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Contributor Limelight



Xkot Toxsik • Guest Artist

Born and bred in Utah County, Xkot Toxsik has been making a name for himself in the Salt Lake music and art scene for over 10 years. As the mastermind behind A Touch of Horror Records, Toxsik's musical projects (Godstar Experience and The Electric Pubes, among others) are as dependant on visual performance and presentation as they are on musical mastery. Toxsik's art is equally unconventional, as he often works in the medium of meat and has even designed a Mormon-themed Tarot Deck. Toxsik also contributed a series of comics to SLUG in 2005, four of which are reprinted in this issue for your reading pleasure. When he's not working on his latest video art production or kidnapping SLUG writers attempting to interview him and his bandmates, Mr. Toxsik can be found creating hair masterpieces at *Blitz! Salon*.



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—Colt's Wife

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personally (well besides the question about him being known as an annoying one upper snake, which, may I remind you, he didn't deny). I think more than anything you needed an outlet for your suppressed views on that part of society that is still having fun with life. We're ok with that. Words can do lots of things. Let me flip this back on you.
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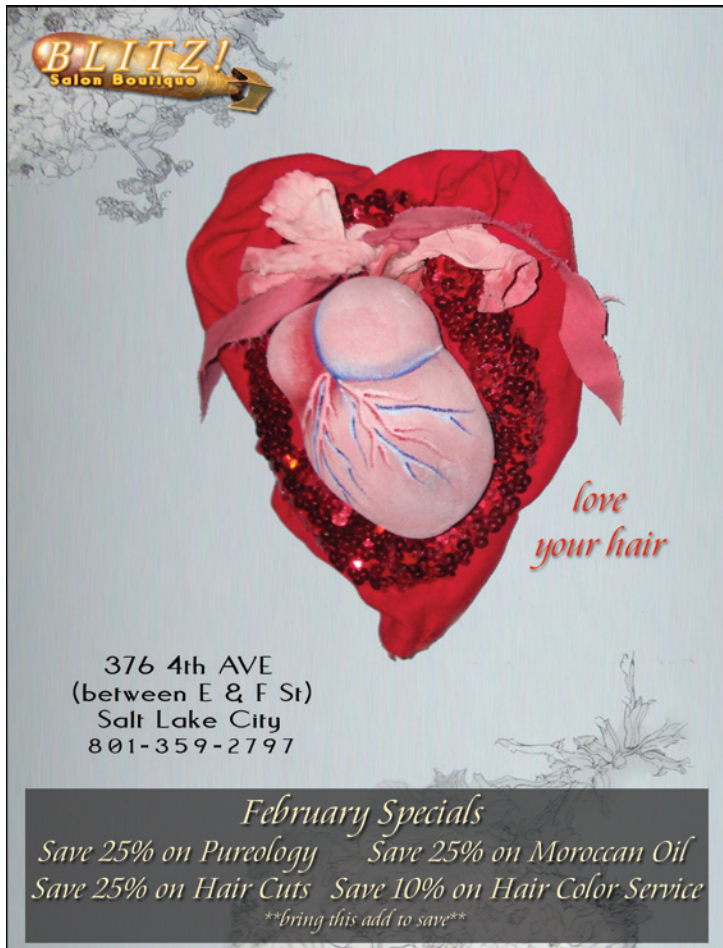
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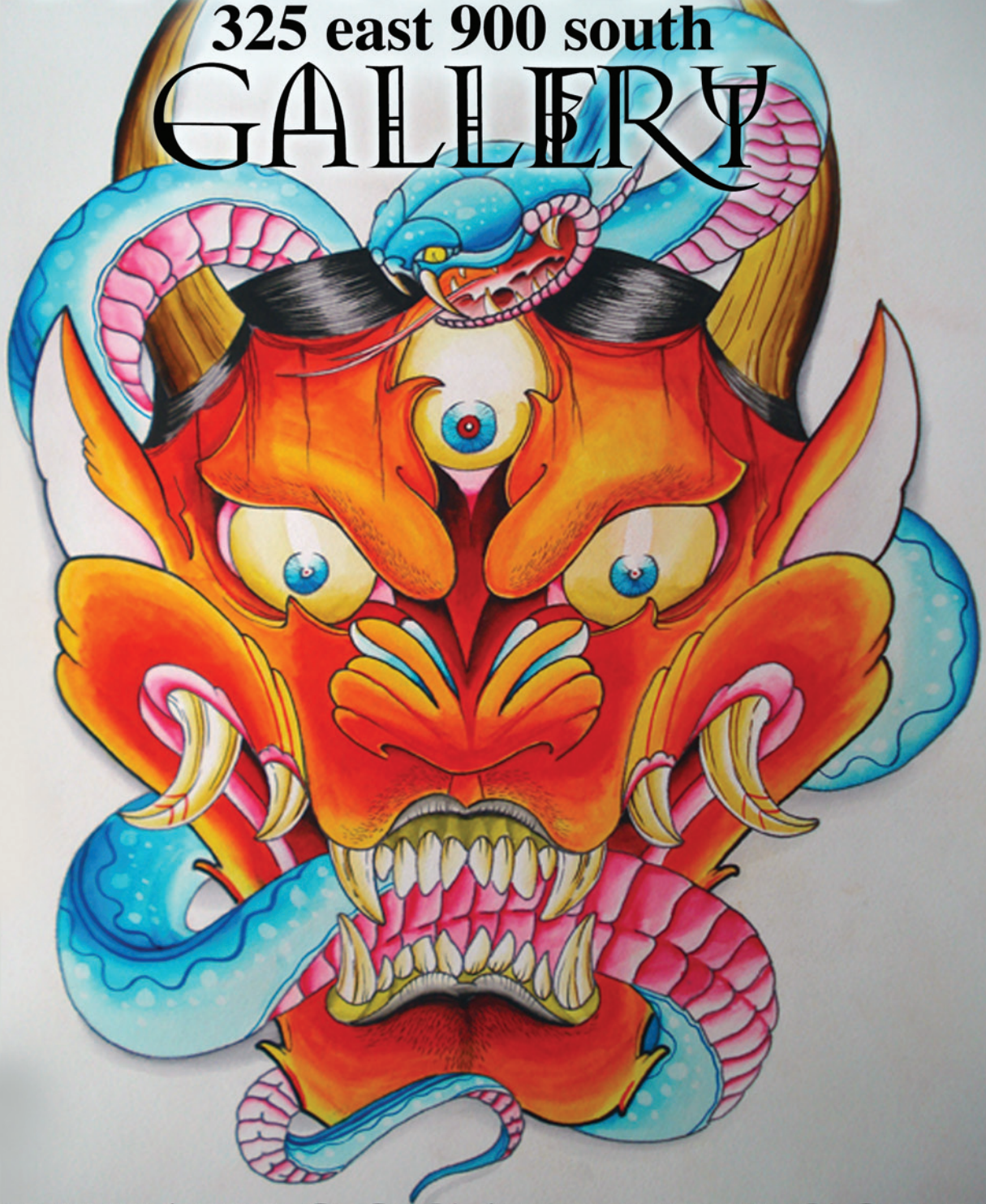
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SLUG Magazine is finally old enough to drink legally (like we weren't partying hard before ...)! To celebrate, we're merging the anniversary party with Localized and throwing a massive dance party at Urban Lounge. Join us to celebrate 21 years on Friday, Feb. 19 with performances from resident W Lounge DJ Flash and Flare, electro duo Muscle Hawk and the four-piece synth-infused Mammoth.

FLASH & FLARE

By Jessie Wood
jes.d.wood@gmail.com

All DJs want to be different, to stand out. **Kyle Erickson**, also known as DJ Flash and Flare, has done just that. In a world where DJs are defined by specific genres, Erickson wants to play "absolutely everything," while making sure the crowd is excited and having fun. As a resident DJ at the *W Lounge* for over a year, and co-founder of *Scenester Siege* (a *W Lounge* event that takes place every Wednesday and occasional Fridays whose mission is to bring more dance music to Salt Lake), he has opened for some of the biggest little names in dance music, like **Sammy Bananas, Designer Drugs, LAZRtag, Million \$ Mano and Kid Sister**.

It started two years ago with a passion for underground hip hop and a friend who had some turntables. Erickson wanted to know what DJs were doing with their hands, and within weeks, it was all he could think about. These days he uses Technics with Serato Scratch Live, MIDI for samples and Logic for production. According to Erickson, technology like Scratch Live is pushing everything in the DJ world quickly. It makes the process infinitely less time consuming and virtually eliminates the grunt work of DJ-ing—marking records, cueing up records, digging through records and hauling them around town. This, along with easy access to new music, requires a good DJ to focus on progressing as a musician and expanding their music creatively. To be a successful DJ these days, you have to know a lot about computer software and hardware. This technical aspect to DJ-ing has grown with the technology. "DJing is really really really geeky nowadays," Erickson says. Ultimately, knowing the ins and outs of your software and hardware (along with a good ear for music and reading the dance floor) is the key to being a good DJ. Erickson was influenced by the turntablism movement, as



Photo: Katie Panzer

well as DJs **A-Trak, Z-Trip, Craze**, and especially **Diplo**, who he says has "a perfect balance of something weird with something people will be familiar with. Different, but not too different." Asked about whether he prefers dance music or hip hop, Erickson says, "the more and more I got into dance music, the crappier mainstream hip hop was getting and it was pissing me off, so now it's kind of 50/50. Hip hop's my love, and dance music is my mistress." A seductive mistress indeed. In the past year, Erickson and **Matt Engle**, founders of *Scenester Siege*, have brought some of the biggest DJs in the electro/house/dubstep/dance genre to Salt Lake City. The list includes **Steve Aoki, AC Slater, Teenage Bad Girl, Le Castle Vania, Drop the Lime**, and dozens of others. "Salt Lake has an amazing crowd," Erickson says. "Everyone is responsive. Every DJ who comes through has as much fun as the people who are dancing." Erickson says that *Scenester Siege* grew out of a desire to see more DJs

come to Salt Lake and the realization that if he wanted them, he would have to bring them out himself. "I think it's our duty now to keep bringing good shit," he says. The experience of being a resident at the *W Lounge* and opening for a continuous stream of experts has helped Erickson smooth and refine his sets. He used to practice all week for his Wednesday nights, but now if he knows he is practiced and prepared, he can go on and have no idea what to play, and just wing it. "It works better than building a set," he says. "It gets better results because you're vibing with the crowd. Plans usually don't work out. When you have no plan, it always works out." Erickson is incredibly positive about the current local music scene in Salt Lake. "Per capita, for the population numbers that we have, kids are doing super cool stuff, and they're hugely active in what they're into ... kids who are partying, and are active, are really hungry, and I think that's huge for Salt Lake." He throws out some names of DJs

in the local scene who are paving the way: **Hot Noise, Nickel & Dime, DJ Freak Show, Juggy** and the Pierpont artists, and the **EDP (Electric Dance Party)** crew who is throwing bangers out of Provo. "We get a lot of kids from Orem and Provo at the W," he says, "I don't think we could have reached down there without the EDP kids." In 2010 Erickson wants to produce his own remixes and original tracks. A tour in Australia is also in the works, but for now he will keep doing what he has always done in his sets—incorporating many different types of music, and making sure everyone is having fun. Although he has eclectic tastes, he's also really picky, saying it's got to be a great song to be played in the club. He also wants to stand apart from just the songs he plays, by manipulating them in a way that's customized to him, to the crowd, and to that night. "I try to put my touch on absolutely every song," Erickson says.

Brice Okubo: Synthesizer, vocorder
Shane Asbridge: Synth-percush
Stephen Chai: Sax, synthesizer
Weston Wulle: Bass

"Now we're ready," said Chai.

Mammoth was founded eight years ago by current member Brice Okubo and **Chris Evans of Le Force**. After a period of inactivity, Mammoth reemerged as part of the SLC music scene in July 2009 due to a sudden change in the lineup of **Laserfang**, Okubo, Asbridge, Chai and Wulle's other band. "Our drummer for Laserfang had quit, and we had a show booked," said Okubo. Not wanting to cancel the show, Okubo got some of the guys from Laserfang together and performed as a resurrected version of Mammoth. Using older Mammoth songs as the framework, they quickly put together a new set. "It was just going to be me and Shane at first, but then we kept hearing other parts that could be played, so we had Weston and Stephen join in," said Okubo.

Since then, the guys of Mammoth have put a huge amount of effort into making the band's sound uniquely its own. For their first few shows, Asbridge's role in the band was to play live drums. That has since changed. "We had a show booked and Shane had to go home for Christmas, so me and Stephen decided to do some electronic drums," said Okubo. What was originally just a quick improvisation for a single show ended up changing the layout of the band. "It turned out good enough that now we're not going to have any drums, we're going to program all of the beats," said Asbridge. With this new aspect, Mammoth has created a delightfully organic and electronic style that can't be easily compared to any other artist. Synth-heavy grooves are complimented nicely with prerecorded samples, sax, tambourines and more. This, along with Wulle's unique style of funk-infused bass, only furthers the desire to dance to each and every song. For the future, they hope to fill out Asbridge's band role of playing "synth-percush" by having additional percussion.

Other than Laserfang, the members of Mammoth can be found in many other bands and projects native to Utah. Asbridge was one of the founding members of **Vile Blue Shades**, which later recruited Okubo.

Asbridge, Chai and Wulle were involved in the now-deceased **I Am Electric**. Chai is currently working on recording for a solo project. "Now that I don't have a job, it's getting a little bit more momentum. It's kind of

afro-beatish with layered vocals," said Chai.

Ever since Mammoth's second coming, they've been becoming increasingly popular with the Salt Lake music scene. In August, they were asked to play at *SLUG's* own **Craft Lake City** alternative art and craft festival.

"It was our second show ever and [**Angela Brown**] just said, 'well, you guys are headlining!'" said Chai. Donning glitter-covered bird costumes, Mammoth capped off that night spectacularly. As for shows outside of the state, only Laserfang has made its rounds around the western U.S. so far. They've hit cities such as Missoula, Denver and Ft. Collins. Mammoth has yet to go on tour, but they say that it's definitely in their plans to do so.

Mammoth does not have any recorded material yet, but they should have a CD available by the time Localized happens. I had a chance to hear a couple of tracks that they've recorded so far, both of which did a great job capturing the feelings and energy that their live shows put out so well.

With this being *SLUG Mag's* 21st birthday spectacular, we are incredibly privileged to have a band like Mammoth playing at our celebration. Having contributed so much to the Salt Lake City music community, there is no doubt that the gentlemen of Mammoth will make this a party to remember. In the past, they've been known to give out random instruments at their shows, so be ready to shake some Maracas and dance your pretty little Salt Lake asses off.

By Ross Solomon
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Mammoth



Photo: David Newkirk

MUSCLE HAWK



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The Unofficial Story of SLUG Magazine

By JR Ruppel

For some god awful reason there seems to be some discussion as to the beginnings of *SLUG Magazine*. I don't know how I got dragged back into this—I thought I was rid of all of this nonsense when I pawned this trash off on **Gianni**. Well, Gianni waved a stack of second rate CDs (sent to him for review) if I would rear my ugly head. It's no secret, nor is it all that interesting, but here it goes. The original concept of *SLUG* (Salt Lake UnderGround) was conceived in the bar of the *Speedway Café* over shitty beer with **Paul Maritsas**, **Ziba Mirashi** and myself. The idea was to spotlight the music being featured in the alternative genre of the Salt Lake music scene. At the time, the larger magazines were not spending a lot of time on what we were doing (*Speedway Café* and *The*

Word) and very little focus on local talent. More importantly we couldn't afford advertising in those same newspapers (*The Private Eye*, *The Event* etc.). We decided to do our own.

The original idea was put out the paper and *The Speedway Café* would put up the money. The first issue come out in December of 1988 as a 4-page Kinko's copy. Any talk about **Zay Speed** starting *SLUG* is not correct. Zay was always a big support and could build and fix stuff better than *MacGyver*, but he didn't have much to do with the paper—even the *Speedway Café* became just another advertiser. Paul Maritsas and Ziba Mirashi were always a help, but soon faded away, like most people who wanted to help.

I am not about to toot my own horn (if I could I'd never leave the house) but I was the only consistent element of the paper. There were great writers

and staff why were always around like **Jon Shuman**, **Matt Taylor**, **Bill Frost** and **Dan Keough**. **Athey** wrote more himself than all other writers combined and none of them ever got paid. Those of you who think the bigger newspapers are the enemy are the deluded ones. *SLUG* would have been dead after the fourth issue if it weren't for **John Saltas** (publisher of *City Weekly*) who put me behind his own computer and helped me keep *SLUG* on the road for a long time.

I would love to say there was some romantic notion of keeping some rock n' roll dream alive or fighting for the love of punk rock, but there wasn't. The paper evolved on its own with the help of whatever the writers felt strong about. The advertisers were the real support and the true believers. Why anybody would have ever bought music from anybody but *Raunch Records* and the *Heavy Metal Shop* I will never understand. People who order Dominoes pizza instead *Freewheeler* should have their tongues cut out. It was all about sliding past and self promotion.

When **Nirvana** hit it big, I knew it was all finished. They did more damage to rock n' roll than **The Beatles**. The paper was far from "underground" with ads from Sony Records and other big wigs, but you still picked it up. My apathy level was at an all time high and I wanted out. I was about to trash the whole thing and Gianni entered the picture. Gianni's only problem was that he gave a shit and was ambitious. I sold him half the paper and we continued in a sick and wrong partnership for a year 'til we decided one head was better than two. He bought the other half of the paper and I joined a hippie band and hit the road. I spent all my money on **Tesla** CDs, **Burial Benefits** bootlegs and a bitchin' TV so I could stay in touch with the psychic network. Sorry kids, there were no heroes, no fantastic journey through the world of punk rock. Just a

bunch of people milking the "alternative music scene." It's all bullshit and you all sucked it in. It was fun, we were just pumping ourselves at your expense. I shouldn't speak for everybody, but I will anyway: you got hosed. So long suckers!





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RADIO FREE 91 KRCL

OPEN YOUR EYES TO PUBLIC RADIO

By Matt

If you've never listened to public radio before, you probably have a lot of misconceptions about it. Or perhaps you don't know what it is at all. Tune your radio down to 91 and listen—not just one time, but at different hours during the week. It's not the same thing every day. It's always unique, always moving forward.

KRCL officially went on the air on December 3, 1979. It had taken the owner the previous seven years to get the license, money, building, and equipment to run a radio station. Out of these, the new FCC licensee began broadcasting in the Salt Lake area.

Donna Land Maldonado is the Program Director of KRCL and she has worked there since July of 1979, before they started broadcasting. Fresh out of college with a Sociology degree, she needed a job to support herself and her family. She had never worked in radio and had never even heard of public radio. A good friend introduced her to KRCL and she immediately fell in love with it. She's worked there ever since. Community radio is the great passion in her life. "I think it's all beneficial, allowing people to hear things that they don't hear anywhere else, to hear different voices, different perceptions, different opinions, ideas, everything," she says.

KRCL has many voices. There are a wide variety of musical programs ranging from reggae to rockabilly, bluegrass to blues, r&b to r&r, jazz, Latin, punk, industrial—if you like a specific genre of music, they probably play it. Plus there are news programs, women's programs, book readings and talk shows. Opinions and musical styles may be counter to those on commercial radio stations but that's one of the benefits of KRCL: giving everyone a chance to voice their feelings. As Donna says, "I think everyone should be allowed to voice their opinion whether it's right or wrong." This is the idea behind KRCL and community radio, allowing all to speak for themselves.

Recently KRCL had 48 hours of women's programming. The event involved 30-35 women from various backgrounds. They were able to express themselves in their own words. They also did all the engineering and production for the weekend's programs.

All these programs on KRCL are run with the help of volunteers and funded by donations from the listeners. Twice a year KRCL has a radiothon to raise money to keep the station alive. They operate on an incredibly tight budget, barely making it from one

fundraiser to the next. That's why contributing is so important," says **Sandi Terry**, Development Director, "because it isn't for free. We're always on a shoelace around here. It's amazing when you go through the budget. It's bad!" But it's not bad enough to keep the staff and volunteers from moving forward, regardless of financial strain.

Sandi has been working at KRCL since July of last year. She's a senior at the U and plans to stay on at KRCL for a few years after she graduates, "until I make a difference." Her job consists of promoting KRCL, advertising and promoting concerts. Basically she makes the community aware of what KRCL is and what they do there. They also work at many festivals in the area such as they May Fest at the U, the Living Traditions Festival in May with the Salt Lake City Arts Council and others in Deer Valley and Snowbird.

"It's a powerful station," says Sandi. "It broadens people's minds and if you're a listener you know that it's something different from other radio stations. You can turn it on and learn something new. Music's very political. You can learn something from that." The station has helped to educate Sandi. Since joining the staff she has become more open-minded, a more liberal thinker. Radio personnel at KRCL are able to dress as themselves and be themselves. The atmosphere around the station is very relaxed, very warm and inviting. Listeners are always dropping in to visit the station and the staff welcomes them.

In the last year, KRCL has made a mark on the community. They ran the Iran-Contra hearings from gavel to gavel, which took a whole summer. Recently they have been one of only twenty-five radio stations in the country to run the Nicaraguan elections, only because they feel that is important. They have been involved with the rise of the peace movement, with the arts community and with many of the ethnic minority communities. And they hope to become more involved. Donna feels that more people will use KRCL to their advantage as they become more established in the community. KRCL is there to protect everybody's rights, not just those on the fringes of society—that is their commitment.

"Fortunately for us, there are people who are reaching, always reaching beyond certain boundaries for things," says Donna.

KRCL is always looking for volunteers. For more info call the station at 363-1818 or stop by and see what's up at 208 W. 800 S. in Salt Lake.



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15 Garaj Mahal, Purdy Mouth
16 3 Sons of Bitches, The Cobras
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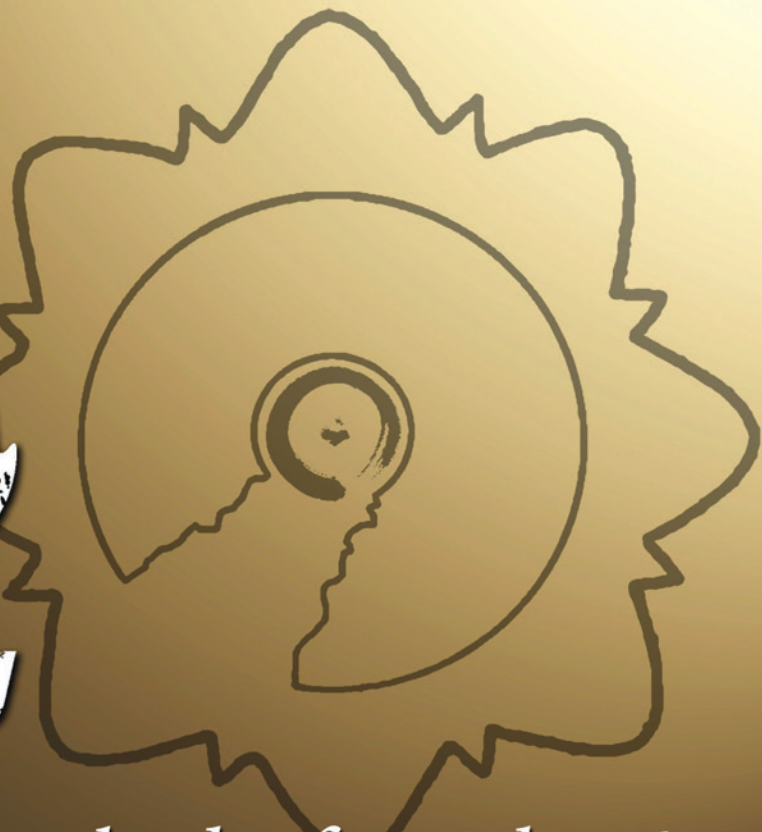
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STIMBOY Says

Hotelier to the Stars

by Stimboy

Get out your number two pencils, because it's time for a Stimboy pop quiz! Besides being variously referred to as "spokesmen of their generation," what do **Jello Biafra**, **Henry Rollins** and **Ian McKaye** all have in common? Is it tattoos? No. Is it haircuts? Hardly. Is it humorless, rambling, self-righteous spoken word "performances"? Possibly, but no. It's not even being on the cover of *Details Magazine*. For those of you who haven't guessed the thing that sets these three deep thinking alterna-icons apart from the pack is the fact that they have all been house guests at one time or another of yours truly.

