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SLUG

"NEITHER HUMOROUS NOR APPROPRIATE"

JUNE

Issue #138

Vol. 12



MDFMK



**Dead
Voices
on Air**



Bob Moss

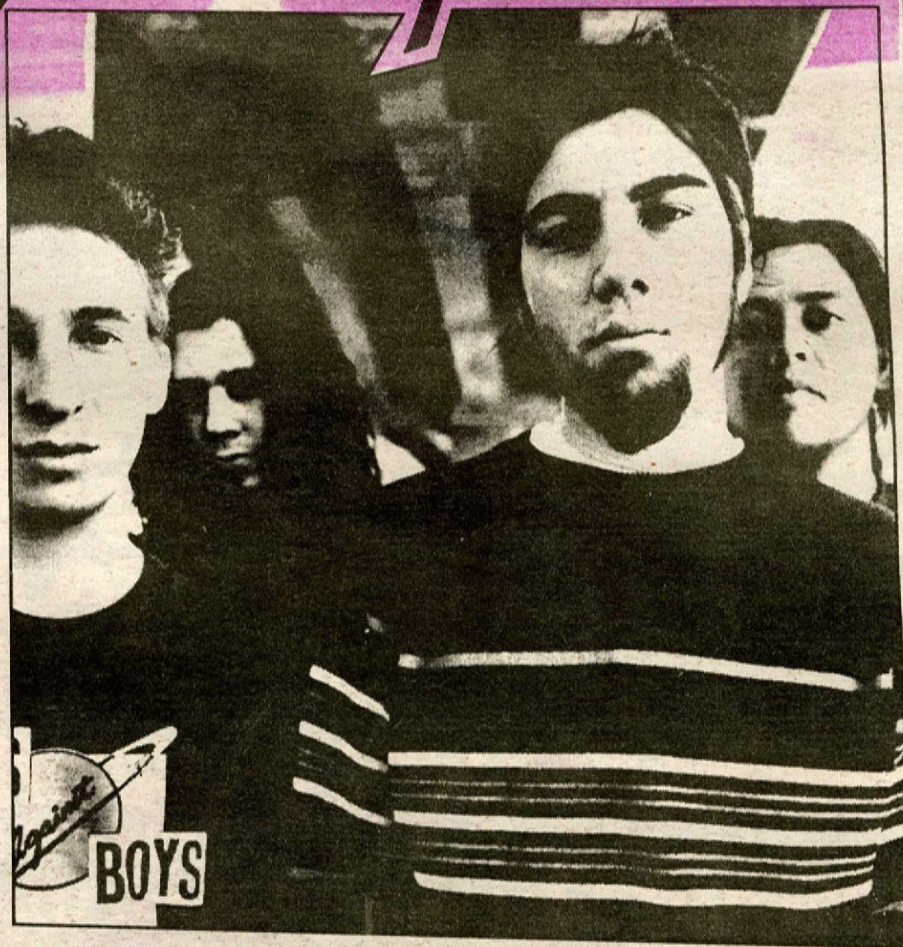
&

**The Luni
Troupe**



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JUNE 2000

VOLUME 12 • ISSUE 6 • #138

PUBLISHERS

SAFARI TRACKERS INC.

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DISTRIBUTION

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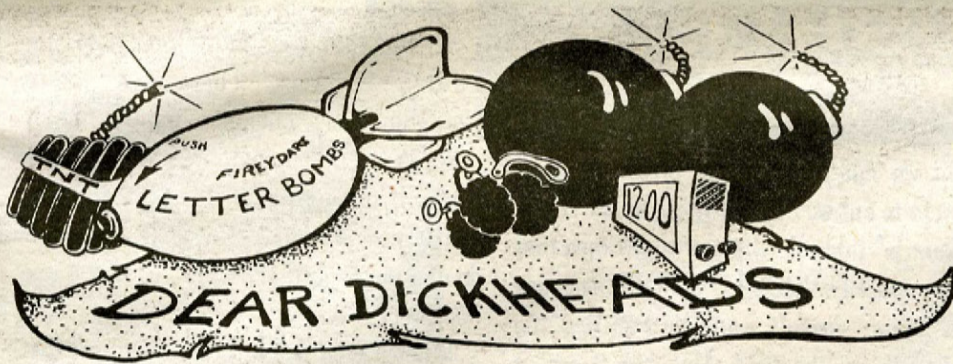
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Subject: Serial Killer of the Month
From: Mike Borrero,
soylntgrn55@iopener.net
To: dickheads@slugmag.com

Hey,
The article was damn good but didn't give the web site for the Waco Electronic Holocaust Museum. If it's available, would you please e-mail it to me?

Thanks,
Mike B.

Ed Note: Here Ya go, ya sick bastard.
mnsinc.com/skywriter/wacomuseum

Dear Dickheads:

On Wednesday or Thursday (May 23 or 24) someone took my Kurt Vonnegut book, *Bagombo Snuffbox*, from the the window ledge of Burts Tiki Lounge and decided to keep it for themselves. The personal note from my girlfriend written at the beginning should clearly demonstrate to the lowlife who has it, that this book Means a great deal to me! I Want It RETURNED!

So, if you have my book and you're reading this notice, try to find some small remnant of human decency in your theiving ass soul and bring me back my book.

To anyone reading this who might know just who the stealing scumbag with my book is- I promise a handsome reward for that information.

Mostly, I want my goddamn book. It was a birthday present. Have a little heart, eh? I can be reached at Burts.

—Scotty

Ed. Note: 1. Nobody should ever steal from a bartender at Burts. 2. Who steals Kurt Vonnegut? 3. Don't step on puppies. It's that obvious. Return the book.

Dear pink-shirt-wearing art fags (dickheads):

in my pathetic attempt to stay out of touch with current news and fashion trends, I've waited until now to read the May issue of SLUG. You guys (and you chicks without dicks) put "poetry" in this issue and have taken that great leap out of the closet to show your true colors as wussy-assed artsy-fartsy rodent fucks. I mean, if you're going to up the literary level in your rag, you should print stuff by Bukowski (if he wasn't already dead) instead of some chick's shitty poesy about how she's not getting any. Heather, I know you wrote that poem about me, so you just come on home with me and I'll ream your bunghole good with my big toe. What happened to that fucked-up punk attitude that gave this toilet-paper such pizzazz? That said, let me humbly request that you waste valuable advertising space in printing the following poem entitled, "Conference."

Slug sucks my dick everyday. Thanks.

Sincerely,
Ed Smith

(Ed. Note: If you thought last month's poems sucked...)

"Conference" by Ed Smith

My dad took me
to a mormon conference
to hear their great prophets talk.

We had to get there early
to get a seat.
After we sat down
we had a long wait left.

I started fantasizing
about girls and sex.
I bent over a little
and started rubbing myself.

I came before the first speaker
even started, before the opening prayer.
I hoped nobody around could tell or
smell.

I worried my underwear
wouldn't soak it all up.
Other than the usual hymn singing
I don't remember
much else about that boring meeting.
So much for prophets.

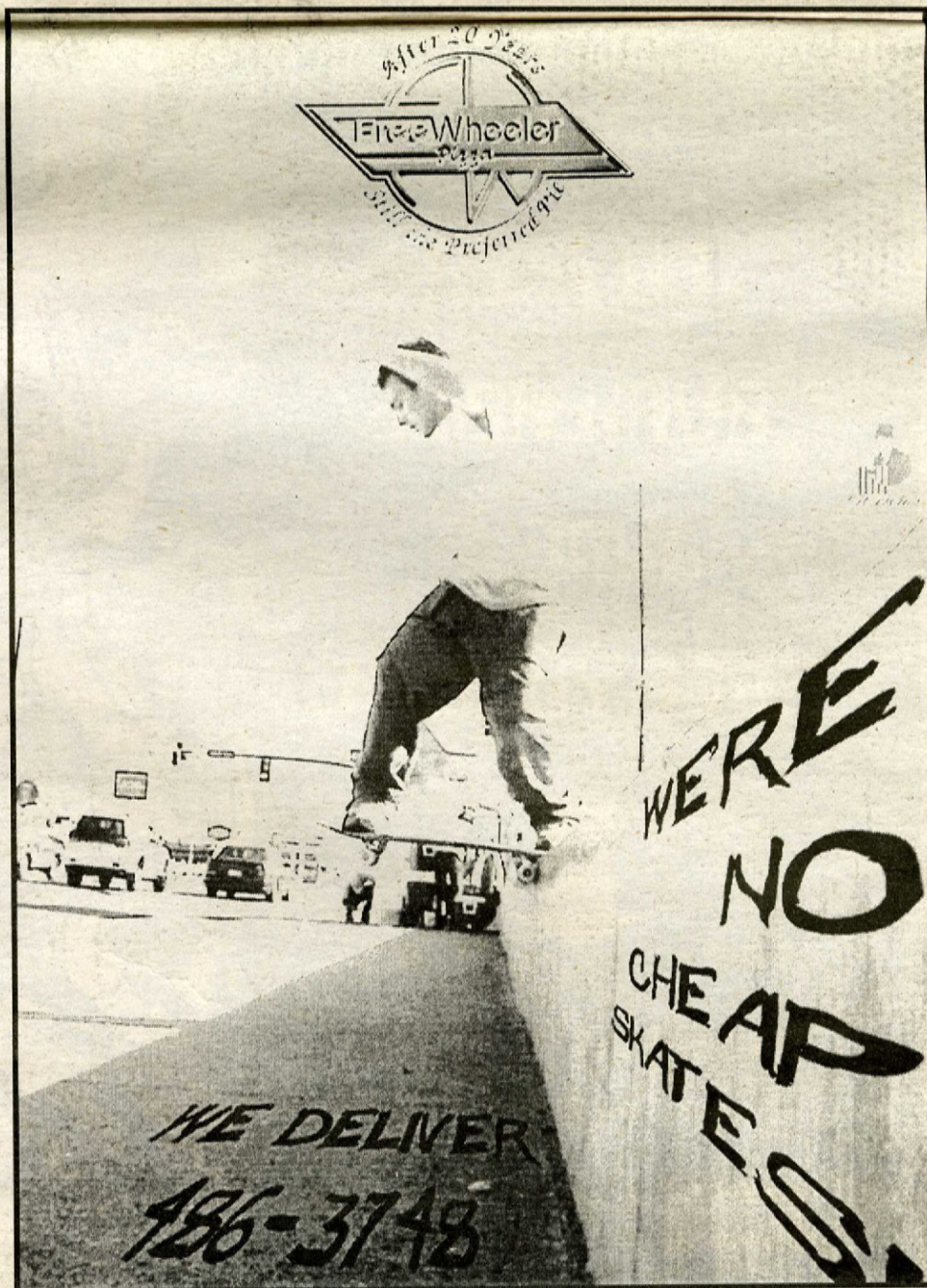
Ed. Note: Well...Well...Well... Ed Smith. You sure showed us what real poetry is all about, didn't you? Why don't you tell us how to get one of those "PUNK ASS" Attitudes? I dare you. Oh, but you're too busy looking in the mirror for your pencil dick. Stop insulting our FEMALE writers unless you're going to give us your real name and address. Clearly your "CONFERENCE" poem only demonstrates your inability to form a complete sentence.

Dear Dickheads,

I ride my bike a lot but why do people have to make fun of me because I'm wearing my bike helmet? Like the other day, I was at that movie place where you drink beer and these people behind me kept throwing popcorn and calling me HELMUT like I'm German, but what else do you do with a helmet when you wear it? I wanted to turn around and shake them so they would stop, but I know that would be wrong.

—I'm not Helmet Kol

Ed Note: This is a poor soul who is in dire need of some counseling. It's not the helmet, friend, it's you. This is a classic case of cranial disfunctional bipolar transference syndrome-mata. There were no people behind you at the movie place. You were alone, REMEMBER? Obviously someone or someones are making you listen to music that you don't like or want to hear. That'll do it to you every time. Ask Phil about Steely Dan. He's in therapy now.



SOUNDS LIKE BULLSHIT To Me...

a letter from the editor

"HATE YOUR JOB, DON'T HATE ME & WHY BASEBALL RULES"

I am a fairly reasonable guy. (I can already hear my close friends laughing their collective ass off!) Really though, I AM reasonable. The only time I become UNREASONABLE is when...

- A) You won't shut the hell up.
- B) You don't know what the hell you are talking about.
- C) You talk during a movie.

I may have to add a "D" to this list. The "D" would be for "Dennis". Particularly if I am ever forced to eat at "The Other Place" again and have "Dennis" be my waiter. "Dennis" has an attitude. Apparently so does the owner of "The Other Place." My wife doesn't eat just any shit you toss on a plate. She is health concious. Not picky, but health concious. When she asked "Dennis" if she could have egg whites instead of yolks he said no. When she asked for an entirely different item with egg whites, he said no. Then as we went around the table we couldn't get steak the way we wanted, peppers in something else, and finally

"No we can't put those olives in your omelette but we can put these ones." Then "Dennis" told me with a straight face that there are NO SUBSTITUTIONS because the owner doesn't want to sacrifice the integrity of the food. He said it rather quick with just a little too much sarcasm in his tone for me. I asked him if the owner knew that there was another breakfast joint right across the street, and countless others within a mile. "Dennis" got huffy.

Listen up "Dennis," you work in a hash slinging greasy spoon that has marginal food at best, so lose that thing you call an attitude, capeesh? (white boy spelling) If I want REAL good food I will cook it myself. God knows I was one of the two ex chefs at the table. When I go to a shit hole like yours, I go there to be WAITED ON, not given a hard time. I assume any moron can cook a fucking egg, throw some feta on top and call it Greek Something or other... So go get a job you can deal with and spare me the \$2⁰⁰ an hour mindless banter.

P.S. People have integrity, food does not. You can ruin food, not people. They do that to themselves.

Baseball.

What a word. Baseball. There are many different bases. There are many different balls. There are many different strikes. But Baseball means only one thing. It is singular in it's meaning. No one ever says to you "Baseball, uhh what do you mean by that?" No Sir, that never happens.

When I was in 7th grade, (Oh my God I am telling a baseball story that starts out "when I was...") anyway when I was in 7th grade. I could have won the Championship game. I was on second base in the bottom of the ninth inning with two outs. My brother was there. He was my best friend. He taught me to catch. Our stud hitter Kenny hit a shot into the outfield, I took off. I was pretty fast. So was the outfielder who rifled the ball to the catcher. Everyone was screaming at me to slide. My coach was waving his arms towards the ground like he was putting out a fire. I didn't slide. I was plenty fast. As my foot touched home plate, the catcher hit my leg with his glove. The ball was in the glove. I looked back to see the umpire swing his arm completely around his body with the thumb out. I could see his mouth in slow motion. "Oouwwwt!" My brother took me home and said, "It you had slid you were safe." I cried for about six months after that. I thought I was safe. I thought tie goes to the runner. I also

thought that baseball owed me some sort of payback.

Fade into the year 2000. My friend Jason calls and says there is a celebrity softball game at Franklin Quest Field. I could play real ball under the lights in a real baseball stadium. The only catch was I couldn't invite all of my friends who also love baseball, some of whom are hearing about this for the first time. For that I am sorry, but my hands were tied.

Anyway, it was beautiful. The lights, the grass, the field, the dirt, the dugout. It was all beautiful. There were three teams. We all played to see who would be the "Championship Team."

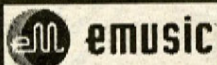
We made it to the Championship game. Bottom of the 7th (last inning) we were down by a run with two outs and guess who's turn it was to bat? That would be me. All I remember is that I was so focused on hitting that ball, I couldn't hear how loud my heart was pounding. I think I sprained something swinging so hard. Double. Left field. I was on second with a stud hitter at the plate. DejaVu all over again. I saw the ball leave the bat and I took off. I am much slower now. So is the rest of the world. The ball was still in the air when I crossed home plate. We won the Championship game by a run. Baseball owed me something, and this was it. All was right in the world, at least for me.

—Gianni

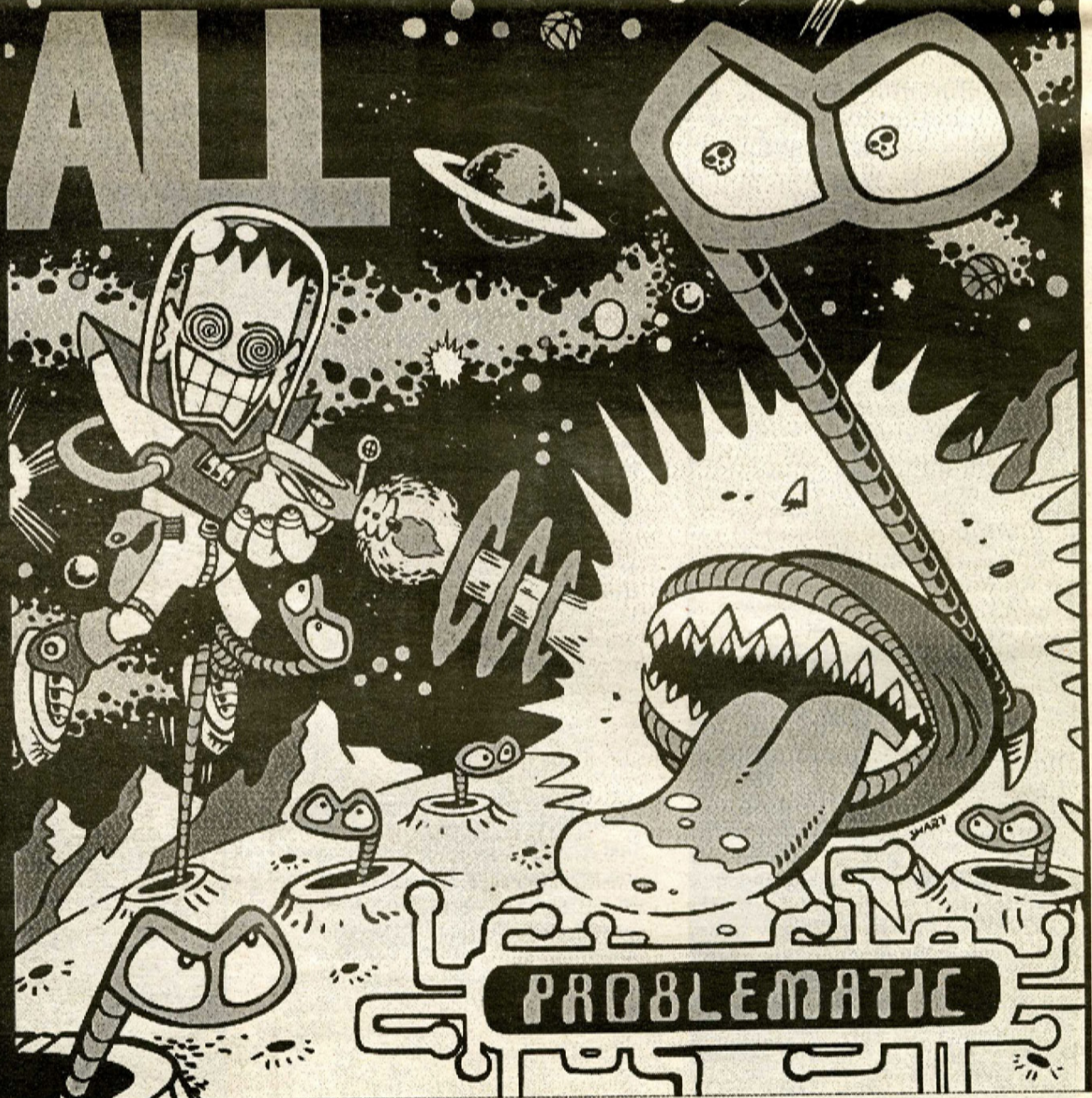
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In Step With the Luni Troupe by Brian Staker

Bob Moss and Joe Judd, half of the Luni Troupe, met in 1969. Judd was taking off from his home turf in Davis County for a "hippie hitch hiking trip." The underage Moss was asked to come along, but first, he said, he had to get permission from his mom. A note



was forged, as well as a friendship that would eventually contain the seeds of the Luni Troupe. A band that has been playing around town prolifically and they have just released their debut CD, *Clowns, Monkeys and Aliens*.

Their story is part *Easy Rider*, part *Monty Python*, part *Plan Ten From Outer Space*. An itinerant hitchhiker when he says it was still safe, Moss once walked through Europe to the Findhorn Garden in Scotland. One night when the tide was out he wandered from the island onto the mainland only to have the tide roll back in and strand him on the opposite shore. Luckily he was able to find a cottage for refuge from the cold.

Rick Soderberg, another longtime friend and collaborator on Moss' three solo albums, wrote most of the songs on the Luni Troupe's

release. He has written reams of rambling, Ginsberg-esque poetry, and has his own spoken word CD out, *Book of Wata*, *The Fine Art of Annoyance Without Irritation*. Recently, though, he has concentrated on writing lyrics over poetry. Before Moss' CD *Tragic Tales*, Moss asked him to write a typically topical song about the Emmanuel David tragedy, a man who in the 70's upon hearing the voice of God pushed his wife and small children to



their deaths from the Shilo Hotel. Moss' songs usually essay such unusual episodes from local history, like Captain Nemo, a failed children's TV show host and would-be dinner theatre raconteur whose tale ended in murder. He's also written about the not-well-known massacre of Chinese workers in a coal mine in the 1880's.

Joe went to high school with their fourth collaborator, keyboardist Richard Lawrence, who works as an inspector for OSHA. His wife sewed the colorful, clownlike pants the group wears in their performance. It's just another part of the Luni Troupe experience. "When people go out, they want to be entertained," says Judd. "We're neat as Pete, and heavier than lead. We're as fun as a barrel of monkeys, and not as stinky."

That doesn't mean they can't be serious too. "Gilley Down," a down-tempo number, is about a murderer. The murderer is a clown who is driven mad when his monkey dies. The clown burns the circus down.

"When I Went Up To Ogden Town" is a surprisingly tender ballad about life as a clown on the streets. "Floating/Spinning" has almost a motown-style bass riff. They

also ask the musical question "Am I An Alien?" In this set the three creatures seem to be merely steps on a continuum, prompting the listener to ask, indeed, which am I?

Why *Clowns, Monkeys and Aliens*? Moss and Judd use to dress as clowns and go to parties. Even then, they were noted for their eccentricities, although in 1970's Northern Utah it probably didn't take much to stand out from the crowd. Playing **Frank Zappa** songs at the high school assembly would probably fit the bill. The seminary, upset at some of their antics, accused them of being "naked under their clothes."

