your aspirate deep vocals about "the mountains" and "your fading love." I've seen manually pushed lawnmowers with more drive than these guys. —**Chuck Berret**

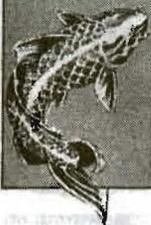
The Black Keys
The Moan EP
Alive Records

The Black Keys = T Model Ford + Eric Clapton + The Stooges + Rolling Stones

For those people who have still not discovered the bombastic sounds of *The Black Keys*, I shake my head in disgust. The Keys combine the perfect sounds of deep South homegrown delta blues with 70s Detroit rock n' roll thunder. Having released two masterpiece albums full of their hybrid blues/rock compositions, the Keys decided to release a catchy EP of four songs that are a mix of two familiar songs and two new songs, so to speak. "Heavy Soul" was released on their first album. On this EP, it is a more raw and alternate version. "Have Love Will Travel" was on their second disc, but it is presented again in a more stripped-down form than it had been previously. "The Moan" is a song that had seen the light of day on a split 12," but had been recorded live. On this EP, "The Moan" is the actual recorded studio version, which showcases the tightness between the guitar player and the drummer in their song structures. "No Fun" is a cover of *The Stooges* classic, which is amazing to hear as a souped-up blues rock nugget. Having this EP take its place among the other two Keys discs is to have the complete music catalog from the band, which is a worthwhile addition to any music lover's collection. Feast on some down-home cooking at www.totalenergy.com. —**KeVlar7**

The Bloody Hollies
Fire At Will
Sympathy For the Record Industry

The Bloody Hollies = Pearlene + AC/DC + New Bomb Turks + Chuck Berry (on speed)



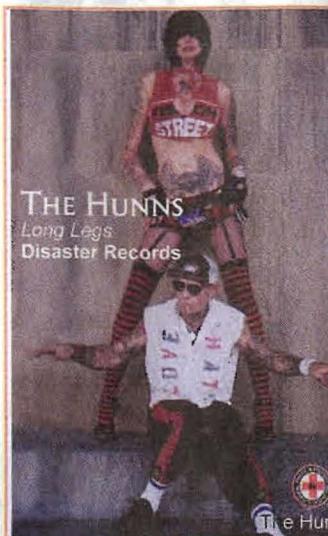
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CD REVIEWS



THE HUNNS
Long Legs
Disaster Records

Any time a figure (and I do mean figure) like **Corey Parks** (ex-Nashville Pussy) is added to the lineup of any band, it's going to change said band dramatically. Previously **Duane Peters** and the **Hunns**, Parks' presence has forced Duane's name out of the band, changing it to just **The Hunns**. The song "War of Worlds" has Peter comparing punk philosophies between **The Clash's** "the future is unwritten" and the **Sex Pistols** credo "No Future." This new dynamic with Parks singing backups and sharing lead on selected songs will finally propel this band further than just Duane Peters' "other" band. —**James Orme**

The Hunns = Nashville Pussy + U.S. Bombs

Like a gigantic unholy fire-spewing demon, **The Bloody Hollies** destroy everything in their path with their annihilative rock n' roll sound. This three-piece tears through 11 tracks that never hold back and cut to the bone with volatile rock that's tinged with a Southern blues sound. However, the vocals are belted out in a **Bon Scott**-style screech that gives the songs an anti-pop and anti-saccharine vibe. This is not three sensitive emo boys or nerdy indie kids pretending to be rock. *Fire At Will* is a raw, stripped-down rock aesthetic that peels away any pretentiousness and instead delivers the real goods. Whether it's the bop-swagger of "Tired of This Shit" and "I Need Love" or the full-on attack of "Strip," "Emergency Shutdown" and "Penetrate," these boys know how to put out the satisfaction. Come get some rock n' roll pleasure at www.bloodyhollies.com. —**Kevin7**

rock full on but are catchy enough for your girlfriend to "love you long time" over without you looking like a "sensitive" pantywaist. Beatlesque pop rears its head on "She Doesn't Know She's Supposed to Like Me Yet" and "I Could Put You Behind Me," which is catchy without being as bland as one would suspect from the title. A great pop record with meaty rock chords that interplay with pleasant power ballads that work without being mediocre and clichéd. Partake of the concept album at www.thebreakupsociety.com —**Kevin7**

Burd Early
Mind & Mother
Western Vinyl

Burd Early = Red House Painters + Damien Jurado + Richard Buckner

Burd Early is the nom de plectrum of SoCalifornian James Angelos. This set of nearly somnolent songs veers between the twin poles of the title's solipsism and absorption in the other, most of it melding into a morass that renders each tune nearly indistinguishable from the next. On a song like "Fertilizer Waiting to Happen," about natural cycles and their finality, or the title track's musing "What is this desire for weightlessness?" the dreamlike vision has moments where it sharpens its focus. This is one early burd who worms its way into your own mind. —**Stakerized!**

The Code/Whatever It Takes
Split Disc
A-F Records

The Code = H2O + Good Riddance + NOFX

Whatever It Takes = Anti-Flag + Gob
The Code have a sound that is somewhere between, hardcore and

punk that is played with fervent energy. Unlike most paint-by-number punk bands, **The Code** has catchy chords and exciting sing-along choruses. The opening track, "In Hope," takes off like a fist-swinging punk firebrand. The ol' days of picking up change and pinwheeling in the pit come to mind. "Revolution Now" drives the drum slaps, rapid-fire guitar chords and heavy-bottom bass chords home. The lead singer preaches his frustrations to any gathered crowd of idealists who are ready for action. "What's It Gonna Take" mixes rude-boy ska sounds with distorted grinding punk chords. For me it's O.K., but fans of this hybrid sound will love the energy these guys put out in their music. **Whatever It Takes** features a member of politically active band **Anti-Flag**, but are somewhat different than them. "Both Can't Survive" tries to be inventive with its guitar, playing unconventional punk chords. "Lips Surrendered" experiments with song structure, switching between slow and fast rhythms, much like a hardcore band. "In The Orchard," however, is a typical, cheesy emo-punk track which only scores points because the singer snarls off-key at times. All in all, not bad—not something I would buy—but if you like this punk stuff, then check it out at www.a-frecords.com —**Kevin7**

Cropknox
Rock and Rot
Punkcore

Cropknox = Adolph and the Piss Artists + The Vibrators

With buzz-saw guitars, thundering drums, breakneck rhythms and vocals that bring **Bobby Struggle** to mind, **Cropknox's** debut record, *Rock and Rot*, is straight-ahead street punk, liberty spikes and all. Songs like "Anger and Apathy," "Rebel Youth" and "Death or Glory" have kind of clichéd themes, especially in this genre, but maybe to a kid that hasn't heard all the **GBH** records, these ideas of disillusioned youth might not seem so overused. *Punkcore* is a great label for these ideas to develop on. I expect great records from both this band and this label. —**James Orme**

Eyedeia & Abilities
E&A
Rhymesayers/Epitaph

Eyedeia & Abilities = 71 and Esoteric + Atmosphere - Lucy

Reminiscent of **Eric B. & Rakim**, the chemistry between this duo is, at times, unbelievable. Intense sampling mixed with raw turntablism provides an insight on why they call him **Abilities**. Add in **Eyedeia's** familiar introspection on "Paradise" and "Exhausted Love" combined with the

blunt arrogance found on "Act Right" and "Star Destroyer" and a blueprint of hip-hop is uncovered: witty wordplay backed by dynamic music. The only complaint is that there are only 13 tracks and a majority of them lacks the bounce of "One Twenty," but fuck ... whatever, it's still dope. **Krs-One** would be proud. —**Keegan**

The Fire Theft
Hands On You Limited Edition CD
Single
Rykodisc Records

The Fire Theft = Sunny Day Real Estate + Guided By Voices + Rush

If by now, one still doesn't know that **The Fire Theft** is the new band by members of **Sunny Day Real Estate**, then one is truly an idiot. **The Fire Theft** pick up where **SDRE** left off, but blend together the rich orchestral sounds of lead singer **Jeremy Enigk's** solo album several years ago. **The Fire Theft** is rich in the powerful drumming of **William Goldsmith** that fills different tempos and times, matched with jazz-influenced bass playing of **Nate Mendel** (both of them had left **SDRE** to play with **Foo Fighters**). However, it is lead vocalist and guitarist **Jeremy Enigk's** powerful pipes that soar and dive with stunning results. Combined, **The Fire Theft's** self-titled debut was absolutely stellar and epic. Two of the album's best tracks are featured on this three-track single. "Chains" and "Sinatra" are the beginning and ending songs of the band's disc and they are both sprawling masterpieces and mesmerizingly inventive tracks. The unreleased "Hands On You" is the real reason to get this mini EP. It is not on the debut, but should have been. Powerfully impressive, it sounds like something off **SDRE's** glittering prize *How It Feels To Be Something On*. Truly an EP for fans that is worth the few dollars for the unreleased track, since it is worthy of being included in the lush soundscapes that is **SDRE** and **The Fire Theft's** repertoire. Touch the sky at www.rykodisc.com. —**Kevin7**

FreezePop
Fancy Ultra-Fresh
Archenemy Records

FreezePop = Mates of State + Ladytron + I am the World Trade Center

The FreezePop assault is comprised of silly fast breakbeats, blippy synths and a sampled **Speak'N Spell**. Most of the cuts on this album carry an almost unbearable load of cute lyrics and themes; so that when I am singing them on the bus trying to expedite their infectious nature, I feel a bit asinine and embarrassed. These little synthpop gems are, amazingly enough, programmed on a handheld, battery-powered sequencer, yet sound every bit as textured as the synth work done by **The Faint** or **I Am Spoonbender**. **Liz Enthusiasm's** lead vocals are robotic and

The Breakup Society
James at 35
Get Hip Records

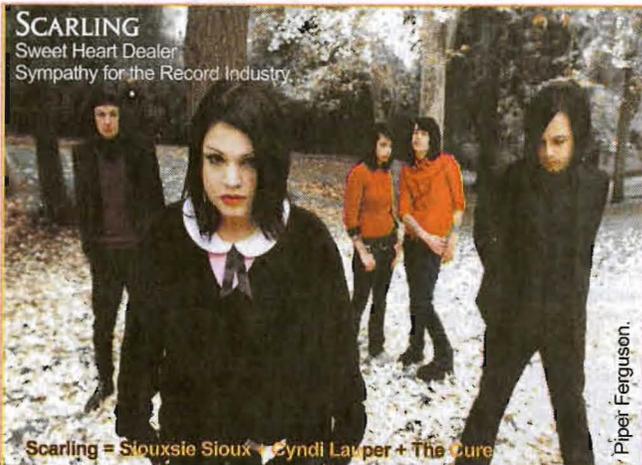
The Breakup Society = The Cars + Guided By Voices + Elvis Costello + Weezer

The Breakup Society have decided to make a concept album centered around girls who have broken up with them. Normally I would think this to be a fucking repulsively cheesy idea. Songs about girls breaking up with a guy is the subject matter of Top 40 alternative crap bands or nerdy nasally emo bands. I want to punch them in the face and tell them to drink a beer, smoke a bowl, get laid and get over it!!! ... oops, I digress. **The Breakup Society** plays power pop that is reminiscent of 60s and 70s garage rock. Tracks like "The New Ronnie Spector" and "Introduction to Girls"

CD REVIEWS

SCARLING

Sweet Heart Dealer
Sympathy for the Record Industry



Piper Ferguson.