The home of Stimboy and **PooPeeDee** has frequently been a haven for wayward punks looking to shave a few bucks of their travel expenses and we have always been more than happy to oblige. If there was a compilation album featuring a song from every band who has slept on our sofas and floors, it would be a punk rock version of "We Are The World." It would include tunes from such notables as **Minor Threat**, **TSOL**, **Husker Du**, **Black Flag**, **The Vandals**, **The Subhumans** and many ore bands that can be mentioned or indeed remembered by your humble scribe. While any schmuck with a boombox and a couple of **Sonic Youth** cassettes can opine about whether these bands' music will stand the test of time, the important thing to me in the long run is, how did they rate as house guests and how do the manners of today's rising young stars compare with those of the golden age of American punk? So without further delay, Stimboy's top ten most memorable guests from worst to best.

10. Black Flag

This was a tight race, they barely inched out my number nine selection but won in a tiebreaker due to the bitchy antics of the **Bo Gritz** of punk, **Henry Garfield**, oops I mean **Rollins**. Notable conversation: **Chuck Daniels**, oops, I mean **Dukowski**, informed me that when **Greg Ginn** said they were going to get a singer from Washington DC to replace **Dez Cadena**, he thought Ginn was referring to Ian McKaye. **Dukowski** quit the band soon afterward.

9. Mule

Mule is best known for their **Gun-Club-meets-Jesus-Lizard** brand of Midwestern rock and the fact that bassist **Preston** used to be in the **Laughing Hyenas** but I will always remember them for their sniveling, whining and complaining. The food's too cold, the beer's too warm, the sofa's too soft, the floor's too hard. Hey! It's fucking fre,e ain't it? You'd almost swear they were English. Notable conversation: None.

8. Aggression

Nice guys, good band. Does anybody know what happened to them? Notable Conversation: I have no idea, we spent

most of the time drinking beer and skateboarding.

7. Godbullies

Stimboy and PooPee give them two thumbs sideways. A quiet bunch, I was pleasantly surprised to find that they had left a couple of 7" singles on the coffee table before they left. Notable conversation: It turns out that their guitar player is just as obsessed with Quisp breakfast cereal as we are.

6. Jello Biafra

Although I had known Jello for quite a while, I never actually saw him when he stayed at the house. PooPee and I have been in Denver for the weekend and when we returned there was a nope on PooPee's pillow with a big smiley face which read, "guess who's been sleeping in your bed?" And signed "Biafra" on the bottom. It turns out he had been flying to San Francisco when bad weather forced an 18 hour layover in Salt Lake. As we were the only people in town that he knew, he somehow convinced my mom into picking him up at the airport and letting him into our apartment. I wonder if he stole anything...

5. Husker Du

The first time Husker Du played in Salt Lake their van broke down and by the time they arrived, there were only about fifteen people left in an abandoned west side garage to see one of the greatest shows I have ever witnessed. After the show, they took their whopping \$25 and bought an enormous pizza at *The Pie* and a case of Old Milwaukee. They had two days off between shows and spent the majority of it sitting on our sofa, watching TV and chain-smoking Camels. Their metabolism was such that it allowed them to survive on little more than beer and nicotine. My kind of people!

4. The Jon Spencer Blues Explosion

After putting on the best show this year (last March at the *Cinema Bar* with **Dollymops** and **Swimpigs**) the Blues Explosion adjourned to La Casa de Stimboy for a quiet evening of video viewing, singles listening and PooPeeDee's homemade chicken soup. Due to some confusion over door money after the show, Mr. Spencer and Co. actually made up the difference out of their own pocket, giving the opening bands a modest, but well appreciated extra 20 bucks or so. Best part of the evening: Drummer **Russell** being generally surly while shaking off a couple of swarming groupies, kind of like **Karl Malone** shaking off **Muggsy Bogues** in the paint.

The man, the myth, the legend, Jon Spencer in my kitchen! Photo: Stimboy

3. Pond

These kids from Portland by way of Alaska are just about the only good thing Sub Pop has left these days. Just a basically nice, unpretentious trio of fellows who not only write great songs and pull it off live, but shoot a mean game of pool as well. Upon walking through the gated walls of PooPeeDee estates, I sadly informed them that the fridge was empty and I could not offer them a beer. "Oh?" They said, "Don't worry about that, we have a whole box of it in the van." They then proceeded to load a case of Anchor Steam and Heineken into the refrigerator and forced me to accept a free Pond t-shirt and a couple of rare singles to boot in exchange for floor space. Notable conversation: Their road manager asked if we hate dogs, and when I said yes he replied, "Good I expect to be awakened by dogs in the morning."

2. Minor Threat

Yes, Minor Threat actually did play in Salt Lake City—in the packed basement of a frat house no less. Everything you've read about Ian McKaye is true: He's a thoughtful, intelligent, passionate guy who treats even assholes like me with dignity and respect. And contrary to popular belief, he was (and is) not some self righteous, straight edge missionary saint. Notable conversation: Ian told me the whole impetus for the straight edge "movement" was purely local, based on the fact that he and his friends were tired of every hall in DC that booked punk rock type music being shut down because of drunken rock jocks trashing the bathrooms and picking fights with the kids. He was also dismayed that they same individuals he was railing against were now shaving their heads and adopting the straight edge philosophy as an excuse to trash bathrooms and beat up kids who did drink. He hinted that Minor

Threat would not tour again. Two years later **Fugazi** was born. Oh yeah, he also gave me five bucks for some long distance phone calls he had made and told me to spend the change on "a case of Coca Cola" And you know what? I did. And finally the number one house guests of all time...

1. TSOL

These folks were such good friends for so long that it breaks my heart when I think of the travesty they became in later years, parading under the TSOL banner with no original members and contrived Hollywood posturings. The band I knew and remember best was one of the true punk bands in the sense that, any time you attended one of their shows, there was always a sense of the unpredictable, of the possibility of complete and utter mayhem occurring at any moment. In other words, to use a hackneyed phrase, the potential for anarchy. TSOL were guests at our house more times than I distinctly remember and various members of the band returned the favor whenever I was in Los Angeles. Most memorable experience: The second time they played Salt Lake, the only place to have shows was the same garage where Husker Du had played a couple months earlier. Knowing that the demand for tickets would exceed the space, TSOL agreed to play a second show, a private invite only party at five bucks a head in my mother's basement on Salt Lake's east bench. **The Boards** played, **The Massacre Guys** played and then TSOL.

Punk fucking rock! **Chester** broke his leg, **Brad Collins** drank beer, **Fightmaster** threw up, **T-Roy** slam danced, the police came, the police left, an ambulance came, the police came back, the neighbors moved and the sun exploded. Everyone got laid and no one went to jail. Those were the days.





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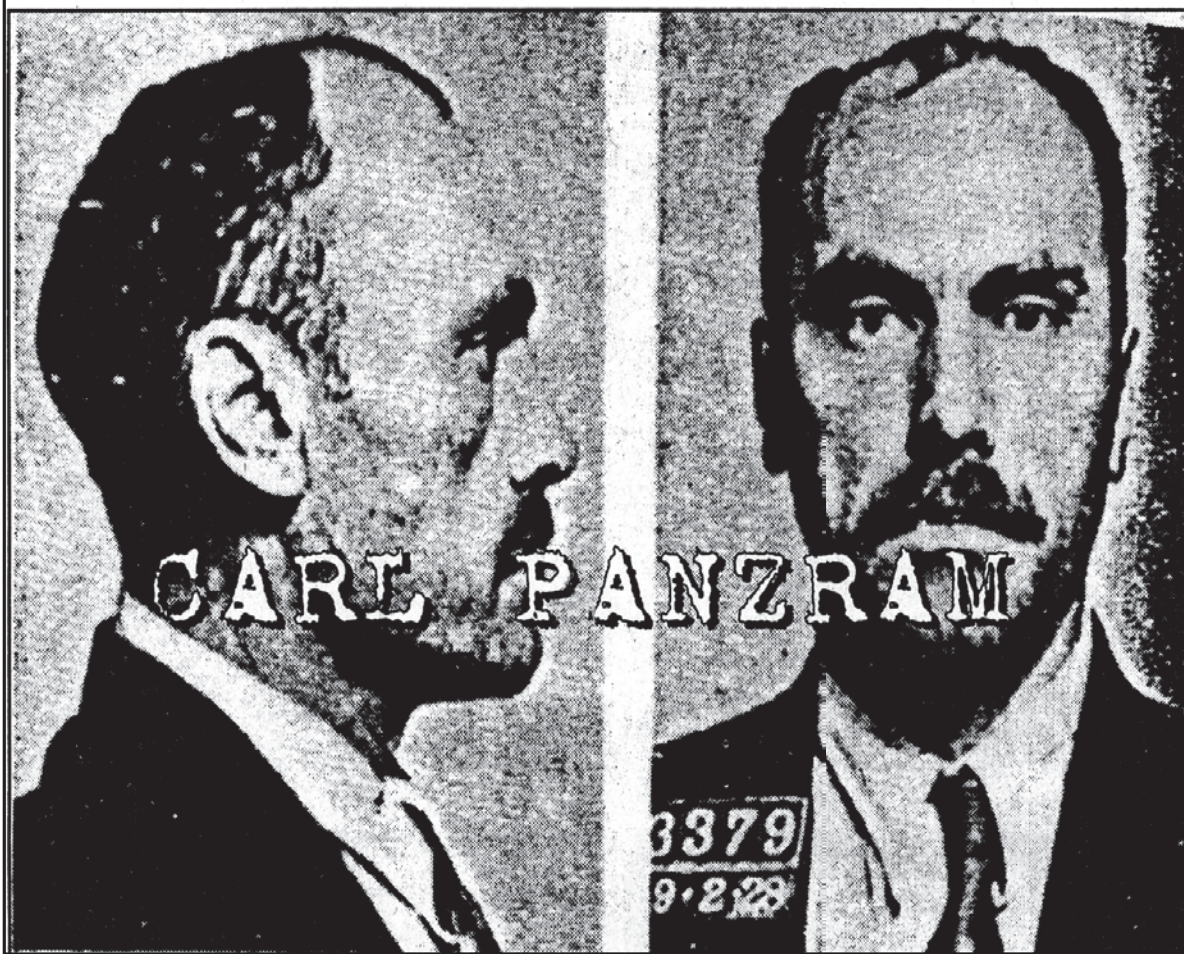
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SERIAL KILLER OF THE MONTH



years in Leavenworth. After hearing his sentence, he announced, "I will kill the first man who bothers me." He made good on his promise a few months later. He crushed the skull of a civilian laundry man, and for this he got the death penalty. A group of concerned citizens formed the "Anti-Capitol Punishment League" in an effort to have his sentence changed to life in prison. They cited the poor treatment he had at reforming institutions as the reason.

When Carl got word of this, he immediately wrote to President Hoover and demanded to be hanged saying that it was his Constitutional right. He wrote, "The only way to reform people is to kill them. I wish these people had one neck and I had my hands on it." Carl was hanged on Sept. 5, 1930. Spectators said that it looked like he was in such a hurry. He literally dragged the hangman up the steps of the gallows. As the executioner fitted the rope around Carl's neck, he asked if he had any last words. Carl screamed, "Yeah, hurry it up you bastard. I could hang a dozen men while you're fooling around."

Carl spat on him twice, and the trap was pulled.

By Kent Clark

The criminal career of Carl Panzram has been matched by few others. By his own accounts, he murdered 21 people, committed countless acts of burglary, and his personal favorite accomplishment was that he did "forcible sodomy on more than a thousand men."

Born into a broken home in 1891, Carl's criminal career started early. He was first arrested for drunk and disorderly conduct at the tender age of eight. Three years later, a string of burglaries landed him in a Minnesota reform school. During this time, he torched some of the school, causing an estimated \$100,000 in damage. He was released in 1904 at the age of 13. He was paroled to his mother's custody and quickly ran away to begin life as a hobo. While riding in a boxcar one day, he was gang raped by four men. Shortly after, at the age of 16, he joined the army. But the army life was no life for Panzram. He was court marshaled for thievery and sentenced to three years in Leavenworth. Following his release, he embarked on a career

of almost unrivaled debauchery that spanned the globe. He left a trail of corpses in Africa, Europe, South and North America.

In the 1920s, he performed one of his most profitable heists, relieving the former President Taft of \$40,000 in cash and jewelry. With the loot, he bought a yacht, and lured 10 sailors aboard with the promise of work and booze. Once they were aboard and drunk, the sailors were all shot, and at his leisure, Panzram raped all their bodies and dumped them into the ocean. Shortly after this, he shipped out as a merchant seaman to West Africa. Upon arrival, he hired eight natives to help him "hunt crocodiles." Once they were on the water, he shot each of them, raped them and fed them to the crocodiles.

Once back in the states, he did a string of robberies in the Washington D.C. area. Carl was arrested and at the trial sentenced to twenty



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Concert Announcements

Thu Feb 4: A Different Element, Missing Method

Fri Feb 5: Raunch Records Presents:

Dirty Vespuchies, Old Timer, Ninth Zealot, Blak Lysted,
I Hate Bees, DJ Electronic Space Jihad

Sat Feb 6: City Weekly Music Awards w. Bird Eater,
Jesus Rides A Riksha, Tiny Lights

Mon Feb 8: Dead Vessel, **HELL HATH NO FURY**,
Face The Tempest

Thu Feb 11: Mute Station

Fri Feb 12: Best Friends Animal Society Benefit w.
Accidente, I Am The Ocean, Dwellers, Laughter

Sat Feb 13: Scripted Apology, **DAYBREAK ENDS**,
Still-born, Unthinkable Thoughts

Fri Feb 19: Bandwagon Live w. Knuckledragger,
Bad Grass, Meat Wagon

Sat Feb 20: Dead Vessel, Truce, Killbot, OldTimer,
Seventking, Brute Force, Speitre

Thu Feb 25: Jeff Lawrence's Rhinoskin, Brewski Riot,
Shift and Shadows

Fri Feb 26: **CAROLINE'S SPINE**, Broke City,
Split Lid, Hour 13

Sat Feb 27: **ULTIMATE COMBAT EXPERIENCE**

Thu Mar 4: **THE DREAMING**, The Better Life Band,
Jesus Rides A Riksha, Monarch

Fri Mar 5: Raunch Records Presents: tba

Sat Mar 6: Under Radar CD Release Party, Khp

Wed Mar 10: **DEVIANT UK**

Thu Mar 11: **MOBILE DEATH CAMP**,
Malignant Inception, DarkBlood

Sat Mar 13: Victims Willing, tba

Thu Mar 18: **BOBAFLEX** Wed Mar 31: **WEEDEATER**

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CALL FOR SUBMISSIONS: FICTION WRITERS AND ARTISTS



Black Creep, Salt Lake's new bi-annualish literary publication, is now accepting dark short fiction and serial novellas of apocalyptic doom, revolution, the unseen world, space/time continuum disturbance, scientific ruminations, futuristic visions, political conspiracies, ESP, monsters, robots, rockets, aliens, cave dwellers, altered states, video games, planetary travel, social commentary, mysteries, personal difficulty and metamorphosis. Others might refer to the genre of entries *Black Creep* welcomes as sci-fi, fantasy, goth, suspense, supernatural, cyber punk, existential and horror. We don't care what you call it, as long as entries are full of singular imagination, good storytelling and a penchant for word-smithing. Poetry, essays, screenplays, plays and personal memoirs/creative non-fiction will be considered as well, as long as they aren't lame.

WRITERS

Black Creep is accepting entries from now until May 1, 2010 with publication slated for Fall 2010. Directions for submission are as follows:

- All entries must have a cover page with your name, e-mail and phone number on it.
- Word limit is 25,000
- You don't have to live in Utah, but your submission will be favored if you do
- Please e-mail entries in Microsoft Word documents to blackcreep@xmission.com.

ARTISTS

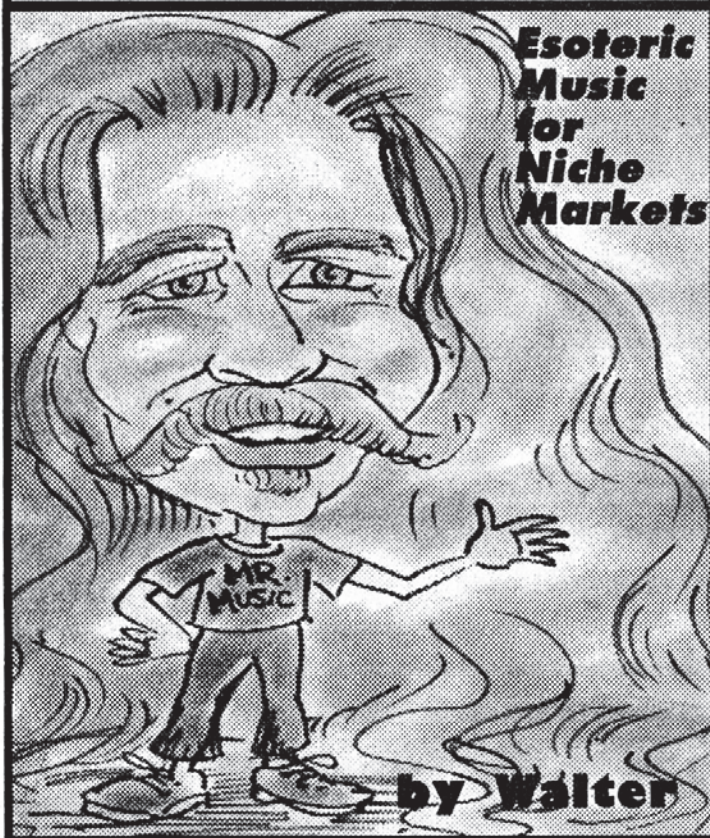
Artists interested in illustrating stories selected to be published in *Black Creep* should send links to online examples of art (Facebook and Myspace links are fine) to blackcreep@xmission.com.

Selected artists will receive a story soon after May 1, 2010 and will have until July 1, 2010 to complete a piece to go with the story. There is one restriction: all art, whether pen and ink, paintings, sculptures, or photography, will ultimately be depicted in black ink on brown paper. All mediums are accepted as long as this is kept in mind.

Black Creep [blak kleep]—noun. A medieval disease characterized by gradual lessening of motor skills leading to total paralysis, amnesia, violent somnambulism, hallucinations, dropsy, and the slow spread of a dark film on the skin.

www.myspace.com/blackcreeplore

Geriatric Rock:



As *SLUG* prepares to celebrate Sabbathon, there are a few rules to remember. I'm sure some individuals are already asking themselves, "Come on you geriatric old fucker. What does this have to do with esoteric music for niche markets?" Well, *SLUG* is a niche market and so is local music. The list of Sabbathon bands is pretty esoteric and local. Some of those bands have members nearly as old as I am. Christ! **Wormdrive, The Unlucky Boys, Erosion, Jesus Rides a Riksha, Endless Struggle, Thunderfist**—give

them another decade of life and they're geriatric like me. Sabbathon appears for the first time at the Gallivan Center, a public facility. The Gallivan Center is a beautiful place and an excellent choice for Sabbathon. However, there are rules. No skateboarding.

Do not even think about riding the numerous rails, platforms, ramps, stairs and planters on a skateboard. Yes, the Gallivan Center would make a lovely skateboard park, actually the Gallivan Center is the perfect location for a nationally sponsored skateboard competition—a street competition. Sabbathon is the perfect opportunity for a "localized" competition or even a demonstration, but it ain't going to happen. Skateboards aren't allowed and for that matter bicycles aren't either. Don't be taking that BMX to Sabbathon with thoughts of riding a rail. The security guards would have a fit.

Speaking of riding the rails, lucky residents of the southern portion of the Salt Lake Valley can ride TRAX to Sabbathon. There is a "Gallivan Center" stop. Go ahead, ride the bicycle or skateboard to the nearest TRAX stop and ride the rails to Sabbathon. Anyone planning to do so needs to be aware of the rules and perhaps some problems. Have I emphasized rules enough yet? Don't get on TRAX wearing your favorite punk rock outfit. Ripped clothing, weird hair, T-shirts bearing profane or political slogans—you are just asking for trouble from the TRAX "Brown Shirt" security guards, or thugs. The very sight of a bicycle or a skateboard seems to enrage these highly trained and

professional individuals. When "freaky" looking individuals utilizing non-gasoline powered transportation attempt to board TRAX, harassment often occurs. My advice is to wear a Mr. Mac suit or a summer outfit purchased at Nordstrom. Since autumn is fast approaching, a fall outfit will also work. Wearing respectable clothing will pay off at the Gallivan Center. Gallivan Center security don't like "freaky" appearance any more than the TRAX "Brown Shirts."



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

Since I'm on appearance, beer is allowed at the Gallivan Center. This has to be one of the most bizarre aspects of the Gallivan Center. Beer isn't allowed at any other public plaza in the entire city, at least not one I'm aware of. Why the Gallivan Center? Who knows? It's a good thing, like Marta Stewart. But again, appearance is everything. If you are wearing your Mr. Mac suit, or even better in this case, your Nordstrom outfit, and if you are carrying a wooden picnic basket—feel free to bring glass bottles. Supposedly glass bottles are banned from the Gallivan Center, unless they are concealed in wicker picnic baskets carried by individuals wearing outfits purchased at Nordstrom. It's all about the logo and everyone knows such individuals won't become rowdy or disruptive because they are too busy cutting expensive cheeses, munching on fresh fruits and sipping expensive wine from glass goblets. Most such individuals probably won't be interested in Sabbathon anyway, but you can pretend, can't you? Stuff a couple of six packs of Rolling Rock inside a wicker picnic basket made of wood, not plastic, with a couple of 7-Eleven hoagies, wear over-priced clothes and enjoy!

