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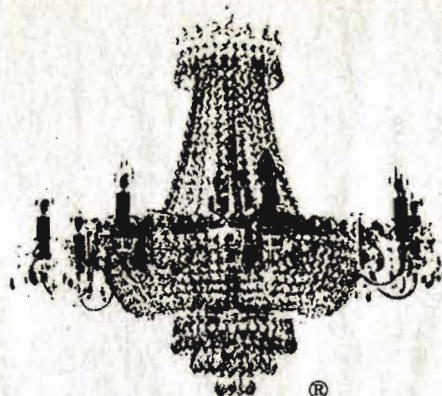
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May 2005

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Contributor Limelight



Ryan Michael Painter embodies the hand that plucks the computer keys and has moved the cursor across the screen for nearly five years in the creation and constant progression of his column, *Glitter Gutter Trash*—one of the longest currently-running columns inside *SLUG Magazine*. He's spotted the mag with numerous cover stories a propos the gothic, Brit pop and shoegazer, and as a fervent cinematic enthusiast, is involved in both the critique and crafting of motion pictures (at various levels). Though it may be possible that the swirling gray sea of melancholy he describes as encapsulating all but the very surface of his being may actually exist, the boyish excited twinkle that shoots from his eyes when discussing m/any of his favorite artists suggests otherwise. The secret to the paradox that is this man may lie in the hours of music he's conceived and constructed in his own dark basement, but as nearly no one has or ever will hear it, he may simply remain a mystery to all of us. —Nate Martin

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DEAD END

Dear Dickheads,

The death of Pope John Paul is a great victory for the state of Utah. In our long-standing battle against the presumptuous Catholic religion, we have always been held back in the eyes of influential atheists and non-Christians due to our attacks on a man that many people (even non-Catholics!) thought was a good, decent and spiritual man. They did not understand what he was doing to them with his peaceful façade, never letting the public know how he strived to convert the entire world to Catholic. He was a fool and a dangerous one at that, but not many could see that other than those of us in the state of Utah that fought against him using internet Live Journals, advertising campaigns, and most importantly the power of Jesus Christ. I found an issue of your magazine in my daughter's backpack and although I do not agree with your publication or content, the atheist population of Utah must band together with the Christian non-Catholic population of Utah at this time to fight against the new tyrant that has just gotten the title of pope, Pope Benedict XVI. He is a German and was a Nazi. He was born in the twenties and did not leave Germany. We must work together to bring this information to light so as to expose this

man for what he is. I invite you, the publishers, and any readers to join our the crusade that's happening right here in Utah as we speak. If you believe in our cause please speak out. Our phone number is (801) 240-3500.

Sincerely,
Aspen Walton

Aspen,

There have been some fucking creeps that have written to me over the years to bitch about this and that and whatever (bouncers, pedophiles, mothers, English teachers, etc.), but your's is by far the fucking creepiest letter I have ever received. I can't imagine what god-awful suburban hellhole you crawled up from (or sit in while concocting conspiracy theories) but wherever it is, please stay there. I'm assuming you're of the "Greater Faith" of Utah by the way you spit your anti-Catholic propaganda in the name of "the state of Utah," but FYI, you're written to the wrong Dickhead. Fuck religion and your great State and fuck the Pope (the dead one and the living one) and FUCK YOU. Props to your daughter for reading SLUG, though.

Send us your hate mail!
DearDickheads@slugmag.com
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Dear KCI & Associates

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& DEED & IF WE HAVE NOT
REPENTED & ASKED JESUS TO
FORGIVE OUR SINS WE COULD END
UP IN HELL & THAT IS NOT
GOODS WISE. God speaks through
HIS LOVE in this world
we are still sinners
CHRIST DIED FOR US.

I don't know of anyone
who would bring down their life
for me yet JESUS OFFERED
HIS BACK to those who hurt him.

He could have called 12 legions of
angels (that's 72,000 angels) He
didn't. It was HIS LOVE FOR YOU
& ME. TONY.

SLUG MAGAZINE

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- 7- Vile Blue Shades, Tolchock Trio
- 10- Club Bollocks (Come Dance to Your Favorite Brit Pop and Indie Rock)
- 11- Cabaret Voltage w/ the Rodeo Boys
- 12- Violet Run, Orbit Service, Carphax Files
- 13- SLUG Localized w/ Muses of Bedlam, Tragic Black, Domiana
- 14- SLAJO
- 16- No FI Soul Rebellion
- 17- Form of Rocket
- 18- Melvin Sparks
- 19- Dare Diablo, Pleasure Thieves, The Album
- 20- Incandescent Entertainment presents: Green Lemon, Shaky Trade
- 21- Six Sided Box CD Release, Dirty Birds
- 24- Club Bollocks (Come Dance to Your Favorite Brit Pop and Indie Rock)
- 25- Cabaret Voltage w/ dancers (SLC Premier Art, Poetry and Music Night)
- 26- The Graves Brothers Deluxe, The Breaks
- 27- Starry, Rodeo Boys, JW Blackout- Mike Sartain's B-Day Party
- 28- Stiletto CD Release, Red Bennies, The Knives- David Payne's B-Day Party
- 30- The Dears, The Shout Out Louds, Margorie Fair

MAY 2005

- 6- Never Never, Coliseum
- 7- Morlocks, Invisible Rays, Juke Joint 45's
- 10- Private Radio, Fail To Follow
- 13- Jon E Dangerously, Renne Broderick
- 14- Nova's CD Release w/ Le Force, Stiletto
- 17- The Envelopes
- 20- SLUG Sk8 Party w/ V vs. V, Bronco, The Adonis
- 21- When it Rains, Casket Life, Fail to Follow

- 24- The Dalloways
- 27- Telephones
- 28- Knox and Coxey
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Localized basilpool

BY CAMILLA TAYLOR
PHOTOS BY RUSSEL DANIELS

Tragic Black
Vyle: Keyboards and programming
Vision: Vocals
Athe: Guitar and backup vocals
Aten Hex: Bass

Russel and I went to Monk's House of Jazz one Sunday evening to meet with Tragic Black. The band had decided upon the time and place because they were playing that night with The Gothic Rap Project and Muses of Bedlam. My plan was to arrive and simply find the group of boys all decked out in their gothic finery. Little did I know that every goth there would be dressed as though they were preparing to meet Satan himself. One girl had a cascade of glass mirrors glued to the side of her face and another had painted herself to resemble an undead cracked china doll. It was only after questioning a few of these dark dandies that we found that Tragic Black was not even there; they were still getting dressed. About an hour and a half later, they arrived with their entire bodies covered in paint and their hair in airy configurations.

Vyle wears only black body paint, a long loincloth and a necklace of bones. I can't imagine trying to wash all of that off at the end of a performance.

Tragic Black has been around for four or five years, but the current members have been



together since only recently. They look at each other with noticeable relief and satisfaction when they say this, as though they had come through some trying experience together and recovered with their makeup still flawless.

We were in the back of Monk's in the part of the bar serving as an erstwhile dressing room for the Obscura fashion show, which was commencing as we spoke. Girls and boys in slick vinyl outfits that looked like they were poured on chattered and changed around us. I could barely hear the boys talk over the din. The recording of our interview ends up being mostly a recording of directions given to models. This is partially because the boys of Tragic Black are soft-spoken and unassuming people despite their intimidating appearances.

"We aren't afraid to talk about what we think," Vision tells me. Their politics are pretty upfront. To illustrate this, Vision recalls an incident: "One of our friends came to a show with his new girlfriend. She was Republican and she broke up with him after the show because he liked us." Vision is the most talkative of the group, but he's still nothing like the screaming and grating person we later see onstage when they perform. They're a mixture of goth and deathrock with much use being given to the word "fuck."

"I apologize in advance if I see you on the street and I don't say hi because I won't recognize you without the makeup," I tell them when we conclude the interview. "Don't worry," Aten Hex responds. "We always look like this."

www.tragicblack.com

Localized this month falls on the auspicious day of Friday the 13th. SLUG has managed to tear the dark and

macabre bands Tragic Black and Domiana away from the

unspeakable activities they would otherwise be

engaged in to play for us at the Urban

Lounge, a private club for members only.



Domiana
Dredd: Vocals and programming
William Curry: Guitar, vocals, programming
Dementia: Vocals and keyboards
Mr. Morgue: Other Instruments

The same evening that we met with Tragic Black, we found all the members of Domiana at the same event. William was doing mixing for Tragic Black, so I spoke with Dementia and Dredd while they played. The both of them are also in The Gothic Rap Project, which they sort of downplay despite it being the best gothic hip-hop band that I have ever seen.

Domiana is an herb with aphrodisiac properties as well as the basic component in many Mexican types of liquor. The band changed the spelling to covertly play on the BDSM aspect of the goth community.

"Within the goth scene, S&M is very popular," Dredd tells us. "I know the herb has certain magical properties as well and is used in certain forms of witchcraft." The goths of SLC and anywhere else are constantly being required to prove their credibility. But Dredd says that he doesn't feel like proving his credibility any longer. They don't need the validation of the mainstream nor do they desire it. I have to respect anyone who is willing to go as far as they can into their own kitsch and still not acknowledge to anyone that it need be camp.

"I like to think that we're pushing the definition of goth. In our music we have touches of psychobilly, a little bit of traditional ska and a lot of cabaret. We have the cabaret aspect



of Weimar Berlin—a little bit of political satire, but still very theatrical and over the top. The whole performance is a satire of contemporary values. We very influenced by the decadent writers, like Oscar Wilde."

Dredd does most of the talking, giving one the impression that Domiana is more his baby than anyone else's. "We do have one song that's very much a torch song. I've never felt very comfortable in society. You can either approach that as either starting a revolution or what we are doing, which is sort of separating yourself, reinventing yourself; it's more of a personal revolution. I feel like Domiana is encouraging people to do that." Even if you can't make it out to see Domiana at Localized, at least take a look at their website. It's incredible.

www.domianadomain.com





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When I started writing this article, my intention was and still is, to introduce the public to this community's belly dancers. The Wasatch Front is home to some of the most talented dancers in America, and we have extremely good teachers, too. I love that I get to meet with a dancer, one on one, and get to know their story and their background. This belly dance community also has many kind-hearted, hard-working, generous people in it. So, I like giving a new dancer on the scene a little hand up. My dancer for May is an up and coming performer and soloist, Annie.

Annie is a native Utahn, which is rare these days. Her dance background consists of a little jazz and some swing dancing. When she saw her first belly dance show at Liberty Park, she instantly knew it was what she wanted to do.

"It is such a flirty, sensual dance," she explains, "I thought it would feel very liberating to move like that."

Annie began her training with Aziz, seven years ago, and then studied with Raffa and Stephanie. She is a member of Raffa's performing group, and one of the originators of the dance troupe, Blue Lotus. Her favorite dancers are Aziz (also her favorite teacher); Fat Chance, ("Their dancing is transcendent," she says.), and Stephanie, who, she explains, has truly helped her achieve the technical and performing level she has attained at this time, and epitomizes the classic Egyptian Cabaret dancer.

"I feel that the same things that make you a good dancer are also those things that help you in life. In dance and life one needs balance,

strength, endurance, focus, flexibility, and, of course, love. These attributes can make you a wonderful dancer and person." "I can always tell which dancers really love what they are doing. You can't miss it. It just comes out for everyone to see, and it will make you or break you. You can't hide who you really are when you are dancing. It just comes out."

This winter, at the Aziz School of Dance Showcase, Annie performed her first solo. She was totally charming, technically perfect, and when the back of her top came undone, she continued to dance to the end without one faltering step or loss of connection to the audience. It was amazing. Many people in the audience didn't even realize that she was having a "costume malfunction." Annie, baptized by fire, was an instant professional.

Annie has an innocent sweetness when she dances, and, at the same time, a sensuality that is very alluring. She is flirty and sexy without being overt or contrived. Deep from within, Annie projects the truth of her being—sweet, flirty, and naturally sensual. I, personally, want to see her doing more solo work, and I am definitely looking forward to watching Blue Lotus, recently named "Best Shake What Your Mama Gave You" in the "Best of," edition of *The SL City Weekly*.

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exact precise
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we!!!



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HELL?!

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THE LAND OF
ZION!!!

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MAKE US
BETTER.

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taste best when
the time comes?

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will.

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OVER AND THE
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WMC



2005 in review

By Nick James nickjames@slugmag.com
Photos: Cara Pastore and Nick James



FAQ: M3 Summit and WMC:

In the dance music community, it is considered a sacrilege to ignore the two fundamental music festivals held annually each March, in the madness of Miami Beach, Fla., the *Winter Music Conference* (WMC) and *M3 Summit* (pictured). These two music conferences host a gathering of over 10,000 people, from industry professionals, press, producers, artists, labels executives and last but not least, international DJs. Besides the actual conferences—WMC at the *Wyndham Hotel* and *M3 Summit* claiming the *Raleigh Hotel* as base—there are the illustrious pool parties and label showcases held at various hotels and nightclubs throughout the region. *SLUG Magazine* had a chance to check it out ... see why you're going next year.

WMC: In its 20th year, the conference has attracted music commerce experts from 60 countries and holds the American torch as the chief for DJ networking. Featuring workshops and seminars in technology, radio exposure, legal issues, market trends and DJ contests—for the eager entrepreneur seeking to advance in the music industry, WMC is the way to go. As far as music is concerned, two

components to the conference are *IDMA* (*International Dance Music Awards*) and *Ultra Music Festival*. Both trendy in style and music, the size artists featured are similar to those performing at *Coachella* but more DJ-based. This year's *Ultra Music Festival* featured over 40 artists, including **Moby**, **Tiesto**, **Paul Oakenfold** and **Goldie**.
www.wintermusicconference.com

M3: Being more underground but equally hip, this modern affair is less pretentious and more playful. Merging modern music, fashion and multimedia art—think any urban stylized forum, where any person with a heart can check out cool trends and fresh ideas on our present state of living. Aside from daytime discussions with keynote speakers regarding innovative media, presenting live music, Internet trends and the latest in technology (not just for DJs), this New York-based entity presents the *Sunset Sessions*. Highly cool and taking place every night for five days, the *M3 Summit* is held poolside at the *Raleigh Hotel* and includes artists such as **Ben Watt**, **King Britt**, **Tortured Soul** and **Louie Vega**—what a way to get exposed to some cool cats.
www.m3summit.com

Frequency: Danny Marquez @ *Defected*
Now up to 100 releases in the catalogue, UK-based label *Defected* showcases quality. Presenting two events this year (daytime @ *National Hotel* and nighttime @ *Amika*), if you don't know or blow someone, essentially you ain't getting in either *Defected* showcase. Home to a roster of DJs from **Sandy Rivera**, **Copyright**, **Joey Negro**, **Dimitri from Paris** and more recently, **Danny Marquez**, the monarch of house music features defined styles in an array of musicians and producers. Closing the party for *Defected @ Amika*, **Danny Marquez** is an exquisite example of success in the DJ/producer discipline. **Danny Marquez** said about the *Defected* event: "It was the most outstanding party in all of the WMC. I had the pleasure of playing there at closing time and the reaction of the club was excellent ... different styles of great house music were played and it kept the attention of the entire crowd during the night."

Danny Marquez: Launching a career in DJing in the mid 90s to his first production in 2001 with *Daily Special EP* and later with *Dancing* for Spanish labels, *KidSol* and *Vale Music*, Marquez represents the true sounds of Spain. Establishing *Bubble Soul Music* in 2003 and producing with acclaimed internationals from **Jay-J** and **DJ Pippi**, this brand new heavy produces house music through conscious methods, highly regarding dance floor pleasure and musical precision. In 2004, Marquez, along with colleague **Ferry B**, produced *Afro Catalans*. Now signed to *Defected* and having being remixed by **Hard soul**, Marquez's signature release has propelled *Bubble Soul* and Marquez into new markets. Reflecting the passion and love the people of Barcelona embrace, *Bubble Soul Music* and her children have genuinely made an impression during this year's conference.
www.bubblesoulmusic.com

DANNY'S LATEST DJ CHARTS:

01. Michelle Weeks "Be Thankful" (**Purple Music**)
02. S.U.M.O. / Kiko Navarro / Natasha Mc Beam "Bubble Soul Goodies" (**Bubble Soul**)
03. DJ Technic "Gabryelle" (**Defected**)
04. Various "Miami 2005 (VIP CD)" (**Soulfury**)
05. Copyright ft. Imaani "Time" (**Defected**)
06. Faze Action "Kariba 2005" (**Copyright Records**)
07. Soul Central "I Need You" (**Clean Cut Records**)
08. Hanna Hais "De Toi A Moi (Scientific Soul)" (**Atal**)
09. Red "Release The Pressure (Risk & Salling Mix) (DM & FB ReEdit)" (**Lifted House**)
10. Roachford "River Of Love" (**Peppermint Jam**)

Cirque du Soleil

Flummox: Every year record labels rush to promote their parties in the thick competition of Miami weather and other label events during conference time. Showcases feature labels' hottest DJ/producers, mixing a fusion of house music for a funky fusion of people. This year's best party: **MN2S @ Amika**, featuring DJs from **Blaze**, **Jon Cutler** (pictured), **Hard soul**, **Groove Junkies** and **John "Julius" Knight**, to name a few of the many greats that performed. Following up the label's 10th anniversary celebration in March held at *The End* in London, these coffee drinkers without delay proudly waltzed into Miami to show they don't drink it strictly black. If one were to ask the nice people (and they're really nice) of **MN2S** what the last 10 years have been about—they will speak of success.

MN2S: The founders of **MN2S**, **Sharron** and **Dave Elakbas** and **Tim Burnett**, also mention how fast the last 10 years has gone by. Hectic yet worth it, these masterminds have created one of the most renowned club nights in house music at *The End*,

operated a booking company with over 350 DJs on board, started two record labels (**MN2S** and **1Trax**) and claimed a outstanding reputation for quality in house music. Besides the more recent club hit, "Runnin'," by **Jon Cutler**, the label is known for classics such as "Feel Alive" by **Demetrious Project**, "Through Changes" by **Cricco Castelli** and "Come On" by **DJ Dove**. Now with their latest project, "Ten Years of Our House," mixed by **Jon Cutler** and **Hard soul**, **MN2S** is surely to have another year of club hits and triumph.

Now for the flummox: During his closing set, **DJ John "Julius" Knight** had his record broken in two by a bouncer from *Club Amika* during the **MN2S** club event. If you have a full crowd howling for more and are in the middle of a satisfying DJ mixed set ... well, come on, that's what we live for. I hope things got worked out later? But I thought that was pretty funny ... it's what everyone was talking about the next day. www.mn2s.com

Further: **Cirque du Soleil**
The surprise came this year when **M3**

Summit hosted **Cirque du Soleil** on the closing night of their *Sunset Sessions*. Celebrating their latest release, *Solarium/Delerium*, **Cirque du Soleil** put on an unforgettable performance alongside guest **DJ Alain Vinet**, who, by the way, played some superior world-house music. Performances that I haven't experienced before (followed up by **Louie Vega**), the players of the sun circus whirled and twirled in modern dance and classic styles. What began as a band of colorful characters roaming the streets of **Bale-Saint-Pale** (a small city outside of **Quebec, Canada**), has become one of the most celebrated theatrical acts around the globe. Starting in the early 80s and growing into 3,000 employees worldwide, **Cirque du Soleil** has been seen in over 100 cities and has been enjoyed by 50 million spectators. Having resident shows from *O, Mystere*, and *La Nouba* to touring shows like *Varekai* and *Alegria*, this enchanted community continues to impress through unique music and dancing, bringing to life a magical sensation. Looking for good tunes? Check out *Solarium/Delerium*. www.cirquedusoleil.com

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Analogical Resurrection

By ryan michael painter rien@davidbowie.net

An Interview With ERASURE

When Erasure set out to promote 2003's *Other People's Songs* album, they hadn't toured in four years; neither Vince Clark nor Andy Bell were sure if the fans would still be there. Perhaps they considered wearing the "irrelevant" tag the British press had so kindly tried to pin, with a nail gun, to their chest.

Spring 2005, caught amidst a 10-night residency at NYC's Irving Plaza, Vince, Erasure's keyboard wizard extraordinaire, recounts the experience and the pleasure of finding that the masses still cared: "Our fans are the most important to us and we've never taken them for granted."

I've spent the past hour listening to *Nightbird*, Erasure's wonderful new album, mulling over questions, trying to anticipate tangents and all the while marveling at the stretch of time and bulk of albums that have come to pass since Erasure played Salt Lake.

"You've had a long time to wait," Vince says.

He isn't kidding. I remember Holly Braithwaite had the audacity to wear her *Wild!* T-shirt to English class the following day. I was envious then; I'm envious now. Who would have thought, 15 years later, I would still be waiting for my first Erasure concert?

Now in their twentieth year, Vince attributes Erasure's longevity partly to the fan's enduring support, which he believes came from their decision to tour almost immediately and continually. He happily reports there are people in the crowds he recognizes from the earliest shows.