As for Aliens? None of them has had direct contact with UFO's, although Lawrence claims to have seen one. The rest of the band wishes they had.

Judd says he's "spiritually from Missouri, the show-me state."

But they all have a mystical strain, from the Buddhist/Catholic-influenced Soderberg to the rationalist, Libertarian Judd who still at one point was involved in the Church of Jayne Mansfield with local artist David Brothers. Judd, who currently part-times as a "renumerator" for the Census, is also known for his film work. He has helped out on local productions like *Touched By an Angel*, shooting Ski-Doo snowmobile commercials and footage for *National Geographic Explorer*. Once, he nearly got shot down by an errant missile while filming military maneuvers in Hawaii.

The group might play at the Mountain Show, which is still being lined up at this time. In the meantime, the Luni Troupe is playing at Burt's Tiki Lounge June 15 and July 20.

Bob Moss, also, will have an "Artist For the Day" booth at the Utah Arts Festival this year on June 22. Bob does woodcarvings with his trademark psychedelic-looking swirling designs and inscriptions in the Deseret alphabet. He's been working feverishly on some new pieces for the festival, as well as having pieces left over from a show this March at the Cordell Taylor Gallery. His woodcarving pieces include an Elvis trapped behind the windows of "the house of American pop culture" and a 50's style women holding little monkeys. "The Beautiful One Dreams of Ideal Homes," and "The Lady Loves Her Little Monkey" are two pieces with "sexual in-sin-uendo." He'll also have painted gourds, boxes and paper art. He's hoping to use the proceeds to put together a "Best of Bob Moss" CD.

Scope out Bob's art at the festival or bear witness to the Luni Troupe at Burt's, the Mountain Show?, thumbing for a ride along I-15, wherever the wind blows, or wherever a child needs a smile.

PEARL JAM

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Concert Previews

With the deadline bearing down on me, I thought it would be best to sit down and relax with a couple of cold brewskies in my hand, and a bottle of Jack Daniel's within easy reach. Well boys and girls, here we go. For the month of June we have a whole lot of CRAP, with a few good shows crammed together in one week.

Who likes really mellow dreamy music from the 80's, along the likes of Cocteau Twins? Anyone? Well, for those out there who are drooling over that teaser, there will be **Autumns**, **Lift to Experience**, and local Provo band **Infrared** at *Kilby Court* on the 5th. Rumor has it, that the two main bands were produced by members of the Cocteau Twins. That week of good bands is the 6th through the 12th, pencil it in your day planner, make sure to get the week off and stock the liquor cabinet.

The 6th is **Lonely Kings** at *Kilby Court*. If you're the King of your Castle, you'll be there. A few months ago I reviewed their disc and gave it thumbs. If you like bands that sound like **Jawbreaker** and **Samiam**, then don't miss this show. *Kilby* is a great venue for small shows where the audience can get right up and personal with the band. Bring a friend and a bottle. Get drunk. Rock out.

Not really a date I would mark in my day planner; but for all the ska fans out there, **Kalifornia Redemption** from Los Angeles, will be skanking it up at *Burt's Tiki Lounge* on the 7th. That show shouldn't be too bad, since the band members must be over twenty-one and not a bunch of seventeen-year-old ska kids from Provo. Besides if it's at Burt's, it's free!!

The 8th is the return of **Boys Sets Fire**, which is going to blow the roof off of *DV8*; I can guarantee it. This band is so good that I don't think anything I say will do this band justice. Somewhere between Emo and Hardcore lies this group. They have the most incredible stage presence and they really know how to work the crowd. If **Boys Sets Fire** is too much of a rockin' band or if you're a pre-teen girl/dance drill cadette for the University; there is the squeaky clean sounds of **Nine Days** at *DV8*, (upstairs) also on the 8th. I guess **Nine Days** are such a 'fun' bunch of pop stars that they will be interviewed on *Good Morning Utah* for all the housewives to drool over.

The 9th brings the legendary **Lou Reed** and "real" folk singer **Victoria Williams**. If you people don't know whom either of these musicians are, then you are all truly helpless cases and should shoot yourself. (Or call me and I'd be happy to oblige getting the shotgun muzzle in y'all's mouths). This show is at *Abravanel Hall* and should be quite good, since Lou

they ripped through one of the most blazing live sets ever seen. **King Buzzo** worked the crowd into a maddened frenzy as I sat there with my jaw on the ground. If you don't have the Melvins latest trilogy of records, go get 'em now or lose any claim of being a human being. Be at this show or you'll end up kicking yourself months later for missing one of the best bands EVER!! Although, if you're broke on the 10th, from going to all these sizzling shows, take in locals **Maladjusted** at my favorite cheap date bar, *Burt's Tiki Lounge*. **Maladjusted** are featured on the **SLUG** compilation and they have a really good sound that's not bad for a bunch of (loco's) locals. Skip **Smilin' Jack** at the *Dead Goat Saloon* Also on the 10th. I about threw up when I saw their web page. Fuckin' hippie shit.

The 12th, which is Monday, brings to the *Zephyr Club* my most anticipated show of June; **The Fat Possum Juke Joint Caravan Tour**. Take some of the best of old blues singers from the Deep South, put them on stage and you can get the general gist of this Tour. **Paul Jones** and **T-Model Ford**, who I had the great pleasure of doing a record review for last month, will be stomping and a hollering for all of our drunken delight. Real blues; not that hippie crap that is being disguised these days for music. Don't miss this Tour, the best show of June.

After recovering from a case of the blues, head over to *Kilby Court* on the 13th for **Kill Sadie** and **Furious Fire**, a night of killer indie art rock. **Furious Fire** is very promising because the members are made up of Gentry of Iceburn fame, Carrie from Tarn, and Tyler from Clear; all of which are experienced local musicians. Or take a trip down to yuppieville, (Park City), and spend an evening at *Creation* (??), which will feature the **BSI West Coast Dub Takeover Tour** featuring **The Rootsman** and **Systemwide**. Take some acid and drive off a cliff; yah stupid ravers. The scene is dead and has been over run by drugged out hippies!!

(Ed. Note: On the 14th **Michelle Shocked** is playing at the *Zephyr Club*. *Kevlar7* does not want you to see this show. Instead, he wants you to go to his house and drink while listening to **Reverend Horton Heat** on CD. Call Slug HQ and we'll give

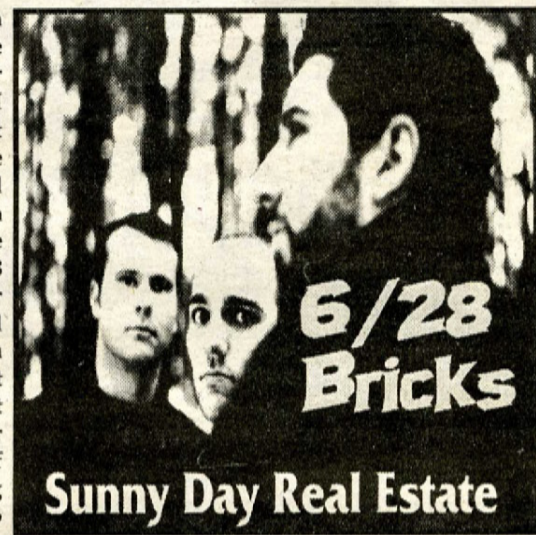
you the address. It's your choice, spill some PBR down your wife beater T-Shirt with *Kevlar7*. Or drink **Shiner Bock** at the *Zephyr* with me and **Michelle Shocked**. The choice is yours. Oh, and you better not miss **Robert Earl Keen** on the 16th at the *Zephyr*. Sometimes you just have to pull out your nose ring and put on your cowboy boots.)

At the *Red Butte Garden* we have **Mary Chapin Carpenter** on the 15th. If she's any relation to Karen Carpenter, make sure to bring lots of food to throw at her onstage. (I'm so cruel)! If you're not in the mood for food throwing, take in locals **Sandkicker**, doing the noisy indie rock scene, **Vexations**, doing the Pirate thing, and **Sound of Sirens** at *Kilby Court*. Instead of food, make sure to bring the whiskey and beer to throw at **Vexations**; the band will be much obliged. Or you can head over to the *Dead Goat Saloon* for some hot girlie acoustic action with **Gearl Jam**. Personally if you're not a big fan of Ani DiFranco or like boring hippie folk stuff, skip this one.

For all the old geezer lovers out there, check out **Tony Bennett's** swinging sounds on the 16th at *Abravanel Hall*. Mix it up with the senior citizens who will be in attendance, make sure to bring the Martinis and be in bed before nine o'clock.

The 17th is the day for the Goths and all of Utah's bimbos to head down to the *E-Center* to see the animal fucker **Trent Reznor** and his **Nine Inch Nail**; ahhh... don't think so. I grew out of my teenage angst towards animals a long time ago. If you want to check out

sixteen-year-old girls, then go for it; make sure to paint your face white and wear your mummies dress. What a bunch of morons. Speaking of chumps, the 17th also brings the giant cosmic joke of all time **N'Sync** to town at *Rice Stadium*. If you're a fourteen year old girl, or think *Friends* is a great show, or got suckered into



tickets because your bimbo girlfriend thinks the guys in **N'Sync** are ssssooo dreamy; have fun. (Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha)! Make sure to bring the Vaseline and the earplugs. The rest of us will be throwing beer cans at the idiots standing out front in line to get in. After finishing with the beer cans for the brain dead, head

over to the *Dead Goat Saloon* for the best rockabilly show of the month, **Lee Rocker**, former bass slapper for the **Stray Cats**. His latest live disc is killer and the show should be as fun as pigs in shit. Get to this show on the 17th, or hand over the beeswax and the flammin' shirt, yah poser. The only other excuse for not checking out **Lee Rocker** is the **FREE BBQ** at *Burt's Tiki Lounge* called **Music and Meyhem in the High Desert**, featuring **Luck of the Draw**, **Doublewide**, **The Unlucky Boys**, and **Wormdrive**. Free food 7-9pm, music at 9pm. Two good shows on the same night. What to do, what to do. Pull the quarter out and let her fly.

If you're one of those sensitive ponytail art fag types, then pencil in the 20th for **Natalie Merchant** at the *Red Butte Garden*. Am I the only sensible one here that thinks all of **Miss Merchants** songs all sound the same? Does she sing out of her normal bored vocal range? I would pay a quarter of million dollars to see her sing with **Eddie Spaghetti** and the **Supersuckers**. Ahhhh...now that would be heaven on earth.

Speaking of heaven, **Sunny Day Real Estate** will be at *Bricks* on the 22nd. Do NOT miss this show! Tickets will more than likely sell out, so get 'em early. This band is so good, that everyone at *Bricks*, will end up walking away at the end of the night with shivers running down the spine. Non-attendance for this show will be punished by **DEATH**.

The *Utah Arts Festival* is bringing **Shemeka Copeland** on the 23rd and **Susana Baca** on the 24th. Who are these people? Don't ask me, I stopped going to the Arts Festival years ago after it turned into the yuppie culture festival that it's become. Just like the damn Sundance film festival; watching the yuppies pretend to be cultured is not my idea of fun. Also on the 24th, at the *Delta Center*, brings the **Dixie Chicks**, err, **Wilson Phillips**, err, I mean, which one of those two has their songs written by other people? Is it the **Backstreet Boys**? Attend this concert if you like hanging out with the shallowest of the gene pool from *Magna* and *West Valley*. Another real possibility for the 24th is **The Dairy Queens**, from San Francisco, and locals **Thunderfist**, flamin' white trash punk, at *Burt's Tiki Lounge*.

If you're able to stomach the sight of the idiots at the *Arts Festival*, go lend support for the greatest band to come out of Utah, ever. Yes, ladies and gentleman, the mighty **Doublewide** are going to be there, on the 25th, between four and five p.m., flipping the bird to all the lame-asses and giving them a taste of real culture. Go for the laughs and make sure to throw your underwear up on stage. That evening at the *Zephyr Club*, will be the **NXNW preliminaries**, which should be entertaining watching the best and the WORST of SLC go through the motions like a bunch of rock stars that want to get paid or laid. Make sure to throw-(up) your appreciation on stage.

Billy Bacon and the Forbidden Pigs will be at *Da Phat Squirrel* playing some roadhouse style, revved up rockabilly, on the 28th; that one will be a good show to end the month with.

Or if you're a ska fan, check out the return of **Kalifornia Redemption** at *Burt's Tiki Lounge* on the 29th. Personally, I'd go to Burt's that night for the cheap liquor; my interest for ska died in the early 80's.

The last show of June is **Runaway Truck Ramp**, a bunch of smelly hippies from Colorado playing bluegrass and Irish Folk at the *Zephyr Club* on the 30th. Stay home and drink yourself stupid.

By the way next month look out for **The Legendary Pink Dots** and **Dead Voices on the Air** at *DV8* on the 3rd. And prepare for a full day in a hundred degree weather at this years *Warped Tour*, featuring the **Supersuckers!!!!**, and some other bands on the 8th. Who cares about those others; It's all about the **Supersuckers!!!!** On the 5th, head down to the *E-Center* for everybody's favorite 80's glam rock band, **Motley Crue**. Bring the big hair wig and the whip cream for that one!! See y'all next month until then; Fuck you very much and stay out of my way down in front of the stage. Unless you're performing my favorite dance, the drunken swagger. UURRRPPPHHHH! ('Scuse Me.



**The Unlucky Boys Are Hanging
Out This Month**

Do I feel a breeze?

Ooh, I'm cold.

On June 6th they're dropping drawers with **Wormdrive** at *The Zephyr Club*.*

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*Private Clubs for Members

There I was in my apartment, 5:30am. I had to be to work in an hour, I was nervous because I was getting ready to interview Mark Spybey. The man who's work in music has left me in awe countless times. He is one of the voices on the **Download** albums. Yes, Mark Spybey. The living, breathing entity behind **Dead Voices on Air**. The **Dead Voices on Air** that will be playing July 3 at DV8 with **Legendary Pink Dots**.



SLUG: What kind of response do you get in the US as opposed to other countries?

MARK: Uhm, it really depends where you are actually. I remember playing in Salt Lake two years ago on the Pigface tour with Dead Voices on Air, it was like incredible and then Albuquerque as well was a small town on the last tour, and because they don't get that many live bands going through there, they just go crazy and just really appreciate it. So, you know, it's good.

SLUG: Do you like to recreate your material and try to go in different directions when it's live?

MARK: I definitely try to take it in new directions. A lot depends on how we feel and how the audience responds to you. I always love to work with the people and it really depends on your people as well. So playing live is really very dynamic. It can change a lot.

SLUG: Have you ever recorded a show before?

MARK: Yeah, at various places. Lots of

people have recorded for me. I'm not averse to people recording it as long as I get a copy.

SLUG: Well your music being as ambiguous as it is, do you ever get people misinterpreting it as drug influenced?

MARK: Oh yeah, all the time, and it's difficult for me to counter that one, because so much music over the years, the makers were influenced by the use of drugs and things like that. I don't use drugs at all and I sincerely believe, although I've never experienced this myself, that you can probably understand it a lot better if you're sober.

SLUG: Yeah, it makes sense.

MARK: Oh yeah, and drug users will talk to you till they're blue in the face about the fact that their senses are more heightend when on drugs. If you can't get that kind of high in your life without the use of a chemical, I think it's pretty silly. I can feel deleriously happy through making music and to listening to other people's music. I can be transported into all kinds of strange worlds, and I think that the power of the imagination is a very untapped thing, one of the reasons I've always tried to remain ambiguous in my music is I think that it allows people to be more creative when they're listening to it.

SLUG: I've heard that you've been working with Neils Von Hornblower. How did that all come about?

MARK: Yes, I've known all the Dots for about six or seven years now and Neils and I have always got along very very well and

when I decided to move back to Europe he offered me the opportunity to stay here for six months. It's basically a long story, but I've actually been staying with Neils and his family since late December and as soon as I got here we set about a process where we would start to record an album together, and we haven't finished that but we've made a commitment to each other to work together. We've kind of formed a new band here together as well. Me, Neils, and a drummer and we're doing some shows next week in Eastern Europe as Dead Voices on Air and if all goes well, Neils will be playing with me on the tour in the US as well.

SLUG: Your music certainly has its dark moments to it and some have even gone to the extent to say it has "the sounds of evil." How do you feel about that kind of an interpretation?

MARK: I think it's ridiculous. I've never set out to be dark or whatever. I think that the people who say that are mistaking the presence of strong emotions or the lack of fear, if you like, of being angry or moody or whatever, for evil. I think that the two things are completely different. I've always admired songwriters like Michael G. from **The Swans** who you could certainly say can be very bleak in his song writing, or **Nick Cave** or whatever. I admire these people a lot, but I wouldn't go as far as to say that they're evil. I think that there is so much kind of shock horror music out there. The industry is full of the stuff. People who use horror movie samples. I've never done that stuff, I don't think there's any need to because I actually believe that some kinds of music can be very powerful without relying on obvious infixes like you know

SLUG: Like a samples saying, "This is evil?"

MARK: Yeah, you don't need to do that. You convey all sorts of meaning anyway through the music. It's just like saying "look

how nasty I am." I mean, how stupid, you know? I've just done a new DVOA album that hopefully will be out on time for the tour, and what I've decided to do is I've completely changed a whole bunch of things about how I package DVOA. So instead of having a strange album title, it's got an even stranger one. It's called **Frankie Pet Presents the Happy Submarine Playing the Music of Dead Voices on Air** and there's a slight concept behind the whole thing. With sleeve notes with stories about an imaginary place.

SLUG: And this is all going to be on the new one?

MARK: Yes, it's all very tongue in cheek because of the fact that I've never considered myself to feel dark or miserable. I'm a very happy kind of person. I've got a love of life and I like the sun. I don't walk around in dark clothes or anything, so you know, to a certain extent it's poking fun at me and the stuff that I've done in the past. I think that the name DVOA can be misconstrued.

SLUG: So the new album will give a lot of fans a new perspective of DVOA?

MARK: Oh yeah. I can safely say that it's very electronic and at the same time there's the saxophone on there and real drums, guitar, bass, and a lot of digital editing as well. It's very definitely a progression and I'm happy to make that jump and I think the average person who likes my music should be happy to make that jump as well.

SLUG: Well, that about wraps it up. Are you pretty well content with everything you've done with DVOA and everything else?

MARK: Yeah, it's always exciting to go out on tour and we play 40 shows in the states and really once you actually get on tour it's kind of the icing on top of the cake. So, yeah, I'm very happy.

-AJ Rodent

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DEVIANCE

BY

H. BATES



Let's chat about the turn signal. That little used, but oh so handy, handle on the left side of the steering wheel. Why is it that motorists along the Wasatch Front by and large refuse to utilize this wonderful tool? I thought that it was illegal to make a turn without using one's turn signal until I moved here. Now, I don't know. Even the cops don't use them and if they do, improperly. (Signaling while you are making a turn doesn't help anyone. The object of the drill is to let the other motorists know ahead of time that you are going to be making a turn.) So what is it that compels Utah drivers to ignore something that takes so little and gives so very much? I decided to a little research.

The first thing I did was to ask a random cross section of the population that had gone through their drivers training in Utah and asked them whether they had been properly exposed to the device. Each and every one of them responded that indeed they had been taught how to use their turn signals. I then asked them if they had been properly instructed as to when to use their turn signals. Once again, their response was unanimous in the affirmative. Perplexed, I then asked them if they agreed with the statement that most motorists here do not use their turn signals. Most agreed that this was the case, though a few argued otherwise. Finally, I asked them if they used their turn signals. The responses were varied. Some looked me straight in the eye and said yes. Others said yes but were unable to meet my gaze. Looking away as they said it. Still others said that they tried but

admitted that they didn't use it every time they should. Finally, there were the ones who flat out admitted that they more often than not failed to use their turn signals at all.

So, it seems that Utah motorists do begin their driving careers with knowledge that their turn signals do exist and that they apparently have been taught how, why, and when to actually use them. So then, this is a behavior that is learned. Not a simple matter of being ignorant of the facts. Intrigued, I pressed on.

I decided to take my research into the mean streets of Salt Lake City. Armed with my 1971 Mustang (R.I.P.), objectivity, and a keen eye for detail, I ventured forth a mere babe in the woods. Totally unprepared for the ugliness I would witness. The horror created by a witch's brew of I-15 construction, total belligerence, utter ignorance, and a complete lack of respect for humanity.

At first I thought I could just sit back and observe the phenomenon as it transpired. Basically watch as I made my daily rounds throughout the valley. This proved to be impossible as nearly everyone I saw during my research failed to use their turn signals. There was simply too much to look at, too much evidence, an unmanageable amount of data to analyze and interpret. Therefore, I decided to approach the problem from a different angle. What about those few individuals who actually do use their turn signals properly when driving? What are the factors that would discourage them from using them? What peril lies at the heart of this turn signal phobia here in Utah? If I could answer that question, I felt that I could truly get to the heart of the matter. Try to explain it. Perhaps write a travel brochure for those attempting to secure safe passage through Utah. Warn them.

I knew that this approach would be fruitful when I began to identify a pattern early on in my research. Drivers that actually used their turn signals when attempting to switch lanes in traffic would more often than not experience one of two negative outcomes. Possibly both. (a) The driver(s) behind the signaling car would speed up enough to cut off any attempt by the signaling car to change lanes. (b) The driver(s) behind the signaling car would speed up in an attempt to cut off the signaling cars lane change but fail to do so. This would inevitably lead to several miles of tailgating which appears to be the agreed upon sanction for a signaled lane change on freeways, roads, and highways across the Wasatch Front.

In addition to the dangers faced during mere lane changes,

motorists signaling before attempting to turn off major thoroughfares or even side streets, back alleys, or driveways for that matter, can more often than not expect to be tailgated or worse prior to making their turn. I once witnessed some poor bastard trying to make a properly signaled right turn off 700 East nearly get killed by some guy travelling at least 65 mph with the left lane wide open. What made the incident memorable amid all the horrors I had seen was the fact that the driver of the speeding car actually had the nerve to yell obscenities and flip off the driver trying to make the legal turn. Once again, the turn signal appears to compel Utah drivers to accelerate.

Was this the explanation that I had been searching for? Was it a simple matter of stimulus/response? Are motorists along the Wasatch Front actually conditioned to accelerate when seeing a turn signal, like Pavlov's dogs salivating at the sound of a bell? And if this were true, would it not go a long way in explaining why motorists along the Wasatch Front fail to use their turn signals? It wouldn't be a matter of ignorance. Nor would it have anything to do with the quality of Utah drivers, the quality of Utah's driving education instructors or their respect for humanity at all. It would simply be a matter of safety, a mere adaptation to the realities of Utah's roads.