There are only a few more rules to remember. Keep off the fucking red carpet! Jesus Christ! Idiots! The last time I visited

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

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



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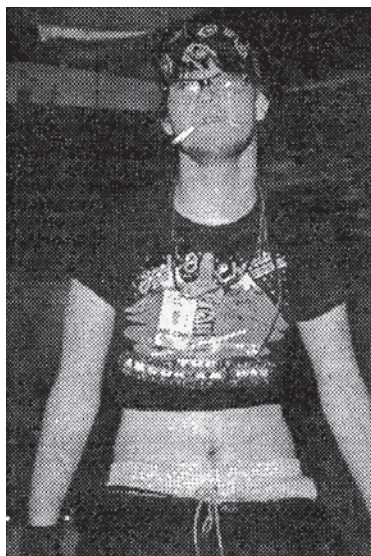
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My mom caught me in the act and now she's comatose: What should I do?

Dear Mike Brown,

My problem is of a perverse nature. And judging by your last two articles, you are no stranger to perversity. I am a 17 year old male who likes to make love to fruit. I don't really like to think of it as masturbation—it's a much more intimate process for me than just firing one off in a Little America bathroom stall.

First let me explain my love-making process and then I'll burden you with my dilemma. I have tried to make love to almost every kind of fruit and vegetable. If you can eat it, I've probably fucked it (I stay away from meat products for I am a straightedge vegetarian). Cantaloupes and grapefruits are the best love makers, and are what I usually dip in to. Occasionally I'll get a gigantic tomato or a not quite ripe watermelon. But those are generally too messy. I go to the grocery store and spend hours searching for the loneliest grapefruit or cantaloupe I can find. Just like people, the lonelier and more isolated the fruit is, the more accepting and needing it is of my love. I carefully place the grapefruit in my grocery bag, always on top of the other products so it doesn't feel claustrophobic. Sometimes I take her out to dinner or a movie, just to break the ice a little bit. When we get back to my house it's usually pretty late. That's when I begin the foreplay. The foreplay consists of me sticking her (the grapefruit) in the microwave for about 45 seconds. I cut a small hole in her as well. I then sneak into my room and stick her between my mattresses and bang her doggie style. Sometimes I let the grapefruit ride on top, but I prefer not to see her face.

So here's my problem. About three

Mike Brown's Self Help Column

My Mom caught me in the act and now she's comatose!— What should I do?

days ago I was making love to this beautiful grapefruit. Man, you should have seen her, she was in season in the best way possible way. She was so hot that I was having trouble getting my soldier to stand attention, if you know what I mean. So I turned on my TV to ESPN and listened to women's tennis to help me out. The screams usually get him going. But I needed more help. While my grapefruit girlfriend was between my mattresses I set some adult magazines on top of the bed. Sorry to paint such a vivid picture of my love making process, but it is important that you understand. Well, the screams from the Venus vs. Serena Williams match must have woken up my mother. She came down into my room to see what all the ruckus was about. I couldn't hear her walking into my room, and man, she saw everything! Once she figured out what I was doing she was so surprised she passed out and hit her head on my dresser. I quickly changed the channel, got dressed and shoved my pornos back under my bed. I had to unfortunately cut my lovemaking session with the grapefruit short. I went and got my dad and just told him that she collapsed when she came into my room, (which was true). We then took her to the hospital to make sure nothing was wrong with her head.

She must have hit her head harder than I thought cuz she has been in a coma for about four days now. The doctors say that when she hit her head on my dresser, she sustained a severe concussion. Surely when she comes out of her coma she is going to explain to everyone what I was doing. So far, there are only two people that know what happened that night: me and the other is unconscious. Mike, how can I prepare or maybe even stop her from telling everyone really what really happened? If my secret love affairs are exposed to my family, it will surely take away from the erotic nature of the whole encounter. Please help.

Sincerely,

The Grapefruit Romeo of East Salt Lake

Well, Romeo,

Thank you for the letter. I think we all learned something new. And although you will probably never rid yourself of the guilt that comes with your mom catching you doing the nasty with one of my favorite breakfast items, I do think you can find a way out of this situation

and maintain your dignity. Go get yourself a real girlfriend, fast, before your mom gets out of the coma. Tell your family that you have been seeing her for a while. May I suggest the girl from the first letter? She seems down for anything and foreplay with her is probably just as simple as pushing buttons on a microwave. But having a girl by your side makes the idea of you humping fruit more preposterous than it already is. Thus you can convince your family that Mom is just crazy from hitting her head.

But if she comes out of her coma and still insists that what she saw was in fact real and not a dream, I think you should just tell the truth. Because behavior like this is often times learned. Make as much drama out of the ordeal as possible by telling her that the only reason you do it is because your dad told you to. This

will rock the family boat so much that it should take some of the pressure off of you. And you seem old enough to handle the repercussions of divorce. You'll be 18 in about another year and you can move out.

I think you should move into an apartment with two refrigerators. One for grapefruits and one for cantaloupes. You could then dress your grapefruits in little slutty outfits and have them waiting for you when you get home from work. You could also make sure that your cantaloupe bitch is paying her share of the rent, cuz that's just fucked up to have the person you're humping night after night not paying rent. Make sure you are close to the supermarket and enjoy your youthful and virile years. After all Romeo, you are rapidly reaching your sexual prime.

One last piece of advice: Grapefruits are on sale right now at Smith's—three for a dollar.



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"A" is for All-Ages. New Venue Opens Downtown.

By Iesthan Moore

It took a couple of months to get **Pete Hansen**, girlfriend **Kandi**, **David White**, and **Jen Averett** together to find out exactly what's going on at the new venue they opened in May of this year. Developing and cooperating under Pete's vision, they gave the kids of Salt Lake City *Albee Square*.

Albee Square defies the conventional plan. Located between two bars and behind a novelty sex shop downtown at *Arrow Press Square* it has already become a hot bed of activity. You may have been there or you might have walked by the constantly packed shows. Yet, you never knew what it was.

"Who does the booking?" I ask. "None of us." Pete replies. "Every show that we've had up 'til now, is people finding us," Kandi adds, "There's nothing out there that says this is *Albee Square*."

There has been some confusion as to whether this space is *The Junction* or *Albee Square*. David assures me, they have no involvement with the promoter of *The Junction* other than the fact that he promotes shows in the same location. As of the beginning of August (2003) all promoting of shows will be exclusively under *Albee Square*.

Pete explains, "Basically how the system works is, we talked to the guys from *Uprok*, **Dustin** and **Kel**, they were having shows in their basement and I showed them this place [*Albee Square*] and they referred a couple of people to us, they do a couple of shows, they did a really killer show here, it was a battle... an M.C. battle that packed the place, I was in Mexico at the time." Kandi elaborates, "It was more than an M.C. battle, we had breakdancing contests, graffiti contests outside and the M.C. battle. It was sponsored by Red Bull, which was really awesome." She continues, "There's no drinking, no drugs, no smoking inside, all-ages venue. Some people have tried to beat the system, whether it's my best friend or some guy from the street. If you're drunk or on something, you can't come inside. Our space, our license, our reputation is on the line. It's not worth having the kids that don't do these things lose out on the shows because of the new liquor laws. Number one, Albee is about the music. It's not about the money, it's about giving these kids a place to see shows." Kandi breaks for a drink as the others nod in unison.

Pete emphasizes her point, "Most of these kids can't see a lot of the bands that come through because it's at a bar, bands like **Throw Rag**, we want kids to be able to see good shows."

David points out that, "Young kids wanted to find a place to play, the bands that play have a huge younger fan base and they wanted to find a place with good space downtown that kids wouldn't be excluded outside of the bar scene."

"We have a lot of straight-edge shows, and those are the best kids ever. Anyone who talks shit about straight-edge kids is a jackass. **Scott**, **Blake** and **Tyler** have all put their own time and energy for free building sound walls and

stuff because they want it to be a nicer place for them," Pete contributes. It is obvious that he respects them and what they have done for the place.

Respect has played a major role in how control is maintained at Albee Square and it works both ways. "I smoke like a stacked chimney," Pete laments, "we all do, but out of respect for them we don't smoke in front of them. They want to see it do well by putting all their time, money and effort into it."

"There are bad seeds in every crowd. If we were to turn them away just because they have a reputation, we would have lost out on a lot of good shows. They have been nothing but respectful."

And every show has been packed at Albee Square. I inquire about the turnout and Pete tells me, "Word of mouth has been really good. We're going to start pushing for advertising and get the signs up." David backs him up, "Even with no advertising we've had a lot of national acts like **Virus Nine** and **Grimlock**. It's really unfortunate they (Grimlock) didn't get to finish their show."

That night during the Grimlock show a freak accident occurred when a kid at the back of the crowd fell out of a window into the grotto below. "We're gonna put bars on the windows to keep it from happening again and we're going to have a benefit show to help with the hospital bills."

"On a personal level or even talking to the crowd, we want to let them know this is their home, take care of it. We want you to feel like you're at home. Home away from home, your refuge." David relates. As they develop over time Albee will "grow like a child in its infancy," to accommodate a small coffee shop and classes teaching the elements of hip-hop, breakdancing, graffiti, and **D.J. Plans** also include late night hours to act as a "buffer" between the club and home. As David puts it, "That's what we are, buffers between the button men," citing his favorite quote from the *Godfather 2*.

"We're all pretty young, all pretty new at this, there's gonna be mistakes made and lessons learned. We're not all professional business people," Pete tells me. "We're four jackasses," Jen chimes in. "Yeah, we're four jackasses doing the best that we can dealing with flaws," Pete concludes. "If anybody has any ideas feel free to contribute," Jen offers. Kandi adds, "If anyone has any ideas, we're more than open to it. Our email is

AlbeeSquare@lycos.com," which is also where you will be able to ask how you can set up your own show.



Photo: Colby Crossland



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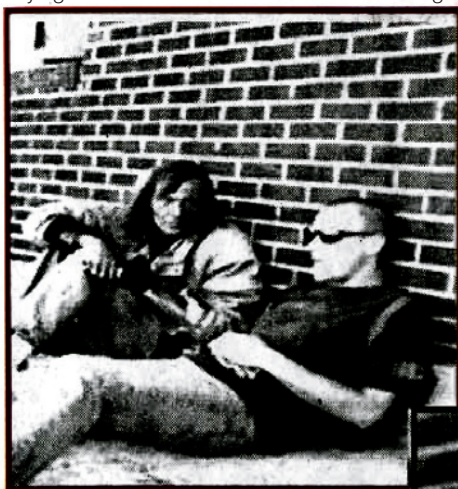
Episode #8: Trollin' For Hookers

By The Incredulous Gadianton

Soccer Dad and the People in your Neighborhood (True Tales of an SLC Cabbie): Episode #8: Trollin' For Hookers

by The Incredulous Gadianton

I was in a contemplative mood. It was a Thursday night and it had been three weeks since I had been dumped by my girlfriend of three years. I had **The Cure's** "Pornography" in my head, even though I was listening to talk radio stories about the New Orleans disaster. There was a dying-summer scent in the air and I felt fucking old.



I got a call to *Sapp Bros. Truck Stop* over on California & I-215. As I pulled into the green and orange neon parking lot (Sinclair and Burger King—together!), I noticed a tall, older gentleman squatting/sitting near the front doors. It's always nice when people wait out front in plain sight.

With the first words out

of his mouth, he said, "Dude, I'm gonna be completely honest wit' you, k? I need to cruise by the mission (I instantly deduced that he meant the shelter) and get a couple of things. I need you to wait (dramatic pause) and then I need a ride back. Is that gonna be cool? I can go ahead and leave ya a twenty while you be waitin'." He then held up one hand with two twenties in it. His other hand held a nice, healthy chunk of twenties.

I began pulling out of the parking lot as I mulled it over. I was wary, but the sight of his money and his honest demeanor had loosened me up. Plus,

when I'm super sad, my woman's intuition kicks in and I can feel people out better.

I could just sort of recognize that he was an ok guy.

"Yeah, dude," I said, "I could do that. I even know a nice place to park and wait about a block away." It was true—mostly cause my friend, Harley, lives in the Bridge Projects across the street. Harley sometimes bitches bitterly about his vagrant neighbors.

So off we went, traipsing through the back streets of the West side. I learned that Carl was a trucker. Had been for twelve years. He had done five years at The Point of the Mountain for robbery before that. It had taken twenty years, he bragged, for him to get arrested, though. I was impressed. That's a lot of unhindered stealing.

I backed into a parking stall right below Harley's third story balcony. His lights weren't on. Carl left me a twenty, so I turned off #22 and turned the radio to Joe's Garage (Thursdays from 10:30 PM to 1:00 AM on KRCL). They happened to be playing "Fluffy" by **Ween**. I let out a momentary tee hee,

but as I waited for the next fifteen minutes, I mostly wallowed in my palpable misery. The demise of my three-year relationship had me feeling heavy and ridiculous.

When Carl finally broke up my pity party, he said, "Alright, one down, but the other just ain't around. Can we take it up North Temple real slow and if we don't see nothin', you can just drop me back where you found me?"

"Cool."

We cruised North Temple from 600 West until the fairgrounds at about 25 MPH, but Carl didn't find what he was looking for. He shrugged it off and seemed thankful to at least have gotten his medicine. I drove us back to Sapp Bros.

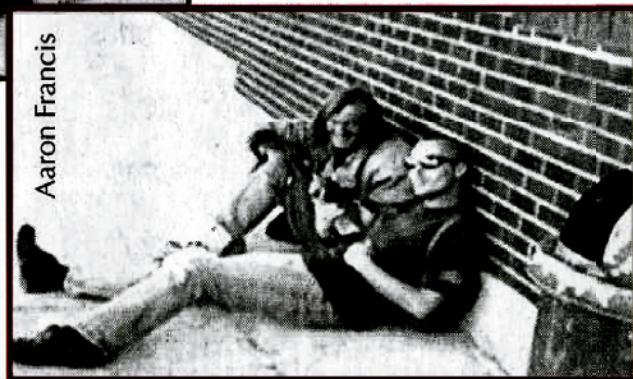
"Hey, man," he asked, "you seem like a cool young dude. Why the fuck you look so down?"

I thought about making something up, but instead I told him, "My old lady dumped me."

"How long together?"

"Three years."

Carl leaned forward a bit and said, "That's tough man. Look, I was with a girl for twelve years once. This is what you gotta do—you gotta drink (pause), you gotta get laid (I should mention that neither of these things had made me feel better so far) and then when you done wit' that, you gotta retreat into yourself, man. You gotta get yourself a whole shitload of alone time and you gotta prepare yourself for the next woman that you're gonna love. And then you wait. (Leaning back) You're gonna be cool, man. You're young. Now, an old guy like me, I gotta get taxis and drive slow lookin' for ho's. Chin up."



Aaron Francis

I thanked him for the ten dollar tip as I dropped him off. We shook hands. I then drove towards downtown and its bars with "Pornography" back in my head and the radio off. The only real sound was the wind through the windows. I thought about the lonely winter I had coming to me and I started to laugh. What the fuck else could I do? And **Robert Smith's** voice in my head wailed, "One after the other, one after the other, seems like a hundred years, a hundred years."



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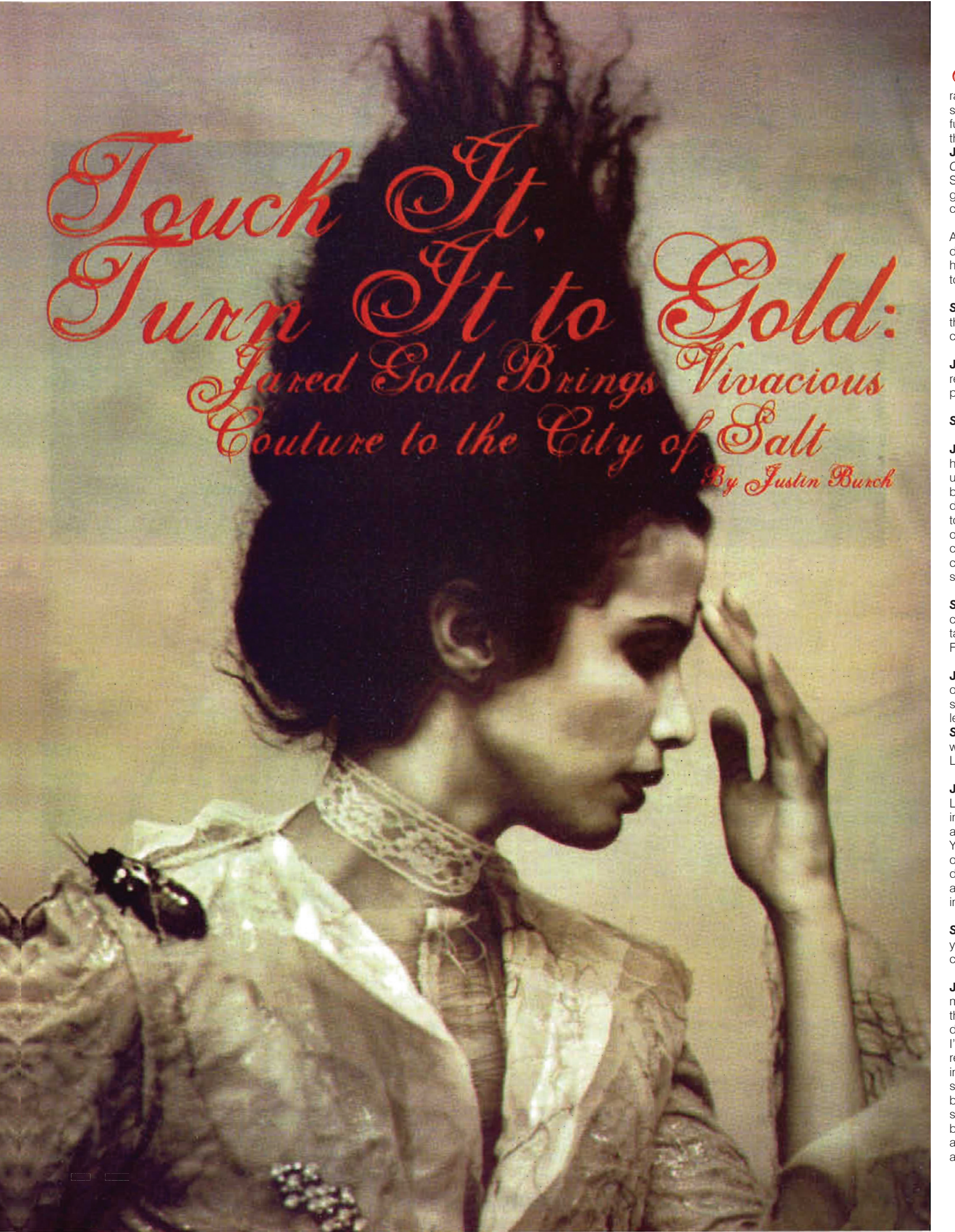
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Touch It, Turn It to Gold:

*Faded Gold Brings Vivacious
Couture to the City of Salt*

By Justin Burch

In a warehouse space full of clothing patterns, racks of jackets and skirts, boxes of scarves, enormous computer screens, sewing machines and genuinely interesting looking people, a man with a full-length wool coat and camouflage pants directs the operation. He is the Idaho-born, Los Angeles fashion scene-weaned, fashion world upstart **Jared Gold**. With a new retail space in Trolley Square, Jared and his *Black Chandelier* associates offer a bacchanalian alternative to the typically bucolic Salt Lake shopping experience. Yet, unlike other outlets of fashion and feel-good hipness, Jared's scintillating designs will undoubtedly be kinder to your checking account than the Prada sweater you bought last year in New York.

After moving to an empty, spacious room at about 100 South, Jared candidly discussed his unique career, his aspirations upon returning to Salt Lake with his business, the virtues and vices of contemporary fashion and the "over-the-top holistic environment" of the Black Chandelier store.

SLUG: Examining your resume that includes extensive music study, it seems that fashion wasn't always your intended career path. What caused the career change? Was there any sort of epiphany?

Jared Gold: Fashion just seemed like a really easy thing to do. It seemed really easy to make stuff. But is also seemed really easy to sell it and make people interested.

SLUG: What was your first fashion success? What got the ball rolling?

JG: I was really obsessed with **Andy Warhol** in high school. I taught myself how to screen print and I developed flavored inks. We then made shirts utilizing a transdermal medium: you sweat and drugs go directly into your body. This was 1992, so it was a perfect match for the rave scene. Then we decided to send some shirts to **Perry Farrell** and he was into it, so we started touring with **Lollapalooza**. The ironic thing was that they wouldn't let us sell our shirts because they were selling their own, so we had to learn to make clothing. That's probably how it started. No one at that point was making rave clothing, so we showed up in San Francisco at the beginning of the tour and sold everything in three hours. We drove back to Idaho with a roll of \$100 bills.

SLUG: (It seemed to me that he was glossing over a step in the process. We can't all call the lead singer of **Jane's Addiction** on a Sunday afternoon to talk about creative T-shirt production) So, how was the connection with Perry Farrell made in the first place?

JG: Lecturing at art and fashion schools, I always teach people that the only thing between you and everything you want is a fear of somebody or something. All you need to do is overcome that one step. So I said, "Call him; let's send him some stuff." I just badgered people and did it.

SLUG: Be that as it may, why would someone with such interesting successes want to move his company to Utah? Apparently, our little city has something Los Angeles doesn't.

JG: I lived in Los Angeles for eight years with a lot of time spent in New York or London. After traveling, you come home and it's dirty and loud and some cunt in an SUV with a Frappuccino is trying to run you down. I just missed being able to wake up, go somewhere and have someone be friendly and helpful. You give up a lot leaving LA, but I feel much calmer now. I feel cloistered from outside design influences, which is important because in fashion, you have to do your life's work every six months. You have to completely reinvent yourself and your work, which is easier when you're not surrounded by the fashion industry at large.

SLUG: In your marketing you present a "mantra of mass personalization." Do you think that this type of grassroots image creation is possible in our current cultural environment?

JG: All I try to do is make beautiful things. For that to be possible, we have to make money. Yet I want people to feel that what we make helps them identify themselves as an individual. We try to accomplish this by having more forward design elements, dark humor and an aesthetic that isn't based in sexuality. I've never made sexy clothing—I don't think I know how. But the people I'm reaching out to are sexy in their own ways—their sexiness lies in creativity and intelligence. So, mass personalization allows someone a change to put on something that is funny without being stupid. Funny, then, means that I've got balls: I've got confidence. It is important to me and a lot of other people to say something about the inside on the outside without utilizing a mass-produced, blind, sexual product. We are pounded with imagery and body types. But I am able to make, design and market things. All I expect anyone else to do is find it and find something in themselves. It is really a symbiotic creativity.



Jared Gold poses in his Salt Lake City warehouse.

At this point, I inadvertently touched upon a "sore spot" for Jared. In the form of mini fashion industry expose, Jared regretfully stated that he had a designer from Bebe say, "Sorry, we stole a couple of your designs." Yet he also seems to have come to terms with such plagiarism. He said, "Diesel knocked off from me directly. That's just how fashion works."

Considering such cutthroat competition, one would assume that most designers and companies would advertise as much as possible, relying on media exposure for financial success. Yet Black Chandelier doesn't advertise within the typical fashion publications. What's the secret?

JG: We make things that are very interesting. Magazines want their photo spreads to look interesting. You never see a pair of basic black slacks in a fashion publication. So hype is created. People want to come to your show—they want to see what you're going to make next month.

SLUG: It seems as if a lot of male designers primarily work with women's designs. Is this a creative decision or more of a financial consideration?