Scarling = Siouxsie Sioux + Cyndi Lauper + The Cure

One gets sick of tormented artists who disclaim in their bios: I'm not so tormented or strange, I'm Adjusting Normally—just in a more poetic way. **Scarling** will have none of that. This organically goth-hued L.A. band, dressed in pink but covered in blood, is unapologetically twisted and tortured, full of crystalline confusion and demented sincerity. They call a spade a spade, even when it cuts them to their heart like a dull ax. Floating, lush, melodic guitar work plays Red Queen's chess with dirty, ragged, thick bass lines. Lead singer Jessicka, who founded **Jack-Off Jill**, has vocals that parley in a knight's duel between **Cocteau Twins**-ethereal, heartbreaking wisps of resigned melancholy ("Alexander the Burn Victim"), "Cant" (Halloween Valentine!) and naughty, shrieking, acid girl-punk that could take down **Stephen King's Carrie** at 500 yards ("The Last Day I Was Happy," "I want to feel him crawl all over me"). Scarling possesses a weird, charming dramatic innocence, but it's the innocence of those that are otherworldly sensitive and have trudged through miles of harrowing pain. —*Rebecca Vernon*

purposefully monotonic, like an electronic clone of **Adult**. If cute electroclash is your cup of tea, and you are not afraid to sing about Gameboys and frozen artificial fruit desserts, FreezePop has you in their sights. —*seven5zerorayan*

The Good Life
Lovers Need Lawyers
Saddle Creek Records

The Good Life = The Cure + Matt Pond PA + Cursive

The last time we heard from **The Good Life**, **Tim Kasher** was blacking out at the bar, which apparently is where we can still find him holed up. This six-song EP covers relationships that are both bad and unbreakable. The title track describes the love life he introduced on *Black Out* and even with **Cursive**: that love is not always a pretty picture. "For the Love of the Song" is the closing track where he references *Black Outs*' "Beaten Path" and his lack of creativity through "13 years of lies." His inspiration for continuing could be the disillusion and breakups, and the great despair that the rest of us try to avoid. Tim Kasher can turn breakups and regrets into pop hooks, easy enough to gamble with time and time again. If his music improves with each breakup, we hope he stays a bachelor for a

long time. —*Josh Scheuerman*

In Flames
Soundtrack To Your Escape
Nuclear Blast Records

In Flames = Korn + (2003) Soilwork + All That Remains

In Flames has consistently put out more disappointing music with each album for the past several years. To my surprise, this album starts with nothing but concentrated power in the vein of **The Haunted** on the first track, "F(r)end." There was hope, excitement and relief in this album at last ... until the next song, "The Quiet Place," kicked in. **Anders Friden** replaces his trademark melodic vocals for *disturbed* whimpers that are such a direct rip-off of **Korn's Jonathan Davis** that he should be ashamed of himself. **In Flames** has always carried the torch of melodic Scandinavian metal, but now they find themselves caught up in repetitive chunky rhythms and nu-metal dramatic electronics. At least they're trying something different in the often-stale metal world, but they need to drop the Gothenburg death metal title and accept that they've been tainted by America forever. I'm just happy they aren't playing their usual triumphant victory cheese. —*Chuck Berret*

Supertine
Public Eyesore

JF + JW = Pere Ubu + Captain Beefheart + George St. John

Ready for something completely different? As the co-founder of **Half Japanese**, **Jad Fair** has been one of the most influential indie music eccentrics since the early 80s. This collection is all over the map, from the rambling melody "Movies" to the naive experimental dissonance of "Lisa the Wrestler" to the sludge rock of "Apple Apple Peach." This is fitting for someone who has worked with everyone from **Daniel Johnston** to **Thurston Moore** to **Yo La Tengo** and **Mo Tucker**. Fair is a lot of things, but serious isn't one of them. This set is a bargain anyway you slice it, as in addition to 20 CD tracks, 135 MP3s are included, recorded from 1995 to 1998. —*Stakerized!*

Meow Meow
Snow Gas Bones
Devil in the Woods

Meow Meow = Flaming Lips + Lambchop + Wilco

If the intro to "Cracked," the first song on **Meow Meow's** new album, recalls **Flaming Lips'** "Turn It On," with its radio static and distortion, it's no accident. Then, after that brief overture, they roll into a country groove. "Sick Fixation" could be an outtake from a pop outfit like **Fountains of Wayne**. "The Killing Kind" flip-flops between toy piano and feedback barrage. This collection is a musical potpourri with almost subconsciously subtle instrumental arrangements and, at times, **J Mascis**-like guitar noise. Delicate vocal harmonies and loping rhythms and synths bubbling up from some primordial pop music ooze create a combination that sounds like a lot of other things, yet is a unique statement on its own, much like the magazine the label also produces. —*Stakerized!*

Monday's Hero
Love Carries an Axe
Lucid

Monday's Hero = The Get Up Kids + Braid

This is the debut release from suburban Chicago's **Monday's Hero**. Produced by **Chris Broach** (**The Firebird Band**, **Life at Sea**, **L' Spawrow**), some might call this band emo, others post-punk, some indie ... hell, even I'm getting tired of trying to keep up with all the labels for this genre. Let's just call it the "everybody-give-a-shit-what's-going-on-inside-my-self-perceived-dark-little-brain-because-I'm-an-artist" genre. Or how about the ever-hypocritical

"minimalist-that-knows-how-to-accessorize" genre. If you're one of the seven people who aren't sick of this kind of stuff by now, more power to you—the rest of us are going to a cave in Afghanistan to hang out for a few years. Now where did I put my old **Dead Kennedys** records? —*Fat Tony*

Need New Body
UFO

File 13 Records

Need New Body = Animal Collective + Spring Heel Jack + Captain Beefheart

Like the ever-changing aesthetics of **Beck** and **Ween**, the members of Philadelphia's **Need New Body** seem equally uncomfortable in the skin of any identifiable genre. From bluegrass ("Magic Finger") to free jazz ("Need New Age"), from post-rock-electronica-crossovers reminiscent of **Out Hud** ("Pow Pow") to bouncy Japanese-tinged pop ("Tiltipop in Japan"), and from nonsensical spoken word ("Turken Hogan") to campfire crooning ("Moondear"), **Need New Body's UFO** seamlessly melds genres without overt tounge-in-cheek sarcasm or any semblance of rampant self-importance. The six-piece band often set aside their guitars and drumsticks for banjos and bicycle wheels without missing a beat. Yet this is not experimental music seeking to construct another esoteric (read: needlessly pretentious) niche. Instead, **Need New Body** exudes a sincere interest in the continually mutating landscape of American music and art, both popular and independent. The result is a remarkably dynamic (and extremely enjoyable) amalgamation of styles packaged as a 23-track opus. —*Thomas Burch, Esq.*

Salim Nourallah
Polaroid
Western Vinyl

Salim Nourallah = Pete Yorn + John Vanderslice

Salim Nourallah hails from the Nourallah Brothers, which until now had eluded my music radar. The opening track, "Everybody Wants to be Loved," sets the mood for the following heartbreaks and crises that make up most of the lyrical content. **Salim** grabs and holds onto those defining moments of life that most of us try desperately to forget and get past. Each song is bursting with loss. "Waiting for You" and "Nothing Ever Goes Right" laments how life always hands you loss instead of gains. "We Did Some Things" turns on the echo to reminisce about childhood loves and first times. "One Foot Stuck In The Past" and "1978" best describes, through pop melodies, that although nothing works out, you still have the memories. **Polaroid** could have been the perfect music soundtrack to *Eternal Rainshowers of the Lonely Mind*. —*Josh Scheuerman*

CD REVIEWS

VARIOUS ARTISTS

Kill Bill: Vol. 2

A Band Apart/Maverick Records

THE NEW FILM BY QUENTIN TARANTINO

KILL BILL

VOL. 2

ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK

PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT CONTENT

Kill Bill Vol. 2 = El Mariachi soundtrack + Godzilla vs. Rodan soundtrack

So you think you know all there is to know about Quintinology? After all the careful studying and critiquing, you will never know where the hell he finds most of the music he chooses in his movies. I.e., throwing together the classic country of Johnny Cash's "A Satisfied Mind" with Ennio Morricone's beautiful Spanish instrumental "L'Arena" and the Japanese closing number "Urami Bushi" by Meiko Kaji. Combining different cultural music on one soundtrack is only one of his abilities, but to truly appreciate the music, watch the movies—you get a visual that each song holds. With a few famous voiceovers from the movies, the songs with actual singing have to stand on their own. One of the best on the disc is Malcolm McLaren's "About Her" and also "Goodnight Moon" by Shivaree. Both volumes have some excellent songs contributed, but for the most part, they should be released as one with all killers and no filler. —*Josh Scheuerman*

The Orphans
Drowning Cupid
Goodnight

The Orphans = Go Go Go Airheart +
The Blood Brothers

Consciously misspelling their name makes them ironic, right? Oh, you crazy hipsters! Still, the melancholic sense of humor characteristic of our generation aside, guitarists **Thomas Barnwell** and **Daniel Upton** have been making music together for nearly a decade, creating a dueling guitar structure held down tightly by **Jen Wyrick's** quick bass lines and **Max McDonough's** steady, upbeat drumming. Since 2000, the band has played through nearly all consequential Atlanta venues and punk rock houses with groups such as **Numbers**, **Volcano**, **Erase Errata** and **I'm Still Excited**, garnering quite a reputation. Familiar, danceable rhythms coupled with complex textures and sounds—and it all changes with the next phrase of music. A bubblegum riff easily transitions into disco dancing, only to

dive later into dissonant syncopation—an **Orphans** song is instantly recognizable. —*Fat Tony*

Pulley
Matters
Epitaph Records

Pulley = Ten Foot Pole + Down By
Law + All + Beach Boys (on speed)

Having been a huge fan of **Pulley** for a very long time, I was pretty excited to do a review of their latest. It's pretty damn good and is everything you would expect from them: tight jangle bass and slapping drums. What makes the band a step above all the other cookie-cutter punk bands are the guitars that drive fast and furious with signature scathing chords, along with the lead singer's capable and melodically powerful vocals. However, **Matters** is nowhere near as good as **Pulley's** first three discs; **Esteem Driven Engine**, **60 Cycle Hum** and **@#!**, but it is not godawful. Instead, **Matters** more closely resembles their last disc, **Together Again for the First Time**, in that it has a lot more of the

poppish punk songs and less of their rapid-fire guitar chuggers. Nevertheless, this is a disc that old fans and new alike will enjoy. Step away from the mall punks and discover a band that skirts the field of old-style SoCal punk rock that had forceful energy, but still contained the good times of surfboard- and skateboard-driven pop. —*Kevlar7*

