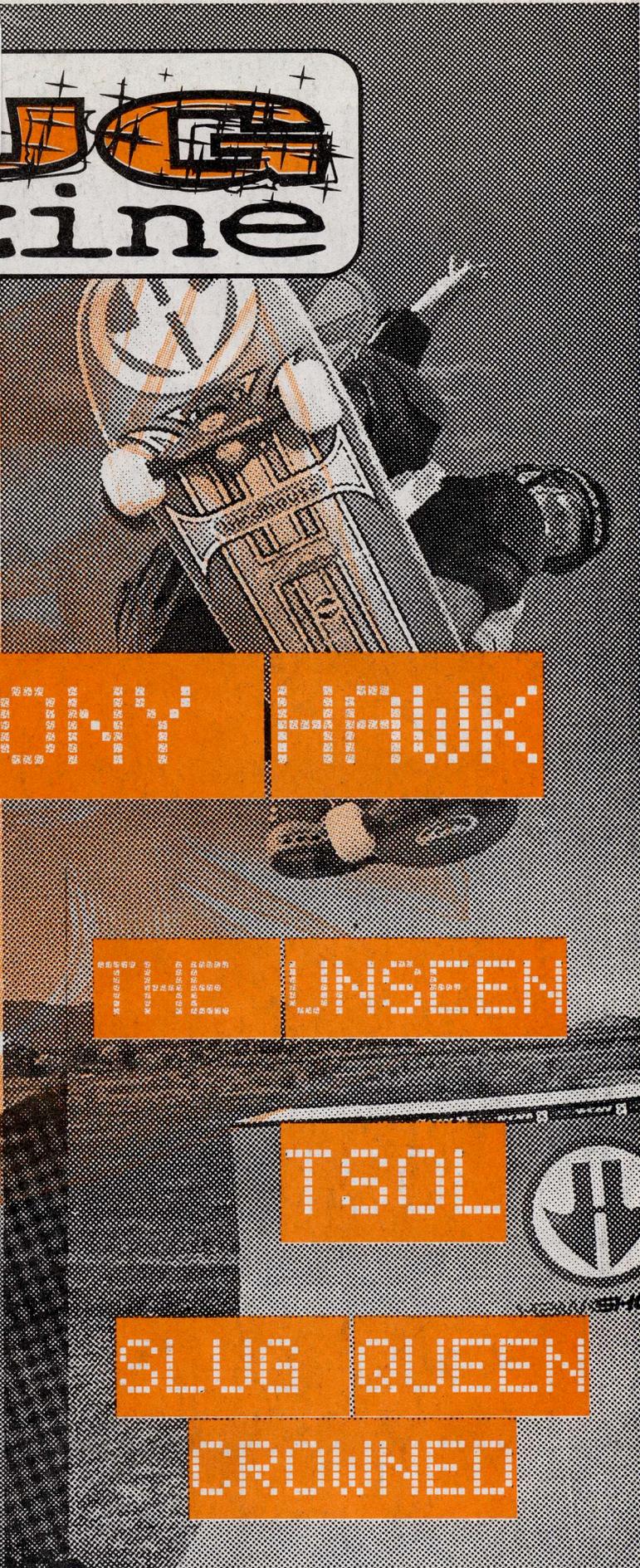


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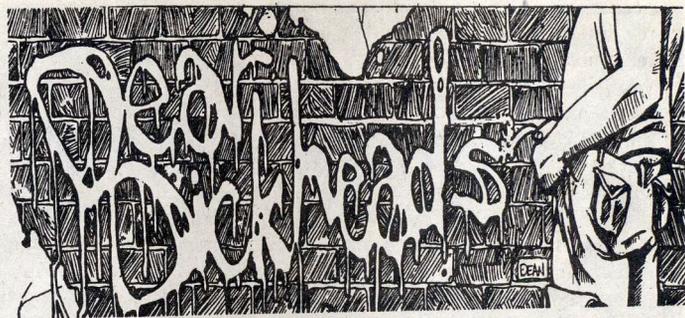
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Listen up Jack-Asses!

Starting in September our beloved Dear Dickheads will be giving away some free shit for

the letter of the month!

Our good buddies at

Foundation Skateboards will get the ball rolling

with a free skate deck, video, & t-shirt to one lucky asshole! To qualify you must send us a way to contact you along with your piece o' shit letter by 8/20. This month send us a letter letting us know what part of the magazine you enjoy the most or the least. So send it in now, and you just might be the lucky bitch to score free shit!

Dear Dickheads,

I have been a reader of this fucking awesome SLC scene mag since I still have the first issue and many others more I could never dream to throw away. Why?, I will tell ya Salt Lickas..... because SLUG has/is undoubtedly been resourcing the history of events and movements within Salt Lake City subculture for a dedication of time now. Doing it with style and artistic quality that continues to improve each pressing to this day. I was born and raised in SLC till the age of thirteen. The scene I remember then was very much an unforgettable atmosphere soo punk rock and kinda scary cool..... (like going to Raunch Records with my mother trying to convince her that we wouldn't be murdered in Pioneer Park.)my mother: Margo Fitzgerald —R.I.P.— liked it too as she had mention since that time. The movie "SLC Punk" does not come close to documenting this scene and is very much fiction in regards to its title. The rich boy dork who

had made the movie, clearly sold out on the Utah scene (SLC punk) which to me, terms to define an incredible era..... at least he end it admitting he was fake!

—this reminds me to mention your article in the April 2001 issue I had read regarding the skater Joe Nemeth. I went to High School with Joe in Las Vegas, and yes, he ripped at skateboarding then... I don't recall his being involved with the punk scene though. I don't even understand why he would comment on something he never was that interested in. You see Joe, maybe you would have known that all the kick ass gigs and desert shows where not too far from your front door....Like the "Speedway Cafe" once boasted in shows for SLC, little Sin City too had its own "Elks Lodge" shows of music headliners to boast. But it wasn't scary.....

MDC, Chris on Parade, Sublime, Offspring, why dont you just see for yourself on the web site: <http://www.star-doom.com> and look for the link to FLY~HER on the site. I could have gone with

out mentioning but I wanted to convey the point that these bands where performing live every other weekend right down Joe Nemeth's half pipe and left at the light.... for something like 4 bucks, hell some of these bands are top gold dancers today. Joe probably was skating at "the Shark Pitt" or something but doesn't know squat on the LVHC scene... thats for sure!

Hey, stay tuff, tuned in, and go extreme for the dream you have invested alot of yourself and time in, I wish you the best of luck but.....

Don't throw a bone out if you where never there to know on it kid. You where a teen in the middle of a punk rock music

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revolution, "Reagan Hates Me" remember no I dont think you do.

Word to you all; if you pour salt on a SLUG, your one peice of shit muthafucker! shylo.

Thanks for bringing this to our attention. At first we were thrown off by Joe's tattoos and hard looks. But upon further investigation we found out his favorite music was Cash Money Millionaires and Ludicris, which can be heard on his favorite tv show, MTV's TRL. If you don't believe me pick up the last 48 video at any skateshop. We all now know Joe should be rockin some dope gold fronts, if he had any fronts that is. Happy Birthday Joe! (8-3-01)

Dear Dickheads,

Why is it that when I open your rag I find nothing but culturally irrelevant crap? Is there no room in your bong load for anything the punk scene has stood for in the last couple of decades? What I am concerned about is that a magazine with such influence is aiding in the media/government/corporate plan to dumb down the public.

Let's simply ignore the fact that we are no longer living in a democracy. Let's push the latest album from the alternative buzz band of the month. Fuck the fact that Prince George, in the White House, is reviving the cold war George Orwell style. "We need star wars! Them North Korean commies'll keel us all!" Fuck the fact that the "Drug War" is just another way of putting away those that the corporations would like to see erased...

Wake up and smell the shwooshtika! Bow down to the new corporate lords!!!

After all, you're helping their cause.

Vox Vesania

Ted Kaczinski, aka the Unabomber, was anti-government, anti-establishment and anti-technology. Ted lived in a tree house and shit in the woods. Ted had a PhD in mathematics. Ted used his own shit as fertilizer. Ted blew people up for his beliefs Ted did not send stupid emails via major corporations (90 pages hand typed to the New York Times baby). Ted now

wears a prison uniform and a bulletproof vest. For you see, it's one thing to hate the things that scare us, and quite another to jump on a bandwagon. SLUG takes nothing for granted, as you obviously do. Are you suggesting that we all go live on Walden Pond/Ruby Ridge or in a cave somewhere, come on now. Corporations are America, and America is inherently corporate, as is the rest of the world. Deal with it or leave (I hear Cuba's nice). I'm glad our "dumbing down tactics" haven't worked on a superior intellect such as yours. I am willing to bet that EVERYONE will want a drink, after the well has gone dry. And by the way, relevance is what you make of it.

Dear Dickheads,

You are a bunch of donkey rapping shit eaters!!! and if you publish one more article of corporate bullshit you can fuck off and die!!! When was punk about fashion??? give me one good reason why this magazine is still around...is it because you like all these corporate "punks" thinking they own the scene?

"Oh my god i am a badass because i have slug, the mecca of cool, in my hands."

Fuck you slug, fuck you!

p.s.- and yes I am from Ogden and yes i love SKINT!!!!

Corporate bullshit? You're so punk you send your e-mails through one of the cornerstones of corporate America. Time to take the training wheels off Skint boy. Move out of your parents' basement and make shit happen. SLUG has. The reason we're around (after 12 years) is because we don't give a fuck. Never have never will.

When we need your permission to exist, we'll quit. I'm beginning to believe that all my accusations about Ogden folk being all goofed up on meth are true. We have yet to receive one well-written, junior high caliber letter out of your wonderfully intelligent excuse for a town. On the bright side, without your shitty letters we would have no idea Ogden even existed. Besides, you probably still read every issue.

Check out www.slugmag.com for more dickhead letters.

MILO & SLUG magazine

PRESENT

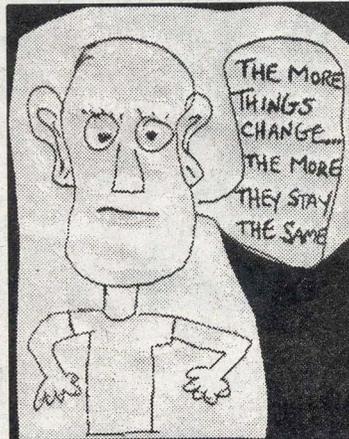


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PHOTO: BRIAN MEYERS

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Jack Ass of the Month

First off if you don't know that Raunch Records went out of business (2 YEARS!! ago), then you were not a customer of theirs

Maybe if more of you shitheads would have patronized Raunch instead of just talking about it, they might still be in business. Absence does make the heart grow fonder, and it would be safe to bet that when The Heavy Metal Shop is no longer in Business, these same jackasses will go into other record stores (and not buy anything there either) and ask if we are still around.

By the way if you ask how you can be "Jackass of The Month", you will forfeit your chance.

Brought to you by 



The SLUG MAG
Monthly Music
Festival

By Mark
Scheering

Localized

Last month's Localized show was a killer. Gift Anon opened with proven Emo Rock mastery, the Downers shook the house with garage rock good times, and Furious Fire woke the world to revelations of the coming age. So, let's see, so far we've brought you Magstatic, Alchemy,

Lovesucker, the Tommie Gun Killers, Furious Fire, the Downers and Gift Anon; three great shows and seven reasons why you should support local music. This month, I've got three more.

The Kill is Rock and Roll. Gaining a reputation for the intensity and power in the music they play, the Kill is banging their way through the crowds of bands still standing around uncertain about their place in the future. You will find deep deliberation within their fast and frenzied crafting of metal and hardcore. Featuring former members of Clear, Lindal Control and Jealous, the Kill has been around enough to know it's as much about the hard work as it is about the dream.

(Jason Knott: vox, Josh Asher: guitar, Levi Lebo: guitar, Jake Depolitte: bass, Dan Whitesides: drums)

Slug: Is there a chief songwriter or do you all get together?

Jason: We'll get together and talk at the end of the day-

Jake: Sometimes someone will bring a riff-

Levi: I would say that the majority of the time, it's not even someone bringing a riff, we'll be just looking at each other and somebody will start playing.

Jason: A lot of times we'll talk to each other about what we want, or we'll start jamming something and we'll stop and ask what does everyone really want.

Slug: Are you the heaviest band in town?

Dan: I'm only heavy to a degree.

Levi: Me too, a lot of younger kids I know are into some pretty heavy metal hardcore music. I definitely would say we're not the heaviest.

Jason: I wish someone would put the word Rock in there somewhere. We're fast and energetic, probably closer to Hard Rock. Our older stuff, what we're putting on our CD is derived more from Metal, but we're watered down a bit.

THUNDERFIST



Brought to you by YABUT'S
(a private club for members)

Slug: What do you mean by Metal? Are you talking about putting hair-spray and lipstick on and singing power ballads? Are you one of the Monsters of Rock? Or are you talking Desert Rock?

Dan: Death Metal, you know?

Jake: We're talking chaotic, crazy murder-core, (everyone laughs) that kind of shit.

Levi: That's the kind of shit Carcana 6.5 and a lot of other bands in Salt Lake; it sounds like a homicide soundtrack. We're not like any of that, that's what we think of as heavy.

Dan: We can play with a harder band like that, but we can also play with a Punk band or an Indie band.

Jason: I think we are trying to do that with the future, is play with different kinds of bands and show that we can please Punk Rock crowds and Indie crowds.

Jake: And we try to play shows that are very diverse too.

Jason: The only show we've played in that every band was Metal was a show out in California a few months ago.

Slug: So you are already touring?

Jason: Mostly we're just concentrating on writing new material and recording this CD. I'll be starting a label out of it and that will be the first release.

Slug: A lot of bands are just in it to be in a band, where do you see yourselves going?

Josh: We're just in it for the girls.

Levi: Absolutely, we like to get laid. I think there's a place for those who just want to play every weekend, but anything above that, say if you record or go play out of state, if you say you take it seriously you'd be lying if you said you didn't want it to go as big as it could go. Not necessarily huge, not necessarily MTV, you do want to make some kind of go for it where you can be on the road and not have to worry about the bills at home.

Jake: I'm pretty dumb so I have to make it in music. (We all laugh) I don't have a career or anything to fall back on.

Thunderfist is one of the best live shows you will ever see. Jeremy Cardenas is willing to do anything to grab your attention. He has hurt himself repeatedly, whether falling off of bar tables as he roams about the room, or cutting words into his chest with broken glass. Last month we played one show with them in Seattle during our tour, and the night ended with him face up on the floor, half naked and grinding his back onto the broken bottles on the floor at Zach's. However, Thunderfist is more than that. Loud, heavy and very punk, the boys rip through their show and their audience like a truck in a mall parking lot full of the elderly. Yet despite their jaded sarcasm and pure punk rock lifestyle, they still manage to be some of the best guys around.

(Jeremy Cardenas: vox, Danny Even: guitar, Jeff: guitar, Kris Patterson: bass, Eric Stevens: drums, check out www.thunderfist-music.com)

Slug: So what's up with the name?

Jeremy: What do you mean? (Snorts a line of coke)

Slug: You are probably one of the most involved and sensitive artists I know, given your work with certain issues, your work with the Tooele Children's

Justice Center for example. However, when I discovered what a thunderfist is...

Jeremy: All that other stuff-it was a lie. (Snorts another line) We lie a lot.

Danny: Well actually there was this magazine called **Thunderpunch**, and we thought that was awesome. (A thunderpunch occurs during sex. Look it up on the internet or ask Mike Brown.) So we just adapted the name.

Jeremy: I don't remember it being called thunderpunching. (And another line) It was called donkey-punching when I had it done to me, along with Hot Carls and Dirty Sanchez's. (There is much laughter as this writer inquires what Hot Carls and Dirty Sanchez's are. Evidently, I am not as informed as I thought.)

Slug: So your music, I wouldn't call it hardcore, it's kind of like old school. Is "Porno Run to Evanston" one of your serious songs?

Jeremy: Oh quit wasting my fucking time. (Snorts another line, and now I'm getting nervous)

Slug: You guys are definitely one of the bands that actually care, about other people and about the scene. You're willing to go the extra mile and not play those stupid rock star/high school popularity/personality games that happen in the scene.

Jeremy: If a band or a person comes up to me and asks for advice or whatever, and they're sincere about, and if I know how I can help them, then I'll help them. How many times did we ask for advice and were sincere about and they gave us the most help they could? It should be reciprocal. If your ego is overriding and you are into it for your ego, for all the wrong reasons, then don't come to us because we can see right through that. But I'm not going to share what we've built, our contacts and so forth, if you're not going to put any work into it. You have to earn it. (No coke this time, good God, I hope he's stopped)

Slug: Your second CD will be out soon?

Jeremy: It will be late September when we have our CD release at Burt's, we'll be playing with the Adolescents, how cool is that? (Back to the coke, this guy's nuts) It's a little different Thunderfist album. It's almost like a Pink Floyd concept album. There were a lot of heavy drugs going on at the time we wrote the material. Danny was dating Angelina Jolie, he wrote that song "Cut Me." He put her name and Billie Bob Thornton's name on his arm.

Danny: We all used to party together. I could see why she wanted him.

Slug: Did you ever find out who stole your ears?

Jeremy: Yeah, let's put a message out to the cocksucker who stole my rabbit ears. (Snorts a line and gets a look like, like-I don't want to talk about it, I'm just going to leave) Give it back man, I'll find out who you are...

Saturday August 11th, Slug Magazine and Ya'Buts, a private club for members presents, **Localized the Slug Magazine Monthly Music Festival** featuring Thunderfist with the Kill and Fumamos. 5 bucks at the door, show starts at 9:00 pm.

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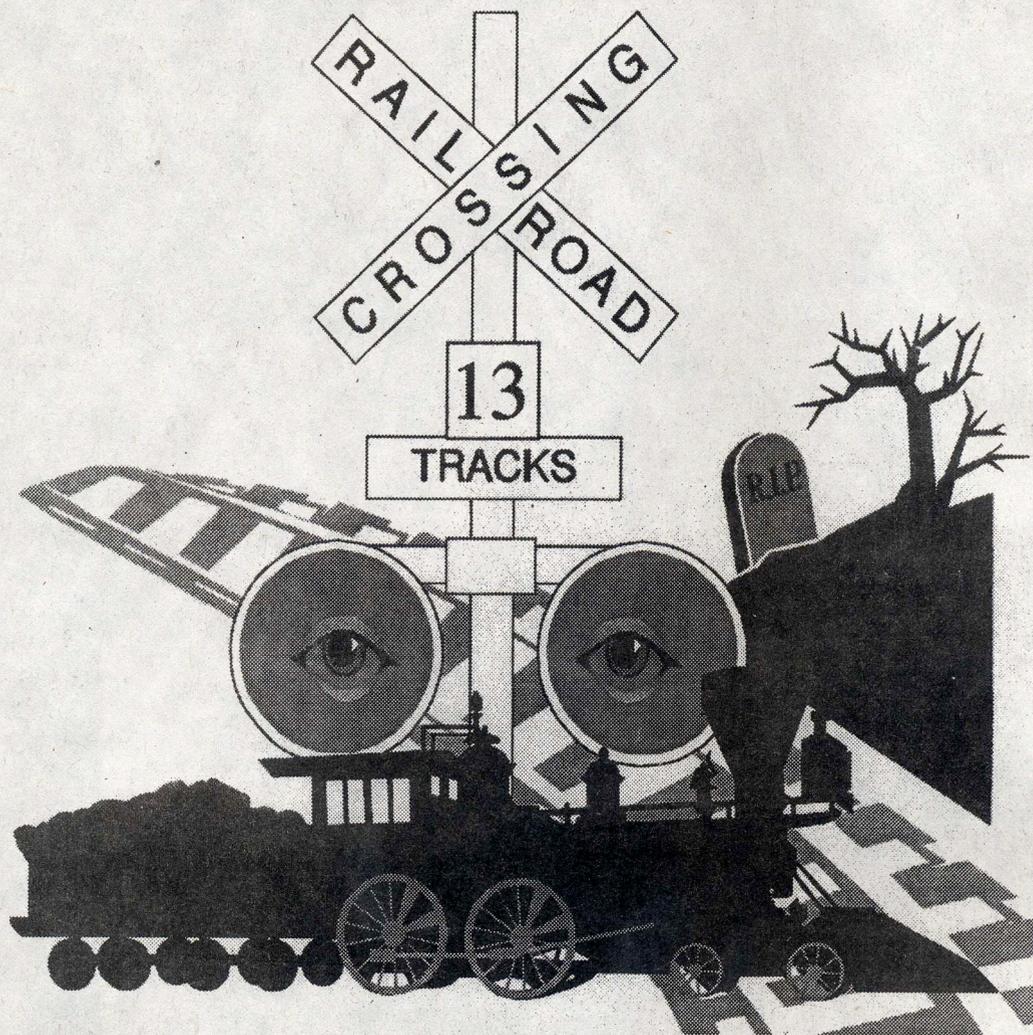
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THE VANS WARPED TOUR: AN IN DEPTH LOOK AT CREATOR: KEVIN LYMAN

BY JOSH SCHEUERMAN

With the present day glorification of rock-stars, athletes, and heroes of the like, it's good to talk with someone who operates beyond the spotlights and stage. A single individual who makes things work even when times are beyond hard *can* influence an entire generation, Kevin Lyman is such an individual. Each year millions of kids bear witness to his work and don't question where it came from or who controls it. The work, his passion, is the all consuming beast **The Vans Warped Tour**. For seven years now the Warped Tour has toured each summer bringing the best of punk, rock, and for the last few years a hip-hop act. Whether you buy a ticket, sneak in, or avoid the Fairgrounds for one Saturday of the year, The Warped Tour has become part of today's youth culture. It's a mega tour with over 30 bands for under \$30. Getting more bands for your bucks has always been the philosophy of the tour's mastermind. I had a chance to sit down with Mr. Warped Tour himself backstage in Denver to talk about the show's highs and lows, dealing with corporate sponsors, and the "rock and roll lifestyle" on the road.

SLUG: First question, How did you growing up in SoCal affect you?

Kevin: I grew up in Claremont, in southern California and first associated with the skate scene, always at the Pipeline skatepark where Steve Alba (Salba), Hosoi, Dwayne Peters skated. As I was growing up, I was outside L.A. and I always heard of these bands playing, but the fact that I could never see them sucked. The ska scene at the time was **The Untouchables**; and the punk scene with **The Circle Jerks**, **Dead Kennedy's**, I started to bring some of these bands out to parties. We did these gigs in college, five bands for five bucks all the beer you could drink and when the beer ran out we would call the cops and leave ourselves. But it started, this thing, as knowing the bands and knowing the scene. I moved to Hawaii for a while and then came back and was looking for a job and someone mentioned this punk rock company needed a stage manager. I started to do it and realized I was pretty good at it. So the business grew from that point.