JG: I've made men's clothing before, but marketing is very difficult. The market for men's clothing is incredibly traditional.

Men don't change their wardrobes seasonally as much as women. Hence, style and trend move much more slowly through men's clothing. People always say, "There isn't any interesting

menswear." But after you make it, reaching them can be challenging.

SLUG: People might say, "Jared, these are idyllic thoughts, but I can't afford designer things. Hence, I shop at **Old Navy**." How then do you respond to the complaint that fashion defies affordability?

JG: In Salt Lake, you really have to shell out cash to get interesting clothes. That's what's great at Black Chandelier; it is cheap and well made. Good design doesn't cost any more than bad design. We just do it more thoughtfully and creatively than Old Navy. Furthermore, we are going direct from cost to retail, so our prices stay in the range of The Gap.

Jared said his work relies on humor, irony and a play of opposites: "opposites exist for synergy." For Salt Lake residents, this may become more evident when Jared's new "well-dressed polygamist garage worker" line becomes available. But for now, we can cash in on a provocative substitute to door crashers and layaway payments at the electronics superstore.

"I want to see how people react," Jared finishes. "It is a test to reach out to people who are not exposed to things like this. I have faith that people will be excited."

Black Chandelier November 26, 2004 at Trolley Square. Be sure to stop by for occasional performances and whimsical entertainment.

For more info, call 801.746.3435, and visit www.blackchandelier.com and www.jaredgold.com.





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The Moroccan Remisited, Long Slow Death and the End of an Era

By Rebecca Vernon



"I never wanted to be the earthquake,
but to be the pebble [that] would cause the fault line to slip,
never wanted to change everyone's mind, just the people who
would make the earthquake happen,
Ether was never about changing everyone's mind,
it was about changing the right people's mind."

Derek Fonnesbeck, member of Ether and ex-manager of Moroccan.



venues thrive around a center, be it a band, label or venue. Salt Lake venues have long been the catalysts fueling the city's fire. One of Salt Lake's greatest, most influential and most unknown venues of the not-too-distant past was the *Moroccan*, and barely anyone under the age of 24 here knows about it. The *Moroccan* began as a practice space in 1996, transformed into a thriving, illegal all-ages venue in the late 90s, then back into a practice and recording space until recently. Now, the *Moroccan* has finally closed its doors forever, and its closing marks the end of an era.

The *Moroccan* was hard to find, even with an exact street address. It's down the narrow alley and behind Guthrie Bikes in downtown Salt Lake, in a dirty, nondescript gray building. The only thing out of the ordinary is the Arabic writing above the metal door.

Inside, under the 30-foot-high skylight and over-head fan, there is a loft area, decrepit stage, scuffed cement floor and the *Moroccan*'s trademark: several pre-2005 curlicue wood cutouts decorating the space about the stage.

"I think a space retains the energy of the events that took place there," says Dan Thomas, drummer for **Tolchock Trio**, **Red Bennies**, **The Breaks** and **Smashy Smashy**. "As soon as you walk into the *Moroccan*, you immediately get the sense that, 'Wow, here is a place with a history,' that a lot of interesting, momentous, creative things happened here."

"When you were inside, you didn't know what city you were in, and that's how we wanted it," says **Riley Fogg**, head of **Ether**, an experimental noise band that started in the mid-90s, and current leader of **Ether Orchestra**. Fogg was the *Moroccan*'s leaseholder for almost 10 years. "It was something exotic in a city that was bland. The place itself was an event."

I was in Salt Lake for a visit, and stopped by the *Moroccan* for a show," says Thomas. "It turns out we had mixed up the nights of the show, but I heard this band practicing there that blew my mind. To find a band with that level of quality, musical knowledge and passion from Salt Lake made me see the city in a different light—like there was this whole underground, secret thing going on that no one knew about. I later found out that was Ether."

"Ether wasn't like a band, they were an event," says **Derek Fannesbeck**, longtime business manager of the band and the *Moroccan* and then sole manager of the U of U location of **Graywhale CD Exchange**. Derek currently produces **Form of Rocket** material. "There were always at least two firebreathers, different costumes and themes at every show and film projectors. Ether stood by the 'art first, entertainment later' ethos."

Ether opened for **Fugazi** at **Bricks** and released their third album, *Music for Air Raids*, on **Extreme Records** in Australia.

James Acton, Ether's drummer and future drummer for Ether Orchestra, was a waiter at **Cedars of Lebanon** and asked to rent the *Moroccan* from his boss **Raffi Daghljan**, owner of the buildings behind the restaurant. Once used to house Daghljan's rug-cleaning business, Ether gutted the space and transformed it into a practice space and community art co-op.

"We wanted a place where we had the freedom to do whatever," says Fogg. "Experimental art, performance, music. We started out doing some parties and private shows, and it evolved into an underground all-ages venue."

When the *Moroccan* began, the last unofficial, illegal all-ages venue, the *Hate House* (Appropriately named after the late 80s local band **Hate X9**), had closed due to constant police harassment.

Ether played the *Hate House*'s last show—one of their "famous naked shows." I ask Derek if the police were pissed upon finding the members of Ether performing in the nude.

"I think they weren't too happy," says Derek.

There finally became nowhere to go for under-agers to hang out.

"The *Moroccan* venue was our attempt to create an alternative nightlife scene," says Fannesbeck.

At first, there were efforts to make every show at the *Moroccan* something special, rare...and secret. The address never appeared on any flyers. Fannesbeck and Fogg were determined to avoid the mistakes that had shut down the *Hate House*. There were fewer shows at the *Moroccan* in order to avoid attracting police attention, whose headquarters were a block away, and to keep the quality of the shows high.

Anyone was welcome at the *Moroccan*, but you had to be in the know, which cut down on crowd size. Staying behind the Guthrie and Cedars building protected the venue from prying eyes. The first two years, the efforts worked. The police didn't have a clue what was going on.

Bob Moss played the *Moroccan*'s first show on June 15, 1996. Other memorable shows at the *Moroccan* before 2000 were **The Locust**, **Dub Narcotic**, the **Bindlestiff Family Circus**, **The Tight Bros from Way Back When** and an **International Film Festival**, **Scott Jenerik**, a San Francisco noise artist, sent noise bends from the West Coast to Salt Lake. But the pinnacle for the *Moroccan* was its **Dirty/Low** show, thanks to Riley's friendship with Low's guitarist/vocalist **Alan Sparhawk**. Fogg and Fannesbeck promoted the hell out of it and 150 people showed up.

"My favorite event that happened at the *Moroccan*," says Fogg, "was when one of the members of a band asked if the *Moroccan*'s bathroom door was the door to the stage. He thought the *Moroccan* was the backstage area. They then refused to play the show."

Many local musicians began or evolved at the *Moroccan*. **Puri-Do**, **In Gowan Ring** and **Ursula Tree** played there, along with the **Red Bennies**, **Power of Means**, **Birdman**, **Tarn**, **Violet Run**, **The Wolfs** and countless others.

Then there are all the *Moroccan* recordings: **Red Bennies**, **Chinese Stars**, **Stiletto**, **The Knives**, **Vile Blue Shades**, **Shelter**, **The Wolfs**, **The Kill**, **Clear**, **Le Force**, **Ether**, **Beard of Solitude**, **Elsewhere**, **Books About UFO's** among many others, recorded there. **Andy Patterson**, **Judd Powell**, **Jeremy Smith**, and **David Payne** all produced bands there. Many people even lived in the *Moroccan* throughout its' lifespan, however, this was not recommended.

In 1998, the *Moroccan* started renting out the space to local promoters to subsidize rent cost. **Alana Kindness** booked tons of shows there, as did **Tyler Froburn** and others. The amount of shows increased and brought in outside crowds that "weren't always sensitive to the dangers of running an underground venue," says Payne. "In other words, more people equals disaster." The *Moroccan* soon fell prey to the very problems that Riley and Fannesbeck had wanted to avoid. The police wised up and soon, the venue was shut down.

In 2000 the *Moroccan* reverted to its roots, becoming a full-time band practice and recording space for multiple bands, with occasional private parties.

Fogg stepped down from landlord duties in late 2004 due to burnout and financial strain. Jeremy Smith and Dan Thomas took over the month-to-month lease, intending to turn the *Moroccan* into a professional recording studio/record label (**Ex-Umbrella**)/booking agency combo. Unfortunately, Daghljan finally brought in tenants to occupy apartments neighboring the *Moroccan*, and noise rapidly became an issue.

Daghljan told Smith and Thomas last March that they were going to have to leave. Smith and Thomas told him they would invest money into extensive soundproofing. Together with **Oliver Lewis** of **Tolchock Trio**, they installed two surfaces of dry wall with a third, floating vinyl wall wedged in between. Smith continued to record bands for an income until the soundproofing could be finished, which created temporary noise in a tenant's apartment.

Thomas and Smith tried to contact the tenant directly to reassure her that the soundproofing would be completed soon, but

she didn't respond and complained to Daghljan, who finally gave Smith and Thomas 30 days' notice in June.

Thomas and Lewis spent roughly \$1500 on soundproofing and other modifications and hours of labor installing the drywall.

"To Daghljans' credit, he let us have the final month free, said Thomas, the equivalent of about \$425.

Fogg states he had never had a problem with Daghljan. "As long as you gave him the money for the space, he left you alone," says Fogg.

"I'm sorry to see those musicians go," says Daghljan. "I enjoyed having them here. I didn't mind the parties or the noise or the shows. It's just that, now, I have tenants."

"Because we weren't on a lease, I told him we'd invest our personal money into making improvements says Dan, "I can't help wondering if he intended to take it away from us all along. But maybe he genuinely wanted to give us a chance."

"I really wanted it to work out," says Daghljan. "It's just that their soundproofing wasn't good enough. It helped a little but not enough."

I ask Daghljan if he had known they weren't finished with the soundproofing yet.

"Maybe they weren't completely finished, but they still had put up an entire wall. There wasn't much else to cover," says Daghljan.

"There were still a few vital holes that we needed to cover that were still letting a lot of sound escape," says Thomas. "If we'd only had a chance to finish, it would have made a huge difference. We were even thinking of putting up a third layer of drywall and a second floating wall if that didn't work."

"We are really, really bummed," says Thomas. "Not about the money lost, but about the fact that we are losing the *Moroccan*. It has played such a huge, historical part in this city's scene and it is a shame to let it go."

Smith, still feeling down about the situation, declined to talk about it in an interview.

"I think the *Moroccan* has been dying a long, slow death for years," says Riley. "I went down to check on the space recently, and when I saw the curlicues stacked outside the door, I thought, that's the end."

"My attitude of enjoyment, awe and excitement towards the *Moroccan* turned to frustration and disgust when I started being the subletter," says Payne, who was the primary rent-gatherer for Fogg during the last few years. "It got really hot in the summer and really cold in the winter. I was afraid of getting stuff stolen. People fought all the time over scheduling. The *Moroccan* was a nightmare on every rung of the ladder all the way to Raffi. The people that played there were scumbags, including me, until I turned from a scumbag to resource management."

"But it was a great place to record, the sound was fantastic, and the door led straight to the cars...you only had to carry your amp 20 feet."

"There has to be a nucleus," says Fannesbeck. "A place. The scene has really flourished as a result of the *Moroccan*. There was so much cultural oppression before the *Moroccan* formed that kids could not get together to create something legally. So when they did gather, it made it that much more powerful."

With the commercialization of underground culture, what was once shunned is accepted, and what was once dangerous and illegal, run by kids in *Lord of the Flies* fashion, has been made safe, not just in this city but in all cities. Underground music has thrived as it has become more mainstream, but the mystery and intrigue of venues like the *Moroccan* have become things of the past.



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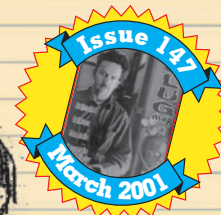
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Jackass of the Month

By Kevin Kirk



Jackass: Who is Rudimentary Peni?

Me: An old punk band.

Jackass: (As he looks at the Ted Nugent Patch) Who is Ted Nugent?

Me: You mean Ted Nugent? He is a guitar player from the 70s.

Jackass: Oh I wouldn't know who he is, I was born in 1979. Can you get any of those Exploited patches that say "Raunch Presents" on the bottom?

I'm NOT a shitty artist, this is exactly what this fucker looked like!

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Jack Ass of the Month



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

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www.slugmag.com page 5

Flat Spots and Broken Boards, Yes, I've Been Skateboarding

The Players:

Andy Pitts/ Greg Wrotniak—Directors/ Henchmen
Aaron Ohrt—The Technician/ Digital Cub

Words by: **Ricky Stink**
Photos by: **Brian Meyers**

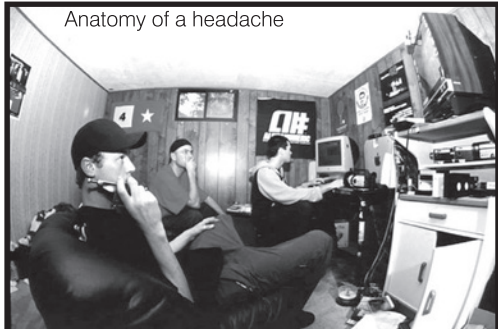
In the summer of 1996, 100 degree plus temperatures, a broken swamp cooler and an excess of cheap beer fueled the beginnings of the runaway freight train that was the **Dirty Hessians** and the videos they spawned—videos that set the standard for local skateboarding videos forever. What started out as a drunken vision to create a local skate zine was quickly put on the backburner with the omnipresence of the video camera. The name "Dirty Hessian" was coined from a t-shirt that depicted a third-grade drawing of a mullet rocker with the term "Dirty Hessian" above it—classic.

(D is the fourth letter of the alphabet, and H is the eighth.) Five years of videos is really taking its toll," says Andy. "All year round, if I'm not working, I'm skating, filming or editing. I still love doing it—it's a creative outlet for me. And with Ohrt now filming 80 percent of the video, it takes a little stress off of Greg and I. The videos are starting to be more expected now than fun for us. People who used to call me to go skate now call to see if we're filming today. Aaron has actually been making appointments with skaters to film. It is a lot of work for little to nothing as far as profit goes. We have even lost money on a few

videos. Unfortunately, this could possibly be our last video. Ohrt is moving out of state soon to pursue a higher education. We have our fingers crossed that we can possibly generate enough money from video sales to purchase a computer and software to continue. But we're not holding our breath."

The latest video, "I've Been Skateboarding," is by far the best to date. The best local talent is showcased along with a few cameos by some well-known pros. The editing is not only top notch, but imaginative without the abundance of artsy crap prevalent in many of today's videos. Love 'em or hate 'em, 48 videos are a staple in the skateboarding community.

Anatomy of a headache



The first few videos were primitive; camera to VCR was the standard technology. No understandable music, legible titles or clean editing were even conceivable for the first video. A total of one copy was handmade and is now lost, but that was the beauty of it—a skate video made by friends for

Ohrt



Andy's pick for the Ponies



friends. By the third video, Andy had joined forces with Greg and would continue to film and edit 90 percent of the next several videos. With Andy going to school for video production, he had the University's editing equipment at his disposal. Needless to say, the production quality increased greatly, as did the level of skating in Salt Lake. Fast forward to 2000: Greg, Andy and Aaron film and edit videos to rival the professionals. "On our first video with Ohrt, we decided to change our name from Dirty Hessian, which we felt was getting stale, to **48**.



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KICK ASS BUILDERS

By Josh Scheuerman

Although not entirely what **KAB**, stands for, kick ass builders can describe the work these two friends have done. For five years, KAB (Kick-Ass Blaster) have been building rails for skateboarders and snowboarders, for pros and major companies in the industry, turning mere parks into jib obstacles and having a lot of fun in the process. I had a chance to sit down and get a verbal history of these two kick-ass bros, from where they came from to where their company is going.

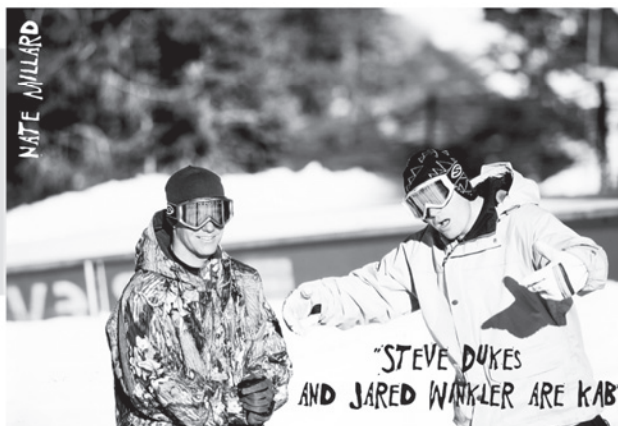
During the early 90s, resorts around the country started making terrain parks for kids to ride. However, Utah locals had to make their own jumps out of bounds or find trees to jib inbound because local resorts weren't stepping up. Popularity of the sport soon pushed Wasatch Front resorts to finally invest time and money in maintaining an adequate park. Simultaneously, on the west side of the valley, **Jared Winkler** and **Steve Dukes** were attending *Kearns High* and were starting to snowboard from their skateboarding background. On a four-month trip to Australia, nowhere near snow, the friends were holed up on a beach with only one VHS tape—a snow movie. Watching *Ski School* over and over again, they finally came up with a name they both like, even though there was no company yet. The name was KAB.

After years of riding at *Brighton*, they ventured together to *Windells Snowboard Camp* during the summer to be “diggers” for a free pass to ride. In the summers, they also began to make skate rails, at first for themselves and eventually to sell to local shops. Learning how to weld and using the trial-and-error process was the best way to figure out what worked and what did not. Building small and working up was cost effective and rewarding. The skate rails also doubled as snowskate rails for the winter. Using their experience with skate rails, the two made a few snow rails in the summer and dragged them up to the mountains in a secret location to be sessioned. Word got back to the local **Burton** rep at the time, **Jason Bowes**, and Brighton park employee **Dustin Anderson**, who purchased a few for Brighton's park. The following summer, Jared returned to Windells as head digger and fixed or built most of the rails for the summer session. Work was picking up for the boys as fall brought the leaves down. In 2001, they built four rails for **Powder Mountain** and that same winter were approached by



Chris Engelsman to build a rail for his new snowboard company **Elevation**. The down-flat-down rail was shot at Brighton as well as the Elevation wall ride. **Cory Smith** also talked with the boys to build a rail for the **Smith** limo that has shown up around town and in numerous videos over the years. In 2001, Jared made three unique rails for Brighton's park that upped the ante for other resorts. The first Elbow Rail, C Rail and the only Y Rail in the state found a home. With a name, experience and contacts at different mountains, they were starting to get larger projects to work on. In 2002, **E-Tree** introduced them to **Brian Botts**, team manager for **DC**, who hired

KAB to build the *DC Mountain Lab* rail garden. A grand total of 25 rails and boxes were constructed of varying size and skill for the DC pros to practice on. Jared also had a meeting with Brighton and was hired on as Terrain Park Director for the Terrain Park. That same year, **Park City Mountain Resort** also announced the **Park City All Stars** and plans for the World Championships Halfpipe and The Chevy Grand Prix. At the Grand Prix in December of 2002, KAB unveiled the newest creation, The Grand Prix Staircase. The city ledge saw plenty of movie time and was sessioned by some of the world's best snowboarders. **Robot Food** also spent a few days filming specially built jumps and rails at Brighton's park last year and continues to be one of KAB's sponsors.



This year they turned **Jim Mangan's** idea into a reality by creating a wall ride and down box for the Grand Prix. The heavy hitters were out once again for the contes—including **JP Walker**, **Jeremy Jones** and **George Oakley**, who eventually won the event. Jared and Steve are also responsible for all the jumps and rails currently at Brighton for the second season running. For 10 years now, Jared and Steve have held season passes at Brighton and are now building some of the best rails in the state at the same resort. As the progression of the sport was pushing the riders, the builders were also being pushed to build more complex features that last. Each time you ride through the park, remember to have respect for those you ride alongside of, but also respect what you are riding on. If you would like to have some rails built or want to see what KAB is all about, visit their website at www.kabrails.com and go session some of the new rails at Brighton.

PHOTOS COURTESY OF KAB



MAKING THE CONNECTION

BY: GREG WROTONIAK

People are hypocrites. We pride ourselves on how progressive and open-minded we are, while at the same time we are still threatened by what we do not understand. Teenagers and young adults are practically expected to be rowdy and out of control. Kids will be kids, right?— But give them a skateboard, the ultimate outlet for nervous energy, and they instantly become a nuisance and a threat. This is the number one problem with being a skateboarder in America (and worse yet in Utah): you are stigmatized. By choosing to ride a skateboard instead of a bicycle, rollerblades or one of those god-damn scooters, you become an outlaw and inadvertently lower your position on the totem pole. This doesn't happen because skateboarders are any more cretinous than the average sample of young people. It happens because, in the age of diversity and political correctness, people are still prejudiced.

Much like in the mid-to-late 80s, skateboarding is experiencing a surge of popularity. Wow! Has the status quo actually realized the skill and dedication it takes to be good at skateboarding? Nope. America has simply noticed that hooligans spend money too. Little kids see an extreme Mountain Dew commercial on TV and want a skateboard for Christmas. Not only do thousands of cases of soda get sold, the local skate shop can afford to pay its lease and taxes. Hooray for economics. Even though this quasi-acceptance of skateboarding was brought about for all the wrong reasons, there is one benefit that all skateboarders can appreciate. A boom in the skateboarding population has inspired the construction of hundreds of public skate parks across the country. In fact, just about every piece-of-shit town with a parent of a skateboarder on the city council has built a free cement park for the kids. The only problem with this is that most people, skateboarders included, don't know shit about building skate parks. In most cases in Utah, a Parks and Recreation committee has a group of junior high school kids design the park. The result is a fun-proof, and virtually skate-proof, waste of time and money. A month after the grand opening, the pre-pubescent engineers realize that they can't skate their Playstation-inspired monstrosity, and the park becomes a home for tumbleweeds and crappy graffiti. Thanks, but no thanks.

I may be wrong, but I have a feeling that there is a conspiracy at hand against skateboarders in Salt Lake City. There is a free public skate park in almost every ass-backward, shallow-gene-pool town surrounding the city. Every single one of these parks is an embarrassment to the skate

scene. Farmington, Tooele, Grantsville, Stansbury, Provo, Park City and Brigham City all seem to be designed and constructed for the sole purpose of making everyone who goes to these skate parks want to quit skateboarding out of pure frustration and shame. The Taylorsville and Ogden parks have some redeeming qualities, but they don't stray far from the realm of disappointment.



Photo: Dave Baldwin

at a kid wearing a Utah Jazz 1998 Champions t-shirt. Sorry, little buddy. After this happens over and over (and it will), you realize that it's just not worth it. You get a ticket every time you go street skating and all the cops are Dick Butkis. Your will is broken and you quit skateboarding, Operation Nephi Delta is a success.