State Control
No Escape
Rodent Popsicle

State Control = Discharge + U.K
Subs

I happen to believe that punk rock should be played very fast, and **State Control** does just that. My only real complaint is that since all of these songs are being played so quick, and clock in around a minute and half, bands usually put, like, 16 tracks on a full-length release. **State Control** only gives you nine. What the hell? Do they think they're **Metallica** or something? Other than this, this shit is mean, punch-you-in-the-throat hardcore-tinged street punk. The double-bass drumming on tracks like "Dead Inside" hints at a **Slayer** influence, and would separate this band from the **Rodent Popsicle** pack if used a little more. —*James Orme*

Thought Riot
Sketches of Undying Will
A-F records

Thought Riot = Bad Religion + AFI

This band has created an exceptional record and this is only their second one. **Thought Riot** is exactly that; they give you a substantial amount to think about. Themes range from personal to politics and everything in between. As far as politics go, they're on a label owned by the members of **Anti-Flag**, so you can only imagine which way they lean, but they keep it to the presentation of ideas and not preaching about them, which is a fine line, but they walk it well. "I will aspire to leave your punk rock dreams behind, as long as it lacks courage and fortitude" are lyrics from the song "New Tablets," which calls for new ideas in the sometimes stagnant underground scene. Recording at **Art of Ears** and using engineer **Andy Ernst** couldn't have been a better decision. Expect this band to become an enormous presence on the global punk rock scene, and to be as influential as bands like the **Dead Kennedys** and **Minor Threat**. —*James Orme*

Tight Phantomz
Night Fool EP
Southern Records

Tight Phantomz = Aerosmith + KISS
+ Rye Coalition + The Datsuns

This three-piece band is exactly what their group name suggests. **Tight** is their sound, but they are **Phantomz** because there are only five fucking songs on this disc when there should have been 10 to 13. These guys have an excellent, red, raw Rn'R sound that gets the fists shaking while compelling the ass to vibrate. The opening track, "Protection," begins a little clumsily with the singer not quite hitting the right notes. However, songs like "Ninja Talk" and "Hash Sister" have the hard-rocking sounds of the 70s, à la **KISS** and old **Aerosmith**, while the instrumental "\$3 Relapse" is a juggernaut wall of sound that comes crashing down like **Godzilla** on Tokyo with its heavy weight. The powerhouse "Lose the Cape" is a titillating and sleazy rock anthem that lets the guitar bleat out the forcefully pitched melody with the bass and drums alternating between jazz and punk melodies. If this is a sign of things to come from this band, then I look forward to their full-length, which they will hopefully record soon. Relive the 70s at www.southern.com. —*Kevlar7*

Various Artists
Furious World
Basement Records

Furious World = SST Records +
Dischord Records

This is a comp made up of four hardcore bands, two from D.C. and two from L.A. The hardcore is pretty good, but I don't know about this D.C.-versus-L.A. thing. Before you know it, it'll be **Tupac** and **Biggie** all over again. **Walk Proud** and **Bullet Treatment** keep in line with L.A.'s most prominent hardcore outfit **Black Flag**, even though **Bullet Treatment** also reminds me of the **Casualties**. **Latch Key** sticks close to the usual D.C. style, but the **Homeowners** sound like they're drawing more influence from the New York and Boston hardcore scenes than D.C. Wherever they're from, they came up with 24 great hardcore punk tracks, and you can't beat that with a stick. —*James Orme*

Various Artists
Rock Against Bush: Vol. 1
Fat Wreck Chords

Rock Against Bush: Vol. 1 =
Physical Fatness + Against Police
Injustice

Brought to you by the Punkvoter organization, the **Rock Against Bush** movement (if you could call it that) scores another victory with this 26-song comp showcasing punk bands who want you to vote against **George W. Bush**. That's the point of the comp. How they get their point across is by playing sometimes poppy (**New Found Glory**, **The Ataris**), sometimes catchy (**Epoxies**, **The Soviettes**) sometimes classic (**Social Distortion**, **Descendants**) punk rock songs, many of which are either rare or previously unreleased. All the

CD REVIEWS

THE WILLOWZ Self-Titled Dionysus



Photo Paul Kostabi, 2004

The Willowz = The Velvet Underground + the Modern Lovers

When I first heard this band's name, visions of midgets and Val Kilmer in traditional Celtic warrior garb flooded my noggin. When I heard this band's music, I thought The Willowz were merely hopping on the Strokes/White Stripes bandwagon. I was wrong about the first assumption, but I got the second one right. They probably would have been more experimental in the late 60s than they are today, but that doesn't mean they don't know how to sculpt a two-minute rock tune. Have the female bassist moan occasionally, let the drummer go ahead, top it all off with some cheeky boasting ("The Willowz are going to destroy what's left of rock & roll"—um, wouldn't that be self-defeating?), change the 's' in your name to a 'z' (thus making you "badass," "extreme," or in this case "artistic"), and drop out of an school 'cause you've got yourself a band. Maybe I'm just sore 'cause there's no one named Madmartigan in the band and Ron Howard had nothing to do with this album. God, I'm a nerd. —Fat Tony

proceeds from this record go to the Punkvoter organization, which will use the cash to get the word out on the streets and "express their outrage at the dangerous, destructive and deadly policies of GWB and his administration." Other notable tracks are played by, of course, NOFX, Less Than Jake featuring Billy Bragg, Against Mel and Jello Biafra with DOA and Rise Against, amongst others. A supplementary DVD is included which has a bunch of videos, a David Cross standup and plenty of anti-Bush propaganda. Though you probably shouldn't run off and cite

any of the info from the DVD in your poli-sci papers, it's pretty damn funny, shocking and interesting. Look for RAB Vol. 2 in August. www.punkvoter.com —Nate

Various Artists
TRR50 Thank You
Temporary Residence Ltd.

TRR50 Thank You = Coastal + Matisse

Temporary Residence proclaims that "compilations are shitty," but they forged ahead with this collection of 11 of their artists because they wanted to do something special to commemorate

their 50th release and 8th year in business. I wasn't familiar with TR before listening to TRR50 Thank You, aside from hearing of Parlour, but now I'll pay attention to their roster. All TR's bands are united by a common thread—a sophisticated indie-rock tranquility infused with genteel self-awareness and precise, elegant craftwork. That thread stitches together a pastel-colored quilt with a complex, intellectual pattern that eludes the darted glance of the casual passerby. All the tracks are instrumental except for Halifax Pier's and, like locals Gerald Music, TR's bands seem more intent on creating impressionistic soundscapes—faded paintings of beige seashores, whitewashed lighthouses, children skipping rope in the park—than on following any kind of pat songwriting "rules." My sole gripe is the strident lack of variation between most of the tracks. —Rebecca Vernon

Washington Social Club
Watching Looks
Badman Records

Washington Social Club = The Clash + Jimmy Eat World

The beginning of the post-punk movement meant there were no trends set or precedents to stand against. Washington Social Club (WSC) could still hold the standards, even if they hadn't been influenced from birth by their surroundings. There is definitely a Clash influence in "Breaking The Dawn" and "Dancing Song," but also a little Ramones. "Are You High?" is a sing-along love ballad about two dosed lovers and their different readings off each other. "Dance Song" describes the real reason for the music they create: "I take my wallet out and there's nothing in it/so fuck it man, let's get stupid 'cause stupid's free." From first listen you'll discover that dancing is free and going on sale. —Josh Scheuerman

A Wilhelm Scream
Mute Print
Nitro

A Wilhelm Scream = Propagandhi + Boy Sets Fire + Hot Water Music + Face To Face

Hailing from New Bedford, Mass., a coastal city known more for its whaling history than melodic hardcore, up until December of 2002 A Wilhelm Scream went by the moniker Smackin' Isaiah. With a new guitarist and a new name (inspired by an infamous high-pitched film

sound effect originated in the 50s for the film *Distant Dreams*, in which a character is dragged underwater by an alligator), the band's tenacity and new demos helped them snag producer and punk rock legend Bill Stevenson to record this new record. *Mute Print* (a film term for the silent print of a movie, ironically, What's with all the film shit?) is a record that could be defined by chaotic drums and guitar and vocal harmonizing overload. The band would define it as loud. "Lyrically, it's the most angry and sometimes depressing shit I've ever written," says guitarist and singer Trevor Reilly. "So I guess you could say, musically and lyrically, it's the best stuff we've ever done." Makes me want to buy it. —Fat Tony

Zillatron
Lord of the Harvest
Innarrhythmic

Zillatron = Parliament + Valis + late Zappa

Isn't anything "cyber" dead by now? Bootsy Collins' latest cyberfunk creation with Praxis bandmates Buckethead and Bernie Worrell essays such sensitive secrets of state, the state of your booty anyway, as "Central Bug Intelligence" and "The No Fly Zone." "We are the baddest bugs in town," Collins declaims as one of his alter egos, Zillatron or Fuzz Face—who knows, it's hard to tell which is which—but he still wears his outrageous getups. One wishes for less cyber and more funk as the former just tends to slow things down, though it adds to the cheesiness factor, always high in Bootsy's repertoire. —Stakerized!

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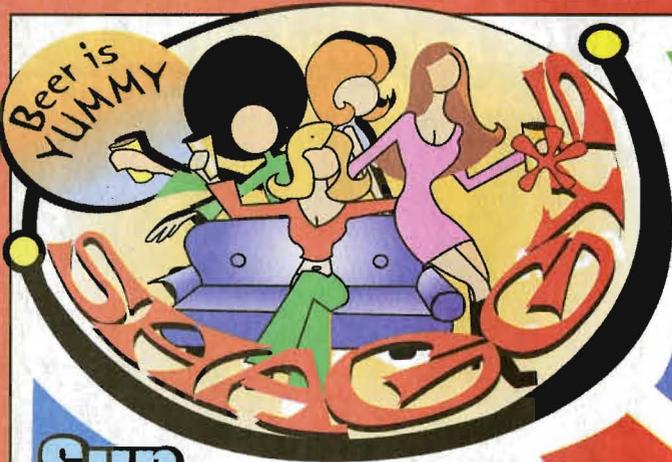
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return of the King

By Josh Scheuerman

Bjorn Leines is playing hooky. I called him while he was eating chips and avocado dip at home to talk briefly about the season, filming with friends, and the Red Bull Heavy Metal Contest.

"I was supposed to be on a flight [to Mammoth, Calif.] at 4:30p.m, but I kind of blew it off," he said. Are you still going down, I ask?

"To tell you the truth, I don't really know. Maybe in the morning. I'm kind of over it," he says.

Missing a photo shoot and a sales meeting is exactly what Bjorn is going to do—besides, he's earned it. Bjorn has made a name for himself in the snowboarding industry as being a "make-it-or-break-it" athlete, not to mention having his own pro model Forum snowboard and being the owner of **Celtek Gloves** with his brother, **Eric Leines**.

The season has been treating Bjorn pretty well so far. Staying injury free, he has had the opportunity to travel and still get a lot of shooting done. "I went up to Canada to this lodge that is 50 miles up in the mountains, so you have to snowmobile to the lodge. You could ride your sled to the backside of this super big slope; you could do lines and all kinds of good jumps. We were shooting every day for six days straight."

