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SLUG Magazine

SALT LAKE UNDERGROUND - MARCH 2003
Volume 14 Issue #171 Always Free
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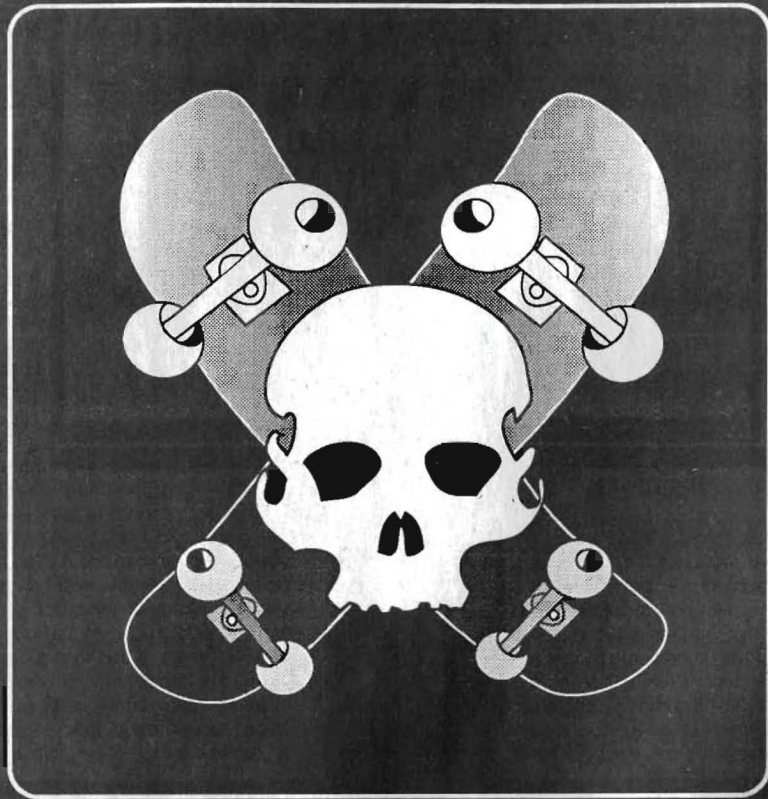
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THE RAVEONETTES

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The Warlocks ✦ Immortal Lee County Killers ✦ Pig Pile Records

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MARCH 2002

"Neither Humorous Nor Appropriate"

14 YEARS !

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TUESDAY 4

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THURSDAY 6

LINDI WIGGINS
(CD RELEASE), LAYNA

FRIDAY 7

J.W. BLACKOUT, STARMY,
LOVE MISERY

SATURDAY 8

COSM, BLUE LOTUS DANCERS,
DJ MERRIL

TUESDAY 11

THE DOWNERS, STARMY, THE
NEW TRANSIT DIRECTION,
SNIDER'S, SHERANIAN'S AND
MCCARTHY'S BIRTHDAY BASH!

THURSDAY 13

HUDSON RIVER SCHOOL,
THE KID BROTHER COLLECTIVE,
THE CHASE THEORY

FRIDAY 14

SLUG LOCALIZED W/ ABSINTHE,
NURSE SHERRI AND
POWERHOUSE ROCK

SATURDAY 15

MAGSTATIC, LUV NUGGET, SPIV

TUESDAY 18

LE FORCE, ANIMA NERA

THURSDAY 20

TRACE WIREN & HER DELIGHTFUL
BAND, BLUE SPARKS

FRIDAY 21

REDD TAPE CD RELEASE,
TOLCHOCK TRIO

SATURDAY 22

DJ CONSCIOUS

TUESDAY 25

KING MISSLE III, EROSION

THURSDAY 27

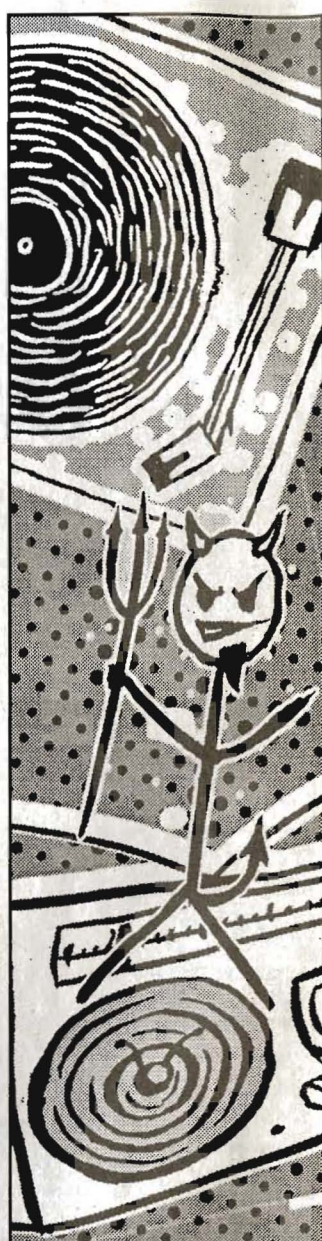
THE WORD GO

FRIDAY 28

QUADROPHONIC

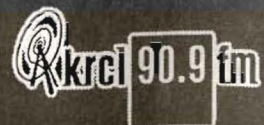
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ED NOTE: Letters from our readers are ALWAYS printed exactly as we receive them- grammatical errors and all.

Dear Dickheads,

Although I understand that SLUG is a forum for pretty much everything, regardless of its value or content, I feel compelled to point out just how goddamn horrible those ads are. I am speaking of the nightclub ads that were in the last couple of issues. Now why is it possibly acceptable to caricature a woman as cow? I am thought of by many people as uptight and bitchy. So be it, but those ads are so goddamned offensive it's impossible to not realize how degrading they are to women. But this is a satire of misogyny, you may respond. Oh, but I doubt that the general readers of SLUG are savvy enough to realize the subtleties of such commentary.

-Camilla Taylor

I'm not certain you understand that SLUG is a forum for "pretty much everything, regardless of its value or content". You obviously don't understand that we print ads as they are submitted to us by our advertisers.

We are not the masterminds behind the 'cow-woman' motif. Do you realize that cows are the females of the bovine species? Any idiot knows that cows and women share similar traits (e.g. udders/mammary glands). Besides, how great would it be if women had six breasts?! Perhaps you could direct your complaints to someone who cares (i.e. the advertiser). Get over it, don't be so uptight and bitchy.

Dear Dickheads,

I that "collins801" personal ad, should win the "atom/date" contest!!

-Big Daddy

Yo, Big Daddy, maybe next time you could be so kind as to enlighten us as to how you arrived at your meaningless opinions. You're probably "collins801" and this is another pathetic attempt at some shameful self promotion. What makes you think I give a fat fuck what you think? If you like this guy so much, why don't you date him, you freakin' carbuncle.

Dickheads,

Hey thanks for getting us in the bands issue, all the exposure helps. And it's a good thing a lot of bands didn't get in there, now there's less shit to sort through.

-Love the new cover, Rollins was o.k. but i'd take a hot slug girl over a meat head any day. By the way, fuck all the whining about the snow-boarding articles, I dig that shit and so do a lot of local musicians. I appreciate the amount of support you give local music and local extremers too... Just don't cover basketball and we'll be cool. Thanks,

-Keith

Dear Dickheads,

Here's an event if you could please list it: Monday March 10th @ The Junction -6:30 p.m. Audio Karate, Rudiger, Famous Lies, Hello Amsterdam, and Seconds Away \$6

We're just here to help. We're hoping that by helping you gain exposure for your puny band that it might deter you from exposing yourselves to the kids. By the way, it's not necessary to blow smoke up our ass in order to get your show listed. Anybody can send listings (phone, fax or e-mail), just be sure to get it to us by the 28th of the month. Nobody cares what you think either, but I hope you feel better after seeing your name in print. To quote Kurt Cobain: "I wish I was like you - easily amused."

Dear Slug,

Muchas Gracias! I am an employee at club Xscape where you (two ent-

housiastic thumbs up) held your 14th birthday bash (March 1st 2003).

Not only did you guys throw a kick ass party; you adressed a BIG issue. SB 1053(senate bill 1053) SUCKS!

The state of Utah is trying to pass a law that would shut down nearly all of our good concert venues!

A proposed change to the law could make the alcohol-free section (18 + section) of Club Xscape (not to mention Club Axis and Bricks) (sorry if I left anyone out) illegal, leaving UNDER 21 patrons with no place to socialize, enjoy live music (this is where I get everyones attention) or experience safe night-time activities.

Also to all of you over 21 patrons; this will cost you more money to enjoy these awesome live acts (that is, if any good bands will even come here).

As part of club Xscape's bar staff, this bill is going to put me (and a lot of other bartenders, barbacks, security, and just about everyone else that works in this buisness) out of the job.

Another part of this bill lowers the legal amount of alcohol in a drink from 3 oz to 2.75 oz. Now I realize that doesn't seem like much, but you'd be surprised to know how many of your favorite drink's recipies call for 3 ounces of alcohol. This means no more Long Island's, AMF's, Long Beach's and a large variety of other drinks we wont be able to serve you. Also if this bill passes, you can only get one drink per trip to the bar. Which *means all of* you great guys that want to buy both you AND the Slug Queen (or anyone else for that matter) a drink wont be able to do it.

Now, the way I see it, all of this will increase drunk driving. How? You ask. OK, who would want to go to a bar with a date, and only be able to drink one (small drink by the way) drink at a time?!? I know that I wouldn't be all over that. I have this picture in my head of people driving on I15 drinking what appears to be a 20 oz bottle of coke, but in truth is a 20 oz captain and coke. That scares the shit out of me. I've lost friends as a result of shit like that. So, as you can see (and if you can't, well, then you must be blind) SB0153 SUCKS!

I really appreciate all that you have done to try to keep club Xscape and others like it open to all ages.

And as a by-the-way, we got a lot of signatures as a result of you're kick ass bash!

Thank you so much! I will forever be a loyal reader.

- Jessi

P.S. Happy Birthday Slug Mag!

SOME MUSIC WE LISTENED TO WHILE CREATING THIS ISSUE (IN NO SPECIFIC ORDER):

- Suicide- S/T (Mute)
- 16 Horsepower- Folklore (Jetset)
- Guitar Wolf- UFO Romantics (Narnack)
- ATOM & HIS PACKAGE - Attention! Blah Blah Blah (Hopeless)
- Nick cave- Nocturne (ANTI)
- Turbonegro- Apocalypse Dudes- (Burning Heart)
- Sonic Youth- Murray Street (DDC)
- The Warlocks- Phoniex (Bomp)
- Thundercrack- The Crack (Estrus)
- RFTC- Live From Camp X-ray (Vagrant)
- JR Ewing - Ride Paranoia (Gold Standard Laboratories)
- Alchemy- Color/Horror/47 Min/English (Red Triangle)
- New Wet Kojak- This is Glamorous (Beggars)
- The New Evils- The Nothing Years (SoundCo)
- Joan Jett- Fit To Be Tied (Black Heart)
- Motorhead- The Best of (Roadrunner)
- Fugazi- 13 Songs- (Dischord)

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Marvelous Meat Ball Subs
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We are accepting music from all genres—rock, indie rock, metal, avant garde, pop, hip-hop, goth, industrial, emo ... whatever.