"Now their kids come along; it's fantastic," says Vince.

More important is the relationship he and vocalist Andy Bell have developed over the years: a writing process based on trust, understanding and absolutely no ego. Collaboration being the key and missing element in his previous jaunts in Depeche Mode or Yaz, where he was forced to do the majority of the writing on his own. He stresses, despite what some might believe, that Erasure songs are written by the two of them, generally with a piano, guitar and a tape recorder, before being fleshed out with the bubbling synths that trademark Vince's work.

Nightbird, however, was somewhat of a variation on the theme now that Andy splits time between Spain and the UK, while Vince had moved to America and settled down in the Northeast.

In early 2004, Andy visited Vince in New York for six weeks and they worked out the basic arrangements on an acoustic guitar. There weren't any preconceived ideas about how the album should sound; there never are. Vince confesses that they've never set out to be revolutionary, just to make each album different and at the end of the day, satisfy themselves. His only real concern is that the melodies are strong and the chords are interesting, always looking for that sense of dramatic irony, of tension, in pop songs.

Andy returned to Europe and the album was layered together via e-mail between Andy, Vince and a programmer in London named John Collyer.

"It is the easiest way of working," says Vince. "You don't have to wait at the studio for someone to show up. You can write a bass line at three in the morning and send it off."

It was also a change in the equipment that Vince used for the album. Having moved to America, he left behind his home studio and his vast collection of analog keyboards; replacing them with his computer and two speakers and a new interest in new synth and recording technology.

"It's a fresh pallet to work with," he says.

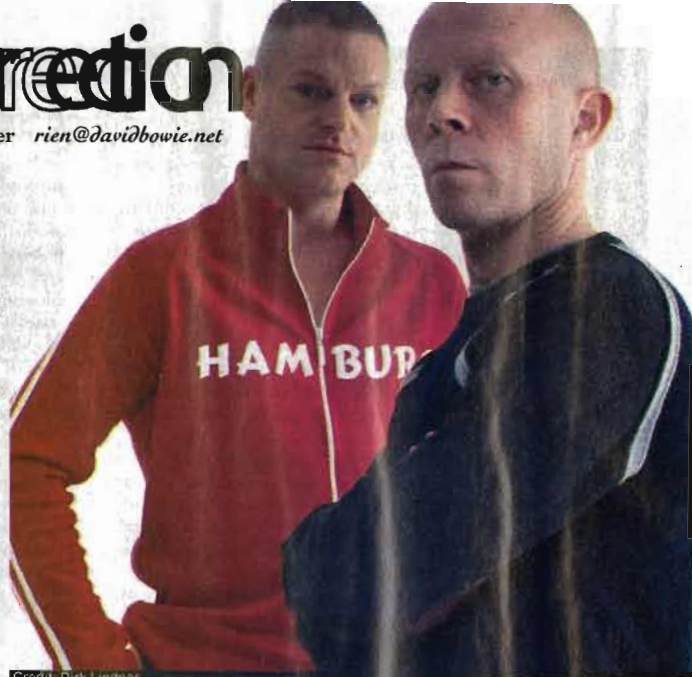
And that pallet pushed him toward simple electronic sounds rather than simulating real instruments, which has resulted in critics calling *Nightbird* a "return to form."

"I can see where they are coming from," says Vince. "The album was very easy to record; the ideas came and it sort of wrote itself."

A result he attributes to Andy and him being in positive headspaces. A difficult place to find; perhaps made easier by Andy's publicly confiding that he has been HIV positive since the late 90s.

"He wanted to set the record straight," says Vince. "Andy's fortunate; he can come out and be somewhat protected."

Andy was never one to shy away from his sexuality, a topic Vince doesn't seem the least tired discussing, which is surprising, considering he has been addressing it since the very beginning.



"We never had an agenda," says Vince. "We never talked about it. Andy didn't set out to do anything; he just didn't hide who he was."

Focus shifts to the state of music; technology's rapid advance. For Vince, it is far simpler than mp3 or piracy: With so much to steal our attention, it's hard to focus on any one thing for more than a quick fix.

"I'm still passionate about music; which seems less common these days," says Vince. "There isn't much you can do about it. You can't make someone passionate. People are just more interested in buying 'best of' records. Now the live shows are the real draw. We sell more tickets than albums."

What kind of show can we expect this time around?

"The scenery has an enchanted forest theme," says Vince. "Elvis and Marilyn make appearances and by the end, Andy ends up in his underwear."

Any tutus?

"No, but he does wear some tight-fitting outfits and he looks fantastic."

And what about the vicious press with their negative adjectives and nail guns?

"They're starting to be interested again because they're as old as we are; we're all in our 40s and mellowing out."

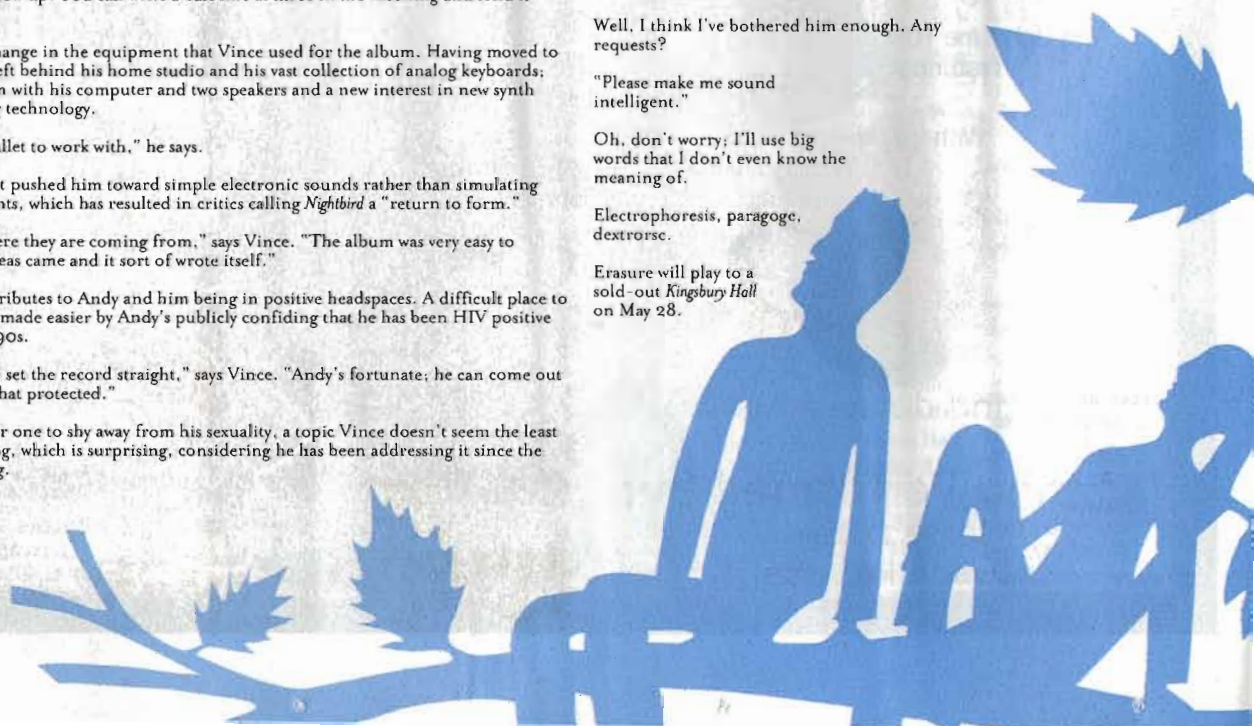
Well, I think I've bothered him enough. Any requests?

"Please make me sound intelligent."

Oh, don't worry; I'll use big words that I don't even know the meaning of.

Electrophoresis, paragoge, dextrorse.

Erasure will play to a sold-out *Kingsbury Hall* on May 28.





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Aborted- The Archaic Abattoir (Olympic Recordings)

Aborted has been gaining more and more popularity, mainly due to magazines like *Terrorizer* throwing them in people's faces. When I finally heard them, I was expecting the much lauded "Aborted is the new Carcass!" kudo to live up to itself- it did not. More or less, these guys pretty much are in the *Impaled* and *Exhumed* school of grind and gore metal, but with a much heavier bottom end, less riffing, and equally repulsive patho-scatological lyrics. Don't get me wrong, this is a good band, but this new album sees them experimenting with (sickened pause) metalcore riffs and vocals. The death and gore metal is still there, but add to that the occasional *At the Gates* style chords, and worst of all- a vocal style reminiscent of *At the Gates*. The gore vocals are in

the mix, but...do these styles mix? NO! Stop the madness!!! Remember the dead, Aborted! Seek out Carcass...



THE BUTCHER'S BLOCK

butcher@slugmag.com

Death Metal Reviews by the Butcher himself

Blood Red Throne- Altered Genesis (Earache Records)

Fucking heavy, fucking brutal, fucking technical. Need I to say more?

Overkill- Relixiv (Spitfire Records)

Fucking lame, fucking pointless, fucking give up already. Talk about overkill... Need I say more?

Origin- Echoes of Decimation (Relapse Records)

Clocking in with nine tracks (no intros!) in just under half an hour, you might suspect that Origin's newest release in well over five years is fast. Oh, yes- it's fast, alright. With members in the past having ties to Nile, Hate Eternal and other bands, you know what you're going to get with this band. Here we have an almost all-new line up. The typical manic speed is there, as is the technicality. I must admit, it's not too bad of an album. I especially identify with Origin's "pseudo-nihilistic" rantings about outer space and the human element that may be related to it. If you're looking for a place to learn about technical death metal, this is the place. If you already know, why don't you have this yet?

Phazm- Hate at First Seed (Osmose Productions)

Phazm are a French band that sound more like *Amebix* than any of their death metal contemporaries. This came across during the first listen as kind of plain, as there weren't any other elements added to their brand of brutal metal, but there is enough going on to keep the disc playing all the way through. There are plenty of off-the-wall type lyrical concepts and unusual riffing and vocal styles, though it felt like something was missing. Waiting for more!

Guitars: BC Rich import and USA, Epiphone, ESP, F Bass, Fender, G&L, Gibson, Gretsch, Hamer, Heritage, Ibanez, Lakland, Modulus, MTD, Parker, Paul Reed Smith, Spector, Squier, Tacoma, Takamine, Tobias, Tom Anderson, Warwick, Zon

Amplifiers: AER, Ampeg, Bad Cat, Bogner, Bruno, Crate, Fender, Gallien-Krueger, Krank, Marshall, Matchless, Mesa-Boogie, Orange, Rocktron, SWR, Trace-Elliott, Tech 21, VHT, Victoria, Vox

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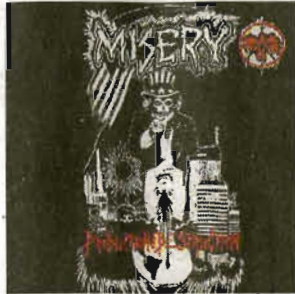
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WASTED LIFE

By Dave Barrett
dave@slugmag.com

MISERY
Production Thru Destruction
Cah Records

Punks are always so much better than metalheads at playing metal. They know when not to play a useless solo, when not to play five minutes of blastbeats, and when not to use eight million riffs in one song. Misery know how to pour on



the gloom and doom better than any heshers in **Cannibal Corpse** shirts because they've spent the last 15 years playing brutal, depressing crust with just enough metal to make a five-minute-long song interesting. I know that sounds like a description of every crusty band on earth, but most crust band these days sound more like grindcore, what with all their blastbeats and rabid-squirrel vocals. Misery is a lot more reminiscent of British crust/metal bands from the mid to late 1980s like **Amebix**, **Axegrinder**, **Sacrilege**, **Antisept** and even early **Bolt Thrower**. All those long-haired and dreadlocked Brits took the best parts from punk, thrash metal and grindcore and made the sum sound more apocalyptic than its parts. Although it's obvious Misery listened to the above-mentioned bands a lot, they excel at playing slow intros that build up to thick, mid-paced dirges about nuclear holocaust, perfect for those times you watch the news and feel like the world is going to hell in a handcart. *Production Thru Destruction* came out in 1990 so the recording isn't quite as meaty as we're used to now, but it's competent enough that it won't be distracting. Now that it's finally re-released on CD, you won't have to get it from an aging crusty who gave up on life and works as a customer service representative. (Crimes Against Humanity/P.O. Box 1421/Eau Claire, WI/54702-1421/www.cahrecords.com)



MASSGRAV
Napalm Olver Strureplan CD
Sound Pollution

Now here's a record that's right up my fuckin' alley. These fat Swedish drunks wear their influences proudly on their sleeves. They love the heavyweights of Swedish hardcore like **Anti-Cimex**, **Moderat Likvidation**, **Mob 47** and **Crudity**, but so do I. Oh yeah, and lots of **Discharge**, too. Swedish thrash is the best because it somehow manages to be really catchy, really memorable, really raw, and really Discharged, without being really generic. **MASSGRAV** have a perfect punk-as-fuck vibe that comes natural to them but seems corny as hell coming from all those giant mohawk bands. I also like their subtle references to black metal, like thanking **Nifelheim** and calling one of their songs "Grand Declaration of Massgrav." Listen to Swedish punk so your friends will think you're lame. (Sound Pollution Records/P.O. Box 1742/Covington, KY/41017/www.sound-pollution.com)

CYNESS
Loony Planet/Industrial CD
Sound Pollution

I haven't been into grindcore since the glory days of **Napalm Death**, **Brutal Truth** and **Assuck**. I guess I got sick of the constant barrage of noise in my old age and started listening to much catchier music in the way of 80s hardcore punk. Now that 80s-style hardcore punk is being redone and redone to death, it's back to the grindcore for making people think I'm a scary loser. Now's the perfect time, since **Napalm Death** just released their best album since *Utopia Banished*, and Germany's **CYNESS** sounds just like that era of **Napalm Death**, including the utterly brutal vocals and utterly brutal mosh parts. Of course, **CYNESS** doesn't have the recording budget that **Napalm Death** has, but it works to their advantage considering that they're more connected to the DIY hardcore punk scene than the grandpas of grindcore. **CYNESS** doesn't do anything unexpected for the genre of grindcore, they just do it as solid as I've ever heard it. (Sound Pollution Records/P.O. Box 1742/Covington, KY/41017/www.sound-pollution.com)

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Books

Blab 15

Edited by Monte Beauchamp
Fantagraphics Books

www.fantagraphics.com

It might seem fairly easy to put together a provocative compilation of graphic and comic art. Yet, like a good mix CD, editions such as these must be well-paced, possess some semblance of continuity and narrative cohesion and offer only the finest quality material. With a few minor exceptions, **Monte Beauchamp's** current work with the **Blab** series represents such attention to detail. The collection opens with a triptych of offbeat black-and-white tales (color does not appear until page 25), the highlight being **Matti Hagelberg's** morose, meticulously crosshatched *His Shoes Say UKK*. Amongst a series of two-page spreads, **Christopher Northeast** offers the most charming two-page work (*What's That Stink?*) I've seen in some time. Through a mere 120 pages, Beauchamp covers many interesting outsider graphic styles, from bucolic **Howard Finster**-esque folk to contemporary graffiti, but doesn't neglect exciting new work based upon major comic conventions. Devoting the latter pages to some longer narratives (and short fiction), the collection loses a bit of its aesthetic steam. Yet a return to the stark black-and-white style for the final two entries does enough to reunite Blab; that the missteps (the silly pastel cocktease *Astrida* tops this list) are easily forgiven. —Justin Burch

Dance of Days: Two Decades of Punk in the Nation's Capital

Mark Anderson & Mark Jenkins

Soft Skull Press

www.softskull.com

Bringing you every single detail you'd want to know about the DC scene from around 1976 to the mid 90s, *Dance of Days* is a 400-page account of what life and punk was like back in its rawest forms. Tying in **Jim Morrison**, **Dave Grohl** and (of course) **Ian MacKaye** all into the thriving "hardCore" scene, this book involves every instance, occurrence and battle that the DC scene had to go through to make a stand in the same place the founding fathers did over 200 years ago. Bringing light to tiny bands such as **White Boy**, **HR**, and **Faith**, the book describes how the foundation of D.C. music was founded. On top of that thick structure, bands such as **The Germs**, **X** and **Teen Idles** were both influenced by the large sound from D.C. or started to grow from it. The book depicts the beginning of **Dischord Records** and their attempt to record the boom that was taking place in front of them. The story of how these kids wanted to stray from the "teenage-troublemaking-through-drugs-and-sex" image to a clean way to live and make music paved the way for straight-edge. Entwined is the second wave of British Oi! and its influence. Skinheads, straight-edge and hardcore are all important aspects to look at when viewing the explosion of music from Washington, D.C., throughout the 80s. While the music media was focusing on heroin-using, groupie-screwing, trashy metal bands (which rock), the D.C. scene was making a statement about life—all of which is crammed into this thick book. —Katie Maloney

Innocent When You Dream: The Tom Waits Reader

Mac Montandon

Thunder's Mouth Press

www.thundersmouth.com

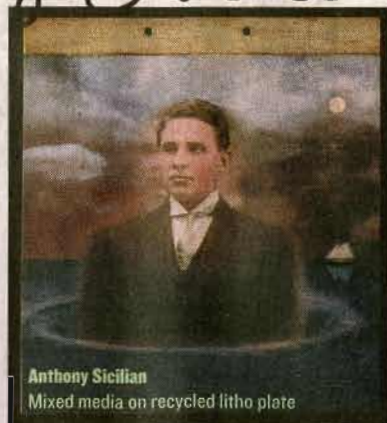
Tom Waits is every man. He was your pool shark, chain-smoking uncle. He is a reclusive, hill-dwelling eccentric. He is a father of three and a doting husband. He is an inexplicable musical mystery. *Innocent When You Dream* is a compilation of interviews that chronicle the musical life of Waits from his sound-sensitive childhood to his beatnik *Closing Time* days to his latest beat box masterpiece, *Real Gone*. The interviews, which are conducted by *Spin*, *Playboy* and *The Onion*, to name a few, read a lot like Waits' music—a beautifully dark hodgepodge of circus sideshow storylines told in a gruff voice over the clanking of an old oil drum. A few poems by **Charles Bukowski** thrown in fit the Waitsonian philosophy like a puzzle piece you lost under the couch six months ago. No one will ever truly know who or what Tom Waits is—he is an artful dodger when it comes to personal questions—but **Mac Montandon** comes damn close. —Shane Farver

Gallery Stroll

A Barney for a Bargain?

By Mariah Mann Mellus

I have always thought of myself as a socialite living on a socialist budget. I dream of lounging by the pool or strolling for one-of-a-kind artwork to add to my massive collection. Alas, as I am no heir to any sized fortune. Thus began my love affair with **Art Access Galleries'** 300 Plates exhibit and fundraiser.



Anthony Sicilian
Mixed media on recycled litho plate

Once a year, Art Access invites some of Salt Lake's most influential and prized artists to participate in making art affordable to the people. The artist is given an 11 x 10 inch square metal plate salvaged from printers' plates. Each plate is uniquely designed by one of these accomplished artists and put up for sale to raise funds for the nonprofit art gallery. The plates are numbered 50 through 350, which also coincides with the price of each piece. For instance, **Som Wilson**, a masterful artist whose work normally commands hundreds of dollars, had the number one spot in last year's show, number 50, which allowed me to purchase his piece for \$50.

I wish I could say this is just our little secret, but since the inception of this fundraiser, the awareness and the participation has grown. I arrived at the 2004 fundraiser as a volunteer, assuming I'd sell a few pieces and mingle with some of the artists. What awaited me was a line of eager art patrons fighting for the chance to purchase a **Cassandra Barney** or a **Bevan Chipman** at bargain-bin prices. I was completely unprepared! My advice: Look over the list of invited artists. If you see one or two you would really like to have in your collection, buck up for the fundraiser. Opening evening is May 19. \$25 in advance, \$30 day of show. RSVP as space is limited. Be there early and please don't trample the sweet young thing in the black dress; I can't afford dry cleaning! Admission is free the following evening during the public reception for Gallery Stroll May 20, but we all know the early bird gets the best bargains.