I have to admit I was stunned by the results. However, the pattern was undeniable, signal/accelerate, signal/accelerate. The evidence was too vast and far too compelling to ignore. All this time it had been me that had been wrong, not them. I had been too rigid, thinking that we, the few remaining signal users along the Wasatch Front had been driving more safely than the rest of Utah's motorists. Why hadn't I realized it sooner? It was obvious to everyone else, why not me? It was like I had been driving on the wrong side of the road all this time. I was ashamed. Looking back on all the needless havoc that I may have caused as a result of my reckless turn signal using makes my stomach turn with guilt and remorse. The guy who flipped off the other guy was just aggressively warning that damned signal user on 700East to stop it. He deserved to get cussed out! He could have hurt someone.

But I have learned my lesson. I want to be a better driver than I have been, try to make up for the years of ignorance. Never again will I use my turn signal. I promise. Well, maybe if I go out of state, but as long as I'm here, I'll just say no to the turn signal and I encourage you to do the same, for safety's sake. By the way, I'd like to apologize to all of the people that I signaled in front of over the years: My bad.

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Gidget Gein

Confessions of a Spooky Kid
(Who Cares)

It is so blatantly obvious that Gidget Gein wants a piece of Marilyn Manson's action. He was the original bass player and was kicked out for being a junkie. Let me say that again. Kicked out of Marilyn Manson for being a junkie. That's like the Arch Bishop of the Catholic church being disbarred for loving Jesus too much. He's trying to capitalize on this Manson deal with every breathe that he musters, every word he writes, and I think he's mostly jealous because he'd like to be the one sodomizing Rose McGowan on a regular basis (Ugly bitch. Hate her, die!). News flash, Mr. Gein. Nobody gives two shits about Marilyn Manson anymore, and surely nobody gives a fuck about you, what you did, who you are, or where you came from. Get a clue. Move on with your life. Stop trying to live in Manson's burned out, superstar shadow.

Damage Manual

1

(Invisible Records)

Martin Atkins and friends are at it again. Damage Manual's the name, sounding just like Pigface is the game. I've developed a love/hate relationship with this album. I've listened to it several times over, half of the time loving every minute of it and the other half bitching about how annoying and obnoxious it is. Proclaimed as the best project Martin Atkins and Co. have ever assembled, Damage Manual doesn't stand that far out from *Murder Inc.*, and, as I mentioned before, *Pigface*. It started out as Martin Atkins doing jam sessions with bassist *Jah Wobble*, seeing that it was going somewhere and then recruiting *Geordie Walker* for guitar, and then, of course, *Chris Connelly* for vox. Very analog, very, punkish. It's okay, I guess.

VNV Nation

Empires

(Metropolis Records)

This album couldn't have fallen into my hands at a more convenient time. Lately I've been getting a lot more into the clean vocal, emotional driven groups such as *Apoptygma Berzerk* and *Covenant*. *Empires*, is no less than brilliantly articulate. God forbid I use the word, but it's beautiful. There is so much more behind the music and lyrics. It's an emotional force that actually means something and justified to be that it's authentic. Even the instrumentals on the disc such as "Saviour", have that heart filled punch without any vocals backing it up. The VNV (of course standing for Victory Not Vengeance) is not something I can say I incorporate in my every day life. In fact, I'm quite opposite. However, their message has struck me as not only positive, but constructive. It's a strong stand point that they stand behind, and it's admirable.

Rhea's Obsession

Between Earth and Sky
(Metropolis Records)

Canadian natives Rhea's Obsession have been together making music since 1995 and they still haven't decided whether they want to be *Sisters of Mercy*, *Xymox*, or *Dead Can Dance*. There is some good acoustic guitar work, and utterly haunting feedback tones, but it's nothing I haven't heard before. The whole gothic/dark wave thing is

way out of my league anyway. There are only a few bands of said genre that I can even stomach, and Rhea's Obsession is a near miss. Not awful, but not overwhelmingly impressive either.

Halo_Gen

Halo_Gen

(Pendragon Records)

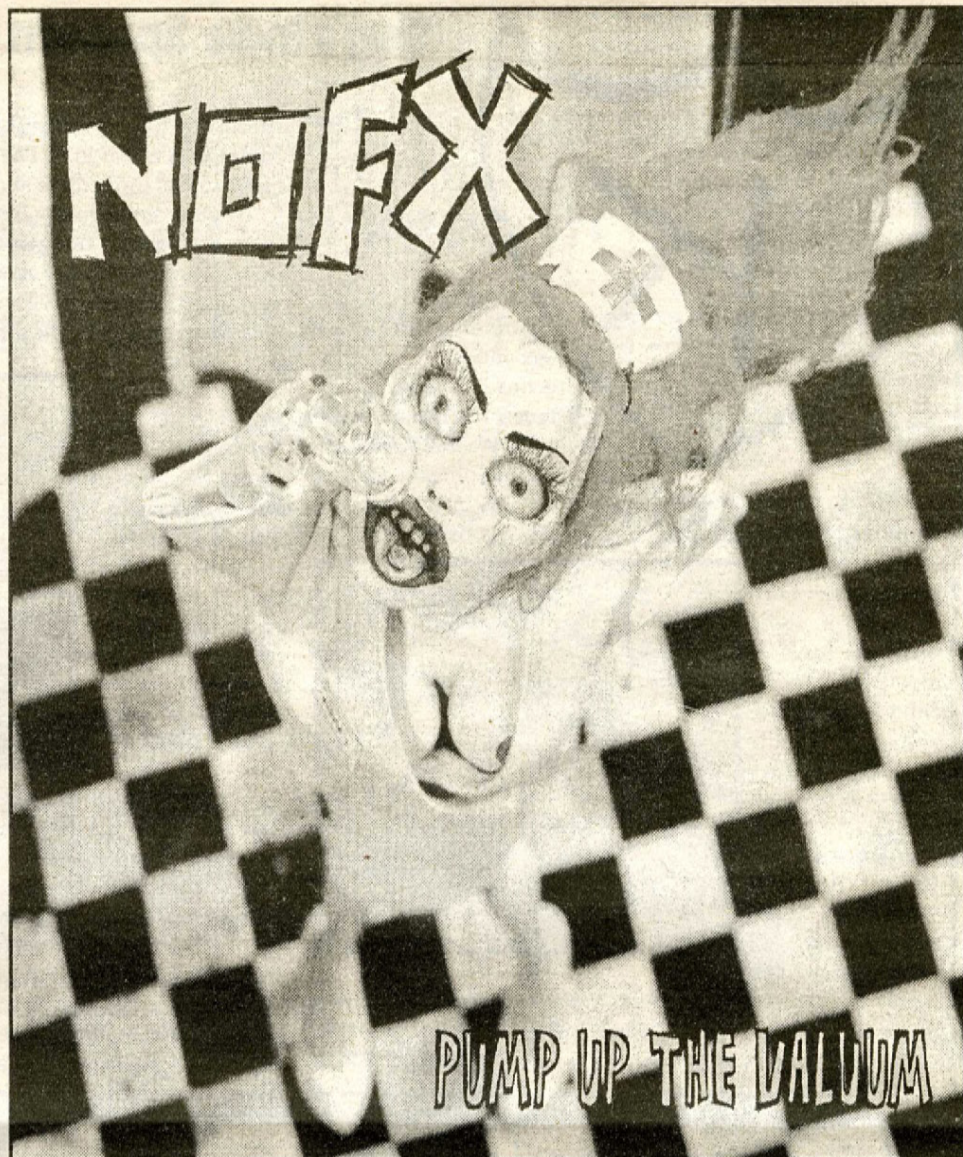
The mastermind behind *Numb* is at it solo this time around. Anybody that is already familiar with *Numb* knows that Don Gordon throws in instrumentals here and there ("Benthos", "Critical Mass") along with long, drawn out intros that turn into full fledged songs ("Closer", "Defiler"). This *Halo_Gen* album is 10 tracks of those instrumentals. As a die hard *Numb* fan, I found myself mostly disappointed with this. I don't know what I was expecting, but this didn't seem to live up to what I wanted to make it out to be. Most of these tracks hold no substance, while there is a few that are done very well and stay very dark and ambient. Maybe a cool soundtrack score? Either way, I wasted too much hype on this album and all future hype will be directed towards *Numb's* next release which has been being written and recorded as of the completion of the *Halo_Gen* record.

Rakit

Industrial Chaos for the Millennium
(Jag Music)

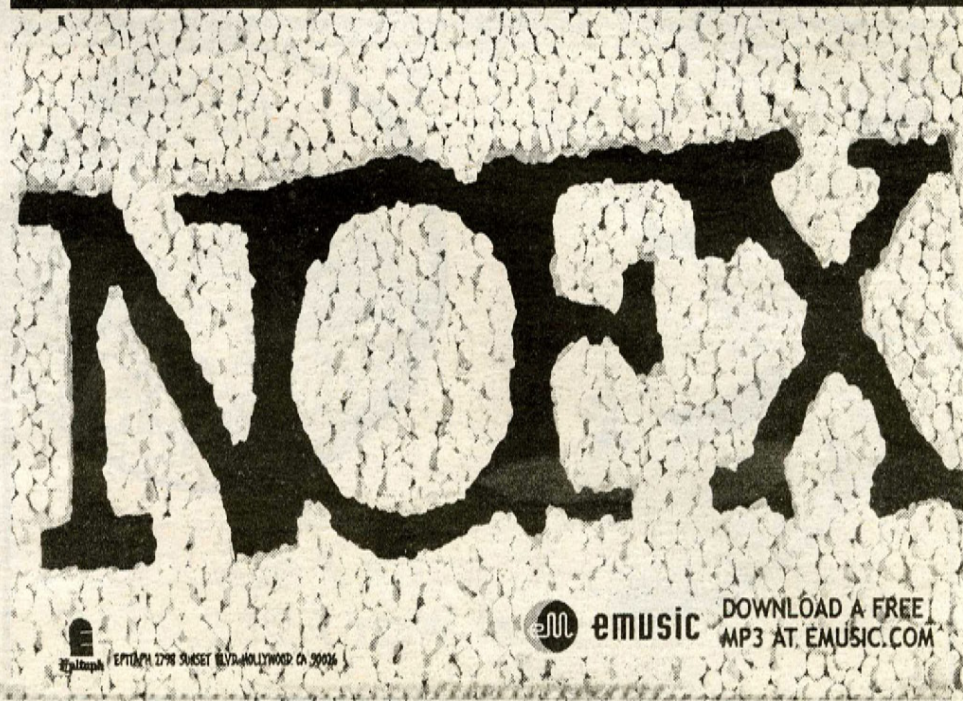
When I was in LA these guys were the big talk. I've received a few emails in the past inviting me to some free show for "LA's biggest and best industrial band". (I wonder if anyone down there has heard of *Pulse Legion*?) Don't think I'll make it. The promo pics I got in this promo pack along with the demo are absolutely hilarious. Three guys painted silver with their mean faces on. So, if I think this little of a band without even hearing the music, they must be pretty damned good if I end up liking it. Nothing of the sort. I realize that it's a low budget three song demo, but it really is bad. The mixing sucks, the guitar tone sucks, the lyrics suck, the song structure sucks... shall I go on? Okay, I will. They seem to be pretty big in LA. They sent me a playlist. *Rakit* accompanied by *Decoded Feedback*, *Chemlab*, and *Numb* along with some printout from MP3.com highlighting their #1 download. Good for them, but it's still crap.

A horribly done collage of reviews was also sent, written by clueless writers. "So this is industrial, huh? I think I like it." Pfft. Track 1 "No Pain", starts out good, but then goes absolutely nowhere. The verses and the chorus just mushed together. Track 2 "M.I.A.B.", is a very poorly done spoken word piece where you can find excessive use of the words "fuck" and "shit" to the point of untactful. And finally, Track 3 "Stab".... don't get me started.



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Slug's Indie Spotlight

by
Brian
Staker



K Records is just possibly the most eccentric, eclectic record label in existence. It's been around in Olympia, Washington since founder Calvin Johnson started putting out tapes in 1982. Since then Calvin has become renowned in the indie music world for his distinctive low end voice, his work with **Dub Narcotic**, in some ways the funkier mostly white band in the world, and his collaborations with **Built to Spill's** Doug Martsch in the **Halo Benders**. Oh, and his label's habit of introducing the world to some of the most independent-minded indie music artists. He's also released material by some of the more well known indie songsters, like **Jon Spencer Blues**



spectrum, the one thing almost all their artists have in common is a real lo-fi, DIY aesthetic that makes the music on this label immediate and often contagious.

To run down just a few of K Records' multi-faceted releases: **Jason Traeger's** *My Religion Is Love* brings metaphysics to the K Records fold: "The three things I like most in life are love, love and love." With backing from **Dub Narcotics** members and **Phil Elvrum** of the **Microphones**, this album is a family affair. If you saw him at *Kilby Court* you'll never forget his cover of **Lenny Kravitz's** "I Wanna Fly Away."

Wolf Colonel, one of the newest additions to the label, on their first full-length release, *Vikings of Mint*, sounds like GBV if they were young emo kids: that is, cranked up loud, with righteous guitar licks. They played the epic show last month with **Subdebs** and **Dub Narcotic** at *Kilby Court*.

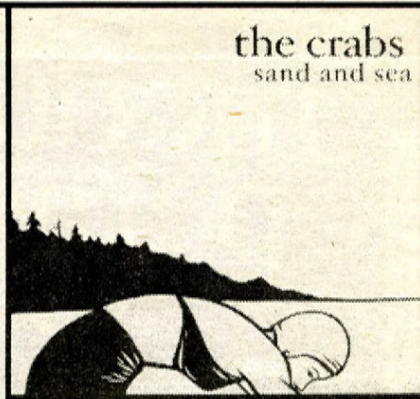
The **Microphones'** *Don't Wake Me Up* might be titled so because the album is so dreamlike, though it's not without plenty of noise. Sounds filter in and out, like samples of the **Beach Boys** and random radio snippets. This music sounds like a vast ocean, waves rushing at you then receding, and it's quite breathtaking. The **Microphones** are basically **Phil Elvrum** and whatever collective he assembles from other K



Records artists. So when the **Microphones** came to Salt Lake (guess what venue) several months ago it was him, **Mirah** (who has her own solo album set to release), an acoustic guitar, a keyboard and a big bass drum; a far cry short of the mountains of equipment it must have taken to get all the layers of sound on *Don't Wake Me Up*. Their acoustic set was an intimate change of pace from the sound of the album. Elvrum also plays in K label band **Old Time Relijun**.

Other groups releasing material on the K Records label include the hip-hop/drum & bass experimentation of **IQU**, the spoken word of **Miranda July**, and early releases by **Modest Mouse** and **Built to Spill**. The label has consistently been hospitable to female artists like the **Subdebs**, **Sarah Dougher**, and the **Softies**. A new documentary, *The Shield Around the K*, was recently filmed by **Heather Rose Dominic**, and is available on video. The film was screened earlier this year at the *New York Underground Film Festival*. As the chronicle of how something as large as a record label can grow and become reality from beginning as merely a pipedream of one Calvin Johnson, it's a revelation.

The label's website is www.kpunk.com.



This Month I:

Combed my hair.

Had some banana cream pie at the Spring Chicken Inn.

Came Within 1/100th of a point away from passing my emissions test.

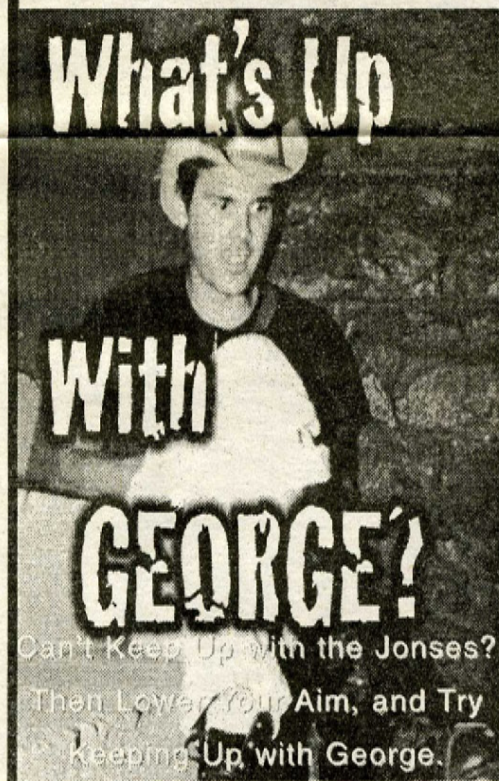
Encountered failure and humiliation at every turn.

Spent \$200 on a \$300 job.

Bought some shoes on the intranet.

Exposed my soft and sensitive underside.

May or may not have thrown the jammy down. I can't remember.



Hip Hop to the Record Store

By KD

The year 2000 has started on a positive note for Hip-Hop. The commercial charts continue to be dominated by brainless, well produced, anthem songs. Now that Hip-Hop has become mainstream, it seems that accessibility has lowered the general standard, in order to appeal to the lowest common denominator. Well, that's the record biz for you. The other side of the coin is the 'underground,' which is comprised of a bunch of college kids who buy corporate 'gear' and flex ostentatious vocabularies to no particular end other than to prove their verbal-gymnastic mastery. Sometimes I swear it's like listening to someone masturbate. Listen to a 'Turntablist' beat juggle and you'll know what I mean.

Things were not always so. I remember marveling at **Rakim** in the eighties. He wrote lyrics that were intricate tapestries, accessible to the cat on the street corner as well as being informative and uplifting. You could say the same for the **KRS**. These days folks who have a political agenda seem to be so poisoned by their own bitterness, that it inhibits the message. However, things are looking up. There seems to be an element that wants to fuse the party atmosphere of old with conscious lyrics and formats that are more accessible. I say, "What took so long?"

Take the **JURASSIC-5** record *QUALITY CONTROL* definitely an overground classic. **J5** has made the transition to a major label without compromising a thing. The production on this record is slick. It reminds me of the '39-'90 era, with ill breaks, loops and horns, a refreshing throwback to a time when positivity reigned. Weighing in at 18 cuts, this is one of those records that you can let play. You can check for **J5** on the *Van's warped Tour* this summer, (and I know you'll be hearing more about these cats.) However, I predict that they won't be having any videos on *BET* any time soon. Everyone was hyped off that **BLACKALICIOUS** *NIA* record, but for me it didn't really hold up to repeated listenings. The record was well produced and conceptually more adventurous than most of the garbage that's been coming out, but it lacks that fire. It's occasionally aggressive, but not enough for my liking. I mean, **Gab's** a gifted lyricist, but I know a few heads that would throw this record out of their ride rather than bump it. The arrangement of the disc lacks momentum. This is a quality product, but not a cohesive project. I expected a little more, especially with all the highbrow hype. Personally, I liked the *QUANNUM* record better.

Finally I'd like to touch on the new **COMMON** record, *LIKE WATER FOR CHOCOLATE*. I didn't want to like this record. I get so tired of Mr. Com's bitterness towards us devils that I just don't want to support a cat in any way shape or form. So it was with haters ears that I first listened to this. Let me tell you though...shit's hot. Even though I was trying not to like it, I just couldn't. The **Soulquarians**, who handle the bulk of the production, utilize live instrumentation to create a sound unlike anything I've heard in a while. Shit is crazy smooth and organic, while still retaining that metallic twang that makes for good Hip-Hop. The song topics range from soul expansion to self-preservation and everything in between. **Common** even panders less to the 'too many whiteboys' lyrics. Change always happens slowly, but this is how cats are going to do it, by creating better ways to relate to their vision without compromising it. Surprisingly, the least effective cut on the album is the one **Premiere** produced. All the elements are there, but it kind of sounds like any other one he produced lately. I'm still waiting for the next 'Head's up' type shit. Get the **COMMON**, this is one of the best commercial records I've heard in awhile.



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NIN

On June 17, 2000 **Nine Inch Nails** will once again play the Land of Zion. It's been five years since Trent last

grabbed his computers and crew, threw 'em in a bus, and took 'em on the road. Remember back in '94 when they played the *Delta Center*? It was an exciting show if you were one of the lucky fans to get a seat within the first 6000 feet of the stage. I, on the other hand bought my tickets way too late, and found myself stuck in the nose bleed section. By the time the sound bounced off all those concrete walls and hit me in my ceiling seat, the music was virtually indistinguishable. If it weren't for those 3,000 teenage girls singing all lyrics, I wouldn't have been able to tell if Trent was screaming *Pretty Hate Machine* songs or John Denver covers. That's the *Delta Center* for ya. A good place to see a monster truck rally- not a concert.

This time NIN will take over the E center in West Valley. I called up **Charlie Clouser** (part of the NIN touring incarnation) to ask him a few questions about the tour. I wanted to know what to expect this time around. After all, it's been five years. I found Charlie relaxing with his woman in Vegas and saving his energy for the big gig that night. He took some time out to shoot the shit with SLUG...and encourage my excitement for their Salt Lake tour date.

SLUG: I remember the band busting a lot of equipment on the last tour. Are you still doing that?

CHARLIE: There are a fair amount of casualties at the end of each night, for sure. There are fewer opportunities in the set where you can safely do with out your instrument for x amount of time. In the old set there was this great big slab (of time) where if there was no drum kit on stage, and if all the keyboards were broken it was okay because there was this long soft quiet guitar thing that Robin had to play...so then we could all go ballistic and tear the place down...because we knew We had six minutes for them to

bring out new stuff This time there is no point in the set where we can do with out our instruments. We've still been doing a good amount of destruction.....it's just a case of the keyboard tech running out and saying, "Dude, we don't have time for this shit! You're supposed to be playing in.....5.....4.....3.....2....."

SLUG: Do keyboard companies ever sponsor you for stuff like that? Give you free stuff to break?

CHARLIE: We never do any of that kind of sponsorship. It kinda reeks of sell-out. Trent always been real anti with that kind of stuff. For the first time, though, quotes of ours are appearing in Ads for some computer products that we use to make the album. You know, some digital audio hardware products for the Macintosh and stuff like that. It's just a major part in the recording and writing process. But we don't want to stand up there and go "We smash *#@* microphones exclusively. We don't want to say we're sponsored by anybody, because that gives them all kinds of card blanche to put your face on a poster....and all that kind of stuff.