We plan a first printing run of 1,000 copies—500 to send to national and international magazines and radio stations, and 500 to sell locally. The rules are simple:

1. You must be a local band or musician (i.e., from Utah).
2. The track must be previously unreleased. One song per band.
3. Song must be under 6 minutes.
4. Song must be submitted on dat/CDR. Include band's name, song title and contact number. Full press kits are not necessary.
5. No cover songs.

The deadline for all submissions is July 1, 2003.

Mail entries to: 2225 S. 500 East Ste. 206, SLC, UT 84106.

We are doing this to document the Salt Lake music scene in 2003 and to bring to the world something that the world needs ... amazing music from an amazing music scene, and to give our bands maximum international exposure. So now's your chance. Don't be caught sleeping.

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SLUG mag

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LOCALIZED

By Camilla Taylor- Completely Lacking in Journalistic Integrity

Localized is a monthly local music showcase that SLUG puts on for the bands of Salt Lake. The second Friday of every month, we put together a few bands and make them play for your amusement. This month, Nurse Sherri, Absinthe, and Powerhouse Rocks will be performing at the Urban Lounge on Friday, the 14th. This Localized has metamorphosized into a collective of men doing things which are typically done by women. Regrettably, this does not include the bearing of children.

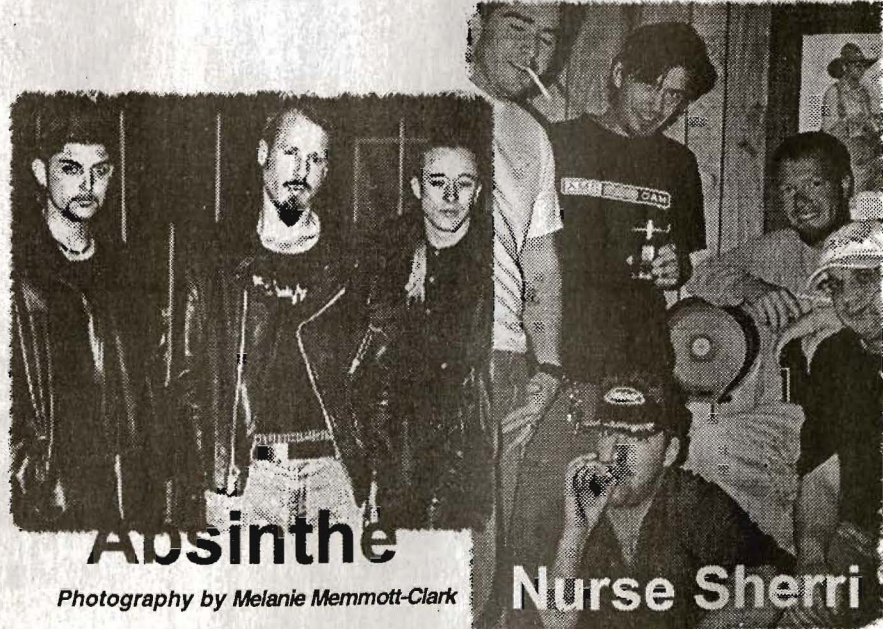
Something needs to be stopped. Photographs of girls naked and bloody in bathtubs and bathrooms have become rather prevalent in band material, and I cannot understand why. I've seen three bands now with this crap, and it needs to be stopped. Just in case you hadn't realized it yet, it's not an original idea. Is it indicative of an inability to interact with women? Is it symptomatic of misogyny? Who knows, but quit it either way. Absinthe is so dark, their wardrobe is impractical in a warmer season:
Dallas Dean: Bass
Allan Mautnar: Guitar
Mark Petersen: Drums

"You don't know your drummers last name?" I ask, given the absence of the third member of the trio.
"No, he was drumming for No Intent up until about a month ago and we just picked him up." Responds Dallas. I make the two of them sit around d the recorder. Somehow, it works out that I am the only one sitting on a chair and the two of them squat on the floor of the practice space. It makes me feel like I am surrounded by a very small crowd of evil minions. "The nucleus is us and our collaboration started last year." Explains Allan.
"Are you familiar with the green fairy?"
"We have met her many times, yes." They giggle together.
"In your band description, it says that you are a dark and melodic hardcore trio."
"Yeah." They both confirm this description.
"I don't consider the word hardcore an adjective, do you guys?"
"In order to genrify (Genrify?) "Ourselves, so that people would know what they were getting themselves into we they came to see our show, we had to pick words that came as close as possible."
"But you're not satisfied with that description?"
"It's hard to come up with a description which characterizes everything that we do live. At times we are a hardcore band." Says Dallas. I would have to disagree with this comment. They are not a hardcore band, sometimes or all of the time.

"I guess that you could just say that the dynamics are very extreme. You could put it that way." cuts in Sean. "When it's soft it's really soft, delicate, and tender. When it's hard, it the complete opposite. It's brutal." It's not really hard to classify these guys-It's called goth rock.
"Supposing that I didn't want to go see your show, what would you say to tell me that I should?"
"Well, first of all," says Dallas. "We think we write very good music, but we don't just stop there, we put on a show. We make an effort to entertain the audience visually as well as audibly. We have props that we put up, we dress up. We don't just come in wearing jeans and a t-shirt. We wear costumes and make-up. We're always trying new things onstage visually. We also give out prizes. We have a vibrator contest that we do where the best rack that we see in the frontline gets the vibrator. That's actually gone really well with our female audience." This goes over well with the female half of the audience? What kind of women goes to these shows?
Absinthe certainly doesn't want you to forget them. So do these boys a favor, come to the show and get your yearly dosage.

Nurse Sherri is rather silly:
Jason Horn: Guitar and vocals
Scott Bakke: Guitar
Jonathan Clark: Drummer
Josh Bottari: Bass
Johnnymo: Vocals

I met Nurse Sherri at Todd's before they performed. Much drinking was done.
"How often do you usually play?"
"Whenever we can get a gig, and if we show up," says Scott. Their level of professionalism is high.
"We play once a week if we can for practice. We're trying to get a press package together to send out. We also get a pretty good response on our website, nursesherri.com." Jason informs me. "Nurse Sherri was a B-porn that was made in Utah in Torrey."
I get up to ask the doorman to turn down the music a little. This request is ineffective, and when I return I find them huddled around the voice recorder, whispering something mysterious into it. They made frantic panting noises and stopped when I sat back down. They now try to interview me. They ask me what I'm doing now. But that isn't relevant.
"Our music is based on food and beer. And booty. Not necessarily in that order. It used to be political, but we gave that up." Jonathan tells me.
Nurse Sherri has been around for some time. So long, that two or three of the original members are balding. Two of them are married. Nurse Sherri has become a way for the married fellows to get to the bar, or so it seems. Back in the early 80s, they opened for significant punk bands like Circle Jerks, Lethal Weapon, Dead Kennedys, The Minutemen and Agnostic Front. But now, they just don't want to grow up.
"Usually, I pull out a couple of costumes. I didn't know that we were going to be playing this show until moments ago, so I'll probably save the costumes for Localized." I don't know if I'm prepared to see Jason Horn in a costume. For no apparent reason, they give me a rundown of each member of the band, in order of where they are sitting in the booth. Jason plays a twangy sort of rockabilly guitar, Scott is summed up as "Whitesnake," Jon is described as one of the better drummers in Salt Lake, Josh is the boss on the bass, and Johnnymo comes up with all the hot lyrics, and it's all from real live experience.
The band gains all sorts of points with me as they bought me two drinks. This also affects my viewing of their performance following the interview. They are loud and some girl in the audience continually runs up to the stage and hugs various band members. They play a few covers, including Hedwig and the Angry Inch. Perhaps this is an indication of what they will be wearing in the future.



Absinthe

Photography by Melanie Memmott-Clark

Nurse Sherri

Hedwig AND THE ANGRY INCH

By John Cameron Mitchell
& Stephen Trask

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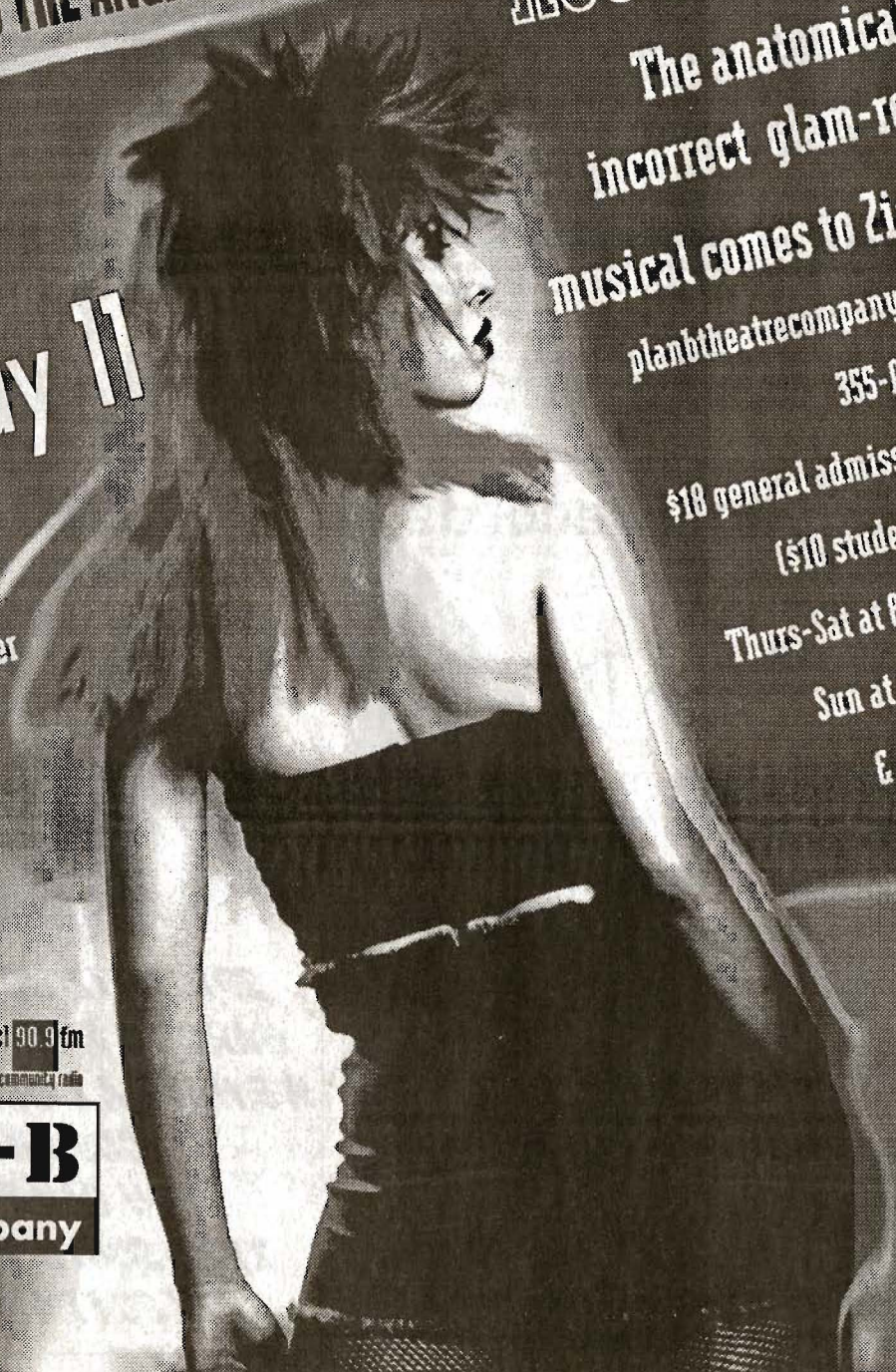