That is, filming for *Positron*, a legit video, from the *Wild Cats* crew (**Devan Walsh**, **Chris Duffacy**, a couple Canadian dudes, **Tadashi Fuse**, **Chris Brown** and **Kale Stephens**). Although technically, Bjorn was the only non-Canadian Wild Cat, he has since stopped calling himself so. "I'm no longer a Wild Cat—I just don't like what it stands for as far as what it shows kids. Basically, that's not what I'm about, I don't even drink alcohol and crap. It just doesn't portray the message that I want to put out there. I guess I'm the Mild Cat. I'm still with the crew, but I don't want to be advertised anymore."

He has also been busy shooting for **Mikey LeBlanc's** *Holden* video, *Love/Hate*. "He's my friend and there is going to be some sick riders in it. Lots of rails and it will



be pretty cool, 'cause it's the Salt Lake City core kids that are in it."

Last year, Bjorn won Zone 1 of the Red Bull Heavy Metal contest in downtown Portland. He's returning for the third and final contest at the *Delta Center* in downtown Salt Lake. Like no other contest, the Heavy Metal fest is set up on natural and specially made rails for the public to watch.

"It's cool, because it gives the city people a chance to see snowboarding. All those people that normally walk down the street and yell at us to get off the rails, they really can't say anything. I think it's going to be fun. It's at the *Delta Center*, where if you could commando against the security guards, it would be pretty sick to pull it off. And now we're going to fully session."

For the last few years, the hype of rails, not only for contests but videos, has been expanding from the astounding to insane.

"I think what's so appealing about the rail popularity is everyone can relate to it because there is a rail in everyone's town. There might not be a huge 80-foot park jump at your mountain, or there might not even be a mountain where you live. That's why kids love this stuff. It's easy to do in your own space, at your house. So many kids in Wisconsin have a log in their driveway.

"And it has escalated over the last five years. Starting with the simple tricks into the hard tricks and the technical stuff. And all that's left is the super-tech gnar stuff and it's getting done right now; you'll see as soon as the new videos come out this year. It will always have that



appeal to snowboarders. Especially kids who love skating. If you're going to a 20-stair on your snowboard, it's sick cause it's almost like skateboarding, but you have different circumstances.

"Obviously, it's easier, but the commitment factor is kind of the same. There is still so much creativity. It's like street skating—it's an art form. People do each trick with their own style."

Although the snow is melting, Bjorn will continue to follow the seasons if he can, to Mt. Hood or New Zealand.

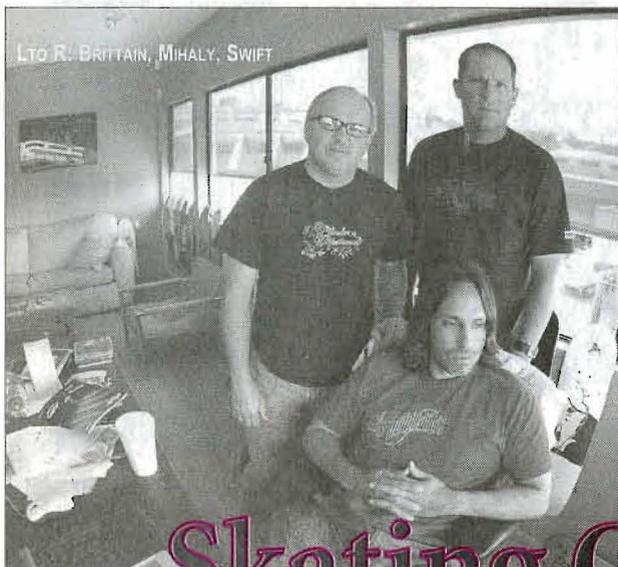
"Non-snowboarding—I have some work to do around my house and enjoy summer. Go motorcycling, fishing, golfing maybe, some basketball and listen to music and work on Celtek with my brother; get gloves ready for the next season. My boy, who is a year and a half, keeps me busy."

With the contest only a few weeks away and the all the resorts closing, there really isn't much time to practice. "I'm healthy, I just have to get on the snow. The thing with the Red Bull contest is, you don't hit a rail for two months before, then go and jump on."

Well, you should go hike up or practice on something, I suggest.

"I doubt it. I just go straight to the moves," he states with the calm certainty of a black jack dealer who has an ace in the hole.

Red Bull Heavy Metal will be hitting Salt Lake for the first and last time May 15 at the *Delta Center*. Qualifiers will begin at 7p.m. with finals starting at 8p.m. Info: www.redbullheavymetal.com



LTO R. BRITTAIN, MIHALY, SWIFT

Skating Out of Time

By Nate Millard and Mike Kansa
Photos Courtesy of Grant Brittain

Fed up with the recent influx of corporate influence, from Time Warner on the 20-year-old *Transworld Skateboarding Magazine*, Atiba Jefferson, Dave Swift, Mike Mihaly and J. Grant Brittain parted ways to begin their own venture. Consequently, *The Skateboard Mag* was born to represent skateboarding and the culture that surrounds it—nothing else. We were able to talk to the director of photography, J. Grant Brittain, about the new magazine. Brittain has been submerged in the skateboarding industry for over 25 years, beginning with his job at the *Del Mar Skate Ranch* in 1978. A year later he borrowed his roommate's camera, and progressed into one of the greatest skateboard photographers in the business.

Brittain grew up in the beach town of Fallbrook, Calif., where at the tender age of eight years, he

picked up his first skateboard. Thinking this was just a youthful pastime, Brittain had no idea that skateboarding would carry him through a 40-year history of skateboarding culture. At 48, he now resides in Encinitas, Calif., with his wife, where he still finds time to surf and snowboard—and skate in the driveway with his two kids.

SLUG: You received a lot of press when word got out that you were going to start *The Skateboard Mag*. What were your reactions to being recognized by a publication such as the *Wall Street Journal*?

J. GRANT BRITTAIN: It's kind of funny. The *Wall Street Journal*, they definitely have an agenda. I was kind of happy, but they never really paid any attention to us before. We got a lot press—out of the San Diego Union and a few other papers, websites. People hate corporations these days. Any time anyone leaves and starts something small, people usually support it. We weren't leaving to take on *TransWorld*—we just didn't like it. It's kind of hard to explain yourselves to your friends when they're like, "What is all this stuff in here?" We didn't want to be their competition, we just wanted to do something a little different; we wanted to be out there just for skateboarders. I don't really care who else reads it, as long as skaters read it. I don't want a large magazine; I want to deal with my friends, not a bunch of corporate types.

SLUG: Who else was instrumental in getting *The Skateboard Mag* off the ground?

GRANT: Mike Mihaly left about a month after we did. He couldn't take it. He had been instructed during a recession to get more advertising and hit up the skate industry for more ads, and they're at their limit right now. Hard goods, core skate companies are hurting right now, with the economy, things going over to China. So Mike, a lot of people behind the scenes and advertisers, they knew why we left. We gained a lot of respect for leaving pretty cushy jobs. We have families and mortgages. We just couldn't take it any longer. It comes down to that "having to explain yourself." I didn't want to have to explain myself. I want my mag to explain it. I don't want to have to tell people why we have such-and-such ads or we have these zines from corporate companies.

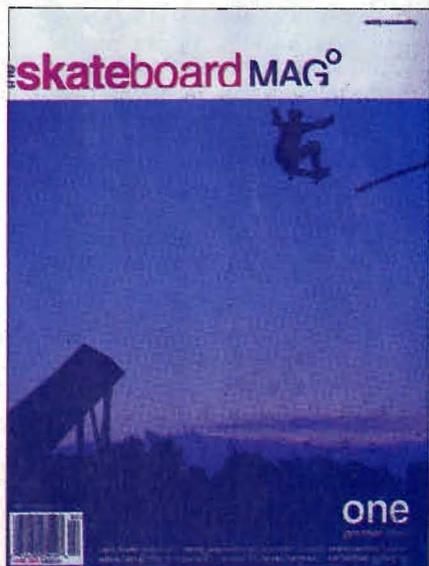
I think we have one of the best crews; a really strong crew of people who love skateboarding. Atiba, Dave, Mike, everyone just came over. Guys left other mags to come work for us for less money, just because they thought it was a cool thing to do.

SLUG: What are your thoughts on hard goods production moving to China?

GRANT: It depends if boards are made cheaper. If the savings are passed on to the buyer, it's going to have a lot of effect. I have mixed feelings about it. There was a while where I wouldn't buy anything from China. You can't get anything that's not made in China now. Paul Schmitt went over and built an exact duplicate of the factory he has in Orange County, and he's going to have great quality control. I'm sure they'll be really good. I don't know if he's going to pass the savings on to the buyer. That's really going to hurt anyone who doesn't have a factory in China or overseas. A lot of times kids don't care. They don't care if they're buying a pro board; they'll buy a shop blank. A kid's not really going to care where it's made, he just wants it to hold up. In the next issue, there's going to be an article about this. It should be in skate shops by the end of the month. Right now we're working on distribution. It's hard for an independent mag to get out there.

SLUG: Did you believe photography would take you this far, and did you think skateboarding would progress this far?

GRANT: No. When I started shooting in '79, it was just a hobby. At first it was just for fun; I never really thought of it as a job. I was just matching the needle and shooting when I started. It was like "Oh... that's it." If you just immerse yourself in skating and photography, you'll learn it. I sent in stuff that never got run. I got my first shot in "Action Now." Then *Thrasher* started in '81, and I got a Z-Flex ad in the first issue because I knew the Z-Flex skaters. I never really thought I could make a living at it. Once I started taking photography in school, I wanted to be a fine arts photographer. I was just shooting skating for fun, shooting my friends that came through the skate park. I didn't think it was going to be job until '83 when Larry Balma showed up at the skate park and



asked me if I wanted to help on a "newsletter" he was working on. So he called me up one day and said, "Come up to our offices and check out the newsletter." When I got up there, there was a 45-page issue on the wall. There were times the first couple years when we were surprised if the next issues actually came out, almost like now. It is easier doing them now; we have computers. We used to have to cut out everything by hand.

SLUG: What are your short- and long-term goals with *The Skateboard Mag*?

GRANT: Just to get it out there and let people see a real view of skateboarding. A mag that isn't just to sell ads, but a mag to show people how fun skateboarding is. A lot of people forget skateboarding is fun.

SLUG: Are you trying to capture skateboarding as art form or documenting the progression of the sport?

GRANT: Everything: lifestyle, art—only a skateboarder can understand skateboarding. That feeling of skateboarding—people outside of skateboarding, they can't figure it out. Like when newspaper photographers go to an event, they just shoot "guy in the sky" photos. They like to run bails. Nobody can understand skateboarding except the skaters. With skaters, it's everything from art form to spiritual—it's just life.

SLUG: What is your stance on the increased mass media coverage of the sport, which for so long, was considered underground?

GRANT: I actually like it. Now skaters can get paid if they want to get paid. People make a big deal about "selling out," or whatever. It's going to go to the Olympics in a few years and there's people so against it. That's three days out of four years—what's that going to hurt? It might help make skateboarding legal, or get more skate parks. If you don't like the mass-marketing side; you don't have to be involved with it. I remember when guys were living in closets, and now they can afford houses and cars. And there are still guys who do it for fun; they don't give a shit about that stuff.