True—I am delusional, and my conspiracy theory is a bit far-fetched, but I know too many people whose skateboarding is slowing down and stagnating because there is nowhere to go. The unfortunate fact of the matter is that most skateboarders would rather move away or quit than try to do something about the frustrating situation in Salt Lake. Fortunately, a grain of motivation managed to ooze from the wasteland that is Zion: the 48 Crew. From a miniature training facility in West Valley to B.Y.O.O (Bring Your Own Obstacle) Fort Douglas Park, 48 has been keeping it alive. (Note: not to say that no one else has been creating skate spots when there is a lack thereof—your efforts just aren't that impressive.) Finally, in 1999, with infinite support and generosity of Paula Murdock, the 48 crew constructed The Connection Skate Park. Paula Murdock is quite possibly the best mom in the world. Several years before The Connection opened, Paula got frustrated with her son and his friends getting harassed and kicked out of everywhere they went. Instead of trying to convince her son to quit skating, like most parents have done, Paula decided to make something happen. Her vision was to build, with the help of the city, a well-constructed and well-maintained public facility where skateboarders could safely do their thing free of harassment. For several years, Paula tried to get the city to budge. Not surprisingly, the South Salt Lake City council heard Paula's plea like a room full of autistic deaf-mutes. "They didn't help one way or the other," she recalls.

My conspiracy theory goes like this: The city attempts to crack down on skateboarding by establishing, and constantly widening, business districts and raising fines for skating in prohibited areas. More and more "public" places, such as schools and parks, are putting up no skateboarding signs or installing brackets and knobs on their curbs, ledges and handrails. This coerces skateboarders to go to one of the many public skate parks that the city councils have sprinkled everywhere except Salt Lake. A twenty minute drive, or an hour and a half long bus ride, takes you to the Taylorsville park; the newest, closest, and, come to think of it, the only public facility in the valley. Welcome to hell. Booters, Paperboys, Razor scooters and dozens of Gen-X clad spectators are already there, ready to salt your game. You try to tough it out and end up having a nervous break down, throwing your shoes

In 1996, Paula decided to take matters into her own hands and began to search for a place to open a private skate park. Easy as it may sound, it's hard to find an affordable, decent-sized warehouse whose owner will allow the operation of a skateboard park. A full-time job and a family to feed only make the process slower. In 1998, after years of unanswered pleading and unrewarded searching, Paula and her son, Mike, found what they were looking for. On State Street and right off of 3900 South, they found a 14,900 square foot warehouse that was up for lease. Back in the day, the warehouse was a roller hockey rink, so the owner found no problem with a skate park. The bureaucrats of South Salt Lake City Hall, on the other hand, did see a problem. They felt that a skate park, which, of course, would attract skateboarders, would be a bad influence on the neighborhood. A bad influence on State Street?!

We wouldn't want to strip any vagrants or hookers of their safety and dignity, now would we? Does the city council provide its members with luxury rocks to live beneath? Are these people so blinded by their own self-righteous morosity that they can't see that every fast food establishment on the block will make a killing off the kids at Connection? Needless to say, getting a business license and the proper permits was a painstaking endeavor. It took almost a year for Paula to negotiate a conditional permit. The terms of the city's agreement were stifling to say the least. The park is required to close by 10 p.m. every night. Limited hours prevent the patronage of night owls and late-working types, making it harder for Connection to pay the bills. The park, which also hosts various hip hop and rock shows, is not allowed to admit anyone under the age of eighteen to a concert, a 75-year-old city ordinance that has yet to be contested. If the show lets out before curfew, what's the problem with a fourteen-year-old checking out some local music? This out-dated ordinance further hinders Connection's longevity. When I asked Paula how she felt about jumping through hoops for the city council, she humbly replied, "Keeping the doors open is what's hard now, since the savings are gone." Enough said. There is a peculiar phenomenon that occurs in the world of stereotyping. Often, people who are typecast, be it because of the color of their skin, their nationality or their inclination to ride a skateboard, find a sense of identity in the stereotype



Photo: Dave Baldwin



Photo: Dave Baldwin

that is given. In other words, some people want a stereotype because it tells them who they are. I'm a skateboarder, therefore, I wear baggy clothes, I'm obnoxious, I'm arrogant, I'm a vandal, I say fuck and dude a lot, I'm a thief, and I wear my hat sideways. Congratulations. The stereotype told you who you are. Now you have a purpose. It's like injecting an organism with a small dose of a virus to build up an immunity that vanquishes the virus permanently. Society creates these stereotypes for impressionable counter-culture. By selling the belief that skaters are hooligans to skaters, mainstream culture injects a virus into our community that makes us behave in ways that force the status quo to want to eradicate us. My point is: don't be stupid. If you behave like an animal, you'll get treated like one. If you show respect, even if you have none, you'll receive respect in return. In Philadelphia, you can't even carry a skateboard within city limits. Why?—Because the only things that citizens know about us are the stereotypes that we, ourselves, sustain. Don't be a mass-produced robotic entity. Don't be a citizen, and don't be a virus. Break the mold, and come to your own conclusions.

The Connection Skate Park is family owned and operated. When the park hurts, the Murdock family hurts. Years ago, Paula Murdock could have easily told her son to quit skateboarding and would have never had to worry about keeping Connection open. Instead, she came to her own conclusion. The kids need a place to skate. In the face of bureaucratic indifference and stereotyping, Paula made it happen. When you come down to Connection, you need to show your respect because, if it weren't for Paula's admiration and respect for skateboarding, and for you, you'd be assed out.

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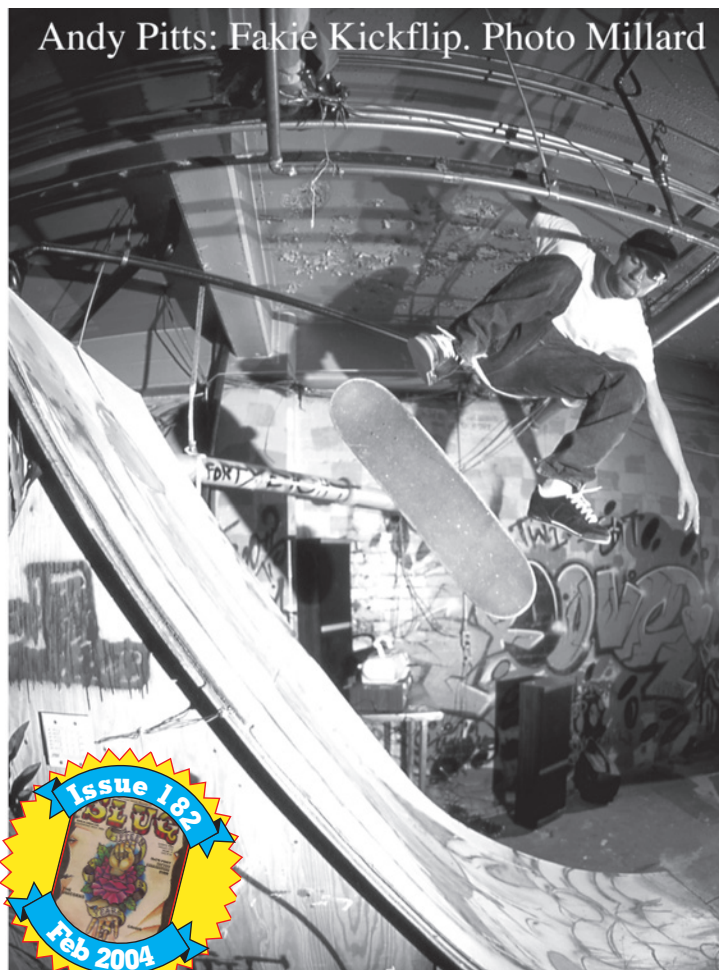
STUPID OLD PISS-POT!

By Nibbles

Like the elusive Sasquatch of the Northwest woodlands and the Yeti of the mighty Himalayas, the **48** winter training facility is a spectacle coveted by many yet is experienced only by a brave and select few. Shit, I've been there dozens of times and still don't know where it is. Maybe it's the asbestos or the chlorophyll fungi emitted by heaven-bound pigeons that have stifled my memory into a hypnotic rectal belch. Maybe the CHUDS have strong-armed me to secrecy. Either way, loose lips sink ships and curiosity killed the cat so find yourself a parking garage, little guy. Paranoid, living in a constant fear, my mortality looming over me like an obnoxious drunk, I put my life on the

line to disclose this arbitrary information. Suffering the loss of the *Connection Skatepark*, with the bitterest winter in years adding insult to injury, **Andy Pitts** decided to lace up his John Ropers and do some good old American politicking. Long story short: the landlord of a building downtown was kind enough to let us build ramps in his storage cellar. *SLUG* correspondent and award-winning photographer, **Nate Millard**, managed to thwart CHUD security, baring evidence of the existence of the 48 T.F. As you can deduce from the photos, it's your standard street course set-up: bump-to-bump, flat-rail, quarter pipes, ledges, flat bank and a wallride. To-scale replicas of the Santa Monica triple set and the Wilshire rail are in the works, pending on a zoning dispute with the city council.

Andy Pitts: Fakie Kickflip. Photo Millard

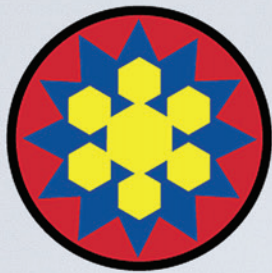


Mike Murdock: Wallride. Photo Millard

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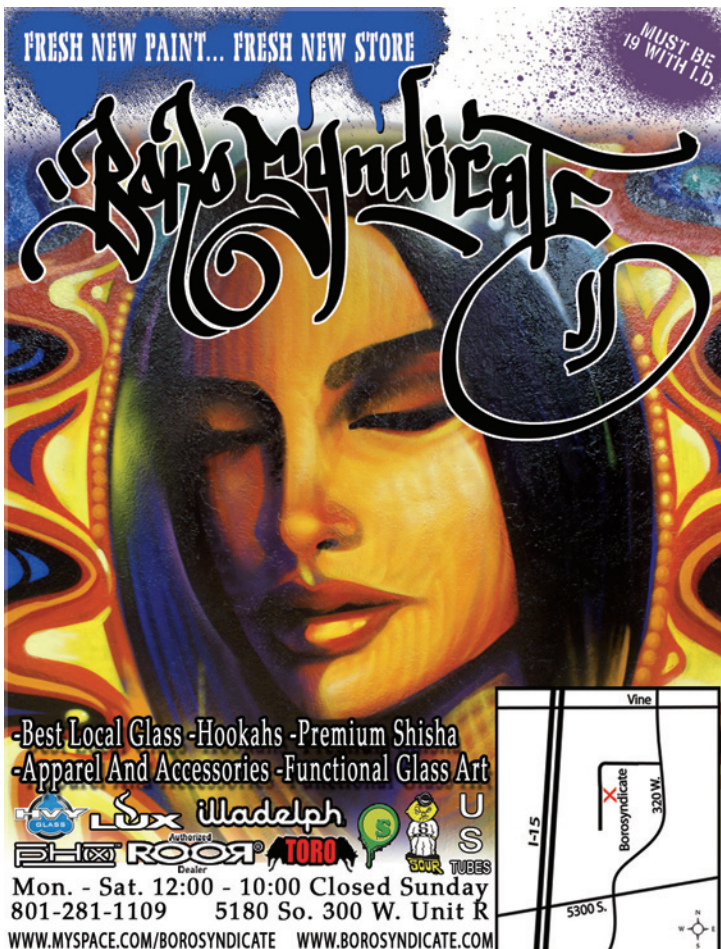
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It's Only Good If It's In Your Ears!



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, Tim and I 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 butthole. This is easier than one might think. Just go to *Zumiez*, *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 either.

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 ensures 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 *Zumiez*, 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 28.
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 Number 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



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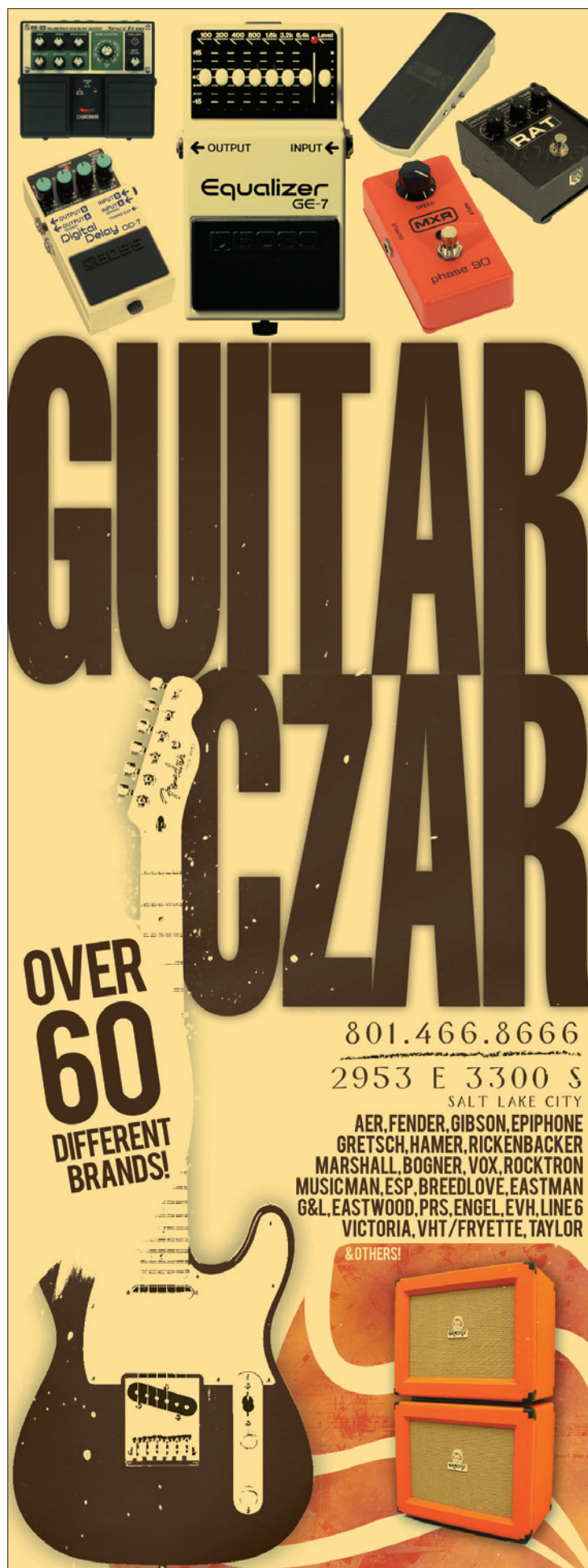
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SKATE



Skate Rant

Okay kids, time to play again, skate literature 101 is back. Official U of U rules: it's ok to skate on campus, but all four wheels must remain on the ground, and prosecutors will be violated. I understand their main concern is property damage, specifically to benches, but pedestrian safety will not change whether I'm hurtling down the sidewalks at 80 mph with all four wheels on terra firma, or ollie-ing onto a bench. Skate first—obey silly laws later. This just in! *Classic Rollerskating* in Sandy is now having the Wed. night skate jams. For only \$5.00, I can fight with little grommets and enjoy the fake refrigerated air and groovy music. Now this is a good idea in the bleak winter months, but a pile-o-shit idea for the summer. For more info, go skate someplace real like

downtown—or call Classic in Sandy. Finally saved those pennies for a new deck or would like to start skating anew? Many skate shops from Ogden to Provo can now help you with those tough decisions on what to buy, and most important—what color. Here are a few:

Ogden: Vertical Fetish or Skate Street or something under new management—check it out!

Bountiful: Wheels Etc. way cool salespeople, sell bikes too.

Holiday: Holiday Sports & Salt Peaks—one owned by an old man, the other owned by non-skating snowboarders—you decide.

Provo: Don't know much about it—it seems cool, check out Board of Provo.

Until next time kiddies, Skate First—Then Leave.

THIS IS YOUR SCENE



A lot has happened this month. Let's concern ourselves with our skating and have a retrospective look. July 2, 1990: Ogden, Utah. Of all places, I never thought pros would ever do a demo in Ogden. It's so cosmopolitan. But **Mike Valley**, **Ed Templeton**, **Fex Aguelles**, and **Chris Pastras** were there to skate for all of us Jonesers.

Skate Street ran the demo, and they did a great job of providing the shitty ramps and obstacles. I can't recommend going to an Ogden classic skate jam. The ramps have no masonite, the coping won't grind, the handrail is 2x4 with sheet metal wrapped around it, etc.

The pros adapted to the clueless ramps and put on a great show, Valley doing 360 degree ollie grab airs, wall rides to fakie, and manuals galore. Ed Templeton ripped ollie impossible and one-footed ollies to disaster to fakie down the handrail. Pastras did 360 backside ollie grabs, and more. Felix Arguelles did handrail feebles, fakie spine ollies, and much more.

The reason it sucked so bad was the fact that the pro's had to skate for about 40 minutes straight without a break. The Skate Street Team was trying to skate like the pro's afterwards. All the SLC locals agreed, the ramps were the worst, and our skating them wasn't worth the money.

Pros: Rad, Demo: Bad. Ramps: Shit. A new skate park has opened here in Sandy. Mrs. C's Skatepark is located right next to the *Sandy Classic* roller rink, home of our weekly skate jam. The park consists of a 10 foot vert

ramp, an 8 foot ramp, and a 6 foot mini with a spine, a speed bump, two extensions, and a flat wall. The price is \$15.00 for a membership, and one dollar per hour to skate. This is hot, and we highly recommend that you try it out. We've waited so long for a park, let's keep it open by skating there so that they can pay the rent. A *Pederson's Ski & Sports* has opened recently in the basement of the *Crossroads Mall*. With \$50.00 boards and bearings at \$3.00 a piece, you know they'll be there a long time. We highly recommend that you buy your equipment from someone who actually skates or promotes the scene in some way.

Rumor has it that Sunday night is the new downtown session time. Join us in skating the city without the hot sun and the security guards.

Keep rolling and skating because you want to. There is really no other reason. — Christopher



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Acosta, The Greek and Leather stand by as Aaron Scott Stand Up's a f/s 5-0.



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

April 13

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 first 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 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 to the sickest secret pool south of the border—The Show Bowl in Cuatro Casas, Mexico.

April 14

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, the posse and I 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 pick up 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 15

So far we are the only out-of-towners 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 Allysa climb out of the truck. Following Aaron in was Jimmy the Greek with Heidi, Matt Kriegle and Shannon to catch the tail of day one.

April 16

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 PBRs 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 17

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 slasher 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, Kriegs are 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 points as the next hurl hits a ringer, making us scream louder than best trick. Like I said, All Time Cuatros.

April 18

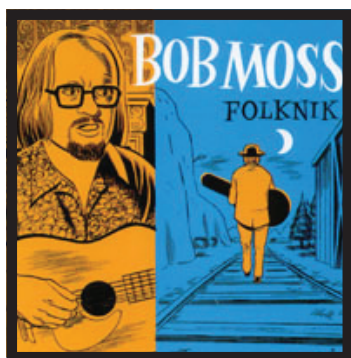
Despite the carloads of people that pulled out of Cuatros before nightfall last night, we managed to party quite toughly. It wasn't until late that I realized my flight was at 1:05 p.m. and not three something. I awoke in a panic at 6:00 and began trying to wake the others, easier said than done. Not 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 border 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 stiffies 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, Allysa, 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?

local

Bob Moss Folknik Soundco Records



Yes, it's another release by the Davis County human folk music encyclopedia. This time, it's a collection of almost all cover material, from well known classics like "When You Wish Upon a Star," "Green-sleeves," **Lennon & McCartney's** "I Want to Hold Your Hand" and "Hide Your Love Away" to **Daniel Johnston's** "True Love Will Find You in the End" to the more obscure "Don't Forget Me Love" from a folk anthology that might well be forgotten if it weren't for Moss. His devotion comes out in everything from his selection of material to the heartfelt delivery of his trademark falsetto and virtuoso picking on both guitar and banjo. The latter can be heard on his dazzling rendition of his lone original composition here, "Heartbreak Breakdown." It should be noted that this collection was occasioned by Moss' discovery by LA scenester **Charles Schneider**, who enlisted **Dan Clowes** of *Ghost World* fame to do the cover art. And only a few months ago, Moss wowed them at none other than CBGB's in New York. Comparisons to Johnston suggest that if there's any justice, Moss will someday achieve similar recognition. Enhanced CD contains videos of several songs, see Soundcorecords.com. (Issue 162) —*Stakerized!*

The Corleones Inferno Mafia Sickboy Records

You could automatically try to pigeonhole The Corleones under punk rock, and you'd be halfway right—they are punk rock, harking back to the **Ramones**. But they deliver their brand of punk with such a sexy, authoritative darkness that's at once mysterious and ironically cheerful, that it kind of screws up any preconceptions you had about punk rock to begin with. They definitely have a more mature sound than

most local bands. There are token Salt Lake references embedded in the songs, such as "South Salt Lake will bring you down, West Valley will bring you down" in "Slippin' Away (Ode to ReMorse)" and I must say, The Corleones seem to be the master of 80s-sounding butt-metal-riff openers, such as the one to "Norris Buys a Shotgun" complete with a "Welcome to the Jungle" primal scream. They pull it off somehow, as they do singing a song with their name in it: "C-O-R-L-E-O-N-E-S, we're the best." Oh well, the **Causey Way** did it too, so it must be cool. (Issue 158)

—*Nicolas Fox*

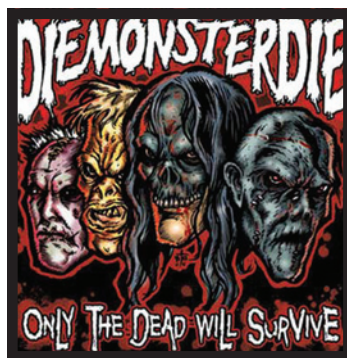
Corleones Soundtrack to Suicide Sickboy Records



If you end up killing yourself, don't worry about leaving a mess. Say the Corleones, "Hello our fans, we are the Corleones. Kill yourselves and leave us your bones." Tidy. Just one example of the Corleones' tongue-in-cheek observations of a strange, unfamiliar world, and smart, surly, ironic and subtle innovative style. More examples: Track five's discordant, **Sonic Youth**-like guitar picking, track ten's weird breaks, static, and lonesome bells, track twelve's rhythm guitar, full of tension, like birds balancing on a telephone wire ready to drop at any moment with a din of full-on rock caterwauling at the end. Track nine boasts an unusual guitar riff with low, fast bass that is a perfect example of all the many arms of the octopus that is the Corleones—they won't fit into any box, they won't behave. You've been warned. (Issue 167) —*Nicolas Fox*

Die Monster Die Only the Dead Will Survive Dr. Cyclops Records

It's another Die Monster Die release, and nothing is different from previous releases, but it's still good. For those not aware of DMD, they are heavily Misfits-influenced



with a straight-ahead rock sound and an obsession with zombies, death, B-horror movies, masks, blood and Satan. Song titles from *Only the Dead* are: "Rock N Roll Super Monster," "Bleeding Wrist of Destiny" and "Feast of the Living Dead." Actually, there is only one song title that refers to zombies, but there are seven that are directly or indirectly related to suicide. What could this mean? Zolof refills aren't that expensive, guys. And hey, suicide isn't the answer. Killing yourself is. (Issue 201)