Photo: © Susan Gierli/Westlight.com



PLAN-B
Theatre Company

WASTED LIFE

BY
DAVE BARRATT

You leave your cube dwelling and drive a cube to a large cube, in which you sit in one cube while you stare at another cube. Eight hours later, you stop staring at the cube, leave your cube and exit the large cube. You drive your cube back to your cube dwelling and stare at yet another cube for the rest of the night. Meanwhile, governments and corporations all over the world plot wars and economic policies that nobody wants, but when they dare leave their cubes, they're met with infiltration and violence on the part of law enforcement.

There's a word for people who spend their lives in cubes; they're called prisoners. There's also a word for governments that create a guise of free expression while covertly silencing their critics; they're called dictatorships. In this climate of ever-increasing control over personal freedoms, there is little room left at the margins for people who dare explore their lives rather than explore the mall.

In response, there has been a resurgence of DIY hardcore punk from almost every corner of the globe. I'm not talking about jocks on Victory Records, nor Warped Tour regulars with five percent of the sound and none of the substance, nor wannabe Gap models whose band names sound like the titles of LDS books (*Taking Back Sunday*, by Heber J. Eureka ... *A New Found Glory*, by Nephi O. LaVerkin ... *Further Seems Forever*, by Lehi Taft Moroni). I'm talking about bands, from straight-edge

to crust and everywhere in between, who care all about the rage and passion of hardcore punk, but couldn't care less about hair dye or skate-shoe sponsorships. *Wasted Life* will cover only DIY hardcore bands who are now what punk was always meant to be.

CAPITALIST CASUALTIES

Disassembly Line

Six Weeks Records

What Michaelangelo is to art, Capitalist Casualties are to hardcore punk. Formed in 1986, their absolute dedication to punk values has made them one of the most respected bands in the international DIY hardcore scene, as well as one of America's longest-running hardcore bands. Their 1992 *Disassembly Line* LP has been re-released and sounds even more brutally honest now than it did 11 years ago, thanks to corporate frat-metal bands like Disturbed and System of a Down parading themselves about as "hard-core." Capitalist Casualties' breakneck thrash with classic punk hooks references a wide swath of hardcore's history, from snotty skate-punk to political crust. Lyrics paint a bleak picture of government conspiracies, human oppression and the emptiness of modern American culture. Capitalist Casualties is one group of outcasts who would never have the weakness of character to jump from vegan-metal to indie-crap to whatever hipsters think is cool at the moment ... rather, their dense political hardcore just gets more focused and more raging with each pass-

ing year. Also recommended is their 1997-or-so *Subdivisions in Ruin* LP, a timeless masterpiece as far as I'm concerned. Remember, you can't buy real hardcore at the mall, but you can get it from Six Weeks at 225 Lincoln Ave. / Cotati, CA / 94931, or www.sixweeksrecords.com

GRIMPLE

Up Your Ass

Prank Records

Grimple is another crucially crucial hardcore punk band who recently got the reissue treatment. They effortlessly crossed the gap between lightning-speed pop punk and lightning-speed hardcore thrash, and their catchy but maniacal music with the most ultra-snotty vocals ever recorded on a punk record turned them into a legendary band from an un-legendary time; the early 1990s. Grimple's sound is upbeat yet crazed—I guess getting wasted in the desert heat of New Mexico will do that to you. For every song about getting stoned and having fun, there's another about homophobia or animal cruelty. Though their lyrics cover all the standard punk topics, they're written with the craftsmanship and devotion that makes hardcore punk as exciting now as it was the first time I ever heard it. Prank Records' reissue of *Up Your Ass* also includes their *Stoned* demo and *Get Me Out of the Van I Have No Key Phil 7" EP*. You can write to them at PO Box 410892 / San Francisco, CA / 94141-0892, or visit www.prankrecords.com

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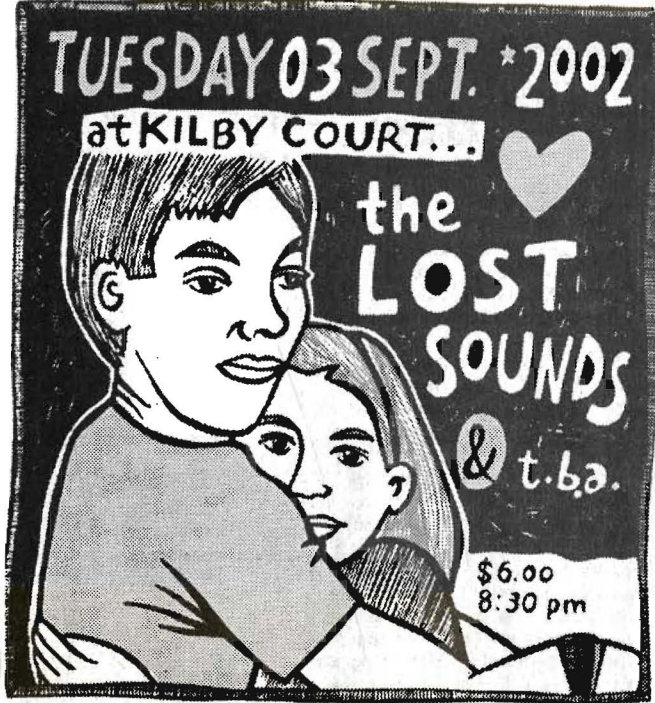


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Gigposters.com: Rock Art Props at Last

By Rebecca Vernon

When **Leia Bell** makes a flyer for a *Kilby Court* show, she makes sure her nearly one-year-old son, Cortez, is asleep or safely tucked away in day care. She consults a pile of rough sketches that she creates in her free time—outlines of irons, a girl smoking, dogs, a baby, kids with umbrellas. She looks them over and picks one that she feels will match the feel or name of the band's show she will be advertising.

Bell spends the next four hours making a solid drawing for the flyer. She used to use her computer for guidance on where to place the words on the flyer, but now she can just eyeball the paper and know where to put them.

While Cortez sleeps, Bell takes a baby monitor from the revamped house on Kilby Court (new window frames and everything) where she lives with her boyfriend, **Phil Sherburne** (owner of Kilby Court—Salt Lake's only all-age venue). She goes over to a little shed behind the old, smaller house they used to live in a dozen yards away. The walls, tables and floors of the shed are covered in multi-colored paint—pink, sky blue, cherry red, eggshell white. Paintbrushes and old pinned-up flyers are everywhere.

Bell spends one to two hours preparing the screens to print out each flyer—each one original and screenprinted by hand. After preparing the screens, she spends a good three hours doing the actual printing of the 80-150 flyers (depending on how big the show at Kilby Court is).

The whole process takes at least a full day.

"I spend every free moment drawing ideas for flyers," Bell laughs.

Bell started designing flyers for *Kilby Court* about a year ago, when Sherburne and **Mike Snider**, *Kilby's* booker, didn't have time to put together a flyer for an upcoming show. Bell offered to do it, and then was asked to do the next. Sherburne encouraged her to start screenprinting the flyers, making each one a numbered piece of art.

"He always pushed me and encouraged me with my art," says Bell. At the suggestion that it was flyers that brought her and Sherburne together, she laughs. "Yeah, I guess you could say that's true."

For someone who doesn't love art and especially art rock posters, this labor

of love for no money and scant recognition might not make much sense. It's about the band, not the art that accompanies their flyers, right? Well, not exactly.

"Rock and art support each other," says Leah, "especially in the independent world. Musicians are struggling to put their music out, and artists are trying to get their art out. They work together to accomplish these ends."

Which is where **Gigposters.com** comes in. In that effervescent world where rock and art meet, overlapping at times, barely touching at others, Gigposters.com is a website that offers an invaluable platform, a unique and engaging service to emerging rock poster artists. Started three years ago by **Clayton Hayes** (a musician) and **Kendra Jones** (an artist), Gigposters.com has grown by leaps and bounds since its original conception.

"It started out with a few posters from friends, and we slowly spread the word," says Hayes. "After four months of slow growing, the site was awarded the *Yahoo Pick of the Week*, and a *USA Today* Hot Site. Suddenly, we were booming. The site has evolved with more features, more visitors and of course ... more posters."

Gigposters.com offers any rock poster artist who wants to participate a forum to give more exposure to their work, showcase their abilities or make connections with other rock poster artists throughout the world—all for free. They currently showcase over 1,000 gig poster artists worldwide. Poster art on the site is searchable by band names appearing on posters or by the artists who created them. Each poster has to be approved before being put up on the site, and the only set-in-stone guideline is that the poster must have at least one band or DJ listed on the poster—for an actual show.

"We do not accept art shows, promo posters, etc. Just gig posters," says Hayes. When Gigposters.com first started, they would usually have about 5 posters awaiting approval. They now average about 80 posters waiting to be approved at a time.

When asked what the most interesting, crazy or noteworthy poster Gigposter.com has put up, Hayes responds, "Ha ha ha, the one that some kids mailed us that was for their ska band's church gig and had the Golden Girls on it."