SLUG: Getting from punk rock clubs to actual tours, how did that evolve?

Kevin: Well I was working that scene in L.A. and didn't get to work all the big shows, like the **Bon Jovi's** and the **Journeys**. I was working the **Siouxie** and the **Banshee's**, **GBH**, **The Exploited**, along with the L.A. scene, which was **Fishbone**, **Chili Peppers** and eventually as that scene grew those bands turned into the **Pearl Jams**. This was all in the late 80's, then in '91 there was a tour called **Lollapalooza**. The first **Lollapalooza** had all my friends' bands on the bill. **Jane's Addiction**, **NIN**, **Siouxie** and the **Banshees**, **Ice-T** and all of them said you're the man that has to run this thing. I didn't know how to run a big tour like that, but we went out and it was awesome. I learned a lot from that tour. In '95 we did a show called **Board Aid** in the mountains and I was thinking, "I need to take it back to where I grew up." I was thinking, "I'm getting real burnt out on the industry and where it's going. Let's go for one last summer and do something totally fun and different. I went to **Sublime**, **Quicksand**, **No Doubt**, people I knew and said let's go out and do this thing. So we went out and did it, it's funny, we were in Salt Lake yesterday and that's where the Warped Tour started. I think there was 759 people at the first show. Yesterday there was over 14,000 kids. In Salt Lake we had always fought the straight edge kids to make it safer at the shows, and I felt the energy was there. I think the kids finally realized, "hey, I'm going to this show and not get my ass beat" and yesterday the show went off and I was real proud of that. I'm also looking at it like; 14,000 kids went to the Warped Tour in Salt Lake City and had a good time, I didn't see very many people walking out saying "this sucks."

SLUG: How is it possible for Warped Tour to actually go out and do this?

Kevin: In '96 I realized how expensive it was to put on the tour so I had to look for sponsors and I had 15 minutes of Vans' time to explain what this was all about. I basically solidified a deal for them to come on board and help me out and in return we would run the amateur contests at The Warped Tour. Over the years the relationship has grown stronger and now the kids don't call it The Warped Tour they call it the Vans Warped Tour. I get a lot of shit because people say we use corporate sponsors and all I can say it "Fuck off", it's \$25 to come to the show and those companies put a lot of time and money into making the show better and they have been a great partner. We took some flack for having Target, but if they want to step up and help the tour, that's great. The museum we have and the reverse day care, the towels the band uses and stuff for the busses all came from the money Target gives.

SLUG: Over the years what have been some of the best and worst parts of the tour?

Kevin: One of the best memories was the first day. There was talk that the rock climbing wall was going to cost a dollar and this little kid with a mohawk runs up and asks how much is it because kids are used to paying for everything. So I said, "it's free" and the kid scrambles up and ever since then it's been free. Maybe the kid is climbing mountains now. There are so many good memories the bad ones I try to wash out. One bad one is in Oklahoma City, if you ask anyone that's been on a few Warped Tours what the worst show is, it's Oklahoma. It wasn't the show; it's the heat. We set up on a swamp, thinking the ground was hard and then the heat brings the

water up and everything starts sinking, stages, busses, trucks, people. And then it started getting dark while we were pulling out things and I've never seen so many insects and bugs in my life. I don't get sketched out, but that was bad. I've been doing these outdoor shows for 11 years and the worse case scenario, in Europe we had a kid die at a show. It had nothing to do with heat; it was a fifth of Vodka, six beers and a bunch of drugs for breakfast. We all took it hard, but people have to take responsibility themselves. We can't baby sit them on the way to the show. We put on the message board, "It's

"IT'S FUNNY, WE WERE IN SALT LAKE YESTERDAY AND THAT'S WHERE THE WARPED TOUR STARTED."

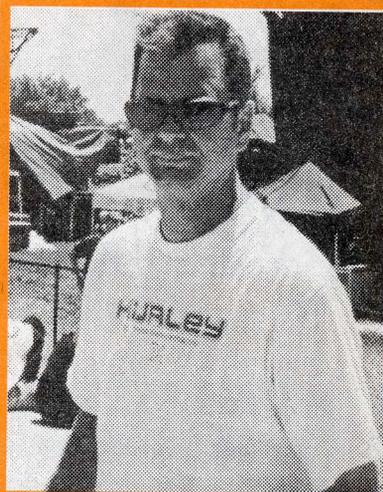
really hot outside, if your gonna party do it in moderation so you can at least see the show"

SLUG: What do you think are the effects The Vans Warped Tour are having on people?

Kevin: I hope it perpetuates. I mean we're teaching all these young bands. This is a business, the "music business", the "skate business." I'm 40 now and I love what I do, people ask how long are you gonna do this, I'm like, "Fuck, this is my dream" I don't party with the bands like I used to. The indie scene is definitely stronger than it has ever been. You don't need radio for people to come out. If it inspires a kid to pick up a guitar, a bike, or a skateboard, then great.

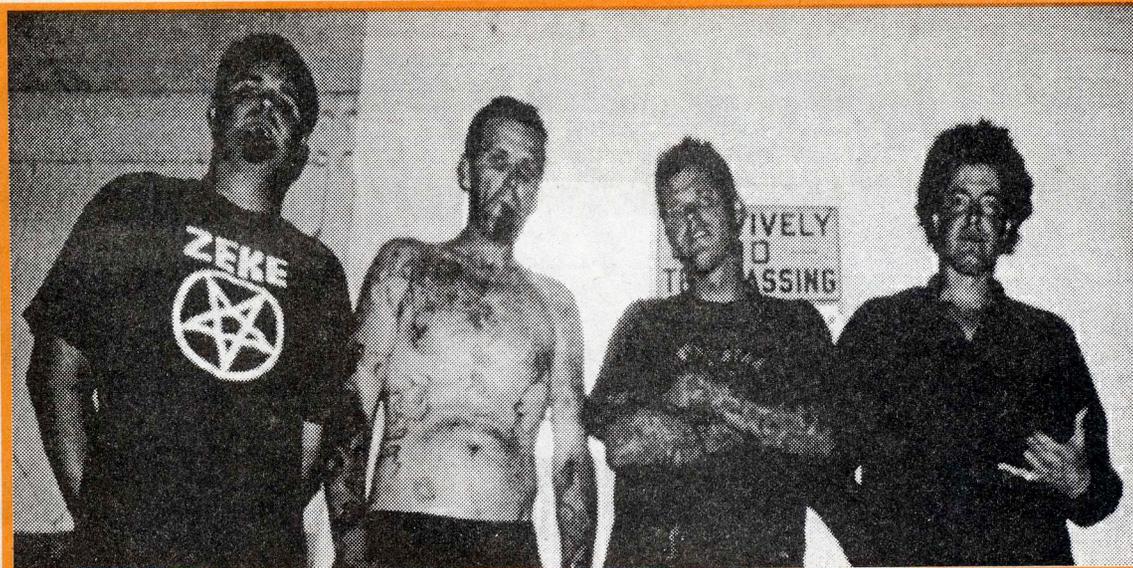
SLUG: What goes into selecting the bands?

Kevin: I'm already picking bands for next year, I know what works. There are always a few wild cards. There are 40 bands and 20 you'll probably like and 6 you've never heard that you might like now. Some people are still, "Oh, \$25 bucks!" Ya know, fuck off, do your own tour so I don't have to anymore. Don't get me wrong, I love the tour, but until someone steps in and takes my place I almost feel obligated. Now though I think the tour has caught on. There's cool kids coming to the shows, we weeded threw the skinheads and gangs in L.A. We just want the kids to have fun, I think kids are more serious about the education and futures that they have to remember to have fun, as long as there having fun, we'll keep coming.



WARPED GURU- KEVIN LYMAN

INTRO BY P.FISTER
 INTERVIEW BY SLUG
 GIRL
 INSPIRED BY UNCLE
 DICK
 PHOTO BY MIKE
 MCCLAUGHLIN



TRUE SOUNDS OF LIBERTY

Bands like the Dead Kennedy's and MDC, started a revolution in punk rock, like that of the anarchist movement in England. T.S.O.L emerged from that Anti-Government Movement in 1981. The original band broke up sometime after the release of their second full length album. In the year 2000 Jack Grisham and the original members of the band, Ron Emory, Mike Roche and Jay O'brien reformed. Some say that Jay isn't an original member, but he is. Jay

has been with the band since its birth. When he was ten years old Todd Barns (R.I.P) was his mentor and teacher. Not only did he hang out with them he even filled in on gigs when Todd was in jail or too drunk to play. My little assistant "Slug Girl" asked the questions, Uncle Dick helped inspire the questions and of course I (P. Fister) wrote this intro.

We caught up with them on July 23rd after they played a great show at Area 51. Jack was kind enough to answer our gibberish questions.

SLUG GIRL: When was your first album released?

Jack: The first one came out in 1981. I think it was April of 1981, but we got together as a band in 1980. The first album the *Black and White* EP and the *Dance With Me* album both came out the same year on two different record labels.

SLUG GIRL: How many albums did you do for Thrasher Mag's *Skate Rock*?

Jack: We never did a full album for them. We did a couple songs on one and played a lot of the

SLUG GIRL: Who were your favorite skaters in the 80's?

Jack: There were a ton. You'd have to ask Emory that. Ron hung out with those guys. It's not like they were our favorites a lot of them were our friends. Alva, Olsen and Duane Peters all were nice guys. It was a cool scene. At the time we didn't realize how cool it was but you look back now and say WOW!

SLUG GIRL: Who are your favorites now?

Jack: I know who I like... That one kid... a street kid. He was Huh! Whatever I can't remember, I just saw him. He did this wicked grind, Some trick to trick to trick. They didn't do that when we were skating, a Mctwist was a huge deal.

SLUG GIRL: Who were your favorite skate bands in the 80's?

Jack: I don't know. A lot of bands skated but there weren't many bands that were "skate" bands. There was like JFA, Agent Orange. TSOL and JFA are one of the first ones you think of.

SLUG GIRL: Did you ever skate Upland, Del Mar, or Sadlands?

Jack: Del Mar once. I grew up right by Lakewood, we used to skate Lakewood every day. We used to jump the fence and sneak in. The pipes at San-O. It was nice, my dad was in the service so we had a military pass. So we'd just drive right up to the pipes and park right there, without hiking. We skated a lot of backyard pools too. My drummer Todd had a ramp in his backyard. Everyone skated at Todd's everyday, the neighbors would go through the roof.

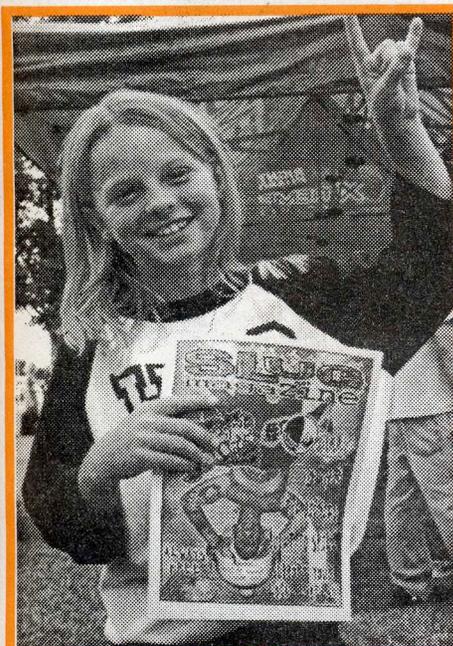
SLUG GIRL: Do you still skate?

Jack: Yeah, but not as well (laughing). I just cruise around now. Emory still does, he skates pools and shit. For me nothing, I got a long board now and I just ride it around the neighborhood. I can't eat shit the way I used to. I eat it now I don't get up.

SLUG GIRL: What do you think about the evolution of skateboarding?

Jack: It's Crazy. They do stuff now that's just unbelievable. The tricks these guys are doing, it's insanity. When we first started skating we used to see who could do the most 360's, it was funny. We couldn't even see doing what they do now, it's Good.

Thanks to Jack and the whole crew for a great time. It's good to see some things can comeback and not change. For anyone who hasn't heard them, you should! They just re-released *Beneath the Shadows* and their new album *Disappear* is in stores now. You can find it at The Heavy Metal Shop, Rock City, or Salt City CD's.



GETTIN' 'EM WHILE THEY'RE YOUNG! SLUG GIRL BRITNEY (AGE 9) IS OUR MOST RECENT ADDITION TO THE SLUG STAFF!

shows. Those guys from Thrasher are really cool, I surf with Brian Brannon and Mo Fo we see all those guys all the time. We just played the Thrasher Skater of the Year party, Geoff Rowley won. I can do a "Rowley Darkslide" on Playstation 2.

THE UNSEEN

Photos by Matt Bruce

we've known each other for so long I can fuckin' hate him (Paul) one minute and forgive him the next." Good friendships led

Unseen would like to leave the reactions of their listeners up to the listeners themselves. "I definitely want to invoke some kind of emotion in someone but I want to say, Hey, now that this emotion has been invoked, go do what you want with it." The band would rather give a means to an end rather than provide all the answers for their listeners.

The Unseen has a message behind their sense of urgency. The band wants to see several things to happen in the future, but take it one step at a time. "I think people need to have more tolerance," Paul stated. "Within the punk community and outside of the punk community." Mark added, "I think there has to be a lot more going on in the punk community too before anything can happen outside of the punk community."

Although The Unseen are pressing for social change, they aren't as brash as to expect total anarchy tomorrow. "Unfortunately, I don't think living without a government would work. At least not for any length of time," Paul stated. "I think it's a real process of evolution. People kind of overlook that."

Many of The Unseen's songs pertain to the hard life of the lower class. Mark and Paul found it comforting that people could relate to their music. "We didn't come from the worst families in the world and we weren't the fuckin', poorest people in the universe," Mark stated. "But there are members of our band that did have a lot of tough times growing up. It's good to know there are kids in the same situation." Paul was quick to add that The Unseen doesn't want to exclude middle or upper class kids from listening to their music. "I don't think it's to set up divisions," he said. "I hope people will see it that way."

I made my way downstairs to the floor of DV8 after my encounter with Paul and Mark of The Unseen. They would be opening up for Anti-Flag that night. The two bands had been friends since they first met in the early days of the East Coast punk resurgence and both Mark and Paul made it clear that they were glad to be touring with Anti-Flag.

As The Unseen tore through their set, Paul sang the words, "Goodbye America, fuck you America!" with a defiant snarl and the crowd snarled along. In mid set, Paul set down his guitar and took Mark's seat at the drums. Mark stepped up to the microphone and spun into a mohawked tirade with the strum of the next chord. It was at this point that I realized I wasn't just witnessing just another band. I was witnessing part of the fire and the fury that made Boston punk rock what it is today.

Keep your eyes open for the new Unseen album, *The Anger and the Fury* released on BYO records July 10, 2001.

See them play 8/9 @ Kilby CT!



Unseen But Not Unheard By Shane Farver

When anyone mentions the Boston punk scene nowadays, The Dropkick Murphys are a household name to every punk on the block while the city itself is considered a Mecca of punk rock.

Well, hop in my magic time machine kiddies and come with me to Boston in the early 90's. A band by the name of The Unseen has just formed and Boston is anything but a punk rock heaven. "There was nothing going on in Boston," Mark, drummer/singer of The Unseen, said. He and guitarist/singer of The Unseen, Paul, sat on the top floor of Club DV8 and began sharing their stories of the Boston of yesteryear when they would play shows for ten or less people. "We try to tell this story and people don't believe us or they laugh," Paul said. "Because when people think of Boston and Boston punk now they think of The Dropkick Murphys, The Ducky Boys, and all these great bands, and how shows are huge. But literally, there were four or five kids to a show."

The four members of The Unseen all grew up together in the Boston area. "Some of us have probably been friends for fifteen years at this point." Mark said. "I think that's why we're still together, because

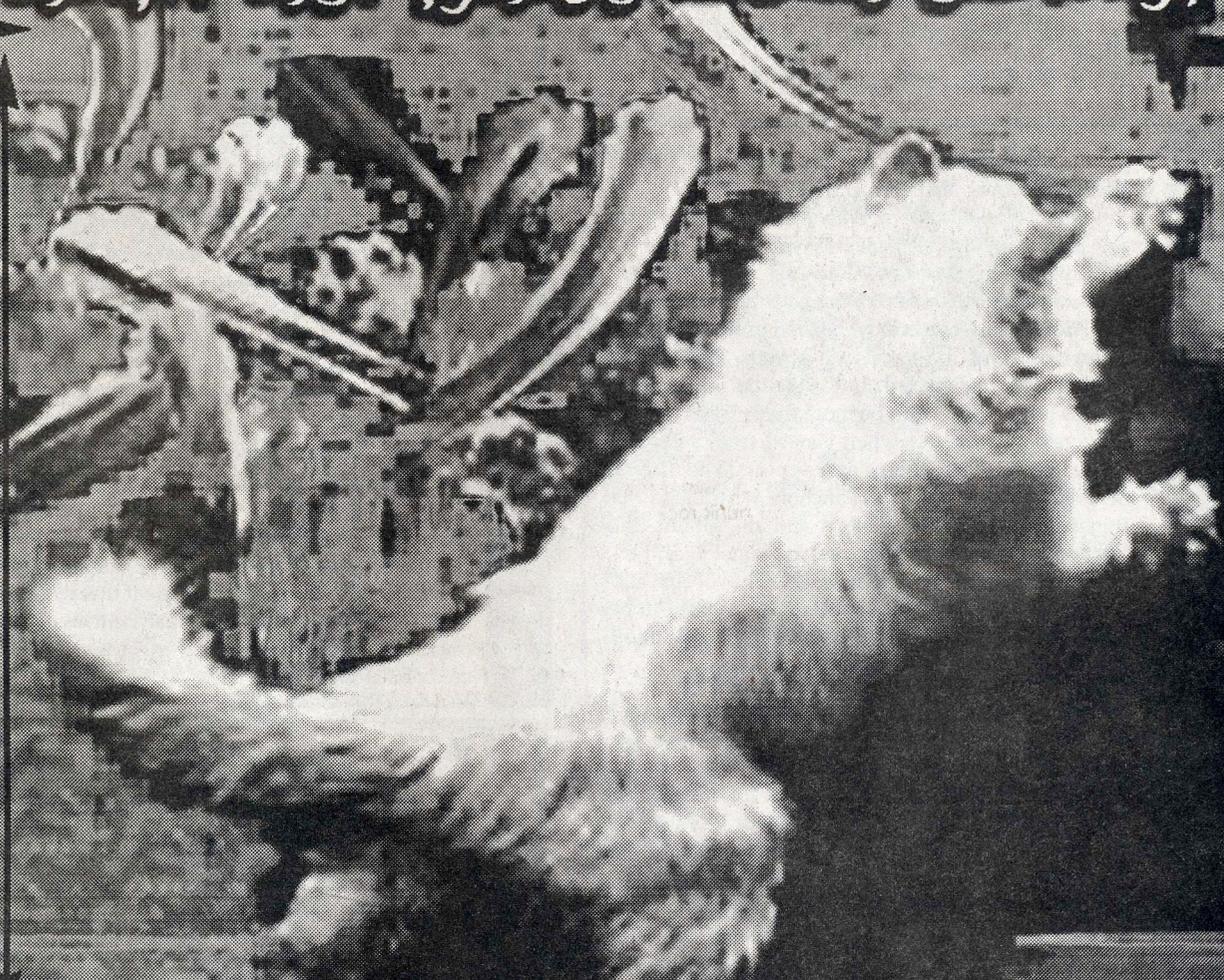
to good music. Pop The Unseen into your sound system and one can detect energy in the lyrics and music that can set your speakers and emotions on fire. "My favorite punk rock that I listen to, there is a certain energy and a certain urgency," Paul stated. "That's something I try to capture on record and live too." Mark feels the same way when the pen is in his hand. "Usually when I write a song, I try to make it mean something," he said. "I try to make it angry and powerful." Once their energy is felt, The



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Glitter, Gutter, and Trash

by Ryan Michael Painter

A month of absolute chaos ended with Depeche Mode reminding me that it has been ten years since I started going to concerts. It was the World Violation Tour and it all started there, this wild ride into obsession... You should have been there, perhaps you were...

HIS NAME IS ALIVE
SOMEDAY MY BLUES WILL COVER THE EARTH 4AD

Over the years Warn Defever has offered up various shades of ethereal abstracts and pop gems under the moniker **His Name Is Alive**. With each release the stylistics changed slightly, but generally you knew what you were getting into. *Someday...* however is a completely unexpected exploration of r&b tinged trip-hop along the lines of Soulstice. Gone are the layered guitars, replaced by simplicity and the vocals of Lovetta Pippen. The departure was unexpected, but after the initial shock faded the album proved to be more than just an intriguing diversion. Ultimately when viewed from a distance the departure isn't as extreme as it appears. The mood is generally the same sort of melancholy wistfulness that dominated the previous releases and the album as a whole sounds more evenly connected. Nonetheless I can shake a feeling of disappointment. There has been a void that continues to linger where 4AD releases used to be. So in one breath I am saying "great album" while thinking "I wish it was like it used to be."

ALL ABOUT EVE FAIRY LIGHT NIGHTS TWO
JAMTART

It is difficult to explain how All About Eve ended up being classified as a "goth" band. Yes, the Mission discovered them and their original guitarist went off and joined the Sisters of Mercy (Vision Thing era) but their music has always been a hybrid of folk and pop flavored rock closer to Beth Orton than Christian Death. Ultimately, no matter how you choose to classify them, All About Eve have always been under-appreciated. In 2000, after a few years of hiatus, the line-up of Julianne Regan, Andy Cousin (who played bass for the Mission when Craig Adams wasn't) and Marty Wilson-Piper (guitarist of The Church) returned with a series of acoustic shows in the UK on scattered weekends stretching into 2001. I was lucky enough to attend one of these shows and this, the second volume of songs pulled from those shows, serves as a reminder of how impressive they were. A brilliant piece of work with a promise of new material and more gigs to come.

HEIDI BERRY 4AD
POMEGRANATE: AN ANTHOLOGY

Perhaps being on 4AD wasn't the best situation for Heidi Berry because she wasn't exactly ethereal or dark tinged; which might explain why she never had the record sales her talent warrants. She, much like All About Eve, comes with a heavy folk influence but don't mistake that as a write-off. I'd compare her to Sarah McLachlan or Jane Siberry who took atmospheric and blended them with a Joni Mitchell influence without becoming insincere. The track listing isn't exactly as I would have selected but a good sampling of a voice that you really should hear.