Participating artist: **Kathem Alhamdani**, **Cassandra Barney**, **Adam Bateman**, **Susan Beck**, **Ryan Bench**, **Paul Vincent Bernard**, **Alex Bigney**, **Marcee Blackerby**, **Laura Boardman**, **Connie Borup**, **Sandy Brundvand**, **Alex Caldiero**, **Royden Card**, **Joe Carter**, **Maya Chachava**, **Ruby Chacon**, **Bevan Chipman**, **James Christensen**, **Kent Christensen**, **Meri Decaria**, **Lee Deffenbach**, **Justin Diggle**, **Daniel Dolberg**, **David Dornan**, **Downy Doxey**, **Stefanie Dykes**, **John Erickson**, **Jonell Evans**, **Doug Fryer**, **Roberta Gidden**, **Carla Gourdin**, **Jodie Grant**, **Paul Heath**, **Annie Kennedy**, **Brian Kershisnik**, **Patricia Kimball**, **Wayne Kimball**, **Bob Kleinschmidt**, **Lenka Konopasek**, **Jacqui Biggs Larsen**, **Chase Leslie**, **William R. Littig**, **Robert Marshall**, **Kim Martinez**, **Frank McEntire**, **Dennis Mecham**, **David Meikle**, **Eru "Ed" Napia**, **Joseph Ostraff**, **William Patterson**, **Holly Mae Pendergast**, **Alison Perreault**, **Denis Phillips**, **Bonnie Posselli**, **Marilyn Read**, **Kim Riley**, **Vojko Rizanovic**, **John Schaefer**, **Dwayne Sessions**, **Steve Sheffield**, **Anthony Siciliano**, **Bruce Smith**, **Gary Eaqrnest Smith**, **Joanne Smith**, **Tony Smith**, **Brian Snapp**, **Doug Snow**, **Bonnie Succ**, **Brian Szugye**, **Cordell Taylor**, **Jamiaica Trinnaman**, **Maureen O'Hara Ure**, **Sue Valentine**, **Anne Vinsel**, **Ted Wassmer**, **Anne Watson**, **Balnche Wilson**, and **Sam Wilson**.

All proceeds fund the Art Access Art Gallery and Art Positive workshops. It's completely tax deductible and ready for your enjoyment.

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The Phantom Limbs
Random Hymns EP
GSL

This one might scramble your brains a bit in the traditional Gold Standard way. Punk in attitude, freeform in structure, drenched in organs thrust along by the occasional drum bit stolen from **The Cure's** *Pornography*. *Random Hymns* drops you down the rabbit hole and dares you to climb out. It isn't pretty. It isn't supposed to be. Not gothic, although you can see where comparisons to **Christian Death** come from in "The Olympics," but it's more in the delivery and snarl than the subject matter. "Jackalope Rising" is a junk drawer wreck of every idea they must have had kicking around that twitches about for nearly 10 minutes before returning to the 45 Grave punk-organ grind.

the phantom limbs



Great Lakes Myth Society
Self-Titled
Stop, Pop & Roll

You can hear a young **Paul Simon** here and there in the opening of "Red Jacket Miners" before it sways into "The Salt Trucks," but that's no sort of indication of what is to come. When the banjo rolls in on "Across the Bridge" you might wonder what you've gotten yourself into. These Great Lakes are some strange hybrid of an American **The Beautiful South**, the bouncy happy sound that seems to roll out of Glasgow these days with **The Waterboys** joining in to give it a Celtic touch with a vocal that also sways into a stretched falsetto like you'd find in *Geneva* or *Gay Dad*. An odd little bird then. Not to mention that every single song on the album is about an event or detail relating to the Great Lakes. Still what is most surprising is that it works. Some may be turned away by the folk elements but for me it adds flavor and keeps the subject matter more interesting than your average report on the history of Michigan.

hee Heavenly Music Association
Shaping the Invisible
Rehash Records

Caught somewhere between **Curve** and **Gabrage** (yes I know that's a slim alley) with an over-apparent love for **My Bloody Valentine**, the combination of **Helen Storer** and **Dave Hillis** produce a nice wall of distorted pop that is good enough to make up for the fact that it isn't an entirely new avenue of exploration. Still there is something missing, perhaps summed up by the melancholy cover of **Kate Bush's** "Running Up That Hill." It is beautiful, moving but without the sonic bite of the original and as a result the emotional release never comes and you're left with something twisting inside that wants to break out.

The Perishers
Let There Be Morning
Nettwerk

The Perishers come sauntering in with a long list of hopefuls who would, if given the chance, knock that bloody crown off of **Coldplay's** collective head. They're stretching out for **Radiohead's** *The Bends* but grasping something with a bit more sugar, not nearly the substance or the undeniable breathe taking moment. No "Iron Lung" or "Fake Plastic Trees" to sway the spotlight from the stage to the dark corners where art, as it were, is. They're good, not a disappointment I suppose. I'd actually love to see them dominate top 40 radio—it would be a vast improvement. It just wouldn't be nearly as seductive as *A Rush of Blood* or *O.K. Computer*.

The Upwelling
Self-Titled
TheUpwelling.com

They are the first unsigned band to get Virgin Megastore's "Virgin Recommends" sticker stuck to their CD, and while it isn't hard to see why Virgin would endorse them with a sound that lands right between **Jimmy Eat World** and next week's British soft-pop contender I don't know that I'm ready to crown them the king of anything just yet. The songs on this 5 track EP are nice, they sore, they have a little rock in them and they have a mood that sometimes crosses **Catherine Wheel** with **Elbow** or **Coldplay**, but there just isn't the payoff. Without a doubt they deserve to be signed, but one would hope that the security of a label would allow them to loosen up and experiment a bit more.

monus · operandi

by amy spencer oneamysseven@kommandzero.net

Industrial fans have been treated well lately with an assortment of shows that we would have expected to pass us up. The first in the upcoming month of fantastic live show series is **Assemblage 23** and **Backandtotheleft**. Tom Shear will be blowing through Salt Lake on the *Storm Tour* on Sat., May 14 at **Area 51**. Then on Tues., May 31, the future-pop fans will have their dreams come true when **VNV Nation** hits the stage at *Lo-Fi Café*. Even if you are not into **The Ronan**, you won't want to miss the raw energy and beats of **Imperative Reaction** and **Soman**. The annual spring music, art and fashion showcase, the *Dark Arts Festival*, will be happening June 3-5 at **Area 51**. **Lapsed** will be contributing his groovy downtempo beats, "funktastic" IDM and hard bass drones to the three-day event. **Carphax Files** will add some stompy industrial aggression with one of their always interesting performances. Lots of shows you can't resist. The next time someone asks me why Salt Lake doesn't get any good shows is going to be answered with the back of my hand.

VNV Nation *Matter+Form* Metropolis

VNV Nation fans have waited two years for *Matter + Form* and will delight in the latest efforts of **Ronan Harris** and **Mark Jackson**. Eleven tracks of Epic songs that are part of the future-pop founder's repertoire reinvent the genre that blurs gothic, industrial and techno sounds. "Intro" is short and appropriate for this act; for anyone else it would be a waste. "Chrome" is set to be the next release in a single format and is going to be the dance-floor filler in only a matter of time. Crisp vocals and dark sweeping synths and a catchy melody make "Arena" a song that is gaining popularity on VNV fan clubs and newsgroups. As instrumentals, "Strata," "Lightwave" and "Interceptor" have nice robotic synths for some excellent four-on-the-floor industrial and stand out as some of the better work on *Matter + Form*. "Colours of Rain" and "Endless Skies" contrast the heavy beats with softness, almost clashing with the dancebeats of everything else. Although the sound is new for VNV Nation, I hear older industrial and 80s songs slyly sneaking into their future-pop sound. I think VNV fans are going to have mixed reviews on *Matter+Form*, as it's very different and unexpected. That is what is going to keep the act fresh and interesting.

S. Sturgis *In a Haze* Positron Records

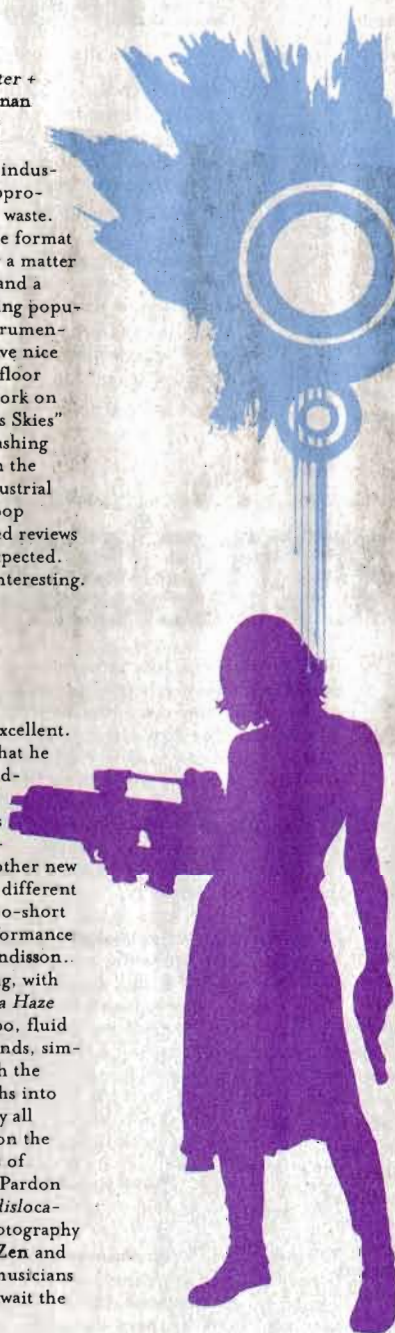
The artist's name alone tells you this album is excellent. In eight years, Scott Sturgis has already shown that he can do gritty industrial with **Pain Station**, pounding rhythm noise with **Converter** and experimental ambience with **Notime**. After 13 releases of his other projects, the Seattle resident decided it was time to clean the slate and start yet another new project. S. Sturgis offers something completely different and as always, is absolutely amazing. The way-too-short album was recorded Jan. 8, 2004, as a live performance where Sturgis opened for a friend's act—**Euphondisson**. "Euphondisson" is also the name of the last song, with nice sinking waves and layered soundscapes. *In a Haze* touches anywhere between seductive down-tempo, fluid ambience, rolling tribal textures and found sounds, similar to those on **Notime**. "Tomorrow" starts with the humming of a vacuum cleaner and subtly morphs into something beautifully mysterious and envious by all household appliances. Wailing cats sing briefly on the tribal beats of "Down." Cover art by **Jen Sturgis of Dislocation Photo** fits the mood of *In a Haze*. (Pardon me while I pimp—check out her website, www.dislocationphoto.com. An online gallery featuring photography from Salt Lake natives along with S. Alt of **Ant Zen** and others.) S. Sturgis is among the most talented musicians fitting within the industrial genre and I always await the next trick up his sleeve—he never disappoints.

:wumpscut: *Evoke* Metropolis

Because my expectations were pretty low due to the preview, the *Blondi* single, I'll admit that I'm not disappointed with this release. The album starts off with a crackwhore waltz featuring the wretched female vocals that are like fingernails on a chalkboard on "Maiden." Vocoder distortion helps her at random moments throughout the track, but not enough. "Churist Churist" is catchy in that irresistible Wumpy way with Rudy's scathing, sexy man voice. The title track, "Evoke," captures my heart with thumping beats and funky synths and a beautiful melody contrasted with growling lyrics of morbid love. I only wish the rest of the album could be as perfect as this song. The girl with the annoying voice is back on "Hold," but she tones it down enough to make this pretty song bearable. Traditional :wumpscut: is interspersed throughout the album and particularly on "Breathe"—you get the sampling of a young child talking, breathing and beats. "Perdition" and "Obsessio" are both slowed down and nice and true to the style we are familiar with. *Evoke* closes with a remix of "Churist Churist" and "Maiden." The graphics on this album are a low point for Wumpscut, with a computer-animated guy that looks like some computer gaming character. What ever happened to the WWII imagery, morbid old photos and fetuses? The more I listen to this, the more I love it. It seems this happens with every :wumpscut: album that has come out in the last eight years.

Brian Evenson with Xingu Hill & Tamarin *Altmann's Tongue* Ant Zen

The spoken word project with Xingu Hill, Tamarin and author Brian Evenson has been in the works for quite some time now. When I first met the musicians in 2002, John Sellekaers of Xingu Hill had flown from Belgium to Austin, Tex., to work on this collaboration. What should make *Altmann's Tongue* interesting to the SLUG reader is the author, Brian Evenson, is a former BYU professor and renowned writer with numerous awards for his creative genius. In fact, the release of Evenson's first short story, *Altmann's Tongue*, in 1994 was the catalyst to his dismissal from teaching at BYU, where he was asked to "discontinue publishing fiction or risk his status in the Mormon church." The four tracks/stories are spoken in the raw voice of Evenson and fit tightly into the rigid textures created by experimental rattling, buzzing and snaps. The stories are so beautifully written and deliciously gory and violent. In a perfect world, David Lynch would team up with this outfit and make one fantastic movie.



STRAIGHT TO THE HEART 7"s

By James Orme

Fall in Love with TKO's Colored Vinyl Series

TKO Records has released a horde of 7" colored vinyl that is as beautiful to look at as it is to listen to. Most of these records are splits 7s that hearken back to the early days of underground punk when, to save money, bands would get together on one release. This would also get each band's fans to check out the other band on the record. TKO, the label that has brought you great punk from the streets from bands like **Cock Sparrer** and **Slaughter and the Dogs** has revived this punk-rock practice staple by putting out excellent music by some great bands.

The science-fiction green of the **Electric Frankenstein/Anti-Seen** split jumps right out at you, and **Electric Frankenstein's** "Burn Bright Burn Fast" is the perfect illustration of their punk rock 'n roll style. The **Anti-Seen** get to it like they always do with their brutal track, "Weight of the World." This 7" shows why these bands have been able to last for 20 years.

A treat for anyone who knows their NYC street punk is the 7" split from the **Radicts** and the **Blood Stained Kings**, both fronted by **Todd Radict**. The now-defunct **Radicts**, who are legends in the New York street punk scene, and who influenced bands like **The Casualties** and even **Rancid**, are here with an unreleased track, "When All is Said and Done." **Todd Radict's** other band, the **Blood Stained Kings**, weigh in with "Ordinary Man," a great punk rock track produced **Daniel Rey (Ramones, Dictators)**. Look for a reissue of the **Radict's Rebel Sound** and the full-length debut of the **Blood Stained Kings** on TKO sometime this year.

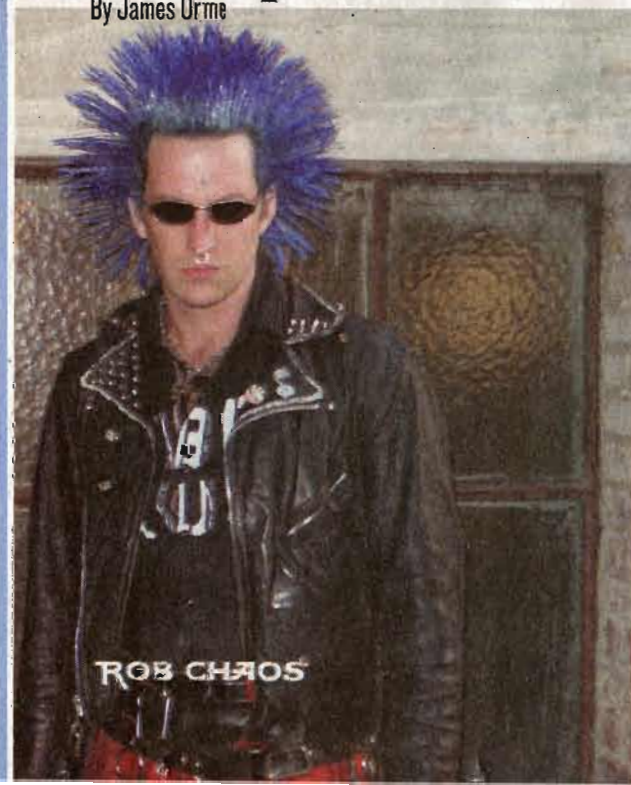


Other 7"s in the TKO collection include releases from **A.P.A.**, who play oil! like they invented it, a 7" from **New York Rel-X** that gets you ready for their up coming full-length, and a split from **Shock Nagasaki** and **Straight Jacket**, on which both bands sound like they're playing punk straight from the early 80s.

The great thing about all these releases is that they're on well-made vinyl. Now I'm not one to tout the importance of vinyl, but dropping the needle on to the grooves of each of these records drew me in closer to the music held within. By releasing these 7"s, TKO has invigorated my love of vinyl and I guarantee will do the same for any punk lover.

THE ISSUE OF REISSUE: SOS REVIVES VITAL RECORDS OF PUNK ROCK

By James Orme



SOS Records may have more years of punk rock experience on their roster than any other record label out there. With bands like **The Adicts**, **The Exploited**, **Conflict**, **Total Chaos** and others, there are over 150 combined years of punk rock on this label. Started in 2003 by **Rob Chaos (Total Chaos)** and partner **Ezzat Soliman**, SOS Records has been able to reissue out-of-print records from some of punk rock's greatest bands.

The **Adicts** have accomplished a feat that is nothing short of miraculous by playing punk rock for nearly three decades and keeping the entire original lineup together. The reissue of their record, **Rise and Shine**, really showcases the greatness of **The Adicts**. The **Adicts** have also released a greatest hits record, **Made in England**. With great songs like "Joker in the Pack" and "Viva La Revolution," this record demonstrates why this band has been around for so long. For anyone who hasn't been listening to them over the years, these CDs will catch you right up.

The reissue of **The Exploited's Horror Epics** has been due for quite awhile. This 20-year-old record has stood as one of their best and for fans like myself, has been one of the hardest

to find. I can only hope we see future reissues from the band that is 100 percent punk rock to a lot of people.

The reissue of **Party Political Bullshit** from Belgium greats **Funeral Dress** is more about getting this record to us in the States. This record may just be the most enjoyable punk record ever made. While still fast, hard and loud, **Funeral Dress** have songs that draw you in and choruses you can't help but sing along with. These Belgium boys are one of the most underrated bands in punk rock.

SOS have brought a wide variety of punk rock to the States and have revived some of the best records ever to be made in the genre. These are the records that everyone is ripping off today. Go straight to the source and get the punk records that have influenced a generation of punk rockers.

Tiny Horses in a Big, Big World:

An interview with The Ponys

By Ryan Shelton
ryans@slugmag.com

Every little girl wants a pony and never gets one. Every teenage boy wants to be a rock star and never becomes one. There is hope, however, in this world full of forgotten dreams and empty stables. Enter **The Ponys**, the Chicago four-piece responsible for making some of the most exciting music in years. With their second **In The Red** full-length, *Celebration Castle*, which will be released "sometime in May," The Ponys prove that the term "sophomore slump" need not apply to them. The Ponys are back, three inches taller and driving a Trans Am. *Celebration Castle* is a unique musical cocktail of 80s post-punk, 60s garage and 90s indie rock sure to please the ears of even the most pretentious scenesters this city has to offer.

Jered Gummere, lead singer and guitarist of The Ponys, is as humble as they come. I spoke to him over the phone one afternoon in April before he had to go to work at a Chicago dog kennel.

SLUG: How would you describe The Ponys' sound?

Jered Gummere: A lot of guitars. We're all into lots and lots of music and I just really like rock n' roll. A lot of the bands we get compared to aren't really even ones that are my main influences. They're bands that I like, but they're not ones that I grew up listening to.

SLUG: How did The Ponys get the opportunity to work with legendary musician and producer **Steve Albini** on the new record?

JG: We really wanted to record in Chicago. I didn't want to travel anymore, and that was the first name that popped into my head. So we went to go tour the studio, which is a really awesome building ... a really nice place, and basically called him up and said, "Can we record here?" He said yes. "Can we use you?" He said yes. It was a lot easier than I really imagined, and the label was excited about it, which is always a good thing.

SLUG: What is your favorite Albini-produced record?

JG: I really like the **Brainiac** record. That was one we were definitely rockin'. We just went through our record collections and tried to find records we liked. Most recently, I really like that **Electrolane** record.

SLUG: Is there a **My Little Ponys** connection with the title of the new record, *Celebration Castle*?

JG: [Laughs] We've been trying to figure out what we want to call this new record and we were in a hotel room one morning and the [My Little Ponys] commercial came on. We were like, "That's fuckin' hilarious." When we were recording with Albini, we told him about that name and he was like, "That name's awesome!" So we decided to go with and just see what happens.

SLUG: I heard through the record-store grapevine that some of the songs on the new record are actually old ones. Any truth to that?

JG: A few of them are ... at least, three are almost three years old that were demos that we never got onto *Laced With Romance*. Most of the record is brand new stuff—seven out of three is newer stuff that we wrote last year. "Today," "Get Black" and "Disoteca" were super old, but they were good songs ... otherwise they'd just go down in demo history, and I'd like to see them make the cut.

SLUG: Do you have a favorite song on the new record?

JG: I really like "We Shot The World." I think it's a cool one ... it's really dark.

SLUG: The Ponys recently had a little lineup change. Why did **Ian** (second guitarist/vocalist) leave?

JG: I can't really speak for him, but obviously he wasn't happy with things and didn't like the touring aspect. It really sucked, actually. We have a new member now, and we just did a two-week tour, and it went fuckin' really good.

SLUG: Who's the newest Pony?

JG: Brian. He plays in **90 Day Men**. We were just kind of acquaintances from around town. We were talking one night, and he said he'd jam ... and it worked ... the first time it sounded really awesome.