Gigposters.com also offers the interesting service of allowing viewers to post their responses and comments to artists' flyers.

Bell, who currently has 59 posters up on Gigposters.com, has received some amazing feedback from people checking out her flyers.

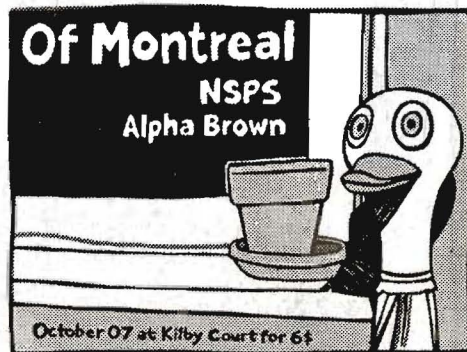
"Leia is genius," says Cody Pomeroy, in response to one of Bell's flyers—a back view of a guy unhooking a girl's scarlet-colored bra.

"Rock and art support each other, especially in the independent world." -Leia Bell

Another person responded to the same poster: "This

is very sexy. I could add a couple more 'verys.' It would take a woman to show us dudes what sexy really is." And the list goes on.

"Sometimes I'm nervous about putting stuff up," says Bell. "I wait a couple days to see what people have said after I put a new flyer up. But I really like getting people's comments." Bell has made about 100 comments on other people's flyers as well.



Continued on page 12



Gigposters.com also helps rock poster artists make invaluable connections with the music industry. Several months ago, Bell sent out letters to 15 national rock venues to see if they needed an artist to design flyers for their shows. Three responded, one of which was **The Troubador** in L.A. Bell currently designs flyers for their shows.

Bell also gained enough recognition on Gigposters.com and through word-of-mouth to command the attention of **Pal Grushkin**, the author of *The Art of Rock*, a book showcasing the gig posters of some of the most notorious rock bands of the 60s, 70s and 80s. He's releasing another book later this year, *The Art of Modern Rock*, showing

rock posters from 1987 to the present. Grushkin will be interviewing Bell in Austin at SXSW in mid-March and one of her posters is expected to appear in his new book.

Bell also trades posters with other rock gig artists. In addition, she has sold some of her flyers to a couple people—one in Texas and one in Ireland.

Trent Call is another local artist who has some of his work up on Gigposters.com—about seven to 10 posters. The first gig poster he ever did is posted—a poster from '99 featuring local band **The Corleones**. Both Bell's and Call's posters often feature local bands, either as openers or as headlining acts.



Kendra Jones & Clayton Hayes of Gigposters.com

The difference between a poster and a "regular" art piece, says Call, is that a gig poster is used for a practical purpose. "I like the functionality of gig flyers," he says, "the publicness of it. To me, they have more depth than art hanging in a museum."

There definitely is a difference between "fine" art and rock poster art. "This isn't fine art," says Hayes. "To a large extent this is a community that is a little bit at odds with the fine art scene, or just doesn't want to play along with it. ... There are a number of artists, particularly screenprinters, that are technically amazing and in terms of skill are at the top of their game. There are also a large number of artists really pushing the boundaries of what a poster can be."

"Gigposters.com is probably more important to musicians than artists," says Bell, "and not fine artists. They would probably think the gig posters are trashy."

Along with the eclectic rock poster art community, there comes a unique, open, sharing philosophy.

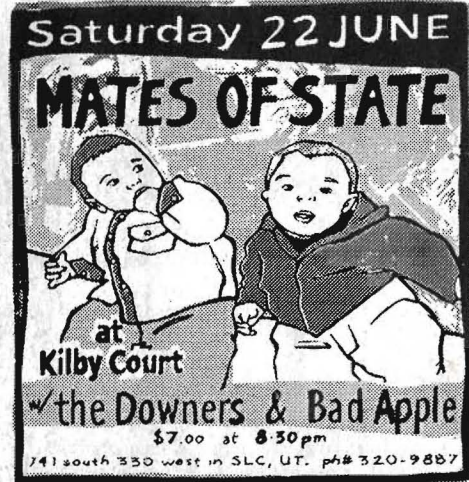
"I totally encourage people to take flyers from poles where I've hung them," says Call. "When I go back to a place and see some of my flyers missing, I'm like, 'Cool, someone took them home with them because they liked them.'"

"Stealing posters is OK," says Bell. "That's just promoting the band. It is kind of taboo in the art poster industry, though, to sell your posters before a show, because the posters are there to promote the band. Selling them after a show is OK, because then they're more of a rarity. You can't find them up everywhere."

Bell also has a take on the size a poster should be. "I like doing mine small, handbill-sized. They're cheaper, and my studio's small, so it's more convenient. It seems rude to me to have a big poster that takes up all the space on a bulletin board that crowds out all the other announcements. I like to catch people's eye with color and design, not size."

It could be argued that rock posters have extreme cultural significance, reflecting a time, a place, a feeling, a certain era or movement in the history of music. **Toufouse Lautrec**, an artist who lived in France during the mid-to-late 1800s, painted prostitutes, had a heavy drinking problem because of insecurities related to his height and died of syphilis. Four feet tall with cane in hand, his advertisements for the *Moulin Rouge* and other Parisian nightclub events certainly captured the bohemian atmosphere of that infamous era.

Bell's work seems to do just that for our time: simple, almost cartoonish, her drawings seem to reflect the non-vain, casual, DIY, artsy atmosphere of the indie rock movement, of which many of the bands she advertises are a part. Bell doesn't do it on purpose, though—"Even in middle school, I had a style," says Bell. "Even when I tried to draw realistically, it still came out looking like a cartoon. I can't make it look any other way." It's a happy accident, then, that her art just seems to perfectly capture that indie atmosphere so well, in a way that's actually really hard to explain.



"I don't feel that indie or hip," says Leia with a smile. "I guess maybe the flyers seem indie because they're homemade. They're flawed, they're not perfect. There are places where the ink is smeared and runs. I keep reusing a screen over and over, so there's old ink from the past image on each flyer. Each one has a piece of the past on it. Also, my handwritten words are more human, more variable, than computer fonts."

Hayes says, "I don't think rock posters (or posters of any music genre) have any real cultural significance other than documenting a certain time, a certain style and a certain scene. They're simply cool to look at and the better ones provide a pretty good reflection of what was going on at one time or another."

Maybe in a few years art historians will dig more out of them and I'll be proven wrong."

And the importance of art and rock in general?

"My personal opinion, and it's very personal," says Jones, "is that good art and good rock serve a sort of shamanic trance-like agitating mindfuck. Both serve the same purpose but in different mediums, obviously."

This is a community that is a little bit at odds with the fine art scene, or just doesn't want to play along with it. ...

-Clayton Hayes

Gigposters.com will be having a convention at SXSW in Austin March 13-16. Leia Bell and Phil Sherburne will be in attendance.

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INDIE LABEL

This Little Piggy

Indie Label Spotlight: Pig Pile Records

by Stakerized!

What part of the musical map hat that is this country do you think you'd have to travel to find a punk bluegrass band? Austin, TX? Maybe somewhere in West Virginia? Would you believe Boston? While Beantown has always been known as a strong music town, mandolins and banjos haven't often been part of the mix. But then, they are only one facet of fledgling Pig Pile Records, started little over a year ago and already attracting national attention. Frank Pagliughi, label founder and bassist for **Random Road Mother**, spilled the beans.

"There were quite a few reasons we started the label," he explains. "Some friends owned a restaurant in Vermont, and we realized we were cut off from the Boston music scene. As musicians, there was no way to shop our work around other than DIY. A weird thing people noticed was that myself and my friends liked three different kinds of music: punk, bluegrass and pop-rock. It might seem difficult to start with such divergence, but the three core bands of the label, (the bluegrass of the **Benders**, the more pop sound of **Three Day Threshold** and Pagliughi's band, the most punk of the group) it might be hard to imagine the three playing shows together, but it makes for a different kind of party atmosphere. We started playing together three years ago, and the label just celebrated its first anniversary this Christmas."

SLUG: What about Pigpile is unique?

Frank Pagliughi: A lot of it has to do with different styles. We joked that we are all misfits that no one else wanted to sign. **Random Road Mother's** punk is the old school, unlike the new pop-punk. At the same time, the success of bluegrass is really absurd. We signed the **Benders** over a year ago; then the bluegrass scene started to explode. The **Benders** is the one leading the rest of us on the label along for the ride, making a little money. They are all old rock players, and they have a punk-rock vibe; it's pretty chaotic.

SLUG: Did you feel prophetic about it?

FP: It's hard to say," he laughs. "If you like something, wait 10 years and it'll come back in style. Till then, you're a dinosaur. Then you're prophetic. Alongside my guitar on the shelf is a banjo; we just do what we like.

SLUG: Dis/advantages of being in a band on the label you run?

FP: It's kinda funny; three of us working on the label are all musicians. There's a certain respectability; we can see things from both sides, and treat everyone on the label like family. Hopefully, we'll sign three or four new bands in the spring. He won't say who, but says at least one of them is straight-up country. We can work together as bands. We hope to tour our bands outside the Northeast region this year. A label forces you to get out and tour more. We have lists of friends' bands we'd love to sign. I'd like to expand nationally over the next year.

I keep joking that the only reason we started the label was to get free

CDs from bands submitting demos. One or two things I've listened to have really surprised us. The bands already on the label are friends of ours, or bands we've seen playing around town. We don't look for a certain style; the biggest requirement is that you play well and work hard.

SLUG: Why do you think now is the right time for alt-bluegrass?

FP: The last several years, nothing new was coming out that was at all surprising. You never know what the next big thing will be. But people react to energy, and things that come from the heart, like punk and bluegrass. The bands on our label just play what they feel.

We are just putting the finishing touches on our Mad Oak studio now. We just paid for the materials, and built it ourselves with the help of friends. We got a first-rate, top-level studio for less than you might imagine. We were guinea-pigging it in December. It's a blessing; you can do things without worrying about the clock ticking. The bad side is a little experimenting when you have all day can get out of hand. A studio would usually be very expensive, but we also rent it out. There has been a lot of interest

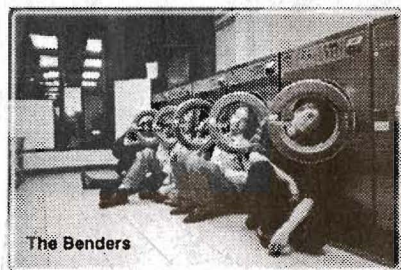
The biggest thing to get beyond just being regional is to get bands out on the road. We have six records out now. In addition to two by the **Benders**, there's **Random Road Mother's Mother**, **Jugs and Speed**; **Three Day Threshold's Behind the Barn**; **Boston Massacre** by **Suspect Device** and **Sticky's** album, **Nooner**. The second way is through the studio, getting more people to record there and attention through that. A few neat things are coming up. **Levon Helm** from the Band is coming in to record on one of the **Bender's** solo project." The band **Rock City Crimewave** is set for a release soon as well.