—*James Orme*

GAZA Homeless Urine Sessions Recorded by Andy Patterson

Love it! Love it, love it, love it, love it! This is the most recent three-song release of GAZA and I love it! One of the heaviest rockin' and riffin' gruff-havoc rock bands ever. Screw whether they're from Salt Lake, I think they're one of the best bands ever. Thankfully, they miss the common emo-voiced breakdowns, and they're chock-full of solid, throat-throbbing assaults of smutty, full-range monster vocals. Of course, they're backed by a tight, iron-clad attack. It's flawless. Not to mention a guest vocal addition from **Trevor Starnad** of the **Black Dahlia Murder** on track two that mixes right in. It's awesome! (Issue 203)

—*Cindi Robinson*

Le Force Le Fortress Wntage USA

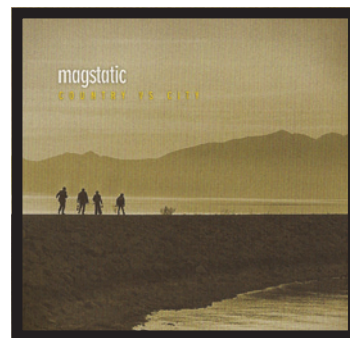
It's finally here: Le Force's first record label release. The deflowering honor goes to Wntage USA, out of Missoula, MT, which also hosts **Federation X** and **The Fucking Champs**, among others. Hot tubs filled with whiskey and semen, feathered hot-pink boas and glass fish tanks full of cobras and coke during their world tour supporting **The Who** and/or **Monster Magnet** are sure to follow. Le Force put the mojo back into metal. Their mostly-instrumental black iron brew is dripping with the raw, cocky attitude that was so essential to the entire beginning of the movement. Not only is Le Force's musical execution as tight as a tourniquet, the feverish but deadly controlled guitar solos reek of immediate, real and heart-ripping heat and sweat, and the riffs themselves surge like a mounting tsunami, pounding your helpless psyche with a wall of liquid fire. The production happily leaves the scrappy edges of Le Force's three-prong assault intact, so it sounds as if they're playing in your living room, straddling your TV and writhing on your shag rug. I like all the tracks, but "Victory Runs Through Our Blood Like Ice in the Caves of Midnight" has got to be my favorite musically and

title-wise. (Issue 188) —*Rebecca Vernon*

Legendary Porch Pounders A Little Gift: Authorized Boot-leg Self-Released

I swore off drinking yesterday, but halfway through the emotionally exhausting second track, "Up for Days," I had one leg swung back on the wagon. **Dan Weldon's** lyrics are more folk-poetic than would traditionally accompany many of LPP's Delta blues tunes, but their song structures range anywhere from there to roots to almost **Hank Williams** country. **Bad Brad Wheeler's** harmonica moans flesh out Weldon's skeleton picks and strums, nearly voices themselves. Back from a successful SXSW stint with **Bill Kirchen**, you'll find these boys nursing in Ogden's *Brewskies* almost seven days a week. (Issue 196) —*Nate Martin*

Magstatic Country vs. City Pop Sweatshop



Magstatic's downhome, straightforward rock with countryish overtones sends thrills up your spine and makes you want to pop-dance all night long. The dark, gritty rock-riff of the title track reminds one of **Edie Brikell's** catchy "What I Am" riff, oh yeah, you know the one. The poppy, no-nonsense riffs of "Somedays" change into a flowing, riveting chorus. "Jewel Thief" has plenty of 'treble guitar, a struttly, straight rock approach and a chorus that is not just what you'd call cool, but cooooooool, the way every rock song should. "Home" is gilded with an emo overlay, and "How to Play Good Golf" mixes pure angst with a certain sadness that lies curved like a tear just underneath the words. "In Jail" mixes a very high-and-low melodic line with vocals that sound like tender banshee... if banshees could be tender. Way to rock, Magstatic. (Issue 168) —*Rebecca Vernon*

Nolens Volens I'm Sad Your Living Self-Released

Tribal atmospheric drumming melts into NYC *Ghosts and Flowers*-era **Sonic Youth** wavering guitar-picking, bright as a daisy growing in a crack in a disgusting city street in the opening track, "Jon Bytheway is Actually Satan." Upon first listen, you know you've encountered one of them bands that, like, aren't afraid to try out new things and stuff. (**Jon Bytheway**—isn't he that goofy youth fireside/EFY speaker? I think yes). Hard industrial beats dominate "Bleepo" laid underneath ordinary-sounding voice samples. Crunchy drum-sample beats make out with bells

and piano melody lines with acoustic guitar seventh chord sounds filling in the background on "Election Day" (my favorite track). I also like "Deaf Ears." It's so nice and sad. Nolens Volens have nothing to prove and nothing to lose. That's a power position if I ever heard a one. (*Issue 201*) —James Orme

Purr Bats Bionic Fresh Moves State of Deseret/Rest 30



They're incomparable, sorry. Salt Lake's best dour-synth-disco-spazz-band-that-will-kill-you-with-humor-while-they-revive-you-with-succinctness have so many tongues in cheeks, it'd be an athletic event to French 'em. Purr Bats move in a more bass-driven, sinister, trip-hoppish, **Massive Attack** direction ("The Jollies to Time-Spent Ratio") at times and a DJ-ish, disco direction at others ("The Poodle Short Circuit," "Think Dream Residue") on March-released *Bionic Fresh Moves*. Eerie, jazz-fusion back-up vocals abound. The dark underskin of Purr Bats is beginning to overpower the face powder. Yes! (*Issue 196*) —Rebecca Vernon

Riverbed Jed Woke NRC

The epic press release that came with *Woke* could be made into a major blockbuster movie: I laughed, I cried, I went to the john during the car chase! Like the Pope writing Godzilla's resume—it's that amazing. Oh yeah, the music: *Woke* clocks in at about an hour with 12 songs and nary a dud to be found. The title track and "Jedediah" are good n' evil openers, but I prefer RBJ's funk side. **Jimmy James Velour** (bass) and **Devin Affleck** (drums) are one mofo rhythm section, "Grey Eyed Vision" and "Again" are groovy enough to hump anything to—and I do mean *anything*. "Mental Masturbation" is a familiar live staple to loyal Jed heads—you know, the one that starts with the line: "My philosophy is biting my kelp" or something like that. **Chad Herd**'s speed rapping on this tune invokes a really bent vision of **Danzig** at a cattle auction. "Non-Verbal Incantation" is a sort-of instrumental that could double as a spy show theme after a few doses of your favorite liquid. "Homegroan" serves up some boiling riffage that your average grunge-vendors can only dream about and **Jodi Hessling**'s stunning solo vocals stab. I've mentioned elsewhere that she deserves more mic time, so 'nuff said. "Snail" is a slinky little number thrown into the fray just when you thought you had 'em pegged, and by the time you live through "Ed", "Broken", and "Bog", you should note

that guitar man **Lance Everill** has utilized wah-wah, talkbox, and the minimal soloing required by law—take *that*, ax-wankers! The seven minute-plus finale kicks off with some of Chad's cool acoustic noodling that spices up the whole CD as much as his leather lunged baritone. I'm going to put every ounce of my credibility(!) on the line, look you straight in the forehead and urge you to buy two or three copies of *Woke*, even though I can't narrow it down to just one reason—Riverbed Jed is more complex than Allstate's Bonus Dismemberment Plan. I'll just sum this sucker up with TV Guide's plot synopsis of *Teenage Catgirls In Heat*: "Small-town felines are transformed into young women with mating—and murder—on their minds." Proper! (*Issue 67*) —Helen Wolf

Thunderfist Finals ECG Records

Hide the women and children and get the hell outta town, Thunderfist is coming to burn and destroy your pathetic little world. Thunderfist is the pure, unadulterated—or maybe just a little bit adulterated—triumph of the all-American boy, the all-American rock love song and the all-American one-night stand. The lyrics make out with thick sarcasm, as in track ten—"I want to be like the Jones', want to be a star"—and straightforward conquest, as in track five—"Get backstage and get with me, party with me." Grinding guitars give Thunderfist's music its signature raw, vicious, unfinished edge, as in "Livin' It Up in a Trailer Home." The matured vocals are even stronger than usual, as on track three, where **Mic Mayo**'s voice sounds like a big, brown, vicious grizzly's. Remember: there's no escape ... only surrender. (*Issue 167*) —Nicolas Fox

Tolchock Trio Ghosts Don't Have Bones Red Triangle Records

It makes sense that all three of Tolchock Trio's members were at **The Liars** show last month. Not that they emulate The Liars, but more like, birds of a feather flock together, ya'll. TT veer in a much more experimental direction with *Ghosts* than with *Hello Bird*—just as Liars did with their latest album—angular bass colliding with brash, discordant guitar and avant garde drum patterns. The hypnotic minimalism might leave fans expecting the same ol' same ol' behind, but those fans probably belonged in the caboose to begin with. Hefty, addictive rock rears up in "Tolchock Riot" and "Super-Coated Hornets." "I said, I'm not gonna shake, I said, I don't know about that new sound!" I especially like "Goose." "Hey you—they're selling plots on the moon. If you don't like it, move" and **The Doors**' "The End"—like last song, "Ghosts Don't Have Bones." Apocalypse now. (*Issue 184*) —Rebecca Vernon

Tragic Black Articulate Lacerations Arrogant Hipster Records

Articulate Lacerations is one of the most original CDs to come out of Salt Lake in a long time. Citing influences such as **Cinema Strang**, **Penis Flytrap**, and **Christian Death**, Tragic Black does have the trappings of L.A. death rock. But they unabashedly mix the shocking contrast of brutally condemning punk lyrics and morbid political ruminations with beautiful

melodies, spectacular bass-lines, tendrils of haunting keyboard violins, hints of spirituality, and catchy drum machine sequences. They are impossible to categorize. Tragic Black lyrically condemn corrupt religions and corporations alike (is there a difference?) with trademark husky, distorted vocals as in "Screams From the Silenced." But theirs is not an unequivocal, trite dismissal of the establishment—it is something far more difficult, a torturous sifting of right from wrong. In the hypnotic dirge, "Warriors of Shambhala," the spiritual side of Tragic Black emerges in full force, reminding you of the purpose of rebellion: individual enlightenment. "Your body is a temple. A temple for your mind. Within there are the answers you seek to find." (*Issue 162*) —Nicolas Fox

The Unlucky Boys Fat Drunk Bastard Self-Released

Songs about being "Young, Dumb, and Full of Cum," having a girlfriend that has the "Nymphomaniac Blues," and a desire to be a "Polygamist," make up the general attitude of this kick-ass release. My second favorite band in Utah (sorry guys, **Doublewide** is still the best) knows how to rock the house. This disc is seven songs of humorous drinking songs, best described as greaser rock and hyperactive psychobilly. The recording is done well and the samples that are laced throughout the disc blend well with the song structures and never become annoying or distract from the music. The U-Boys hail from Provo and they play at *Burt's Tiki Lounge* all the time with Doublewide. Check 'em out! It will be one of the best shows you have seen in a long time. After the show, go up to the members of the U-Boys and demand a copy of this hell-raising, boot-stomping disc. That is if you're not too shit-faced. Sometimes the U-Boys drive a person to drinking. (*Issue 138*) —Kevlar7

The Used Self-Titled Reprise Records



So you hate The Used. You hate them because they came from Orem, played little to no live shows (as rumor has it) and then got signed to one of the biggest record labels in the free world. You hate them because you think they're posers. So did I. I kept hearing about how TOTALLY AWE-SOME their new album was, but remained in a distant fog of suspicion, expecting yet another kitschy nü-metal form of one-dimensional rebellion. But listening to their album changed my mind. It is ass-kicking, pure, untainted angst that is surprisingly,

about 80 percent emo, about 15 percent punk, and only about 10 percent nü-metal. Maybe they're not on the cutting-edge of innovation, but they have a core of genuine emotion that is missing from so much mainstream emo slag. "Poetic Tragedy" is poignant, beautiful and melodic, and tracks eight through eleven are the best, ranging from the profound bass-line and violins of "Greener With the Scenery" to the soaring vocals of "Noise & Kisses." This is musical smithing at its best. (*Issue 166*) —Nicolas Fox

Vile Blue Shades Dark Wizard Croakfrog



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, repetitive blues lines come off punk and art-rock and 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. (*Issue 197*) —Rebecca Vernon

The Wolfs Two-Song Vinyl Single Pseudo Records

Bigger is better, and so is vinyl. The Wolfs get better and better with every release, and this single ranks about a 10.0 on the Richter scale—getting any better is cause for an international emergency. "I Want More" features the vocals of **Carri and Jeremy**, usually utilized for snotty back-ups, at the forefront for a couple verses. Swinging into the turbo-charged chorus with **Eli**'s throaty, naughty nah-nah-nahs and **Josh**'s urgent drumming completes the final thrust at the end. "Whatever I Am" has a steady beginning beat that sounds like all-in-step coal miners going off to work for the day, their picks clanging down simultaneously. Yeah, the theme is slightly different from coal mines, tho'. The spacey, discordant guitar chords start squealing like a stuck pig as the song rears up near the middle, and muted backups add spice at the end. Congrats on your first 7", colored and all. (*Issue 181*) —Rebecca Vernon

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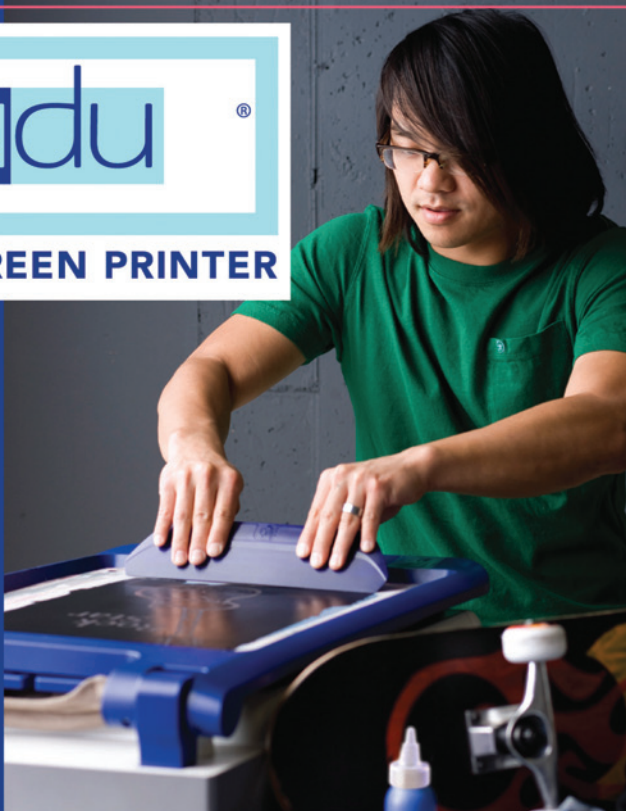
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CD Reviews

All or Nothing HC Search for the Strength On the Rag Records

There should be more females in hardcore. As much as I eat, sleep and breathe the 'core (and listen to it literally 12 hours a day), it seems like a bunch of sweaty, shirtless dudes in a man-only mosh pit is rather gay. All or Nothing HC's **Renae Bryant** is smart, opinionated and a great screamer. I admire her lyrics for making the female perspective more understandable to us stupid males. Particularly in the song "Knife to My Neck," which is about a brutal sexual assault she endured several years ago. Musically, All or Nothing HC are upbeat yet thrashing, like **Uniform Choice** or **Skins Brains & Guts**-era **7 Seconds**. The recording on *Search for the Strength* is fucking raw and sounds live, just as any self-respecting DIY hardcore band would have it. (Issue 169: 01/2003) —Dave Barratt

The Black Keys The Moan EP Alive Records

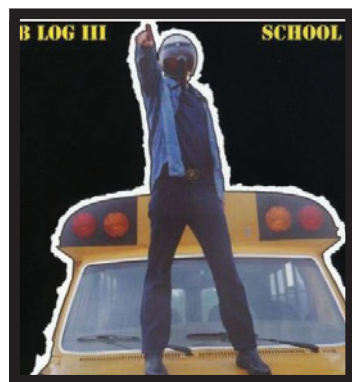


For those people who have still not discovered the bombastic sounds of The Black Keys, I shake my head in disgust. The Keys combine the perfect sounds of deep-South-homegrown-delta blues with 70s Detroit rock n' roll thunder. Having released two masterpiece albums full of their hybrid blues rock compositions, the Keys decided to release a catchy EP of four songs and two new songs, so to speak. "Heavy Soul" was released on their first album. On this EP, it is a more raw alternate version. "Have Love Will Travel" was on their second disc, but it is presented again, more stripped-down. "The Moan" is a song that had seen the light of day on a split 12" but had been recorded live. On this EP, "The Moan" is the actual recorded studio version, which showcases the tightness between the guitar player and the drummer in their song structures. "No Fun"

(64) *SaltLakeUnderGround*

is a cover of **The Stooges**, classic, which is amazing to hear as a souped-up blues rock nugget. Having this EP take its place among the two Keys discs is to have the complete music catalog from the band, which is a worthwhile addition to any music lover's collection. Feast on some down-home cooking at www.totalenergy.com. (Issue 185: 05/2004) —Kevlar7

Bob Log III School Bus Fat Possum



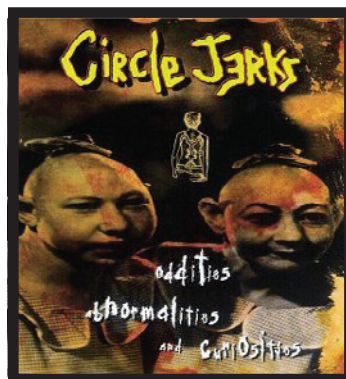
Due to the vast beehive network occupied by **SLUG** headquarters, the name Bob Log has passed through these hallowed pages in the past. He has recorded previous works under the name **Doo Rag** in partnership with his pots, pans and corrugated-cardboard box percussionist **Thermos Malling**. **Doo Rag** actually paid a visit to the capitol city to perform a concert the apathetic residents skipped. Tucson, Arizona is the location from which the maimed delta blues of both Bob Log and **Doo Rag** emanates. Due to unknown circumstances, the esteemed Bob Log added "III" to his name and ventured forth to Oxford, Mississippi searching for a recording experience in the heart of his influence. A holler, a shout and an exceptionally underdeveloped talent with the electric slide guitar are preserved for the rumored decade-long lifespan represented by the resulting compact disc. Log III is the multi-instrumentalist. Astoundingly enough, he supplied all the drum, guitar and vocal portions and composed the pieces. In one case he is aided by background vocals from **Pancakes**. In trying times such as these, Bob Log III uses a yellow short-bus metaphor while attempting information dissemination by expressing unpopular views, "I Want Your Shit On My Leg," for example. He states the obvious results in the venomous anti-war anthem, "All Rockets Go Boom." "Duck Back Down" furthers

the message as a "Big Ass Hard On" follows, instead of preceding "Fire In the Hole." Lacking a powerful voice, our friend Bob Log III uses the common megaphone method. This is not "come out of the house with your hands up." This is information dissemination from the other side of the tracks. Street preaching, grandstanding and gathering the flock to a soapbox, this is the way of Bob Log III. Don't worry—he won't visit the capitol city anytime soon. It is impossible to convert the brainwashed using simple recordings. Corporate radio, corporate press and corporate video broadcast have brought the New World Order to pass. After the apocalypse, Bob Log III will receive recognition. (Issue 117: 09/1998) —Jam

Bouncing Souls Johnny X 7 inch BYO Records

So, after listening to the previous stack, I found the Bouncing Souls at the bottom. Thinking that some extra energy was required before slapping the vinyl on the turntable, I snorted a gram of West Valley City crank. Gnawing furiously at my lip and smoking five cigarettes in the three minutes both sides of this record lasted, I found the band to be a throwback to the past. They play so fast that moshing is impossible. Stage diving at a Bouncing Souls show would involve changing into a bit-mapped icon and moving way beyond the speed of sound. Place this one in the "good" stack. (Issue 87: 03/1996) —Riley Puckett

The Circle Jerks Oddities, Abnormalities and Curiosities Mercury Records



Let's say you were a Southern California punk rock band who had labored for years with little financial reward. All of a sudden, the kid down the street you taught to play guitar is moving out of the neighborhood because of his new millionaire status. Then

an A&R guy from a mega-corp record company knocks on your door and offers you the chance to make another record. It's been six or seven years since your last one came out. What do you do? If you are a member of the Circle Jerks, you sign on the dotted line. This review is of an advance cassette. The actual CD comes out in late June. No information on who is currently in the Circle Jerks was included, and my attempts to gain an interview with any member of the band were stymied by record company red tape. What you see is what you get. *Oddities, Abnormalities and Curiosities* is currently my pick for the best punk record of 1995. (That status could easily be changed if I get a free copy of the **Bad Brains** CD in the near future.) The Circle Jerks were one of the founding members of the California punk scene. Remember the seminal movie *Decline of Western Civilization*? They were in it. From the sound of this tape they have retreated to old **Sex Pistols** records and forsaken their California past. If you managed to catch **Texass** when they were in town a couple of months ago, the sound is similar. The year is 1977, and England has taken the **Ramones** as their own—of course, with a few changes. It's three-chord punk rock with lovable, grating vocals. If they come to town, don't expect to mosh or even slam. Worming and pogo-ing are acceptable both at home and at whatever venue these guys play. An incredible album from some old timers who were always one of my favorites anyway, *Oddities, Abnormalities and Curiosities* receives five **SLUGs** to the face—the highest rating possible. (Issue 78: 06/1995) —WA

Discount Ataxia's Alright Tonight 7 Sixty Records



So I gave this my three-song test. Basically it's the judge of everything under five bucks. It has three songs to get me interested or I'm outta there. I think if Discount were an opening band I might enjoy

them, but I would never stay if they were headlining a show. They're not horrible or anything. As a matter of fact they have a 'spunkiness,' but for the most part the only thing that stands out about them is the fact that they've got a female lead singer who can do this **J Church** sort of thing well. The recording quality sucks, though, and it's hard to tell if the band's any good at playing their friggin' instruments. The good news is they don't annoy me. (Issue 106: 10/1997) —*Sausage King*

Fugazi The Argument Dischord Records



If ever there was an award for a band that actually gets better and better with each release, then Fugazi definitely takes the prize. *The Argument* follows in the same musical styles and compositions as Fugazi's last two discs, *End Hits* and *Red Medicine*. They develop the artistic and engaging fulfillment of building melodies and complex arrangements that build to loud crescendos of noise and fury. This disc, as well as their last two, is a fine example of an independent band that has been around for a long time and through those years have become committed in creating musical masterpieces. (Issue 156: 10/2001) —*Kevlar7*