Melissa, Jared's girlfriend, plays bass and keys in the Ponys, and makes her singing debut on "She's Broken." Former **Mushuganas** drummer Nathan does an outstanding job behind the kit, allowing Jared and Brian to explore numerous musical tangents—an attribute that keeps the listener on the edge of their seats.

SLUG: Do The Ponys have a format for writing songs, or is it more organic?

JG: It kind of just happens. Usually whoever is singing writes their own lyrics. A lot of it is done in rehearsal when we're just dicking around like, "That sounds really cool, let's work with that," and we end up working with it for hours. Some people have parts of a song together; they'll be like, "I need help with this," and we all give our two cents and get it together.

SLUG: What do you think about the post-punk revival going on in pop music today? Is it a fad like swing was in the late 90s?

JG: I've always really been into punk rock music, and that term itself is so loosely used these days ... I didn't really even know what post-punk was until people started calling us that four years ago. I had a bunch of records that would be considered post-punk; I just had no idea that it was a term. Everything comes and goes. We've been doing our thing for quite awhile now.

The Ponys will be playing **Kilby Court** 5.16 with **The Gris Gris**.

"I didn't really even know what post-punk was until people started calling us that four years ago."

Jered
The Ponys



Photo by: Chris Anderson

Death From Above 1979

By Rebecca Vernon
Rebecca@slugmag.com

Hardcore Realists: Death from Above 1979 Sneer at Glory

My impression of Canadian two-piece Death from Above 1979 pre-interview was that they don't suffer a fool. This turned out to be true, but it also turned out to be true that Jesse Keeler, bassist for DFA1979, is non-fakely nice; he granted a 35-minute interview to SLUG while everyone else in the tour group was eating breakfast. I only asked one stupid question about robots near the end of the interview and I do believe he was gracious enough not to hold it against me permanently.

Death from Above 1979 made a few slicing indictments about the absurdity of having music videos playing on the wall above the heads of the crowd while they were trying to play a show at the *Blender Bar at the Ritz* during SXSW in March. They give off an air of not giving a damn about the media, or about playing the music world game, or fame, or money. Well, they do care about the money, but only as a means to an end. They don't care about glory. Maybe that's why people flock to them?

Attitude aside, DFA1979's music is distorted Mad Max thunder-bass ripping through clever mazes of rigged, tweaked amplifiers offset by the pummeling drumming of lead singer Sebastien Grangier. No Karen Carpenter/Phil Collins, Sebastien. His voice is gruff, haggard, rough-edged. Jesse's bass riffs are even, hard and deliberate. As heavy as The Melvins—live—but faster. Similar to *Jucifer*—live—in that there're so many subzero-low-and-high-end noises coming out of Jesse's amp that you can barely tell what song you're listening to.

When I ask Jesse what he runs his bass guitar through to get the sound he does, he says, "Do you want this to be a one-question, 15-minute interview?" I tell him, decisively, yes—that it's my biggest burning question.

Jesse Keeler: I built 80 percent of the stuff myself. You can try to simulate my sound with other things I guess, but I didn't want to make a sound that was like something else. I wanted it to sound different, so the easiest way to make something original is to use things that haven't previously existed.

I tell him I wish I knew how to build amps. He modestly says building amps is based on simple principles.

JK: Sound works like color. There's a spectrum. Different things fit in different spots traditionally. Vocals are in one K. The different frequencies, if you imagine, are like a rainbow. When a record sounds really sparse, it's because the instruments aren't competing for frequencies. The bass is by itself; the snare is by itself. My concept is I wanted to make a bass sound that takes up as much of the frequency as possible. The sound fills the whole spectrum all the time.

SLUG: Why do you pick a bass guitar over, say, a low-tuned guitar? What can a bass guitar give you that no other instrument can?

JK: Nothing. I don't really prefer the bass guitar. I like it when I'm a little bit limited because it makes you be more creative. When you limit the possibilities, it focuses your thinking.

But Jesse adamantly believes keyboards are the ultimate instrument.

JK: You can play 10 notes at a time. You can have two keyboards playing five different things per keyboard at any given point. Every time someone asks, "How can you make music without a guitar?" I want to say, "How do you make music without a fucking keyboard?"

I tell him learning piano made learning other instruments easier for me. Jesse dismisses the "other instruments" part.

JK: Just keep playing keyboards. Just play with sounds and work on music that way. If I could really play keys ... [He trails off longingly]. It's the most important thing. Keys, drums and vocals are the most important thing.

Jesse started playing bass for DFA1979 on a whim. His main instrument is drums, which he has been playing since before age five; he's also proficient on guitar.

Jesse writes the riffs for DFA1979 and Sebastien adds drums and lyrics afterwards. They keep to their separate spheres.

JK: I don't tell him what to do so that I am also afforded the luxury of not ever being told what to do. It's just an understanding that we have. We got along and became friends because we're both proficient musicians that are comfortable playing together. One of the reasons we're a two-piece is not because there's no one else to play with—we live in a city of seven million—but that the number of people we knew we'd be comfortable playing with was mostly zero. At least, for what we wanted to do, which was a Deep Purple cover band, which turned into Death from Above somehow [laughs].

Jesse's full-time job is the band, but he also produces bands on the side, which is his "real love." Jesse did a Bloc Party remix and a Futureheads remix and he's going to do another one on his next day off. He did a remix of The Panthers, the band that played before them at the *Blender Bar* at SXSW, which Vice Records is making into a video. I tell him The Panthers remind me of Rye Coalition. I get a compliment: "Interesting," he says. "Good." He says the singer, bass player and drummer of The Panthers used to be in a band called Orchid that probably played a show with Rye Coalition at some point.

SLUG: I definitely saw the crossover between Rye Coalition and The Panthers.

JK: It's that Italians from New York thing.

He continues about producing: "The one great thing about this band is, as a producer, it has helped so much. I'm booked until December right now. Every day of my studio's booked. I've been commanding ridiculous prices for remixes; in that way, the band in the music industry has been a commercial for my other work. And I can do that forever and I will.

Jesse says he hasn't had a day off in two years. I ask him if he ever gets burnt out.

JK: Never from the studio. I get burnt out on the road. Not so much from playing. It's not your body that gets tired, or your head that gets tired; it's the shows that get tired. Yesterday I played to 800 kids and they knew all the words to the songs, and—big fucking deal. I do that every day. [Laughs] Every day for the last half of every year. I'm not going to lie to you or to them. I do it every fucking day. I'm not an actor. It's a very weird thing to admit being used to.

SLUG: It's like nothing's new.

JK: Yeah. If you're a painter, and you made a great painting, and you worked on it for months and months, and everyone loved your painting, no one would dare say to the painter, "Alright, can you bring your brushes and some paints and just travel around and recreate the painting in front of an audience in a half hour?" No one would ever ask a painter to do that, but that's what being in a band is. I spend eight months on a record and then I have to try to recreate the record every day. It's a challenge; it's a definite challenge. Every day I debate whether or not I'm up for it. I guess I am because I've been doing it for so long.

SLUG: I've thought about that, the repetition of doing the same songs night after night, and what that means artistically.

JK: I don't know how people can do it. I don't know why I don't hear what I've just said to you more often.

I tell him you could even get used to playing arenas 270 nights a year. You'd get acclimated.

JK: That's the truth. If the money wasn't good, I don't know how many people would stick in it for so long. It is my job, and I probably make more in two days than I used to in a year.

SLUG: How do you relax? Hot baths?

JK: I used to just drink, but I think that got mixed up between drinking because I was depressed at being away from my family and my home and girlfriend all the time, and drinking because it was a relaxing thing to do outside of the show, so I try not to do that too much anymore. Now I just sleep, and I actually made a real ritual out of going online and sending e-mails to my friends and talking to my friends through instant-messaging programs everyday so that I remember there's a fucking world out there beyond the band and a venue. It reminds you what the hell you're making money for. You're not just making it to have it; it's got to be for ends in some way.

SLUG: Do you have any kids?

JK: I don't have a kid yet, but I'm planning for that mid-next year.

SLUG: That's cool that you can have those goals and still be on the road and making music.

JK: You've got to remember all the time that in a few years, no one's going to want to see me fling myself around a stage anymore, because I'll be too old and tired and broken from doing it all the time. I'm doing it right now because I can, and the world keeps demanding us to come everywhere, so I'll take advantage of that opportunity while it lasts. But I'm almost 30 years old, and I'm marrying a girl that wants to have kids, and I want to as well. I'm not going to be doing this forever. I think maybe what happens with bands that, like we were saying before, never seem to ever complain about the repetition; well, I've encountered a lot of people that really want to be famous, and that's what they're there for. And I just want to not be broke. This pays well, and it's fun, and ...

SLUG: ... It does for now.

JK: Yeah. And it's only getting better. It's fun for now, even though it's a shitload of work. It's like working in an office, but every day instead of going home, you just stay in the office. You turn the lights off and then turn on the lights the next morning and keep working. [Laughs]. It's pretty weird.

I tell Jesse their latest album makes me feel like I'm in *Trom*, what with the electro-buzzy keyboard/overall distortion tone, and this is where I ask my stupid question and ask if he likes robots. Jesse flatly says no. That he doesn't know what there is not to like, but he doesn't know what there is to like.

I wind up.

SLUG: So I heard you like pirates?

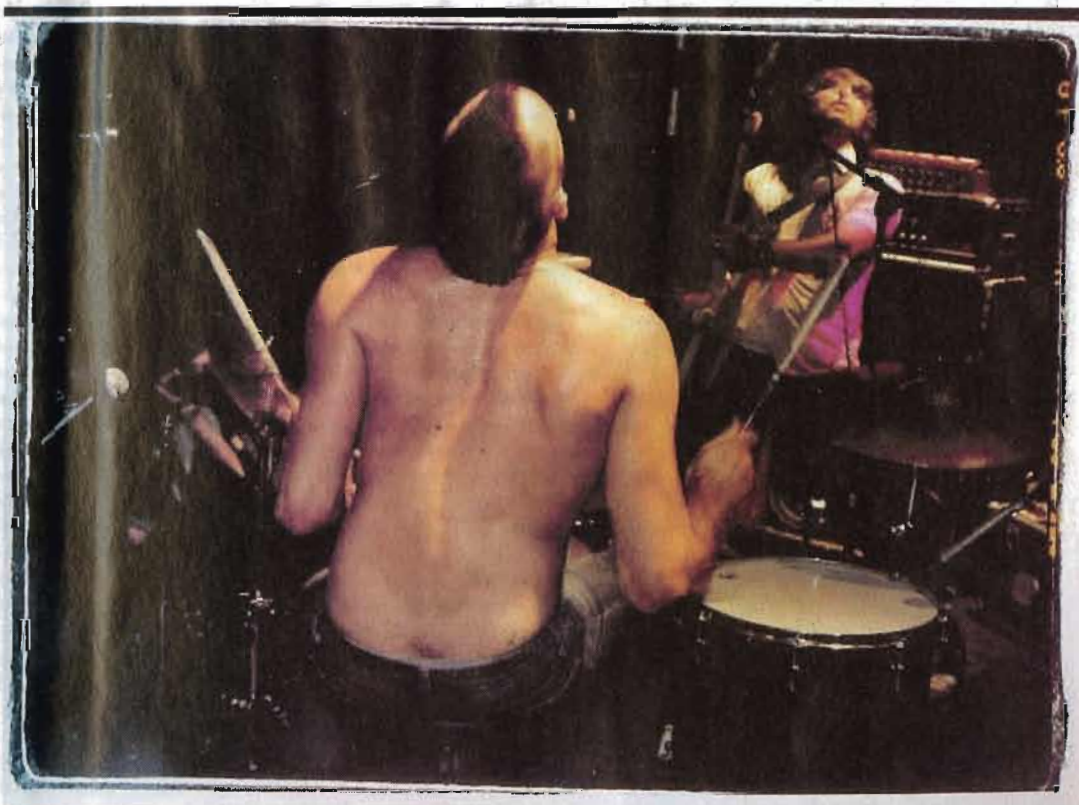
JK: I like pirates as much as I don't like robots. Sometimes when people ask where we met, we say, "On a pirate ship," because it's a stupid question, and we give them a stupid answer. It's like when people ask, "What do you eat for breakfast?" I want to say, "I'll fucking punch you in the mouth."

I tell him SLUG put out a pirate issue a few months ago, and if he wants I'll send him one. He laughs and says his girlfriend actually really likes pirates. Then he says a whole mess of army people are walking by the van. I ask if they're walking in formation. He says no, they're just running around like idiots.

Check out *You're a Woman, I'm a Machine* (Vice Records, 2004), if you haven't already. Attend one of DFA1979's live shows, cause apparently they won't be around once they're past the dreaded 30-year mark. But from their perspective—and probably from the perspective of a lot of washed-up rock stars—they'll be moving onto bigger, better and more important things than fame and money.



Photographs by Brennan Cavanaugh



Smoking to the Filter:

The Struggles, Troubles, Steadfast and Momentum of Smoke or Fire

by Nate Martin nate@slugmag.com



There once was a band called Jericho...actually, there were two bands called Jericho. One was an aging Christian rock group trying to groove their way into heaven; the other was a punk band in Boston. One will embark on a reunion tour of the Bible Belt this summer after their drummer recovers from hip-replacement surgery; the other moved to Richmond, VA awhile back, changed their name and just released their debut album on **Fat Wreck Chords** called *Above the City*. I spoke with **Joe McMahon**, the guitarist/vocalist for one of them—I bet you can guess which.

"When we signed to Fat this other Jericho said they were going to sue us if we didn't change our name or pay them off. The artwork for the record was already done so basically we were on tour and had a week to find a new name. I didn't care what we were called because after seven years of having the same name it was just so frustrating. We were throwing stuff around all week and then we were really drunk in New Jersey at five in the morning playing that drinking game where you try to guess whether the next card's black or red, and you say 'smoke' or 'fire,' and I said, 'How about we just call ourselves Smoke or Fire?' And everyone was kind of like, 'Okay.' The deadline was the next day for a new name."

Smoke or Fire fill the space between the semi-old days of hardcore (think **Avail**) and that "melodic hardcore" shit that's finally shriveling up and dying after puking itself on us a few

years back—and they fill it well. They also sound like Yankees that have spent some time in the dirty South, which is apt when considering their history: "We lived and played in Boston for four or five years anywhere we could but we couldn't afford to live there and go on tour," Joe told me. "There were seven of us living in a three bedroom apartment. People were sleeping on mattresses in the hallways just so we could afford the place. So when it came down to it a couple years later we were like, 'Richmond has a good music scene, it's cheap and it's a pretty good location on the east coast to start touring from—right between the northeast and the south.' We would have moved anywhere besides Boston. Richmond seemed like a decent place for us to do what we wanted to do—an affordable place where you can pay your rent and go on tour."

From there, things began to go uphill: "Jeremy (S or F guitarist) met **Tim [Barry, from Avail]** on a stage-hand job when we first moved to Richmond. I think Tim was impressed with the way we had moved down here and how we did things like have free house shows for bands coming through town. Avail was on a US tour with **The Curse** and they broke up so Tim called us to see if we could go on tour. He called us on Sunday and we all quit our jobs and went on tour on Monday."

Living the typical punk life (poverty, punkhous-es, working shit jobs to support their music habits, etc) has been an integral part of Smoke

or Fire's existence for their entire music career. I asked Joe how this played into their music. He said, "I consider us a social band, trying to write songs people can relate to. I don't think people can relate to you unless you live the way that they live. If we were a bunch of rich kids writing songs about struggling you'd be able to sense that. But we were working the shitty jobs with the people and so I think that comes across in the music. You write about what you know and if that's your life then that's what's going to come out."

However noble and punk rock this may be, there is the obvious downside—i.e. when they get signed to Fat Wreck, start making money off of their tours and don't have to worry about getting their utilities shut off every other day. Joe says, "I think that's why we've intentionally fucked up so many good opportunities, like getting emails from really good labels asking us to send a demo and not sending a demo. I think I was afraid of taking any kind of success, even to the point of asking myself, 'What am I going to write about if I'm not going through this struggle?' You see so many bands that, once they make some money they don't have anything to write about. I'm not really concerned about not being able to write, but I am curious to see what happens."

Above the City came out in March, and I bet you'll even be able to find it in a record store in town.

LOCALcd reviews

By Rebecca Vernon
rebecca@slugmag.com

May Release Parties:
Nova CD Release- Sat., May 14 @ Todd's
w/Le Force, Stiletto
Stiletto CD Release- Sat., May 28 @ Urban Lounge

Drew Danburry

Besides ...

Drew Danburry = Elliott Smith + Bright Eyes

Drew's vulnerable, naked-heart-on-the-sleeve, psychologically-helpless indie-rock folk spillings—it's not bad, alright? But the song titles are the best part: "It Starts With Indigo, Orange and Green," "It Ends with Red, Violet and Orange," "Coming Around Like the Karate Kid." It's best when Drew gets slower, as in "Know Your History Before You Become Part of the Repetition;" acoustic guitar and muted vocals are all you need to rip the listener's bleeding, still-beating heart from their sliced-open ribcage.

drewdanburry@hotmail.com

The Horns

Yellow T EP

The Horns = Girls Against Boys + The Melvins (On Crank)

At least, mine came with a section of yellow T-shirt with hand-drawn flowers on it courtesy of Dave Styer, one-half of The Horns' double-pronged axe-destroying machine. The Horns, my favorite new local band, put the "I" back in "merciless." Self-gratifying crunchy, massive riffs have more primal, untamed power than a herd of mammoths thundering across an Icelandic tundra circa 1,000,000 BC. "Rockstar Movement," "U Can Take My Rikshaw" and "Wet the Pallet" are my three favorite tracks. **Girls Against Boys** meets **Death from Above 1979** meets gnarly buzz-chuck keys. Hotter than snot.

The Mörlocks

Attack!

Feroz Records

The Mörlocks = Thin Lizzy + Erosion (R.I.P.) M'locks are straight-up bulldozer rock mixed with spook elements—not necessarily psychobilly; more like underlying **Die Monster Die** slasher/zombie. Lots of organ, some tambourine, droney bass lines and bulletproof guitar riffs crash into heavy choruses—it's all chockful of naughty, subrosa attitude that hides secrets, holds your attention. Their tribute to "Polly Jean" is funny and reassuring, 'cause it's nice knowing someone else is as obsessed with her as you are. Niice harmonica on "Mine All Mine" (courtesy of the sexalicious **Bad Brad Wheeler**). www.ferozrecords.com

The Second Opinion

Flesh Except Dust

Second Opinion = Mayhem + Burzum + Aodh + Ramsses + Skullflowers

I think with a name like Second Opinion, I was expecting West Valley n-metal crap trying to redeem itself with second-rate female vocals. O how far from the truth. Open your arms to

chilling industrial/noise that seems to extract the essence of the soul of blackest black metal then mixes it with strangely beautiful background keys, distorted *Labyrinth* Ludo vocals and plenty of fizz and dripping static. **Burzum** would be proud, but then again, so would **Ministry**. "Bleed, Burn & Break" is my favorite track.

secondopinion93@yahoo.com

State & Stereo

The Reservoir

Gloworm Records

State & Stereo = The Strokes + Modest Mouse + Julian Tulip's Licorice

I just found out about this charmingly mopey band called **Julian Tulip's Licorice**, and there are moments when State & Stereo remind me of the better parts of them, even though I'm confident State & Stereo consider themselves emo or pop or some such modern category. Ragged guitar, lo-fi production, cool keyboards with slippage and astounding songwriting rescue State & Stereo from over-polished indie-rock oblivion; however, they sound waaaaay too much like **The Strokes** in "Clearly, Dearest."

www.purevolume.com/statestereo

Subterranean Masquerade

Suspended Animation Dreams

The End Records

SM = Pink Floyd + Polyphonic Spree + Katatonia + Paradise Lost + Tommy

Subterranean Masquerade's much-anticipated first full-length album picks up where two-song EP *Temporary Psychotic State* left off, giving us **Pink Floyd** psychedelia, **Porcupine Tree/Devin Townsend** prog rock and 60s **Tommy** concept-rock-opera insanity, but blended together in a mixture that is all its own. Some moments (the five-or-six-voice choral moments) remind of the supra-upbeat **Polyphonic Spree**. Seven-minute opus "No Place Like Home" is one of the best tracks, with its heartbreaking, mournful violin, gentle piano, harmonized vocals and sludge-guitar chorus. A lot of *Suspended Animation* has certain world music overtones; Middle Eastern forays, dulcimer, gypsy fiddle, etc. Spoken word is courtesy of local producer/Misfits Toys mini-guitarist **Samuel Johnson** and SLUG's own graphic designer **Sarah Pendleton**! **Jake Depolitte** (**Union of the Snake**) plays guitars and bass; **Willis Clow** (**SLAJO**) plays guitars and mandolin; **Wendy Jernigan** (ex-COSM) sings in "Awake." **Mike Sartain** guest vocals on "The Rock N' Roll Preacher." www.submasq.com

Swedish Music in Utah

Lucia Celebration

Utah Arts Council

Lucia Celebration = cute times + food, folks & fun

This CD is just sickeningly cute. It's a bunch of Swedish young people singing trad Swedish music. It's a recording of the **Lucia Day Celebration**, put on by **Utah's Swedish Heritage Society**. Sweden happens to be the coolest country in the free world. Four reasons: 1) socialized healthcare, 2) free college 3) government support for musicians 4) Peps. This CD can't help but win. The lo-fi, amateur approach is not a nuisance; it's endearing. Lone accompaniment piano backs up medium-to-older voices offset by softer, younger vocals in three major sections: Tracks 1-7 and 13-18 are by the Lucia Choir; tracks 8-12 are the Children's Choir and tracks 19-24 are Children's Dance Music. Brings back memories of those ward talent show nights in the cultural hall. With the nightmarish quality erased. The rendition of "Silent Night" ("Stilla Nacht,") is especially nice. www.utahfolkarts.org

Vile Blue Shades

Dark Wizard

Croakfrog

Vile Blue Shades = Do Make Say Think + The Fall + Ralph Steadman

Vile Blue Shades, who had a CD release at SLUG HQ during April Gallery Stroll, are in anti-heaven where **The Swans** float around with **The Fall**, **Godspeed You! Black Emperor**, **Junior Kimbrough**, monk-like chanting and like, **The Germs**, on this weird puffy pink cloud that's sharp and real and not the result of a drug-induced hallucination. Hard, repeating blues lines come off punk and art-rock; experimental soundscapes abound. They have one of the best CD booklets/artwork ever, nationally or locally (illustrated/designed by **Joel Cable**). Lyric sample: "I looked to the stars, expecting something profound ... I stood atop a pile of trash & sang carols, all depicting the world and how I'll rule it." This shit is wicked.