Our bands are diverse. All of the bands have a guitar player. It has amazed me: everything we've put our stamp on has really gotten stuck in my head. That's just my taste in music. But we are starting to get some national attention. The **Benders** got a full-page spread in *No Depression* magazine. And some international. There is always an underground punk rock community open to hearing new stuff.

The **Benders** are not the type of band traditionally accepted in bluegrass circles, at festivals. They have such a punk attitude. They do well in front of audiences with punk bands. They have

the widest appeal of anyone I've ever seen. They are playing at SXSW. We are putting together a larger tour now, mostly East Coast, but also down south. We'd like to get out to Utah at some point. I used to come out all the time to snowboard. I used to have a girlfriend in American Fork.

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Hard Music For A Hard World

LASER'S EDGE : As I sit in the dark ages, still struggling with the notion that the keyboard's place is buried in the mix, **A Triggering Myth** comes along to assert that the key's place is out in front. **A Triggering Myth**, around since 1989, is Tim Drummheller and Rick Eddy (both on keyboards). As with their four previous releases, **Forgiving Eden** enlists the talents of guest musicians to fill in the very few gaps left by the keyboards (Keyboard players have it made. They can make their single instrument sound like dozens with the use of a few sound cards - I'm so jealous... At times you would swear this keyboard duo was being backed by an entire orchestra.). This time around Scott McGill (guitar) and Vic Stevens (drums) - another pair of musicians well versed in each other's playing (both players also perform with their jazz fusion band **McGill Manring Stevens**) guest on **Forgiving Eden**. This release is a single forty three minute work of music, but it is separated into eight tracks for easy transport throughout the album. Drummheller and Eddy wrote this music without the confines of the traditional song structure, using the loose construct to allow their music to flow and develop. A progressive jazz / rock vibe exists throughout the album. Drummheller's classical background is also evident in many areas. I like this album. I haven't always been the biggest supporter of keyboard music in the past, but the band **A Triggering Myth** just might be winning me over.

LEVIATHAN : Calling all guitarists!! **Hurricane**

X, originally released as **Michael Harris's** contribution to the 2002 **Dignet Music Guitar Master** series, is being re-released through **Leviathan Records**. The **Dignet Music Guitar Master** series has been going on since 1991. **Leviathan** head-honcho and guitarist extraordinaire **David Chastain** recorded an album worth of bass tracks with backing from **Mike Haid** on drums, then distributed those tracks to a handful of guitarists. The guitarists then recorded an album worth of solos over the bass and drums tracks (an album full of guitar solos - pure heaven!!). **Michael Harris** released three albums with his band **Arch Rival** before forming **Zanister** with **David Chastain**. **Harris** also has four other solo, instrumental albums to his credit. **Michael** fired up his guitar of choice (**Hamer Scarab II**) and attacked the eight tracks of **Hurricane X**. His improvisational skills are sharp and it shows on this release (he didn't do punches on any of the tracks). **Michael** plays with a lot of feeling, but at the same time knows when to add the right amount of speed and flair to his performance.

THE MUSIC CARTEL : "Imagine what **Black Sabbath** would have sounded like if **Ozzy Osbourne**, **Tony Iommi**, **Geezer Butler** and **Bill Ward** would have formed the band in the 14th century...". Next, ask yourself why you're imagining what **Black Sabbath's** music would have sounded like if it would have been performed in medieval times..... If your head hurts after that mental workout never fear because **Tallinn**,



by John Forgach

Estonia's Rondellus is here to answer all of your questions. **Rondellus** was formed in 1993 by **Maria** and **Robert Staak** to perform and promote medieval and renaissance music. Their fourth album **Sabbatum** features twelve **Black Sabbath** tunes, re-worked using instruments of the middle ages and sung in Latin. Instruments used include the harp, lute, hurdy gurdy, organistrum, bagpipe, psaltery, positive organ, fiddle and frame drum. I don't know much about renaissance music, but by the sounds of it this band stayed true to the renaissance style as they covered the original **Black Sabbath** songs - so no, you're not going to hear chugging power chords on the lute to re-create **Tony Iommi's** playing style. The music is dark and somber, and at times that's the only outward similarity to the originals. It's been a while since I've listened to classic, **Ozzy-era Sabbath**, but I do own them all on CD - if I hadn't look at the song titles I wouldn't have known what some of these songs were. This is definitely an interesting concept, but your "interest" in this work will depend on how much medieval music you can stomach at any given moment.

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If the word was fair, and perhaps it is, all the hip kids in New York would have traded in their **Strokes** T-shirts and garage-oiled hair for a band actually worth getting excited over: **Asobi Seksu**. Classify it as you will (shoegazer, indie-pop, dream-pop, art-rock) **Asobi Seksu's** self-titled release is both fragile and confident without being the least self-conscious. Stylistically injected with touches of the 80s and the distorted drone of **My Bloody Valentine** by way of **Lush** with swapping vocals provided by **Yuki Chikudate** (a dream-like Japanese pop chanteuse) and guitarist **James Hanna** (the **Psychedelic Furs**, **Richard Butler** minus a few cigarette cartons), **Asobi Seksu** build a wall of sound, tear it down and play in the wreckage. "Walk On The Moon" is the best shoegazer track that I have heard in years, easily on par with the most glorious **Lush** singles, early **The Moon Seven Times**, **Slowdive** and **His Name Is Alive** before they got drunk on R&B.

Diva Destruction
Exposing the Sickness
 Metropolis

A lot can be said for a band choosing to forget the past 10 years ever happened. For instance, **Ladytron** forgot at least 15 years and they somehow sound fairly fresh with their bleeps and drones. So go back to before industrial and goth started to converge, forget that **Rosetta Stone** ever released anything after the **Adrenaline** single, disregard your vinyl clothes and dig out the old velvet and lace; but don't think of **Siouxsie**—there isn't any **Siouxsie** here. Instead, think of **Sunshine Blind**, after the first album. You

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know, when their songs lost their bite and rolled around in ambiguity, unable to discern themselves from one and other. Well, other than their **Flock of Seagulls** cover, but that's cheating. No, they aren't horrible, they're mediocre, and that's almost something worse, because it implies that the band could actually write something above and beyond what they've presented here. With that said, I expect *Exposing the Sickness* to be a smash hit, considering the success that **Switchblade Symphony** milked out of being extraordinarily average.

Bella Morte
The Quiet
 Metropolis

When **Andy Deane** sings rather than chewing on his lyrics and spitting them like bitter grapes, you see the great possibility of a solid synth-pop group. Granted, "Whispers" sounds quite a bit like **Camouflage**, "First Light" has the whispered effect that **Mesh** likes to use and the chorus could have been taken from a **De/Vision** outtake; but frankly, I like the album quite a bit. Sure, they look like they should sound like **Suicide** (who looked at times like they should sound like **Journey**) but so does **Orgy**, and they couldn't even bother writing their own hit single. Sometimes the guitars sound a bit out of place, but on tracks like "Echoes," they work well enough to excuse when they don't (i.e., "Living Dead"). The songs also lend themselves to what I would expect to be a solid live performance, which isn't always a given when it comes to songs written around a synth.

The Angels of Light
Everything Is Good Here/Please Come Home / Young God Records
Michael Gira (formerly of the **Swans**) returns with his acoustic

guitar, a belly full of dramatics and venom resulting in an inspired feast that pulls folk, rock and a lick of bluegrass together in a way that only the likes of **Tom Waits** could pull off. Yet unlike Waits, **Gira** never takes his show to vaudeville, rather, he takes it to a riverbank in New Orleans, with the atmosphere and musicians bobbing in and out of stories; some kind of voodoo, I assure you. A wagon turned into a stage, snake oil and pennies for the poor with a tongue that threatens to strike when the circus goes awry—"The Rose-Of Los Angeles" case in point. Then a drug-clouded ballad and a hypnotic trance lifted from **Philip Glass**, spiraling tendencies. If you were expecting **Simon** or **Garfunkel**, you've come to the wrong place.

Michael J Sheehy
No Longer My Concern
 Beggars Banquet

Perhaps you saw him open for **Peter Murphy**, not exactly the best fit, but a performance worth more than your typical open act (remember **Jewel** before she was famous with her little guitar and a crowd that couldn't care less, and still doesn't?). **Michael J. Sheehy** is an acoustic troubadour with a lingering taste for old country mixed with the rockabilly blues. You'd expect him to look like **Hank Williams III**, but no, not at all. He sings about sex, drinking and despair (often all three tied together like a Saturday evening to a Sunday morning) but don't pigeonhole him. No, there is some-

thing here like the restrained acoustic songs **Love and Rockets** used to write, songs that **David J** seems to write while solo. A bit like **Mojave 3**, but without all the downers, just some of the important ones.

Massive Attack
100th Window
 Virgin

After a string of brilliant and diverse albums, **Massive Attack** returns, sort of. To be fair, this is really a **Robert "3D" Del Naja** solo release and for that reason, shouldn't be expected to live up to the **Massive Attack** dynasty. But don't let that fool you; *100th Window* is still an enjoyable dark excursion into the moodiness that was introduced on *Mezzanine*. Yes, the album lacks the variety of previous **Massive Attack** albums by losing the hip-hop beats and holding too tight to one train of thought. **Sinead O'Connor** makes multiple appearances, serving as a shaft of light in the darkness, and **3D** throws in some vocal coloring, but there are no tracks that stand out as singles, nothing that haunts like "Protection" or "Angel." Still, to call this album a massive disappointment, as some have, would be unfair. Compared to similar recent releases from **Delerium** and (ex-**Delerium**) **Conjure One** (which also featured **Sinead O'Connor**) and various other electronic-trance-lite artists, it is clear that even one member of **Massive Attack** can still craft an album that is a cut above.



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Modus Operandi

Modus Operandi

by oneamysseven

photography by .ke

I was shocked and excited to hear that **Ministry** is making their way back to Salt Lake City after over a decade. Ministry is one artist that has not only influenced the industrial music scene and artists but has been around long enough that they have touched everybody at some point during their long career. I hope to see tons of people of many ages at **Xscape** on **April 2nd** for this once in a lifetime opportunity.