SLUG: Do you think your magazine will be able to withstand the test of time without corporate backing?

GRANT: I would rather see the mag die than to have corporate backing. You don't need it—you do a small mag. Say half the companies pull out or go under, you just make a smaller mag. We don't live in big houses; I drive a 13-year-old car. A mag that's owned by a publication company has a lot of mouths to feed. There are stockholders, and if you can't make a profit, they kill you. So we don't have to worry; we are the shareholders. I'm not planning on making this thing big and selling it off. I'm looking to do this for at least 10 years. Right now I'm the production manager. I could do that forever.

SLUG: If you could go shoot any skater at any spot, who would it be and where would you go?

GRANT: **Mark Gonzalez**, **Chris Miller** and **Tony Hawk**, going to Mt. Baldy, shooting a full pipe. Full pipes, there aren't many around. When I get to go, it's really a treat.

SLUG: You've witnessed decades of style. What do you think about the current resurgence of 80s style and "tight pants?"

GRANT: You know what? I like it. It just got to where there was so much peer pressure: This is cool, this isn't cool, and it changes from week to week. At least these guys had personality. There were guys in the 80s that had personality, whether you agreed with it or not. **Gator**, **Lester**, flop-top hair, tight clothes—at least it has some character. The low point was the little wheels: You

couldn't skate anything but ledges, flat ground, and it was just boring. I go to my daughter's school—she's in junior high—and all the kids have long hair, Beatles cuts. It's funny. **Greco**, **Ali**, I think it's hilarious.

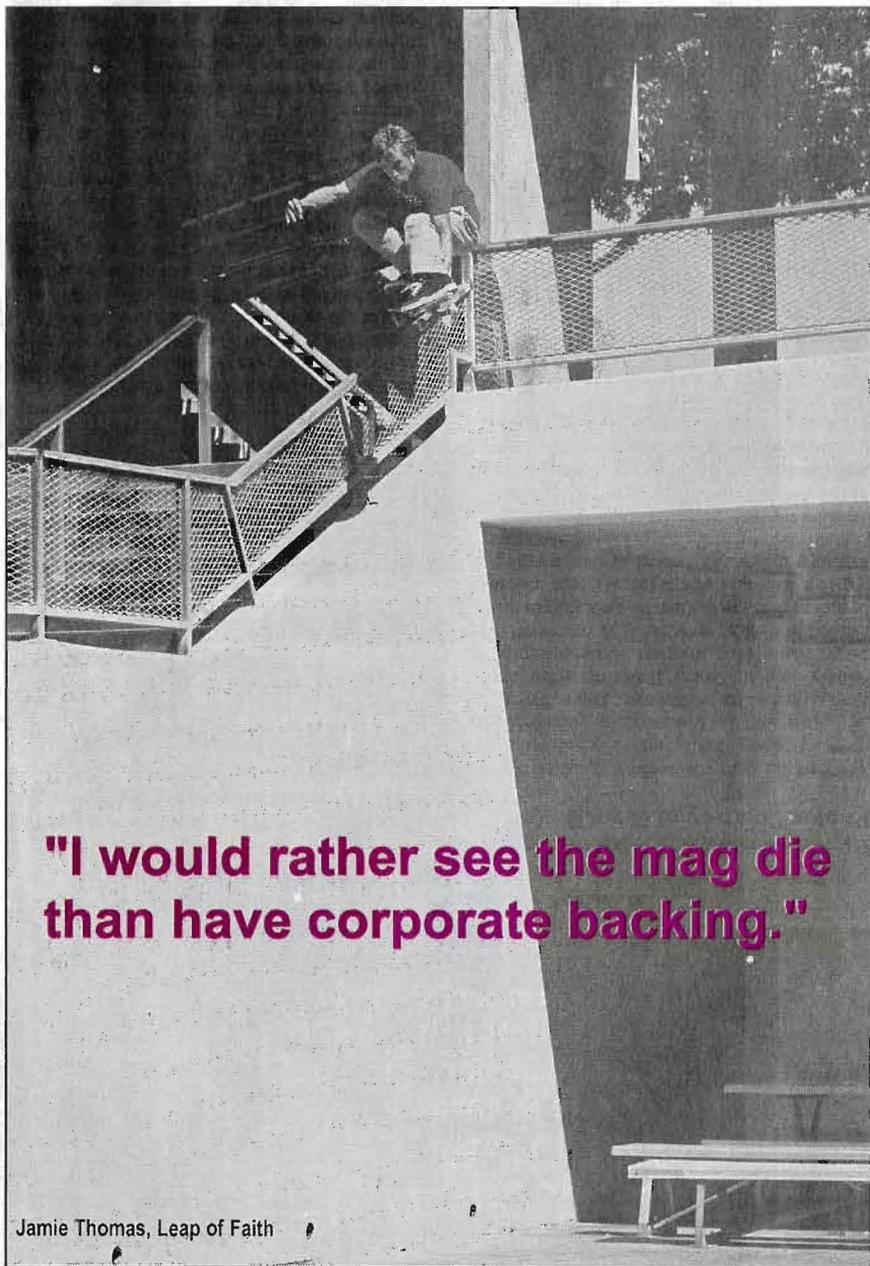
SLUG: How does skateboarding influence the general public?

GRANT: Skateboarders have always been at the forefront of any fad. From punk rock and new wave to urban hip-hop; art, music and writing—people on the outside don't realize where all this comes from. A lot of it comes from skateboarding. Most people don't know how many talented people are in skateboarding. There are a lot of great artists. They don't know **Jason Lee** was a skater, or know that **Spike Jonze** was a skateboard photographer. I tell people Spike used to work for us and they're like, "What?!"

SLUG: Who, in your lifetime, has been the most influential to you?

GRANT: The 70s skateboard photographers: **James Cassimus**, **Craig Stecyck**, **Jim Goodrich**; all those guys that shot back then. I studied their photos—how they do this, where was their light. I was looking at their composition. Two art and photography teachers I had showed me a lot; how to think outside the box. Moving the studio out into the environment. It's just faster; you've got to move in and out before the cops get there. Family, everybody, always supported me. I didn't have any of that, "When are you going to grow up?" They were just, "All he wants to do is surf and shoot photos." I didn't start shooting photos until I was 25—I had no idea what I wanted to do with my life back then.

The newest issue of *The Skateboard Mag* will be in skate shops later this month, and you can check out Grant's website at www.JGRANTBRITAIN.com.



"I would rather see the mag die than have corporate backing."

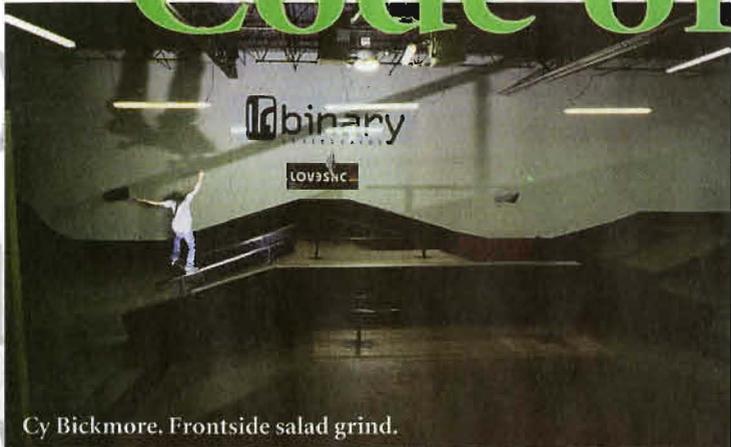
Jamie Thomas, Leap of Faith



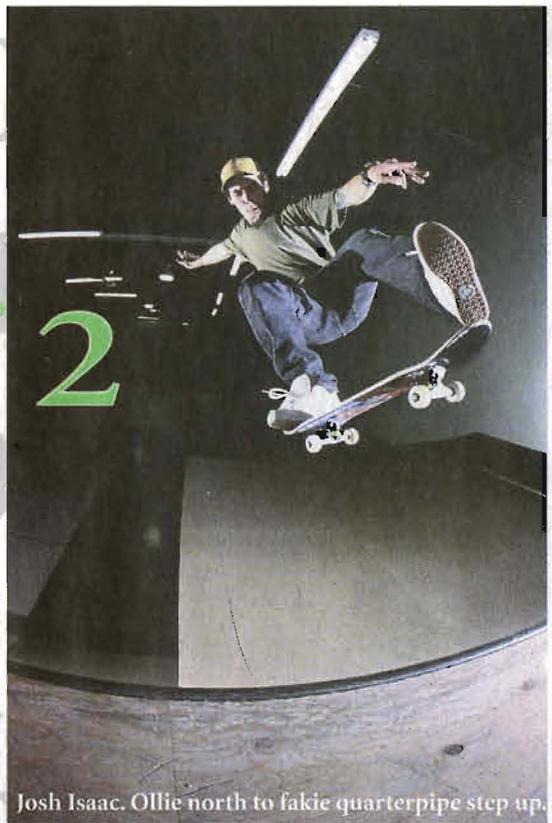
Binary team rider,
Jason Gianchetta.
Bluntslide transfer.
Photo: Nate Millard

SLUG
mag

Code of 2



Cy Bickmore. Frontside salad grind.



Josh Isaac. Ollie north to fakie quarterpipe step up.

Words and Photos By Nate Millard

With the dead heat of summer shortly in our laps, former professional snowboarder **Brock Keith Harris** and his associate, **Sean Davis**, have begun a business enterprise consisting of an indoor skate park and skateboard company in Draper. Now 24, Harris has been skateboarding for the majority of his life. **Binary Skateboards**, Harris states, "Couldn't and wouldn't be a company if one of us were out of the mix."

SLUG: You used to be a pro snowboarder for **Burton**. What geared you away from that industry and into the skateboarding realm?

BROCK KEITH HARRIS: Snowboarding became something that I didn't like, on the business side. Skateboarding is so much fun and it's never going to die. I love both, but skating is now my passion.

SLUG: This is a tough time to open a skate park, with all the free parks and the fact that it's springtime. What drove you to open it now, and why should kids come to your park?

BKH: The park is basically a tool we use to drive brand recognition to everyone in Utah. We want everyone to associate the

best park in Utah with the best skate company in Utah. People will come because you can't get what is here from any other place. *Nowhere!*

SLUG: Who did the design and construction of the park?

BKH: Hazard County Construction. The crew who built Woodward and Woodward West; the best in the biz.

SLUG: Are you happy with the results?

BKH: Hells yes!

SLUG: What kind of support are you getting locally?

BKH: All kinds. People see how dope it is, and how much effort we put into it to make it the best. They see we did it for them, so they are supportive of us. So we are stoked.

SLUG: Do skaters have to wear pads?

BKH: Nope, just sign the waiver.

SLUG: What are the prices to skate?

BKH: Five bucks for four hours or ten bones all day. You can also buy a month pass for \$75 or a six-month pass for \$375. They are all pretty cheap.

SLUG: Who is pressing your decks?

BKH: **ABC**. They press **Alien Workshop**, **Habitat** and **Seek**. It's the best wood I could find.

SLUG: What else are you guys making?

BKH: We are doing decks, wheels and an apparel line. Grip tape and jeans will come

soon!