THIRD EYE FOUNDATION MERGE
I TOO 100 ON YOUR JUJU

I poo poo on your juju might be a horrible title but it is also a collection of remixes by Third Eye Foundation and it comes across brilliantly. Imagine a collection of songs buried and forgotten discovered and released without any sort of treatment to clean up the scratches and distortions. Much like the album artwork the music feel blurred, stained and torn with female vocals lingering in the distance, drifting through lakes and mist; Not mystic, but very moody. Highly recommended even though I feel completely inadequate to describe it.

PETER MURPHY METROPOLIS
ALIVE JUST FOR LOVE

Unlike most live albums Alive Just For Love is absolutely essential for any fan of Peter's work. These aren't simply the album versions performed live but drastic re-workings of many of his beloved songs. The concept is simple: a voice, some guitar and a violin. The results are nothing short of astounding. The focus has always been Peter's voice and in this setup it stands in the forefront. The complete set from a show at the El Ray in Los Angeles late last year features "Indigo Eyes," "I'll Fall With Your Knife," "Marlene Dietrich's Favourite Poem," "Cuts You Up" and "Time Has Got Nothing To Do With It." Metropolis has also added a bonus disc with live versions of "Who Killed Mr. Moonlight," "All We Ever Wanted Was Everything," and "Hope (Midnight Proposal)" with David J guesting and a cover of Elvis' "Love Me Tender." If there is any fault to be found with this release it is that neither of the two new tracks that made appearances on various dates of the tour are not included.

WONDER STUFF EAGLE
CURSED WITH INSINCERITY

When they walked off the Phoenix festival stage a few years ago everyone thought that was it, it was over. The groove machine had played its goodbye and it was time to move on to other projects, other bands. Miles ended up kicking across America and released brilliant solo album. Nonetheless the Stuffies found themselves together again unexpectedly selling out a week's worth of shows from which this live album was pulled. 2CD's, 26 tracks with plenty of swagger and sarcasm; this is the Wonder Stuff as they always intended to be. No longer feeling like they have to record that next hit, comfortable with where they've been and perhaps thinking about where they could go in the future, if there is a future. Maybe you thought they were a band with a bucket of jokes, maybe you weren't really listening to the criticism and were infected by the energy. More than likely you didn't know you were supposed to be paying attention so you sat through them while you waited to see The Mission or Siouxsie and the Banshees. They know you didn't listen and finally they've come to the point where they don't care. You're a fan or you're not, but you really should be.

CYBRID | Deathline Int'l | Cybrid
COP International | Rating: 4

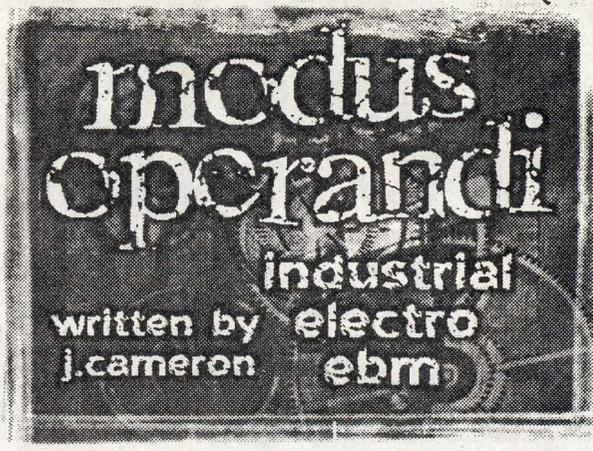
I have to admit, I wasn't really blown away when I first listened to this disc. A few songs were above average, but nothing really stood out as being particularly incredible. 'You Kill Me' and 'You Pull the Trigger' were the two tracks that I could appreciate the most, and if you listen to them consecutively they kind of go hand in hand. Their cover of 'Paradise City' made me crack a grin, but it was nothing I found myself listening to more than once or twice. About three weeks or so after I received *Cybrid* I was lucky enough to see their live performance (along with the other handful of people that decided to show up). I'm very glad I went to the show, not only to support the local opening acts **Algorithm Dekonstruct** and **Uber Faction**, but I walked away with a completely different perspective of Deathline. The songs were pulled off very well live, and even though there were only about 40 people out there watching them, they seemed to be having a lot of fun doing what they were doing. Since the show I now have 100% more respect for **Deathline Int'l** and *Cybrid* has had a hard time working it's way out of my CD player.

Haujobb | Polarity
Metropolis Records | Rating: 5

The much anticipated 4th release from **Haujobb** is finally among us, and worth the wait it definitely is. Be prepared for disappointment if you are planning on it sounding like *Freeze Frame Reality*. Be prepared for a serious let-down if you're expecting it to sound like *Solutions for a Small Planet*. If you were expecting it to sound anything like *Ninety Nine* I want pull your head out of your ass so you can shoot yourself in the face. Once again **Haujobb** has managed to evolve their sound into something different then they've ever done before. Those of us that were lucky enough to see **Haujobb** live this past winter were exposed to a lot of new tracks, and everybody that was at the show seemed to have responded to it quite well. This album has the most melody of anything else they've ever released. Every track is punchy and catchy as hell. Daniel Myer hasn't stopped speaking of his drum'n'bass influence for years, and he certainly didn't think twice to incorporate it into the new material along with a range of house and techno styles. If I were forced to choose a favorite release for the year thus far I wouldn't hesitate to choose this record. I wouldn't be surprised if I feel the same way come the end of the year either.

VIA | *New Violent Breed vol. II*
COP International | Rating: 4

Part II of COP's *New Violent Breed* compilations is sure to please even the most extreme aggrofiend, or the listener that prefers to partake in dark & fast-paced club music. Infact's "Cold Blood" remixed by **Wumpscut**: (and you thought they couldn't sound any closer to :W: than they already did), **Dulce Liquido's** "Disolucion", and **In Strict Confidence's** "The Truth Inside of Me" are just a few of the tracks that frequent DJ playlists that make this comp worth buying alone. **Pain Station** with the **Assemblage 23** mix "Slaughterhouse", and **Funker Vogt** with "Nuclear Winter" return for the second chapter of the *NVB* series, but sadly enough **Pulse Legion** and **Aghast View** didn't make it back for the second round. I have to say that I really admire COP for sticking with the darker side of electro, and not jumping on the bandwagon of smoothed out synth that just about everybody else has.



Ministry | *Greatest Fits*
Warner Bros. | Rating: 4

If you're anything like me then you probably stopped keeping track of **Ministry** after the release of *Psalm 69* which was some years ago. *P69* was definitely one of those transition albums that turned **Ministry** more into a metal band than an industrial project. *Filth Pig* was nothing to scratch yourself over, and *Dark Side of the Spoon* was about in that same league. *Greatest Fits* is a compilation of the best **Ministry** material from the depths of their long time career as musicians, minus the synth-pop incident (or accident?), but can't we all just pretend that never happened?. The album opens with the newest **Ministry** track 'What About Us', which appears on the *A.I. Soundtrack*, and I must say that I was quite taken by it. It's sounds like what most of the *Psalm 69* material would've ended up like if it were written 6 years later. 'Lay Lady Lay' and 'Bad Blood' are two others from the "metal" **Ministry**, while fans of the "industrial" **Ministry** can enjoy a live version of 'So What', 'Stigmata', 'The Land of Rape and Honey', and a somewhat different version of 'Supernaut'. This album is a pretty good opportunity for the fanbase that started being exposed to **Ministry** in the *Filth Pig* era to get acquainted with how they used to sound. It's also a good opportunity for the older **Ministry** fans to get acquainted with the newer material that really is as bad as I thought that it was.

Chiasm | *Disorder*
COP International | Rating: 4

My vote for favorite "new artist" goes to **Chiasm**. I'm very relieved that I had a lot of time to listen to this album before actually sitting down to write this review because after the first listen-through I thought it wasn't even worth raising an eyebrow over. After about 3 or 4 listen-throughs it started to grow on me; really, really grow on me. **Chiasm** is the sole effort of **Emileigh Rohn** who was recently signed to the **COP Int'l** label which of course led to the release of her debut album *Disorder*. Yes, a female writing an album about how hurt and emotionally torn she is. It's great. It's a very nice change. Her vocals are very emotional and seem very genuine to the pain it's speaking of. The album's opening track, 'Formula', starts with some noisy, hard, and very ear-catching percussion that leads into a track of agony. *Disorder's* closing track, 'Someone', is by far my favorite, and ironically enough it's the least innovative and least diverse of any of the rest of the songs on the album. But it goes with that saying, "It doesn't need to be complicated to sound good," and that's exactly what 'Someone' epitomizes. Very simple loops, very simple string work, but extremely well-written and entirely brilliant.



Read for Speed!!-Zineland by Skaterized!

In the zine world, it's just natural that homegrown publications are the objects of obsession, from a mild interest in matchbook covers to the ennui of a dishwashing job that progresses into a full-blown fascination. Since skateboarders are fanatical enough about their hobby that they will fight for their right to skate (see our features on what they had to go through just to get decent venues built here) it's just natural that boarding would get the treatment by plenty of zinesters for whom it's a way of life.

We'll leave corporate rags like Transworld, Thrasher and Big Brother out of the mix for now, although the latter is worth noting because it's published by Larry Flynt. Like the sport itself, skate zines are about attitude and style, though not without substance as well. Substance is style, style is substance, obladi, oblada.

Happy Magazine (4)

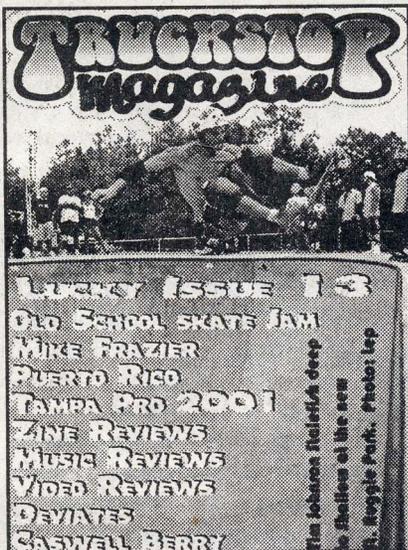
Billed as "America's Favorite Birdcage Liner," your canary should be so lucky. Lots of features on all kinds of boarding, from snow/skate/surf, and



music features include Coldplay, G. Love and Special Sauce and Uncle Kracker, though we'll forgive the lapse in judgment on the latter. High marks for editorial content, though the skate-itude pretty much stops with the "birdcage" crack, and could use a lot more skate chicks with a lot less clothing to make me truly "happy." 111 West Avenida Palizada #12, San Clemente, CA 92672 Happymag.com.

Truckstop Skate Zine (4)

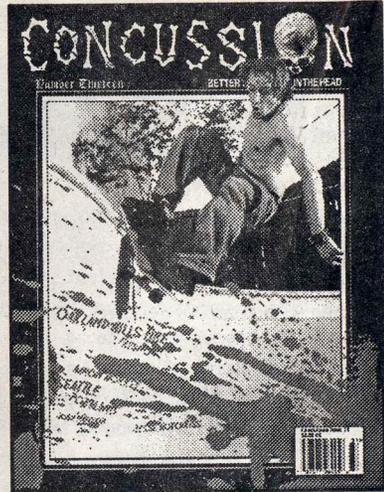
Photos from readers and cool giveaways put this zine a nose above. Cover pic of Madonna (in recent cowboy mode) as a skater is a hilarious touch. "Interview With a Jackass" with Brandon Raab from the Jackass TV show is the crown-



ing jewel.
4004 Sierra Madre Drive
South
Jacksonville, Florida 32217
U.S.A.
truckstopmagazine.com

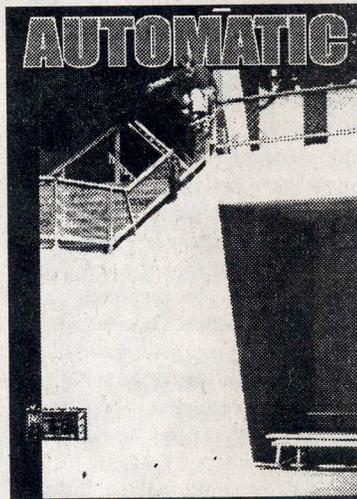
Concussion (4)

This doesn't fit the stereotype of a skate magazine, but goes way beyond. The highly eclectic content of this zine features "Beware the Lurker," "Drunk in the Czech Republic," and "Road Rage." More topically, the tale of the death of their local skatepark. Music includes GWAR live, David Lee Roth, Fu Manchu and Mike Watt. Cool features include "Badass of the Month," on the web a video of a skater executing a badass maneuver. "Slams" shows one not as well done. P.O. Box 1024 Santa Cruz, CA. 96061-1024. concussion.org



Heckler (3)

"Snow, skate, sound:" the Heckler stakes out its ground pretty solidly, with all boards covered, and music reviews with Millencolin, At The Drive In, Travis, Deftones, the Anniversary, Reverend Horton Heat, and Hot Snakes. Some of the best product reviews as well. 1915 21st St. Sacramento, CA 95814 Heckler.com.



Automatic (3)

Frank Kozik-like artwork sets the tone. Celebrity skater interviews include Pat Maus. In music, Chixdiggit says it's more than just a name. Contest "what's that bulge in (surfer) Chris Strother's wet-suit" shows the IQ of the

readers, perhaps. Some great artwork inside too. Automatic Media, P.O. Box 230486, Encinitas, CA 92023-0486. Automaticmag.com

xJusTx's Punk/Skate/sXe E-Zine. (2)

An online zine by a skater. Links to cool punk labels like Fat Wreck Chords and Epitaph. Not a lot of other content yet, but shows promise. punkdude.freeyellow.com

Skatedork Magazine (3)

In a sport that can tend to esoterica, here is a zine that claims "we are skateboarding for the masses." It started out online only, but now there's a print version available too. Perhaps a more philosophical view, as the editor says "I've developed a theory through all of my days of skateboard-



ing that boils down to what I need from this art form. There is some piece of life we all need to participate in to make ourselves complete, whether or not we plan on implementing it or not."

Stephen Voss, 221 Spring Ridge Dr., Berkeley Heights, NJ 07922
skatedork.org

Balance Zine (3)

A zine about skating from the perspective of that one thing you always seem to lose when skating. About a half second before you fall on your ass. Great photos of those who never seem to do that.

923 S. 25th St. Philadelphia, PA
19146. sk8tc.com

Pool Dust (3)

One of a burgeoning number of Arizona skate zines, this one has a real homegrown look and punk attitude, and the unpolished writing and photos are part of the charm.

PO Box 419, Tempe, AZ 85280-0419

Payinginpain.com (3)

No pain, no gain, eh? No here's a zine that looks like a zine, black and white xeroxed covers. Features include Underground Bombardment, Skatecamp2000, Salman Agah interview, and Perfect Rhythm.



Breakout Magazine (4)

One of the best looking skate zines, with a real punk aesthetic. "Free Fallin': How Skateboard King Mark "Gator" Anthony Was Born Again As A Rapist And A Murderer" reprinted from the Village Voice depicts the darker side of the sport.

breakoutmag.com

Rabase (3)

Didya think that skateboarding was a phenomenon only known to the USA? Here's a zine from Brazil with all the skinny on the sport as practiced in the southern hemisphere.

home.openlink.br/rabase/

Blender Skate Zine (4)

Blender's web site is undergoing a revamp, as the author says "it's not exactly eye candy." But content-wise, it's fat, with questions answered, lots of product info, tons of photos, "skatetalk chat," helpful tips on how to get a skatepark built in your town, and even a classifieds section.

members.tripod.com/~blenderskatemag/

Skateline Zine (3)

Skateline Zine is a "skateboard/music/comic/art" zine out of Americus, GA In issue 10, there are interviews

with Flogging Molly, Dave Smalley of Down By Law, comics guru Gabe Soria and a great band called Mates of State. Also an mp3 of the month section. Plus music reviews, art and



"comics coming out the wazoo." 615 Jackson Ave. Americus, GA 31709 if you want a FREE copy. www.angelfire.com/zine/skateline <http://www.angelfire.com/zine/skateline>

Ill Skate and Punk Zine (3)

Taking two things that go together like chocolate and peanut butter, the sport and the sound, this zine serves up a filling helping of both.

Find it on the web at on.to/ill

Nose Wheelie (3)

This zine caters more to old school skaters and longboarders, and has cool photos and info on vintage equipment, and reminiscing about the San Diego scene. It's a real time warp.

Nosewheelie.com

Concrete Disciples (4)

The cover of this webpage has some nice cans, and Budweiser too, though the latter is in the bottle. Comprehensive info about the Northwest skate scene, lots of photos and videos, a great look overall.



Concretedisciples.com.

And remember, send YOUR ZINES to Zineland, 2225 S. 500 E. #206, SLC UT 84106. Send poetry, essays, collages, photos etc. for our homemade zine too! Come up with a cool name for it & you'll get some kind of prize!

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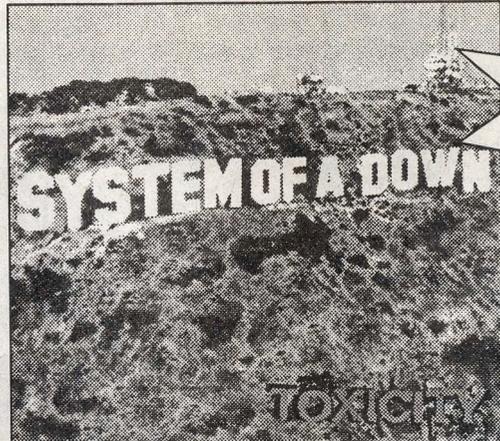
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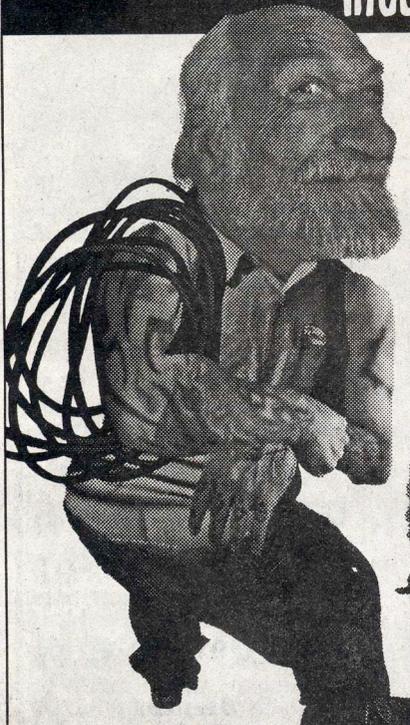
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Guerrilla Street Theatre Alive and Kicking at Kilby Court

Feature by Bryan Mehr

Beginning August 15th Kilby Court (741 S 330 W) will be transformed into an urban theatre when Saint Jayne's production of "subUrbia" premieres. SubUrbia, written by acclaimed contemporary playwright Eric Bogosian, is an intriguing and critical look at modern America's so-called utopian dream, the suburbs, as seen by the kids who grew up there. The play is set behind a 7-11 where the twenty-somethings hang out. Having never left their hometown, their dreams of escape become a reality when a friend who has "made it out" returns.

Juliane Taylor is a graduate of the U of U who now resides in New York City, where she just closed her debut production of "Elizabeth II", by Jason McCullough at the Soho Repertory. Life imitates art as she returns to Salt Lake to direct subUrbia. She had this insight to offer: "The suburbs represent an escape from urban life, a refuge, a safe place to raise a family. For those of us who grew up there it doesn't 'represent' anything. It is home. For those who live there it is not the American Dream, it is a trap from which to escape."

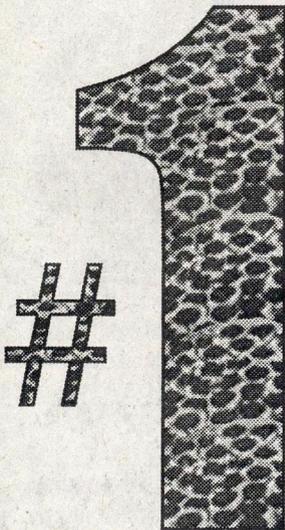
Saint Jayne's is a new theatre company in town founded by Shasta Molnar and her associates, Stacey Jensen, Demetria Chappo and Rachel Hsieh. All are graduates of the U of U's acting program. These visionary women in their early twenties came together with the ambitious and admirable goal of uniting Salt Lake City talent through innovative exploration of theatre, music, writing and the visual arts. Some of you may already be familiar with the high caliber of Saint Jayne's performances. Their debut multi-discipline show titled "Axiom", directed by Shasta, wrapped up a smash 3 night run at Kilby Court last month on July 17th. The production featured local poets and actors with a special farewell appearance by the Uncle Captain Quartet headed by local guitar hero and impresario Gentry Densley. Opening night also included a juried art show and auction with works by local visual artists, which raised funds for the subUrbia show. Phil Sherburne was especially pleased to have the art show there, saying this was one of his original desires for Kilby Ct.

Saint Jayne's is also reaching out to the community by conducting *The Chronicles of Saint Jayne* Writing Contest. They need your help creating an urban legend and are inviting writers in all genres to tell them about their muse. Text can be in any format and no more than one full page 8x11.

There are no guidelines on subject matter so long as Saint Jayne is a featured character. There is a \$5 entry fee and the deadline is August 15th. Winning entries may be printed on the backs of programs or receive free tickets to future productions. As proud sponsors SLUG MAGAZINE will publish the Grand Prize Winner's entry in our ongoing support of local talent. E-mail saintjaynes@yahoo.com, or call Shasta, 533-5137 for submission info. Support Saint Jayne's artists and bold productions. SubUrbia shows are on August 15th, 16th, 17th, 19th, 22nd, 23rd, 24th at Kilby Court (741 S. 330 W.) Curtain is at 8:00 PM, and admission is \$8 at the door. Culture yourself!



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bang your head!