SLUG: Do you eat most of the cost?

Charlie and I continue to talk about how Trent eats the cost of the destruction. He makes it clear that most of the keyboards are old models (DX7's)- "only" a couple hundred dollars each (used) and still easy to find. The smashed instruments are then autographed and given to charities to be auctioned off. Bet you didn't know NIN had a soft spot, did you? Makes you wonder how many thousands a fan will pay for an autographed busted DX7. What would you do with it? Turn it into a coffee table? Great way to recycle.

SLUG: What do you think of the MP3 and Napster phenomenon?

CHARLIE: The MP3 thing I think is fine. The Napster thing is just a tool for piracy. There is just no other definition for it. Nice dodge that Napster is saying, "We tell our users to respect copyright laws" Yeah right! You made this thing for one purpose and one purpose only- to avoid paying for the music. Periods. I hope you're ready to pay \$200 for a concert ticket next year. That's the only way the band is going to stay in business. I hope you're ready to pay \$40.00 for a CD. I'm really disappointed that there are so many people out there for whom the quality of a MP3 is good. What ever happened to HI-FI? What happened with

people wanting to hear notes in the music? These kids have a pair of \$40.00 multi-media speakers plugged into their PC, and that's good enough audio quality? It's just pathetic!
SLUG: Do you Have any Side projects that you are working on?

CHARLIE: There is this thing that we have been trying to get together for a couple of years...which is music that Danny and I wrote that is not suitable for the nails record, but too good not to use. We've got Phil from **Pantera** singing a couple of our songs... Maynards from **A Perfect Circle** and **Tool** singing, on a couple. There is this germinated seed sitting on the hard drive of my computer with songs that have some vocal on them60 songs that have no vocal on them...and a whole stack of, "Hey dude when you're in Vegas we should try and knock a vocal down..." Trying to fit it in between the chaos of NIN...

SLUG: Are you bussing it?

CHARLIE: Yeah. Trent even has a studio in the lounge of his bus. There is a little bit of work going on the road. I've done a bunch of stuff since we've been out 'cuz my portable studio worked out really well.

SLUG: That's great that you can utilize your time so well.

CHARLIE: Well, at this point the appeal of the hang out scene has really lost it's charm.

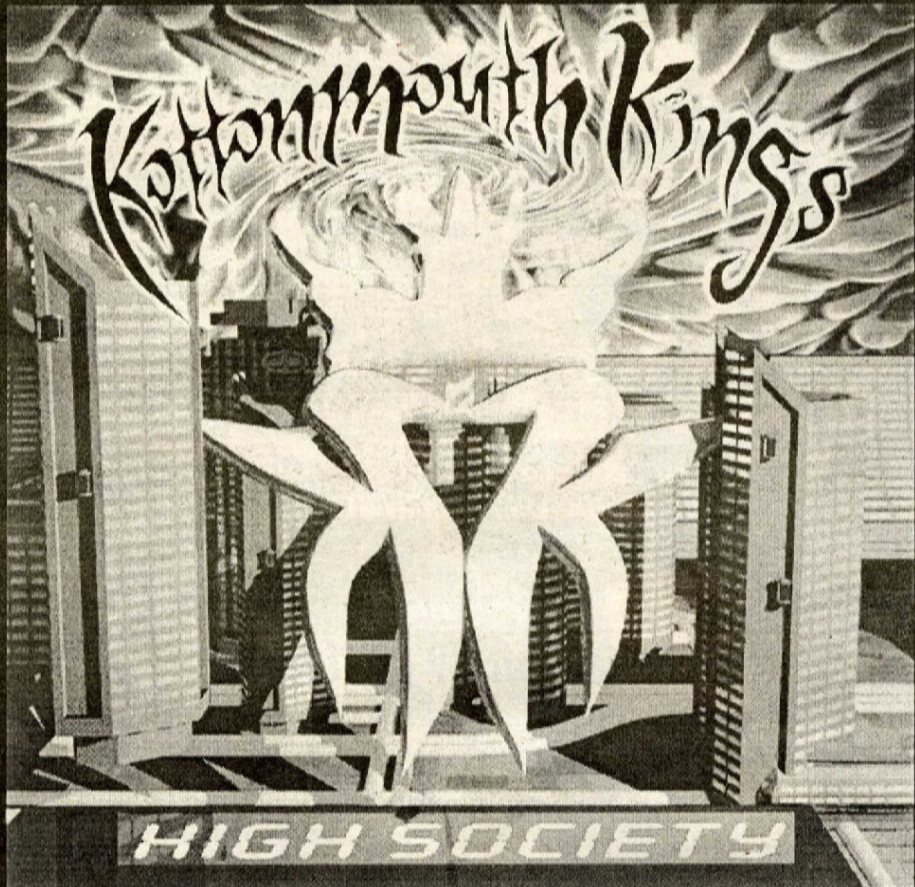
SLUG: Do you get very much of the star struck factor.....Obviously not as much as Trent...

CHARLIE: A little bit. There is always like one in ten kids that will spot you out at the Comp USA when you're buying a mouse. It's reassuring because they must have had to do some heavy research to be able to recognize me.

This is only a partial transcript of our four hour conversation. Check out **The SLUG website @ slugmag.com** to read the full interview. **And Charlie.....Salt City CD's would like to extend the discount invitation to you as well as Trent . Drop 'em a vist and get a huge discount of 50% of the normal retail price. Good luck to our SLUG readers, I doubt you will have an easy time convincing Lief of your NIN Superstar status.**

—Nastassia

IN STORES JUNE 27TH 2000



FEATURES "PEACE NOT GREED" W/ JACK OF T.S.O.L
"DAYDREAMIN FAZES" & "WICKIT CLOWNS" W/ ICP

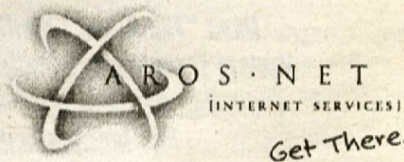


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I wanted to use the net to answer my questions about body piercing.



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Hear From the Deftones

BY JEREMY CARDENAS

All right you psychos, listen up. We're going to get one thing straight. Back before the **Limp Bizkit**s with their Nookies, and back before the **Korn**s with their backwards "R's" there was a little band that went by the name Deftones. These boys worked the underground circuit making one hell of a racket until one day the fates smiled upon them, and **Madonna** (in all her infinite wisdom) signed them to her label (*Maverick*). Having been brought to the pointy bosom of Madonna makes a man strange. It's kind of like seeing the burning bush, or having the Red Sea parted in front of you. Needless to say, the Deftones are stronger, louder, harder, and a hell of a lot more talented than any of the repetitious "new-metal" bands out there today. Whether or not this has anything to do with the bosom of Madonna, I'll never know, (but I can fantasize).

What makes the Deftones great is that they are a band that is not afraid to experiment. While other less talented bands sing about the perils of "breaking some shit" this band's lyrics actually reflect a cognitive thought process, and (gasp) an intelligent departure from the "Poison in Dickies" approach of the typical mainstream band. When you expect one thing from the Deftones, they will hit you right upside the head with another. When I received the new album, *White Pony* I was amazed by its power. An album that is powerful to me does not necessarily mean loud and fast. It does mean, however, sincere. That is the one thing I noticed about this album was the honest, open, and creative feel to it. There is no hiding behind any masculine imagery here, just good songwriting backed by an extraordinary amount of musicianship. I'll stop my sissy feel-good talk now, and let you hear a little interview done with Chi Cheng, bassist extraordinaire:

SLUG: What is the significance of the title of the new album, *White Pony*?

CHI: I don't think there is a significance to it, really. Chino came up with the title before we had written note one. We didn't really speak about it. Now, though, it has begun to pick up more significance since we have written the album. There are different ideologies and different ideas that have given it more meaning, but initially there was no significance.

SLUG: This album goes in a different musical direction for the band, why the departure from the typical Deftones' sound?

CHI: We don't really talk about that kind of thing too much. You spend two years on the road with these people, and it tends to change you as a person. We've all gone through our separate changes, and this is the result. We have all of this new life experience to draw from, and we did it, although, I know we did make a conscious effort not to redo anything we've done before. What we want to do as a band is exceed anything we've done before in our eyes. It's hard because this is such a popular style of music right now. All we want to do is constantly innovate our own sound. It keeps it interesting for us.

SLUG: I know you guys did **Ozzfest**, do you have any cool Ozzy stories to tell?

CHI: No. You know, Ozzy is kind of like the Godfather. I would just smile and nod at him if I ever saw him. I wanted to play it cool. I mean, what do you say to Ozzy that he hasn't heard before? It's funny, I get kind of starstruck, because I don't consider myself a famous person. I don't want to sound like an asshole.

SLUG: What did you do when you found out that *Maverick* had an interest in you?

CHI: It's funny, because Stephen (Carpenter) was joking around about **Madonna's** label when she started it, saying shit like, "That's our label, that's who's going to sign us!". Little did he know. Sure enough, we got signed to Madonna's label. This whole experience has been really surreal for me.

SLUG: Have you met Madonna?

CHI: Yeah. A couple times.

SLUG: Is she as hot in person as she is on MTV?

CHI: Sure, I guess, she's my boss, so I try not to think that way.

SLUG: What about **Alanis Morissette**, you ever see her?

CHI: Interestingly enough, no, we've been on the label for such a long time... I think she's a very private person.

SLUG: I'll bet. I would be too, if I was that hot.

CHI: You have a thing for Madonna and Alanis?

SLUG: You don't even want to know man. It would take all day for me to explain.. I'm sorry. I get off on these tangents sometimes. Back to the interview. Did it effect your relationships with other bands in Sacramento when you signed to what would be considered a major label? Do you still have the hometown advantage?

CHI: I don't know. We don't play in our hometown very much. We are so busy playing everywhere else that I don't even know if people talk shit, or they're proud of us, or whatever.

SLUG: Does everyone in the band still live there?

CHI: Yeah, except Stephen, he moved to L.A.

SLUG: Do you ever check out the local scene in Sacramento?

CHI: No. I stay away from shows. I tend to get overwhelmed by music, so I try to mellow out when I get the chance.

SLUG: So, let's talk about the interactive house party that you are having to release your CD. It's an interesting idea, broadcasting your show over the internet worldwide to your fans.

CHI: I don't know about computers, but I do think they are a powerful medium. I think buying CD's is cool. Personally, I enjoy buying new albums, books, and things, so I don't know if I like the idea of how impersonal it is to download music, but I am willing to keep an open mind about it.

SLUG: What do you think of being classified with bands like **Limp Bizkit** or **Korn** in the "New Metal" or whatever category of music?



CHI: There is a part of everybody that doesn't want to be lumped in with everyone else. I think all of us want to feel special, and we all want to have our own thing. Another part of human nature is to stereotype, which is interesting in itself. I mean, I know a lot of people that would be upset to be categorized with bands like these, but we're not. I like to think we don't sound like these bands at all, but they are our friends, and nice guys, so we keep away from talking about them.

SLUG: If someone were to ask you to define your music in your own words, what would you say?

CHI: I don't know... That's a tough one. I guess, passionate music. That is the only thing I can really say. That's the one thing for all of us that we try to bring across, is that we're passionate about what we're doing. That's maybe why we don't write a bunch of songs. We nit-pick and critique our music so bad. It's because if we know that all five of us are happy with it, then we know that it's probably good.

SLUG: How does the song writing process work with the Deftones, I mean, is it usually a lyrical idea first, and then a riff, or vice versa?

CHI: It's always music first. It changes sometimes, but that's usually the arrangement. It can change, though, that's what's cool about the band. Chino actually started writing musically on this album. Him picking up the guitar changed a lot of

things. We had to rethink the way we did a lot of stuff.

SLUG: How long does it take you to write a song, on average?

CHI: With the good songs, they're just done. Seriously, it only takes from ten minutes to an hour sometimes, and then we're like, "that's cool." We then kind of hone it down to what we want it to be. If you have to think about it, then it's probably not the right song, you know? If you have to force it to make it cool, then move on and come back to it, or something.

SLUG: Any side projects going on within the Deftones?

CHI: Yeah, Stephen has got this band called **Cush** that he's playing with right now, it's super-heavy, and Chino's got this ambient project called **Team Sleep**. I think that sometimes those guys get ideas about what we should be doing, but with the Deftones it probably wouldn't work, so they start to express it through other avenues.

SLUG: I think that's true with every band, one person tries to introduce something at some point that everyone is going to think is completely crazy.

CHI: That's dead on. Stephen wanted us to go really heavy with this album, and we were like... You know, there are aspects of this album that are really heavy, but at the same time, that's not how we are as a band.

SLUG: I think it makes it way more dynamic if it is a collective effort rather than just one person's input.

CHI: Totally true. It needs to be where every band member contributes his own thing.

SLUG: Where does the lyrical inspiration come from?

CHI: Well, Chino actually does all that.. He's a really talented lyricist, and I just stay out of the way. I'm really happy with what he does. I have no idea how he does it, but he does it well.

SLUG: After doing this for 10 years, do you ever think of pursuing other interests?

CHI: I did for a long time, and now I'm doing it anyways. I'm fortunate to be a musician without a day job, because I get to pursue some of the other things I have dreamed about. I get up really early most of the time to work on my things, you know. I've been really fortunate.

SLUG: What makes music worth getting up for in the morning?

CHI: Mainly, I like playing with these people. I love the music that we write. I wouldn't be a "band guy" if I weren't in this band. I love the music, and the people that I work with. I'm finishing up this spoken word CD right now. It's kind of interesting the contrast between the two.

SLUG: I think that what it all boils down to is that we're using our creativity, or art. Why not support people no matter what the form is. We all have to use our creativity, so why not look at different mediums to get it out there.

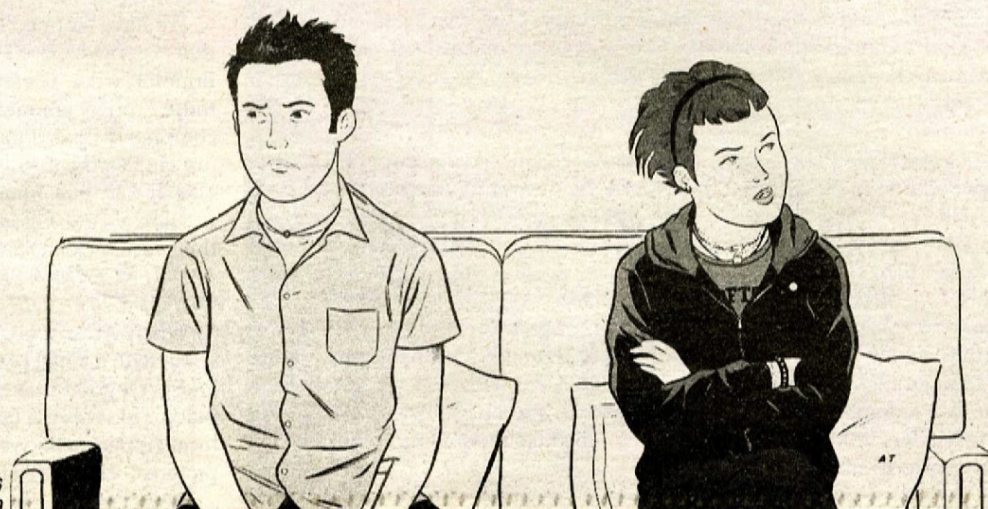
CHI: Totally. I see on the Deftones web site, there is a chat room that all kinds of people get together on to talk about their art. It's cool that they would use the Deftones to have a common bond. Nobody talks trash about each other, and it's totally positive. Everyone wants to express themselves, one way or another, and I think people should support one another in that expression. Unless it's, like, chopping people up, or something violent. Do whatever you want, except that.

In summation; Chi Cheng, bass master to the stars, good conversation, and no scars for your friendly neighborhood **SLUG** reporter on the go. Until next time, stay calm, stay cool, eat your vegetables.

DANCE HALL CRASHERS

THE LIVE RECORD

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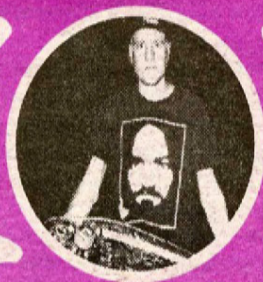


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HOLY ROLLERS!

BY JEREMY CARDENAS



Skateboarding in the land of Zion

Fear. That's what they call it when you're an old man trying to learn tricks in a young man's game. We all have it, and that's why my friends and I call ourselves *The Old Man's Skateboarding Club (OMSC)*. We band together to make ourselves look better. When one old man pulls a trick, we all pull a trick. I was watching ESPN today, and Tony Hawk did a 900 degree spin on a vert ramp at a contest in California. 900 degrees! Shit, I was having problems going 180. But Tony Hawk is an old man, and by my calculations, he just did a 900 degree spin for old men everywhere... I digress.

My job here is to tell you which skateparks are good, and which ones you might want to avoid here in the land of Zion. I will do that. It just so happens that the *OMSC* has come with me to keep the story interesting. Keep in mind, this is only opinion, and my opinion might differ from yours. We didn't hit every skatepark in Utah, but we did get to the major ones. Here is the journal:

Day 1, 07:00 hours, 5/13/00

Brock called. I wondered what the hell he was doing up at 7:00 (Dianne: Hire someone to kill Brock) when he didn't get to sleep until at least 2 in the morning. What a trip. He really is "possessed to skate" but he doesn't have to call me this early. I awaken. Stuff my backpack full of the necessary supplies for a full days skate park trip, and wait for the horn.

Day 1, 07:30 hours

Making second entry into journal. Brock making fun of the fact that I call my tape recorder "Diane" just like Special Agent Dale Cooper in *Twin Peaks*. Fuck Brock. I will call my tape recorder whoever I want. Anyway, we're on our way to **The Other Place** to eat. I love breakfast at the Other Place. There is not a restaurant in Utah that will give you that much fat for such a low price. Fat rules. Dianne-They're coffee is Damn Good. We sat in the restaurant talking about what our mission would be. There are five of us in the *Old Man's Skateboarding Club*: Brian (24), Brock (27), Jeremy (26), Brandon (23), and Jason (31). I don't think there is one of us who is not hung over. We drink a lot of coffee.

Day 1, 09:00 hours, 5/13/00

Dianne-We just dropped off our friend Brian at the airport. He is not the Brian mentioned in the previous entry. This has nothing to do with our story. Out.

Day 1, 10:30 hours

Interesting side note, Dianne. When you work for SLUG, bad things will eventually happen to you. We stopped at a Chevron for fuel. I'm looking out the front window when I notice that this truck is rolling straight back towards Brandon with no one at the wheel. Well, not really no one, but there is only a small pair of hands holding on to the wheel. I am helpless to save Brandon, and he has his head stuck under the hood checking the oil. Luckily, the kid who jerked his dad's truck in to gear has turned the wheel, and now instead of heading towards Brandon, the truck is headed for the gas pumps. I wait for the explosion, but it doesn't happen. The kid hits a parked car located near the pumps. Near death experience is over. The rest of the day we are suspicious of all kids driving trucks. We resume the journey. Brandon smokes a Camel.

Day 1, 11:15 hours

Dianne-the Pleasant Grove Skate Park is a negative. I have read in the newspaper that it isn't being allowed to be opened due to the fact that they host a "Fight Club" in the building. Great. You know, repression will do strange things to a man. If there was ever a place that needed a fight club, it would be Utah Valley. First they have to close all the rest stops in the area due to the rampant homosexual behavior, and now they have to shut down the fight club. Coincidence? I think not.

Day 1, 12:00 noon hours

At the exact moment that we hit the freeway, the song "Love in a Pink Cadillac" came on the radio. Dianne, here's what strange: we're not in a pink Cadillac, but we are in a large car. This song speaks to us. The day is looking up. Patti LaBelle reaches into our souls. We look at the fake mountain concrete barriers lining the side of the road. The fake mountains do not fool us, we can see the real mountains in the distance.

Day 1, 12:11 hours

We are arguing about what WASP stands for. I believe it is "We Are Satan's People, but Brian thinks it is; "We Are Siamese if you Please" either way, it is a mystery. Blackie Lawless has fooled us. We are his slaves. Dianne please help me with this one.

Day 1, 12:30 hours

We are in Bountiful, and it is about goddamn time we find a skatepark. We have stopped the car and are watching eight-year old girls play soccer while Brock tries to get The Boarding House on the phone. Stairway to Heaven is on the radio. For some reason Stairway to Heaven and eight year old girls playing soccer go hand in hand. Dianne, these girls are ripping off their shirts and exposing their training-sport bras. We are going into territory that is so depraved that even SLUG will not like it. We resume the journey.

Day 1, 12:45 hours

Here we are at the first place we will skate. Dianne: Vital Statistics
THE BOARDING HOUSE 541 WEST 2600 SOUTH BOUNTIFUL, UTAH
COST: \$2.00 (*YOU MUST SIGN A WAIVER TO SKATE IF YOU ARE UNDER AGE) (801) 298-4809

This was an all right place to skate, but the ceilings were really low. If you are over 6" tall you might want to avoid it. Dianne, I hit my head on the wall *ride repeatedly*. Dianne, I hit my head on the wall *ride repeatedly*, but I don't think it hampered my judgement. There were few locals that were skating while we were there, and when I whipped out the camera they scattered. I asked a few little kids if they thought this was a cool place to skate. They asked me if I was from **Thrasher**. I said, "No, I'm from SLUG." One kid told me that I was a poser and that his brother would kick my ass. I said, "Okay. Tell him to bring it on." He left. We skated for about a half hour and then rode out.

Day 1, 1:37 p.m. hours

We went into a grocery store to get some film. On the way out of the parking lot, Brandon asked if I wanted something for my story. I said, "Sure." Dianne, he held up a Sobe bottle half filled with piss. I asked him what that had to do with skateboarding and he said, "Well, it's still warm..." Then he laughed really loud. Dianne, I don't think I can trust Brandon, he already has *The Fear*...

Day 1, 2:00 p.m. hours

We are at the second place we will skate. Dianne: The Vital Statistics:
FARMINGTON PUBLIC SKATEPARK OFF I-15 ON FRONTAGE RD (NEAR LAGOON) FARMINGTON, UT NO COST, NO WAIVER

This skatepark was kind of tame. Shallow bowls with a small hump in the middle. It was good to launch out of if you had a lot of speed. There was a rail, and some stairs on one side of the bowl. All in all, because it has smaller obstacles, this park would be good for beginners, There were few locals present. When an in-line skater cut me off I said, "Hey roller queen, why don't you get me a burger and fries!" Dianne, he didn't understand, but the *OMSC* did. This reminds me Dianne, what was the name of that burger joint that had the tightly clad females on skates? Damn good french fries.