SLUG: Who is on your team?

BKH: **Jared Smith**, **Cy Bickmore**, **Jordan Williams**, **Jason Gianchetta**, **Josh Isaac** and **Brandon Fitzgerald** from San Francisco.

SLUG: Are you planning on taking this company worldwide?

BKH: Yes! In due time.

SLUG: Is there an image you are trying to market with Binary Skateboards?

BKH: Yeah, fo sho. Technical, clean and consistent style. That's what stays around; just ask **Nixon** about that.

SLUG: How did the **Phoenix Am** contest go for you and your team?

BKH: Good. Most of the dudes couldn't get in [due to missed registration], but Brandon and Jordan made it to the finals.

SLUG: The skate park has one of the best mini ramps in town. Have you guys thought about a mini ramp contest?

BKH: Yep. Soon, soon, soon.

Binary will most likely be hosting one of the **SLUG Summer of Death Skate Series** contests this summer, so go down and check it out at 12577 S. 265 West. You can reach them at 801-553-0679, and can check out their website very soon at

www.BINARYSKATEBOARDS.com

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MOVIE STAR?

By Jared Moses

Originally, we were going to call 'Taunting Willem Dafoe' as one big inside cosmic joke," Eddie Quintero, guitarist and vocalist of local band Willem Dafoe and local imposter, explained. Like many bands first starting out, Willem Dafoe wailed out their first show without agreeing on a name. "While we were onstage, someone asked what our name was and we jokingly replied, 'Willem Dafoe.' It stuck ever since," Quintero illuminates.

Four out of five members are from the pastures/anonymous similar grids of Sandy/Draper. The boy who plays keys in the band is actually from California. When I asked about any other interests they have besides their band, they said, "We're into being positive." That's keen. They range in age from 17 to 20 and of course, love playing *Kilby Court*. Despite their dewy and unripe age, all have

either been in other bands or are currently in separate projects.

"Rock-rock and roll," is their



explanation of the music they play. Two rocks because they like to rock hard. And they do, as I was lucky enough to discover after a set of theirs in mid-March. I'd probably go a bit further than their desired

description by pointing out their vocals are a little more on the screaming side, but without going so far as to call 'em hardcore.

They opened for Pushing Up Daisies, who they name as one of their influences. When asked what celebrity they'd like to sleep with, one of them declared, "I'd be up with Oprah." I do believe

he was serious. Frank Sinatra was named as an influence, but not as a potential lay. They all agreed they love ZZ-Top and "music as a whole."

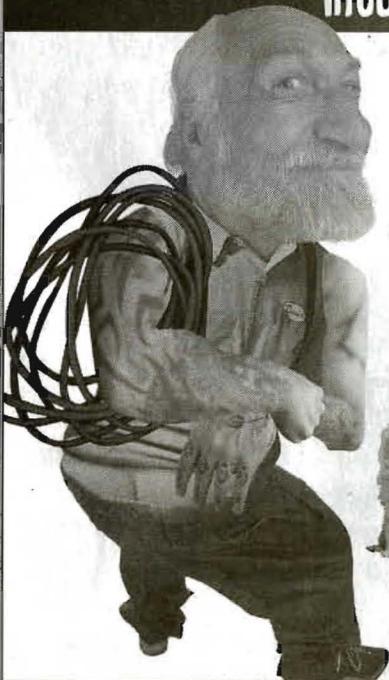
Toward the end of our meeting, they began talking shit on one another. For fear I'd put the details in print, Taylor began slapping each of the guys in turn when they'd get out of hand with a ruler I had lying on my coffee table.

Willem Dafoe is Eddie Quintero (guitar/vocals), Taylor Orton (drums), Eric Rose (guitar), Ryan Groskreutz (bass) and Miah Mabe (synth/percussion). They just finished recording a 5-song demo with Bruce Kirby, which should be unleashed shortly.

You can see Willem Dafoe perform live Sat. May 8 at Shark's Arcade in St. George, Utah at 9 p.m.

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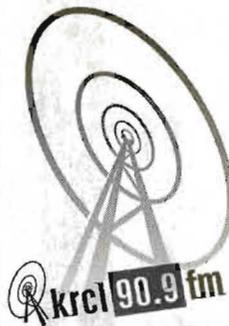


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Photo: Josh Scheuerman

FAIRMONT PARK'S 10 FT BOWL

First and foremost, I wanted to put the beast that is **SLUG Games Snowboard Series** to sleep. The final contest, **Meltdown**, happened April 17 at **Brighton Ski Resort**. There were a lot of kids and adults that came out to compete and we would like to commemorate you all for battling Mother Nature and each other for top honors. Congratulations to **Moe Collet** for winning a spot at the **Red Bull Heavy Metal** qualifiers (read May 15) by default from **Ryan Debenham** (Debenham was already invited from other sources). The contest series was a success from all points of views, I hope. If you still have the itch to ride, contact **High Cascade Snowboard Camp** for summer sessions and put it on mom's credit card.

Before we get to the skate contests and events or the spring, there is a new addition to the skate parks of Utah. **Site Design** (www.sitedesigngroup.com), the same company that has built parks for Layton, Logan, Oakley and Park City, will be finishing Sugarhouse's **Fairmont Park** towards the end of the month, the opening tentatively being set for Memorial Day. The new skatepark will be open from

dawn to dusk with one deep bowl and another connected bowl with a hip. Street course and half pipe will make up the rest of the park. There are existing bleachers from the previous pool and lots of trees for shade. Should be one of the better skateparks in the valley.

Mark White recently premiered his latest skateboard flick, **Random Lurkerz II**. Pick up a DVD copy at any core shop across the state.

Gather up this season's footage of your friends riding the storm mountain rail and enter the **Red Bull Alchemy** contest for a chance to win an edit session with **Mack Dawg**, a snowboard and **Volcom** head-to-toe package. Movies should be one to three minutes in length and include at least one rail.

Send submissions to:
Red Bull North America, c/o Mike Romeril
 1930 S. Milestone Dr. Unit A
 Salt Lake City, UT 84104

Visit www.redbullheavymetal.com for complete rules and regulations. Get Pop!

May 1 – The city of Orem has stepped up to the plate to host its own skate contest. Held at the city skatepark, you can pre-register at **Milosport** in Orem, **Zumiez** at University Mall or **Urban Snow and Skate**. Contest starts at 9:30a.m. day of contest, and helmets are required.

May 14 – **Red Bull Alchemy** contest will be holding the viewing contest and after-party at **Binary Skatepark**. **Brock Harris** and **Sean Davis** started the newest indoor skatepark located in Draper at 12577 so. 265 w. Give them a call at 553-0679 for more info. Read all about Binary on page 39.

May 15 – **Mid Life Skateboards** is hosting a contest, once again in Happy Valley, but this time at the **Provo Teen Center**. The **Rising Youth Skateboard** comp is free for members and \$2 for non-members. Beginner, Intermediate and Advanced categories; and helmets are required. Located at 200 W. 500 North, Provo.

Following the contest, head up to the **Delta Center** for what is going to be one of the best contests of the year. The **Red Bull Heavy Metal** contest is inviting the best snowboarders in the business to compete for 20 Gs in two heats against each other. Free to the public with an after-party at **Club Sound** for those of legal age. Josh@slugmag.com



Photo: Josh Scheuerman

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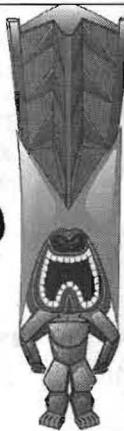
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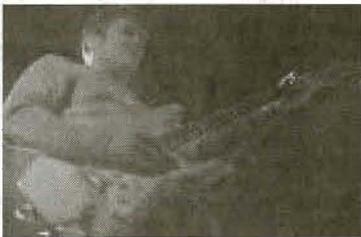
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THURS, JUNE 17TH

DAILY CALENDAR

SUBMISSIONS FOR THE SLUG CALENDAR ARE DUE BY THE 1ST OF THE MONTH. FAX TO 487.1359 OR EMAIL DICKHEADS@SLUGMAG.COM.