Shred Stick Review

Illenium Skateboards/Mike Peterson model

Shralper: Uncle Dick



overturned to hurricane, or backside smith- you decide

Illenium Skateboards have only been around for a few years, but seem to have the right idea as far as producing good skateboard products. The company is slowly but surely making an impact on the face of skateboarding with the likes of all around rippers Dave "Shaggy" Palmer, Matt Moffett, Al Partanen, and new pro Mike

Peterson. First off I skated with Mike in Chandler AZ. and he fuckin' rips, so it is easy to see why Illenium would

choose him for their first pro model board. I'd heard alot about Illenium wood but was skeptical until I had some personal input. The

those fingers mean he likes the board-a lot

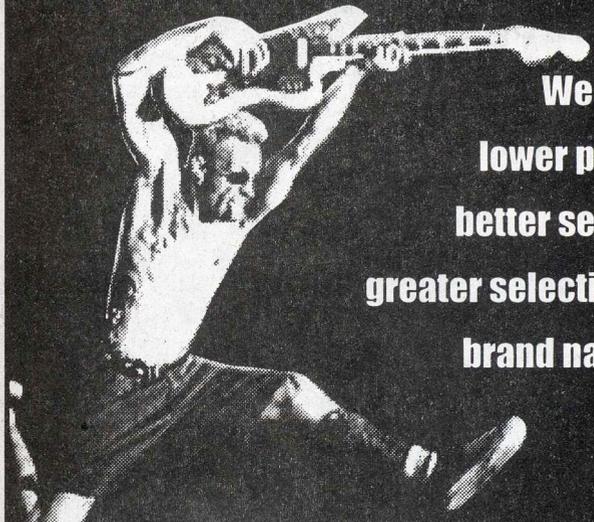


new Peterson model turned out being a damn nice board. A bit larger board at 7 7/8" wide, but a little shorter at 31 3/4". Good concave and upturn on the 7" nose and 6 1/2" tail. A fairly small 14" wheelbase was sufficient for street and ramp. I rode the board at the Cottonwood Heights/Guthrie park to get a somewhat double-sided view with both ramp/bowl and streetstyle mix. The board in my opinion came through with flying colors. Good pop, solid shape, adequate concave, and even cool anti-establishment graphics. All in all I give Illenium skateboards two fingers up, keep up the good work. Thanks to Marcus @ Illenium, "Photo-Hound" Meyers, and the SLUG promotions department. Ride til the wheels fall off, and screw the X-Games, keep skateboarding underground.

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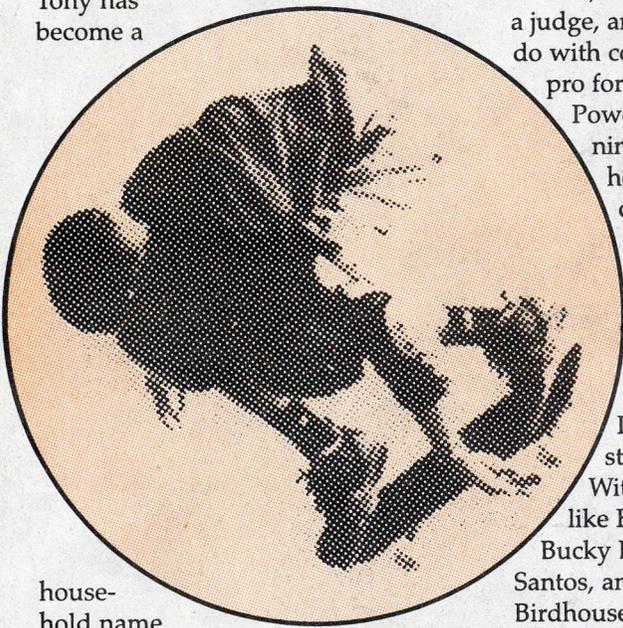
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TONY HAWK

BY: MIKE

Take a man of unspeakable talent and determination, now put him in the environment that he was born for, what you get is pure phenomenon...pure Tony Hawk. On Saturday, September 1st 2001, Tony will be putting on a demo for the Zumiez skateshop in the Fashion Place mall (6191 South State) parking lot to show all non-believers just how sick he really is.

Now, if you don't know who Tony Hawk is, you've got problems. If you do, don't consider yourself cool yet. Tony has become a



household name over the past decade through all kinds of TV coverage, printed press and word of mouth, so just about every living being has heard of him. Skaters have been witness to what the man is capable of pulling off (the 900, the loop, the kickflip Mctwist, and winning more contests than anyone else while making up more vert tricks along the way than anyone in history) for years now. With Tony being the busiest person in the skate industry, he's pretty hard to get a hold of. After months of waiting, the SLUG crew and I finally got some questions

together for an interview.

Very few people know that Tony's father Frank Hawk invented the National Skateboard Association in 1983. The NSA, as it was called, was responsible for contests that helped skateboarding and skateboarders' progress. People instantly thought that Tony was getting preferential treatment as he won contest after contest, even though his dad wasn't a judge, and had basically nothing to do with contest results. After being pro for Powell-Peralta (now just Powell) for over eight years, winning almost every contest that he entered and having some of the most memorable board graphics ever, Tony decided to leave Powell-Peralta and start his own company. So in 1991 Tony and ex-pro freestyler Per Welinder (also a Powell-Peralta pro) got together and started Birdhouse Projects. With a current lineup of pros like Heath Kirchart, Jeremy Klein, Bucky Lasek, Steve Berra and Willy Santos, and Brian Sumner, you know Birdhouse ain't fuckin around. According to Tony, they're working on a new video but it probably won't be ready until late next year. With Tony's success, more and more kids look up to him as a role model instead of the typical basketball and football kooks. When asked if he was glad to see this change, he said, "Yes. Parents now see skateboarding as a positive influence on their children's lives, exactly as they should."

All the new cement skateparks popping up is like a flashback to the late 70's and early 80's. Tony says that he



hasn't skated all of the new parks but "I've skated some of them and they are a blast." As far as the old parks, which rapidly became extinct throughout the 80's, Tony misses Del Mar the most "mostly because of the community I found there." Tony almost lived at Del Mar throughout much of his childhood. On a more recent note, I asked what Tony thought of Bob Burnquist's switch loop ride at the Tampa 2001 skate contest (go watch the video). Saying, "Only Bob could consider such a feat. He is truly a pioneer of vert skating." Tony is always willing to talk about other skaters who have come and gone over the decades, and give them their props. When asked how it was growing up always being in the spotlight, Tony replied "always? Nah. I've never been caught up in trying to be famous, I just wanted to improve my skills." Although he might not think about always being in the spotlight, Tony has had his share of fame, both positive and negative. From the start, Tony pushed himself and the limits of skateboarding. The skaters who drove Tony to seek perfection on a skateboard were Eddie Elguera, Steve Caballero, Dave Andrecht and Stacy Peralta (just to name a few). Speaking of the old school, when asked what he thought about the Dogtown documentary film, (read the Feb. issue of SLUG) Tony replied "It's a very important film. Anyone interested in

skating should see it so they can understand our history." As he progressed he was almost solely responsible for the evolution of skateboarding from old school to new school. This change earned him as many enemies as it did friends.

Tony has been pro for nearly nineteen years, and officially stopped competing in 1999. At 33 years of age, eating well and skating regularly keeps him healthy. When the question of whether he pushes it as hard now as when he was pro came up, Tony replied "almost, but on a different level. Having a family and business to manage, I can't spend all day at the skatepark anymore." When you ride skateboards, injuries are part of the game, and although he says, "learning how to fall is the best way to avoid getting hurt." Tony has knocked out his front teeth, had a few concussions

"before the days of good helmets", fractured a rib and broken his elbow. Oh yes, the pleasures of skating. To keep injury free, Tony swears by Boneless (a pad company based in Utah).

With skateboarding becoming more and more popular and accepted in mainstream culture, Tony has taken advantage of the hype and used his name to make, "much more than I ever thought possible." He only endorses products that he actually uses or believes in, so don't think that he's some sell-out corporate whore. The man has got to make a living, and Tony deserves the cash and recognition that have come his way. You might have noticed that damn skateboard video game that everyone has been playing, the Tony Hawk Pro Skater game. Yes, the best skateboarding video game, and depending on

who you talk to, quite possibly the best video game ever, period. If you haven't played it yet, then go get yourself a copy, ASAP. And by the

junkies. I asked Tony about the positive response from people about the game. "It has been very surprising. It's amazing that a video game finally makes the general public understand the technical aspects of skating."

On a final note, if there are still some burning questions left in your mind, go pick up Tony's book. Titled *Hawk-Occupation: Skateboarder* (Regan Books), this book fills in some important gaps in the history of skateboarding. It also talks about some of the low points and incredibly funny things that happened along the way. Look for this book at independent bookstores and skateshops. Fuck the corporate giants.

So, once again, Tony Hawk is coming to Salt Lake. This time he'll be doing a demo for Zumiez at the Fashion Place Mall instead of at Real Ride like last year. Why? Because they anticipate a bigger crowd than the skatepark can accommodate. Be sure to come to the demo Saturday



September 1st, 2001 and see one of skateboarding's greatest pioneers put on a great show. Special thanks go out to Amy Champion at Zumiez, and Jeff Taylor & Kevin Staab at Atlas distribution for making this happen.

way, the Tony Hawk Pro Skater #3 is coming out in November for all you



Milo / SLUG Summer Skate Series Contest #3: Guthrie Park

by Craig Cranium
I'm not a good reporter. I didn't enter the contest and didn't care to stick around to find out who won. I showed up late and left early. Feel free to think I'm lazy, but you see, I caught a severe case of Fuckthis that day.

A swarm of helmeted Mongolian gnats descended onto the skate park. Seconds later a concession stand erected itself.

Mustachio was there!



Benny Peligrino

Mustachio don't take shit from nobody. I know this guy, Mike, who was ollieing children. Mustachio saw it and was like, "No". You know, like in the Matrix. Push came to shove and Mike was in the ER getting his ear sewed back on by a handsome closet-gay nurse. He was bumming for sure, man. This other guy from Sucockass got bold enough to step to Mustachio and caught an Indian burn on his neck piece.



Lance Harris

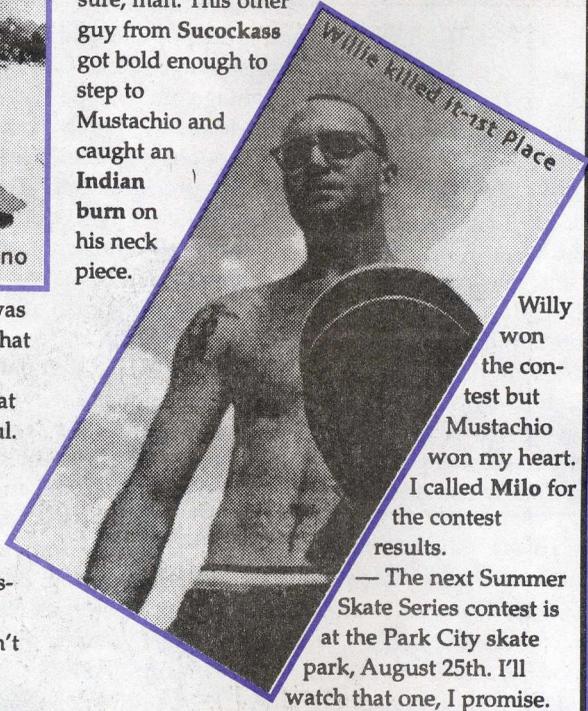
Consumption ensued. It was hot. Everyone could tell that Willy was going to win.

Sure, the contest at Guthrie was uneventful.

But Mustachio was there. That guy is fucking tough.

Maybe you've seen him. He's got a mustache. He walks around

Guthrie smoking, telling folks they can't smoke on park grounds. "Just me", he says.



Willy killed it-1st Place

Willy won the contest but Mustachio won my heart. I called Milo for the contest results.

— The next Summer Skate Series contest is at the Park City skate park, August 25th. I'll watch that one, I promise.

1. Willy Sylvester
2. Lance Harris
3. Anthony Johnson
4. Ben Dickerson
5. Roberto Kurtz
6. Cliff Halverson
7. Tom Blosch
8. Andrew Young
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Concert Previews

Thank

you, thank you very much. Two things I want to discuss before getting into this month's previews. The first is how great it is to have an owner of a music store go out on a limb for you. Much gratitude to Recycled Records on State Street for hooking me up with a good deal when I brought in box of merchandise to trade. If you haven't checked out

this place yet, then get your butts down there to search through the loads of used discs, movies, and cassettes. Second, 'ol Kevlar learned his lesson the hard way in when he moved out of his pad and into his new place. Yes kiddies, four days of moving heavy boxes and furniture up three flights of stairs in a hundred and fifty-degree weather sure as hell isn't fun. But, *Senorita Margarita* and I moved it all by ourselves and came out alive (barely). So, as the moving boxes tower over and around me, I think that remembering the highlights of last month. There was the *Reverend Horton Heat* and *Rocket From The Crypt*, and the *SLUG Queen Pageant*, all were a blast, even though the girl I voted for was crowned princess instead of queen. If you feel the same about the outcome of the pageant and want to share bitterness, send an e-mail to Kevlar7@hotmail.com, and we will hatch a plot. Oh well, enough reminiscing about the past, time to get unpacking, err, I mean previewing next month's shows.

Spike and Mike's Sick and Twisted Animation Festival will be playing at *Brewvies* the 3rd through the 17th (the ideal place to see this cartoon sickness). Load up on the beer and food and laugh until y'all piss your pants. This year's line up of cartoons looks a helluva of a lot of funnier than last year's. Ones to look out for are "Rick and Steve: The Happiest Gay Couple", "Beat the Brat", "Captain Pecker", "Wheelchair Rebecca", and "For the Birds", which was done by Pixar the same animation company that did *Toy Story* and *A Bug's Life*.

Killer local music in the shape of *Gerald Music* at *Liquid Joe's* on the 7th. Ambient experimental jazz with lush female vocals that drift sensually through your being. Their forthcoming album is absolutely breathtaking so get your butt down to the venue, order a martini, and kick back as the smooth sounds of this band flow from the speakers.

Or, for all the kiddies out there is the huge ska/punk show, also on the 7th, at the *State Fairpark*. The bands are *Goldfinger*, *Reel Big Fish*, *Home Grown*, and *The Movie Life*. The last band on the list is the one that I would really want to see. *The Movie Life* are just fucking great. The remind at times of a younger version of *Seaweed* and *Lifetime* rolled into a superb tight indie punk band. They are what a real punk band sounds like, and their latest *Same Time Next Year* on *Revelation Records* is an absolute masterpiece.

That bizarre and strange local musical oddity called *Thirsty Alley*, are throwing in the towel at the *Dead Goat Saloon* on the 11th. This will be their last show as the members are being deported or just aiming for higher careers in entertainment in Vegas. Come out and cheer them on as the self-destruct into a bloody pulp before your eyes. Opening the show is the local jazz experimentation of *Off Balance*. So

arrive early with the attention of patting your feet and having a ball.

If indie instrumental music along the lines of *Mogwai*, *Tortoise*, *Species Being*, and *Godspeed You Black Emperor*, then check out *The Mercury Program* at *Kilby Court* also on the 11th. Their latest release is called, "All the Suits Began to Fall Off" EP, it's instrumental bliss by this quartet from Florida. Their live show is supposed to be intense and passionate.

Fans of stoner rock will want to check out *Knut* at *Kilby Court* on the 13th. Hailing from Geneva, Switzerland, this band's new album *Bastardiser* is a lesson in slow to fast sludgy guitar progressions. Fans of *Spirit Caravan*, *Kyuss*, and *Bottom* will definitely want to checkout this band.

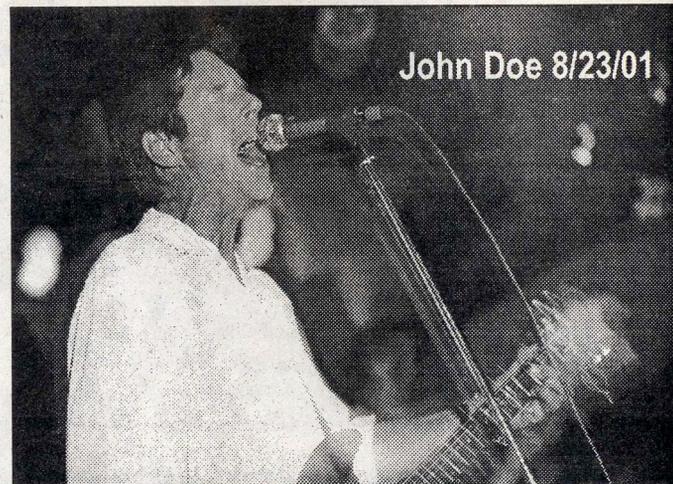
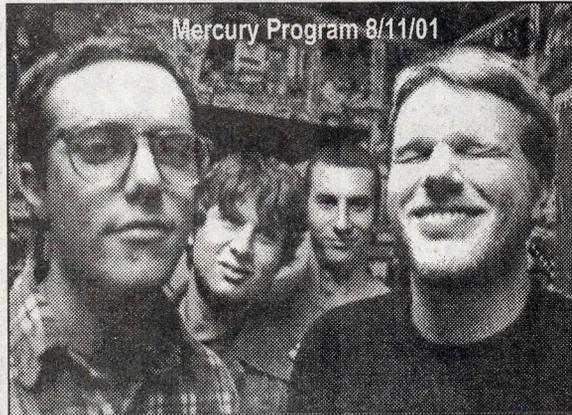
Superdrag is the best 70's influenced pop group around today. *Superdrag* will be strutting their stuff as y'all shake those booties on the dance floor at *Liquid Joe's* on the 14th. Damn this show will be good, don't miss it. If you saw this band last time they played, then you probably have a ticket for this show already in your hand. For those who missed out last time, here's a chance to redeem yourselves.

The best show of the month, (next to *John Doe*), is *Jimmy Eat World* at *DV8*, on the 14th. This show has been highly anticipated by *Senorita Margarita* and I for a long time. (She used to work with the lead singer in Arizona). For the record, the new *Jimmy Eat World*, in my opinion, is a worthy follow-up to the masterpiece, *Clarity*. This show will go off, and I recommend all to check out this show at any costs. Because this band has actually been getting a lot of airplay for the "Bleed American" single on the local radio station, this show will definitely sell out, so get tickets early.

Warning! Only those people who read my column and have an open musical mind are highly encouraged to attend this show. On the 16th, is *The Crystal Method* at the *Galaxy Club*. Now, technically I can't stand most electronica, but these guys play some of the most brutal and harshly driven beats. It is what a punk band would sound like if they were turned loose on a sample board, drum machine, and keyboards. Yeah, all the rave-

nerds will be there, but man, *The Crystal Method's* new disc *Tweekend*, is one of the sickest, beat heavy, tortured rhythms of late.

Fans of the band *Millincolin* will want to take note. The band *Osker* will be playing at *Kilby Court* on the 18th with *Arab On Radar*. *Osker* reminds me of a European version of the legendary band *Jawbreaker*. I saw them play last year on this huge tour that played at



Club Axis and these guys play an enthusiastic set. So all the fans of passionate pop-punk that isn't about singing about poop and pee, will want to pencil this show in.

Blame Canada for this excellent all female band called

Painting Daisies, playing on the 19th at, get this, *The Paper Moon*. Let me set the record straight, (no pun intended), that seeing this band is definitely worth the risk of being pummeled by "Women in comfortable shoes" at this venue. Their disc is chock full of country/folk sounds that rock hard with lush sensibility. With all the girl bands on the radio that sound like twelve year old girls, or bimbos that perform mediocre music, it's good to hear a girl band that writes artistic and intelligently sensual music.

Or, there is **Elsewhere** at *Solitude Ski Resort*, also on the 19th, playing a benefit for "Share Our Strength". Can't tell you much about this show, since they didn't send me, A FUCKING PRESS KIT!!! Honestly folks if you want me to write about your bands then send me something to write about. Jeeeshh!!!!

The 22nd has two shows that are interesting to say the least. The first one is **Against All Authority and Conflict** at *Brick's*. Both these bands play fully charged power punk-laced with hardcore. But, it's the band Conflict that should be worth seeing and supporting the most. Their latest single was due out on Go Kart Records, unfortunately the British claim the cover of their record is too unsavory and controversial to export. So, the band is having problems delivering their latest to American consumers. All the more reason to get to this show and cheer the band on and show support.

As I type this, I have to control myself from not breaking into a wave of uncontrollable laughter. The bands (snort) are **Poison, Quiet Riot, Warrant, Enuff Z' Enuff** at the *Delta Center* on the 22nd. This show definitely gets my vote for most ridiculous show of the year. Come watch aged hair bands still strutting and posing like the sell out rock stars they once were; say back in the 80's. But, for maximum pleasure, come throw beer cans and the bird at all the loser, mullet wearing, West Valley and Magna F-Dudes that have been marking their Playboy calendars for the arrival of this day

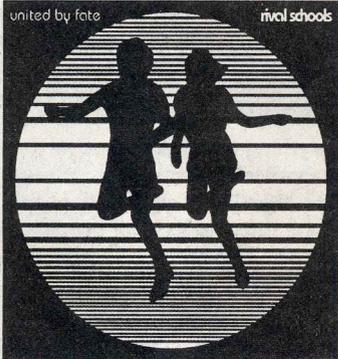
After laughing at the concert above, feast your eyes on this show, the number one best show of the month. Musical god and legend **John Doe** will be playing with **The Living Daylights** at the

Zephyr Club on the 23rd. Those of you who don't know who this man is are truly a disgrace. Make sure to get both barrels in the mouth. Anyone heard of the legendary band X, and the legacy they left? No? Okay, here's a history lesson. X was a band that started in late 70's to early 80's that blended punk with country western music. Produced by Ray Manzarek of The Doors, X had Dave Alvin of The Blasters fame performing guitar duty, while the dual male and female vocals of Exene Cervenka and John Doe made for one of the most influential bands of all time. Mr. Doe has gone solo and his work is absolutely incredible.

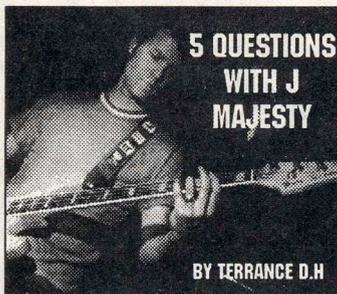
The event to see on the 24th is **Sleepytime Gorilla Museum** at *Ya' Butts*. I know, you're saying to yourselves, "What a retarded name?" But hey, have I ever steered y'all wrong? Featuring members of **Idiot Flesh** (a group that banged and grinded every common industrial item they could haul up on stage).

I got four words for you all: **Rival Schools**, *Kilby Court*. Yep, that's right on the 26th these boys will grace the sound system at everyone's favorite garage. Featuring home grown Utah Slim/Cache Toleman & former members of **Quicksand & CIV**.

And that about does it for another wonderful episode of the concert previews. **Don't forget next month is The Holy SLUG Sabbathon**, which will be held this year at the *Gallivan Center* on Sept. 9th. How cool is that?



Rival Schools 8/26/01



ANSWERS BY JIM KIMBALL
PHOTO BY MICHAEL DUBIN

J majesty is that new sorta rock with that old kinda feel. These guys used to live in Utah. Yeah. Their new record is out and they'll be in town sometime soon. Check them out, they are hot. Jmajesty.com somerecords.com.

1. Give me a quick description of what you guys sound like for people who haven't heard you.

An open door to all sounds.

2. What's the strangest thing about coming back to salt lake after not living here for a while.

No Hunan Delight. All the development for the 2002 winter olympics.

3. Give me the scoop on what's going on in NYC and what it's like living there.

NYC has all the flavor, 24 hours a day. Amazing music scene. As far as jobs we all work part time, sometimes JJ and Spanky wait tables. Dale teaches kids how to swim, Jim works in a guitar store.