CD Reviews

The Agony Scene
The Darkest Red
 Roadrunner Records
 Street: 05.19

The Agony Scene = Slayer + At The Gates (but with less hair)
 The hype that Killswitch Engage and Shadows Fall so graciously bestowed upon melodic metal over the last year has had the world choking on anticipation for the impending Swedish-metal-played-by-fashionably-conscious-Americans invasion. And while many a couture-clad, suburban teen have been boning up on At The Gates riffs, one of metalcore's most lauded heirs, The Agony Scene, have all but forsaken their forefather's Scandinavian crown. The Agony's major-label debut, *The Darkest Red*, sees the Tulsa, OK., natives fleeing their Euro-trappings and taking refuge in the heartland of American metal. Slayer-inspired thrash replaces In Flames-mused melodies ("Scars of your Disease") while front-man Mike Williams' Carcass-worthy screech now ventures into the unmastered corners of early Metallica ("Darkest Red") and unmatched croons of Faith No More ("Screams Turn to Silence"). "Suffer" and "Scape Goat" tread a step far onto Nordic soils, but ultimately one of American metal's most promising prodigal sons has returned home. —Dan Fletcher

Amplified Heat
In Far Sin
 Arclight Records
 Street: 11.23.04

Amplified Heat = Motörhead + Immortal Lee County Killers + Motörhead + a little Motörhead for good measure
 All right, so the thing about Motörhead is they sound like Motörhead. They don't sound like The Beatles or Judas Priest or The Damned, etc. I don't mind a little musical thievery once in a while; I mean, Billy Childish has rewritten the first two Kinks albums 10 times over, but with enough fervor and gusto that it's looked over. What I'm getting at is this: If you're going to try to sound like your record collection, try to instill your own personality into the works. These bullshit artists would be much better off as a cover band. At least that way I would have an easier time taking them seriously. —Jared Soper

Architects
Keys To The Building
 Anodyne Records
 Street: 02.22

Architects = The (International) Noise Conspiracy + Jet + The Black Crowes + Matchbox 20
 If this is what passes for rock 'n' roll nowadays, then stop the bus and let me off cuz I want no part of it. These good ol' boys think that because there's a Farfisa organ in the mix that they've got soul. Well buddy, lemme give ya a little treatise on soul: If you have to force it, then it's not soul. I detect not a single ounce of honesty in this bullshit stew. Forgive me for not trying to be the slightest bit objective on this, but I feel that I'd be shedding my journalistic integrity for buttering this up just the slightest bit. It's fake plastic "rock 'n' roll" music like this that gives me reservations about telling people what kind of music I listen to for fear of misinterpretation. Architects could be played on FM radio sandwiched between Collective Soul and Puddle Of Mudd, but certainly not on a mix tape alongside The Oblivians. —Jared Soper

Backyard Babies
Tinnitus
 Liquor and Poker
 Street: 4.5

Backyard Babies = AC/DC + Lars Fredricksen and the Bastards + Hellacopters
 "Roses are red, seed has been spread/Three can keep a secret if two of them's dead." The first line from "Song of an Outcast" says everything you need to know about the Backyard Babies—they play the kind of rock 'n' roll that makes you want to quit your job. I can't imagine anyone who truly loves rock 'n' roll in any form not being able to find the merit in this record. Blistering guitarwork and throat-ripping vocals are the norm for the Backyard Babies. Recently these Swedish rockers opened up for Social Distortion in Salt Lake. They played an amazing set, and because they don't fall into some cookie-cutter idea of punk rock, some of you idiots actually booed them. Great rock 'n' roll is great no matter what label you stick on it. This collection of songs from the Backyard Babies proves that. —James Orme

Biirdie
Morning Kills The Dark
 Pop Up Records
 Street: 3.15

Biirdie = Polyphonic Spree + Rilo Kiley + Tilly and the Wall
 The first song on *Morning Kills The Dark* is downright theatrical: think Rent meets



400 Blows = Unsane + Big Black + the Monorchid

Ziggy Stardust. Where is it written that the guitar is to be the foundation upon which pop music is built? Well, Biirdie didn't get that memo. In their first full-length, Biirdie demonstrate the often misundereestimated power of the keys' ability to carry a record. The first time I heard this record I felt like making a frisbee out of it, but as I listened to it a few more times, it began to grow on me. Notwithstanding the annoying spelling, Biirdie is a subtle yet effective pop group that deserves some attention. "You've Got Darkness" provides the best moments on the album, whereas "California Waiting," the last track, should have been cut entirely. Make an effort to like Biirdie, because even if you don't, your indie-chic girlfriend will. —Ryan Shelton

Bluebottle Kiss
Come Across
 In Music We Trust
 Street: 10.14.04

Bluebottle Kiss = Bright Eyes + why?! + please, no more
 Ah, Australia. I do enjoy a Victoria Bitter now and again—but I cannot for the life of me enjoy this pile of emo puke. I honestly had to turn this album off halfway through when I first listened to it because it was making me suicidal (and not because of "emotional intensity"). Tacky song titles include "Everything Begins And Ends At Exactly The Right Time," and "Can I Keep You?" Crappy band name aside, the songs try really hard to make you feel sad that this guy's girlfriend dumped him, or something like that. I sure as hell don't blame those who hurt songwriter Jamie Hutching's feelings, except for their being responsible for this album being recorded. And don't get me started on Hutching's rambling, "I'm-so-depressed" conversations with himself in the middle of songs. Oh well, I guess the album cover artwork is kinda cool. —Janila Roehrig

The Bruce Lee Band
Beautiful World
 Asian Man Records
 Street: 4.26

The Bruce Lee Band = Madness + The Specials
 My skanking days have long since passed and ska seems so 1998. Therefore, I should tear this band to shreds. But it can't be done. The Bruce Lee Band admittedly does something new by doing something old; they take ska back to the second wave. It's been a long time since ska wasn't linked with punk (Voodoo Glow Skulls) or hardcore (Link 80). *Beautiful World* doesn't bother with any fusion and relies on simple upstrokes on the guitar, a dabbling in reggae and some handy organ work to get the job done. This band doesn't kick as much ass as Bruce Lee did. However, they didn't forget their roots. —Shane Farver

Callisto
True Nature Unfolds
 Earache Records
 Street: 5.3

Callisto = Buried Inside + Isis + Pelican
 I was certain that this was another Isis rip-off at first, but I was pleasantly proven wrong. Callisto is heavy in ways that Isis hasn't been for years. This release is dissected into melodic, atmospheric intermissions, while side-blinded by crushing guitars and death/black metal howls. I think that this album is a direct representation of the progression that metal has taken. The oppressive style of metal is still very present on this record, but the addition of symphonic strings and female vocals take it out of the norm and give it my immediate respect. Slow and driving, Callisto takes their music to a place of punishing and beautiful dynamics that work so well it's scary that they aren't as big as the previously mentioned bands. This is a very complete piece of music that any listener will know was crafted carefully by artists who truly loved it. —Chuck Berrett

If this were 1995 instead of 2005, Amphetamine Reptile would be knocking down this California trio's door. But since we live in the present—most of us, anyway—we have GSL to blame for the second offering of noisy, lickety-jerky metal-punk that is 400 Blows. This time around, the Blows have installed a more noticeable amount of melody and dynamics into their caustic arsenal. But everything that may have been enjoyed in their first album is still here, from the pounding, whiplash rhythms to the snotty vocals that might remind some of Hot Rod Todd from Le Shok. Something I tend to notice about *Angel's Trumpets* is that the guitar-playing is very repetitive and there's not much to differentiate one song from the next. I would also suggest a little rougher production, as this is definitely in the hi-fi range. Had those details been adhered to, this might make for quite a solid release. —Jared Soper

CD Reviews

The Charming Snakes

Ammunition

Dirtnap Records

Street: 5.2

The Charming Snakes = The Red Bennies + The A Frames + The Catheters

This is dirty rock n' roll with flashes of brilliance, but also with flashes of the status quo. I have to admit, though, that this mix-gendered Seattle outfit has created a skittish fun album. And at least they're derivative of good derivatives—they definitely have kinship with the better bands in this genre, not the worst. The best songs are the ones with layered melodies and screaming back-ups, giving them a frenetic urgency that falters when these guys go too experimental. It may not sound all that groundbreaking, but *Ammunition* is an album to be proud of—a truly honest record with five kick-ass songs and five solidly average songs. They definitely have making-a-great-album-in-the-future potential.

—Jesus Harold

Chixdiggit!

Pink Razors

Fat Wreck Chords

Street: 4.19

Chixdiggit! = Screeching Weasel + Mr. T Experience + The Muffs + The Dickies

Maybe I'm just at a point of musical fandom where I've been rendered thirsty for some fun music devoid of angst, or maybe this record really does rule. Either way, this album had me fiending for warm climes and hot girls with exposed, tanned and lotioned legs. Kind of in the same way that listening to *The Ramones* always makes me want to find smiling blond girls and have non-committal 'summer lovin' sessions. And it's Canadian, even! Most of the songs here are tongue-in-cheek odes to relationship problems and the three-chord guitarwork sounds an awful lot like summer. The girls they sing about were merely for entertainment purposes and just didn't cut these dudes that deeply. Fluffy good times. With sprinkles. —Jesus Harold

Clit 45

Self-Hate Crimes

BYO Records

Street: 4.19

Clit 45 = Los Olvidados + Youth Brigade + The Unseen + Circle Jerks

Clit 45 is the zenith of the newly termed STAKE punk (skate punk + street punk).

They combine the street punk sounds of *The Unseen* and *Action*, but add in their own skate punk sound like *Los Olvidados*. This band is awesome because they represent the O.C. sound of Long Beach (from where they hail) with their vocals, but add the newer sounds of street punk, mixing fast, energy-punching guitars with solos not found in many street punk bands. After touring with bands such as *The Unseen*, *The Casualties* and recruiting *A Global Threat* drummer, Mike, they've got enough underground status under their bullet belts for this next release to have high standards. These 40-oz. downers have lived up to any expectations they've built in the past with *Self-Hate Crimes*, and, thanks to Clit 45, stake punk has a new place in the punk arena.

—Katie Maloney

DMBQ

The Essential Sounds From The Far East

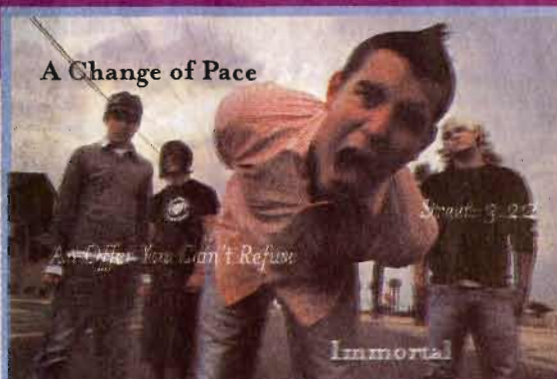
Estrus Records

Street: 3.22

DMBQ = Led Zeppelin + Gasoline + Comets On Fire + Acid Mothers Temple

In their relentless quest for the next AC/DC or Led Zeppelin, Estrus Records proudly presents, straight outta the Land Of The Rising Sun, The DMBQ—boasting the most nausea-inducing neon cover art I have ever seen. My good friend the press sheet tipped me off to the fact that this is supposed to be "bridging the gap between the Japanese noise and garage punk scenes." That got me really excited, thinking it was the bastard child of *The Boredoms* and *Teengenerate* or something. That it is definitely not! And while the DMBQ do, in fact, feature members of *The Boredoms*, they're really not that similar to them at all. While they are pretty weird, they're more just plain loud than down-and-out

A Change of Pace



A Change of Pace = The Used + From Autumn to Ashes + The Ataris

noisy. The garage tag is very misleading too, and I would say that they actually fall more in line with the noodly prog-psych wank jobs that the later bong-heavy *Hawkwind* were so fond of cranking out.

—Jared Soper

Epoch of Unlight

The Continuum Hypothesis

The End Records

Street: 2.15

Epoch of Unlight = Mayhem + Decapitated + Death

Technical black/death masters are back with yet again another stellar release. With two excellent releases on Salt Lake City's *The End Records*, plus an additional above-par back catalogue, add another chapter to the band's anthology. Skillfully, the group weaves intricate screaming leads through a gauntlet of complex and unique riffing. This is definitely the most exciting and interesting death metal record to come out this year by far. Fans of technical and death metal will wallow in the unlight. —Briar Watson

Funeral Diner

The Underdark

Alone Records

Street: 3.29

Funeral Diner = McWithoutYou + Circle Takes The Square + Planes Mistaken For Stars

From the layout, I was expecting a black metal album (all black with Catholic imagery and sinister woodcuts of saints). The first track opens like a *Godspeed You Black Emperor!* intro, and I was a little intrigued. Then the rest of the album is seven more tracks of heavy melodic indie rock. Yeah, I was confused, but these guys do their thing well. There are plenty of open instrumental spaces where atmospheres collide with the (dare I say) screamo vocals. The album isn't aggressive, but it is passionate. It's not emo, but it is melodic and somewhat emotional. Funeral Diner walk a very thin line between D.C. style noise and floppy-haired, angst-ridden emo-core. They are much better than the company they may keep in their inevitable genre, and far too imaginative to be labeled as such. Don't discount them yet; they didn't make me laugh, and they don't sound like tear-stained shoegazers with broken hearts.

—Chuck Berrett

Funkwelten

The Label Compilation 01

Funkwelten

Street: 2.22

Funkwelten = Plaid + those late-90s Astralwerks samplers

Somewhere in the world, it will always be 1997. Somewhere, kids are slugging back Zimas and celebrating their mischief with harmless downtempo electronica. Somewhere (apparently Germany) the Funkwelten brand of music is still intriguing. None of these 13 compositions are objectively bad, but each and every track is less inventive than any cut from *Warp Records*. To clarify this notion of regressive sound, I implore you to remember the halcyon days of electronica, when musicians fetishized algebra and all the album covers appeared to be made in AutoCad. Or, do you remember when all the clubs had too much chrome, London-based DJs ruled the universe and the moment when everyone everywhere realized that postmodernism was neat-o? Well, here we have tracks from *Polygon* and *Polyspace*. Nostalgic overkill? You betcha! Mimosas anyone? —The Burch

Q: Is the vocalist for A Change of Pace, Torry Jasper, sad or angry?
A: He's both! He's screamo! Why anyone would want to jump on this tired-ass excuse for a musical genre is beyond comprehension. And yet here comes A Change of Pace. It's all there: the shaggy black hair, the screaming followed by the whining, the deep (ha!) lyrics about lost love and yearning, the Papa Roach riffs ... It's all so familiar and all so horrible. Look guys, your girlfriends are not coming back. They left because you wouldn't stop screaming at them and crying afterward. And they're not coming back just because you're doing the same thing to music. An Offer You Can't Refuse is an offer that most assuredly can be refused.
—Shane Farver

CD Reviews

Greater California

Somber Wurlitzer
Earthing Records
street: 4.15

Greater California = Nick Drake + depressed Beach Boys

This album starts out like it could go either way. The first track, "The Appearing," is a pretty, sad dirge with poppy, nasally vocals that doesn't really go anywhere, but it's not a bad song. "Missing Summer" starts off nicely but gets more and more emo as it goes along. I actually do enjoy the overall feeling of *Somber Wurlitzer*, and once again the "we wanna be Arthur Lee" Spanish horn section. Greater California are quite good at creating the feeling of wandering around on a lonely, dark night when there's a chill in the air and no one else is around. Okay, now that I think about it, I guess I do like this a little more than I thought. Maybe not a cheesy song like "May Day"—there's only so much emo-pop I can take. If you can put up with a little schmaltz, you may find *Somber Wurlitzer* a surprisingly enjoyable album. —*Janila Roehrig*

Gutter Demons

Enter the Demon
Pirates Records
Street: 2.1

Gutter Demons = Mad Sin + the Spectres + Demented are Go

The psychobilly that the Gutter Demons have created draws from all over the spectrum of the genre. While aggressive tracks like "Day of the Dead" and "The Hunter" get your blood pumping, the Gutter Demons are ballsy enough to slow it down and let their talent show on the foreboding "Out of Sight" and the bluesy "Bad Moon." The thumping stand-up bass drives the wicked rhythms and are complemented by heavy drumbeats. The guitar work is hellish and harsh at times, but also lightens to a spooky presence on certain songs. There are a lot of psycho/horror bands that come off as brainless and lame, but with *Enter the Demon*, the Gutter Demons have proven too smart and talented for either of those distinctions. —*James Orme*

Hard Skin

Same Meat Different Gray
TKO Records
Street: ask your mom

Hard Skin = Last Resort + The Oppressed + Condemned 84 + Cockney Rejects

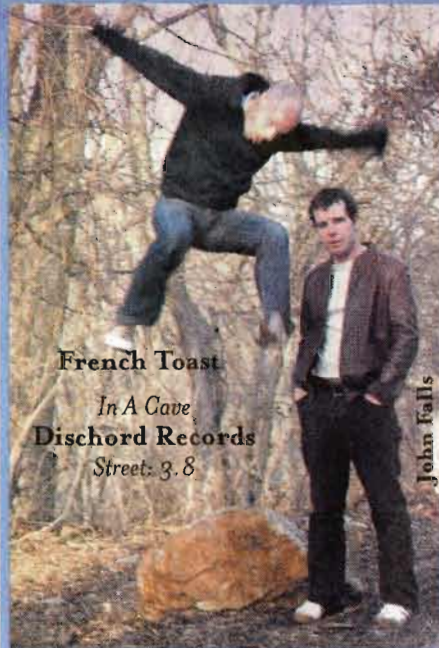
"The new wave of close shave," Hard Skin sounds almost exactly like the second wave band of the British Oi! movement such as *The Oppressed* and *Combat 84*. They resurrect that pissed-off attitude with songs such as "Two Chords - Two Fingers," "Still Fighting Thatcher" and "The Boys in Blue." They don't take themselves seriously, but are able to produce fucking good Oi! that has been lacking in new releases for too long now. Directly out of England, you can hear their thick Cockney accents through the simple guitars and even simpler drums. Hard Skin just goes to prove that you don't need to know how to play *Iron Maiden*-type solos in order to produce catchy, brutal, and true music that makes you proud to be working class, and make it cool to throw up those two fingers signifying "fuck you, ya bloody cunt!" —*Katie Maloney*

Heavy Trash

Self-Titled
Yep Roc Records
Street: 4.15

Heavy Trash = Jon Spencer + Matt Verta-Ray

Doesn't anyone remember that Jon Spencer's had an Elvis fixation for quite a few years by now? He finally went and did something totally expected. He joined up with another feller to record what is described as a rockabilly album. The thing isn't exactly stripped down. Although Spencer and Matt Verta-Ray are listed as the sole participants in the band called Heavy Trash, they play a combined total of seven instruments between them, plus vocals, and they enlisted a heap of friends for additional help. Traditional rockabilly never featured synthesizer or even organ. Traditionalists will sniff in derision but Spencer never claimed a fascination with Gene Vincent or Eddie Cochran or even Joe Clay. He's inspired by Elvis. What we got here is a splendid record folks. It ain't supremely great and even such tunes as the opener, "Dark Hair'd Rider," the boppin' "Justine Alright" or the required double-entendre of "Gatorade" won't make the grade as a summertime anthem of 2005. The country has moved on. Even freak polygamists realize that old-fashioned rock 'n' roll was all about fucking and freak polygamist sure do like to fuck, even if most won't admit it. Spencer serves up more than one or two songs about fucking, in various stages of blatancy, but the best of the bunch is undoubtedly "Gatorade." Disagree if you will, and the allusion is sort of a stretch, but every bottle of Gatorade asks, "is it in you?" on the label. Spencer sort of enjoys slurping the Gatorade more than drinkin' or stickin' it, and he's probably playin' on Alvis Wayne's more classic "I Wanna Eat Your Puddin'" but still...give the man credit. The whole disc isn't about rockin' and boppin'. Rockin' and boppin' is for the single play and this is an album so there are some slow and bluesy tunes. Even Elvis sang a blues now and again. Isn't there a greaser car club or motorcycle gang around Salt Lake City called "Loveless"? If there isn't there should be because Heavy Trash has just released their theme song entitled of all things,



French Toast

In A Cave
Dischord Records
Street: 3.8

French Toast = Romeo Void + Joy Division + Upsilon Acrux

"The Loveless" and heck, the song opens with Gene Vincent handclaps! Heavy Trash isn't stuck in my CD player like the ubiquitous of the ubiquitous pedantic music critic's pull quote but it is a keeper I'll return to whenever I'm thinking about doing "The Hump" when none of that "Gatorade" is available, for at least the summer of '05. —*Asil Wallace*

The Hollow Points

The Black Spot
Disaster
Street: 4.15

The Hollow Points = Social Distortion - originality + Anti-Flag

The fact that The Hollow Points' press release says "The Hollow Points are a [sic] no clones, but a unique rock n' roll punk band that you need to discover," gives the indication that they're hiding something. Truth is, the band blends in like a vodka spill on white carpet. *The Black Spot* comes straight out of the comic-book-punk build-a-band kit:

1. Really, really fast drums
2. The system sucks (duh!)
3. Scratchy voices

Not that any of these things are necessarily a deal-breaker. If you're just looking for another street punk band, this one's for you. But if punk needs a breath of fresh air, The Hollow Points are the passed gas of your aunt Mildred. —*Shane Farver*

Last Of The Juanitas

In The Dirt
Wantage USA
Street: 3.9

Last Of The Juanitas = X + Thinking Fellers Union + Rye Coalition

I'm not sure if this band is in a time-war of some sort, but it sounds like it. All I can imagine while listening to *In The Dirt* is a mid-'90s Chicago-based group of musicians who listened to The Jesus Lizard and Big Black all day. Granted, bassist/vocalist Lana Rebel adds a hint of twangy southern gothic to their otherwise muffled garage chaos rock, but this has all been done before. The sloppy crash-heavy timing, the treble-weighted guitar tones, the half-way yelling and psychedelic noise behind it is all reminiscent of Steve Albini's own personal catalogue. If that was your thing at one time, then this will be a very exciting release. If you're the type who seeks a fresh sound and original style, then go elsewhere.