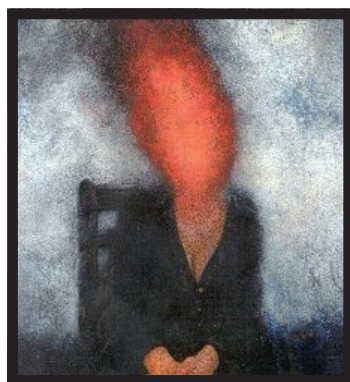
Hepcat Right On Time Hellcat Records



I can remember when both *City Weekly* hacks ridiculed the *Deseret News*'s Vice for predicting that ska was the future of music. How do you kids feel now that '97 proved Vice correct? The platinum-selling ska of '97 wasn't true ska so maybe the pulpbacks were correct. When searching for actual ska, Hepcat is the one and only name. "Right On Time" begins the

latest release in such soulful fashion that I suddenly realized American R&B was the cornerstone of early ska. If all that speed and punk rock shit is desired, skank really fast by Hepcat on to **Buck-O-Nine**. Hepcat's rhythms are breezy, the horns are laid back, the vocals are soulful patios, the guitar is fat and the bass/drums are live. "Pharaoh's Dreams" is an instrumental featuring **Deston Berry** on the keyboards and if the influence of American swing isn't felt by the time the tune is complete, Hepcat follows it up with "No Worries." The horns are swinging without a doubt, (or is that no doubt?) but the rhythm section keeps the back beat ska. Make no mistake, this isn't third-wave ska—Hepcat's version is so close to the reggae border that third wavers won't cross to discover the **Harry Belafonte** take-off that closes "Rudies All Around." Harry Belafonte? Didn't ska spend some time in bed with calypso? "Tommy's Song" is another instrumental and **Kincaid Smith** (trumpet), and either **Aarone Owene** (guitar) or **Lino Trujille** (guitar) step out to strut the breaks before the rest of the band joins in. The vast majority of today's current punk-ska bands qualify as good-time music. Hepcat is so far above the pack—these cats even do doo-wop on "Together Someday." Call it roots if you must. To me, *Right On Time* is the direction. It's a beautiful recording. Buy *Right On Time* and ingrain it into your membrane. (Issue 109: 01/1998) —*Batty Bread*

Integrity INTEGRITY 2000 Victory Records



Although the life philosophy of **Dwid** leaves me alternating between cringing and chuckling, I have always admired the massive musical onslaught of his band. In fact, I would dare say that over the years, Integrity has been one of the most influential bands in the Victory style. Their unabashed utilization of metal influences allows them to brandish one of the biggest, harshest and most evil sounds ever produced in hardcore. With the world on the brink of a new millennium and doomsday pundits worldwide getting more and more attention, Dwid has unleashed the latest incarnation of the band called Integrity—a group primed to revel in the destruction of the world. The new CD is definitely the most balls-to-the-wall and in-your-face chunk rage Integrity has ever made. For the most part, 2000 is faster, harsher and more twisted than any of its predecessors. Fans of the band (and Victory-core in general) should be

totally satisfied. Even fans of more extreme sounds like grind and power violence will be appreciative. This is a keeper. (Issue 126: 06/1999) —*Jeb Branin*

Lil' Wayne Lights Out Cash Money Records

I fucking hate censored promos, man! Lil' Wayne mobs with the **Cash Money** crew, who just had a mini-hit with that stooped "project B*tch" song. Lil' tries to keep it ree-yo by rockin' it old school, rapping mostly about slangin' and bangin'. Takes me back to the gory daze of the Ghetto when a brotha was more likely to be shot for his Nikes than become a millionaire gangsta rapper. The coolest thang is that nobody gets killed on this disc. Being only eighteen, the deepest knowledge he drops is on the classic track "Get Off the Corner." He gets into a few jiggy grooves, but mostly the beats are meatless and the samples wack. It's obvious that Cash Money didn't fork the cheese they did for **B.G.**'s disc. Might've done better to bring something a lil' shorter and phatter. (Issue 146: 02/2001) —*Shame Shady*

Madlib Shades of Blue: Madlib Invades Blue Note Blue Note

Madlib repents jazz for the new generation. Following up countless projects with different groups like **Lootpack** or **Yesterday's New Quintet** and under different guises like **Quassimoto**, **Joe McDuphrey** and **Dudley Perkins**, Madlib gives us his take on jazz culture by remixing his favorite tracks from the legendary Blue Note label catalog. Madlib's production style is simultaneously raw and polished and remains unique and experimental while staying true to the originals. The superior quality of this modern soul music is hard to find these days and the crossover appeal is enough for me to recommend this to anyone interested in jazz, hip-hop or soul. (Issue 178: 10/2003) —*J-Russ*

MF Doom MF Doom's "Special Herbs" Vol. 4

Metal Face Records/Nature Sounds
Take three teaspoons of the freshest samples, add a bundle of snares and kicks, two pounds of strings, a dollop of piano loops and a pinch of bass for flavor...and voila, you have the recipe for making classic wax. It's a recipe that MF Doom has been following since his days as a member of the dynamic duo known as **KMD**. His latest release is another collection of beats from past classics and new tracks not yet released, as well as a remastered version of Vol. 3. All 16 instruments vary, ranging from the extreme changeups on "Star Anis" to the cypha-inviting piano and bass loops found on "Arigmony." For crowd participation, Victor also takes the effects his tracks will have on you after listening. So, take some "Lemon Grass" for your psychic powers, a little "Arabic Gum" for purification, top it off with the sedative powers of "Spikernard" for your health, and call me in the morning. Finally, an album guaranteed to make the breakers break, the emcees spit, the graff writers bomb, and DJs study. Whether you're a fan of MF Doom or not, this album is worth checking

out, no matter what your musical taste. (Issue 183: 03/2004) —*Keegan*

Nirvana From the Muddy Banks of the Wishkah DGC

I saw Nirvana a long time ago in San Diego. Everyone left the show saying how it was the coolest show and Nirvana was the best of the bands that night. I was silent, so as to avoid an argument. That is because they sucked. Lo and behold, the very show I saw is on this record. December 1991 at the *DelMar Fairgrounds* with **Pearl Jam** and **Red Hot Chili Peppers**. Now don't get me wrong, I loved **Nevermind**, but this was not a good band live. They were sloppy, out of time and had shitty vocals. This record proves it—regardless of what the idiot ex-bass player thinks of the 'ultimate allure' of Nirvana. (Issue 94: 10/1996) —*Sean*

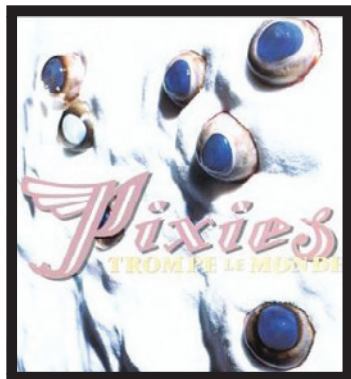
Nirvana Nevermind David Getten Company



All the promise of *Bleach* is fulfilled on the new Nirvana album. The single, "Smells Like Teen Spirit," is only the beginning as the record takes off with lightning speed and rarely slows down to let the listener catch a breath. Can you keep up with Nirvana? They put you to the test on this one. All the elements that made the first album so great are here again: raunchy guitar licks, steady bass and drum throbs accompanied by vocals that range from soft and melancholic to screaming bursts of energy. Nirvana stretches one's sense of rock music to its limits, adding unconventional lyrics and guitar sounds to a conventional genre. This album isn't contrived by any means. From the first song to the final fade-out, this album takes on a life of its own, with the band in tow. *Nevermind* also shows a more vulnerable side of Nirvana, with the balladesque feel of "Polly" and "Something In The Way" complete with a cello line in the background that adds a new dimension to Nirvana's music. Don't be alarmed though. These aren't typical rock ballads like **Motley Crew** and **Guns 'N' Roses** spew out on nubile young females with an excess of hormones. There's sincerity and hopelessness wrapped up in these songs, and a reason for them being on the record not just to fill space, but to express another aspect of Nirvana. If you missed Nirvana live this past summer in Salt Lake, you may not have a feel for the energy level this band creates live—so

much that a CD or cassette can barely hold it. If *Nevermind* is your first encounter with Nirvana, then check out the grungier garage sounds of *Bleach* to find out where these crack-smokin'-fudge-packin'-satan-worshippin' motherfuckers came from. (Issue 35: 11/1991) —*M*

Pixies Trompe Le Monde 4AD/Elektra



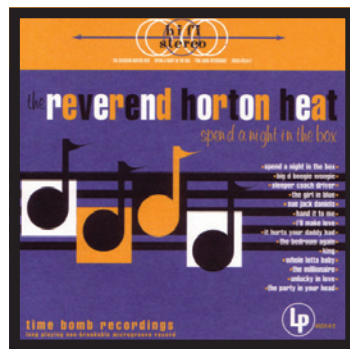
If they haven't yet, the Pixies are bound to conquer *le monde* with their new album. *Trompe Le Monde* is their strongest record since the duo of *Surfer Rosa*/*Come On Pilgrim*, with a perfect blend of grungy guitars and vocals worked into the slick studio production that detracted from *Doolittle* and *Bassanova*. The energy and frenzy of the Pixies' live performance is captured on this disc. *Trompe Le Monde* finds the Pixies branching out, blending the influences of heavy metal, hardcore and alternative rock with trademark Pixies sounds. This diversity broadens the band's musical appeal, while they make out-and-out gut-wrenching rock n'roll. **Black Francis** seems even more psychotic as he sings through effects than he does straight singing. The strange and weird world of the Pixies is still very much with us as Francis sings lines like "Jeffrey with one f Jeffery" or in the mock send-up of rock underground culture, "Subbacultcha." "I was looking handsome/she was looking like an erotic vulture/I was all dressed in black/she was all dressed up in black." Somehow the lyrics fit the feel of the songs, especially when delivered in Francis' half-singing/half-screaming vocals, as if he needs to shout to get his point across. Needless to say, when Black Francis wants to make a point, one is inclined to sit up and listen. One of the highlights of the new record is a ripping version of **The Jesus and Mary Chain's** "Head On." It fits with the context of the album and sounds as though the Pixies wrote it themselves. Their version puts the excitement back into the song that seems to be dying with The Chain. Sadly missing from *Trompe Le Monde* is **Kim Deal's** presence. She's so far in the background that she's hardly noticeable. Maybe this is due to the strength of her side project **The Breeders**. This record is bound to "fool the world" into loving the Pixies and embracing them for the musical leaders they are. *Liberte! Egalite! Fraternite! Les Pixies!* (Issue 35: 11/1991) —*Matt*

Rancid ...And Out Come The Wolves Epitaph

The only reason this record made the stiff (66) *Salt Lake Underground*

sheet is because I am a fan of old N.Y. punk rock. I AM NOT a Rancid fan. Scratch that. I didn't used to be a Rancid fan. Now, unfortunately, I have to join forces with all the other hacks that are praising this band. ...*And Out Come the Wolves* is one of the better records of the year. Best punk record of the year? Also-fucking-lutely. I must apologize to all the other punk bands that released records this year. There were many great ones, but Rancid's kicks everyone's ass. From the opening lines of "Maxwell Murder," "Dial 999 if you really want the truth/...he ain't Jack the Ripper, he's your ordinary crook" to the semi-punk/ska "Time Bomb," Rancid stays on track and never disappoints. Even when they go in and out of varied song styles, they sound fresh and listenable. This is no shit, if you blow this record off as "another punk album" you're an idiot. These 19 songs capture every possible feeling imaginable. "Junkie Man," "Old Friend," "She's Automatic"—this record has it all. Need I say more? If so, read this review again from the start. (Issue 81:09/1995) —*Mr. Pink*

The Reverend Horton Heat Spend A Night In The Box Time Bomb Records



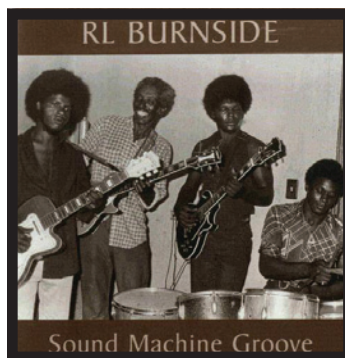
What can I say about the Reverend that I haven't bragged, idolized, worshipped, totally been left on my hands and knees drooling, barking and howling like a rabid dog for his holy self, before in the past? He is the new king of rock n'roll. All bow down and worship in praise for the glory of the Rev. I own everything this man and his band have done on disc. He is solely responsible for getting me into the whole rockabilly and psychobilly scene. He has five albums that give testimony to the power and fury of his music. He started on the label **Sub Pop** and then moved to **Interscope**, which he has now left behind for the Time Bomb label. The label has **Mike Ness**, **The Amazing Crowns**, **No Knife**, and **Social Distortion** on their roster. So I know you're asking, "How is it, is it any good?" In response I say, "Fuck yeah!" The Rev has gone back to the more traditional sounds of his first two records *Smoke 'Em If You Got 'Em* and *The Full Custom Gospel Sounds*, steering away from the more psychobilly sounds of the Interscope records. That doesn't mean the knee-slapping humor is gone. "Sue Jack Daniel" keeps me chuckling every time I listen to it. "The Girl in Blue" has a good blues sound to it. The chorus on "Hand it to Me" is for the latter-day alcoholics out there. Lust is the theme on, "I'll Make Love"—my favorite anthem. Stand-up bass thumper **Jimbo** and drummer **Scott Chu-**

rilla plays in top form, giving the Rev a solid platform to stand upon. The album's 14 tracks burn with hell-fire as the Rev attempts to get the listener to see the light of salvation. His motto of course being, I was a sinner until I saw the Reverend, and now I'm going straight to Hell. I can bare my soul and testify to all that I've been baptized by the hymns of the Rev and now I'm a goner. Yeh-hah!!! (Issue 136: 04/2000) —*Kevlar7*

River City Rebels No Good, No Time, No Pride Victory Records

This is some great, kick-ass oil-style street punk. These guys take **Rancid**-influenced socio-political punk and add a twist to it by including a horn section. With the horns, the band goes from writing engaging and catchy songs to in-depth masterful tunes that are neither boring nor mediocre. Great songs like "Aborted," "Life's a Drag" and "Crush" show the group's skillful songwriting, but the lyric writing on these tracks is what will put a smile on the faces of those who like thunderous retro-sounding gutter punk. River City Rebels will definitely hit all the right chords for those fans of **The Clash**, **Snuff** and **The Distillers**. With so much mediocrity out there cashing in on the punk catchphrases and clichés, it's great to see a group that tries really hard to write something worth spending one's money on. (Issue 169:01/2003) —*Kevlar7*

RL Burnside Sound Machine Groove HMG



Time now for some motherfuckin' blues in the pages of SLUG. A lot of blues lovers were disgusted by RL's "An Ass Pocket A Whiskey." That is as it should be. **Jonny Lang** is the blues for the fools. Burnside didn't start playing blues until **Jon Spencer** took him on tour. This particular recording was made in 1979. Burnside was playing fucked-up blues all the way back then. His band was the **Sound Machine** and a Burnside appearance at the time was a combination of plugged-in and unplugged. Burnside made three tours of Europe as a country bluesman before most Americans had ever heard of him. The first Burnside recordings date back to 1967. **Arhoolie Records** issued one-half an LP that year. All of this has gone way beyond those educated in Utah public schools and that is as it should be. Utah is very similar to Mississippi. In Mississippi the untutored are white and black. In Utah the untutored are just plain white. I've spoken with some Mississippi residents and I've discovered a certain quality of their

manner of speaking: I am of the firm belief that the only person able to immediately understand the rural Mississippi dialect is a public-schooled Utahn. *Sound Machine Groove* is a combination of trance blues and simple plugged-in Mississippi blues. It's the motherfuckin' blues. If the reader doesn't understand what motherfuckin' blues means then head on down to *Salt City CDs* where I found the disc. Ask the employees to set y'all down wit a copy and educate yourself. "Yeah and I begged her likk'er?" What the fuck? That, my friends, is from one of Burnside's country tunes. (Issue 104: 08/1997) —*Bukka*

Roger Miret and the Disasters S/T Hellcat Records

Godfather Roger Miret (**Agnostic Front**) has returned with his new punk rock upstarts The Disasters. This is true New York messed-up-pompadour, gutter brawl punk, but don't expect AF-style hardcore polit-punk. This album is chock-full of pump-your-fist street anthems. There's even a **Cock Sparrer** cover modified into "New York Belongs To Me." This is a fun CD with quick, catchy, stomp-it-down-your-throat tunes centered around fun found the hard way. "I wanna kick some heads in, I wanna run and riot, feelin' loud and proud, ready for a fight." (Issue 167: 11/2002) —*Monkey 965*

Sage Francis A Healthy Distrust Epitaph

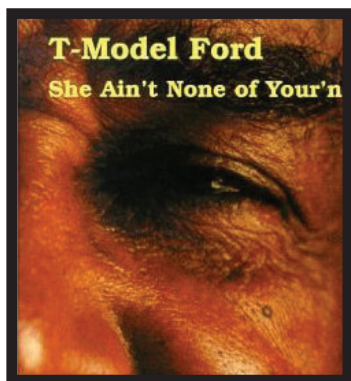


Nothing new lyrically here for Sage (solo from the **Non-Prophecs**, though **Joe Beats** lends an occasional hand), which is just fine. Politics, chicks and badmouthing drug addicts are laid out with just about the sickest, clever and tightest rhymespeak abilities existing today. The beats vary in quality and interestingness, sometimes even resembling (gasp!) rock guitar riffs. Anyone who knows Mr. Francis, though, knows it's all about the words. *A Healthy Distrust* is not a testament quite in the way *Personal Journals* was, but seems much more personally focused than most of his albums of late. "Gunz Yo" is a highlight: "Straight to the grill like a homophobic rapper/unaware of the graphic nature of phallic symbols/Tragically ironic, sucking off each other's gats and pistols." *Billboard* magazine hails that, "Sage/...may not be a household name yet, but it may only be a matter of time." Yeah, too bad he's like, 40. (Issue 194: 02/2005) —*Nate Martin*

Subhumans Live in a Dive Fat Wreck

We've all seen Subhumans patches at shows. Like the **Misfits'** crimson ghost or the **Black Flag** bars, the simple three boxes spelling out Sub-hum-mans is unarguably one of the most recognizable logos in the punk scene. I always wanted the patch with the logo on it for my jacket, but I didn't know who the Subhumans were, so I went out and bought *Time Flies + Rats*. Well, I never got that patch, but I find myself four years later still listening to that record. This, like the other numerous discs from *Fat Wreck's Live In A Dive* series, is a crystal-clear recording of 26 tracks that span the band's entire career. Maybe now I'll finally get that patch. (Issue 183: 03/2004) —James Orme

T-Model Ford She Ain't None Of Your'n Fat Possum/Epitaph Records



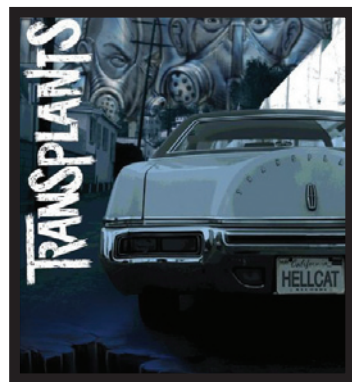
Yeeehhaahhh! Blues! Good Blues! Not that shitty **Dead Goat** hippie blues, that local music retards think is what the blues is all about. I remember the first time I heard the blues, I had just drank a fifth of Everclear and was just sitting there on the coach shaking my head to the beat, keeping myself from passing out. This record ranks up there with all the blues greats, it has all the right elements to it. T-Model covers all the right subjects, exploring the depths of what makes a man piss fire. The best track is, "Take a Ride With Me," so he can love you all night long, baby. Who said one gets too old for some good loving? T-Ford is a man I can look up to and respect. Rockabilly fans will dig this one, since the blues are very similar in topics and in groove. **Tom Waits** fans will also dig it, as well as **Stevie Ray Vaughn** clones. As the press kit states, "This is what blues was before it was corrupted-weird, rawboned, looser-than-life tales about snakes, bullfrogs, trains, women, and especially women." I will agree with all of that listed in the press kit—T-Ford gives his praises to all of these subjects. If you don't think you would enjoy an album full of blues, remember that even **Steve Martin** in the movie *The Jerk* learned to appreciate them, even if it did make him depressed. (Issue 137: 05/2000) —Kevlar7

Throw Rag Tee-Tot Hellnote Records

If **The Cramps** and **Deadbolt** were to ever have a bastard child it would definitely

resemble Throw Rag. A volatile combination of rockabilly, psychobilly, honky-tonk and rock n'roll is the altar that Throw Rag worships at with stunning effect. What really gives the band an edge above all other groups in this genre is the inclusion of a guy who plays a custom built, old-fashioned sock washer that has a hotel-bell and conga bells attached to it. Plus, the lead vocalist has some pretty impressive vocal ranges that thrust the lyrics to the forefront of the dark crashing noise that the band tears through masterfully. Tracks like "Beast in Me," "Table 4 Three" and "3-D Cross" roll with aggressive menace by using tales of deals with the devil, the evil man and drinking whiskey and gin. After having seen these guys open for the **Supersuckers** at *Liquid Joe's* on Dec. 2, I know that this disc does not do their over-the-top live show justice, but it is still worth every penny for its repeated listening value. Keep on the look out for a new disc by them in the near future. (Issue 169: 01/2003) —Kevlar7

The Transplants S/T Hellcat Records



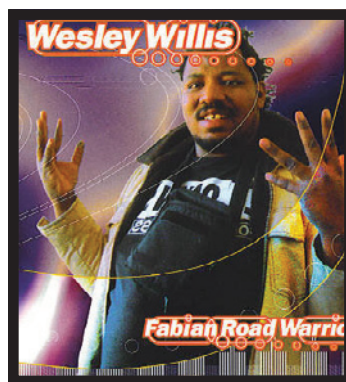
Tim Armstrong is about the closest thing that I have to a hero, so I can honestly say that it pains me to write this review. In case you're an idiot, Tim fronts **Rancid** and played guitar for the legendary **Operation Ivy**. If you're not an idiot, you already knew that. Anyway, this CD pretty much sucks. Tim, **Travis Barker**, and newcomer vocalist **Bob Aston** have put together a disc that is neither interesting nor exciting. Many of Rob's vocals sound ridiculously similar to gangster rap, which may go over well in the ghetto style district, but just don't float my boat. The only real vocal highlights are when Tim sings (Do I sound biased? I am.), but even then it just sounds like Rancid rehashed. I hoped for reconciliation through at least one of the many guest appearances on the album, but they all seem too little, too late. **Davey Havoc** is unimpressive, **Matt Freeman**'s bass lines are lost underneath the (ugh) drum loops and mixes, and **Brody Armstrong** utters but a few words. The one decent guest appearance is made on track four by **Son Doobie** of **Funk Doobiest**, whose smooth style flows nicely over the repetitive beats. Nice try, guys. Don't quit your day jobs. (Issue 168: 12/2002) —Nate Martin

Wesley Willis Fabian Road Warrior American Recordings

After a listen or two to the advance cas-

sette it is difficult to determine where the CD will be filed. Some songs on the tape cause laughter hard enough to draw tears. What a way with a verse. Willis doesn't know very many guitar chords. He plays the same songs over and over and only changes the lyrics. He doesn't change all of them. He might repeat the same exact words, or he might move the words around in a different order. Every now and then he'll insert a slogan from a television commercial. The tapes last about an hour. Imagine the concept! The exact same guitar pattern is repeated again and again. Does it sound tedious? Not at all. It's charming and hysterical. The album name has to refer to Willis' referencing an entire list of his favorite or not so favorite musicians. **Tripping Daisy**, **Alanis Morissette**, **Porno For Pyros**, **Brutal Juice**, **Loud Lucy**, **Silverchair** and others receive a Wesley Willis live concert review. Is it comedy, rock, singer/songwriter or experimental? After finishing with Alanis he takes on **Saddam Hussein**. The song is titled "Rock Saddam Hussein's Ass" and it is a variation on Willis' theme of rocking. He also includes "Rock The Nation," "Ward My Rock Music Off" and "Rock It To Russia." He loves to rock. Wesley Willis rocks all over his new album. Rock on Wesley. Everyone deserves at least one listen to this work. Try Future Shop. (Issue 92: 08/1996) —Steeb

Wesley Willis & the Drag- news Greatest Hits—Volume 3 Alternative Tentacles



Before I begin this review, let us pause and reflect how amazing it is that there IS a WW Greatest Hits Vol. 3! Unfortunately, this will be his last, due to his death last year at age 40 from leukemia, joining the glut of rock star deaths of '03. As usual, this set includes some great insights, like his diet secrets on "Your Way, Right Away," in which he advises sticking to the veggie burger at Burger King. (Are those on the menu in this state?) His infatuation with the rock 'n' roll lifestyle are on display with "I'm Going On a World Tour," "I'm the Daddy of Rock and Roll" and "Love God," a **KISS**-like anthem. He worships celebrity in "Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers" and "Oprah Winfrey" ("She really knows how to flap her yap"). If you are a superhero, you better not mess around with Wesley's woman, or he'll write a song about you like "I Whipped Spiderman's Ass." With any Willis release, bestiality has to have its due with "Suck a Polar Bear's Dick." The package includes

moving tributes from label head **Jello Biafra** ("He brings smiles to the faces of everyone he comes in contact with") and **Henry Rollins**: "You think you rock? You might. But not like Wesley." He always did it his way. Rock over London, Rock on Chicago. (Issue 181: 01/2004) —Stakerized!