4. Any good tour stories?

Performing a song with Eric Mingus on his father Charles' birthday 2001.

5. What is in the plans for the future for J majesty. When might we see you in salt lake?

Future plans for the majesty.....we have a six song EP coming out in Sept. on Some/Southern Records, recorded by SLC's master producer Herc. A european tour in Oct. Record our next full length. J majesty pro model skate decks. Performing with Michael Jackson in Pompeii.

Covers?
"Well have nun of that"

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Don't Blame Canada: Secretly Canadian

Indie Label Spotlight by Stakerized!



Sometimes an indie record label can seem as foreign as another country, or as familiar as a next-door neighbor. If not piloted by sales and the commercial fads of the moment, then what guiding light compels its captains to release records with seemingly no rhyme or reason at times, sometimes arriving at happy coincidence with our own ears, sometimes striking us deaf. More

importantly, why am I talking like this? Because this month I'm writing a profile of Bloomington, Indiana record label **Secretly Canadian**, one of the most eccentric and eclectic imprints to be found.

Jonathan Cargill started the label with brothers Chris and Ben Swanson in 1996. "Chris and I were working at the dormitory cafeteria at Indiana University, and in between sorting silverware we found out we shared similar ideas and tastes in music," said Cargill. Chris worked at campus radio WIUS, and at the end of the grunge era, they were listening to the Grifters and other post-Nirvana Sub Pop bands, like Afghan Whigs. "It was over the obscure stuff that we really bonded, like New Zealand singer Alastair Galbraith, who nobody's heard of. We knew what we wanted to do, but didn't know how to do it." What they wanted to do was release a 7". They didn't even know who it'd be at first. Swanson knew a singer/songwriter from Fargo who performed under the name **June Panic**, and got some cassettes from him. Thus in September 1996, the label was launched.

For their next release, they found a group from Overland, Ohio, called **Songs: Ohia**. They had released a 7" on Will Oldham's Palace Music, and Secretly Canadian put out their second disc. Their sound, reminiscent of Neil Young and Crazy Horse, helped the group sell a few. "That one actually sold a couple of copies, and it got us all excited," says Cargill. "It made us think that maybe we could do it for real. It was scary at first." But the diverse music scene around the University helped bring musicians and listeners to them locally.

Once they had a modest taste of success, their next step was to put out a 7" by one of their favorite bands, the math rock combo **Ativan**. "We then scraped up enough money to put out the first **Songs: Ohia** full-length CD. We learned a lot about every aspect of operating a label, from artwork, to distribution. Everything that could go wrong did go wrong," he laughs. But by that time the label was starting to get more organized in distribution, manufacturing, press and radio.



Ohia's release on Secretly Canadian

"The label has always been very eclectic," Cargill explains. "We've released some alt-country, punk and bluegrass. There's no particular flavor. That has to do with the fact that those of us running it just put out what we think is good." That includes **Japonize Elephants**, which Cargill calls "a bizarre hybrid of bluegrass, klezmer and

insanity." About that time, the label also started its cassette releases, the Canadian Exchange series. With handmade covers, it also inspired them to make their own books.

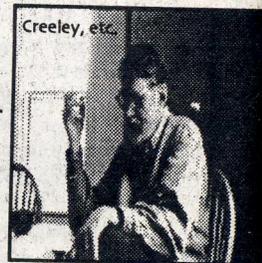
At about the same time that Secretly Canadian got started, another similar label, Jagjaguwar, was being launched in Virginia by Darius Van Orman. "Some of his releases compared to ours, and we really liked what he was doing," says Cargill. "After about a year of correspondence, he moved here."

The two labels formed an alliance. "We are two separate entities," explains Cargill. "We share resources, it's a symbiotic relationship, but we keep the two separate. Secretly Canadian has been lucky, our distribution has gone well, and these are avenues we like to share with other labels." Secretly Canadian has done distribution and promotion for Jagjaguwar groups. "A lot of them are coming from the same group of people, some of our bands have solo projects, and the

philosophy behind them is similar." These include the New York band **Oneida**, who on their CD *Come on Everybody Let's Rock* brings back the heavy riffage of 70's bands like Deep Purple and Grand Funk Railroad, tinged with tongue-in-cheek lyrics on songs like "Doin Business in Japan" and the paean to nose candy, "Snow Machine." But you can't deny the power of their cover of Roky Erickson's "Step Inside this House."



"Everything has come about very naturally," maintains Cargill of the label's relationship with its roster of artists. "We like to work with people over the long run, and look for people who feel the same." One of the most ambitious and commercially risky ventures of Jagjaguwar is the recent release of a spoken word CD by **Robert Creeley**, one of the greatest living American poets. Rick Alverson, in Jagjaguwar bands **Drunk** and **Spokane**, had a vision of doing a spoken word project for quite a while. "We've been open to helping artists achieve their vision," explains Cargill. Alverson was in charge of it all, he hooked up with Creeley, and went to his house and recorded the reading."



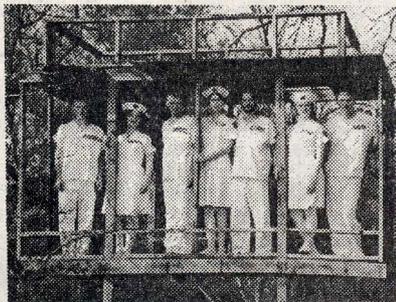
Also of note on Jagjaguwar is a re-issue of a 1989 release by lo-fi legends **Jad Fair** and **Daniel Johnston**, *It's Spooky*. Upcoming releases later this year include Oneida and Spokane. Secretly Canadian also has forged alliances with labels such as Made In Mexico, Megalon, and Temporary Residence Ltd. in hopes of building "a stronger, better music family."

When asked about what kind of "niche" the label fills in the indie rock world, Cargill almost audibly shrugs his shoulders over the phone. "We just basically try to reach people who appreciate the kind of music made by people we work with. We think those are people who appreciate the artwork, the music, and don't just 'consume' it."

He's excited about some of the new Secretly Canadian releases. "The recent signing (although the label doesn't "sign" contracts with anyone) of **Danielson Famile** was a big deal for us; we're big fans of theirs," explains Cargill. "They came and played in Bloomington a while ago, Danielson's wife got very sick and had to stay in the hos-

pital for a while. While they were in town we bonded, and we all decided they'd be a good fit for the label. We bought all the stock they had; no one else is doing what they're doing. It's like early Residents, and they are incredibly nice people." Their latest is *Fetch the Compass Kids*.

Another highly original voice on the label is **Dave Fischhoff**. "We've known him for a while," says Cargill. "He was from Bloomington originally, and we'd seen him around town. Through that relationship we knew him as a poet, but then realized that he was also a musician.



Danielson Familie

He's a poet first, and that makes his music unique. It's not your average three-chord band, but he's really into found sound, then he lays his music on top of it." Watching him at the Secretly Canadian showcase at SXSW, his hushed voice and strings from which he coaxes the softest sounds seem more like a church hymnal than a bar show, it's an incredibly delicate transport.

Then on the other side of the spectrum, there's **Swearing at Motorists**. Secretly Canadian band Marmoset played a show with S@M opening several years ago. "They just totally rocked," says Cargill. "Singer Dave Doughman was just out of hand. You don't see a whole lot of personalities like him, and we were intrigued. The artwork on their 7" was the same as Dave Fischhoff's, there was this weird cosmic connection." In contrast to Fischhoff, following him at SXSW, Doughman's stage persona was like a cross between Prince and Jon Spencer, throw in a little Jimi Hendrix for good measure. "We saw them again several months later, and it was not a good day for Doughman. His girlfriend had been in a car accident, but they still rocked. Then we realized they were something special. They had no one to release their album, and we stepped in." Doughman and drummer Don

Thrasher's experience with Guided By Voices was their study in rock, though their songs on their newest release, *Number Seven Uptown*, are more like little thumbnail sketches about everyday life than rock anthems.



Swearing at Motorists

They brought the rock to Kilby Court July 30 with Ex-Models.

New releases on Secretly Canadian include singer Scout Niblett, from Nottingham, England. "She's like a cross between P.J. Harvey and Cat Power," explains Cargill. "She can go from rocking as hard as P.J. to as delicate as Chan Marshall. And **Race Bannon** is basically a sonic assault. It's the heaviest band we've ever worked with. Some people think it's out of place." Other artists on the label include **Panoply Academy Glee Club**, **Suzanne Langille** and **Simon Joyner**.

But then you have it. This label north of the musical border is full of surprises. Just when you think you might have it figured out on the basis of one or two works you might pick on one of those rare impulses when you just have the urge to try something new, it defies any expectations you might have about it. Just like indie music itself.

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Tsunami Beach - A Myth of the Far West

By: J.D. Zeigler

Life at the Wilson's got very hairy after Dennis copped his old man's spare glass eye and brought it to school. It was Murray's hangover eye to boot, all bleary and bloodshot, a real work of art. Murray had it custom made for those special mornings- after to match the sorry state of his real eye. It cost him a mint. Now, thanks to his feckless son, the cold blue orb fixed its dead, yet creepily lifelike, stare on nearly every student in Hawthorne High. Boys chortled in morbid mirth. Girls squealed, wordlessly inviting dreamboat Dennis to pursue them with the gross object. Murray's eye even participated in a spirited game of soccer down the school's corridors, shattering into a thousand pieces when Dennis triumphantly scored the winning goal. Characteristically heedless of his own havoc, Dennis figured he was the coolest kid in town until his father came home, drunk as usual, from work that night.

A vain man even when inebriated, Murray made a beeline for his bloodshot eye as soon as he walked in the house. He staggered past his wife, Audree, culpable Dennis, and his other two sons, Brian and Carl; all sitting at the table, patiently waiting dinner on him like cowed dogs not daring to touch their bones without permission from their master. They could hear Murray in the bathroom, roughly rummaging through the medicine cabinet and cursing softly, the sound of distant thunder heralding the approach of a severe storm. Audree, a pitcher of martinis under her belt and none too sober herself, put a shaky finger to her lips, warning the boys to maintain silence.

Stupidly, Dennis began to giggle, smothering his snickers with his napkin. Carl, the baby of the family, glanced longingly at the stairs that led to his room and the shelter it held underneath his bed. Brian, a gentle hand on Carl's shoulder, restrained him from making a break. The eldest, he knew the pattern of his father's wrath all too well. Out of animal reflex, Murray would beat the first to bolt from the herd. Then he would punish the actually guilty. Although a year out of high school himself, Brian had nonetheless heard of Dennis' highjinks from some seniors hanging out at the 'Wich Stand on Inglewood. Let Dennis suffer the consequences, not the rest - especially himself, thought Brian. He was already partially deaf in one ear, and a well-aimed clout to the other by his angry father would mean that the only music he'd ever hear again would be the songs constantly playing in his head.

"Where the fuck's my fuckin' eye?" roared Murray, rocketing from the bathroom. Audree, Brian, and Carl froze like small mammals hearing the cry of a ravenous predator. Dennis, on the other hand, could no longer contain his guffaws. The Wilson son most resembling their father, his sadistic glee at the spectacle of his stumbling and cycloptic progenitor overrode his survival instinct. "What a spaz!" he sniggered imprudently to his mother and brothers, who avoided eye contact with him lest they be contaminated with his disrespect. Murray homed in on his next victim with the deadly accuracy of a pit viper.

"You little cocksucker!" he shouted, grabbing Dennis by the throat, choking off his laughter, and lifting him bodily out of his chair. "I'll wipe that goddamned smile off your goddamned mouth!" He viciously backhanded his son's face like he was serving a volleyball. Then, grabbing the stunned Dennis by the hair, Murray dragged him through the kitchen to the basement door and booted him down the stairs. He unbuckled and removed his belt, wrapped it once around a fist and followed, slamming the door behind him.

The sickening smack of leather hitting flesh and Dennis' screams reverberated from the family rec room. Carl, white-faced and trembling, took advantage of the monster's absence and dashed to the safety of his own room. He wedged himself under his bed, stopping his ears with his fingers, and wished he'd gone to his cousin Mike's for dinner. Brian also wanted to beat a hasty retreat, but was reluctant to leave Audree alone to face Murray's return, for he often raised his hand to her, too. Perhaps because of the Dutch courage contained in a shaker of martinis, Audree motioned her firstborn away from the table, silently giving him rare dispensation to also take refuge. In spite of his qualms, Brian took it.

Dennis' cries and Murray's obscenities followed him up the stairs making him grateful for a change that he had only one functioning ear. When he gained his room, he wedged a chair under the doorknob and blocked that with a heavy bureau. Then he forcibly shut out the dark horror of the Wilson household from his thoughts. Brian wedged his mind closed with the sunny music playing in it, and blocked it with the memory of something Dennis had said to him just yesterday at the A&W. "Surfin's gonna be the next big craze, Brian. You oughtta write some songs about it."

At the time Brian was working on a request from his old high school principal to write something for homecoming. Since his former student

had graduated, the principal complained, pep rallies just weren't the same at Hawthorne. Obliging, Brian composed a ditty with a silly chorus that went "rah rah rah rah sisk koomb bah", that was catchy, but a poor representation of the glorious songs resonating in his dreams.

The brothers' cousin, Mike, a total blowhard in Brian's opinion, had been at the A&W, too. He backed Dennis up and suggested that the three of them start a band. Brian suspected that Mike's sudden interest in music was inversely proportional to his interest in supporting his teenage bride and their new baby. Not that it mattered; Brian had zilch interest in surfing and less in starting a band with the irresponsible Dennis and the obnoxious Mike. Still, he'd been compulsively composing idyllic paeans to Southern California for the past twenty-four hours, even coming up with some verses for a surfing song while anxiously awaiting Murray that evening.

It was an eerie and new feeling, being awash in unbidden streams of melody and undercurrents of harmony. Brian hadn't ordered them up consciously as he'd ordered the homecoming song or the many other throwaway pieces he'd composed in the past three years since he received a tape recorder for Christmas. It wasn't the usual background music in his head, either. He could tune that in or out like a car radio. A young man who cherished every infrequent and precious moment of being in control like he'd cling to a life raft in a stormy sea, Brian didn't much care for this new power sweeping him away.

So when he caught himself daydreaming about naming his imaginary band the "Pendletones", he leaped up from his bed where he'd been laying and put a Four Freshmen album on his record player. Donning earphones, he lay back down, deliberately drowning out his disturbing thoughts (and Dennis's post-whipping sobs from his room next door) with the quartet's sweet, soft, four-part lullabies. Rocked on an ocean of music, Brian fell asleep and entered the realm of the Sandman where ancient gods still strode the freeways of Southern California.

On Route 1, just a few miles from El Segundo, a hitchhiker stuck out his thumb at the sight of Brian's '57 Ford. Obliging, Brian pulled over. He'd been traveling alone for a long time (How long, he wondered?) and welcomed the opportunity for some company. The hitcher, a big bear-like fellow with oddly familiar light blue eyes, stuck his head in the car, "Going my way?" he boomed with unnecessary volume.

"Isn't that a line from a 'Twilight Zone' episode?" asked Brian, vaguely remembering a story about a querying hitchhiker on the way to his grave.

"Thumbin' Death? Hell no, son. That's not me!" laughed the man as he made himself comfortable in the passenger seat. He pulled open the dirty bathrobe he wore and vigorously scratched the crotch of his striped pajamas.

"Nope! I ain't Death!" he reiterated.

"Well, who are you then?"

"My friends call me 'D'," explained Brian's rider.

"That doesn't answer my question," complained Brian. "What does the 'D' stand for?"

"It's short for Dion..."

"Like Dion and the Belmonts?" Brian asked, thrilled to have picked up someone famous.

"Never interrupt me, son. It's real bad luck," rumbled D menacingly before continuing, "No. It's short for a long ol' foreign name you couldn't pronounce anyway." He pulled a flask from the pocket of his robe and took a generous swig. "It's also short for dance, drugs, drums, drama, and drunk." He hiccuped loudly, then added after a long pause, "Oh yeah, sometimes it's short for danger, derangement and delirium, too. What's Brian stand for, by the way?"

Stumped, Brian stared out the window at the bright fog, diffuse with Californian sunlight, rolling in from the west. Nobody had ever asked him such a question before. Not that he'd thought much about it himself. Ever since he could remember, his life had been defined by the meanness of Murray, not the meaning of Brian. He intuited that this was too lame an answer for the grinning grizzly on his right.

"I'm not sure," he ventured tentatively, "Music?"

"You don't sound too positive, son."

Brian wasn't too positive, but couldn't think of anything else. So he nodded emphatically and confidently confirmed, "Music!"

"OK, music it is. That'll be my boon to you."

"Boon?"

"You picked me up, son. I owe you one."

D waved a hand, hocus-pocus like a vaudeville magician, at Brian and miles away, along the coast, the horizon suddenly lifted up into the sky, blue pushing blue aside. Out in the abyss, the continental shelf shuddered as a giant wave broke on the gilded edge of the Golden State. Poseidon's minions rushed inland as far as Anaheim and three feet of salt water pushed the Ford back onto the freeway. D poured a libation from his flask into the receding tide and said to Brian, "Son, I

got a hankering to see some girls in itsy-bitsy, teensy-weensy, yellow polka-dot bikinis. If it's on your way, would you mind driving me to the beach?"

Up until a minute ago, Brian, for the life of him, couldn't remember being on his way to anywhere in particular, although now music and the beach seemed to be synonymous with heading in the right direction. "Can do," he affirmed.

But the highway's writhing cloverleaves, overpasses, ramps, and, especially, underpasses soon confused him. So did the thick Pacific haze, which blanketed the landscape like luminescent cotton candy. He thought his destination was Huntington Beach, but there should have been a sign for the exit by now. All he'd seen so far, looming out of the strange mist, were shadowy figures of other hitchhikers. Some looked quite human and forlorn. Some were grotesque beasts. Brian even thought he spied his terrible one-eyed father. He pressed the gas pedal to the floor.

"Whoa, speed demon! You're going to miss our exit, if you don't slow down," cautioned D in a slurred voice. He'd been drinking steadily from his flask since they started out. It should have been empty long ago, Brian realized. This was turning into one strange trip. Maybe he was going crazy.

"Strange trip, you say?" chuckled D, further bending reality by reading Brian's mind. "Why, son, you just got started. You're in for one hell of a ride."

"I don't want one hell of a ride," Brian protested. "All I want is a normal life for a change!"

"Sorry, que sera sera, son. D doesn't stand for destiny either. You're fated, no normal in your cards, but you're not going crazy...at least, not yet," D winked broadly and tipsily, resembling Murray for one awful moment. "Get in your right hand lane. Our exit's coming up," he ordered abruptly, back to himself again.

A green sign announced the approach of Tsunami Beach, one mile ahead. Brian guided the Ford onto the exit ramp. There, thick fog occluded his sight. He had no idea where he was going and feared he would drive off the road, when unexpectedly, he found he was already parked in a vast lot behind three-story tall sand dunes.

"All ashore who's going ashore," announced D, bounding out of the car, heading for a dune. "Gotta find me some beach bunnies. Man oh man, I just love those ladies wearing spots! C'mon, son! Plenty to go around. Two girls for every boy!" With that, he disappeared around the base of the dune, flask to his lips and bathrobe flapping in the sea breeze.

Cautious of the beach's disastrous moniker, Brian scaled the dune instead. It was a difficult climb, literally two steps back for every one forward. Just when he thought he'd never make it all the way up, he was suddenly at the top. The white crescent of Tsunami Beach, encircled by gigantic dunes, lay far below, looking, for all the world, like a resort for ants. Ant families sat under colorful cocktail umbrellas. Ant adolescents lay on blankets in the sand and flirted with each other. Familiar sunny music blared from microscopic transistor radios. Ant surfers rode waves fifty times their height on tiny surfboards. Why was everything so small, Brian wondered? Had he really climbed that high?

The scene was hideously out of proportion and the big waves began growing with each inrush of the surf. Brian watched in horror as the perfect curls swept away more and more ants when they broke. Worse yet, the remaining ants were irrationally oblivious to their own impending doom, making no attempt to run for safety. Then Brian noticed D, surrounded by a bevy of polka-dot bikini-clad reveling maidens. He tried to shout a warning, but no sound issued from his throat.

It didn't matter. D apparently heard him anyway, for he looked up and beckoned Brian to join him. Brian vigorously shook his head no; pointing at the sea which was rising, rising, rising to meet the sky. In a panic, he turned to run, but he was too slow. An enormous wave broke against the side of the towering dunes, sending a veritable Niagara over their tops. Brian was pummeled, sunk, and carried away by a mighty current. Just as Death, a pale mermaid, was reaching for him, his uncanny rider floated weightlessly past. Now resembling a giant jellyfish more than a bear, D winked and bubbled cryptically, "Kowabunga! Better grab a board and learn to ride, Moondoggie!"

Unfortunately, Brian never remembered his dreams, perhaps because so many of them were nighttime reveries of his daytime nightmare. This occasionally worried him because he'd once read somewhere that people deprived of their REM sleep cycles went mad. But this was the farthest thing from his thoughts when he woke up the next morning with sand in his bed. The hymn to summer and surfing, which yesterday was but a nascent melody in his head, miraculously was there complete today.

Brian jumped out of bed, switched on his tape recorder and began singing into its cheap little microphone, "Surfin' is the only life, the only way for me. Now come on pretty baby and surf with me!"

He could hardly wait for Dennis and Mike to hear it.

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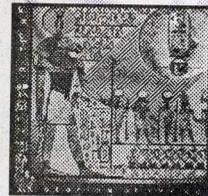
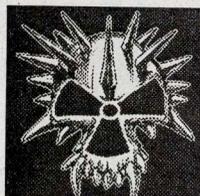
SANCTUARY: A true story that I submit for your perusal.... I did an internship with RAS Records in D.C. during the summer of '93. RAS is an independent, reggae label (When you live in Dover, Delaware you take what you can get.). I worked with the publicity director - organizing, sending out promo materials, calling magazines and radio stations, etc. There was a girl that

worked in the department (can't remember her name, so we'll call her Susan). Anyway Susan was into metal too. She hung out with the guys from Saint Vitus (even went on tour with them - I think). She also said that she was friends with some of the guys from **Corrosion Of Conformity**. One day Susan told me that C.O.C. was looking for a guitar player. At the time I had about 12-13 years of playing under my belt, one semester of college remaining and hair down to my waist (I was officially ready to rock). I asked Susan how I would go about getting an audition. With that inquiry (keep in mind that Susan had no idea of my level of guitar playing proficiency), she said without hesitation "You? You wouldn't." With a dumb-founded sense of rejection, I walked away a little older, "...but not much wiser" ("Wiseblood").