- Wednesday April 28**
Premonitions of War,
Tamerlane, Cherem,
Pushing Up Daisies- *Albee*
The Crystal
Method- *In the Venue*
Chronic Future, Moneen,
North Star, The Fight- *Kilby*
DJ Matlock- *Monks*
The Supersuckers- *Suede*
- Thursday April 29**
A Small Victory,
Clifton- *In the Venue*
Rocky Votolato, Roy,
The Hurtfords, Day Two,
Take the Fall- *Kilby*
Muse- *Sound*
- Friday April 30**
Perfect Disorder,
Downfall- *Big Easy*
Ryan Roylance's
Birthday- *Crazy Goat*
Dada, Kiezer Soze,
Crankcaller, COSM- *DVB*
Spit- *Dawg Pound*
Cypress Hill,
Blink 182- *E Center*
The Wolfs- *Egos*
Method Man- *Harry Os*
Genitorturers,
Die Monster Die- *Halo*
Morrisette War,
Postcards Home,
Seconds Away- *Kilby*
Pagan Dead, Subincision,
The Abominations, - *Lo Fi*
G13- *Monks*
- SLUG Sno Bro Ho-down w/**
The Purr Bats,
Brownham- *Todd's*
Da Verse- *Urban Lounge*
- Saturday May 1**
Oxido, IbeX Throne- *Burts*
Ayin, Volition- *Johnny Bs*
My Hotel Year, Gift Anon,
Feable Weiner, Of Montreal,
Hello Amsterdam- *Kilby*
Outset Phonic, Broke- *Lo Fi*
Send No Flowers, AM Feed,
Second Fall- *Todds*
Rodeo Boys, Dirty Birds-
Urban Lounge
- Sunday May 2**
Sweatin Willy- *Burts*
Mistress of Reality- *Egos*
Deerhoof, Delicatto,
Tolchock Trio- *Kilby*
Vendetta Red, Her Candane,
In Camera- *Lo Fi*
- Monday May 3**
DJ Curtis Strange- *Burts*
Suburban Legends,
Insatiable- *Lo Fi*
DJ Rebel- *Monks*
- Tuesday May 4**
Stereo & State, Blue Judas,
Social Standby, X-Boyfriend,
Tear, Alisoran- *Kilby*
No Star Jazz- *Monks*
- Wednesday May 5**
The Dusty 45's,
The Paladins- *Egos*
Fear Factory, Chimaira,
Death by Stereo,
Sliptonk- *In the Venue*
Three Star Hotel,
Remember Aspen,
The Sadness, Heather,
Trash Vampires,
Smoking Gun- *Kilby*
Dick Dale- *Liquid Joes*
Sam Eye Am- *Urban Lounge*
- Thursday May 6**
Dead Kats- *Halo*
Stories of Scars, Idiocracy,
Ash Away, ECS,
Turn By Thought- *Kilby*
The Dirty Birds,
Elephante- *Vortex*
- Friday May 7**
Sweatin Willy,
Debonairs- *Burts*
OxyCocktail- *Halo*
Somewhat Gone, Gabrael,
Farewell My Enemy,
Dramatic Still Life, Limbeck,
Casket Lottery, - *Kilby*
Middle Distance,
Magstac- *Lo Fi*
Osiris- *Ore House*
Beard of Solitude,
Chubby Bunny- *Todds*
Debbi Graham-
Urban Lounge
Soulfuric- *W Lounge*
- Saturday May 8**
Hostile Amish,
Even Lower- *Burts*
Hooga- *DVB*
Rich McCouley- *Halo*
Pick Your Poison, Albany,
Enough Said, Brownham,
Gerald Music- *Kilby*
Kataklysm, Misery Index,
Clifton- *Lo Fi*
Osiris- *Ore House*
Books About UFO's,
Carlo- *Todds*
SLAJO- *Urban Lounge*
- Sunday May 9**
Happy Mother's Day,
Mom(s)!
- Sweatin Willy- Burts**
Breezy Porticos, TV,
Letters of Lament- *Kilby*
- Monday May 10**
DJ Curtis Strange- *Burts*
Mellisa Ferrick- *Halo*
Graham Parker,
Anne McCue- *Harry Os*
Carlo, This is Tania,
Fail to Follow,
The Coming On- *Kilby*
Rebecca Vernon's B-Day-
Southern Exposure
- Tuesday May 11**
Coerce in Moderation,
Hifi Massacre,
Don Caballero,
Form of Rocket,
Make it til Dawn- *Kilby*
- Wednesday May 12**
Finger Eleven, Strata,
Smile Empty Soul,
Trapt- *In the Venue*
Mae, Watashi Wa,
Take the Fall- *Kilby*
- Thursday May 13**
T-Model Ford, Paul Jones,
Kenny Brown- *Brewskies*
Pagan Love Gods- *Burts*
Dead Kats- *Halo*
Sherwood, Apollo Sunshine,
Cerberus Shoal, Larusso,
Beard of Solitude- *Kilby*
Mark Hummel- *Port O Call*
Molman,
Omni- *Urban Lounge*
Happy Campin' Killaz- *Vortex*
- Friday May 14**
Osiris- *Dawg Pound*
Sage- *Drink*
Kid Rock- *E Center*
Jucifer, Purr Bats,
Spork- *Egos*
T-Model Ford, Paul Jones,
Kenny Brown- *Halo*
Gwar, 3 Inches of Blood,
Watch Them Die-
In the Venue
Icarus Falling, Shane,
Vista Four, Alpha Brown,
James Gline- *Kilby*
Every Mother's Nightmare-
Liquid Joes
Burd Early- *Orions*
Celebrate Community
Writing- *Sam Wellers*
The Dirty Birds,
Six Sided Box- *Todds*
- SLUG Localized w/**
Delicatto, Gabriel,
Sidecar- *Urban Lounge*
- Saturday May 15**
Dubbed- *Burts*
Heavy Metal Urban
Rail Jam- *Delta Center*
Rail Jam Afterparty w/
AC/Dshe- *Sound*
Cosmic Remedy- *Halo*
My Morning Jacket,
M. Ward- *In the Venue*
Twisted Cabbage, Just Jeni,
Dead Lip- *Kilby*
Vast, Dulcesky- *Lo Fi*
The Adonis- *Todds*
Starmy CD Release w/
Hello Amsterdam,
The Downers- *Urban Lounge*
- Sunday May 16**
Sweatin Willy- *Burts*
Drowning Pool,
Damageplan- *In the Venue*
- Monday May 17**
Cattle Decapitation,
The Black Dahlia Murder,
Rag Men, Clifton- *Albee*
DJ Curtis Strange- *Burts*
Jyemo- *Halo*
Machine Head,
Arch enemy, God Forbid,
36 Crazyfists- *In the Venue*
Retisonic, The New Transit
Direction- *Kilby*
- Tuesday May 18**
25 Ta Life, Blood Sands Still,
Aftermath of a
Trainwreck- *Albee*
Zebrahead,
Lola Ray- *In the Venue*
From Bubblegum to Sky,
Rex Aquarium, The Happys,
Rifle Street Music- *Kilby*
Lost Prophets- *Lo Fi*
- Wednesday May 19**
Taylor 89, Shannon Wright,
The Quails, Delicatto- *Kilby*
Broken Social Scene,
Low Flying Owls,
Clinic- *Liquid Joes*
- Thursday May 20**
9 Miles 2 Go,
Dead Kats- *Halo*
Silverstein, The Higher,
Hawthorne Heights,
Alexisonfire- *Kilby*
Holloh, Collow- *Vortex*
- Friday May 21**
Dead to Fall,
A Life Once Lost,
Shattered Realm- *Albee*
Gallery Stroll- ask an art fag
Spork, Le Force,
Debonairs- *Beatniks*
Global Funk Council- *Halo*
Brides of Destruction, Amen,
Living Things- *In the Venue*
French Kicks,
On the Speakers,
The Joggers- *Kilby*
China Town- *Lo Fi*
Scooter Rally- *Provophenia*
DJ Sneek- *Todds*
Spacetime- *Urban Lounge*
- Saturday May 22**
Pagan Love Gods,
Dead Kats- *Burts*
Osiris- *Halo*
Contingency Plan, Larusso,
Better Luck Next Year,
Breakdance Vietnam,
Burns Out Bright- *Kilby*
As Cities Burn, Das,
High Rollers- *Lo Fi*
Scooter Rally- *Provophenia*
Agape, Mammoth- *Todds*
Magstac, More than Medium,
Spiv- *Urban Lounge*
Nick James's B-Day,
Swing City- *W Lounge*
- Sunday May 23**
Sweatin Willy- *Burts*
Vitamin X, American Statistic,
All Systems Fail- *Kilby*
- Monday May 24**
DJ Curtis Strange- *Burts*
Minus the Bear,
Audio Learning Center,
Rasputina- *In the Venue*
- Tuesday May 25**
Elf Power, Summer Hymns,
Theta Naught- *Kilby*
Nettwerk- *Liquid Joes*
- Wednesday May 26**
Slade- *Burts*
Ex-Girl, Redd Tape
The Child Who Was a
Keyhole- *Kilby*
Third- *Lo Fi*
- Thursday May 27**
Haste the Day, Still Remains,
Bowels of Judas- *Albee*
Pagan Love Gods- *Burts*
Fiery Furnaces,
The Shins- *In the Venue*
Dead Kats- *Halo*
Morrisite War, Offset,
Middle Distance, If at First,
These Winter Days- *Kilby*
Nate Martin's
21st Birthday- *Red Garter*
The Humpty Dumps- *Vortex*
- Friday May 28**
Bob Schneider- *Halo*
Sigma, For the Moment,
Stood Up Shutdown,
Will Sartain, Brownham,
On Vibrato- *Kilby*
Her Candane, Day of Less,
Salt City Bandits, Unlucky
Boys, Flatline Syndicate,
Unsound Mind- *Lo Fi*
- SLUG Get Busy Night w/**
The Body- *Todds*
Restiform Bodies,
Passage- *Urban Lounge*
- Saturday May 29**
Unsound Mind- *Burts*
3% Hero, Doesn't Matter,
United States of Electronica,
Buttery Muffins, Aquaduct,
The Brobecks- *Kilby*
Broke, Outset Phonic, Ayin,
Three Star Hotel, Holloh,
Nothing for Now- *Lo Fi*
The Wolfs- *Todds*
- Sunday May 30**
Sweatin Willy- *Burts*
All That Remains,
Prong- *Lo Fi*
- Monday May 31**
Remembering Never, Zao,
Aftermath of a Trainwreck,
Scarlet, 12 Tribes- *Albee*
DJ Curtis Strange- *Burts*
Decemberists,
Long Winter- *Lo Fi*
- Tuesday June 1**
Osiris- *Vegas*
- Wednesday June 2**
Stretch Armstrong,
Between the Buried and Me,
Day of Contempt,
Terror, Cherem- *Albee*
Local H, Nebula- *Egos*
- Thursday June 3**
Cephalic Carnage, Exhumed,
Uphill Battle- *Albee*
Dead Kats- *Halo*
Bonfire Madigan,
Detachment Kit- *Kilby*
One-Five, Arpeaz- *Vortex*
- Friday June 4**
Iron Maidens- *Liquid Joes*
- Saturday June 5**
George Lynch- *Expose*
Kool & the Gang-
Franklin Covey
Gary Jules, Matthew Ryan-
In the Venue
Iron Maidens- *Liquid Joes*

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P R E S E N T S

 <p>Machine Head Arch Enemy God Forbid 36 Crazyfists</p>	<p>MONDAY - 5.17.04 IN THE VENUE 7:00 PM</p>
 <p>Zebrahead Lola Ray</p>	<p>TUESDAY - 5.18.04 IN THE VENUE 7:30 PM</p>
<p>05.21 Brides of Destruction Amen, Living Things</p>	<p>IN THE VENUE 6:30 PM</p>
<p>05.23 Rasputina Audio Learning Center</p>	<p>IN THE VENUE 7:00 PM</p>
<p>05.23 Minus The Bear Openers TBA</p>	<p>IN THE VENUE 8:00 PM</p>
<p>06.02 Local H Nebula</p>	<p>EGOS 9:00 PM</p>
<p>07.01 The Legendary Pink Dots</p>	<p>IN THE VENUE 7:30 PM</p>
<p>07.22 The Reverend Horton Heat Detroit Cobras The Forty-Fives</p>	<p>IN THE VENUE 7:30 PM</p>

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You can purchase tickets at Smithstix, Grey Whale CD, The Heavy Metal Shop, and UtahConcerts.com
 Egos is a private club for members

Kilby Court Calendar

MAY 2004

- 01 - **My Hotel Year**, Feable Weiner, t.b.a.
- 02 - **Of Montreal**, Giff Anon, Hello Amsterdam
- 03 - **Deerhoof**, Delicatto, Tolchock Trio
- 04 - **Stereo & State**, Blue Judas, Social Standby
- 05 - **X-Boyfriend**, Tear Aloran

- 11 - **Coerce in Moderation**, Hi Fi Massacre
- 12 - **Mae**, Watashi Wa, Take the Fall
- 13 - **Larusso**, Sherwood
- 14 - **Icarus**, Falling, Shane
- 15 - **Vista Four**, Jump the Gun, Alpha Brown, James Gline

- 26 - **EX-Girl**, Redd Tape, The Child who was a Keyhole
- 27 - **Morrisite**, War, Middle Distance, If at First, Offset, These Winter Days
- 28 - **Sigma**, For the Moment Stood up, Shot down
- 29 - **Will Sartain**, Brownham on Vibrato
- 30 - **390 Hero**, Dusst Matter
- 31 - **United States of Electronica**, Buttery Muffins, Aqueduct, The Brobecks



- 05 - **The Sadness**, Heather, Three Star Hotel
- 06 - **Remember Aspen**, Trash Vampires, Smoking Gun
- 07 - **Stories of Scars**, Ash Away
- 08 - **ECS**, Idiocracy, Torn By Thought
- 09 - **Somewhat Gone**, Farewell My Enemy, Dramatic Still Life
- 10 - **Casket Lottery**, Limbeck Gabriel
- 11 - **Pick Your Poison**, Enough Said
- 12 - **Albany**, Brownham, Gerald Music
- 13 - **Breezy Porticos** (Labs of apples in stereo), TV, Letters of Lament
- 14 - **Fail to Follow**, Carlo This is Tania, The Coming On

- 15 - **Twisted Cabbage**, Just Jehi, Dead Lip
- 16 - **Retisonic**, The New Transit Direction
- 17 - **Rex Aquarium**, The Happy's, From Bubble gum to Sky, Rifle Street Music
- 18 - **Taylor 89**, t.b.a.
- 19 - **Shannon Wright**, The Quails, Delicatto
- 20 - **Silverstein**, The Higher
- 21 - **Alexis on Fire**, Hawthorne Heights
- 22 - **French Kicks**, On the Speakers, The Juggers
- 23 - **Contingency Plan**, Larusso, Better Luck Next Year, Breakdance Vietnam, Burns out Bright
- 24 - **Elf Power**, Summer Hymns, Theta Naught

Also in May, Kilby Court Presents....