Yeah Yeah Yeahs Fever To Tell Interscope



If you have ever wondered what **The White Stripes** would sound like if **Jack White** were a girl, you might want to check out the Yeah Yeah Yeahs first full-length and major label debut, *Fever To Tell*. The Brooklyn-based trio of sassy garage punks features members of **The Seconds**, **Unltd** and **Challenge of the Future**, and adheres to the simplistic formula of guitar + drums + female screaming erotically = drives hipsters wild. The crazy, catchy melodies, sexy lyrics and singer **Karen O**'s even sexier delivery, make this one my top five albums to turn on both you and your partner, and I suspect we will be seeing them on MTV pretty soon. You could slip your little sister some acid and watch her freak out like a rock star with similar results, but remember it's a lot harder to fuck in front of your sister. (Issue 174: 06/2003) —Fat Tony

Yo La Tengo Little Honda Matador

Yo La Tengo covers six songs in around 25 minutes and for bargain price. If the **Velvet Underground** had ever covered "Little Honda" it might have sounded similar to Yo La Tengo's version. The version is so good that it deserves to be a hit all over again, but we all know about the state of the nation and the general public's taste in music. "Be Thankful For What You Got" is spy-movie-lounge, "No Return" is **Mary Hopkins** in a lounge, and "Black Hole" has a folk-rock harmonizing with pure Yo La Tengo guitar. "How Much I've Lied" is weepy, country complete with **Al Perkins** on pedal steel and "By the Time It Gets Dark" combines the folk-rock of "Black Hole" with the lounge of "Be Thankful For What You Got" and "No Return." There are certainly worse ways to spend the few dollars *Little Honda* costs and I can't think of many better uses for the money. One hidden track is "Little Honda" again, and again, the tune would sound great in a little Honda tuned to corporate radio. Fuzzed out, freaky, psychedelic guitars to make any drive pleasant. Things come to a close with a live version of "We Are the Champions" in a lounge. (Issue 113: 05/1998) —Zippy the Pinprick

THE DAILY CALENDAR

Send us your dates by the 25th of the previous month: dailycalendar@slugmag.com

Friday, February 5

Lyrics Born – *The State Room*
CWMA: Tiny Lighys, Birthquake, Le Force – *Burt's*
CWMA: Cub Country, Bronco – *Bar Named Sue*
CWMA: David Williams, Atherton, Paul Jacobsen & The Madison Arm, Desert Noises – *Velour*
Hellbound Glory – *Brewski's*
Super Shred Day – *Brighton Resort*
The Brobecks, Emme Packer, The Tyler Grundsrom Experience, Larusso, S.L.F.M – *Kilby*
Prefuse 73, Gaslamp Killer, Voices Voices – *Urban*
Benjamin Q. Best, Emily Wolfe, Theatre of Melancholy, Alps of New South Wales – *Muse*
Too Much Memory – *SLC Acting Company*
Blindfold the Devil – *Outer Rim*
DJ Savage – *Bar Deluxe*
Sunhouse Healers, Katie Jo – *Why Sound*
Paul Boruff – *Tin Angel*
Small Town Sinners – *Woodshed*
Studies of Gender in Art History – *Utah Arts Alliance*
Raunch Records Presents Dirty Vespuccis, Old Timer, Ninth Zealot, Blak Lysted, I Hate Bees, Electric Space Jihad – *Vegas*

Saturday, February 6

SLUG Prom Jam – Brighton
Oh Be Clever, David Elijah, Atilast, Testing Hearts, Tommy Gunn – *Murray Theater*
P.O.S., Grieves, Dessa – *Kilby*
Tough Tittie, Victims Willing – *Burt's*
Wasatch Roller Derby – *Salt Palace*
Hellbound Glory, Hog Luvdog, The Sleazetones – *ABG's*
Sober Down – *Orem Graywhale*
Sober Down – *Atchafalaya*
The Velvetones – *Johnny's*
Buddah Pie & Funk Fu – *Bar Deluxe*
The StanGerz, DJ Shaunie Boy – *Blue Star Coffee*
Paul Christiansen, Clay Summers, Katie Jo, Timmy Pearce, Mikey Graves, Brett Reynolds – *Why Sound*
Kris Zeman – *Tin Angel*
John Whipple, Filthy Medicine – *Woodshed*
CWMA: The Devil Whale, Desert Noises, Michael Gross & The Stauettes – *State Room*
CWMA: Laserfang, The Future of the Ghost, Aye Aye – *Urban*
CWMA: Bird Eater, Jezus Rides A Riksha – *Vegas*
Happy Birthday Erica Bobela!

Sunday, February 7

P.O.S., Grieves, Dessa, DJ Juggy – *Urban*
Funky Jah Punky – *Bar Deluxe*

Monday, February 8

Bramble – *Slowtrain*
Holly Hofmann – *SLC Sheraton*
J Shook & The Resolutions, Dublife Soundsystem, The Headeaze – *Urban*
Catch a Vibe, Babylon Down Sound System Reggae Ragga Dancehall – *Bar Deluxe*
Dead Vessel, Hell Hath No Furt, Face The Tempest – *Vegas*

Tuesday, February 9

Jack's Mannequin, fun., Vadera – *In The Venue*
The Entrance Band, Lights, Naked Eyes, DJ Lil' G – *Urban*
Wine Social – *Meditrina*

(68) *SaltLakeUnderGround*

Lovehatehero – Kilby

Haiti Benefit : The Chickens, Soul Terminators, The Orbit Group – *Bar Deluxe*
Silent Action Birthday Party Cancer Benefit For Milo Hobbs – Sugarhouse Garden Center

Wednesday, February 10

Bowling For Soup, Just Surrender – *In The Venue*
Matt Hires, Jason Castro, Caitlin Crosby – *Kilby*
Kno It Alls, Broken Silence, Yze, Sulai – *Urban*
Dandy Lies & Daffy Dealings – *Why Sound*
Scion Caspa Party – *W Lounge*
Diamonds Under Fire, Vanessa Silberman, Solyn – *Woodshed*
Open Mic – *Bar Deluxe*

Thursday, February 11

Weatherbox, The Lionelle, Shark Speed, Knife Show – *Kilby*
Streetlight Susie, Tough Tittie, The Jingoos – *Burt's*
Collin Creek, Fire In The Skies, Covendetta Breaux – *Muse*
The Poon Tangles – *Urban*
Film: Garbage Dreams – *City Library*
JD Carter, Bridger Hall, Mike Graves – *Why Sound*
David Williams – *Tin Angel*
Glade, Libby Linton – *Woodshed*
Michael Wine – *Bar Deluxe*
Electric Valentine – *Ege*
Mute Station – *Vegas*

Friday, February 12

Mother Hips – *The State Room*



Street Light Suzie

Thurs., Feb. 11th at *Burt's*

Black Hounds – Kilby

CWMA: Naked Eyes, Plastic Furs, Tolchock Trio – *Bar Deluxe*
CWMA: Glade, Libbie Linton – *Woodshed*
CWMA: Linus Stubbs, Mindstate, Nolens Volens – *Circle Lounge*
The UC Swillers, Muckraker – *Burt's*
A Valentines Masquerade Ball – *Saltair*
Girls, Magic Kids, The Smith Westerns – *Urban*
Girls in-store show – *Slowtrain*
Chris Merritt – *Velour*
Fire in the Skies, Breaux, Covendetta, Manhattan Project, This Is My Escape, Reaching The Summit, Plague Years, I Capture Castle, Collen Creek, And The Sky Devoured Us – *Murray Theater*
Fox Van Cleef, Josaliegth Pollet, S.L.F.M –

The Basement

Streetlight Suzie, The Mathematics – *ABG's*
Film: Art & Copy – *Salt Lake Art Center*
Derrek Wright and Bronwen Beecher – *Tin Angel*
SLC Tattoo Convention – *Salt Palace*
Best Friends Animal Society Benefit With Accidente, I Am The Ocean, Dwellers, Laughter – *Vegas*

Saturday, February 13

Kelsea McInroy, Milburn Packets, Willy and Wolves – *Kilby*
CWMA: Eagle Twin, Separation of Self, Gaza – *Burt's*
Heartbeats, BT, George Acosta, KMFx, Sir Kutz & DigDug – *In The Venue*
We The People Party, The Mother Hips, Casey Prestwood & The Burning Angels – *Star Bar*
Fire in the Skies, Breaux, Collin Creek, Covendetta – *The Basement*
Moses, Matt Weidauer, Adding Machines – *Muse*
Roommate & Antiserum as OSC – *Urban*
We Love Metal, Leviathon, Killbot, Gawdzye, Dethrone the Sovereign, Lidsore, Six Guns Beyond Denmark, The Daily Grind, I Capture Castle, Dead Vessel – *Murray Theater*
Sober Down – *The Huka Bar*
Western Underground – *The State Room*
Orbis Intus – *Johnny's*
CWMA: Muscle Hawk, Uzi & Ari – *Bar Deluxe*
Aeroflight, Buried a Tiger – *Blue Star Coffee*
Andale! – *Willie's Lounge*
Tara Shupe – *Tin Angel*

Slick Rock – *Woodshed*
Scripted Apology, Daybreak Ends, Still-born, Unthinkable Thoughts – *Vegas*
SLC Tattoo Convention – *Salt Palace*

Sunday, February 14

Leftover Salmon – *Depot*
Ted Dancin – *Urban*
Rainy Lane, Downpoor,

My 3 Sons of Bitches, The Cobras – *Urban*
Happy Birthday Esther Merono!

Wednesday, February 17

Shady Chapel, Cub Country, Tactile Dactyl, Nate Baldwin & The Sound – *Kilby*
Scenic Byway – *Urban*
Bramble – *City Library*
Drag the River, Stiffy Green – *ABG's*

Thursday, February 18

Justin Townes Earle – *The State Room*
Hello Kavita, The Devil Whale, Bluebird Radio – *Urban*
Know Ur Roots – *Bar Deluxe*
Will Romney – *Tin Angel*

Friday, February 19

SLUG Anniversary Party: DJ Flash & Flare, Muscle Hawk, Mammoth – Urban Happy Birthday Lance Saunders!
Scott H Biram – *Brewski's*
Alec Ounsworth – *Kilby*
Junction City Roller Dolls with The Grizzlies – *E-Center*
HardDrive To France – *Muse*
Hyper Crush, Let's Get It, Queens Club, The Spin Cycle – *Murray Theater*
"The PDA Show" – *Various Local Galleries*
Utah County Swillers, The Ugly Valley Boys – *ABG's*
Codi Jordan, Vinyl Track Stars – *Bar Deluxe*
Sober Down – *Do Drop Inn*
Steady Machete, The Deception, Jackson Kelly & The Lametones – *Why Sound*
Bandwagon Live w. Knuckledragger, Bag Grass, Meat Wagon – *Vegas*

Saturday, February 20

Infamous Stringdusters – *The State Room*
Scott H Biram, Vile Blue Shades, Tiny Lights – *Urban*
Scary Kids Scaring Kids, The Sleeping, Oh, Antarctica – *Murray Theater*
Winds Of Plague – *In The Venue*
Marinade – *Johnny's*
Afro Omega – *Bar Deluxe*
Seven Feathers Rainwater, Silver Antlers, Lake Mary – *Blue Star Coffee*
Battle Schoo, Water and Walls, Dry Lake Band, Viewers Like You – *Why Sound*
Green River, The Spins, Young Yet Brilliant Sleuths, Future of the Ghost – *Kilby*
Gaylen Young – *Tin Angel*
Dead Vessel, Truce, Killbot, OldTimer, Seventking, Brute Force, Speitre – *Vegas*

Sunday, February 21

Guttermouth, Racist Kramer – *Burt's*
Ilio-Tibial Band, Minnie & Mack, Ridin' the FaultLine (7-9pm) Giant (9pm) – *Urban*

Monday, February 22

Dethrone The Sovereign, Consumed By Silence – *Outer Rim*
Film: Which Way Home – *City Library*
Catch a Vibe, Babylon Down Sound System Reggae Ragga Dancehall – *Bar Deluxe*
Oh Be Clever, Vinyl Club, Surrender Toronto – *Kilby*
Red Bennies, Giant, Coyote Hoods – *Urban*

Tuesday, February 23

Sara Bettens of K's Choice – *The State Room*
Swollen Members, Potluck, DJ Juggy – *In The Venue*
Myka 9, C-Chan, DJ Halo, Propoganda Anonymous, Pet Maine – *Urban*

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Stars Rush Into Her, Our Dark Horse, To Russia, Dust the Books – *Kilby*
Fiver Finger Mojo – *Bar Deluxe*

Wednesday, February 24

James McMurtry – *The State Room*
Alkaline Trio, Cursive, The Dear & Departed – *In The Venue*
Film: America The Beautiful – *City Library*
USU Jazz Night, Jon Gudmundson – *Why Sound*
Wasnatch, Bad Medicine – *Urban*
Open Mic – *Bar Deluxe*
Northwest Breaklines, Fred Rongo, Heros of Fiction, Gentleman Ghosts – *Kilby*

Thursday, February 25

Big Lepowski Fundraiser – *The State Room*



Alec Ounsworth (of Clap Your Hands Say Yeah)
Friday, Feb. 19th at *Kilby Court*

STS9 – *Depot*

Film: The Most Dangerous Man In America – *City Library*
Rebel Zion – *Bar Deluxe*
Jeff Lawrence's Rhinoskin, Brewski Riot, Shift and Shadows – *Vegas*
SLAJ0 – *Kilby*
Bronwen Beecher – *Tin Angel*
Danny Dance – *Urban*
Loom, I am the Ocean, Despite Despair, Borasca – *Cafe Trendz*
Happy Birthday Jimmy Martin!

Friday, February 26

Eskimo, Quintana vs, illoom – *Manhattan*
We The Kings, Mayday Parade, A Rocket To The Moon, There for Tomorrow – *Murray Theater*
Fire Underwater, Mean Molly's Trio, The Dirty Blondes – *The Basement*
Loom, Worn In Red, Accidente – *Urban*
Sober Down – *Velour*
The Orbit Group – *Bar Deluxe*
A Flatline Tragedy, Fire in the Skies – *Why Sound*
Ask For the Future, Wakeside – *Kilby*
Jon Shuman – *Tin Angel*
Big Black Sky – *Woodshed*
Carolines's Spine, Broke City, Split Lid, Hour 13 – *Vegas*
King of the Wasatch – *PCMR*

Saturday, February 27

Global Deejay – *The Rail*
Fantarfo, April Smith & The Great Picture Show – *Urban*
Loom, Ursa Oley, Worn in Red, Cedars – *The Basement*
I Am Abomination, Kid Liberty – *Outer Rim*

Alesana, A Skylit Drive, Of Mice & Men, The Word Alive – *Murray Theater*

Victims Willing, Tough Tittle – *ABG's*

Sober Down – *The Huka Bar*
Karl Denson's Tiny Universe – *The State Room*

The Bradshaw Effect, OSLO – *Blue Star Coffee*
Them Changes – *Johnny's*
Kid Liberty, I Am Abomination – *Outer Rim*

(7pm) Doug Stanhope (10pm) Slippery Kittens – *Bar Deluxe*
Julia Mecham, Nick Gittins, Steven

Halliday, Duo, Billy Hansen – *Why Sound*
Larusso, This is Anfield, The Foreground, Double or Nothing, Spiral Diary, The Tyler Grundstrom Experience – *Kilby*
I Love Ibiza – *W Lounge*
The Wayne Hoskins Band – *Woodshed*
Ultimate Combat Experience – *Vegas*
King of the Wasatch – *PCMR*

Sunday, February 28

I Catch Fire – *Outer Rim*
Too Much Memory – *SLC Acting Company*
Jay Henderson, JP Haynie, Chaz Prymek – *Urban*
King of the Wasatch – *PCMR*

Monday, March 1

Catch a Vibe, Babylon Down Sound System
Reggae Ragga Dancehall – *Bar Deluxe*

Tuesday, March 2

Happy Birthday Heather Gaither!
Dr. Suess Birthday Bash – *Suess Ville*

Thursday, March 4

Ignite SLC – *The State Room*
I Am Ghost, Modern Day Escape, The Becoming, We Are the Arsenal, Misery Loves Comfort, S3X, Lowlands Vista – *Murray Theater*
Wasnatch Reggae – *Woodshed*
The Dreaming, The Better Life Band m Jesus Rides A Riksha, Monarch – *Vegas*
Happy Birthday Lionel Williams!

Friday, March 5

CA Guitar Trio – *The State Room*
We Were Promised Jet Packs, Lonely Forest, Bear Hands – *Kilby*
Roses Pawn Shop – *Burt's*
Dubwise – *Urban*
Raunch Records Presents: TBA – *Vegas*
Juggalo Invasion 3 – *South Shore*
The Velvetones – *Bar Deluxe*
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SAT FEB 20
INFAMOUS STRINGDUSTERS



fans of: Nickel Creek, Bela Fleck

Sat Feb 12
THE MOTHERS HIPS



fans of: Uncle Tupelo, Black Crowes

FRI FEB 23
SARAH BETTENS



fans of: Alanis Morissette, K's Choice

Thu Feb 18
JUSTIN TOWNES EARLE



with Joe Pug

SAT FEB 27
KARL DENSON'S



Fans of: Greyboy Allstars
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KILBY COURT FEBRUARY CALENDAR



- 2 Four Years Strong, Strike Anywhere, This Time Next Year, Title Fight
- 3 Joe Firstman, White Buffalo, Owen Monroy
- 4 Alps of New South Whales, OK Ikumi, Crumpler
- 5 Brobecks, Emme Packer, The Tyler Grundstrom Experience, Larusso, SLFM
- 6 P.O.S. (Rhymesayers), Grieves, Dessa
- 9 LOVEHATEHERO
- 10 Matt Hires, Jason Castro, Caitlin Crosby
- 11 Weatherbox, Shark Speed, The Lionelle, Knife Show
- 12 Black Hounds Tour Send Off, TBA
- 13 Kelsea McInroy, Milburn Packets, Willy and Wolves
- 14 Reni Lane, TBA
- 16 Nathan Spenser and the Low Keys, Oliver Lemmon, Sam Burton
- 17 Shady Chapel, Cub Country, Tactile Dactyl, Nate Baldwin & The Sound
- 19 **HAPPY BIRTHDAY LANCE!**
- 19 Alec Ounsworth (of Clap Your Hands Say Yeah)
- 20 Green River, The Spins, Young Yet Brilliant Sleuths, Future of the Ghost
- 23 Stars Rush Into Her, Our Dark Horse, To Russia, Dust The Books
- 24 Northwest Breaklines, Fred Rongo, Heroes of Fiction, Gentleman Ghosts

- 25 SLAJO, TBA
- 26 Ask For the Future, Wakeside
- 27 Larusso, This is Anfield
 The Foreground, Double or Nothing, Spiral Diary, The Tyler Grundstrom Experience

MARCH SHOWS

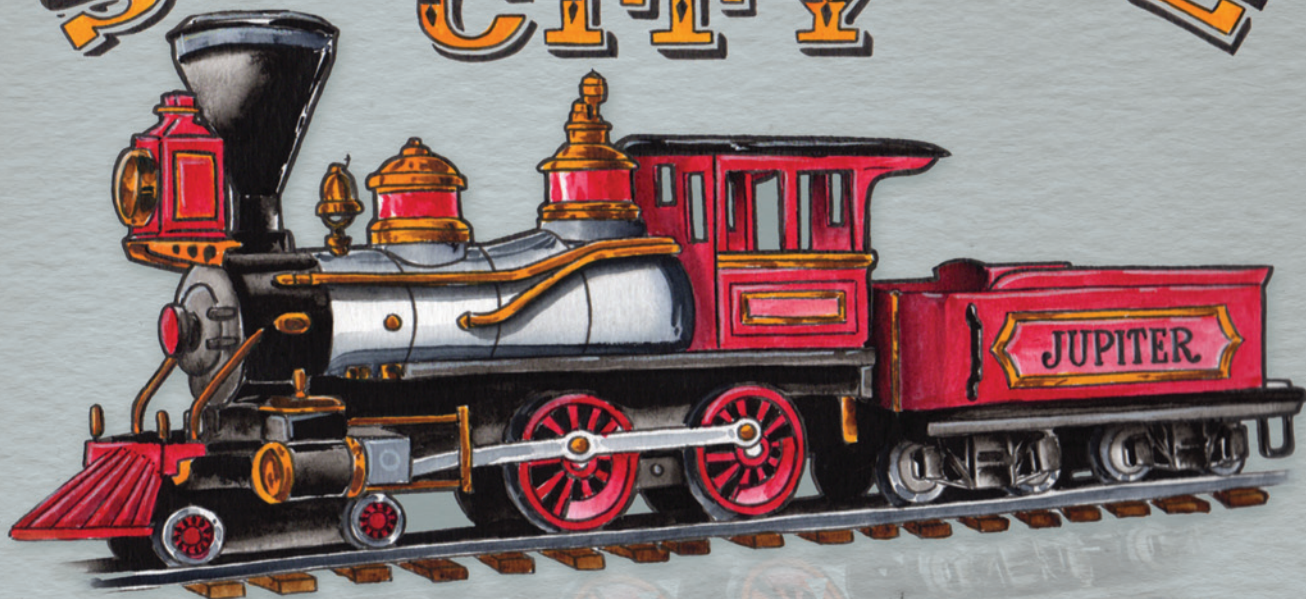
- 5 We Were Promised Jetpacks, Lonely Forest, Bear Hands
- 6 Cobra Skulls, Dead To Me, Second Front, Mason Jones
- 12 Appleseed Cast, Dreamend
- 13 Love Like Fire, Nice Nice, The Lionelle, Cedars

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