Corrosion Of Conformity's music has always had that sort of kick in the head quality to it. While their politically laden and socially aware lyrics didn't always paint the rosiest picture, the messages were honest and real. C.O.C.'s passion and refusal to let life idle by have always been captured in their music, which have now been captured on LIVE VOLUME. Fifteen tracks gathered from C.O.C.'s last four albums, performed at Harpo's in

Detroit, MI on April 20, 2001 appear on the release. A CD version of LIVE VOLUME will be released on August 7th, while a DVD/VHS version will be out on September 25, 2001.

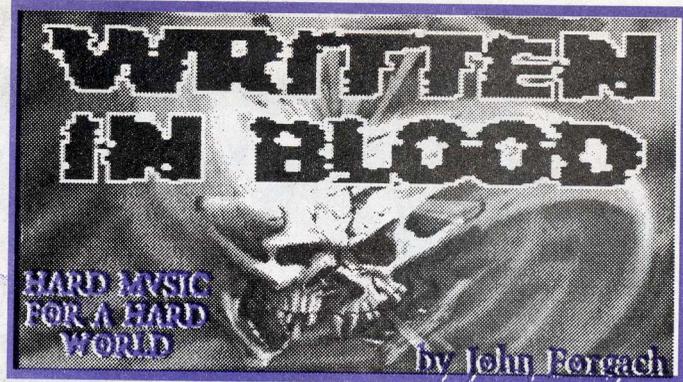
ATLANTIC: With Rob Halford still off on his own being Halford, Glenn Tipton and K.K.



Downing sprung bass player Ian Hill out of the nursing home for their latest album **DEMOLITION**. In an effort to reprise the success of '97's **JUGULATOR**, the three enlisted the talents of drummer Scott Travis and vocalist Tim Owens. Once again, **Judas Priest** pulls off the impossible by releasing another great album, this time in 2001! Even more inconceivable, Owens has further settled into the band with his vocals displaying more of a distinct personality. While Tim is getting comfortable in his big shoes, I've got to say as a long-time Priest fan, it's hard not to imagine what it would be like if Halford was still in the band. Considering how far they have come over the years, **DEMOLITION** is proof that Judas Priest's recipe for metal is still a fist banging good time.

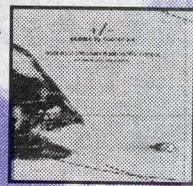
SPV: Ritchie Blackmore, former Deep Purple and Rainbow guitarist (Ritchie Blackmore's Rainbow, that is), has a new project named **Blackmore's Night**. Well, new to me - actually, **FIRES AT MIDNIGHT** follows two past releases (**SHADOW OF THE MOON** and **UNDER A VIOLET MOON**). Blackmore's Night is Ritchie's outlet for Renaissance styled music. While this project is far from being metal, the folk inspired songs are an excellent vehicle for some interesting and long forgotten instrumentation. The songs from **FIRES AT MIDNIGHT** contain some electric guitar work, but Blackmore's acoustic play is most prominently featured. Female vocalist Candice Night's richly textured vocal style fits perfectly within this release.

NUERRA: When you talk about an instrumental guitar album, you have to mention modes, scales, sweeps, phrasing, etc. Really though, can't we just by-pass all of the technical jargon and partisan rhetoric? At least for my sake? For as long as I've been playing guitar, to hell if I can hold an intelligent conversation pertaining to those aspects of guitar playing. I can tell you one thing - Neil Zaza is ass-less now that he's played it off on his latest offering, **STARING AT THE SUN**. If there's one thing that I really like about this release, it's the fact that this is a fully instrumental album, without the yam-



mering of some vocalist getting in the way. While Zaza's style allows him to pull out all of the stops at times, his lighter rock approach and soaring chops tend to sound a little too "inspirational" at times for my tastes. Over-all this is a very well played and recorded release.

HAMMERHEART: The band **Throneaeon** has been touted as the Swedish version of the band **Decide**. While there are some similarities, I've heard more blatant copy-cat versions of America's own kings of blasphemy. As though I even need to mention it, this band's Swede origin promises (and delivers) a sick, tight and superbly produced package. **NEITHER OF GODS** is pure death metal and has a U.S. release date of September 7th. Eric Rutan (**Hate Eternal** and **Morbid Angel**) has somehow found time for his side project **Alas**, and is releasing **ABSOLUTE PURITY**. Eric took total control of this project, writing all of the music and lyrics, playing all of the guitar and keyboard parts, producing and even co-mixing the final result. Eric emerged as a serious force with his



band **Hate Eternal**, and is further solidifying his creative stranglehold on death metal. **Alas** features female vocalist **Martina Astner**. Since Rutan was in total control of every aspect of this release, only he can take responsibility when **Martina's** operatic vocal style peels wall paper and shatters glass. Eric will be getting my bill via certified mail.

FREE ELECTRIC SOUND: **Vic Stevens** (drums) and **Scott McGill** (guitar) are following up their '99 release of **RIPE** with **ADDITION BY SUBTRACTION**. This time around, **Michael Manning** is handling the bass duties. The three musicians have a massive amount of musical history, personal musical accomplishments and experience, all finding their way into **ADDITION...** One note of metal interest - Manning is a member of the group **Attention Deficit**, which also features ex-**Testament** guitarist **Alex Skolnick**. **ADDITION BY SUBTRACTION** is an amazing journey into highly technical, experimental, jazz and fusion. An air of improv permeates this release, while just enough structure is added to keep an interesting edge.

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SUBTERRANEAN SECT



PIG DESTROYER
Prowler In The Yard
Relapse

Melding an insane musical attack with similarly jarring lyrical prose and an unmatched propensity to incite, "Prowler In The Yard" is a coal-black monolith of nihilism. "...don't miss out on this". - PIT



NEUROSIS
A Sun That Never Sets
Relapse

Coming August 7th!!!!!! A truly moving experience that demands to be heard, A Sun That Never Sets blends unprecedented beauty and radiance with the band's classic passion and power. The wait will be well worthwhile. Prepare.



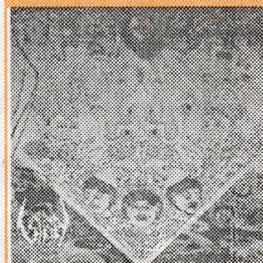
DECEASED
Behind The Mourner's Veil
Relapse

This gutwrenching new EP contains three new Deceased speedmetal rippers along with blistering covers of band favorites and metal classics from Tankard, Warfare, DRI, and Anthrax! Up the tombstones!



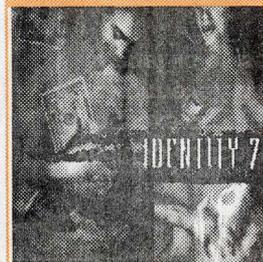
AT THE GATES/GROTESQUE
Gardens Of Grief/In The Embrace Of Evil
Century Media

Century Media Records is exposing the roots of Gothenburg's metal scene by releasing the monumental debut release from Grotesque combined with the original release from the band they evolved into-At The Gates. These revolutionary albums planted the seeds that would eventually sprout into the lush gardens that now house some of today's top metal acts such as In Flames, Arch Enemy, The Haunted, and Soilwork!



SIGH
Imaginary Sonicscapes
Century Media

Imaginary Sonicscapes is the fifth full-length release for Japan's frenetic metal trio, Sigh. Described as "f**ked up, crazier-than-a-sh*thouse- rat Japanese Metal assault" by Terrorizer and "utterly insane, yet also uniquely compelling" by Kerrang! this is one album that needs to be heard to be believed!



VARIOUS ARTISTS
Identity 7: Deadly Sins
Century Media

The latest in the Identity series featuring unreleased tracks from Skinlab, Stuck Mojo, Jag Panzer, Sigh and Century Media's latest signing, Scar Culture, as well as young up and coming acts like God Forbid, Krisiun and Haste. All surrounded by established names like Iced Earth, Candiria, Nevermore and Cryptopsy, among others.



AVANTASIA
The Metal Opera
 Century Media

Created by Edguy vocalist, Tobias Sammet, Avantasia's release is a true "metal opera" based around a fantasy story rife with deceit, treachery, religion, imprisonment and witchcraft, featuring members of Angra, Edguy, Gamma Ray, Helloween, Rhapsody, Stratovarius, Virgin Steele, Warrior and Within Temptation.



CREMATORY
Remind
 Nuclear Blast

Remind is a comprehensive retrospective of Crematory's illustrious musical history featuring all the top favorites from their extensive career. Harshness, melody, excellent guitar arrangements and catchy hooks are all elements incorporated within the Crematory style and Remind is an excellent example of Crematory's unique sound and vision. **AVAILABLE NOW!**



VARIOUS ARTISTS
Beauty In Darkness Volume 5
 Nuclear Blast

The Beauty In Darkness series is best known for its exceptional selection of bleak and brooding compositions from notable metal bands and Volume 5 is no exception. With such a broad selection of excellent bands like Dimmu Borgir, Nevermore, Amorphis and more, this collection of epic songs will surely appeal to all fans of metal and gothic blackness. **AVAILABLE NOW!**



VARIOUS ARTISTS
Nuclear Blast Festivals 2000
 Nuclear Blast

Nuclear Blast Festivals 2000 clearly demonstrates the brutal intensity and force behind some of Nuclear Blast's greatest bands and proves these acts have what it takes to devastate the stage. This awesome disc features killer live cuts from Destruction, Hypocrisy, Crematory, Kataklysm and Raise Hell at a fan friendly price. **AVAILABLE 8/7**



ZYKLON
World ov Worms
 Candlelight

World ov Worms is one of the year's heavy highlights. Featuring Samoth & Trym (Emperor), Destructhor (Myrkskog) and Daemon (Limbonic Art) is a mammoth album. Catch the band's US debut at the Milwaukee Metal Fest August 10/11.



DIABOLICAL MASQUERADE
Death's Design
 Olympic

The exceptional side project of KATATONIA's Blakkheim will hit store shelves on August 21st. Heavy music with a dark and morose edge composed and produced by Blakkheim and Dan Swanö.

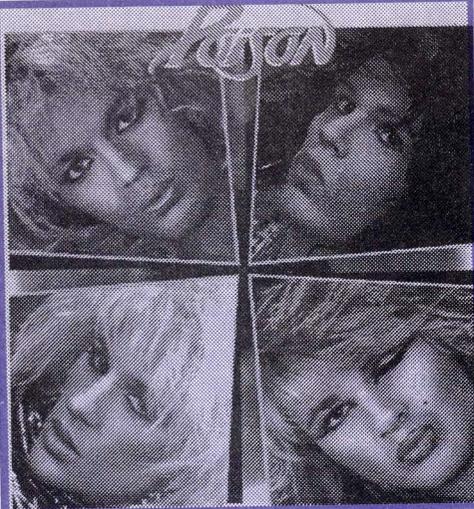
Performed by Diabolical Masquerade with guest musicians and the Maalten Quartet. www.olympicrecordings.com



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Fifth Member: Mike Brown

adding another layer of frosting on it. Pointless, though extra sweet. Please treat this interview the same way, Pointless, yet extra sweet.

One of the things that I hate about transcribing interviews is the inability to capture sarcasm and laughter into the written text. If you have been lucky enough to hear the actual tape recording of the phone interview I did with C.C., you would know exactly what I am talking about. His fucked up laugh and accent is hilarious but nearly impossible to type. That conversation is about the funniest 15 minutes of my life and anyone else's life who hears the tape. I will try to see if I can get the audio on the SLUG website (slugmag.com). Enjoy.

SLUG-Can you explain to our readers how you got kicked out of Poison?

C.C.—Um, I was screwing Brett's fiancé at the time. And I really didn't say anything about it to anybody. And then Bobby got mad at me and ratted me out. And when they confronted me I said no. But Brett's fiancé wanted to be with Brett more than me so then she confessed and then they kicked me out. But the ironic thing is that when they got the new guitar player the same thing happened to Richie.

I know what you are probably thinking. Why the hell would an underground mag such as SLUG want to interview C.C. DeVille of Poison? I think it's a valid question. To me the whole scenario is kind of like when a girl pierces her titties. I mean it's nice, but boobs already have built in decorations called nipples. And they usually come in 3 sizes, nickels, quarters, and silver dollars. It's like going to the bakery and buying a cake and then going home and putting

SLUG-Really? That's kind of funny.
C.C.—(Silence)
SLUG-Well not funny...Hm, well not funny but well alright, so is your name French?
C.C.—No.
SLUG-It's not? Have you and Brett Michaels ever done the Eiffel Tower on a chick before?
C.C.—What the hell is that?
SLUG-That's when you are both banging the same chick and you high ten.
C.C.—Ha Ha Ha!! No I haven't but that's definitely a good idea.
SLUG-Who's nailed more chicks, you or Brett?
C.C.—Oh, without a doubt, Brett.
SLUG-He's married now, right?
C.C.—No he's not really married. But when it comes to banging girls, I am like so secondary. Brett has this ferocious appetite. I normally try to get one load out a night and Brett will beat that. I think that's the reason we have such a big fan base is because they are all Brett's kids.
SLUG-Ha! That's funny! Have you ever rubbed cocaine on a girl's pussy lips?
C.C.—Oh yeah.
SLUG-What else?
C.C.—I would do blow on anything. Listen, I was such an addict that I would do blow off a guys balls as long as I was getting to do blow.
SLUG-Is that still true today?
C.C.—Oh no I haven't done blow in 7 years.
SLUG-Are you still pissed at David Lee Roth?
C.C.—I was never pissed at David Lee Roth.
SLUG-Never?
C.C.—Never. Who said I was pissed at David Lee Roth?
SLUG-I just heard something like you had some weird feud going on.
C.C.—Never. Not me anyway. I don't know about any other bands but Dave was great.
SLUG-Alright, let's do a word association? I'm going to say a word and you say the first thing that comes into your head. Wooget.
C.C.—What's a Wooget?
SLUG-It's a shaved pussy.
C.C.—Oh. Huh huh huh!! A wooget? (C.C. to some guy in the room) Hey do you know what a wooget is? A wooget's a shaved pussy! I love that word! Wait a minute, wait a minute! How do you spell wooget?
SLUG-I'm not sure I think it's w-o-o-g-e-t.
C.C.—That is great! I gotta... w-o-o-g-e-t. Anyway um, the first thing that comes to my mind, um I don't know that was very funny. I don't wanna offend anyone so I don't want to say but the second thing that comes to my mind is um, Beijing.
SLUG-Have you ever tried the stranger?
C.C.—What's that?
SLUG-It's when you sit on your hand until it falls asleep then you jack off.
C.C.—Oh god! I heard about that! No, but see I don't always get lucky. So um, that's definitely a good idea! I definitely want to try the stranger! Ha Ha! That's great!
SLUG-What about this one, the Houdini?
C.C.—What's that?
SLUG-That's when you're doing a girl doggy style and you pull out and spit on her back. So she thinks you came right? And then when she turns around you unleash it in her face.
C.C.—Ahaa! Ha! Ha! I love the Houdini!!! You're fuckin great man! Dude, we gotta hang out at the Salt Lake show. You're in Utah? There can't be that many people like you in Utah.
SLUG-Oh, fuck no, there's not.
C.C.—Oh I'm telling you, let's definitely make sure Mike Brown gets tickets cause he's out of his freakin mind! I can't wait! Cause you're bananas.
SLUG-Who is the most famous chick you have nailed?
C.C.—OK, well you see, the thing is remember when Shaquille O'Neal got in trouble for bragging about screwing Cindy Crawford? Well the most famous chick I banged was not as famous as Cindy Crawford but she's pretty famous. And if it ever came back I would probably never get it again. I would love to brag about it. If this chick ever gets married I'll call you back and let you know. But I don't want to jeopardize further intimacies if you know what I mean.



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My grossness just got me back stage passes to the Poison concert on August 22nd. Warrant and Quiet Riot will be there as well.

Dear Mike Brown,

I'm typically a very masculine man who does not like to talk openly about my sexuality, unless it involves sayings like "show me your tits" or "I'd fuck that!"

But I have a very peculiar obsession that I need to ask you about. I need to know if I am, in fact, "one of them queers" that I like to bash on Saturday nights in Exchange place.

Just so you can make a professional decision I would like to tell you a little about myself. I live in Magna, work out in the mines (driving those big damn trucks), drive a 4WD jacked up to the sky 1970's Chevy truck (friends don't let friends drive Fords) that is bored to the max, has 44's, and a gun rack. On Friday nights, which are payday, I get a case of Bud, a carton of Reds, and a full tank of gas. Then we head down to the Westerner to ride the bull. I always have a good girl on my lap when I drive around, but what really gets me going I like to do by myself. I like to stick guns in my ass, It is the true definition of "one in the chamber." It does not matter if the gun is a pistol, a rifle, or a double barrel shotgun. I like them all. The cold metal barrel in my ass allows me to reach previously unknown heights of pleasure.

My question to you Mike Brown is this: Am I a blue blooded proud American male, or a gay homo? It's not like I want to suck dick or anything, I just like guns a lot.

Sincerely,
Hunting in my own back yard.

Redneck Soxual Identity Crisis!

This letter has struck somewhat of a personal chord with me. It seems that you have been questioning your sexuality as of late. And I have been questioning weather or not I am a cowboy as of late. You see, I have been wearing my cowboy hat quite frequently and listening to really bad country. I have also had a fascination with the rodeo lately too. My friends think it's a facade to get trashy chicks and stand out at parties. I really think I might be a cowboy. Let me explain.

When I was a kid I had something shoved up my ass as well. It's kind of funny actually, because it actually has to do with my cowboyism. My sister likes horses a lot. I like my sister a lot. I liked her a lot more before her horse decided to trample me when I was a young boy and put me in the hospital for a month. I looked up to my sister quite a bit before this accident. I was well on my way to becoming a bongafiedsuburban shitkicker due to her influence. While I was in the hospital I experienced pain that I wish never to experience again. One of these discomforts had to do with things being shoved up my ass. When the horse trampled me it messed up some of the organs inside of me. This rendered me helpless against orally in taking any form of medicine. I was fed through a tube in my neck and when I needed pain medication, well, it was shoved up my ass in the form of a giant suppository. I swear to god (yeah, like there is one) that these pills were as big as my bird finger is today. It didn't hurt that bad, it just felt like I was taking a shit backwards. The gigantic pills were much like miniature butt submarines that were hurled into the dark sea known as my ass to seek and destroy the inner pains that were caused when my sister's quarter horse trampled me.

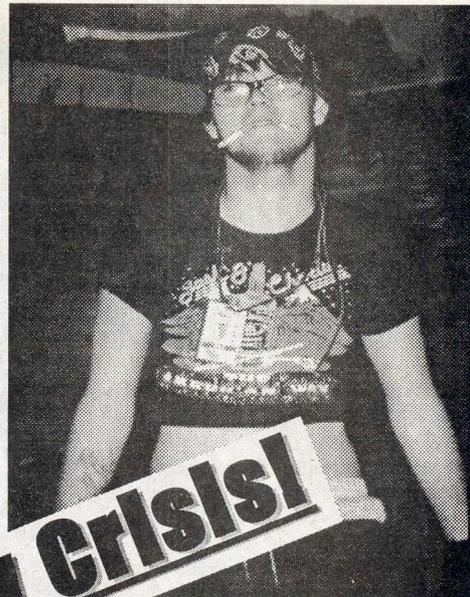
Naturally, now-a-days whenever I think of horses and cowboys I think of things going up my ass. So I am kind of biased and not really qualified to answer your question about whether or not you are a queer or not. In my eyes, you are, but that doesn't mean I'm right. If you really want to know if you are queer or not for shov-

ing guns up your ass ask your cowboy buddies. I am more than confident that they will tell you their honest opinion. I am also more than confident that they will then proceed to kick your ass and then tell you to play Russian roulette with a 9MM up your butt.

The word gay doesn't go along too well with to well with some words

but goes along just fine with others. For example: Gay + Jack and cokes, nope. Gay + Zima, Yup. Gay + Motorhead, nope. Gay + Morrissey, Yup. Gay + The American Flag, nope. Gay + Rainbow triangles, Yup. Gay + cocaine, nope. Gay + ecstasy, Yup.

Gay goes over with shit kickers like a sandpaper hand job. So be careful where you hunt. Some other advice I might give you is to try to shove as many different things up your ass as possible. I heard that the male g-spot is chillin' somewhere up there. Try toothless gerbils, toothbrushes, and may be different fruits and vegetables. Either way good luck dumb fuck. Mike Brown



UTAH'S NEW ROCK

The Blaze!

102.3

In July, 102.3 The Blaze sent two of our listeners to Denver to see

TOOL

LIVE at Red Rocks...
What did your station give away?

More Killer give aways in August on Utah's new rock 102.3 The Blaze!



The Apples In Stereo
Let's Go! EP

spinART
"Signal in the Sky," the Apples in Stereo's contribution to the soundtrack to the Powerpuff Girls TV show, provided an excuse for the group to release a set with two versions of "Signal" and three other songs. Not a throwaway in the bunch, it's classic Apples, as poppy as you've grown to love them for, only a bit more cartoony than usual. Powerpuff creator Craig McCracken liked "Signals" so much that he based an entire episode of the show around the song. The disc also has a live recording of a Beach Boys cover, "Heroes and Villains." What could be better than that for carefree summer listening?

—Stakerized!

Dub Syndicate
Acres of Space

Lion and Roots Records/EFA
Dub Syndicate redefines the world of dub for the fifteenth time in twenty years with dub masterpiece [*Acres of Space*]. With help from some of reggae's heaviest hitters such as Big Youth, Capleton, Luciano, and more, Dub Syndicate's new approach to production has effected the music in a righteously positive direction. In the past, D.S. has called upon Adrian Sherwood and his label USOUND for production. This time Lincoln "style" Scott (D.S. drummer and songwriter) is doing things on his own for his label "Lion and Roots". Sherwood was credited for final mix however. With this record, believe me when I say that D.S. beats have not aged. Try to picture the hardest beats with the heaviest bass set to fuel the instrumentals as they emerge from the outer limits of your speakers like an earthquake destroying Babylon.

—Rude Solo

Twisted Forever
A tribute to Twisted Sister
Koch Records

I figured that a tribute to one of the originators of hair metal couldn't be all bad. But when they put bands like Sevendust and Lit and wedge them between good bands like Motorhead and Nashville Pussy,

you'll be on the road to carpal tunnel syndrome in no time.

—Ricky Stink

Acid Mothers Temple & The Melting Paraiso U.F.O.