—*Chuck Berrett*

Feelin' tense? Well, don't look to this album to help you loosen up. *In A Cave* will give you cold sweats and heart palpitations, and you'll probably feel a bit paranoid. D.C.'s French Toast (with Jerry Busher of Fugazi and James Canty of Nation of Ulysses and The Make Up) create a claustrophobic, tightly wound album that is jumpy and sometimes spaced-out (I have to say that it reminded me a bit of the Doors and early Pink Floyd). Canty's guitar work is simplistic and dark, and the bass really stands out—on tracks like "What I See," you can take away the vocals and it's like an unreleased Joy Division song. "Lion's Den" is prime Gang Of Four material, and a few spooky, noisy instrumental tracks leave you wanting more. I wish all the other "new post-punk" bands sounded as rad as this. Merci beaucoup, mes amis Français. —*Janila Roehrig*

CD Reviews

Marbles

Expo
spinArt Records
Street: 3.15

Marbles = Apples In Stereo — the stereo + a laptop
Synthesizers are back, yo, and I can think of worse people to wield them than **Robert Schneider**, the Apples In Stereo frontman, in this solo project. With **Gary Numan**-style echo vocals and **Brian Wilson**-esque harmonies, he has penned a batch of songs that is superior to most of that crap from the 80s that we're suddenly so nostalgic about. A couple of instrumentals stray dangerously close to elevator music, as if he were dicking around on his laptop for a little too long, but that's not necessarily a bad thing. Most of the numbers feature layered, sometimes driving guitars and syncopated rhythms. This could be the feel-good music of the summer. When I heard "Circuit," the opening track, I felt like doing the robot. "Move On," the closer, had me looking for that **Naked Eyes** record. *Expo* may be **Elephant 1**, but it's still pretty memorable. —MC Welk

Millencolin

Kingwood
Burning Heart/Epitaph Records
Street: 5.2

Millencolin = Pulley + Bad Religion + Lagwagon + Face to Face
It's always struck me as strange that so many of the **Brett Gurewitz**-supported bands sound so much alike. And if you had been locked in a basement from 1994 until now, and somebody carted out the scores of albums in this sound-alike group to you today, I bet that it'd be impossible to place them in chronological order of release. So, does that make these bands timeless or tired? I guess if you're into extreme sports like rollerblading and you shop at **Hot Topic**, the answer is probably timeless. I will say that Millencolin at least have a **Swedish** flavor, a slight variation of sorts, and, oh, nevermind. Play this album loudly on your way to **Warped Tour** this summer in your mommy's SUV. And leave me the fuck alone. —Jesus Harold

Mountain Goats

The Sunset Tree
4AD Records
Street: 4.26

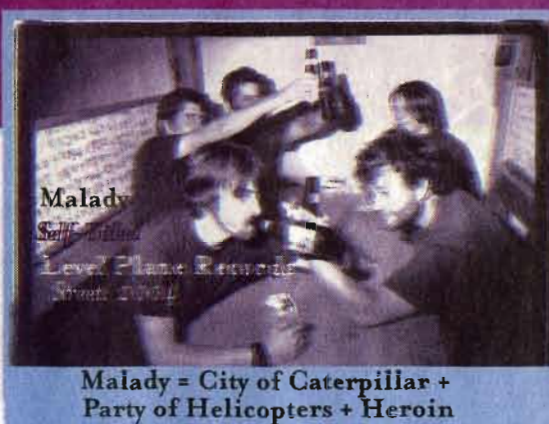
Mountain Goats = The Decemberists + Herpes (yes, the STD)
Here's a little music advice from yours truly: If you hear a vocal scream, "I am a babbling brook!" rip your stereo out of the wall, defecate on it, then submerge it in a bathtub full of diesel fuel for 24 hours. Then, and only then, will the curse of Mountain Goats be reversed. **John Darnielle** sounds like a prepubescent **Jeff Mangum** living in on a planet with a helium-rich atmosphere. Even the music is shitty. Whereas some instrumental bands have regained respect because they did away with the vocals, Mountain Goats would hardly benefit if Darnielle were to be crushed by a frozen mound of airborne feces. I've read dozens of reviews praising Mountain Goats as if they were some kind of musical savior; just goes to show you that you should never trust the opinions expressed in major music publications. God bless **SLUG**, and god bless you for reading it. —Ryan Shelton

New Roman Times

International Affairs
Social Recordings
Street: 2.15

New Roman Times = Garbage (Franz Ferdinand + 90s girl pop vocals)

Just the other day, I was thinking, man, you know what would be awesome? A passable **Interpol** cover band with whispery **Baby Spice** vocals and a guy who sounds kinda like **Julian Casablancas** (P.S. What a hottie!) To make it even better, it would sound really, really polished and radio friendly. All the songs would be mediocre, gloomy electronic rock and sound ridiculously similar, with titles like "Leave The Atmosphere Behind." Dude! I could totally go for some of that. Oh, and for the album itself? There would be these kick-ass "art-school dropout" photos in black-and-white with the band members giving somber-yet-deadly-in-tight-pants glances at the camera. And then they could open for **Cursive** and **The**



Malady

Salt Water

Level Plane Records

Street: 2.00

Malady = City of Caterpillar + Party of Helicopters + Heroin

Rapture! Damn, those guys would be so punk rock! I'd love to keep going, but I think **Hot Topic** is about to close.

—Jamila Roehrig

New York Rel-X

Sold Out of Love
TKO
Street: 3.15

New York Rel-X = Lunachicks + Deadline + the Krays
The New York Rel-X have been around for awhile now, but this is their first actual full-length release. They've been able to put themselves on the map by the strength of two EPs, some singles and a never-ending touring schedule. *Sold Out of Love* is an explosion of furious female vocals and ruthless punk rock guitar and bass. Guitarist **Johnny Kray** is at his best here. NY Rel-X have found that rare place where they can possess a well-crafted sound while remaining punk as fuck. The female members of this band will get them some added attention, but it will ultimately be their songs and talent that will keep them around. —James Orme

The Red Death

External Frames of Reference
Metal Blade
Street: 04.19

The Red Death = Anthrax + Celtic Frost

In an era where there seems to be no punishment for diluting good, old-fashioned metal with emotional-rock pollutants, The Red Death's pure-bred thrash has come to save the day. Exacting revenge for the bastardization of metal is no easy task, but these New England head-bangers have inherited an arsenal of lethal riffs from both European and American thrash masters. As *External Frames of Reference* is beaten back and forth between American and European coasts, hints of **Slayer** and **Anthrax** show in "Silent Machines" and "Aftertaste of the Emaciated," while "Before an Empty Throne" shines with the Nordic-sheen of Celtic Frost. The Red Death manages to bridge the Euro-U.S. gap by avoiding the pitfalls of many a modern metallers. Absent are the seemingly gratuitous "mosh-bringing" breakdowns of today's ilk and when *External Frames* goes melodic, the only tears shed will be from metal-axe-aficionados over the shame-inciting solos and not over broken hearts and bad metaphors. —Dan Fletcher

Rip Dash Rock

Recyclone
Alternative Tentacles
Street: 3.16

Rip Dash Rock = Nashville Pussy + the Supersuckers + Lynard Skynard

Rip Dash Rock claim to be the ultimate bar band. If they mean they're the perfect soundtrack to people swilling one of the last legal drugs while trying to have unprotected sex with a complete stranger, then they're right. This band has been playing their self-described country punk for over 20 years now, which I give them credit for. They are at their best when they draw from more of a roots music influence. Songs like the boogie blast "Johnny Ace" and the hillbilly hayride "Silver Moon Rail" are the highlights, but are too few and far between. The rest of this record is just the bland Southern rock that **Skynard** took down with them in that plane crash decades ago. —James Orme

Malady's progressive style of screamo rock is surprisingly refreshing to whiny, repetitive radio shit, and definitely triggers memories of the previous project (**City of Caterpillar**). This album shows a definite progression in technique and confidence, weaving through innovative guitar work pounding in and out decisively to make room for dark piano, tortured vocals or a cymbal crash. The epic sound of this album brings to mind bands like **Orchid**, **Neurosis** and **Book of Dead Names**, while the hardcore sound they emanate reflects the lost sounds of the **Gravity Records** bands of the early 90s. This record may require a trained ear, and I have a strong feeling the originality would be lost on your average chorus-verse-chorus **My Chemical Romance** fan, but fuck those kids, anyway. —seven5zer0ryan

CD Reviews

run. away. from. the. humans

we exist

exOII

Street: miscomputation

run. away. from. the. humans = The Postal Service + 764-HERO + Snow Patrol

run. away. from. the. humans probably gave me encephalopathy of the eardrums as one reverb-washed track faded into the next like so many emo tears down the cheeks of life. The vocal styling is intended to carry this album, but is so played the fuck out that I felt like I was at a shoegaze festival circa '96. And then there is the "music" behind these absolutely pitiful vocals, which is so processed and echoed the shit out that I doubt anyone involved in this cyst-juice-infested excuse for a project knows how to play any instrument, at all, ever. Please, for the love of all things wonderful and interesting, stop making music like this. It is ruining everyone's lives and makes me hate things. —seven5zer0ryan

Screaming Trees

Ocean of Confusion: Songs of Screaming Trees 1989-1996

Epic/Legacy Records

Street: 4.26

Screaming Trees = Cream + Green River + Soundgarden

Screaming Trees always had a wide-open sound reminiscent of their locale (Ellensburg, WA), and after hearing Mark Lanegan's solo work over the last decade, it's easy to revisit these songs and pick up on the delicacy in them, also. But they never really achieved as much success as their Seattle-based peers, and perhaps, rightly so. Even though this is a greatest-hits album (lacking filler, right?), I found myself a bit bored. And then I remembered that I never really liked these guys much back in the day, anyway. This is a fans-only type of release, as are most greatest-hits compilations released by marginally popular bands. I don't know—it's got that one song that was in *Singles*. Damn, Bridget Fonda was delicious back then. —Jesus Harold

Sinai Beach

Immersed

Victory Records

Street: 04.19

Sinai Beach = Machine Head + Throwdown + A tone-deaf Phil Anselmo impersonator

It would take an apocalypse, or a Stryper reunion, to make kids realize that God and metal don't mix, but sadly, neither of those will ever happen. Therefore, the world will be forever plagued by bands that are willing to sell metal's sadistic soul for the illusion of eternal salvation. Sinai Beach is one of these bands and their latest confession, *Immersed*, slaps rosary beads around the neck of one of the most blasphemous metal releases in biblical history. "Obedience Through Desecration" incites the Bible-thumping with a heaping helping of mosh-heavy, Southern-fried riff-robbery and singing that would have Dimebag rolling in his grave if he actually gave two shits about a crew of god-fearing diet-Pantera wannabes. As glo stick-waving synths trance their way into nu-metal riffs on "To The Church," *Immersed* passes on to the other side. Let us pray for no resurrection. —Dan Fletcher

Snuff

Six of One, Half a Dozen of the Other: 1986-2002

Fat Wreck Cords

Street: 5.3

Snuff = The Clash + Less Than Jake + The Specials

Like most greatest-hits type albums, the two-disk Snuff album, *Six of One, Half a Dozen of the Other*, hits some high and low points. On the first disc, songs like "Keep the Beat" and "Nick Northern" definitely wax nostalgic. But "Arse Hole" relies on sophomoric humor and not much musical bravado (even if there is something funny about hearing an English guy say "wanker.") Other songs rely heavily on sing-along anthem lyrics, and thus become mindless pabulum. The second disc is a collection of covers, rarities and B-Sides. Like the first disc, highs and lows abound. Some songs are just better left undiscovered. However, cover songs are always good for a chuckle, most notably "Don't Fear the Reaper." This album accentuates Snuff's ability to churn out some quality tunes and crap out some

Pak
Motel
Ra Sound
Street: 4.19



Pak = Hella + Col. Bruce Hampton's Aquarium Rescue Unit

not-so-quality filler material. —Shane Farver

Regina Spektor

Soviet Kitsch

Sire Records

Street: fuck if I know

Regina Spektor = Tori Amos + Fiona Apple + Masha Kirilenko

OK, she was born in Russia. Big deal; she was raised in the Bronx. So maybe she is heartfelt, or even overwrought in the singing of her songs, which are evocative and well-written. She wants to start with the story like Chekhov. Yeah, here's a Bronx cheer for how you're working the Russian angle, sweetheart. Maybe she's a cunning pianist with the strength of accompanying strings and occasional, sparse rhythm. And she went out on tour and "opened" for the Strokes and Kings of Leon. Moreover, like nearly all modern songstresses (who make it), she is easy on the eyes. BFD. Maybe she's completely great and the best musician since Joni Mitchell. Still, I hate it. You know who you are if you are one who would love it. —MC Wolk

The Spinto Band

Nice and Nicely Done

Bar None

Street: fuck if I know

The Spinto Band = The Feelies + Phantom Planet

Hey, this is a really great new band of young Delawareans (19 to 22) that plays quintessential power pop. Too bad they have such a stupid band name. I guess one of their uncles was the unsung guitarist Roy Spinto and he wrote song lyrics on the inside of Cracker Jack boxes. Borrrrring. Where's the toy surprise in that story? Actually, I'm changing the subject because I can find very little to criticize about this band. It's a seven-piece but one or two of them play stuff like vibes and theremin, so the sound isn't overly dense. They have that jangly dueling rhythm guitar thing going, and the vocals are kind of Mercury Rev-like (tuneful tenor alto). The production values and rhythm section are completely solid, and one gets the feeling that this is a young band that is only going to continue getting better, if only they would change their stupid name. —MC Wolk

Subtitle

Young Dangerous Heart

Gold Standard Laboratories

Street: 4.22

Subtitle = Blackalicious + Wesley Willis + Pistol Pete

Evolution is not a bad thing, but sometimes it can go off course and you have no fucking clue as to what's going on. That's pretty much how this record translates. Subtitle is definitely forging his way into new musical and lyrical realms from his own chosen platform of hip-hop. Quick-witted, spontaneous and bizarre. *Young Dangerous Heart* fosters a renaissance personification of open-mindedness in hip-hop today. The instrumentals are very technical and tight, while the vocals are scattered about in a very extraordinary fashion. At times his output seems monotonous, but his odd-ball punch-lines redeem his quality. Subtitle has a long history of being active in the California underground scene, and his name has passed by my ears many times. I'm glad he finally has something to complement the hype. —Lance Sanders

Perhaps you possess the unique ability to place Phish and Lightning Bolt albums side-by-side in your Jetta's disc changer without batting your (naturally) adorable eyelashes. Perhaps you will like Pak. As pejorative as this assessment may seem, Ron Anderson has created a sound that feels as ferocious as any free-form rock duo, yet seems rooted in something more organic (or, dare I say, earthy) than anyone else can claim. In a strange way, however, this recording seems dated (not in a way that creates irrelevancy, but instead the listener can almost sense that a handful of now-popular acts have referenced Anderson). Suffice it to say that this guy has been in the business for over 25 years, working with (among many others) Japanese noise greats Ruins. So, maybe such pervasive influence isn't out of the question, but you should still have an opportunity to beat your dreadlocked and mohawked friends to the punch. —The Burch

CD Reviews

Temper Temper

Self-Titled

Revelation Records

Street: 3.28

Temper Temper = Hot Hot Heat + The Killers + The Misfits + Quintron - The Faint

Temper Temper's organ rock music is definitely out of character for Revelation Records, and it seems to be slightly out of character for the band members as well. As they stumble from one song to the next with some sort of prog-rock meets punk-rock ideology (how very Mars Volta of them!), it is easy to catch something the songs all have in common - plenty of suck. Sure, the organ is plenty loud, and their vocalist suits them very well, and occasionally you will be reminded of Franz Ferdinand or Gogogo Airheart, but with all this going for them they still couldn't manage to write a single good song for the album. It just goes to show, even with the right idea, equipment, and a quadodekazillion-dollar producing budget, you can still suck ass berries. -seven5zerorjan

Thirstin Howl III

Skilitary

Skillionaire Enterprises

Street: 3.30

Thirstin Howl III = PG13 Puerto Rican Necro + Fat Joe + GodForbid

I have no idea how Thirstin Howl makes his sick-ass beats with so many guns, knives, grenades and bullet shells scattered all over his equipment. In *Skilitary*, Howl is caught red-handed piling drum machines, swooning female vocal harmonies and moaning his synths and samplers while delivering thunderous, jaw-chattering spontaneity atop an alternately continuous and ruthlessly visceral understructure of rhythm. It's quite original until track nine. "Party For Free" is the most blatant bite I have ever heard, taken from an internationally known and well-respected hip-hop crew from Oakland, Cal. (no names). On a different note, the lyrics were mostly about the same interchangeable topics and hooks. Most of the delivery was hilarious even though it might not have been Howl's intent. Good for playing in the background, bad for "enlightenment through hip-hop." -Lance Saunders

Tiger Bear Wolf

Self-Titled

Hello Sir Records

Street: 04.26

Tiger Bear Wolf = a less androgynous Blood Brothers + a less intelligent and inspired Nation Of Ulysses + Murder City Devils on Quaaludes

Oh, boy! Just when I thought I'd heard it all, somebody else goes and tries another approach at ruining something good and sacred to me. What we have here are a bunch of young emo lads trying their hands at playing "garage rock." One of the main things that really grabs me about garage rock is the fact that it is so raw and stripped down to the core of pure minimalism. Tiger Bear Shark clearly don't understand minimalism and therefore end up shoving a load of math riff-laden post-rock bile down my innocent throat. Which makes me almost forget to mention the best part: the boring screamo vocals over the top of it all spouting out convenient lyrics such as, "When I pick up my guitar, it's because I know/The one thing worth saving is rock and roll." Oh well, I guess it's true what they say: You can take the boy out of the emo, but you can't take the emo out of the boy. -Jared Soper

Chris Tsefalas

I'm All Right?