Day 1, 3:30 p.m. hours

We arrived in Ogden, and followed some directions to a second Boarding House location. The shop employees were super helpful, and they gave us directions to the Ogden Skatepark. One of the employees, Skylar Massengale, even offered to write down the directions for us. Cool shop. Nice people. Dianne, send them some flowers.

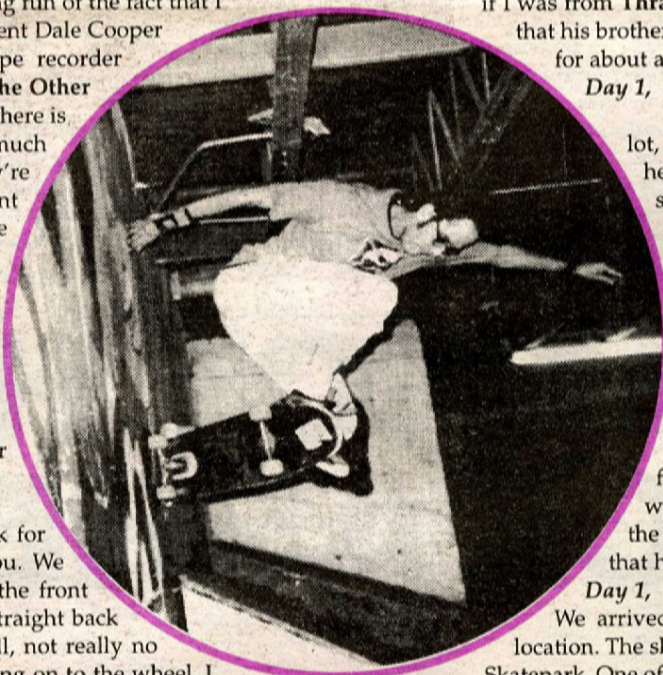
Day 1, 3:50 p.m.

We have stopped for lunch at a Carl's Jr. near the skatepark. I wouldn't otherwise mention this experience, but I have to tell you this story. We were done eating, and no one knew where Brandon went. Dianne, I looked in the bathroom, and there he was completely asleep on the toilet. You're wondering how I knew he was even there. Well, the door to the stall was completely open. I took a picture. Brandon appreciated us coming to find him since we were in his car. Dianne, I still have misgivings about Brandon.

Day 1, 4:30 p.m. hours

Here we are, Ogden Skatepark, I don't know what the real name of this place is, but I know this place rocks! Dianne: The Vital Statistics:
LAWRENCE FARR SKATEPARK (OGDEN CITY) 1650 NO. CANYON RD. TAKE 16TH ST. EXIT OFF OF I-15 OGDEN, UT NO COST. NO WAIVER

When we arrived, there was a huge crowd, and with good reason. Two bowls linked by a spine with a small platform for transfers. A roll in that gives you enough speed to hit the bowls and get a good line going. Smaller bowls, and other more "street" oriented obstacles line this place. This was the best skatepark, by far, that we had been to yet. The place was teeming with local rippers who were fun to just watch. We encountered a couple of them, and took some pictures. There is a story to this skatepark that I didn't get a chance to research. Dianne, rumor



has it that the skaters in Ogden raised half of the money to build the park, and then gave it to Ogden City. Ogden City then proceeded to use the money on roads, and the skatepark was shuffled through the bureaucratic process. The kids get pissed, get an attorney, and get their skatepark. Way to go. Damn the man. This park is great. If we had a rating system, I would give it 5 stars or something. I could have stayed here all week.

Day 1, 6:00 p.m. hours

The last park on our journey for day one. Dianne: The Vital Statistics: **CONNECTIONS SKATEPARK 3869 SOUTH STATE ST. SLC, UT (801) 265-0367 (COST: \$6.00, I Didn't ASK ABOUT THE WAIVER, SORRY)**

This was another ripper of a park. We didn't get much of a chance to skate due to the Warped Tour tryouts that were going on when we arrived. I was supposed to enter, but the day was already half over. I argued with one of the judges. He asked me if I thought it would be fair if he just let me into the semifinal round of the contest even though I hadn't even taken one run the entire day. Dianne, I asked him if he knew who I was, and he said, "No." I told him that I was the best goddamned skater out of this entire bunch. (Note: This is a bold-faced fucking lie.) He said, "Well, no matter who you are, or what you do, I will not let you into the contest." I told him that he would be hard pressed to stop me, because I would ride anyway. He threatened to have me thrown out. I laughed at him and told him, "Go ahead, little man, I'll be waiting for you out in the parking lot..." Brock, laughing hysterically, did not help matters. We took a picture of the pissy guy. Then we took off. I know when to make an exit. Anyway. This park is over 14,000 square feet of street madness. They are building a bowl behind the big roll in decks near the back, and when that is completed, this will be one bad ass park. Dianne, that's the end of day one. It's time for Cherry Pie.

Day 2, 10:30 a.m. hours 5/14/00

Dianne: I told Brock that if he called me at 7:00 a.m., I would stab him in the heart. He called at 10:15 a.m. Dianne, cancel that Hit I ordered on Brock. The OMSC is on it's way to Tooele.

Day 2, 11:00 a.m. hours

The ride to Tooele is pleasant if you are into unusual smells. The dead lake raises such a stench that it could probably raise the dead. Holy God, it's hot, and this horrible desert will probably kill us all. I hope the skate park will raise my spirits.

Day 2, 11:45 a.m. hours

First ride of the day. Dianne: Vital Statistics **STANSBURY PARK SKATEPARK TAKE 1-80 TO THE TOOEELE EXIT FOLLOW THE HIGHWAY TO MAVERICK TURN RIGHT AND FOLLOW THE ROAD PAST THE CONDOMINIUMS TURN LEFT. NO COST, NO WAIVER.**

Dianne, sorry about the directions. I'm from Tooele, and that's how we talk to each other. I don't think that there is a real address anywhere in Tooele. We give directions, not addresses. Damned hillbillies. Stansbury skatepark is an outdoor, concrete skatepark that is good for people of all experience levels. A large bowl with a fun box in the middle. A tall spine for transfers. A long roll in ramp on both sides of the park. At this park, we skated for a long time, and then Brock had his session ended by a spectacular fall. He was launching over the spine when I looked up and saw his feet go over his head. His board was flying in front of him, and he was looking at us as if to ask for help. It was too late for him. He hit the ground ass first, and his wrists sustained most of the blow. He laid on the ground groaning for a minute, and then limped out of the bowl. He let us know that his day was over. His right wrist puffed up to the size of a small balloon, (Dianne: This is a Pink Floyd reference, check to see if I need copywrite approval.) and was turning more and more purple by

the minute. I asked if he wanted to go to a hospital. He said he didn't think it was broken, and we resumed skating for a while. He didn't look good, but I wasn't about to argue with him. We left for Tooele.

Day 2, 1:00 p.m. hours

Dianne: Vital Statistics **TOOELE CITY SKATEPARK 150 NORTH 400 WEST TOOEELE, UT NO COST, NO WAIVER**

After the Stansbury Park experience the Tooele Skatepark seemed like a little kid's toy. Small bowls, tight transitions, rails, and all of the usual amenities. It's a fun park, but by then we were worn out from the "man size" park. This park was also full of tiny kids on rollerblades, bikes, with their dogs, etc. Dianne, I'm still suspicious of kids. We decided to bag it. The past couple of days had been great. Only one park to go.

Day 2, 3:30 p.m. hours

Last skatepark on my list. Dianne: Vital Statistics **REAL RIDE SKATEPARK 395 WEST HOPE AVE. (1400 SO.) SALT LAKE CITY, UT (801) 463-4639 COST: \$8.00 PER SESSION**

Real Ride is one of the more well known parks in SLC, and for good reason. Lots of street obstacles, a bad ass vert ramp, and a cool five foot (I believe) make for one hell of a session. The only recommendation I have is try to get down there on one of the less crowded days. The only memorable thing that has happened to me at Real Ride was when I was launching over the fun box in the middle, and a kid was going the opposite way. When he launched I was already on the other ramp ready to come back. I looked over at him just as his leg snapped, and he fell on the ground. He lay there, with his leg going in two directions, not saying a word. I ran over to the kid and asked him if he was all right. He smiled and asked me how long it takes for a leg to heal. Dianne when I told him a few months this was when he started to cry. He told me, he was thirteen and this was his first time at Real Ride. I wanted to cry with him. The staff at the park, and the EMT's who helped him were totally professional, and did everything they could to make him comfortable. This incident only served as a reminder that you have to pay your dues if you choose to ride the fourwheeled devil.

Dianne, that sums up the trip. I know we didn't hit all of the skate parks, and I know that we didn't hit all of the good places to skate in Utah. It's kind of sad that there are places where it's illegal to skate. I've been thrown out of my share of parking garages and strip malls.

I've heard tales of skate parks in Park City, Brigham City, Logan, Provo, and St. George, but time didn't permit me to visit these places. This is not to say that they are not good places, they just weren't in the itinerary. Dianne, I left this trip feeling great about Utah, and the fact that there are so many people into the sport of skateboarding. It is not a sport for lightweights, and there were a ton of kids who are on the professional level, but may not know it.

Thanks for all of your hospitality, humor, and bad ass skateboarding. You have made an old man proud. I was glad that the entire *Old Man's Skateboarding Club* came out of this adventure alive, and more or less intact. Utah is an all right place, and there is a ton of talent out here. Use it if you can. I have found myself skating almost every day, and I am back to the old school way of looking forward to skating any time or anywhere. This trip reopened a part of me that I had written off a long time ago. If you have a tip on a good skate spot, email me: jeremycardenas@netscape.net. Dianne, Agent Cardenas is signing off.

-Jeremy Cardenas

Thanks to:
Brian "Lee" Cunningham, Brandon Valerio,
Brock Andersen, Jason Lamb, and Your Mom..

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A Serving



BY SON OF DAMIANA

I found that transcribing my interview with the UK band Olive somehow appropriate on Memorial Day--the eve of the release of their sophomore record, the divine *Trickle*. How lucky we are to receive this great album almost 3 months prior to it being released in the band's native England. I had the pleasure of speaking to Olive, comprised of musician/songwriter/producer Tim Kellett and his equally talented counterpart, singer Ruth-Ann, from their homes a few weeks ago. Tim was in his home in Derbyshire preparing for rehearsals for their upcoming US tour, while Ruth-Ann was at her home in Leeds. They were both humorous, laid back, and refreshingly modest of their talents, and both eager for the release of this new album. Here are some of the highlights of our conversation:

SLUG: Can you tell me how you guys hooked up?
Tim: Well, I was playing for a band called *Durutti Column* and was incidentally using loops of Ruth-Ann's voice, and I told the singer that I had to meet the person behind the voice. And that was Ruth-Ann.
R-AN: Yeah, Vinni Reilly had me make some tapes. I was also a huge fan of *Simply Red* [one of Tim's musical involvement's], and so I was aware of Tim, and the rest is history.
SLUG: Ruth Ann how did you become aware that you could sing, and that you possess this great voice?
R-AN: I don't think it's something that you're aware of. Around my house, my mum was always singing a variety of songs, and I think I just picked it up from her.
SLUG: And how do you collaborate, do you write separately and then bring your ideas together, or what?
TIM: Well, I wrote most of the tunes on this new record, but the creative process is always collaborative. Aside from the cover [the 70's hit "I'm Not In Love."] we wrote all our songs, except for collaborating with another producer.
SLUG: Is that Peter Vettesse?
TIM: Yes, and Pete also produced that song. [*Trickle's* "Smile."]

SLUG: I remember the first time I heard "You're Not Alone," and being blown-away by it... it was so powerful. Did you realize when you first heard it that it was destined to be a "hit"?
R-AN: No, initially I thought it was a weak choice for a single. The demo version is actually just a very simplistic drum pattern and my voice almost acapella. You can thank the "boys" for hearing a hit there.
TIM: Actually, it took months to add the music to "You're Not Alone." It really started simply.
SLUG: You're debut album *Trickle* is brilliant. Are you planning on touring with this album?
TIM: Yes, we'll be starting a tour in America in June.
SLUG: So, I know Robin [Taylor-Firth] was in the band. And now he isn't listed with the band anymore. Or is he still with the band?
TIM: He combusted! And that was that!
SLUG: So, he left the band---You work very well together. Your sound is so smooth. Do you even like terms like Trip Hop? Or how would you explain your sound?
TIM: We really don't like those labels, as they are too confining to our music and sound.
R-AN: Yeah, we actually consider ourselves to be a "pop" band, and we have too many styles to be labeled into only one.
TIM: Actually we're quite excited that Maverick says this record will be placed in regular "pop" artists section, rather than the "dance" section like *Extra Virgin* was.
SLUG: I know that the first single that Maverick is pushing in the States is the cover,
R-AN: "I'm Not In Love."
SLUG: Right, "I'm Not In Love" is a great cover. I heard the original version by 10cc the other day, and I think you've done a great job! Do you decide what singles get chosen? How much control do you have in this process? And what about remixes?
R-AN: Well, I'm sure if the record company were to release something we disagreed with totally, they wouldn't release it. And if we thought something should be released, they probably would release it.
TIM: The remixes are commissioned. There might be five and only four are good, so if we don't like it, it won't get released.
SLUG: On the new single, are there going to be remixes? Or b-sides? Or both?
TIM: There will be only remixes.
SLUG: Is there anyone that artistically you'd like to work with

whom you haven't had the chance yet?
R-AN: Not really, it is just an honor when people appreciate your efforts.
TIM: Yeah, I find it pretty amazing when that guy from Enigma called Ruth-Ann up last year and said he wanted to use her voice on his next record.
SLUG: So you're planning to come to the States next month. Will this be everywhere, or just select cities?
TIM: Everywhere that will have us!
SLUG: I hope you come to Salt Lake! Are you planning any talk-show or television appearances with this tour?
TIM: [sarcastically] Yeah, we're doing Letterman, Leno, and all the shows.
SLUG: You know, you really should do Rosie O'Donnell. When she has someone on, she seems to really be interested in them. She does her homework, reads their book or listens to their CD before hand, which is refreshing.
R-AN: Sounds great.

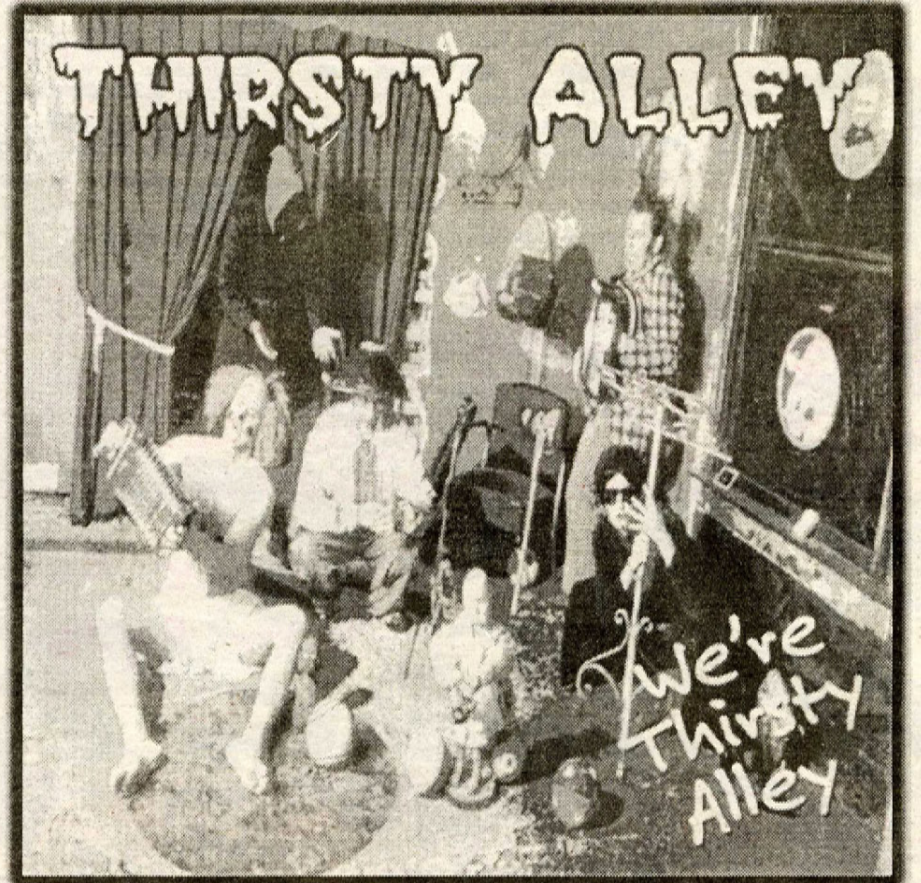


TIM: Is she a friend of yours then?
SLUG: [laugh] No, but she's great friends with your record label-boss (Madonna), so you should see what she could do.
SLUG: This record has not left my CD players for almost 2 months it is so amazing.
TIM: You know why that is don't you?
Ruth-Ann and I both ask why?
TIM: That's because we've imbedded a micro chip that makes it impossible for you to take it back out of your player.
 As I wind our conversation down, Angie Brown sneezes quite loudly in the background, Ruth-Ann asks if everything's alright.
SLUG: Yes, that was just my editor sneezing in the background.
R-AN: Well, bless her for me.
SLUG: Okay, she's alright now.
SLUG: Thank you both so much for talking to me today. I'm totally in love with *Trickle*, and hope that it will be successful for you. I hope I can talk to you again soon, when you're huge superstars.
TIM: No, we'll be too big to talk to you then.
R-AN: We won't have the time.
SLUG: I'll have to talk to your assistants then!

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infamy (a true story)



by j.d. zeigler

Back in the 80's, when I was a starving artist, I cleaned houses to earn the money that my paintings didn't make. Aside from giving me a nasty allergy to household detergents, cleaning wasn't bad at all. It paid more than any commercial art job I'd ever had and left plenty of time to paint and hang out with my other starving artist

friends (Unfortunately I spent more time drinking coffee and philosophizing about art than producing it, which probably is why I've yet to sell a painting). Not only was cleaning a sweet deal for a slacker like myself, each house I cleaned was a shadow box that contained the story of its occupants' lives. Since I didn't own a TV, this was my daily entertainment.

The best house and the best story belonged to a woman named Nancy Cohen. She lived in a townhouse overlooking the picturesque Swan Point Cemetery on the ritzy East Side of Providence, Rhode Island. The house had been in her family for many generations, and the family itself was one of the oldest Jewish families in the state (The first synagogue in America, Touro Synagogue, was built in Newport in 1763).

The house had been a Victorian showplace in Nancy's parents' time. But when Mrs. Cohen inherited it, she ripped out its staid and dull Edwardian guts, and renovated it in groovy Swinging Sixties style. Each room's wallpaper and upholstery were a clashing cacophony of Op Art prints, and a four-inch deep chartreuse rug covered the floors from the basement to the attic. Since I frequently cleaned in a rather altered state, the décor's effect on me was pretty psychedelic.

Mrs. Cohen, in spite of being crippled with arthritis, always followed me from room to room as I cleaned, partly to make sure I vacuumed under the sofas and chairs, but mostly just to talk to me. I think she was lonely, even though her husband and son lived in the house with her. To them, she was just a wife and mother, but that's not how she saw her role in the main drama of her life. In her own mind, she was a free-spirited heroine straight out of a romance novel. Mistaking me for a kindred free spirit (instead of a stoner who weekly washed her toilets), every Wednesday she opened up her life's story for me like a book whose pages were worn at all her favorite passages.

At its core, hers was the story of Cinderella. Nancy was the youngest of three daughters, and her big sisters were, according to her, mean and ugly, whereas she was pretty, sweet, and smart. She claimed her parents always took her sisters' part against her, but never said why. Her girlhood, while upper class Old Yankee, was miserable until she bravely left home in her late teens. After many adventures she met her prince, and lived happily ever after in her green-shag Mod castle. Mr. Cohen was a mild-mannered accountant who I once saw climb out a window at the sound of his wife's somewhat strident voice calling him.

Every tale that Mrs. Cohen told, no matter how trivial and trite, loosely followed the same monotonous plot. It wasn't too long before I also wanted to jump out a window at the sound of her approach. Then one day, with four decades of undiminished anger in her voice, she told me the one story that all her other stories were mere shadows of.

It began in the year 1941. Nancy was eighteen, living with her sisters and parents in their Victorian mansion near the cemetery. Anti-Semitism in America had reached an all time high in the previous decade and Nancy, who had applied to Smith College, was shut out of admissions by the restrictive quotas for Jews, in spite of excellent grades and her family's colonial pedigree. Kristallnacht was already three years in the past. Poland had been invaded in 1939 and its Jews exiled to starve in the ghettos. By 1941, Nazi Einsatzgruppen units were systematically massacring the Jews of Eastern Europe. Rumors of death camps were beginning to circulate. France had capitulated to Germany and Britain had been blitzed. The US hadn't entered the war.

Nancy lived with her own daily persecution. Her sisters never let her forget that she had failed to get into an Ivy League school.

"You're not as smart as you think you are," they repeatedly told her. "But the quotas were filled!" Nancy argued back every time. She planned to apply again that year. Maybe luck would be on her side a second time. In the meantime, she kept herself busy with several hobbies, the chief of which was being a ham radio operator.

"You'll never get married, doing that kind of stuff," jeered her sisters. They were social butterflies, already in their mid-twenties and hell-bent on catching husbands before they officially became spinsters. They found Nancy, her intellectual ambitions, and her hobbies, unfeminine. Apparently her mother and father thought so, too, and insisted that she attend as many parties and dances as she could. Even with the storm clouds of war gathering on the horizon, a young woman's first priority still was to get married.

On Sunday, December 7, the family had plans to have lunch with friends who had several eligible sons. But Nancy woke up that morning with a bad sore throat and rejoiced. She could stay home with her radio instead of being trolled like bait before

(Continued Next Page)

hungry bachelors. One sister wore Nancy's fur coat and the other borrowed her pearls, then the family piled into their Studebaker and left Nancy all alone in the big old house. As soon as the car disappeared down the street, Nancy, still in her slippers and bathrobe, climbed up to the third floor where her short wave receiver was set up.