Absolutely Freak Out
Static Caravan/Resonant
Kawabata Makoto & rather large caravan's lysergic meltdown revisiting the era of psychedelic extended jams by way of Can, allowing a respectably small amount of modern electronic spice to blend in with the Lamonte Young style drones, noise guitar flourishes, analog space loungings, and acid folk. A fitting document of Psychodelia from Japan the land that has perhaps adopted Kraut rock, ceptin' fer the Faust reconception and earlier evolution into Einsturzende Neubauten und alle. Infinite lesser tadpoles have tried to take us on swimming lessons of the mind, but these scary lemon gypsies are deserving rock alchemists who'll throw you waves of arcane audiophilia. Of the eleven and counting releases from the prolific Acid Mothers collective so far this year, this hand numbered double album inside the naked cover art seems to be disappearing fastest.

—Davey Parrish

Super Chikan
Shoot That Thang
Rooster Blues

James "Super Chikan" Johnson is the nephew of Big Jack Johnson, a man famous for both his tenure with the Jelly Roll Kings and for his nickname "the Oil Man." Big Jack is called "the Oil Man" because he used to drive an oil truck. "Super Chikan" talked to chickens as a young child and he drove a cab very fast in Clarksdale, Mississippi. Super Chikan is something of a folk artist, when he isn't playing his blues he makes his own diddley bows and he manufactures guitars from smashed oil cans. He paints the state of Mississippi on his "oil can" guitars with acrylic paint. He's an acceptable player and at times his drummer, Dione Thomas, shakes loose with a pure Delta snap, crack and holler, but *Shoot That Thing* succeeds on funk, jams and lyrics. Perhaps the best example is the title song. "Little Miss Muffet was settin' on a bucket/she wouldn't give it to me/I pushed her over and I took it/Little Jack Horner settin' in the corner/beatin' his meat just like he wanna/Shoot that thing/You gotta shoot that thing/Shoot it all night long." See him live Aug. 27 at the Dead Goat.

—Walter

I Am the World Trade Center
Out of the Loop

Kindercore
Naming his band as a joke, Kindercore chief Daniel Geller has created with singer Amy Dykes the most recent excursion of indie rock into dance pop, and it's not annoying at all, because the gimmicky synth effects are kept to a minimum and it's all in service of infectious rhythms and hummable melodies, not to mention Dykes' syrupy vocals that are pleasantly lulling. And the entire project was recorded on a notebook computer. The group played Kilby Court July 27, and had the place as close to dancing as the local laws will allow.

—Stakerized!

Warped Tour 2001 Tour
Compilation

Various Artists
Side One Dummy Records
No matter what you thought about this year's Warped Tour, one thing's for sure, this compilation kicks ass. It has 26 unreleased songs from bands on this and last year's Warped Tour. It also showcases bands on the East Coast and West Coast legs of the Tour. Every band has contributed a song unavailable anywhere else. And that's what makes this compilation so killer. For instance, some of my favorite songs and bands, including The Vandals with "Single White Male", Flogging Molly with, "Rebels of the Sacred Heart", Swingin' Utters with "The Lonely", and Kill Your Idols with "Hippie Song". Plus unavailable songs from: Rancid, The Bouncing Souls, Anti-Flag, A.F.I., H2O, The Ataris, No Use For A Name, The Living End, Deviates, Mighty Mighty Bosstones, and Me First and the Gimmie Gimmies. Definitely a disc to own if you are a fan of any of these bands. Ahh, the memories of sweating in the sun and choking on the dust.

—Keolar7

Spanic Boys
Torture

Checkered Past Records.
Sadly the reintroduction of the Beatles through a crass, and multi-platinum marketing ploy known as *Beatles 1* hasn't enlisted a new brigade in the Swag fan club, and the Spanic Boys have even less respectability due to several head nods at tax dodging Chuck Berry. Name dropping like a motherfucker and no one understands what the hell? Swag is a super-group which includes a Cheap Trick and a Maverick and their CD bears a remarkable similarity to the Beatles. Chuck Berry hates the IRS and he's served prison time just to prove it. The Spanic Boys, a father and son

team comprised of Tom (the father) and Ian Tom Spanic (the son) released a handful of records during the late '80s and early '90s. At the time they were hoeing rows planted by the Everly Brothers and Buddy Holly. Today they enter the weedy retro-pop field with roots intact and harmonies more Beatles than Everly. Now, just in case some lonely person reading this has heard of Swag, your next visit to a locally owned and operated record shop should include a *Torture* purchase.

—Walter

Home Vol. III:
Pavo/Rhythm of Black Lines Split EP

Post Parlo Records
It's two years since the last installment in Post Parlo Records' series, and this one was expected a year ago. But good things take time, and everything about this, from the packaging, in book-quality foldout paper sleeves and booklet to the music itself, was painstakingly put together. Neither of these Texas groups will fit your image of "Southern rock." The former's subtle instrumentals are calming, and the latter's more upbeat sound is unusual even for math rock, with chorus pedal in the forefront on the guitar. "Austin, Texas Will Be Devoured Then Passed Through the Bowels of a Heavy Set Arabian Camel." Well, they say everything's bigger in Texas; must be true of their song titles also. Only it's too bad the camel didn't get to work before Bush II left town.

—Stakerized!

Two Man Advantage
Don't Label Us
Go-Kart Records

It's about time I get a cd that is worthy of my finely tuned musical ear. Every fuckin song is about hockey or getting fucked up, and they're not even from Canada! You can't go wrong with a front man that is hairy as an ape and pushing 300 lbs. Fuckin A I can't say enough good about this band. When god made punk rock this is what he had in mind.

—Ricky Stink

Kill Your Idols
Funeral For A Feeling
Side One Dummy Records

Probably the most pissed off and aggro punk record of the year hands down. Fans of The Exploited and Good Riddance will absolutely wet themselves when they hear this disc. There are no slow songs here for teenyboppers to cry themselves to sleep by, this is seventeen tracks of balls to the wall, take no prisoners, fast and furious power punk. Be warned! This band is not for the

weak of heart. What sets them apart from other punk bands is their lead singer's gruff and menacing vocals that give the music a dirty and powerful thrust into the senses of the average listener. Those people looking for a refreshing new punk band that isn't watered down must rush out right now and order this absolutely fucking brilliant and compelling disc now. Don't forget to see them when they come to Kilby Court this month. Oi!

—Keolar7

Wu Tang
Wu Chronicles Chapter II
Wu Tang Records/ Priority
Who cares if this collection of collaborations, guest shots, solo joints, and Wu disciple initiation rites of passage is any good? The real question remains when is Ol' Dirty Bastard getting out of jail? After a wild few years of saving a young girl from a burning car, bum rushing Shawn Colvin's song of the year Grammy acceptance in '98, crack busts, rehab escapes, a fugitive appearance at "The W" release show, and subsequent rearrest, sentencing delays, and suicide watch, ODB was sentenced to 2 to 4 years on July. With time served counting and previous charges dropped for the guilty plea, he might be out as early as next year, pending ODB is ready and gets the help he wants. The stuff on *Chronicles* is all the old off joints you downloaded from Napster with a few new teasers thrown in. You'd be better off waiting for upcoming RZA and Ghostface Killer solo bombs, Methodman appearances on HBO's OZ, or venturing west for August Ghostface & Raekwon live dates.

—Davey Parrish

Belle and Sebastian
Sing... Jonathan David 3-song EP
Matador
Classically clever 60's style album cover and retro sound that in spots could have been orchestrated by Phil Spector, this is full of allusions both musical and literary. Herein is retold the story of David and Goliath, from the point of view of Jonathan, the odd man out. Sure, David gets the girl after slaying the beast, but what's left for Jonathan, the everyday dreamer? After the title track, "Take Your Carriage Clock and Shove It" is a middle-class British "Take This Job and Shove It," and "The Loneliness of a Middle Distance Runner" is a tableau of modern day ennui. Lest you fall prey to the common fallacy that B+S=effete sweater-wearing nerds, check out the guitar solo on "Runner." This song surprisingly rocks, at least for this group. Without a long-player from them, this is still one of the best releases of the year so

far. As Pink Floyd once said, "hanging on in quiet desperation is the English way." Only in this case it's not so quiet. It only sounds that way.

—Stakerized!

59 Times the Pain
Calling the Public
Epitaph/Burning Heart
Their name sounds like they should be on some fuckin' death metal label. But then you listen to the disk and it sounds more like a modern day Clash. Even the title of their album sounds alarming like the classic Clash album. Anyway, the band is from Sweden so I immediately compare them to Scandinavian standard of Gluecifer and the Hellcopters. They don't even come close.

—Ricky Stink

Wagon Christ
Musipal
Ninjatune
Heard some PLUG stuff that was alright, so I gave this new Luke Vibert / Wagon Christ a chance. I'm sad to say that this is thoroughly unengaging pop wallpaper that makes me want to stuff a multi-colored giant lollipop up an ecstasy popping candy raver kid's ass. Nothing new served up here, just vapid rehash that your grandmother could get jiggy with once the octogenarian sect is won over. You might want to consider abandoning yourself on a piece of ice crumbling out to the Arctic Sea if you enjoy this blasé crap.

—Davey Parrish

Mark Lanegan
Field Songs
Sub Pop
Mark Lanegan was lead singer for the Screaming Trees, one of the most underrated bands to come out of the grunge period in Seattle in the early 90's. Where most grunge tried to overpower with extremes of noise and rhythm, ST polished their musical weapons to a finely pitched point, subtle yes, but also with bite. The trees that gave up their lives for their guitars surely must have been screaming. But I haven't even mentioned his epic quality voice. Now on his third solo release, Lanegan's music is stripped down to its bare essentials, but his talent is such that it's just highlighted all the more. This stark set recalls some of John Doe's solo work, with more of an alt-country bent. He's aided by former Dinosaur Jr. bassist Mike Johnson and Ben Shepherd from Soundgarden, as well as cameos from a number of others, including Mark Boquist from Uncle Tupelo, and Duff McKagan. "Kimiko's Dream House" was written with the late Jeffrey Lee Pierce of Gun Club, who Lanegan's voice most closely resembles. With all the throwaway

music today, it's almost a miracle to find someone trying to make music that means something again.

—Stakerized!

Rapoon
Messianic Ghosts
Klanggalerie
An edition of 500 that is a repress of a CD-R that was limited to 50, a 7" limited to 100, and a couple of unreleased tracks. Floats in the ethno ambient vein of earlier Rapoon and Rapoon man Robin Storey era Zoviet France, fans of this stuff will be pleased. Neither groundbreaking nor remarkable, yet a successful straightforward release from perhaps the foremost name in ambient since Brian Eno. Appreciation of these discs usually increases with subsequent listenings once you start peeling off layers and realize how dense some of this stuff can get.

—Davey Parrish

Bardo Pond
Dilate
Matador
Philadelphia's Bardo Pond is known for their psychedelic sonic assault, and their newest one doesn't disappoint. "Dilate" could refer to the pupil of the eye under hallucinogens, or a mother about to give birth, but either way, the group has given birth to a vehicle of transport to altered states. Lumbering numbers build up very slowly with just enough melody to move things along, plenty of distortion, fuzz, wah-wah and other guitar effects, and before you know it, it's under your skin and the walls are breathing. The whole album tends to blend together, but standout tracks are "Aphasia," with it's riff repeated over and over until you could forget your own name, and "LB," which is at least that heavy, and weighs in as the most rockingest thing on the disk. In the name-dropping department, my Hassle Power Ride opened for them on their sole appearance here at Kilby Court.

—Stakerized!

Forever Goldrush
Halo In My Backpack
Headhunter
Call it what you want, alternative country, honky-tonk, rock n roll, or just plain shit. This is music for your alternative coffee house older brother who swears scarves are the next big trend. This band is a prime example of when western music becomes hip in larger niche markets, thus transforming into its own breed of bastardized alternative country honky tonk bullshit.

—Ricky Stink

Current Ninety Three/ Nurse With Wound
Bright Yellow Moon & Purtle
World Serpent Distribution



David Tibet's spiritual journey presented to us in *Current 93* has been turning more personal with recent works and here he give us his most personal, an account of his recent illness and brush with death, a long favorite subject. *Bright Yellow Moon* is a soundscape storybook of that experience that is ambitiously illustrated with narrative appropriations and the wavy cut up drones of lifelong friend/Nurse With Woundman Steven Stapleton. The two have been working together for 20 years and continue to present works both challenging and original. Tibet, who has been letting us in on his sometimes painful churnings of loss and change, emerges from the turmoil clearer and affirmed. The grimmeries not only involve his own near death, but also testimony to a Purple Angel of Death visiting a hospital mate. The Purtle companion disc is only available direct from World Serpent.

—Davey Parrish

Pleasure Forever
S/T
Sub Pop Records
This disc is simply amazing. Think Tom Waits/Nick Cave influencing Cop Shoot Cop and the end result is this band. *Pleasure Forever's* new disc is interlaced with beautiful and passionate piano playing while the rest of the band deconstructs and belts out some dark and disturbing musical dirges. Pirate music? No. Dark lounge music? No. Although certain aspects of these could be attributed to this disc. Take for instance the name of some of the songs, "Any port in a storm", "You and I were meant to drown", and "Curtain call for a whispering ghost". I recommend this album highly for fans of two types of music, indie music fans will go apeshit over the stylistic and artistic approach of music making by this band. And fans of dark, but atmospheric, (not "Gothic"), music will really dig this. Buy it, pop the cork on a bottle of wine, light candles, and gorge yourself on the incredible and creative genius of this band.

—Keolar7



Plea For Peace Take Action
Compilation
Sub City Records

I don't really like Compilation CDs. I like to listen to a CD to get a certain feeling. Compilations put off too many feelings leaving me feeling schizophrenic and confused. But this compilation is actually all right. It has 28 bands (too many to name all but here's a few: AFI, At the Drive-in, The Eyaliners, TSOL, Hot Water Music, Selby Tigers...) and lots more. It is also for a good cause, The National Hopeline Network, AKA 1-800-SUICIDE. I personally am all for suicide for people who want to do it. Less people less problems. Besides every day we are alive is just another day closer to our death anyway. I am an idiot. If you disagree, go buy this CD and discover a new band to like. Also Shepard Fairey did the cover art and he's cool.

-Mike Brown

Snuff
Blue Gravy: Phase 9
Fat Wreck Chords

Shit man, this band could never do wrong. If y'all haven't been introduced to kick ass music of Snuff yet, then I shake my head at disbelief and shame at all of you. Snuff hails from England, they're a five piece with bass, guitar, drums, Hammond organ, and trombone player. They play punk and soul really fucking well. It's amazing how this band can kick out some dirty and scathing power punk and then the next song do an instrumental soul jam that gets the booty shaking. This new disc should really be an EP, since there are only five new songs, while the rest are two new versions of older songs, and two live songs. But if you are a Snuff fan, or if you want an introduction to them then get this killer new disc and find out why Fat Mike takes Snuff on tour with NOFX every year.

-Kevar7

The Nerve Agents
The Butterfly Collection
Hellcat Records

I like the sound of this band a lot; they have all the makings of a good punk rock band. But I quickly ran

into problems with the lyrical content. I'm so fucking sick of political bullshit it makes me want to not only smash the disk but smash all the fucking kooks in the band. All this aside, I'm still optimistic; give them five years of drug abuse and they just might turn out to be ok.

-Ricky Stink

Sick On The Bus
Set Fire to Someone of Authority
Empty Records

I love this CD. It is how punk rock is supposed to be. No pussy marketable bubble gum shit rock here. See, I like my punk rock like I like my women, fast, sloppy, and bitter. Just like these guys. File under The Criminals and Circle Jerks.

-Mike Brown

Cursive
Burst and Bloom EP
Saddle Creek

After "Domestica" chronicled the tempestuous end of singer Tim Kasher's marriage, is Cursive ready to settle down? Well, they are set to burst and bloom into the next phase of their creative cycle, no less intense. On "Sink To the Beat," with it's tottering new wave-influenced dancey beat, he sings "some melodies are like disease, they can inflame your misery," and it's an apt description of his own music. Only he's talented enough to make you like it at the same time.

-Stakerized!

CkY
Volume 1
Island Records

When I first listened to this disc I didn't like it. But after giving it a couple more spins, I was totally amazed at the sure genius of this band. The best way I would describe them is a metal version of Failure, with elements of Queens of the Stone Age and Faith No More thrown in. The disc starts off with these kind of groove metal nuggets that sound good, but then shifts into soulful deconstructions that takes different forms of music and throws it into the mix of their musical composition. What makes the band even more compelling is the lead singer's beautiful and passionate delivery. That boy can sing!! Killer tracks are "My Promiscuous Daughter", and "The Human Drive in Hi-Fi". For people who like a little edge in music that's experimental and different check out CkY, who have now remastered and Enhanced their disc for a wider audience.

-Kevar7

Smogtown
Domesticviolenceand
Disaster Records

These guys need to take an English class. Just look at the title of the

album. They play aggressive punk rock, and the music is ok. But back to the English class, their lyrics straight up suck. Good thing they have a good guitar player. Oh, well. If you saw these guys live they would probably have their amps up so loud that you wouldn't have to hear the words. They also have suburban angst. Get over it. Ghetto angst or trailer park angst is understandable. Suburban Angst is stupid. If you are stupid and have Suburban Angst go buy this record.

-Mike Brown

The Lillingtons
The Backchannel Broadcast
Panic Button

My good friend Roids swears up and down about how good this band is. Roids spends two hours a night on his hair alone just getting ready to go to some crappy bar. He is also partial to wearing tight Ricky Martin style t-shirts. I know that I am painting a bad picture of one of my good friends, but what you take advice from a guy like that? So if you are into punk rock and try to be pretty at the same time, then you should undoubtedly love this cheesy gem.

-Ricky Stink

Insolence
Revolution
Maverick Records

My CDs and skateboard got stolen out of my car a little while ago. I wish that I had this CD in my car at the time so that it would get stolen. I would feel so much better about my truck getting raped knowing that the cunt-brained thief stole this CD. That would be punishment enough, so that if I ran into him I wouldn't have to beat him up. I didn't even open the wrapping or listen to this CD, I just read the Bio and looked at the cover and I knew how bad it sucks. The bio compares them to I.C.P., Soulfly, And Kottonmouth Kings. The picture of them on the back shows a bunch of white guys with dreadlocks. I do not trust any white guy with dreadlocks. You shouldn't either. I am going to go to the Taylorsville Skate Park and find a kid in raver pants riding a BMX smoking oregano out of a sprinkler pipe and sell him this CD for 4 bucks so I can buy some cigarettes. And if anyone sees a kid riding a Hookups Skateboard with Fucktards written on the trucks, that's my board and beat him up cuz he stole it.

-Mike Brown

Tiger Army
II: Power Of Moonlite
Hellcat Records

If I ever heard anyone describe this music as gothably, I would beat the

living shit out of 'em. This has nothing to do with pansy-ass Gothics. This is Psychobilly, plain and simple. Tiger Army plays a stand-up bass, has tattoos, and does 50's style rock n' roll with elements of punk mixed in for a fiery and fierce combustible energy. They sing about B-Movie subjects of ghouls, ghosts, eerie fog, and creepy creatures of the night, the Cramps and Deadbolt. Fans of rockabilly and bands like The Amazing Crowns and Rev. Horton Heat will dig this, Gothics should wash off the make-up and rip-up their mommy's dresses, this sure as hell isn't music for sensitive dark "Skinny Puppy" types. Grease the hair back, put on the blue jeans and find out more about this genre of music, you'll love it. Because, this is rock n' roll, motherfuckers!!!

-Kevar7

The Unband
Retarder
TVT Records

In between all the carefully groomed and marketed pop punk bands, whatever happened to real punk attitude? Hell, this stuff is so punk it's beyond punk, it's just balls-out rock and roll. "Too Much is Never Enough" isn't just a song; they sing it like it's a way of life. "(Sure Do Feel Like A) Piece of Shit" didn't come out of any focus group. "Cocaine Whore" sounds like the kind of fucked-up lounge music PooPeeDee used to make with Crapshoot. You can see the group's video for their cover of Billy Squier's "Everybody Wants You" at the end of the video of "Scary Movie."

-Stakerized!

Kill Your Idols
Funeral For A Feeling
Side One Dummy Records

Probably the most pissed off and aggro punk record of the year hands down. Fans of The Exploited and Good Riddance will absolutely wet themselves when they hear this disc. There are no slow songs here for teenyboppers to cry themselves to sleep by, this is seventeen track of balls to the wall, take no prisoners, fast and furious power punk. Be warned! This band is not for the weak of heart. What sets them apart is their lead singer's gruff and menacing vocals that give the music a dirty and powerful thrust into the senses of the average listener. Those people looking for a refreshing new punk band that isn't watered down must rush out right now and order this absolutely fucking brilliant and compelling disc now. Don't forget to see them when they come to Kilby Court this month. Oi!

-Kevar7

SLUG MAG's Guide to Gallery Stroll

by *Mariah Mann*

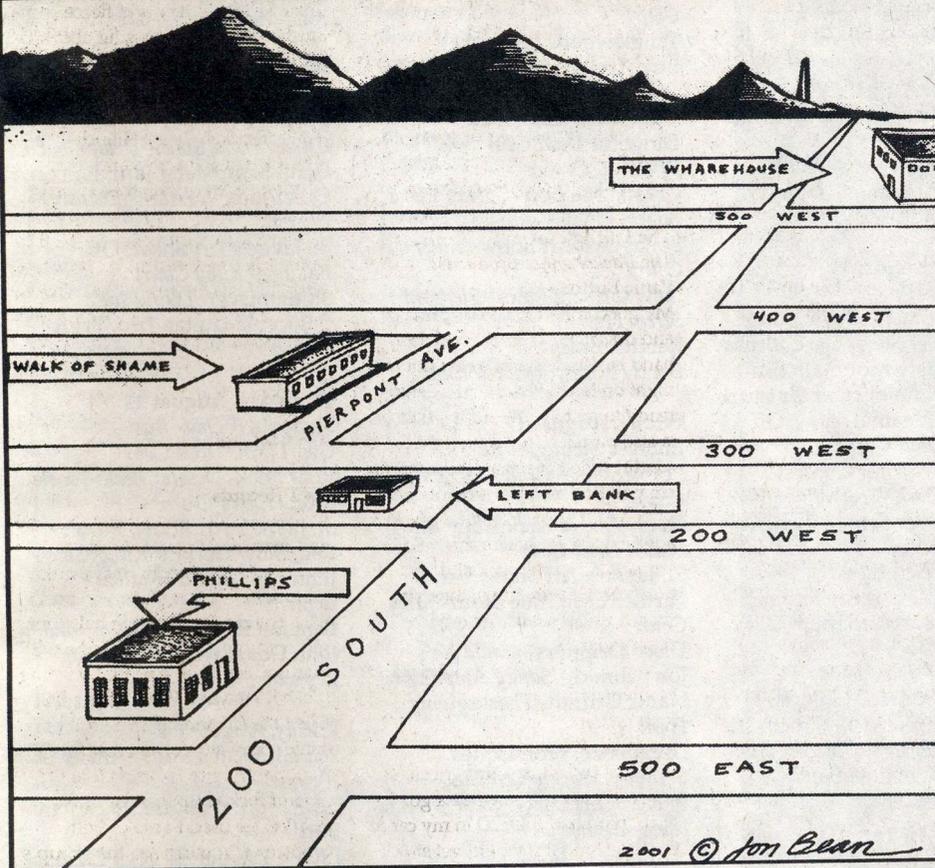
As we glide through summer I would like to encourage you all to take time to look at art. It is important to support local artists by checking out their work. The local gallery stroll held on the third Friday of each month and is a great place to start. Opening receptions for new exhibits are generally held on this night. The galleries are open at 6pm and accept people until 9pm.