Another local artist proves that Salt Lake's scene is rich with industrial talent. **Circuit Surgeon** provides us with 10 tracks with inspiration from a mixture of old and new industrial. Interesting elements remind me of sounds used in **Skinny Puppy's** and **Frontline Assembly's** earlier works. Complex new sounds are reminiscent of **Haujobb** or **Converter**. Vocal effects are nice and subtle and make me interested to read what the songs are about. After listening to each song carefully it feels like there is something missing. Many of the songs seem very one-dimensional and lacks a melody. The interesting sound samples don't hold my attention long enough. "Perdition" and "Procedure One" are my favorites on this cd. The Didjeridoo on "Procedure One" was brilliant. Fifteen minutes of the song is a little bit much though. **Circuit Surgeon** is a band that I think I would absolutely love after seeing a live show first.

Top 10 for March

1. **beefcake** - Y727
2. **m2** - War of Sound
3. **Converter** - Expansion 1.3
4. **Venetian Snares** - A Giant Alien Force More Violent & Sick Than Anything You Can Imagine
5. **Notime** - Living Planet
6. **Notime** - Dying Planet
7. **Snog** - Beyond The Valley of the Proles
8. **Mlada Fronta** - Fe2 03
9. **Accessory** - I Say Go
10. **Needlesharing** - My Kind Came First

An anti-static bag containing two 3" CD's complete the latest from **Scott Sturgis'** noisy project **Converter**. The nine tracks on *Expansion 1.3* are recorded between 1998 and 2002 of previously unreleased tracks and live material is said to be the link between *Blast Furnace* and the next album rumored to be out later this year. As expected, the songs are dark and harsh with loads of crunchy distorted goodness. As much as I love this release, it seems like it is lacking somewhere. In an interview it is revealed that Sturgis never intended to release these tracks as they were rejects from *Blast Furnace* and *Shock Front*. It would be a disappointment if this was released as the third **Converter** album, but as something to hold you over until the next one, it's great. There is no such thing as bad **Converter**.

The packaging alone makes this cd worth the purchase. The 3.5" x 3.5" red box with the cd title embossed is charming with its 3" disc and plastic television shaped viewmaster containing 8 photos. The CD contains one single 15 minute track filled with jerky break core and heavy chaotic percussion. **Aaron Funk** is pure genius with this bizarre journey of quirky drilling ambience and choppy beats. Sick and Violent as the title suggests is exactly what it is. The song begins a little stark and sample free and develops into the hard notorious madman rhythms as heard on *Doll, Doll, Doll*. What else would you expect from an artist who claims his mother played "The Exorcist" theme song, "Tubular Bells", to him while in her womb?

Formed in 1988, **Snog** has been an interesting act to follow. **David Thrusell** seems to maintain themes of a political nature mixed with social observances. *Beyond the Valley of the Proles* doesn't come totally as a shock, but an unusual surprise from the Australian artist. There are 11 songs containing anti-corporate political spaghetti-western ballads. It took about 3 listens before I could really form an opinion about it, but have since become a fan of this **Leonard Cohenesque** side of **Snog**. I think *Beyond The Valley of The Proles* would have more appeal to the gothic fans than the industrial fans. It was hard to get used to mostly acoustic guitar while having some kind of "industrial" image in mind. The album in it's entirety reminds me of the music in **Natural Born Killers**. Songs like "Bad Planet", "Businessman" and "Playstation Blues" obviously have similar themes of being annoyed with the corporate world. This album isn't meant to be played at the club - and i can't help but think Thrusell would be a lot of fun to sit around a campfire with.

Y727 is not the follow-up to *Drei* or even a new release from **Beefcake**. *Spontaneous Human Combustion* and *In Media Res* came out a few years ago as vinyl only releases. They have since been deleted (**Hymens** way of saying "out of print") and are now featured on Y727. Four tracks from each LP are reminiscent of early **Beefcake** with minimal elements, subtle beats and unexpected sampling. The German IDM duo are notorious for brilliantly blending the tranquil ambience with chaos. Two new tracks appear later in the cd as solo efforts from the band members. It is very interesting to listen to the contributions both **Volker** and **Gabor** individually offer to this incredible outfit. Ending the cd is a hidden track rich with drum and bass textures and delicate melodies. If you have not yet discovered the joys of **Beefcake** this is a good place start.

Lame Ass Concert Previews

by the Prick of Misery

The first concert requiring attention is **The Locust**. The band will appear in the basement of *X-Scape* on *March 5*, the same day SLUG streets. There are some other bands playing upstairs and the other bands are more popular. That's why they are playing upstairs, duh. The Locust is not as popular because the music is noisier than the average individual lacking well-developed listening skills can tolerate. Thus, attending the performance is encouraged.

On that same day, *March 5*, students all over our great nation are planning to strike. Shades of foreign countries and America's past, you are surely asking? Yes! All students can take the day off. Visit the University of Utah for free music, free food and free speech. **The National Student Strike** is not the only strike planned for March. On *March 8*, women around the world will stop work. This is the **4th Annual Global Women's Strike** and the theme this year is "Invest in Caring Not Killing." Stay tuned to the website utahpeace.org for information on local actions. Everyone is encouraged to strike on both days. Make both days general strike days! Shades of foreign countries and America's past? I'd like to take this opportunity to promote one more politically oriented event. A few SLUG readers might know that participating in political actions is as much fun as attending concerts; sometimes such activities are even more fun than a broken nose in a mosh pit. **Critical Mass** is a celebration. Girls and boys of all ages get on their bicycles and ride around downtown Salt Lake City. It happens every single damn month. The *March ride* will begin at around 5:30 p.m. Meet at the Gallivan Center on *March 28*, the last Friday of the month.

Sorry about the politics. I know the average SLUG reader is only interested in consuming goods produced in foreign countries that they've purchased from corporate retailers. The next concert to note will occur on, believe it or not, *March 6*. Actually there are two noteworthy performances. **Agape**, **Middle Distance** and **Milemarker** are scheduled for *Kilby Court*. I guess punk rock isn't dead yet and **Ben Taylor** is at the *Zephyr* the same night. I listened to his latest record, *Famous Among the Bams*, and I can state that he isn't quite as boring as his dad, James, although he does sound like him. Take your mom to Taylor, or take your lame ass to the *Milemarker*—you won't be disappointed.

The shit just keeps coming in March as the weekend arrives. **Hello Sequence**, psychedelic pop, is at *Kilby Court* on the 7th. **Minus the Bear**, on the same night, lamely categorized with the dreadful "post-emo" tag, is a group of Seattle veterans performing at *X-Scape*. Christian rockers **Mae** are at the most recent location of what is continuously called the *New Junction* and there are some local bands performing at various venues. Personally? I'd head to *Kilby Court* on the 7th. It's now Saturday night, what you gonna do? Go to Port O'Call like an idiot? Probably a few will support the latest local big label signing, formerly known as **No Release** and now touring in support of their debut as **Acroma**, however, *Todd's* is the last place "one" would expect to encounter **The Potomac Accord**. The band has *Kilby Court* written all over the eponymously titled first record. The recording is chock-full of slow builder tunes focusing on the piano as a primary instrument. Quite an amazing disc and a definite gig to ponder attending—say, if the **Folk Implosion** show is sold out. **Lou Barlow** returns to Salt Lake City fronting not **Sebadoh**, but the **New Folk Implosion** at *Liquid Joe's*. And, that controversial new bar on State Street is featuring some Irish music. Remember this bar? The guy tried to name it *The Temple*. Fuck that idea. It's now open and called *The Piper Down*. Shanahy, Inish and Last Night's Fun start playing around 10. Earlier in the day, the **Donegal House Band**, **Idlewild**, **Fiddlesticks**, **Stonecircle** and **Yankee Clipper** will perform at what is billed as a "Celtic Music Festival." The location is the *Fort Douglas Theater* above the University of Utah campus with a start time of 6 p.m. Once again, there are other performances scheduled. It is Saturday night after all, but lame ass that I am, these are my suggestions.

Curiously, *Mardi Gras* arrives late in Utah. **The Rebirth Brass Band** has a two-night stand booked at the *Zephyr* (*March 8* and *9*) and the **Dirty Dozen Brass Band** is scheduled at the same private club for members only on *April 2* and *3*. *The Dead Goat* continues hosting blues music on Monday nights. Don't forget that 2003 is the official "Year of the Blues," as proclaimed by the United States Senate. **Smokin' Joe Kubek** and **Bnois King** have a new album out on the *Blind Pig* label. These guys have been around the block a bit since they met in 1989. Kubek is the shredding slinger and King tones him down with a heavy jazz influence. All *Blue Goat* gigs are recommended by this lame-ass scribbler. This particular one is scheduled for *March 10*.

After this gig I'm "cocooning" until Friday night. **Jerry Joseph** brings the **Jackmormons** back to their former hometown for a two-night stand at the *Zephyr*. Despite the lame-ass pigeonholing the band receives, the Jackmormons are not a jam band. Listen to **Steve Earl** and then listen to Jerry Joseph. Hear any similarities? Hmm. This band **Solemite** sent a CD and pestered SLUG. They perform at *Todd's* on *March 14*. I guess if pop-punk and ska are of interest, **Solemite** is as well. **Norton Buffalo** makes the odd Friday night appearance at the *Dead Goat*. He is stereotyped as a "blues" artist, although he blows harp on half the records in your parent's collec-

tion. With all apologies, I will select this gig as my pick for a Friday night date. Devotees of actual hardcore punk will undoubtedly turn out for **A18's** (a.k.a. Amendment 18) *Uprok* gig on Saturday, *March 15*. A18 ain't playing any of that pantywaist hardcore like the big labels sell on television. Straight-edge and proud of it will probably bring out the SLCPD gang unit, but the extreme nature of this *Victory* recording artist is sure to scare them away. Skip to Monday, *March 17* and to the *Dead Goat* for yet another *Blind Pig* recording artist. **Hamilton Loomis** demonstrates that all blues artists are not geriatric. He's only about 27 and he's already built quite a reputation around Texas for, gasp, upbeat blues tunes, multi-instrumental dexterity and a performance that attracts the fairer sex. Hmm. Does that mean the *Blue Goat* is a singles bar in mid-March? Port O'Call patrons, pay attention.

Goddamn it! March has too much good shit! **The Warlocks** will return to Utah on *March 18*. This time the "big" band is scheduled for the *X-Scape* basement. I'll risk getting my lame ass in trouble, and probably fired again, but this is a dumb place for a *Warlocks* performance. Admittedly, the all-ages venue is a good thing, but the stage is too damn small for all those *Warlocks*. Jam band fiends and other unaware individuals might enjoy knowing that the *Warlocks* are the closest thing to an actual psychedelic 1960s concert I've witnessed in the new millennium. Some of you fucking neo-hippies ought to check them out. The show receives a recommend and I'm not done with "neo" yet. "Neo-folkie" **Martin Sexton** is a short walk away at *The Zephyr*.