In Music We Trust

street: 5.4.04

Chris Tsefalas = The Decemberists + Paul McCartney (pre-Wings)

I must admit that sometimes I like cheesy "life's gonna be good" songs—when done right, and not accompanied by a commercial with someone nodding affirmatively because their car payments are being lowered by Progressive. Yeah, so this album by Chris

Teenage Bottlerocket

Total

Red Scare Record

street: 3.15



TB = Lillingtons + the Riverdales

Tsefalas is pretty good and it will make you feel all warm inside. It's just so pleasant. Handclaps, sweet keyboard melodies, fuzzy bass lines, Neil Young-ish meandering guitars, solid drumming and gorgeously simplistic piano. The tunes are quirky with a comfortable familiarity—hence my comparison to some of McCartney's slightly-less-schmaltzy songs—yet they drift off into landscapes of sounds that reminded me of this album by *Toshack Highway* that no one knows about, which is the complete opposite of what I've just described. And was that some Air I heard? -Jamila Roehrig

Unsane

Blood Run

Relapse Records

Street: 4.26

Unsane = Buzzoven + Karp + Cop Shoot Cop

There was a time when I considered Unsane to be one of the heaviest bands I had ever heard. This new release proves that music has certainly gotten heavier. It's still as abrasive as ever; their pioneering of the noise-rock genre is still completely apparent, and they still have a gritty edge that gives you the same chemical reaction that a good case of road rage may. From the distorted vocals to the ceaseless drumming, to the shaddy production, this is still the same Unsane that you may have loved at one time. The largest obstacle of their music exists in the lack of change. Every song could be the same song at times, but it does work as one big slice of sandpaper in composition. Don't be alarmed if you buy it and your CD player jumps from track 1 to track 33 within the same song, they did it on purpose. No song skipping on this record. -Chuck Berrett

Various Artists

Independent Chicago

Fork Series

Street: fuck if I know

Independent Chicago = a bottle of valium + smoky club + battle of the bands - door prizes and cheap beer

If this collection is any indication, breaking into a sweat before the encore is so passé in Chicago. You can take that as a criticism if you'd like; or you could take it as an indication that the majority of the 20 bands that are featured on *Independent Chicago* aren't hellbent on any particular post-this or retro-that trend. Then again, some songs do weigh in as bland to painfully boring. Of the first half of the album, *The M's*, *Palaxy Tracks* and *Gun Court* tracks are the most interesting. The second half, slips by in a wave of freeform jazz, downbeat hip-hop and quirky pop, is strong in the details, particularly *Bric-A-Brac's* pitch to be featured in the next Tarantino film with "North Wind" and *Euphone's* junk-drawer jazz piece "Cooperloop," but somewhat numbing and may be the antithesis of road-trip music. The final three tracks are more conventional, perhaps a reprieve for those who got lost in the onslaught of the 'round midnight atmosphere. Unfortunately, *Baby Teeth's* "Celebrity Wedding" doesn't have legs to back its bass line and *Bang Bang's* "Second to None" sounds like Lenny Kravitz (albeit one who plays more than one riff over and over again) is trying to be hip again. -Ryan McAnulty Rainstar

Teenage Bottlerocket is the best band to ever come out of my homestate, Wyoming—well, except for maybe the *Homeless Wonders*. I remember all these boys (in different groups) cruising into my town to play shows and it was pretty much the coolest thing a 12-year old punk living in Rock Springs could imagine. Newly signed to San Francisco-based *Fat Wreck Chords*-offshoot label *Red Scare*, TB reminds us that pop punk is more about catchy riffs and clever lyrics than being a pussy and crying about girls. Purely DIY for a lack of a big scene, their music is fashionable and honest—something lost to most creative bands these days. They embrace *Ramones*-ish simplicity without smothering it, and have created an album that you can dance and have fun to without worrying about how dope you look.

-Nate Martin

CD Reviews

Wammo

Lowriders on the Storm

Spanks-A-Lot Records

Street: 3.8

Wammo = Weird Al Yankovic — a respectable sense of humor + the shit I just took

Many are familiar with the worst song ever. Somebody, via cultural research, was able to ascertain what type of composition would annoy the most listeners. With a few minutes of search-engine scouring, you can quickly come across this 20-minute laugh-fest. Sad then, that a quest to produce the most abysmal piece of music has spawned a collective chuckle, while Wammo's effort to make something cohesive (or, god forbid, cool) of a War/The Doors/Beatles/Nirvana/Rolling Stones/The Who/R.E.M. cover song inadvertently created four minutes of the most atrocious auditory kryptonite to which I've ever fallen victim. In light of this title track, the remainder of the album isn't worth any sentence but this one (alas, it is all garbage). Still not convinced to keep your distance? The back cover features a ridiculous image of female nipples superimposed on Bartlett pears. Wow. —The Burch

M. Ward

Transistor Radio

Merge Records

Street: 2.22

M. Ward = Leonard Cohen + Jerry Lee Lewis + Tom Waits = the booze and cigarettes

Fuck Ben Harper. Matt Ward has the smoothest voice I've ever heard (sorry, Marvin). On his fourth full-length album, Ward proves that, for him, musical comparison is futile. I have no idea what genre to place *Transistor Radio* under. It has moments of the most beautiful folk I've ever heard followed by energetic boogie-woogie piano riffs that would make Pete Johnson stand up and shout. If Quentin Tarantino

ever hears the Americana/mariachi breakdown on "Regeneration No. 1," he'll write a new screenplay just so he can tailor a scene specifically for it.

Transistor Radio features some noteworthy guests, such as Jim James (My Morning Jacket), Howe Gelb (Giant Sand), Jenny Lewis (Rilo Kiley), Rachel Blumberg (Norfolk & Western) and Vic Chesnut. Normally, I shy away from suggesting that a reader buy the reviewed album, but fuck it, this one deserves it. As America's indie-rock laureate Connor Oberst put it, "M. Ward for President!" (*M Ward plays Kilby: 4.26*). —Ryan Shelton

7" Review

NOFX

Fat Wreck Chords

Street: N/A

As far as I can tell, Mike Fatty and Co. do pretty much whatever the fuck they want. They got rich and famous by being in a killer punk band that didn't sell out—they don't have to work for money; they don't have to work for credibility. They do work though, and their brand new 7" series is proof. The band has recorded a bunch of songs to put on baby-vinyl and send out every month to those who sign up on their website (www.nofx.org) for their 7" Club. Clubs are usually lame, but this is not. Members will receive a new 7" every 1st of the month with brand-new studio-quality songs and artwork sent in by fans. I have the first of the series, and the two tracks are "Insulted by Germans (Again)" and "Fan Mail." They both rock like *War on Errorism* rocked, and I can't wait for more.

—Nate Martin

DVD Review

The Ramones

End of the Century

Magnolia/Rhino

Street: 3.15

The Ramones = 0 + 7

You know the Ramones—Johnny's an asshole,

Joey's a freak, Dee Dee's shooting up and Tommy's hanging out behind the scenes; Marky's a drunk and nobody cares about Ritchie or C.J., even though they should. There probably existed no other entity that brought together such personality clashes as this band, but they grinded on through 21 years of some of the best rock and roll ever made. Their idea of selling out was recording *Road to Ruin*, and although they never came close to selling the number of records they should have, as Debbie Harry says, "You turn on the TV and on every car commercial there's Ramones guitars." *End of the Century* is a documentation of the phenomenon when integrity supercedes stardom, and celebrity is dwarfed by legend. Fuck *The Outsiders*, if there's a film about leather jacket-clad reprobates that can move your soul, this is it.

—Nate Martin

Throwdown

Together, Forever...

Trustkill Records

Street: 2004

Throwdown = Youth of Today's Straightedge Pride + Six Feet Under's Sludge + Jackass' Exploits

Throwdown are not musical virtuosos and no one knows that fact better than Throwdown themselves. What are they, then? Simply five guys from the O.C. that play heavy straightedge hardcore about friends, family and well, straightedge. As frontman/mosh-call-expert Dave Peters states within the *Together, Forever*, United DVD's cut-and-paste collage of punch-drunk pits, floorpunches and punch lines, "We're gonna have a straightedge song on every CD. And I don't care if it sounds like the last one, or if the lyrics are kind of the same, or if the breakdown and the 'go' are in the same place, because that's just what we do." *Together, Forever...* encapsulates this modus operandi in its documentary-style peek into the band's history. Highlights include the spasmodic "Euro-mosh," extreme animal encounters and cameos from members of everyone's favorite love-to-hate band, 18 Visions, falling off stages. The phrase *good clean fun* has never rung so true. —Dan Fletcher

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SOCCER DAD

& THE PEOPLE IN YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD

True tales of an SLC cabbie

By the Incredible *Gadiaton*

vicdic66@hotmail.com

Since Cab #6 (another mini-van!!) has a tape deck and shitty speakers, and seeing as how punk rock sounds better than anything else in that fidelity situation, I drove around all night listening to an old dubbed tape of mine with three entire albums on it: *Propaganda's Less Talk, More Rock*; and the *Guttermouth* classics *Friendly People* and *Teri Yakimoto*. I, of course, ejected said tape whenever somebody I deemed possibly-offended-by-radical-political-views-and-some-filthy-fucking-lyrics got into the cab. But whenever possible, I blasted the shit-heavy on the treble. All night, I felt real contentment, musical and otherwise, with those three albums

cheering me along my shift.

So I was sitting far out of sight on 2nd East, away from the bars around midnight, reading a novel about death. I didn't care if I made any more money or not.

Well, I kind of cared, but I was happy for various reasons (the main one being that my ex-girlfriend moved out), and dammit, I took it as a sign to relax and eschew my duties. Felt good. Then the dispatcher cut in to kill the mood.

"Oh-six."

I pressed the button on the mic, "number six."

"Wanna chase about six miles?"

"Legit?"

"Damned if I know. Do you feel lucky or not?"

I didn't feel lucky. But I'm no good at reading feelings.

"Always."

"Then call me when you get to North Salt Lake."

I cut up to 3rd West as quick as I could and hit the gas as it rounded itself into Beck Street. The neon of Northern X-posture was a jiggling mirage ahead. I tried to listen to lady luck as the speedometer hit 60, to pick up hints pertaining to the events of the immediate future, but I got nothing. Then I stopped trying, turned up the music ("Consider someone else. Stop consuming animals.") and sang along ("...and bring your stupid friends along...").

"Just passed Northern'. Whatcha got?"

Dispatch gave me the address along with some brief directions, and the passenger was waiting outside when I got there. He told me that we had to go to an ATM and then to an address in the city and then back to North Salt Lake. Totally a drug deal, yes, but I like to keep a strict 'don't ask, don't tell' policy with those things.

"Okily," said I.

It quickly became apparent that dude man was on a coke bender, but he was relatively mellow and funny about it, so I didn't mind too much. And he was stoked on the music. He told me to turn it up and he knew the words, even. And then he told me a story involving his old high-rise window cleaning job in Seattle, naked women, and smoking out of the singer from *Soundgarden's* four foot bong. Apparently, *Chris Cornell* lives in the same building that "they show that one chick in *The Ring* and dude man had been cleaning Cornell's twenty-second story windows when one thing

another and...

"Cool as fuck," I said. And he totally didn't sound like he was lying. He talked and I listened (I wasn't up to speed, so to speak) until we got to the address on 5th East. He handed me fifty dollars and told me to swear that I wouldn't leave him there. I told him that I

wouldn't and, of course, I didn't. As it turns out, though, I only had to wait about two minutes.

Out of the shadows I saw dude man coming fast, running even. It's usually not a good sign when

somebody's running from a drug deal, you know? I thought about getting away, but I had sworn that I wouldn't leave.

"Go, go, go," he breathlessly said as he got in and slammed the door.

And I did.

About two blocks away, after the initial shock of possible danger seemed behind me, I asked, "Is everything cool?"

Only then did he tear his eyes off of the rear window. "Oh yeah," he said with a sweeping get-out-here motion of his hand, "we're cool. Why?"

WHY!?! I just let out a little laugh and got onto I-15 as quickly as possible. Beck Street just didn't seem like it was going to be fast enough.

He didn't say much on the way back to his place, and I didn't say anything. When we pulled up, the meter read \$31.40. He told me to keep the fifty that he'd already given me and then he gave me an extra twenty. Then, almost apologetically, "Want to come in and do some street drugs?"

Hmmmm...I don't know... ☹





Consumer Education:

A Guide to Buying Hard Goods

By Mike Brown mikebrown048@hotmail.com Photo: Bob Plumb

In today's fast-paced world, it's easy to drown in the shitty seas of capitalism while trying to purchase frivolous items needed to contain our boredom between eating, shitting and fucking. Basically, that's what we are all on this planet to do, right? Eat, shit, fuck. The rest is just killing time between the next fabulous meal and all three at the same time if you're lucky.

Some people evaporate their spare time by riding on skateboards—a noble hobby, one might say. The following advice is dispensed free of charge to all consumers of all hobbies courtesy of *SLUG* and a skateboard merchant being me. However, this advice may transcend to any kind of shopping for any frivolous purchase and thus is not limited to the realm of purchasing skateboarding hard goods.

I call it the "rebound test," and it was first bestowed upon me by my great friend Tim, who is an anti-capitalistic anarchist headquartered amongst hippies and hooligans in a soggy state in the great Northwest. He showed me the methods needed to accurately purchase the right skateboard goods to further enhance my experiences rolling around meaninglessly in existence.

Now, right before the big skateboard boom of the late 90s, me and Tim used to brave the streets of downtown SLC dodging biker cops and hostile jocks, looking to turn meaningless curbs into implements of art and fun, occasionally breaking a bearing or a kingpin and being forced to purchase one in order to continue our mutual paths of destruction. Thus leading us to the first step.

The first step in accurately activating the rebound test is to find a skateboard merchant who doesn't know a skateboard from his own butt hole. This is easier than one might think. Just go to *Zummix* or *Dicks Sports* in the Gateway or any other store that doesn't advertise with *SLUG Magazine* and you'll be

sure to find a douchebag behind the counter. If they have big boobs, that usually means they don't know what they are doing as well.

Step two is to ask kindly to see a pair of trucks or a set of wheels or any other product you might want to check the rebound on. Any skater knows that the higher the rebound of a skateboard product, the better it will perform, right? So nicely ask the merchant how the product rebounds.

Step three: When the merchant tells you that they don't know the rebound potential of the given product, but insures you that it's the best cuz it's what the last five buddies' mommies ended up buying, throw the product as HARD as you can on the ground and see for yourself how it rebounds. (Skateboard wheels have an exceptionally high rebound rate, so do some shoes.)

See how many products you can rebound before the merchant realizes that instead of folding shirts with bullshit logos on them into eye-friendly rectangles, they will have to track down all the rebounded items scattered across the corporate concrete floor of a skateboard mega chain. Usually at *Zummix*, I'll get about five items deep before they ask me to buy something or leave.

But like I mentioned earlier, the rebound test is not limited to just skateboard products; get creative! Try it on cologne salespeople and other worthless retailers. Trust me, it will help you shop smarter, and in today's economy, that's important.

For questions or comments regarding this test or if you need tips for your shopping habits, contact Mike Brown at mikebrown048@hotmail.com.

Some Shit that Happened on a Skateboard Update List By Broadie Hammers

broadiehammers@slugmag.com

1. Old Dirty Hads cut his hair, thus losing "Dirty" status and is back to being Sean Hadley.
2. Oliver Buchanan is in that funny TV commercial for the Sony PS2 thing, but his hair doesn't look very red.
3. Adam "Try it" Dyet won everything at the Phoenix Am last month. Best trick? Nollie 360 heelflip boardslide. This guy isn't going places; he's already there.
4. Lizard King has a big fan club in Phoenix and ended up getting paid for ollieing onto a car while down there.
5. Salty Peaks game of skate contest May 26.
6. Transworld contest at Binary May 7.
7. Robin Baker is the best skater from the SLC; don't believe me? Fuck you. Watch the curtains drop in **Seasons No. 2**.
8. We all know that T-Bone is good at skateboarding; does he have to keep reminding us?
9. Any shit you need to talk about or let *SLUG* readers know about? E-mail broadiehammers@slugmag.com



CUATROS EN CONCO

**Seeking and Destroying the
Desolate Showbowl of Cuatro Casas, Mex.**
Photos and Words by Adam Compton

April 13th

Dave Amador, sitting between myself and the window seat, has just come from the Phoenix Am, where SLC's own Adam Dyet swept the show walking away with a 1st place and Best Trick (nollie cab heel 270 to switch f/s board down the big rail). Lizard managed to finagle a small portion of the prize money with a burly gap to car to roll in.

While in AZ, Dave bumped into original Z-Boy, Aaron Scott, out on his new Z-flex campaign. Aaron is a long time friend of mine and also happens to be one of the key coordinators behind this Mexican caravan towards the sickest secret pool south of the border—The Show Bowl in Cuatro Casas, Mexico.

April 14th

Jersey picked us up from the airport but we couldn't convince Dyet, Lizard or Mark White (all staying only a few houses away in Ocean Beach) to join us—they missed one of the best possible photo-ops those up-and-comers could ask for, although they probably did better for themselves by sticking with Rhino and staying out of the dark, drunken, perverse world that Cuatros represents. So, I and the posse headed south and the drive was crazy. Drinking since Tijuana, we soon hit our first obstacle—sanitary checkpoint. I panic to stash my beer as Steve (in front of us) is waved through. "Carrying fruits or vegetables?" The man asks. "Um...yes," I reply. My friends all look at me like I'm retarded. I look back at the man and he's glaring. He simply told us to burn our orange peels and apple cores, though, and we were through. No sweat. I'm cracking into another as we suddenly approach another checkpoint. This time it's Federales holding machine guns. Jersey snatches my beer and passes it on to Dave who throws it below the seat along with his and Paz's. My heart pounding, Dave's beer spilling

under the seat, I'm waved through just after Steve. Wow! We pickup speed as we finally reach the last road—dirt and filled with fleeing jack rabbits and field mice. We're all high with hopes when we see the Ocean and the beached skiff on the side of the road. Soon we're gazing over the hostel courtyard at the reason we made this mission.

April 15th

So far we are the only out-of-townners to have shown. We set up our camp with shade and beach chairs and sessioned the pool a bit. We cheer as Aaron's big blue truck pulls up into the middle of our horseshoe game. I call him a fucker and laugh as he and Allisa climb out of the truck. Following Aaron in was Jimmy the Greek with Heidi, and Matt Kriegl and Shannon rolled to catch the tail of day one.

April 16th

As the second day of sessioning begins, all sorts of people roll in and I'm seeing cats I haven't seen since the last time I skated The Bridge. It's all the boys that built the place, cracking PBR's and dropping in. As I realize, it's only 7:50 in the morning, I opt for a little cowboy coffee with a chorizo and egg breakfast burrito. Throughout the stay you would hear outbursts of screaming and boards clacking against the tile lip of the pool. That's when you knew somebody was wrecking shop! It was the Whitedog this time so I busted out the camera to try and catch this f/s D-slide around the tight ass corner and into the steep ass shallow end of the pool but couldn't capture it before he ripped his hand open and stepped away from the session.

April 17th

Day three was when "All Time Cuatros" was realized, as people migrated fluently between the Ocean, the camp and the pool. Richard, the man running the hostel, was in the water showing the kids his old school steez! The man can surf!

The Greek and his lady Heidi get into a heated session in the pool. Erin hopped in and threw a few frontside slither grinds in the deep end. Aaron? Stand up frontside 5-0's (with authority). Whitedog can't resist the temptation of a feeble to fakie over the death box to show the ladies his idea of a good time. The Greek decides to tear the thing up like a billie goat on a tin can and does. A.S. Ellis, Russto, Kriegl, all out in the water feeling a little familiar with these picture perfect sets rolling and breaking on the beach; the beer drinkers, ranting and raving about whether or not a leaner counts as two or one point as the next hurl hits a finger, making us scream louder than best trick. Like I said: All Time Cuatros.

April 18th

Despite the carloads of people that pulled out of Cuatros before nightfall last night, we managed to party quite toughly. It wasn't until late that I realized my flight was at 1:05 p.m. and not three something. I awoke in a panic at 6:00 and began trying to wake the others. Easier said than done. Not until 7:40 did we hit the road, still contemplating "twisting one." I drove like hell through windy mountain passes around farmers and 18 wheelers, knowing there were no narcotics aboard and still only hit the boarder by 10:50. We broke through customs at about 12:20 and made a 20 minute rush to the airport. There was no time to even check my bags as I speed walked down the terminal and to the gate. Now I'm sitting, lodged between two business class stiff that pretend not to mind my reeking of campfire and sweat. How considerate.