Short wave radio is high frequency, long distance, and not entirely predictable. Reception depends on many factors: the time of day, the season, conditions in the ionosphere, and even sunspots. Sometimes there are transmission skips. A signal bounces off the atmosphere at such an angle that it is sent to receivers nearly on the other side of the Earth. Picking up a skip is a coup for ham enthusiasts, and the farther away the better. So in the early afternoon of December 7, 1941, young Nancy sat in the attic listening to the latest dark news from Europe and searching for skips.

Just before two p.m. Eastern Standard Time, she found a skip which stretched like an electric filament all the way from Hawaii to Rhode Island. She had tuned into Pearl Harbor Naval Base, a coup. (It was about eight o'clock in the morning there.) But after several minutes of routine military transmissions, she was ready to try her luck elsewhere on the dial. However, when she reached for the tuner, all hell suddenly screamed at her from six thousand miles away. Nancy heard bombs falling, sirens wailing, men yelling, and frantic pleas for help issuing from the beleaguered port.

It wasn't immediately clear what was happening. But by the time the gray winter afternoon had dimmed to early twilight two hours later, she realized she had witnessed a Japanese surprise attack on the American Pacific Fleet. It was a very surreal experience for her; sitting there in her attic, looking out at rows of headstones gleaming in a cold New England drizzle, while she listened to thousands die a whole continent and ocean away.

Still alone, Nancy rushed down three flights of stairs, pursued by shadows that didn't belong to the late afternoon only. When she reached the living room, she turned on the family radio, waiting impatiently for the Philco's vacuum tubes to warm up. Tommy Dorsey swung out from the speakers. Frantically, she spun the dial, looking for a news report. All she got was big band jazz and Charlie McCarthy. Doubting her own sanity, she ran back up to the attic. There she heard desperate calls from Pearl Harbor Base to Honolulu hospitals, but the signal was full of static and fading. The conditions that made the skip possible were deteriorating fast.

Nancy stayed in the attic, trying to fine tune the dimming signal. Once it was lost for good, she searched for other broadcasts, hoping to find some confirmation of what she had just heard. But she didn't have any luck. All she found were other North American amateurs' transmissions, none saying anything about the attack on Pearl Harbor. Soon her family returned, well fed and in high spirits. Nancy, shaken and breathless with excitement, greeted them at the door with her news, cutting short their good mood.

Since the US had imposed an embargo on steel, scrap iron, and aviation gasoline headed for Japan, and frozen its assets to prevent the purchase of petroleum, war was imminent between the two countries. So of course Nancy's family believed her and somberly hastened to the living room to hear the details from one of the national radio networks. But all they heard was Benny Goodman on one station and Jack Benny on another. The older girls turned on their younger sister, half in anger, half in mocking schadenfreude.

"You're crazy," they told her. "What you heard was some sort of 'War of the Worlds' thing and you were just dumb enough to believe it!"

Nancy's mother and father took another tack. "We won't tolerate any of your sick jokes," they remonstrated. "War is a serious matter. Look at what's happening to our people in Europe!" They finished angrily, and banished her to her room for the rest of the evening. Nancy went, but with a heart full of anger at the injustice of the situation, anger that was still alive and well when she related this story more than forty years later.

Mrs. Cohen claimed that her family didn't learn of the attack on Sunday because no radio station carried any news of it until late that night. By then, her parents and sisters had already gone to bed, believing peace still reigned and that she was a pathological liar.

When I first heard this story back in 1980, the long news delay sounded plausible to me, but I'm not so sure anymore. To double-check, I recently called my mother, who is the same age as Mrs. Cohen, and asked her when she first heard about the attack on Pearl Harbor. She said that Frankie Iafate, a friend of my father's and the man who, later in the war, would design the logo for the Fighting Seabees, told her after morning mass that Sunday. Since mass ended around eleven (5 A.M. Hawaii time, three hours before the attack), Frankie must have been clairvoyant. But this idiosyncratic timing gives my mother a link to a longer, and to her more important, story of how the start of the war ruined the 1941 hockey season. So, even if Mrs. Cohen's timing was equally creative, it's part of a larger, and more important, story she wanted to tell about herself.)

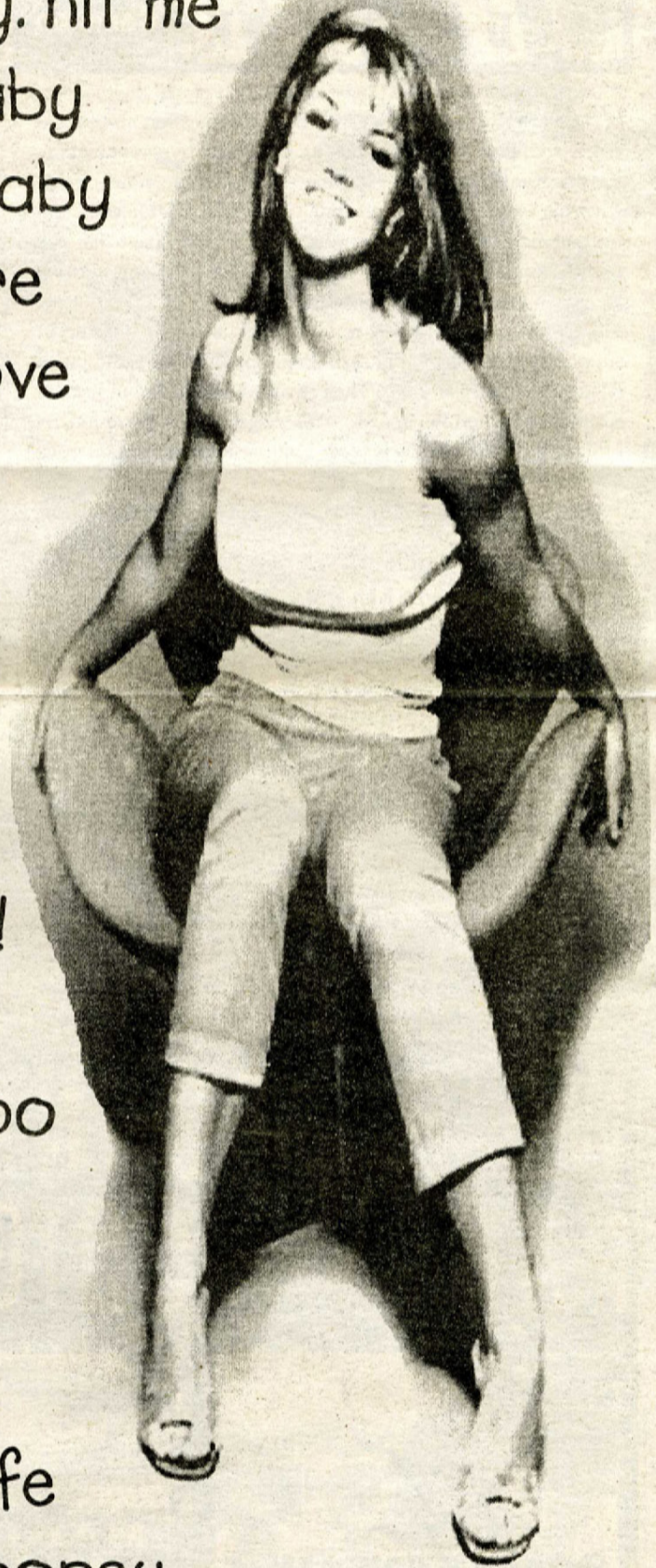
Anyway, on Monday, December 8 the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor was the banner headline on every newspaper in the country. President Franklin Roosevelt went on the radio to announce that war had been declared with Japan as a result of the attack. Several days later, America entered the war in Europe also. Nancy was vindicated. But she still didn't get a single word of apology from any member of her family.

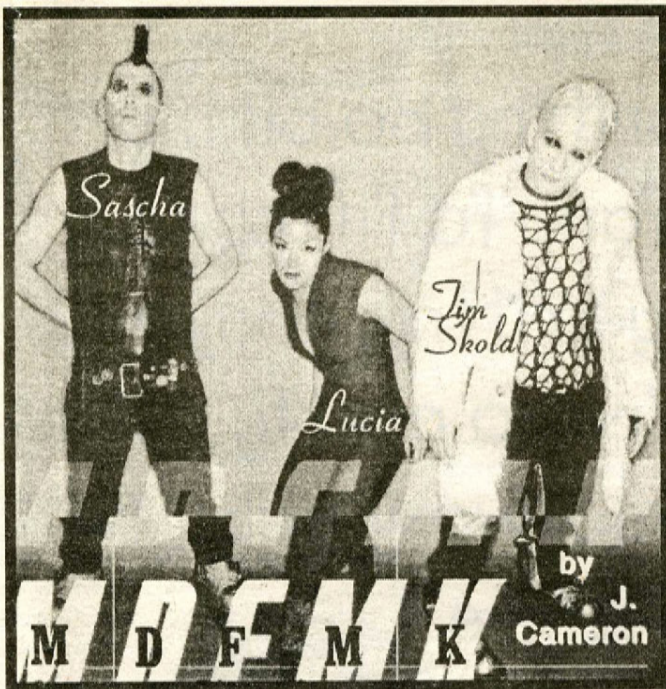
In January, the Women's Auxiliary Army Corps (the WAAC's) was formed and Nancy joined. She served for the entire duration of the war, eventually becoming a first lieutenant. After the war, she finally went to Smith, financed by the GI Bill, and got a degree in education. She spent ten years teaching before quitting to get married and raise a family. (Married women were not allowed to teach in the fifties.) And she didn't spend another night in the house that she was raised in, until it was willed to her in 1964.

It seemed apparent to me, as I listened to Mrs. Cohen, while I sat cross-legged and high on her Grinch-colored rug, that freedom entered her life on the lethal wings of Japanese Zeros that December day long ago. When she finished her story, I said as much, in a dope-muddled way. Mrs. Cohen scowled and actually poked me with her cane.

"Don't be ridiculous!" she admonished crossly. "Even Roosevelt said it was a date that would live in infamy!"

brittny brittny bo bittny
bonana fana fo fittny fe fi
mo mittny brittny. you're so
cute you're so pretty you're
so talented. wow baby, hit
me baby. hit me
hard baby
hit me baby
one more
time. i love
you so
much.
oops!
oops!
you did
it again!
oopsy
oopsy po
poopsy
bonana
fana fo
foops fe
fi mo moopsy
oopsy...





How intimidated was I to be speaking to one of the pioneers of the electronic music genre? To the point of cotton mouth and chain smoking, but not quite to the point hyperventilation. Sascha Konietzko and I had about a 30 minute conversation covering all sorts of ground. KMFDM, MDFMK, the Columbine High School shootings, and a robot giant that has found a home playing guitar for the live shows to name a few. It all went a little something like this:

SLUG: Okay, the MDFMK record is out, and your touring in support of that record, I'm assuming, but all of the radio plugs have been advertising it as They're called MDFMK, but it's still KMFDM with nothing but KMFDM songs in the background. So I think the big questions is what kind of material are you guys playing live?

SASCHA: We play all the new stuff that we've never played before.

SLUG: No KMFDM stuff?

SASCHA: Well, there's a couple of tracks. Last night. We played "Adios", and "D.I.Y.", from the *Adios*, record and we also played "Anarchy", as an encore.

SLUG: Last night was opening night, right?

SASCHA: Yeah. It went really well. We had a couple of technical difficulties in the beginning with an in-ear monitor and shit like that, which is to be expected on the first night.

SLUG: Any additions to MDFMK for the live show, or just the 3 of you?

SASCHA: Well, there's the 4 of us. Tim, Lucia, Cyclor, and myself.

SLUG: Cyclor? Is that a he?

SASCHA: Uhm, we refer to him as a he but he's not really gender specific. He's a 7 and half foot tall robot that plays guitar.

SLUG: How long before KMFDM broke up were you

premeditating MDFMK?

SASCHA: We premeditated the event as such for a long time, but the name actually occurred to us last minute that that should be the name. At that point it was really not specific what we were going to call it. It was just obvious that KMFDM couldn't and didn't want to go on anymore. There was just no unity within the project that would make you feel good, I just wanted to get rid of it.

SLUG: Did you know that you were going to be working with Tim Skold in MDFMK before he started working with you in KMFDM?

SASCHA: No. One thing kind of lead to another. He injected, if I may say, the last breathe of life into KMFDM that made it even worth while to go out on the road in '97. There was this moment where we were sitting in Denver in front of a laundry mat and we were talking, and I was spilling my thoughts, saying that I really didn't enjoy working in KMFDM or as KMFDM anymore and I could see a future with him and myself being in some sort of new project and he totally felt the same way. We kind of committed at the point to whatever it will be, it will be. So we got back off that tour and we started writing new material for the *Adios*, record that need to be delivered. It was like my last binding contractual obligation to the whole *Wax Trax* past, and then after that we were just free agents.

SLUG: How did Lucia become involved in all of this?

SASCHA: Tim and I were writing material for a project that was at that time not really specifically anything. We had a number of tracks and we sat down and were thinking, "What are we gonna do with this stuff?" and we thought we needed someone else to become part of this project. Someone that brings yet another angle to it; because Tim and I are so technologically stuck-up Sometimes, and we wanted someone that was a free spirit. We just made a couple of calls and it happened that Lucia picked up the phone and instantly said, Sure, Ill come out and meet with you guys and we'll see what happens. She flew out to Seattle, we tried out in the studio and clicked instantly. It was instant energy.

SLUG: I really liked the background vocal accents to brought the more aggressive songs like "Rabble Rouser". You don't see that pulled off very well with female vocals. I like it a lot better than any female vocals I've even heard in KMFDM.

SASCHA: The interesting part, and the reason why you feel that way probably, is that she's more than a backup singer. She has the drive that we always wanted to see in someone. She just brought it. We wanted someone to take responsibility and to be more than just the chick in the background or the chick in the vinyl suit.

SLUG: We all remember The Columbine High School shootings. Was the song "Witch Hunt", written about that?

SASCHA: Oh yeah, of course.

SLUG: What was your initial reaction when that happened? When the finger was being pointed at you with all of the quotes they had taken from your songs and such?

SASCHA: I felt it was a really tragic, unfortunate incident, in the first place, linked with a really tragic and unfortunate misunderstanding in regards to us. Because anyone who would've done a little bit more of their homework before blurting out a half-cooked story would've found that the story cannot hold water. On the *Angst*, record for example, there's a song called "The Problem", which is about a kid in school that is being expelled, basically kept away from partaking to classes because of being different. So, it addresses in a really strange way the issue that potentially and what it obviously used as sort of the explanation of why kids do that kind of shit. So to point the finger at KMFDM and make our cover art and work partly responsible for misguidance in teenagers like that is just so fucking wrong. It's like, can't you guys do anything better in the meantime while everything is unclear, than find a scapegoat? It's ridiculous.

SLUG: The song "Control", has some lyrics that seem like they may tie into it at well.

SASCHA: The theme of press being controlled by monetary interest is an old theme. You find it everywhere. The media, a controlled chanism, and vice-versa. They're being funded to spread certain types of opinions. That's no big news. By the way, the song "Control", was written a good 3 or 4 months before the Columbine thing. Just as a fact.

SLUG: I know that *Adios*, was getting ready to be released around the same time. Did that delay the release at all?

SASCHA: *Adios*, was scheduled for an April 13 release. There's an issue of Billboard Magazine that says in print, "Adios, release date April 13." There were problems at the pressing plant, and that postponed the release until April the 20th. Then the story came together, as far as I followed it, from a number of factors. One, was these kids were KMFDM fans. They had a web site where they had one line here, one line there from a number of songs from the *Symbols*, album. They also had added to these lines of their own that had nothing to do with KMFDM, but these reporters couldn't really identify what was theirs, and what was ours, so they basically said its all from us, and it's hate stuff. And April 20th, somebody figured out, was also Adolf Hitler's birthday, and these kids had a fascination with the third Reich or something, Then the last part that made the whole thing complete for the press was that some members of KMFDM were actually German. So, Nazi sympathy, German members of the hate band, release a record coinciding with a massacre in a school on a day that is Adolf Hitler's birthday. I mean, come on. What is this? Like conspiracy fucking theory or what?

SLUG: That is pretty lame.

SASCHA: Of course nobody gets the story like that because nobody's really interested in going half that deep. So we were made the scapegoat for something that really has absolutely nothing to do with us. It has to do with society at large, and with, I hate to use the words, family values. Ethics, moral, and kind of homely upbringing. It's very easy to make a somewhat obscure, unknown rock band that nobody really knows much about, to be the responsible side.

SLUG: Has that all blown over now?

SASCHA: It has in most respects, sure. Since we were making this record for over a year and had no reason to really speak to anyone like we speak right now for example.

SLUG: A lot of these *Cleopatra* releases that are coming out with KMFDM remixes? What's that all about?

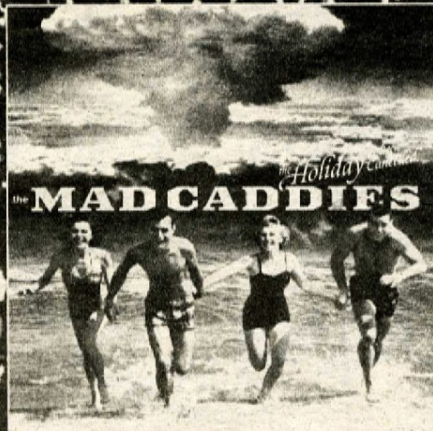
SASCHA: Yeah, it's a fucking nuisance. They keep hiring Gunter Schultz, the old guitar player from KMFDM, to do remixes. I've had conversations with Gunter, and my lawyer has had conversations. Cause, ya know, I own the trademark, KMFDM. The way it should be credited is: Remixed by Gunter Schultz formally of KMFDM. But they just think they can make an extra buck with it. It's an ugly kind of story. And it's really aggravating us because kids are being sort of tempted into buying it even though it's not the real deal. It's completely deceiving and there will be consequences.

This interview was conducted June 1st. The concert was June 2nd. MDFMK put on quite the show. Their cyclops guitar playing robot, Cyclor, made an appearance a few songs, exhibiting his eye as a camera - putting shots of the band and crowd on the big screen. If you missed the show, MDFMK is going back out on tour in the late summer with *Lords of Acid*. No dates set as of yet, but I'll do my best to keep everybody updated.

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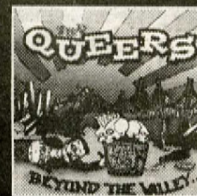
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Guided By Voices

Hold On Hope (Ep)/TVT

This EP was released to allow fans, the diehard of which are unsatisfied without hearing every cough, every noseblow songwriter Robert Pollard ever committed to tape and pronounce it genius, an opportunity to hear songs that didn't make it to their major-label release, *Do the Collapse*. The song "Do the Collapse" is merely the chords to a song called "Girl From the Sun," included on the disc *Tonics* and *Twisted Chasers*, released several years ago on the group's own label, Rockathon. That disc is worth seeking out for the brilliant lyrics on that song ("Girl from the sun/the color of red/she's melted my gun/she's melted my head") as well the rest of the set. True to its title, *HoH* includes the song by that title, but also gems like the fragmentary and sweet acoustic number "Tropical Robots," "Fly Into Ashes," in which Pollard never sounded more like early McCartney & co., "A Crick Uphill," with some neat country-style slide work by guitarist Doug Gillard, and Bob getting religion? ("Give me strength, blow some life into me Jesus") Though like *DIC*, this was also produced by the evil Ric Ocasek, in some ways this is better than the mass-consumption produced *DIC*. It's definitely not just for completists.

—Brian Staker

Mike Ford

Hailing Frequency/(no label)

I don't like it when art rockers send me stuff. I can never figure out if they're being sarcastic, or if they genuinely fit the image that is portrayed on the record sleeve. I hope to god that this guy is kidding. Here's the picture: On the inside sleeve of the record is a portly teenage fellow who is wearing one of those shirts you would see the people who reenact the Civil War wear with buttons on both sides, you know what I'm talking about, anyway, he is holding a 'flying V' style mandola, and wearing a Janet Jackson headset that I'm assuming is his microphone. I turn on the CD, and this fellow is singing completely in falsetto, and doing the craziest REM impressions I've ever heard. Jesus Christ, it is going to take ten years of therapy to get this guy's songs and image out of my head. Imagine if the *Blind Melon* guy had his balls removed, and pinched his nose while he sang, and there you would have it. Weird. I think someone has it out for me just for sending me this CD.

—Jeremy Cardenas

Various Artists

Be a Caveman/Vox Records

The 60's garage revival began in 1980 with Vox Records, a label that helped launch the careers of many, if not most, of the decade's most authentic and influential cult bands. In 10 years Vox released 66 LP's running the gamut from surf to garage-rock. This CD is a tribute to those bands, and most of the material on it you will not find anywhere but on vinyl. Get this CD, and get a piece of history. The album contains enough psychedelia and weirdness that even the most jaded of garage freaks will dig it. Are you catching my drift?

—Jeremy Cardenas

A Perfect Circle

Mer de Noms/(Virgin Records)

Tool fans, don't be dooped! The song you've been hearing on the radio, nearly an exact replica of Tool more raw Opiate era, is not consistent throughout this record. It's not bad, but it's not Tool. Just so ya know. 'Mer de Noms' (French for 'Sea of Names'), A Perfect Circle's debut, is nothing short of pure brilliance. Formed by Maynard James Keenan and Billy Howerdel, and joining in on the fun are Troy Van Leeuwen, formally of *Failure*; Paz Lenchantin, and finally Josh Freese from *Vandals*. This album is very in depth. There is a lot of emotion and intensity behind the music as well as the lyrics, and I have yet to find a flaw. Everybody involved has proven themselves strong, talented, and unique.

—J. Cameron

Papa Roach

Infest/Dreamworks Records

Could be worse. I am not one to judge (dripping sarcasm for those unable to spot it) but this isn't the most original piece of work I have heard. That being said there is some catchy stuff on hear. I like ninety percent of the stuff on the record. Some times they emulate *Helmet* (not often for chrissake—just in a few spots). The vocals are singsongy rap. The worst thing about this record is the production. The guitar sounds like an old *Iron Maiden* record which is OK if your *Iron Maiden* circa 84-89, but not a "new" band trying to be all down. The lyrics are anthemic so you can chant along at home. The drumming is pretty standard fare and the bass is just not really a factor. But they overcame there adversity and made a record that although won't be remembered in twenty years unless you got laid for the first time listening to it. It also will want make you vomit.