Burt's Tiki Lounge is always of interest. Burt's always has the good shit, every single night, even if there isn't any music. On *March 19*, **The Voodoo Organist** returns to Burt's. His record, *Exotic Demonic Blues*, isn't as spooky as I assumed from the hype Salt Lake City's "press" gave him the last time he visited. But he is a one-man band with a gimmick, so what the fuck. There's nothing to lose because there's never a cover charge at Burt's. Prior to attending Burt's for the *Voodoo Organist*, think about **Atom & His Package** at *Kilby Court*. Two one-man bands on the same night? Yes indeed. **Atom's** package is his synthesizer unit. He's clever and he's sassy and he is adored by a lot of punk rockers all over the world, but besides all that, *Kilby Court* is nearly as cheap as Burt's. Cheap daters, take note.

Now I have to mention some weird stuff. **Bang Tango** is playing at *Club Expose*. Take the TRAX and a fire extinguisher in case **Bang Tango** does pyro like **Great White**. **The Lynch Mob** is also playing at *Club Expose*. See above. I'm outta space, dudes, and there are tons more good gigs in March. I will risk my job once again and violate the instructions I was given after my last column failed editorial scrutiny. Here's a list in chronological order and a synopsis. Check the SLUG calendar for the exact dates. In my opinion all this stuff is good or I wouldn't mention it. I don't kiss ass.

Xiu Xiu at *Kilby Court* is just good punk-influenced guitar rock (*March 24*). **Flogging Molly** at *X-Scape* is damn good Irish-influenced punk rock with a tendency toward the political the same night. Expect some anti-war sentiments from the stage. **I Can Lick Any Son-Of-A-Bitch In The House** is rootsy kind of shit with some blues and perhaps even country involvement; perfectly preceded by the **Riffrockers** (I think), a rootsy rock band with a girl bassist and a man singer *March 25th* at the *Zephyr*. **Fastball** (26th) probably lost their big record label contract since they are booked at the *Zephyr*, but I believe in the power pop rock. **The Sahara Hotnights** return to *Liquid Joe's* and this time the four females are towing **Ikara Colt** with them (*March 26*). This is easily one of the best shows of the entire month because you got your punk rock and you got more punk rock and none of it is as stupid as that shit you see on the television. **Jill Sobule** kissed a girl a long time ago and she's built a career on it. She's playing for free at *Kingsbury Hall* (*March 28*). In the believe it or not category is **Iris Dement** at the *Egyptian Theater* in Park City *March 29*. The last time she visited Utah was when those idiots in charge of the 2002 Corporate Games co-opted Earth Day and no one showed up. Dement played for security, cops and a gaggle of SLOC employees who are probably still suffering from Post-Olympic Depression. Guitar shredder **Tommy Castro** will do the *Blue Goat* at the *Dead Goat* for the *March KRCL* live blues broadcast even as those video stars **cKy** are messing shit up at *X-Scape* *March 31*. **AI Jorgenson** revives **Ministry** (He must be broke.) as the statute of limitations runs out (apparently) from lawsuits/charges stemming from the last time **Ministry** visited Utah. He is scheduled for *April 2*. **Millencolin** is yet another good punk rock band planning an early April visit (*April 3*, **Bricks**) as is **Pinback** (*April 3*, *X-Scape*) and **Cheap Trick** will reveal a *Fastball* power pop influence at *Harry O's* *April 4*. That's it. If it ain't listed here it either really really sucks or I ain't heard of it.



Flogging Molly

MAD CADDIES

6 Holes with Mad Caddies By Uncle Shame

I suppose it was bound to happen sooner or later, my first interview disaster. After three years of doing this shit I guess I'd become rather spoiled, and probably more than a little cocksure, but alas, life, that annoying humbling mechanism, proved to be anything but routine. Once again I found myself in the hot-seat at the last minute with everyone waiting for me to pull a story out of my ass. This was nothing new, it's what I do. Getting a hold of the artist or band is generally the biggest obstacle to surmount in order to get the story. Sometimes it takes an hour before I realize that the contact phone number I'd been given was off by one digit. One digit ain't that big of a deal until you're trying to call that girl who gave you her number at the bar last night and getting Guido's voice-mail. After contact has been established it's just a matter of enjoying a pleasant conversation with a celebrity.

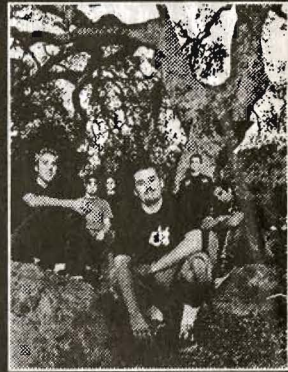
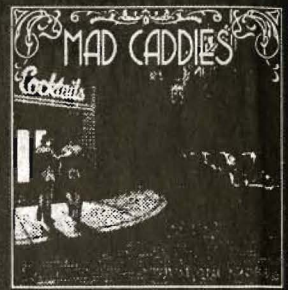
Occasionally though, interviewees are what I call concrete confectioneries (Read: tough cookies). This stems from an irrational fear of the press and being made to look foolish in the public eye. I always find this type of behavior amusing, seeing as how their publicist is usually begging us to give them some press. Though the *Mad Caddies* aren't your run-of-the-mill pissed punks, but more like a bunch of fun-loving loons from the burbs of Santa Barbara who just want to dance the night away, don't take them light. Keith, the trumpeter let me know from the get go that he was unimpressed from the outset by asking "Is this for a zine or what?". At this point I had to ask him what they're so angry about. "It's not mad, as in angry, it's mad, as in crazy, but it's open for interpretation."

With the advent of the new-and-improved Patriot Act Part 2, I was curious to find out if he felt safer now. Since they're not a political band, Keith's attention span regarding certain evil aspects of the new American terrain was limited, and the fact that Verizon is definitely not their wireless provider was beginning to become another stumbling block as I kept repeating: Can you hear me now? "We'll be at the venue in about 45-minutes, can we try this later?" Since we'd both lost precious time, and current events wait for none, I persevered in trying to outline the dangers of the original so-called Patriot Act set in motion shortly after the terrible events of Sept. 11th, 2001, which

takes the first step towards a 'safer' nation by placing the shiny black jackboot on the throat of the citizenry in a brazen attempt to quell any dissent.

When he found out that this could put the First Amendment on the back-burner by making it a crime to speak out against the President and/or his foreign policy, deeming such traditional forms of protest domestic terrorism, he seemed concerned "I guess we're screwed then. On our new album, there's a couple of lines that certainly aren't pro-Bush, to say the least." My spirit lifted, perhaps he wasn't another apathetic rocker afterall. In my excitement to go into more details of arrest without due process, and the indefinite detentions at undisclosed locations of those accused of being domestic terrorists, I must've scared the poor guy, as he cut me short with a curt "Um, I'm just curious if you have any questions about music or our band?" Unable to hold back a scoff, I asked him if the Caddies cared about anything "Sure, there's alot of things you can be cross about and really bummed on. And it's really bad to become distracted and not be aware of your surroundings but, at the same time, you need somebody or some reason to mellow out and just forget about that shit for awhile...just have fun. That's what we'd like to be."

There you have it, the Mad Caddies wanna be the official band of the apocalypse and keep you rocking right into Armageddon. Their new CD, Just One More, can be had at Fat Wreck. Tell Fat Mike that Uncle Shame sent ya.



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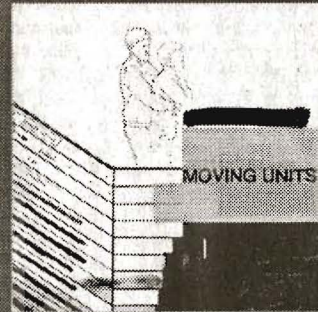
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By Rebecca Vernon

LOCAL CD RELEASE PARTIES FOR MARCH:

Buckettooth CD release, *Open the Door*, March 8th *The Element Lounge* (look for CD review in April issue)

Purdy Mouth CD release, March 22nd, *The Zephyr*

Nurse Sherri CD Release, March 15th *Burt's*

Lindi Wiggins CD Release, *Layna*, March 6th *Urban Lounge*



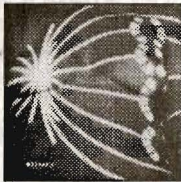
Dangerous Devil, *The World is Dangerous*

You know, I'm just not quite convinced that Laketown can really do rap. If you disagree, please, (and I do mean please) send your GOOD RAP CDs to the addie at the front of SLUG. Some things are good about D.D.'s CD ... the melodies are pretty strong, the beats are good, the SLC references are, of course, cool, and most of the lyrics reflect what a lot of great rap does: dealing with real, day-to-day problems, etc. But what the album *needs* is an outside producer to beef up the sound and coherence of the songs. Sometimes the lyrics teeter over to the snickerable, with a prayer to God in "Life's Reality," and singing "Pussy, paper, poetry and power!... these are the riches that I must pursue/these are the things I'm destined to do" ... well, damn. D.D. also does better when he raps ... let the backup girls handle the singing. And what IS wrong with committing to one bitch, baby? Just give ME something that slides, glides and is easy to ride, D.D.!



Medicine Circus, *Lost in Lux*

Too dark to be called college rock, too intelligent to be mass-marketable, Medicine Circus is still very accessible. They have every element in place that a great rock band needs. Melancholy, very melodic guitar parts and vocals blend together perfectly ... and I think that that doesn't have much of anything to do with the great production. I can almost feel jazz inflections wanting to break out from the upper skin of the music ... maybe that has to do with the complicated, very repetitious basslines, especially prominent in the title track, and the complex guitar and drum parts circling around each other like two men in an intense sword fight, eyes red with rage. Some echoes of grunge can be felt, like "Moving On," reminiscent of Blind Melon's "Sleepyhouse." Very advanced musically, Medicine Circus is definitely doing something different from everything out there right now. This local CD is a must to listen to.



Alchemy, *Color/Horror/47 Mln/English*

This album brings out the live effort of Alchemy better than their first EP, capturing every glowing bead of their bludgeoning, brilliant pop-hook energy. Sophisticated ennui, madness, philosophical contradictions, helplessness, the pulling tide, scientific theories, scientific lies, confusion, tragedy, shellshock, environmental waste, the coldness of your cursed intellect: these are just part of what I get when I listen to Alchemy and look at their CD art. You can feel something shifting in your soul like a giant glacier when you listen to the epic guitar riffs of "Access Mundi." You can *feel* the cacophonous shouting, the midnight cape of despair closing over your head. You can feel the rug being pulled out from under your feet. Perhaps it's true when they sing, "Electric shocks don't go so far" in "Pineapplehead." Maybe it's true when they tell you not to press seven. Maybe you should listen more carefully to what Alchemy's trying to say. This is definitely one of the best local CDs of the year.