Cuatros Realized

Happy B-day weekend to Jersey, Russto, Leather, Tim, Roger Harrell (publisher, *Skateboarder Magazine*) and the martini-drinkin', cigar-smokin' neighbor FOX! Due respect to all who attended! Big up to Z-Boys Aaron Scott, Craig Whitehead (Whitedog), Jimmy Acosta! Thanx to the builders (present or not) Slob, Tim, Whitey, Sam Hitz, Joe, Shredwin and to all the WSVT (Washington Street Vigilante Tranny) crew. To the very impressive turnout of beautiful ladies (Erin, Jen, Allisa, Heidi, Liz, Slob's lady?, Rogers Ladies?, + a couple of other hotties). Thanks to Richard and his lovely wife Tere (you're living righteously). See you next year?



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05.11 **Ozomatli**

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05.13 **Metalhead**

80's hair metal

05.19 **Rune**

w/ TBA

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06.10	Metalhead	08.13	Cowboy Mouth

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NICE RIDE: Shifting Gears with

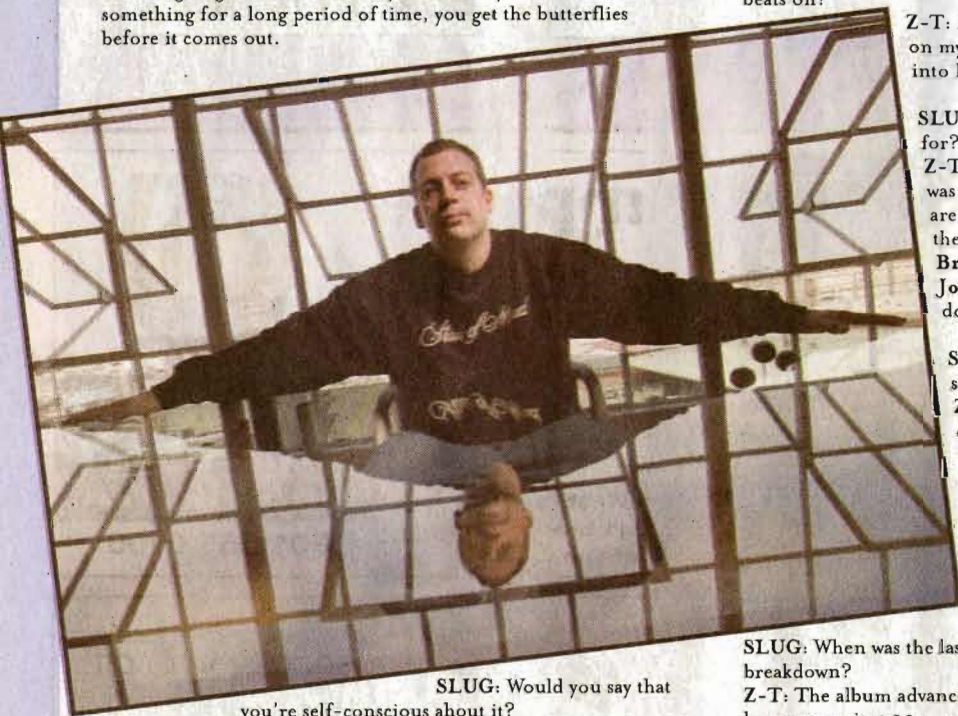
By Lance Saunders
Photo: By Max S. Gerber

Z-TRIP

There's a lot of "mash-up" DJs out there nowadays, but not one of them can be compared to the Z-Trip recipe. In the past year, Z has been very goal-oriented. He has a mix on the new *Motown Remixed* album, a cameo on the new *Scratch: All The Way Live* DVD, and, now signed with **Hollywood Records**, he's ready to spread his musical wings even farther with his debut release, *Shifting Gears*. All of these projects hit the streets April 19.

SLUG: Are you excited/nervous about the release of *Shifting Gears*?

Z-Trip: Yes, I'm excited and nervous. Not in an "Oh my god, how's it going to do?" sort of way, but when you work on something for a long period of time, you get the butterflies before it comes out.



SLUG: Would you say that you're self-conscious about it?

Z-T: You wouldn't be human if you weren't. No matter what people say ... I feel good about it.

SLUG: When you did "Breakfast Club" with Murs, was there more play than work, or vice versa?

Z-T: No man, it was definitely more play. When him and I get in the studio, we never get shit done. He's a super-cool guy and I think we are always going to be working on music together because we click musically.

SLUG: Did you grow up in Phoenix or Queens? Also, what was the reason for your relocation to L.A.?

Z-T: I was born in Queens, moved to Phoenix when I was seven and my parents got a divorce when I was 12. My dad moved to N.Y. and my mom stayed in Arizona. I was constantly going back and forth. New York is where I got turned onto hip-hop. Listening to the radio, taping the songs and bringing them back to Arizona. So I built my name there and I would go out and do gigs all over the world based out of Arizona. So I took that next step and moved to where the "industry" is: L.A.

SLUG: I see that you worked with **Linkin Park's Chester Bennington** on your new album. What was the object of all that? Was it the gathering of money? The satisfying of an audience? Was it purely respect?

Z-T: It was straight to make a pop tune. No, I'm joking. The reason is that he's from Phoenix too, and the first time I went on tour with them, I was speaking with him and we both found out that we know the same people. So when it came time to make this record, I reached out to him and it was about making a song with another dude from Arizona. It was just that. It was a thumb to everyone who thinks they know our sound. Both of us are pigeonholed as "the guy who screams" or "the mash-up guy." I said, "Fuck that, let's do the opposite of what everyone expects of us."

SLUG: What programs or equipment do you use to make your beats on?

Z-T: EPS 16 Plus, but I make mostly everything on my ASR 10. Eventually everything gets tracked into Pro-Tools for chopping.

SLUG: Who is your favorite band to open up for?

Z-T: Believe it or not, **Dave Mathews Band** was my favorite because of their crowd. They are the most open-minded to what I do under the umbrella of hip-hop. Then there's **James Brown**, **Rolling Stones**, **Ben Harper**, **Jack Johnson**, **Rush**, **AC/DC**, **Linkin Park**. I don't have a favorite. I like them all.

S: What about the *Motown Remixed* album; what songs did you cover?

Z-T: At first I wanted to do a very conscious, early 70s **Temptations** track that talks about protesting war. I couldn't come like that, though. I did a remix of **Jackson 5's** "I Want You Back;" I had to make it a little more poppy. I'm glad that it's the lead on the record. I feel everyone did an equally impressive job on the album.

SLUG: When was the last time you were close to having a nervous breakdown?

Z-T: The album advance that went out prior to the one everyone has now was just 90 percent done, working copy to show everyone at the label. Someone took that copy and sent it out before I was finished.

SLUG: Hollywood was ready to take your shit and run with it, eh?

Z-T: Yeah, we almost got off to a really bad start.

With that, I let Z-Trip finish his turkey-tuna sandwich, which was definitely stale by the end of the interview. Check his website, www.djztrip.com, for more info.

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The Daily calendar

Submissions are due by the 26th of previous month. E-mail: dickhead@slugmag.com

Friday, May 6

Form of Rocket, Victrola—Burt
2 Mex. Shapeshifter—Egos
Kelly Joe Phelps—U of U
Agape, The Weather Underground, When it Rains—Halo
Deadbeats, Broken Silence—Monks
Tiger Army, 12 Step Rebels—In The Venue
Vile Blue Shades, Smashy Smashy—Kilby
Travis Ward-Junkyard Bandstand, Thomas Paul—Sugarbeats
Trash Can Sinatras—Suede
Never Never, Coliseum—Todds
Utah County Swillers—Urban
Stone-fed—Beuskies

Saturday, May 7

Magstatic and Brohecks—Breuskies
The Irish Brothers, John E Dangerously, The Thieves, The Silent
Sevens—Burt
Elephante, Soul Rebel—Egos
I am Electric, Spanky Van Dyke, InCamera—Kilby
Kaskade—W
Morlocks, Invisible Rays, Juke Joint 45's—Todds
Clarity, 3.2 Improv—Sugarbeats
Vile Blue Shades, Tolchock Trio—Urban
Junior Reid and The Reggae Angels—Suede
Waist Deep—Mo's
The Adonis, Mad Calibre—Halo
Raspoutine—Velvet Room
Baby Bash, Frankie J, Natalie—Fairgrounds
Drew Danbury—Hollywood Juice
Evolution DJ Marathon—In The Venue
Hooga, Vadaath, Millicent, Hatepiece—Lo Fi

Sunday, May 8

DJ Honna—Burt
Doves, Mercury Rev—Sound
Kelly Joe Phelps, Baby Bash, Frankie J—Fairgrounds

Monday, May 9

DJ Curtis Strange—Burt
Bella Rovina, Blue Judas, Sage Road, The Black Roses—Kilby
DJ Rebel—Monks
Hungry Lucy, Bloodwire, QstandforQ—Sugarbeats

Tuesday, May 10

Rufio, Gatsby's American Dream, Over It, The Fight—Kilby
Honky—Burt
Mellowville—Todds
DJ Curtis Strange—Monks
Three Martini Trio—Sugarbeats
Club Bollocks—Urban

Wednesday, May 11

American Head Charge, Bloodsimple, Life of Agony, Mudvayne—
In The Venue
Visible Men—Burt
Truckless, Almost Undone—Egos
Ozomatli—Velvet Room
A Change of Pace, Scary Kids Scaring Kids, Greeley, Estates, Arizona
Takeover—Mo's
The Shins, The Brunettes—U of U
Locking Doors—New Lab Theatre
Mousike—Halo
Caharet Voltage, Rodeo Boys—Urban

Thursday, May 12

Tanglewood—Egos
He Is Legend, New Republic, Receiving End Of Sirens, Terminal—
Lo Fi
Brendan Benson, Keane—Abroanel
Spork, Last Response—Monks
Leah Quinelle All Stars Featuring Happy with Sanawon—Sugarbeats
Orbit Service, Carphax Files, Violet Run—Urban

Friday, May 13

Jinga Boa—Burt
Starmy, The Invisible Rays, The Album—Breuskies
Passages—Egos
O Discordia, 1985, Suns of Guns, A Heartless Solution—Kilby
Metalhead—Velvet Room
The Ramones Alive—Monks
Jon E Dangerously, Renee Broderick—Todds
Amber and Aaron Birthday Party—Halo
Theta Naught—Sugarbeats
Crematorium, Vehemence—Circuit
Better Than Ezra—Suede
SLUG Localized w/ Muses of Bedlam, Tragic Black, Domiana—Urban

Saturday, May 14

The Pagan Love Gods, Thunderfist, Iota, Los Rojos—Burt
New Transit Direction, Broke, Bailer, Autokinton—Kilby
Lila, Weather—Egos
Edgar's Mule—Halo
Catie Curtis—U of U
The Kill Junkies—Mo's
3.2 Improv—Sugarbeats
Nova CD Release, Le Force, Stiletto—Todds
Assemblage 23, Backandtothelefi—Areu 51
SLAJO—Urban

Sunday, May 15

DJ Honna—Burt
Trail of Dead, The (International) Noise Conspiracy,
The Octopus Project—Lo Fi
KRCL Benefit—Halo
AniMosity, Into the Moat, Psyopus, Summers End—Circuit
Elephante, Lorin Cook—Monks
No Jazz Star—Sugarbeats
Kane Hodder—Mo's

Monday, May 16

DJ Curtis Strange—Burt
Bryan Lee—Breuskies
Idiot Pilot, Open Hand, The Kinison—Lo Fi
DJ Rebel—Monks
The Ponys, The Album, Gris Gris, The Plastic Crime Wave—
Kilby
No Fi Soul Rebellion—Urban

Tuesday, May 17

The Agony Scene—Mas
The Project Blowed All-Stars—Lo Fi
The Envelopes—Todds
DJ Curtis Strange—Monks
Form of Rocket—Urban

Wednesday, May 18

Solace For Now—Vegas
Denots—Liquid Joes
Gigi Love—Mo's
Caribou, Junior Boys, The Russian Futurists—Egos
Jamison Parker, Mae, The Academy Is, Days Away—Lo Fi
Al Jarreau—Abroanel
Why? & Miss Ohios, The Tremula, Taught Me—Kilby
Three Martini Trio—Sugarbeats
Mousike—Halo
Melvin Sparks—Urban

Thursday, May 19

Dance Party Gone Bad w/ Special Guest Jimmy Smooth
(Ready Steady Go)—Vortex
Form Of Rocket, Quiet Color—Kilby
Al Jarreau—Abroanel
Setting Sun, Bronco, The Annuals—Halo
His Red Letter, Art of Kanly—Monks
Joanne Kyger—Ken Sanders
Dare Diablo, Pleasure Thieves, The Album—Urban
Setting Sun—Sugarbeats

Friday, May 20

COSM—Egos
Throwrag, Skint, Salt City Bandits—Burt
Tanglewood—Breuskies
D-Fuse, DJ Jana Holt, DJ Nick James, JLUVV—Halo
Maxfield, The Happies, Erin Haley—Kilby
Metalhead—Velvet Room
The Happies—Mo's
The Dirty Birds, The Ruhes—Monks
Oecidis, Kohahit, Downfall—Circuit
SLUG Magazine Sk8 Party w/ V vs V, Bronco, The Adonis—
Todds
Southernly with Shades of Gray—Sugarbeats
Waddie Mitchell—Little America
Green Lemon, Shady Tree—Urban
Nick James' B-Day Party—W

Saturday, May 21

The Invincible Czars, Rodeo Boys—Burt
Tanglewood—Breuskies
Rosie Ledet and the Zydeco Playboys—SLCC
Take the Fall, Will Sartain—Kilby
So Many Dynamos, 3.2 Improv—Sugarbeats
Utah Arts Alliance anniversary party—Halo
King Tree, Amber Alert—Mo's
When it Rains, Casket Life, Fail to Follow—Todds
Zepperella, Poor Boys Rock—Egos
Dirty Birds, Six Sided Box CD Release—Urban
School of Rock (early) Otep, Gizmachi, Devilsinside, Daysend
(late)—Lo Fi

Sunday, May 22

DJ Honna—Burt
Red Light Music—Halo
Bohola—Living Traditions

Monday, May 23

DJ Curtis Strange—Burt
Queens of The Stone Age—In The Venue
DJ Rebel—Monks
The Nein, Peachcake, People Person Monster—Kilby
Expstic, Loverhathero, Secret Lives, Still Life Projector—
Lo Fi
Michel Camillo—Sheraton
Still Life Projector, Love Hate Hero, The Esoteric, Secret
Lives—Mo's

Tuesday, May 24

Melt Banana, Vile Blue Shades, Paper Cranes—Kilby
DJ Curtis Strange—Monks
Millencolin, A Thorn For Every Heart, Boys Night Out, Roses

Are Red—In The Venue
The Dalloways—Todds
Showbread—Lo Fi
Club Bollocks—Urban Lounge

Wednesday, May 25

Bloc Party, Kiss Me Deadly—In The Venue
Of Montreal, Fix Bayonets, Dulcesky—Lo Fi
Cruiserweight, Drake Equation, Hey Mike—Mo's
Three Martini Trio—Sugarbeats
Mousike—Halo
Caharet Voltage—Urban

Thursday, May 26

Jackpot—Egos
The Lethal West, The Constellations—Kilby
Jon E. Dangerously, Elephante, Renee
Broderick—Halo
Mute Math, Matt Kearney—Lo Fi
Tractor Operator Music, The Rattails—Sugarbeats
The Graves Brothers, The Breaks—Urban

Friday, May 27

Nate's Birthday, Bitches!—Camilla's House
Sleezufist, Latter-day Taints, Die Monster Die,
The Abominations—Burt
Debbie Grahm Band—Breuskies
Caulfield, Trent McKean—Halo
Smiling Souls, DJ Rebel—Monks
Telephones—Todds
Pit er Pat, Causeway—Kilby
Metalhead—Velvet Room
Dulcesky, Violet Run, QstandforQ—Sugarbeats
Mike Startain's B-day Party Feat. Starmy, Rodeo
Boys, JW Blackout—Urban

Saturday, May 28

Ibex Throne, Terra Noir, The Legendary
Meatshits—Burt
Rodeo Boys Rubes—Breuskies
Playing to the Grandstands, I am Electric,
Tolchock Trio, Return to Sender—Kilby
The Deadbeats—Halo
Knockers and Cocks—Todds
Erasure—Kingsbury
Finch, Reeve Oliver, Vendetta Red, Walking
Concert—Lo Fi
JoKyR and Jester, 3.2 Improv—Sugarbeats
Dave Payne's B-day Feat. Stiletto CD Release,
Red Bennies, The Knives—Urban

Sunday, May 29

DJ Honna—Burt
Mary Timony, Medications, The Tremula—Kilby
Glasseater, The Valentine—Lo Fi
Built To Spill, Mike Johnson—Velvet Room

Monday, May 30

DJ Curtis Strange—Burt
Dead To Fall, Fight Paris, Losa, Twelve Tribes—
Lo Fi
The Stiletto Formal, Awesome, Take the Fall,
The Loved Ones, Music in Arabic—Kilby
Marjorie Fair, The Dears, Shout Out Louds—
Urban

Tuesday, May 31

Say It Ain't Weezer—Burt
Tilly And The Wall, The Brobecks, The Hot
IQ's—Kilby
The Stiletto Formal—Starry Night
Kasabian—Sound
Imperative Reaction, Soman, VNV Nation—Lo Fi

Wednesday, June 1

Bullet Train to Vegas, Loiter Cognition,
Capillary Action—Kilby
Three Martini Trio—Sugarbeats

Thursday, June 2

Reckless Kelly—Egos
Steel Train—Kilby
Scenester Genocide—Coffee Garden
Topazillac—ATL Jail

Wednesday, June 3

John Louviere—Sugarbeats
Skint—Breuskies
Mutaytor—Halo
Brown Eyed Deception—Lo Fi

Thursday, June 4

Last Conservative—Cobana
Skint—Breuskies
Richmond Fontaine—Egos
Foil Kit Lampy, The Culottes, Layna—Todds
Fucking Champs, Boy Jazze—Urban
Kaskade—W
3.2 Improv—Sugarbeats
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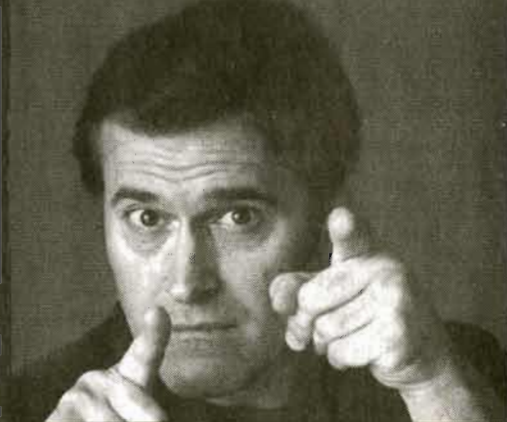
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MAY 03-
Rx Bandits
Steel Train
Before Braille
\$12/\$14 7pm

04-
The Higher (cd release)
Larusso
Lightning in Alaska
\$7 7:30pm

05-
Super System
Paper Cranes
Transform Jupiter
\$6 7:30pm

06-
Vile Blue Shades
Smashy Smashy
\$5 7:30pm

07-
Farewell to EMILY show...
I am Electric
Spunky van Dyke
InCamera
\$5 7:30pm
Good Luck in NYC! We'll miss ya!

09-
Bella Rovina
Blue Jadas
Sage Road West
The Black Roses
7:30pm

10-
Rufio
Gatsby's American Dream
Over It
The Fight
\$12/\$14 6:30pm

13-
O Discordia
1985
Suns of Guns
A Heartless Solution
\$6 7:30pm

14-
The New Transit Direction
Broke
Bailer
Autokinton
\$6 7:30pm

16-
The Pony's
Gris Gris
The Plastic Crime Wave
\$6 7:30pm

18-
Why? & Miss Ohio's
The Tremula
Taught Me
\$8 7:30pm

19-
Form of Rocket
Quiet Color
\$6 7:30pm

20-
Maxfield
The Happies
Erin Haley
\$5 7:30pm

21-
Take the Fall
Will Sartin
\$6 7:30pm

23-
The Nein
Peachcake
People; Person; Monster!
\$6 7:30pm

24-
Melt Banana
Vile Blue Shades
Paper Cranes
\$8/\$10 7:30pm

26-
The Lethal West
The Constellations
\$6 7:30pm

27-
Pit Er Pat
Causeway
\$6 7:30pm

28-
Playing to the Grandstands
I am Electric
Tolchock Trio
Return to Sender
\$6 7:30pm

29-
Mary Timony
Medications
The Tremula
\$8 7:30pm

30-
Take the Fall
The Stiletto Formal
Awesome
The Loved Ones
Music in Arabic
\$6 7:30pm

31-
Tilly and the Wall
The Brobecks
The Hot IQ's
\$6 7:30pm

JUNE 01-
Lotter Cognition
Capillary Action
Bullet Train to Vegas
\$6 7:30pm

02- Steel Train
06- Chromolodeon
10- Comets on Fire
July 02- Xiu Xiu

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