—Sausage King

Hefner

Boxing Hefner/Beggars' Banquet

Boxing Hefner is a compilation of 12 rare and unreleased Hefner songs: some completely unreleased, some previously unheard versions and a few released for North America only. Perhaps the only British group who sounds like a Yankee group pretending to be British, (not that that's a bad thing), the group aspires to an indie-rock version of the kitchy-cool hipness of their namesake. Songs like "Christian Girls," "Lee Remick" and "The Hymn For the Coffee" are unrelentingly catchy. Jonathan Richman's "To Hide a Little Thought" is a point of reference they've thoughtfully included, but they don't quite capture the naivete and charm that his songs express without any effort whatsoever.

—Brian Staker

Jolene

Antic Ocean/ISRG

1995, perhaps the height of the alt-country hype, saw the formation of the North Carolina group Jolene. Three CDs and five years later they're still at it, not achieving the notoriety of groups like *Uncle Tupelo* or *Wilco*, perhaps because they're more understated, don't flash the "alt country" state trooper badge at you all continuously like a redneck cop on a dusty two lane. Instead, their songwriting is solid, though somewhat unambitious. Like that country road, doesn't seem to try to go anywhere, but simply be a byway to sunlit lyrical scenery.

—Brian Staker

The Slow Poisoners

Great Spiders and Diamond Powder/(PopSmear)

The San Francisco group Slow Poisoners took their name from the book *Extraordinary Popular Delusions, the Slow Poisoners* by Dr. Charles Mackay. To match the somewhat Victorian sensibility of the volume, their finely-crafted songs include string

interludes in between them and eerie saw and theremin playing and other instrumental eccentricities inside of them. *Ballad of a Slow Poisoner* describes their methods: "you're too much for this for this world/but the answer is easy/it's chemistry." This musical game of Clue was produced by the irrepressible PopSmear Records arm of PopSmear Magazine, which is a guarantee of fun to be had. This medicine goes down so easily that by the time you notice the poisonous effects it'll be too late. Also comes with interactive CDROM stuff if you need more than one dose.

—Brian Staker

The Slackers

Live At Ernesto's//HellCat

Of all the regions of the world and the various "world" musics that find fashion in different geographic regions, the Netherlands is one of the last places you might think to find hardcore ska junkies. For one thing, how the hell would you do the two-step in those wooden shoes? But Ernesto, a tall Dutch tequila-and-ska-loving giant in the town of Sittard in the southernmost corner of the lowland country, invited the two-tone band for two nights March of 1999, to play at his Mexican restaurant of the same name. Three cultures clash, stir well and, voila! A two day, sweat and alcohol-fueled party-in-a-CD-case!

—Brian Staker

The Bangs

Sweet Revenge/Kill Rock Stars

The Bangs are touring in support of their new album with labelmates *Sleater-Kinney* on some of the dates, for that band's new CD, *All Hands On the Bad One*, and the sound is comparable. The disc opens right out of the gates with "Fast Love," which, like the title, is quick and dirty. Their sophomore outing doesn't have a lot of variety, but what they do, they do well—loud, mid-to-fast paced melodic rock. The cover of Cheap Trick's "Southern Girls" as a closer cements the Bangs' ability to rock out and more than do justice to the material, the guitar sound deeper yet the rhythm and vocals poppier than the original. KRS deserves kudos for its support of female indie musicians. Unfortunately tour dates don't include Salt Lake this time around. Check out mp3s on killrockstars.com.

—Brian Staker

Toschack Highway

Catapult

Toschack Highway is the first solo release by Adam Franklin of *Swervedriver*, and it sounds almost nothing like that group. Though the disc was occasioned by his discovery of keyboards, this is no *Ben Folds Five*. Rather than pop melodies, he uses the idiosyncracies of vintage boards to create repetitive patterns, like on the opener, instrumental "Harlem," and melodies that move rather than show off their cleverness, like the "Wurlitzer Waltzer" with shimmering synth bubbling just below the acoustic guitar surface. Album design, with the "computer" typeface, as well as the sound evoke the early 70's. As very few musicians have been able to do, Franklin has used artificial instruments to create music more human and immediate, rather than disembodied and mechanical, as many synth players. This is an intimate, introspective work akin to Skip Spence's *Oar*, only with the instruments and sensibility of one generation later.

—Brian Staker

Marty Willson-Piper

Hanging Out In Heaven/Heyday

This album for all purposes might as well have been a *Church* album, for how much it resembles their work, melodically and in production values. The disc was begun five years ago, and after several recording mishaps and remixes, and new material added, it was finally released this year. On "Forget the Radio," he sings "all my favorite records/I never see or hear," and it could apply to this work as well. The Church's *Starfish* album is on a lot of people's list of favorite albums from the 80's. These songs don't differ from the group's formula of finely crafted, smoothly produced jangly British-style meandering pop melodies. A well-attended solo appearance this April and sold-out Church show last year at the Zephyr testify to the group's continued popularity.

—Brian Staker

Shelter

When 20 Summers Pass/Victory Records

I have always liked Shelter since my first listen to one of their records. I felt that they had hit their biggest mark with the masterpiece *Mantra*. I saw them play, did an interview with them, and bragged about how cool it was that they were a Krishna Hardcore band. And then, right when they were at the peak of success and achievement, they fell off into a pit of commercial dung. *Beyond Planet Earth*, was so terrible, that all the Shelter fans I knew were now embarrassed to admit they had been fans. I even vowed to never buy another Shelter record again. Until *20 summers*

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passed. I received this disc and almost crushed it under my foot; I'm glad that I stopped myself. This disc is what Shelter should have followed up *Mantra* with. This disc fucking rocks, I am a Shelter fan once again. Praise be to God ...err... Krishna ...err...never mind. Just get this new release; you will not be disappointed again. I guarantee that Ray and Porcell have made amends and are back to doing what they do best, raising the roof.

-Kevlar7

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 releases. My second favorite band in Utah, (sorry guys, Doublewide is still the best), and they know 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 becoming annoying or distract from the music. The U-Boys hail from Provo and they play at Burts Tikki Lounge all the time with Doublewide. Check 'em out! It will be one of the best shows you have seen in along 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 your not too shit-faced. Sometimes the U-Boys drive a person to drinking.

-Kevlar7

Boy Sets Fire

After the Eulogy/Victory Records

If there is ever a massive revolution against the giant corporate conglomerates of the world, Boy Sets Fire will be the band that will sponsor the uprising. This album is what the people in Seattle were listening to when they marched against the WTO. This album fucking burns and rages with intensity. This album, has been very anticipated by fans for at least a couple of years, since the EP *In Chrysalis* blew away the uninitiated. Boy Sets Fire are not Hardcore, they are not Emo, they are not Alternative rock; instead they are a blend of all of these styles and elements. They are able to construct one of the most engaging and original sounds in the music scene that they use to drive a hammer down onto the stale repetition that has developed in the underground. This band deserves so much praise that I don't think I could give them the proper kudos that Boys Sets Fire deserves. This disc gets so many rotations in my player that I'm now forced to move this up on my list of best for the 2000 year. Get this disc now or forfeit your claims at having musical tastes.

-Kevlar 7

The Flies

Outta My Way/Trauma Records

This by far is the biggest pile of crap record I have heard this year. I thought I had forgotten corporate rock music of old (that's not to say that this critic believes there is no longer music business gang bang whores calling themselves bands though). This disc sounds like an old hair metal band a bad one at that. I'm done with this. And to think last year they had that catchy Got you where I want you bubble gum.

-Sausage King

The Casket Lottery

Moving Mountains

Second Nature Recordings

I listened to this disc many times and I still can't figure out if I really like it or not. I was in the process of getting rid of it; then I listened to the first song a few more times and thus decided to keep it. The more I listen to it the more it grows on me. It reminds me of Elliot and Shiner, that epic but disjointed sound that shows that the musicians are trying to think out something new and interesting for those that have well trained ears. The press kit claims that two thirds of the band are part of the hardcore group Coalesce. Now those members have decided to make their side project The Casket Lottery a full time project. A three piece that excels at making atmospheric music, while throwing in different angles and loops to keep the listener engaged. Fans of Kilby Court bands will dig this; in fact, I would like to see this band live. And that is why I've decided to keep this disc no matter what my negative side says. I think over a period of alcohol, I can really have this grow on me, warm up my head, after the whiskey has done it's work.

-Kevlar7

Turning Blue

The Pushers/Disaster Records

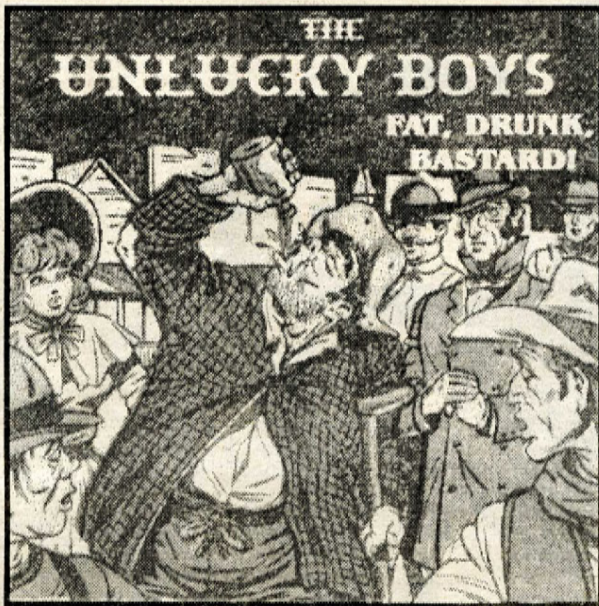
The Pushers are punk rock. They have tattoos, and they make one hell of a racket. I think their singer kind of looks like the guy from the *Offspring*, but I don't hold that against them. This would be a good album to play at your next 'Fight Club' meeting.

-Jeremy Cardenas

David Thomas and Foreigners

Bay City/ThirstyEar

Thomas, beefy singer in legendary Ohio 70's experimental new wave band Pere Ubu and dopplenameganger with Wendy's CEO, has released a lot of material lately, with Pere Ubu's entire catalog rereleased on Thirsty Ear in the last year, a great live recording of the group--Apocalypse Now, the CD/theatrical production *Mirror Man*, and this release of new material. Thomas, along with Danes Jorgen Teller, P.O. Jorgens and Per Buhl Acs formed the Foreigners, the story goes, in a concert in the middle of the Gefion fountain, in the rain, in Copenhagen in 1996. As opposed to his usual eccentric vocal antics, Thomas startlingly begins the disc on "Clouds Of You" with a low, almost hushed baritone. This is a concept album, which means Thomas is pushing the envelope even farther than usual. "On the other side of every desert has always been and must always be... Bay City."



The fictional metropolis is supposed to symbolize a vision of America by these four foreigners, Thomas included in the description by reason of his eccentricity. How many other Jehovah's Witnesses can you name fronting rock bands? Musically the songs touch on folk and jazz, with clarinet and melodica

"Somebody touched me... it was in a white room," and other lyrics move the listener subtly, rather than sticking your ear in a light socket as he often has done in the past. Almost tribal-sounding percussion, and droney keyboards come in on "Nobody Lives On the Moon." Dave Thomas is the kind of artist who sees voices and hears visions. When he sings "The Radio Talks To Me," you can take it literally. He isn't always able to translate his visions into something that gets across listenably, but as always they create a complex and fascinating work.

-Brian Staker

No Doubt

Return Of Saturn/Intersope Records

"Well, well, what have we here. My pretty," the critic thought aloud as he opened his mail. Gleaming in all its sophomoric splendor lay the next victim. All pink and ponytails like he wished they all were. In time it would mean less to him, but for now it occupied his waking dreams. He remembered the first time he had seen it. Oh how he wanted to possess it, to love it as only he could. She was so very pretty and the sounds that came from behind her were so non threatening. And when she would sing she would sing to him and when she looked out of the magazine she was looking at him.....

New reviewing style? Fuck no just some prose filled with the same cliché as this record. And like a homicidal killer this is ugly yet fascinating at the same time. I'll give No Doubt this, every song on the record tries something different. "Ex-girlfriend" seems to be more old No Doubt from Tragic Kingdom. Where "Simple kind of Life" seems 80's in its musical flavor. The next song "Bathwater" has a cabaret feel to it. And the record continues that way.

And the critically acclaimed lyrical styling of Stefani....listen I don't get what shes talking about I am no girl. I can't possibly understand this need to reproduce or find a stable mate it's a mystery to me. And quite frankly I am sick of

hearing about how she can't get along with boys...her problem not ours!!! The record is candy and while its not going to hunt you down at night it will kill you in the end.

-Sausage King

Go Kart Go

Run For Tin/PopSmear Records

You know Pop Smear, the magazine that features contests to win a day on the set of a porn film, parodies Maxim ("we only got ten words spelled wrong this time") and features features like how to roll a joint and a visit to a Nevada brothel? If not then do yourself a favor and pick one up or go to popsmear.com ASAP. My payola check should be arriving any day now. The mag is known for crazy shit like putting pictures of Hunter S. Thompson and "Diamond Dave" Roth on their business cards and sponsoring last year's SXSW showcase with Austin locals **Brown Whornet**, who offer franchises to musicians willing to carry their name and make, (they say) "big bucks," and take their shoes off to take a nap onstage, then reawaken to frenetic flailing. This group shows a heavy **Replacements** influence, up to the song "Once Valentine," whose chords resemble the opening of "Alex Chilton." The song "Bike Messenger" depicts their San Francisco environment vividly. For a freshman release, this CD is not bad at all, and you could pick far worse influences.

-Brian Staker

Tin Huey

Disinformation/Future Fossil

A contemporary of Pere Ubu and Devo in Akron, Ohio in the 70's, Tin Huey was neither as experimental as the former or as techno-geeky as the latter. Instead, they just put out some great new-wavey pop music. *Contents Dislodged During Shipment* was one of the most critically-lauded albums of the 70's, but shortly after that the group was reduced to musical footnote. It only took them 20 years to put out their second one, a compilation of "lost gems" and unreleased material. But what do you know, a lot of these songs stand up very well. "Cheap Mechanics," a jangly melody that sticks in your head, and "The Tin Huey Story, Part 2" could rate high on an indie pop hit parade of the present day. Some of the songs are a little too new-wave, with faux-funk and skronking sax, but are still well-crafted. It's hard to trace the story of a band who issues such 'disinformation' as "Dwight Twilly offered to buy the

copyrights" (in order to get it off the market) in their PR. But the band's lineage included Chris Butler of the **Waitresses** ("I Know What Boys Like"), and Ralph Carney, who went on to play with the B-52's and Tom Waits. Tin Huey used to have a song called, "I Could Rule the World If I Could Only Get the Parts," and as they say, they have more parts now. Of all the CD's I reviewed, this one stayed in my player the longest.

-Brian Staker

Desperation and Revolution

Hudson Falcons/GMM Records

These guys sing about the working class a lot, so I have come to the conclusion that they are pipe fitters, or plumbers. Only people who work with sewage can be this angry. They spew forth all kinds of venom about the rich, fate of the worker, and Jersey City. I wonder if they know **Bruce Springsteen**? In a way the singer kind of reminded me of 'The Boss'. I would like to see all of the plumbers in the world have a revolution. They would really have us over a barrel, both literally and figuratively. A world ruled by plumbers is not the world for me. Thanks for listening.

-Jeremy Cardenas

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WRITTEN IN BLOOD

HARD MUSIC FOR A HARD WORLD

BY JOHN FORGACH

CENTURY MEDIA : The band Stuck Mojo might not be the most extreme band around, but their music hits with a power that is matched by no other. This band's sound has been evolving and expanding since their debut *SNAPPIN' NECKS* back in 1995. Stuck Mojo's fourth studio album, *DECLARATION OF A HEADHUNTER* has made the simple 'rap-core' tag, once used to describe their music, almost irrelevant. While this band has never been known for pulling punches, *DECLARATION...* just might have the most controversial lyrical content of their career. Tracks

such as "A Lesson In Insensitivity", "An Open Letter" and "Declaration" proves that the individuals that make up Stuck Mojo WILL speak their mind. *DECLARATION OF A HEADHUNTER* (in stores June 13) will make you proud to be an American that has the guts to love metal. It will also make you proud that there are bands like Stuck Mojo playing heavy music. — Another band making waves in their respective genre is **Borknagar**. The fourth release for this band, *QUINTESSANCE* takes black metal into whole new areas. The song structure, instrumentation and vocals on *QUINTESSANCE* give this release a progressive feel within a black metal framework. — Jag Panzer have released their fifth album, *THANE TO THE THRONE*. Mark Briody (guitar), John Tetley (bass) and Harry Conklin (vocals), all founding members of Jag Panzer (dating back to 1981), are joined by Rikard Stjernquist (drums) and Chris Broderick (guitar) for the strongest work that I've ever heard from this band. I'm telling you that power metal has never sounded so good. The succinct delivery of Jag Panzer sheds all of the goofy-ass elements that usually bug the hell out of me when it come to power metal. Conklin's voice is great and the guitar work on this release is inspiring.

SANCTUARY : It appears that Sanctuary Records wins the "king" of the re-release award for the month. First off we have the 1993 release of *CHAMELEON* from Helloween. I never really followed these guys, but see that in the early '90s Helloween could hardly even be considered a metal band. This album is very commercially melodic sounding. While being overly-melodic isn't a crime in any state (yet), a band should know to draw the line somewhere. The early '90s were a weird time for metal, just be grateful that the horn section featured on

CHAMELEON never caught on. — Next in the re-release department is '81's *SHOCK TACTICS* and '83's *SURVIVORS* from the band **Samson**. *SHOCK TACTICS* sounds pretty good coming from the early '80s, but *SURVIVORS* shows that Bruce Dickenson jumped ship over to Iron Maiden just in time. Bruce, going by the name Bruce Bruce (oh dear) is listed on *SURVIVORS* as vocals, but it



doesn't sound like him to me. — If you remember the *METAL FOR MUTHAS Volume I* compilation album, released circa. 1980, then you've pretty much been around since the beginning of modern heavy metal (as far as I'm concerned). I never did understand what the title meant, and reading the liner notes explaining the title still elicits a resounding, "huh??" from me, so don't ask. I do remember being in the sixth grade, scooping this thing up just because it had two tracks from Iron Maiden, "Sanctuary" and "Wrathchild". Some of the other music from this release was less desirable at the time, but some of it was exciting and at least hinted of what was to come in the metal world. I don't ever remember hearing Volume II, but can imagine that like Volume I, it probably would have had more of an impact on me back when it was released. If you're a real collector of the old stuff, then these might be for you. — **CATCH THE RAINBOW (A Tribute To Rainbow)** is one of the newer releases from this label. Released sometime in 1999, this album features re-makes of classic songs from a classic band from a whole variety of Euro, power metal "legends". Contributing musicians hail from bands such as **Brainstorm, Gamma Ray, Grave Digger, Helloween, Primal Fear, Punch TV, Rough Silk and Zed Yago**.

RELAPSE : The sick bastards from Cephalic Carnage are back to pillage and plunder you senseless. Their latest album, *EXPLOITING DYSFUNCTION*, the follow up to the debut, *CONFORMING TO ABNORMALITY*, was crafted with only the most extreme and disturbing elements of grindcore. Cephalic Carnage also adds enough "jazzy" interludes and nightmarish samples to haunt a lifetime full of dreams. — **THE INFERNAL STORM** is the most focused sounding work to date from the band **Incantation**. Recruiting Dave Culross (*Malevolent Creation*) as a session drummer will obviously never hurt your cause. John McEntee (guitar) has also acquired Robert Yench on bass and Mike Saez (ex-Deathrune) on vocals since the release of *DIABOLICAL CONQUEST*.

METAL BLADE : *PLEASE COME HOME...MR. BULBOUS* is the title of the latest album from King's X. Eight albums since 1988 and this mighty trio is still as good as ever. While it's always been a trademark of the band, I hear even more vocal harmonies this time around. You should check this out. There just are not that many bands out there that are as seasoned and as good as King's X. — **THE PROPHECIES** is **Kenziner's** follow up to their '98 release of *TIMESCAPE*. All of the music for this band was written by Finnish, neo-classical guitarist Jarno Keskinen. While much of the individual play going on within this release flashes with brilliance, the song writing has a dated sound, which seems to be a common downfall when a single person writes all of the music. Kenziner has a lot going for them, including the keyboard work of Mikko Harkin and the drumming of Brian Harris. Brian is the brother of guitar legend Michael Harris, who was most recently seen with the band Zanister which also features guitar-great David Chastain. Chastain did the production work on *THE PROPHECIES*. To get a fresher sound out of his song writing, Jarno is going to have to learn the meaning of the word "collaborate". — Get your fill of "Jesus Christ Metal" on the latest from **Mortification**, *10 YEARS*

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LIVE NOT DEAD. You guessed it, it's live. This born again Christian metal band recorded songs from their nine studio albums during a show in October of '99. I'm full...

SPITFIRE : Zakk Wylde, Ozzy's former axeman, is once again traveling down any road other than the one that leads to Ozz. with his band **Black Label Society**. *STRONGER THAN DEATH* is the second album for **Black Label Society**, which takes on a more sinister and heavy tone than the work with his other well known project, **Pride And Glory**. While the two bands have some similar traits, such as a southern tinged vibe, the two stand firmly on their own. Zakk takes control of his own destiny with **Black Label Society** by not only singing and



playing all of the guitar parts, he also plays bass on *STRONGER THAN DEATH*. The future looks bright for the proven talents of Mr. Wylde with possible plans to work with Ozzy again, possible plans for another acoustic album, and most important - the start-up of a micro brew company.

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Monday, June 5
 Sand- Zephyr
 James Johnson- Dead
 Goat
 Autumn w/Lift to
 Experience & Infared-
 Kilby Ct.

Fat Possum Juke Joint
 Caravan Tour- Beatnick's (OGDEN)
 Impulse- Burt's

Tuesday, June 6
 Loney Kings w/Billy- Kilby Ct.
 Unlucky Boys- Zephyr
 Blues Jam- Dead Goat

Wednesday, June 7
 Cave Catt Sammy- Dead Goat
 Kalifornia Redemption- Burt's
 Paul Galaxy and the Galactix - ABG's (Provo)
 Zach Parrish Blues Band- Todd's Bar and Grill
 Enemy Squad- Zephyr
 Vessel & Far Below Nothing- Ya Buts

Thursday, June 8
 Trigger Locks- Zephyr
 Up Yer Sleeve- Dead Goat
 Blues Zen- Burt's
 Boys Set Fire- Dv8 Basement
 Nine Days- DV8
 Digital Assassins- Brick's
 Red Star 9- Todds
 Brian Honeyville & Bad Apple- Ya Buts

Friday, June 9
 Disco Drippers- Zephyr
 Pagan Love God's- Burt's
 Lou Reed w/Victoria Williams- Abravanel Hall
 DJ Chang- JB Mulligans
 Monyanna Slim & Relief Society- Ya Buts

Saturday, June 10
 Mookie Proofed - Wrapsody
 Smilin' jack- Deadgoat
 Maladjusted- Burt's
 MELVINS- Liquid Joe's
 Beasts From Within- Kilby Ct
 New transit Direction- Todd's
 Disco Drippers- Zephyr

DAILY CALENDAR

Clean & Cryptobiotic- ya Buts

Sunday, June 11

Tong Levin- Zephyr

Swingin' Sundays- Dead Goat

Kill Sadie w/ Furious Fire- Kilby Ct.