Phillips Gallery has three floors of art and a fabulous patio with sculptures to challenge your imagination. For the August gallery stroll, Phillips will be displaying recent works by all their *local in-house artists*.

Left Bank Gallery has *Susan Daniels* showing her figurative works ranging from paintings and sketches to large wood etched panels.

Walk of Shame studio presents *Nicole Morgenthau*. Nicole is a photographer specializing in panoramic landscapes of Central and South America

The Warehouse, is the best place to finish your evening of strolling. *Derek Dyer* presents "CATAclysmic" a theme show, featuring 20 artists using cats in their work.



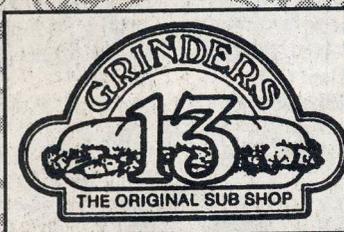
Paintings, photographs, and sculpture will be shown. Admission fees benefit the Best Friends Animal Sanctuary. Best Friends houses 1500 animals with a no kill policy. There will be live music by Cosm which have a drum and bass sound. Show starts at 7pm and continues until 11pm.

On thursday, August 30 from 6 - 9 pm SLC Artist Fletcher Booth will have an opening for his solo show titled "Head". The show is in Ogden on the Weber State University Campus. Go to the Collett Art Building between the Browning Fine Arts Center and the Stewart Library. Download a map at www.weber.edu/weberstatemap/default.html

This is a partial list of participating galleries on the gallery stroll. For more information check www.citysearch.com (type in galleries). If you have any tips on where local art is happening, please feel free to email me at mariahm@worldstrides.com SUPPORT LOCAL ART!

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Unlucky Boys

8/8 @ Burts*
8/11th @ Burts*
8/18 @ Burts*
8/31st @ Burts*
9/9 @ SABBATHON!

* a private club for members

Daily Calendar

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

Sunday, August 5

Ghostface Killah, Raekwon-
Brick's
Highball Train- *Burt's*
BMW, Cosm, Off Balance- *Kilby Court*
Lucinda Williams- *Red Butte Gardens*
Richmond Fontaine- *Zephyr*

Monday, August 6

Warsaw- *Burt's*
Curtis Selgado- *Dead Goat*
Richard Starky clinic- *Wagstaff Music*
Lion- *Zephyr*

Tuesday, August 7

Ponticello- *Dead Goat*
Melissa Warner- *Brown Bag Lunch, Exchange Place*
Les Stitches, Malakas, Trash Brats- *Kilby Court*
Pernice Brothers, Gerald Music- *Liquid Joe's*
Lo Fi Breakdown- *OSHuck's*
Goldfinger, Reel Big Fish, Movie Life- *State Fairpark*
After the Flood- *Zephyr*

Wednesday, August 8

Pissed on Arrival, Unlucky Boys- *Burt's*
T-Bone Blues Band- *Dead Goat*
RX Bandits, My Pet Robot- *Kilby Court*
Liquid Friction- *Liquid Joe's*
Volcom Misty Mountain Skate Rock Tour- *Proving Grounds, Orem*
Godzilla vs. Mothra- *OSHuck's*
Richard Smith- *Wagstaff Music*
Jive- *Zephyr*

Thursday, August 9

Revelators- *Burt's*
Gearl Jam- *Dead Goat*
Allison Brown- *Gallivan Center*
Jive- *Harry O's*
Unseen, Lower Class Brats, Endless Struggle- *Kilby Court*
Chola- *Liquid Joe's*
Hoo-Ray-Hoo- *OSHuck's*
Volcom Misty Mountain Skate Rock Tour- *Real Ride*
David Kirton- *Safari Club*
Charlie Hunter, Allison Brown- *Twilite Concerts*
Blue Oyster Cult- *Weber County Fair*
Swagger- *YaBut's*
Bob Schneider- *Zephyr*

Friday, August 10

Valhere- *ABC's (Provo)*
Wormdrive- *Burt's*
Jay Johnson Band- *Dead Goat*
Smash Mouth, Willa Ford,

Mandy Moore, American Hi-Fi, Dante Thomas- *Deer Valley*
Zivio- *Brown Bag Lunch, Exchange Place*
Royal Bliss- *Liquid Joe's*
Volcom Misty Mountain Skate Rock Tour- *Real Ride*
Alchemy CD release, Red Bennies, Fumamos- *YaBut's*
Tony Furtado- *Zephyr*

Saturday, August 11

Fig- *ABC's (Provo)*
Cookie, Unlucky Boys- *Burt's*
Slickrock Gypsies- *The Canyons*
Volcom Misty Mountain Skate Rock Tour- *Connection Skatepark*
Thirsty Alley final show, Off Balance- *Dead Goat*
KRCL Songwriter Contest- *Egyptian (Park City)*
Hudson River School (benefit)- *Gallivan Center*
Idiocracy- *Getty's*
Alchemy CD release, Firebird Band, Mercury Program- *Kilby Court*
Royal Bliss- *Liquid Joe's*
Lo Fi Breakdown- *Mulligan's*
Big Yellow Truck, Taylors, Jim Looney- *Wagstaff Music*
KC & the Sunshine Band- *Westminster College*
Gamma Rays- *Zephyr*

Sunday, August 12

Highball Train- *Burt's*
Founder's Bluegrass Fest- *Deer Valley*
Casualties, Strap Onz, Endless Struggle, Bright Lights- *Kilby Court*
Park City Bluegrass Festival
Reggae Sol Jah- *Zephyr*

Monday, August 13

Cloven Hoof- *Burt's*
Mick Taylor. Eric Sardinias- *Dead Goat*
Blink 182- *E Center*
Isis- *Kilby Court*
Leroy & Iffy- *Liquid Joe's*
The Hickies- *Loopers (Teasdale)*
Buddy Guy- *Red Butte Gardens*
Spitball, Royal Bliss- *Trolley Square*
Leroy- *Zephyr*

Tuesday, August 14

Al Dine- *Burt's*
Hans Olsen- *Dead Goat*
Andi Camp- *Kilby Court*
Superdrag- *Liquid Joe's*
Nucleus- *Zephyr*

Wednesday, August 15

Skint- *Burt's*
Larry McCray- *Harry O's*
St. Jayne's Art Show, Pop

Unknown, Pieces of 8- *Kilby Court*
Tanglewood- *Liquid Joe's*
Luv Apple- *Zephyr*

Thursday, August 16

Dingoes- *Dead Goat*
WWF- *E Center*
Crystal Method- *Galaxy Plaza*
Baaba Maal- *Gallivan Center*
St. Jayne's Art Show- *Kilby Court*
New Orleans Juice- *Pierpont Street Fest*
Rebirth Brass
Band/Porterhouse- *Zephyr*

Friday, August 17

Endless Struggle- *Burt's*
Porterhouse- *Club Creation (Park City)*
Harry Lee & Back Alley Blues Band- *Dead Goat*
St. Jayne's Art Show, Land Farther East, Blue Hour- *Kilby Court*
Disco Drippers- *Liquid Joe's*
Jon Schmidt- *Sandy Amphitheater*
Nanci Griffith- *Thanksgiving Point*
Decadence, Promisques, Serabes- *Wagstaff Music*
Wave Sport Party, New Orleans Juice- *Zephyr*

Saturday, August 18

Crack, Thunderfist- *Burt's*
Jonathan McEwan- *the Canyons*
Zion Tribe- *Dead Goat*
Judy Collins- *Deer Valley*
Oskar, Arab On Radar, Zero to Hero- *Kilby Court*
Disco Drippers- *Liquid Joe's*
Moshmellows- *Wagstaff Music*
Boreal Party, Insatiable- *Zephyr*

Sunday, August 19

Highball Train- *Burt's*
St. Jayne's Art Show, Life in Braille- *Kilby Court*
Leon Russell, John McEwan- *Red Butte Gardens*
Hookhead- *Zephyr*

Monday, August 20

Beauties, Thunderfist- *Burt's*
Junior Watson- *Dead Goat*
Backstreet Boys, Shaggy, Krystal- *Delta Center*
James Woods- *Zephyr*

Tuesday, August 21

Up Yer Sleeve- *Burt's*
Medicine Circus, Six Shot-

Trolley Square
Itals- Zephyr

Wednesday, August 22

Against All Authority, Conflict- *Brick's*
Closet Poets Slam- *Dead Goat*
Glam Slam Metal Jam: Poison, Quiet Riot, Warrant- *Delta Center*
St. Jayne's Art Show, Off Balance- *Kilby Court*
Slumpbuster- *Liquid Joe's*
California Guitar Trio, Fruit- *Zephyr*

Thursday, August 23

Shappy's B-Day- *Burt's*
Gearl Jam- *Dead Goat*
Rockstock- *Deseret Peak, Tooele*
Fruit- *Harry O's*
St. Jayne's Art Show, Blood Red, Slow Gerkin- *Kilby Court*
John Hammond- *Gallivan Center*
Bennion Road- *UofU Carnival*
John Doe/Living Daylights- *Zephyr*

Friday, August 24

2&Half White Guys- *ABC's (Provo)*
Compound Fraxure, Faceplant- *Burt's*
Living Daylights- *Club Creation (Park City)*
Nova Paradiso- *Dead Goat*
An Evening of Guitars & Saxes- *Deer Valley*
Rolling Summer Music Festival: Galactic, Juice, Particle, Ween- *Huntsville*
Rockstock- *Deseret Peak, Tooele*
St. Jayne's Art Show, Mates of State, Chubby Bunny- *Kilby Court*
Sleepytime Gorilla Museum, Erosion, Violet Run- *Yabut's*
Disco Drippers- *Zephyr*

Saturday, August 25

Maladjusted- *Burt's*
KarmaKanics- *Dead Goat*
Rockstock- *Deseret Peak, Tooele*
Rolling Summer Music Festival: Galactic, Juice, Particle, Ween- *Huntsville*
St. Jayne's Art Show, Soulstice- *Kilby Court*
Park City Jazz Festival
Rockstock- *Deseret Peak, Tooele*
Disco Drippers- *Zephyr*

Sunday, August 26

Highball Train- *Burt's*
Spyro Gyra- *Deer Valley*
Rockstock- *Deseret Peak, Tooele*
Rolling Summer Music

Festival- *Huntsville*
 Experimental Noise—*Rival*
 Schools, Sons of the Atom,
 Brain, Spkrklr- *Kilby Court*
 Park City Jazz Festival
 Off Balance- *Urban Lounge*
 Young Dubliners- *Zephyr*

Monday, August 27
 James "Super Chikan" Johnson-
Dead Goat
 Millhouse- *Zephyr*

Tuesday, August 28
 Al Dine- *Burt's*
 Dave Matthews Band- *Delta*
Center
 Steel Pulse, Ordinary K- *Harry*
O's
 Carlos Washington & Giant
 People- *Zephyr*

Wednesday, August 29
 Cold Mountain Rhythm Band-
Dead Goat
 Steel Pulse, Ordinary K- *Harry*
O's
 New Brutalism, Relative, Form
 of Rocket- *Kilby Court*
 Champion, Breaker Breaker-
Wagstaff Music
 Vinyl- *Zephyr*

Thursday, August 30
 Terrance Hanson- *Dead Goat*
 Kate McLeod- *Gallivan Center*

Fletcher Booth art opening-
WSU (Ogden)
 Djate- *Zephyr*

Friday, August 31
 Merlin, Tommy Gun Killers,
 Unlucky Boys- *Burt's*
 Fig- *Dead Goat*
 Swank 5- *Liquid Joe's*
 The Fixx, Bacon Brothers- *SL*
Music Fest
 Kristagong & the Others-
Zephyr

Saturday, September 1
 Swank 5- *Getty's*

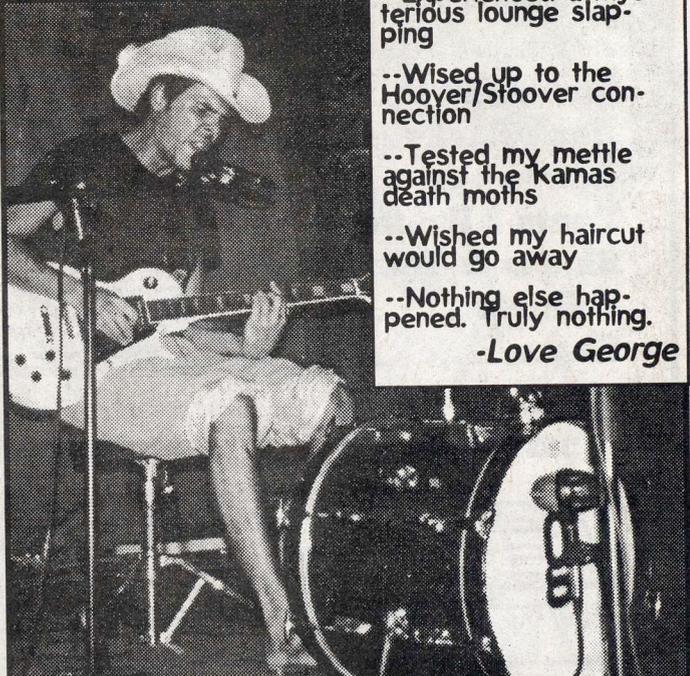
Sunday, September 2
 Julie Hill- *Sundance*

Monday, September 3
 Murray City Music Festival-
 2642614

Tuesday, September 4
 Impossibles, River City High,
 Recover- *Kilby Court*
 Illborn, Kyrospp6- *Trolley Square*

Wednesday, September 5
 The Impossibles- *Kilby Court*
 Pick up the new SLUG-
Anyplace Cool!

What's Up With George ?



Dear SLUG, This Month I...

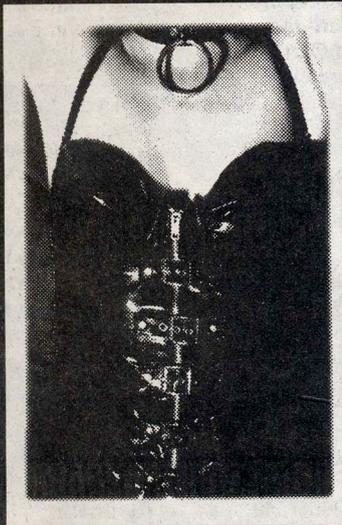
- Placed in the Olympic drum trials
 - Did not beat the world record
 - Experienced a mysterious lounge slapping
 - Wised up to the Hoover/Stoover connection
 - Tested my mettle against the Kamas death moths
 - Wished my haircut would go away
 - Nothing else happened. Truly nothing.
- Love George**

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Other
Salt Lake
City.

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August
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Club
for
Members



Live
Music
with
Little
Sap
Dungeon

Fetish Music
with DJ
Wookie

Fetish attire
encouraged.
Creativity.
to be
rewarded.

Live
Shows.

Art
Display.

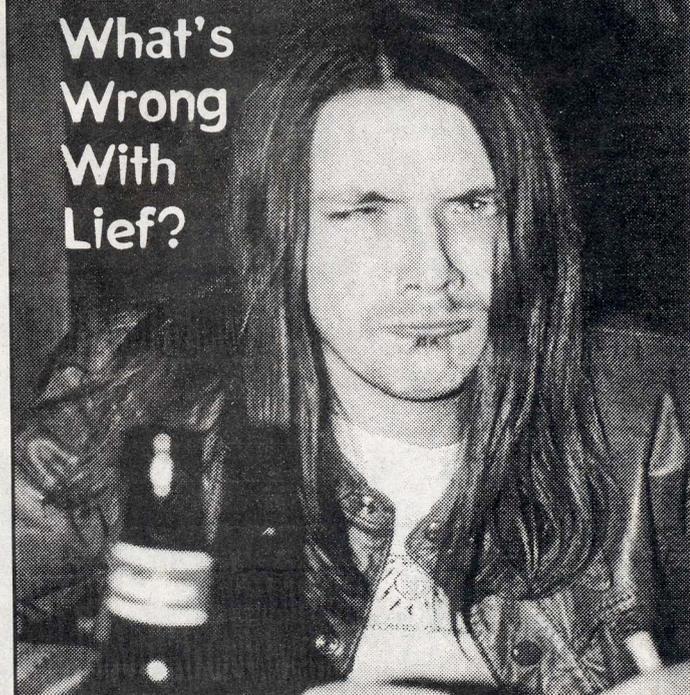
Dancing.

- 8.8 - GOTHIC ROCK FROM NYC THE SKABS
WITH LOCAL APOCALYPTIC ELECTRO ALGORITHM DEKONSTRUCT
- 8.12 - LOCAL OLD SCHOOL INDUSTRIAL, AWAITING TREATMENT
- 8.19 - LIVE TECHNOID, DRUM & BASS,
AND POWER ELECTRONICS WITH
DJ ANTON FROM SE7EN E-ZINE
(WWW.NEZZWERK.COM/SEVEN)
- 8.26 - CLUB SUBMIT SPONSORED BY SLUG



All events \$5.00
 Club Manhattan
 5 E. 400 S.

What's Wrong With Lief?



-Can't find a ride to the
 Thunderfist CD release party
 -Sept 29th @ Burt's Tiki Lounge*
 -Love Lief

*a private club for members

BACK 2 SCHOOL BLOWOUT SALE!

AUGUST 8TH TO THE 29TH

Sweatshirts.....	15% OFF
Back Packs.....	20% OFF
Button-ups.....	20% OFF
Pants & Denim.....	25% OFF
Shorts & Board Shorts.....	30% OFF
T-Shirts.....	ONLY \$12.99
Shoes.....	STARTING AT \$39.99

Plus you get a Free JBS T-Shirt with the purchase of any regular priced shoe.

JER'S BOARD SHOP

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August

KILBY COURT CALENDAR

741 S. 330 W. SLc
(801) 320. 9887

- | | | | |
|--|--|---|---|
| 02- FIRME
Arrogant | 08- RX BANDITS
MY PET ROBOT | 12- the CASUALTIES
the STRAP ONZ
Endless Struggle
the Bright Lights | 22- ST. JAYNE'S ART SHOW |
| 03- JILL BRAZIL
Tolchock Trio
Zero to Hero | 09- UNSEEN
LOWER CLASS BRATS
Endless Struggle | 13- ISIS | 23- ST. JAYNE'S ART SHOW
BLOOD RED
SLOW GERKIN
the Gadgets |
| 04- U.G.G.L.I.E.S. show
(womens benefit)
Fumamos
Janni Jensen's
Chubby Bunny | 11- FIREBIRD BAND (ex- Braid/
Joan of Arc)
MERCURY PROGRAM
FIGHT SHY
Alchemy | 14- ANDI CAMP | 24- ST. JAYNE'S ART SHOW
MATES OF STATE
the Downers
Chubby Bunny |
| 07- LES STITCHES
TRASH BRATS
MALAKAS | | 15- ST. JAYNES ART SHOW
(opening night) | 25- ST. JAYNE'S ART SHOW
(final night)
SOULSTICE |
| | | POP UNKNOWN
Pieces of Eight
Spending Time With Reason | 26- RIVAL SCHOOLS
Sons of the Atom
Rain
Splakdlr |
| | | 18- ST. JAYNES ART SHOW
ST. JAYNES ART SHOW
LAND FARTHER EAST
BLUE MOUR
OSKER | 29- NEW BRUTALISM
RELATIVE
Form of Rocket |
| | | 19- ADAP ON RADAR
Set in Motion
Zero to Hero | |
| | | 19- ST. JAYNES ART SHOW
LIFE IN BRAILLE | |

Coming this fall

12/17/08
CAN MARCO...LUBA...BRIAN KENNY FRESNO...LORDS OF LIGHT SPEED...THE IMPOSSIBLES...AMERICAN ANALOG SET
NEW AND ORIGINALS...MATT MATELS...RICE AGAINST...REACH THE SKY...PEDRO THE LION...VEHICLE...KILL YOUR IDOLS...MAYBELINES...BREEZY
DRYBOK...EPOXY'S...NO MOTIV...MOVIE LIFE...FAIRVIEW...BREAKING PANGEA...EPOXY'S...THE MINDERS...PHANTOM LIMBS...DEVIATES...THE
WIE...THE THRONES...JOHN VANDERSLICE...EX-GIRL...PLUG SPARK CANJAY...THE RAPTURE...OSKER...ONE TIME ANGEL
CITIZEN
TARA JANE O'NEIL...DENNISON WHITMER...THE BUTCHIES...DEATH CAB FOR CUTIE...FAVEZ...CURTAINS...TIME SPENT DRIVING



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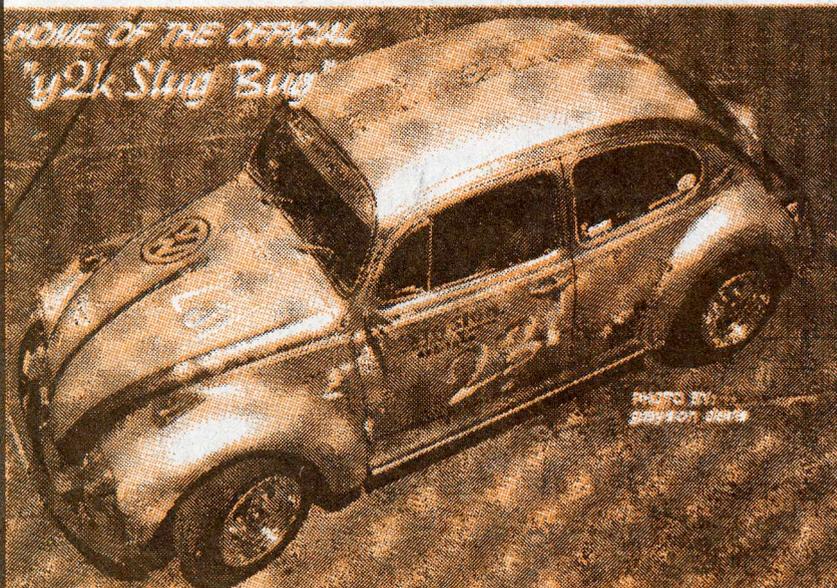
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