- 13 - **Omni**, Molman @ Urban Lounge
- 28 - **Passage**, Restiform Bodies @ Urban Lounge
- 31 - **Decemberists**, The Long Winters @ Lo-fi Cafe

... coming up in JUNE:

- 03 - **Bonfire** Madigan, Detachment Kit
- 07 - **Devandra** Banhart
- 13 - **Mark Mallman**
- 15 - **Hella**
- July 3 - **Blood Brothers**

Kilby Ct = 741 S. 330 W.
 booking/info www.kilbycourt.com

*Tix available at Grey Whale!

FEATURED EVENTS



Lost Prophets, Head Automatica, Kill Radio
 Tuesday, May 18 at Lo-Fi Cafe



The Reverend Horton Heat, Detroit Cobras, The Forty-Fives
 Thursday, July 22 at In the Venue



Midtown w/Armor For Sleep, Your Enemies Friends, Lance's Hero
 Tuesday, May 11 at Lo-Fi Cafe



Sparta
 Saturday, July 10 at Lo-Fi Cafe

UPCOMING EVENTS

Trapt, Smile Empty Soul, Strata, Finger 11
 Wednesday, May 12 @ 06:00PM at In the Venue

Minus The Bear
 Sunday, May 23 @ 08:00PM at In the Venue

My Morning Jacket, Andrew Bird
 Saturday, May 15 @ 07:00PM at In the Venue

Dark Lotus
 Monday, May 24 @ 07:00PM at In the Venue

Machine Head, Arch Enemy, God Forbid, 36 Crazyfists
 Monday, May 17 @ 07:00PM at In the Venue

The Shins W/ Fiery Furnace
 Thursday, May 27 @ 07:00PM at In the Venue

Zebrahead, Steriogram
 Tuesday, May 18 @ 07:30PM at In the Venue

Chronic Future
 Wednesday, June 02 @ 07:30PM at Lo-Fi Cafe

Clinic, Low Flying Owls
 Wednesday, May 19 @ 08:00PM at Liquid Joes (Photo Club for Members)

Local H, Nebula
 Wednesday, June 02 @ 09:00PM at Ego's

Brides of Destruction, Amen, Living Things
 Friday, May 21 @ 07:30PM at In the Venue

Piebald, The Jealous Sound, Appleseed Cast
 Tuesday, June 08 @ 07:30PM at Lo-Fi Cafe

Rasputina, Audio Learning Center
 Sunday, May 23 @ 07:00PM at In the Venue

The Living End
 Tuesday, June 22 @ 07:00PM at In the Venue



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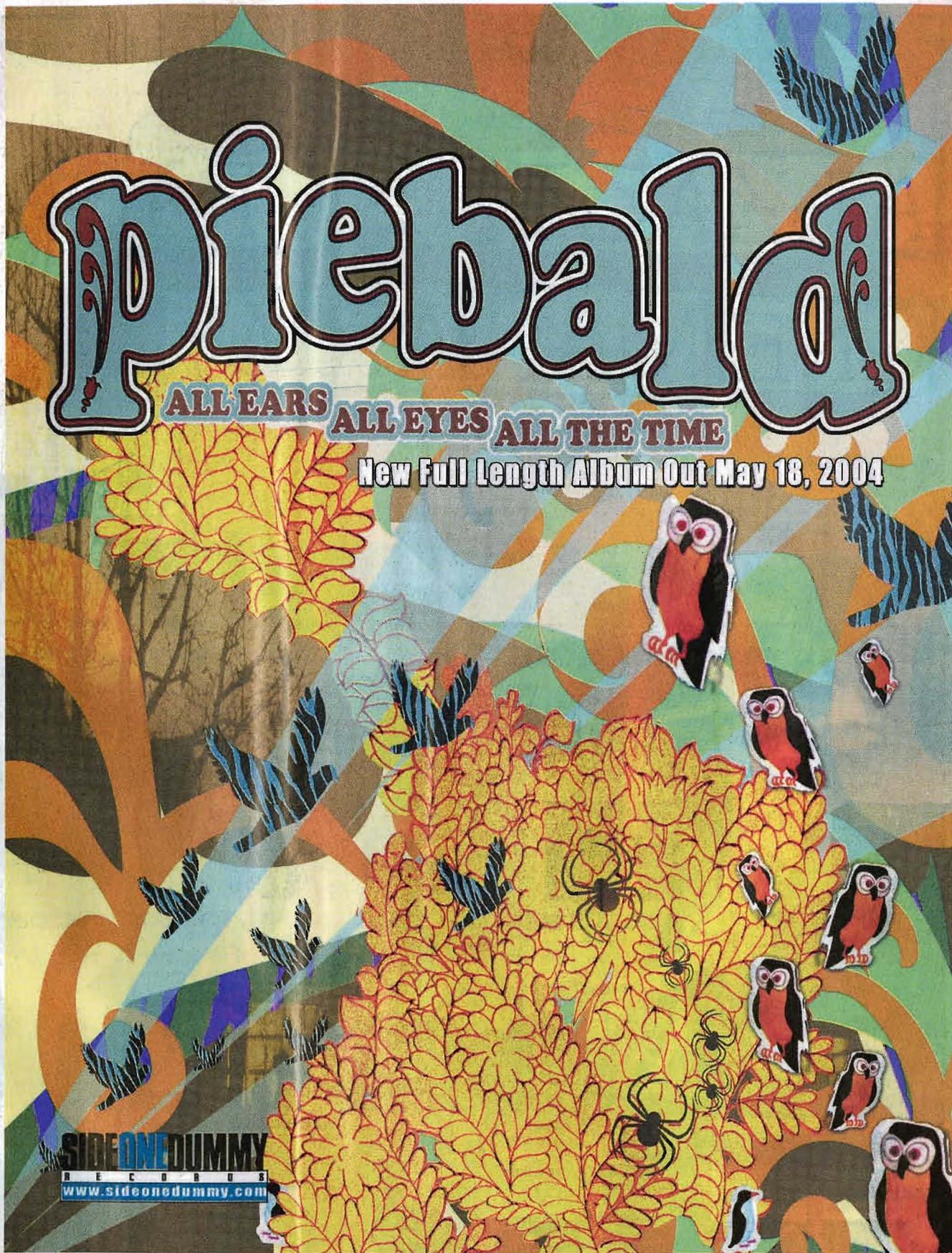
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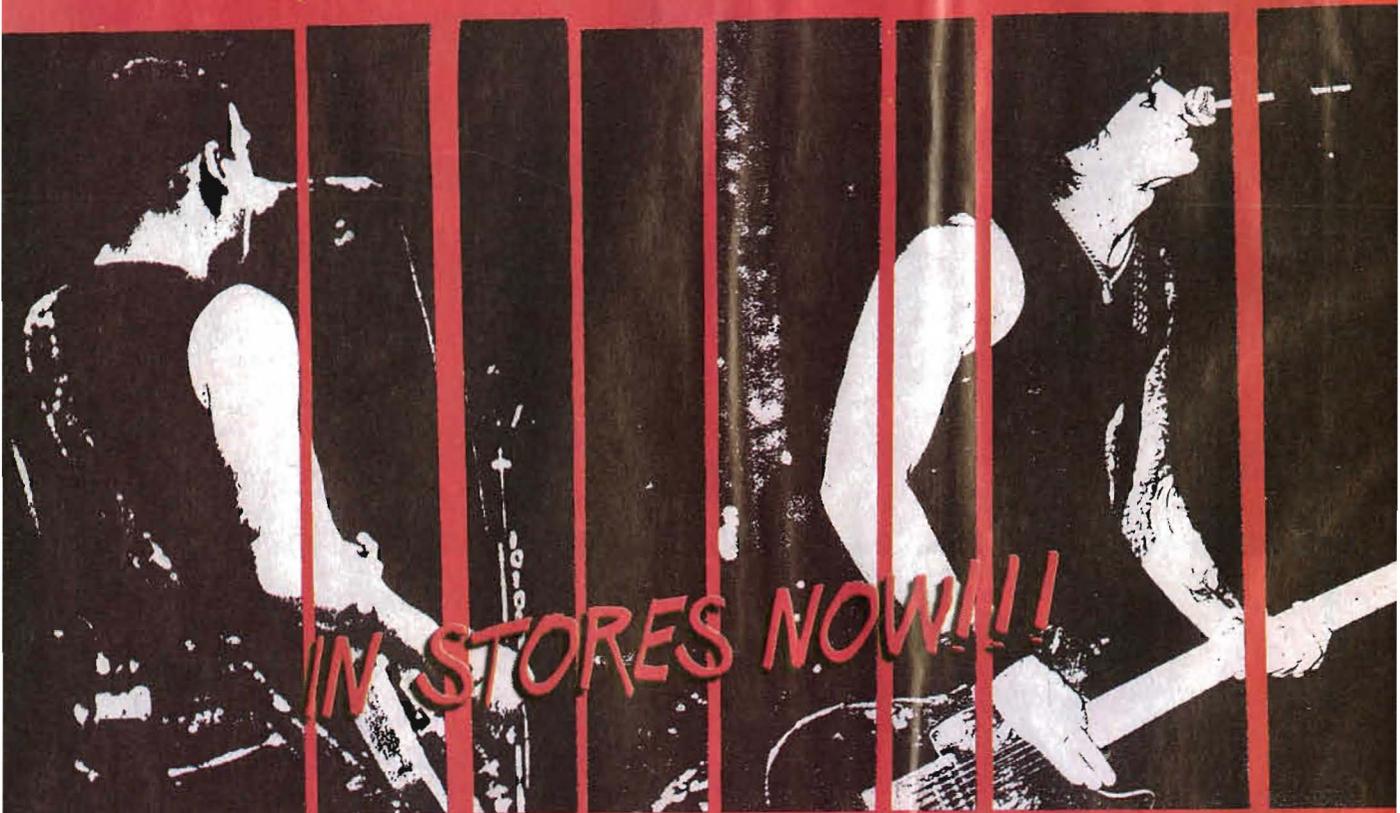
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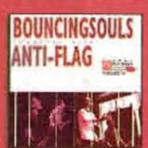
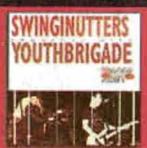
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