Monday, June 12

Fat Possum label Juke Joint Caravan Tour-
 Zephyr

Little Brian & the Zydeco Travelers- Dead Goat

Tuesday, June 13

Moontubes- Zephyr

Blues Jam- Dead Goat

Crash 81, Galactic Heros, Fuque, & The
 Crohnies- Kilby Ct.

Wednesday, June 14

Michelle Shocked- Zephyr

Down Boy- Dead Goat Saloon

Metal Meltdown- Burt's

Thursday, June 15

Luni Troupe - Burt's

Mary Chaplin Carpenter- Red Butte Garden

Gearl Jam- Dead Goat

Vexations w/Sandkicker, Jenny Jensions &

Sound of Sirens- Kilby Ct.

The wicked Tour- Brick's

Trouser Trout- Todd's

Groove Berry Jam- Zephyr

Vaudeville- Ya Buts

Friday, June 16

Robert Earl Keen- Zephyr

Harry Lee & the Back Alley Band- Dead Goat

Tony Bennett- Abravanel Hall

Stickers & Phlegmatic- Ya Buts

Saturday, June 17

The Congos- Zephyr

Nine Inch Nails- E center

Lee Rocker- Dead Goat

Music and Meyhem in the High Desert

Party(Free BBQ 7-9pm)- Burt's

Gerald's Music- Todds

Garage Shock- Burt's

Head Shot @ Unsound Mind- Ya Buts

Sunday, June 18

Hoo Ray Hoo- Zephyr

Swingin' Sundays- Dead Goat

Monday, June 19

Mason Ruffner- Dead Goat

Evil Eye- Burt's

Leisure McConkle- Zephyr

Tuesday, June 20

Cowbot Mouth- Zephyr

Natalie Merchant- Red Butte Garden

Blues Jam- Dead Goat

Wednesday, June 21

Drive- Zephyr

Down Boy- Dead Goat

Jenni Jensens- Burt's

Skrape- Ya Buts

Thursday, June 22

Shape Shifter- Zephyr

Kettle Fish- Dead Goat

Sunny Day Real Estate- Bricks

Utah Arts Festival- Fairgrounds

Odyssey- Todd's

Henry Topaz & the Regency- Burt's

Half Life- & Fu mamos- Ya Buts

Friday, June 23

Jerry Joseph & the Jackmormons- Zephyr

HillBilly Voodoo- Dead Goat

ineffect- Burt's

Utah Arts Festival- Fairgrounds

Sauteed Mushrooms- JB Mulligans

2 1/2 White Guys & Unlucky Boys- Ya Buts

Saturday, June 24

Jerry Joseph & the Jackmormons- Zephyr

Zak Parrish Blues Band- Dead Goat

Thunderfist w/The Dairy Queens- Burts

Utah Arts Festival- Fairgrounds

Sauteed Mushrooms- JB Mulligans

Hooray Who- Todd's

Tanglewood- Ya Buts

Sunday, June 25

NXNW- Zephyr

NXNW- Burt's

Swingin' Sundays-

Dead Goat

Utah Arts Festival-

Fairgrounds

Monday, June 26

Gateway People-

Zephyr

Poo Pee Dee- Burt's

Albert Adams & the Blues insurgents- Dead

Goat

Tuesday, June 27

Willie & Lobo- Zephyr

Blues Jam- Dead Goat

Wednesday, June 28

21/2 White Guys- Dead Goat

Billy Bacon and the Forbidden Pigs- Da Fat

Squirrel

XBXRK- Kilby Ct.

Pagan Love Gods- Burt's

The Cameros- Zephyr

Unsensored Society & Repeat Offender- Ya

Buts

Thursday, June 29

Kalifornia Redemption- Burt's

Gearl Jam- Dead Goat

The Grey A.M.- Kilby Ct.

DRC & Katupiler- Brick's

New transit Direction- Todd's

Sally Taylor- Zephyr

Da mad & Meet Jack & Hammergun- Ya Buts

Friday, June 30

Runaway Truck Ramp- Zephyr

Insatiable- Dead Goat

Clyde's Ride- JB Mulligans

Wormdrive- Burt's

Maladjusted & Sugarpants- Ya Buts

Saturday, July 1

Strip Poker- Lief's House

Sunday, July 2

Stay home and do your Laundry

Monday, July 3

The Legendary Pink Dots w/Dead Voices on

Air- DV8

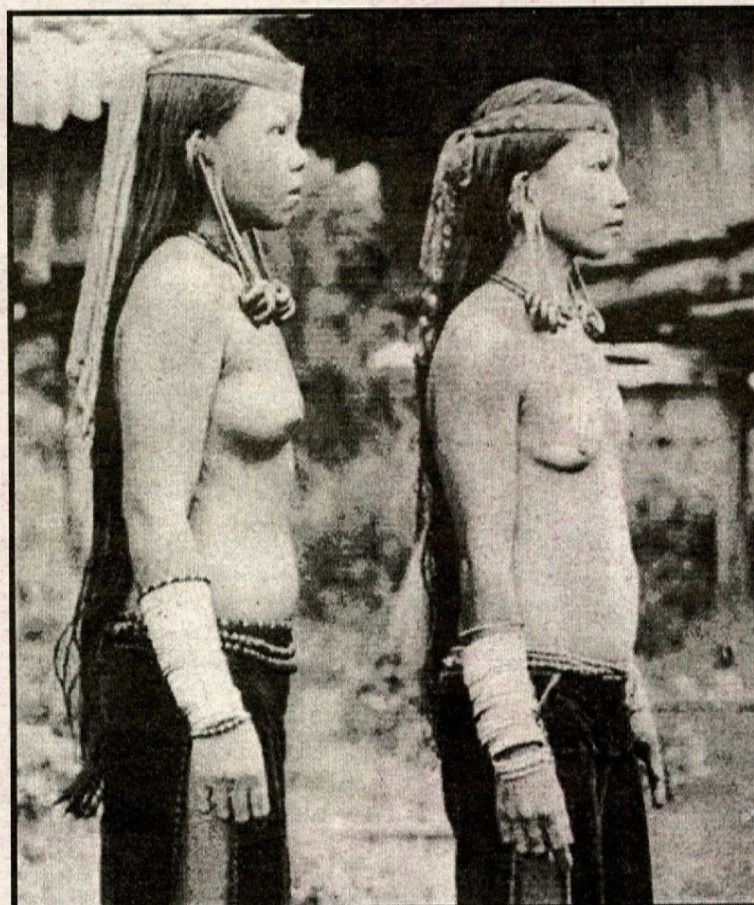
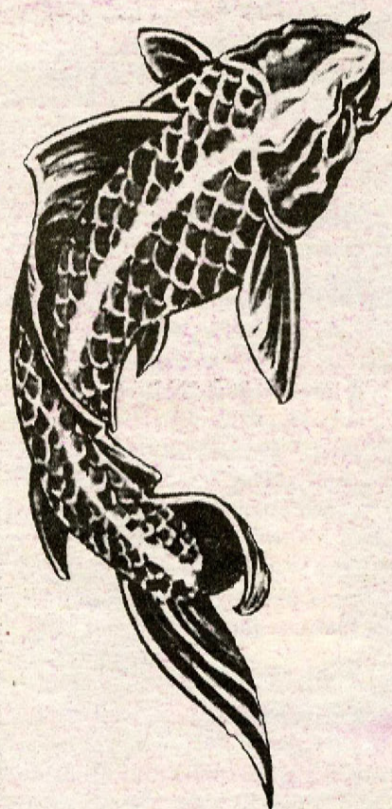
Saturday, July 4

Swank 5- Burt's

Sunday, July 5

Motley Crue w/Anthrax & Megadeth- E Center

KOI Piercing Studio



1301 SOUTH 900 EAST SALT LAKE CITY UTAH

801.463.7070

SUBTERRANEAN SECT



Agathodaimon
A Higher Art of Rebellion

Agathodaimon mesh dual vocal attacks with gothadelic atmosphere and black metal ideologies to create this masterpiece of darkened glory.



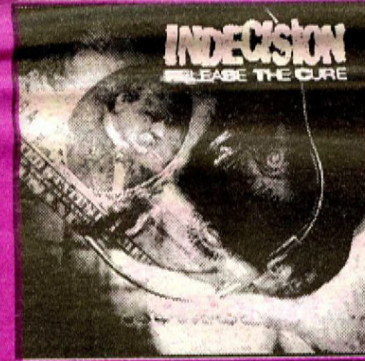
Blind Guardian
Somewhere Far Beyond

The fourth masterpiece release from one of Germany's leading metal forces available for the first time in the US. Also available Tales from the Twilight World, Imaginations From the Other Side and "Nightfall in Middle Earth."



Steele Prophit
Messiah

Hailed as the new MAIDEN, Steele Prophit showcase their talents on *Messiah*. A must for fans of true heavy metal the way it was meant to be played, Full of Powerfull of Power, Melody and conviction. Bear witness to the new metal *Messiah*, Steele Prophit!!!!



Indecision
Release the Cure

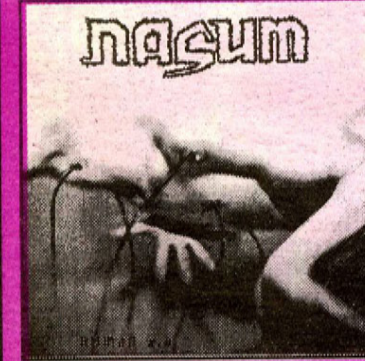
Brutal, honest, uncompromising hardcore from Brooklyn, NY.

Indecision is playing June 3rd at the Black List In Ogden with Kill Your Idols.



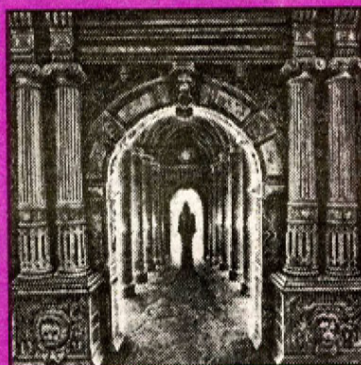
Borknagar
Quintessence

An Anthem of elaborate melodic Black Metal with perplexed keyboards and striking vocal arrangements. Produced by Peter Tagtgren (Hypocrisy, Dimmu Borgir).



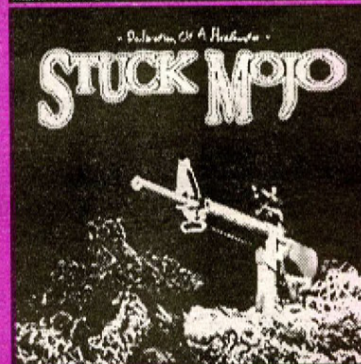
Nasum
Human 2.0

Sweden's Nasum return with a vengeance on their second full-length, *Human 2.0* 25 tracks of whiplash inducing, blistering grindcore that detonate with enormous power. Nasum destroys anyone and anything in their path.



Oppenheim
Discerning Forces

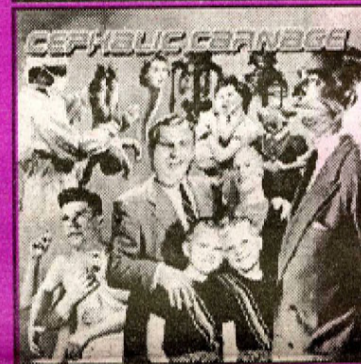
Formally "Incubus" Nuclear Blast proudly welcomes these Black/Trash Godz back to the label! *Discerning Forces* harkens back to the glory of the early 90's legends! Fans of beneath the remains arise!



Stuck Mojo
Declaration of a Headhunter

Stuck Mojo declares war upon your senses with their latest and greatest album. Featuring "Raise The Deadman", "Drawing Blood" And "Give War A Chance."

Release Date: June 13, 2000



Cephalic Carnage
Exploiting Dysfunction

Welcome to deformity! Destroying parameters by misapplying composition, Cephalic Carnage stupefy and astound with *Exploiting Dysfunction*, curtailing varied elements of sound and configuring them with a surgical precision, ensuring that grindcore will never be the same again.



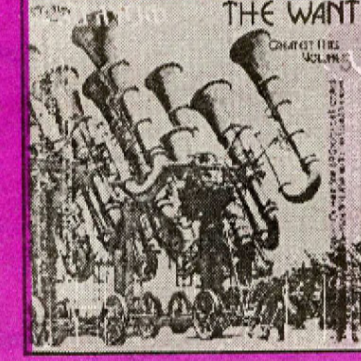
Luddite Clone
The Arsonist & the Architect

New Jersey upstarts Luddite Clone provide a glimpse into metal's future today as primal fury collides head on with precise, ingenious arrangements and ferocious bursts of speed grind into slow, crushing breakdowns. Special low-priced CD.



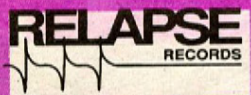
Carnage
Dark Recollections

Containing 5 bonus tracks, this classic Earache re-issue features the all-star line up of Michael Armott (Carcass, Spiritual Beggars, Arch Enemy) Fred Estby and Matt Karki (Dismember) and John Dordevic (Entombed).
Release Date: July 18, 2000



The Want
Greatest Hits Volume 5

Quite simply, a great rock'n roll album from a straight up rock and roll band. Infectious, blues inspired heavy riffs that will appeal to fans of Zeppelin, Sabbath and Free, as well as new kids like Kyuss and Fu Manchu.



Available at the :
HEAVY METAL SHOP
1238 EAST 2100 SOUTH, SLC
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PENNYWISE



PENNYWISE
Straight Ahead

STRAIGHT AHEAD

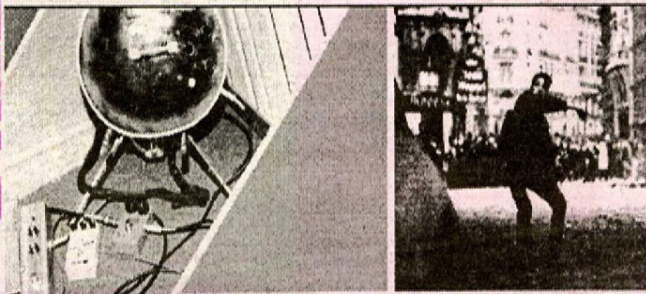
STEREO
SOUND

DAVID SANDSTROM DENNIS LYXZEN KRISTOFER STEEN JON BRANNSTROM

REFUSED

THE SHAPE OF PUNK TO COME

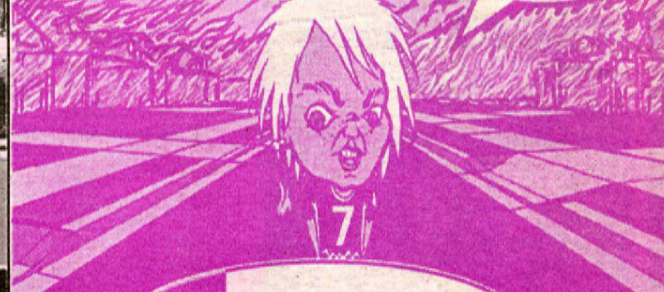
A CHIMERICAL COMBINATION IN 12 BURSTS



REFUSED
The Shape of Punk to Come

PULLEY

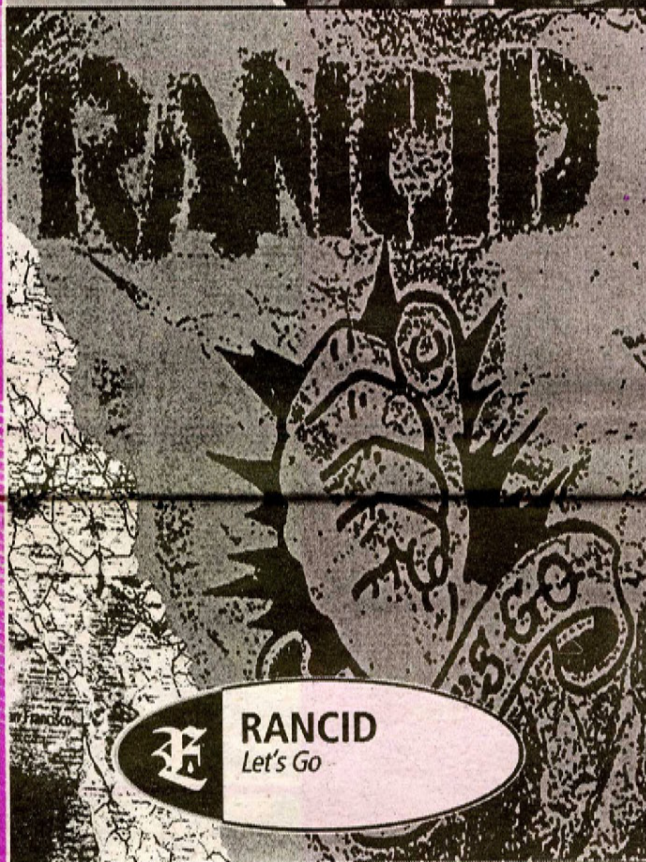
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PULLEY
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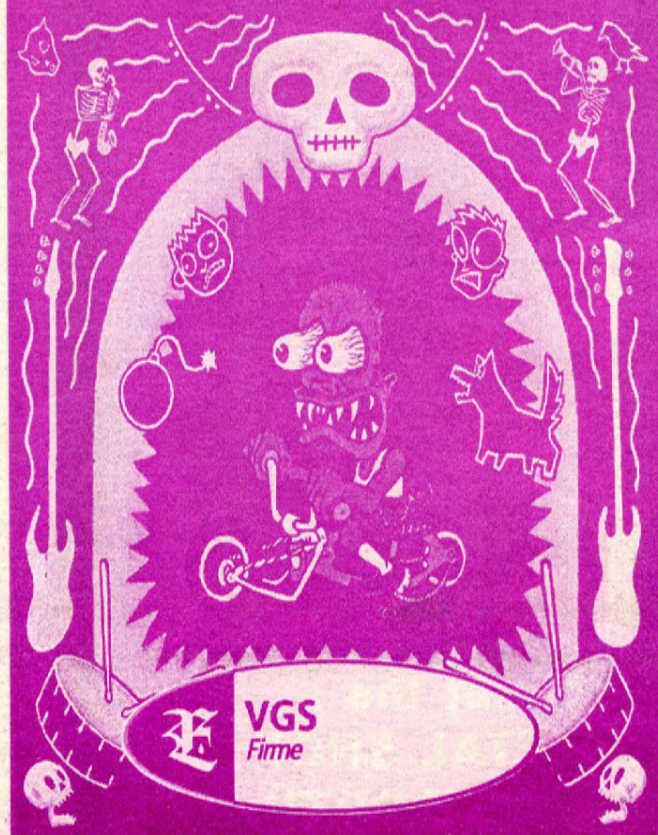
H2O
F.T.T.W.



RANCID
Let's Go

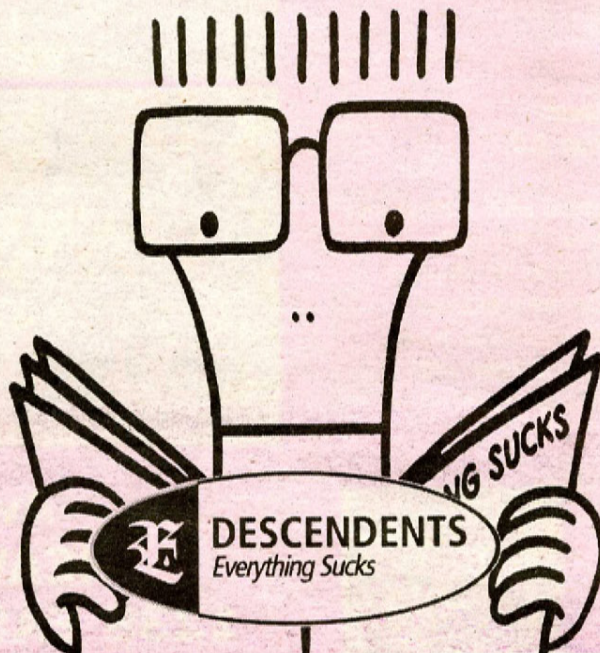


BAD RELIGION
All Ages



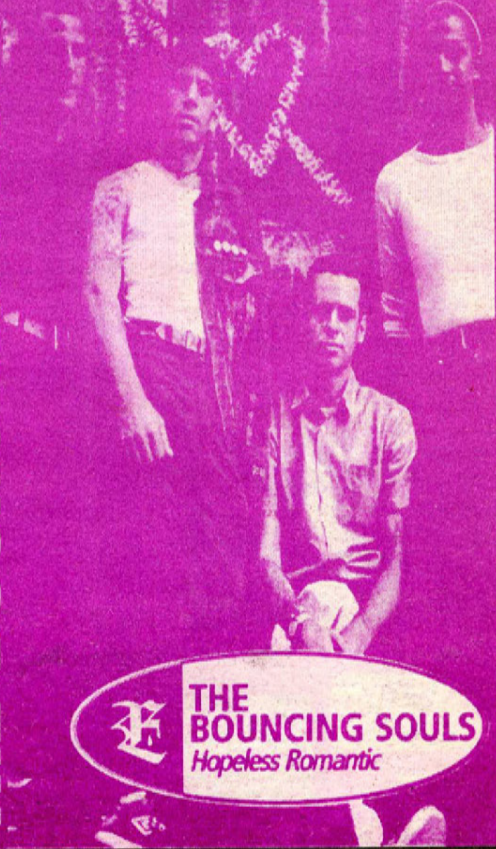
VGS
Fime

DESCENDENTS



DESCENDENTS
Everything Sucks

THE BOUNCING SOULS



HOPELESS ROMANTIC



THE BOUNCING SOULS
Hopeless Romantic