The Pretty Uglies, *Art-Test Demo*

Hmm ... didn't know quite what to expect from the Pretty Uglies' cover art (a young, pretty homely girl sculpting a huge head made out of bark chips or rock or something next to the ocean.) Kitschy indie rock? Um ... no. Think the smooth drawl of the Velvet Underground meets the soundtrack for *The Good, the Bad and the Ugly* ("Tijuana"), and then goes and has an affair with The Mooney Suzuki (who wouldn't?) and some beer-drinking Irish traditional songs ("Woodsmen"). Even the jangly elements of Sonic Youth kinda shine through. Minimal acoustic guitar, tender drumming and even the chink of tambourines permeates almost every song, while husky vocals wail, cajole and lay out ironic lyrics like a master: "Even doctors need a little medicine. We're gonna talk talk till you spit it up" ("Therapist Therapy"). Yeah!



The New Evils, *The Nothing Years*

Soundco Records' latest release kicks so much ass there isn't any ass left over to sit on. Think The Stooges, Frank Black's matter-of-fact lyrics spit out from the corner of his mouth with an existential grimace on his face, a Texas highway with dried-out-cactus and desert dust overshadowing all, and you've got The New Evils. Heavy, thick rock with raw, Tom Pettyish vocals (but far tougher), spliced over with harmonica and slide guitar, The New Evils do rock like rock was meant to be done (double entendre intended). Tremulous organ parts and a yearning chorus spice up "My Baby's No Good," and a single, mournful acoustic in "The Drifter" under lines such as "There was a time, there was a place, that put these lines on my face" hit you harder than a punk punching your chest during a bar fight. The blues permeate "The Ancient Teenager," and the buzzy drone of "Go Go Beyond" will drug you, all-naturally. I promise.



The Drips, *Introducing ... The Drips*

Fun fun fun party rock for the masses, The Drips bring their power-punk, pop-inflicted toonz to the table, where their greatest strength lies in their simplicity, funny lyrics and straightforward delivery. The logo on the front of their CD's pretty cool, reminding one of 60s sass. The Drips don't have 60s sass, but they do sound a lot like the Ramones, and they have a female rhythm guitarist ("Kat," boys. Note that), so hey, one decade is just as good as another, depending on what aspect of that decade you're concentrating on. But enough rambling already. "Mary Jane" has a certain Sublimish reggae feel to it (Sublime no doubt sucks, but they pull it off), "One Step Ahead" has a rippin' guitar solo, and "28 Years" is by far the best song on the album, despite the obligatory "oi" chants.



The Debonairs, *This Be the Debonairs*

Wow. Three bands in the same month that start with the letter "D" and have 2 album titles with strikingly similar themes ... is this part of some larger, vaster conspiracy? Eeriness aside, The Debonairs are so suave it will make you hurt! Discordant, raw as a baby's first blister, they churn out booty-shakin' music that chugs in large part from the blues' golden urn and sips more gingerly from rockabilly's frosted beer mug. Hoarse vocals soaked in an eye-popping amount of whisky sours and old nicotine are layered over ill-tempered guitars and a bass filled to the brim with attitude, making music that has just the right amount of ugliness. The Debonairs, slave to fast living and well ... any woman that'll have 'em, get almost sexy in the slower "Squirm Crawl Twitch and Roll," and the "caw" cries in "Yeah ... No!" are just priceless.



Powerhouse Rock, *Self-titled Demo*

Come on over to my howse! Yeah, that's what I'm sayin' ... so where are you? Lathered-down 80s metal gleaming with pink bubbles, 70s classic arena rock and catchy-as-hell riffs will make you feel like you're on the set of *Animal House* all over again. Some music, no matter what genre, just transports you to that movie, y' know? "Hot Summer" could have used some drums, but the chorus reminds me of Queen's anthemic tracks. Lifesaver! Kiss' attitude and sound comes out in "The Pie" (yes, they're "headed, headed down" to *that* Pie) along with some hot-as-a-Mexican-beach (yes, *that* kind of bitch) guitar licks.



Flesh Prddler, *Self-titled Demo*

Well, well, well, so there's metal and then there's metal, and this would be ... metal. Eighties metal cooked in a steamer with some monster ballads (Track No. 2), stinging guitar riffs and some random crab legs thrown in for good measure. The songwriting is actually really good, but at times the vocals lack some kind of vital power ... maybe a good vocal-cord steaming would help out a bit. Call me crazy, but sometimes the vocals remind me of Perry Farrell's, so you know the potential's there. The drummer is AWESOME, as all metal drummers seem to be head n' shoulders above their rock counterparts. Why? Track No. 4 rocks, though, because I suppose I'm such a sucker for good metal ballads, just like everyone else. Why?

Lambs in Wolves Clothes

The Warlocks Shepard in a Fresh Brand of Indie Rock

Having been a fan of all things distorted and Mary Chain-esque, it seems rather odd that it has taken me this long to discover The Warlocks. Formed by Bobby Hecksher, The Warlocks have spent the past three and a half years perfecting their sound by towing the noise of the brothers Reid with the craftsmanship of Spiritualized and the "Sweet FA" attitude of today's better artists. Now they find themselves alongside BRMC as the next wave of sound to overtake England and win over the hearts of indie-minded Americans.

I've been told that my interviewee, guitarist JC Rees, is "the bad boy among a group of bad boys," but there is no indication other than the gruffness in his voice to verify this accusation. You'd almost call our conversation well-mannered and tastefully restrained. No astonishing quotes slagging off the Beatles or random deity. Well, not yet, anyway.

The band's unusual lineup, which includes two drummers, is result of a special closing set that included friend Anton of Brian Jonestown Massacre. Hecksher was so taken by the textures created by using two drummers that he decided to implement them full time. "It seemed like a bad idea at first," JC confesses, noting that he expected it to muddy the sound, "But it worked out." Currently, The Warlocks also feature a three-guitarist wrecking crew to go along with their bass and keyboards. Over the past three years, the lineup has shifted around a bit. When a member would leave, Hecksher and Co. found themselves turning towards close friends rather than auditioning musicians to fill the roster. "We're longtime friends, not outcasts, but not part of the popular community. We have similar interests, but a great amount of differences."

This closeness has allowed them to implement avant-garde jazz timings and more experimental practices to their instrumentals and live performances. Everyone is watching, listening to each other, knowing when the changes are coming before the nod or eye contact signals the change.

But, with closeness sometimes comes chaos. "There have been verbal and physical attacks. We try to keep the fights from carrying over from the dressing room, try to keep professional, but sometimes, [well], creating passionate music while walking the fine line between emotions that are healthy and dangerously destructive."

JC defines his role as a noisemaker, but tries to create soulful noise rather than a wash of white noise. He accuses The Cramps' early sonic terrorist and guitarist Bryan Gregory (who oddly enough, is said to have tried being a tattoo artist, sex-shop owner and a warlock after leaving The Cramps in the early 80s) and cult Australian punk-guitarist Kim Salmon of The Scientists (a precursor of the likes of Sonic Youth and John Spencer Blues Explosion) of being his major influences.

Turning focus towards their live shows, we talk about their recent UK tour (and when was I ever one to pass

up the chance to talk about England?). "England was overwhelming. Flattering." They played sold-out shows 11 of their 13 dates and the remaining two were still packed. But it wasn't so much the size of the crowd as much as it was their energy that impressed the band. "Every night, the audience was more excited, involved, singing along, screaming and dancing." Still looking for that rock star quote, I ask about the events that followed the shows. "It is hard to say 'no' in a foreign country." Not much of a confession, but you can use your imagination.

Now, back in America playing a small tour with Interpol, JC expected to tune down the nightlife and

recover. For better or worse, after the show the night before in Los Angeles suggests that Interpol know how to do more than write a solid album. "We were supposed to be taking a break while touring with Interpol. But if the first night is any indication...you'd expect them to be mellow and withdrawn. They aren't." Nonetheless, JC assures me, however, that there will be a two-week break between this tour and the opening night of their next, which kicks off in Salt Lake City on March 18 at Club X-scape.

Sensing the end of the interview drawing close, I prod one last time for that glorious pull quote.

"So I hear you are the bad boy among bad boys?" I say. Smiling through the phone, he says, "No comment."

"So, any Oasis comments?"

"No, I'm not that kind of a bad boy."



From strip bars to studios with... THE RAVEONETTES

by Ryan Jackson with photos by Soren Solhaer Starbird

Sune (pronounced "Soon") Rose Wagner, 26, is sitting in his hotel room in London. It's the fourth date of the UK tour with supporting act Nylon Pylon. Tonight, his band, **The Raveonettes**, will perform for the NME Awards Show, at the prestigious London Astoria. Though sure of himself as any established artist, Sune seems oblivious to the notion that The Raveonettes are growing to be the most important new rock band of this young decade.

"The tour has been great," he says, with a calmness that projects extreme cool.

Determined to form the perfect band, Sune spent years abroad from his home in Denmark, both stateside and elsewhere. Today, he appears ready for just about anything.

*Driving through the desert looks alright
Going to a place where all the lights shine on...*

"Vegas was a crazy place! I saw a lot of weird shit—a lot of good things about America and a lot of really bad things", Sune recalls, "I loathe it, and I love it—you see millionaires just gambling for fun, and you see the guy who lost his family at the gambling table—a fucking weird and decadent place!"

Vegas exposed Sune to the darker side of the U.S. From Denmark, everything seemed great about this country, but he quickly learned that the U.S. has its own share of problems. "The social security system is a little fucked up," he says, "I'm not used to that kind of thing, you know? In Denmark, where I come from, everyone gets the same treatment, and you don't have to pay for it—the government pays for everything. And the censorship—kind of surprising I thought."

Tired of Vegas, he soon moved on, in hopes of finding a music scene he truly would love. The voyage took him up and down the coast of the Western U.S.—even as far as Seattle. Luckily for us, he found nothing, and started The Raveonettes instead.

"In '99 I was living in Los Angeles and I got so bored with the music scene there, and I thought it was so terrible. I'd try to go out every night to see just one band that I liked, or just hear one song that got me going and I couldn't find anything. I got so frus-

trated. I was staying at a friend's place and he had an 8-track recorder so I started writing songs—sort of what I wanted to hear if I was going out tonight. So that's how [The Raveonettes] really started."

"I think [traveling] was my time of growing up," Sune continues, "It gave me a good perspective of the world, how other people live and what's out there. I learned a lot."

Sharin Foo, 27, is sitting in the other end of the room. Though much softer spoken and quieter than her counterpart, she is just as confident—and well traveled. While Sune crashed stateside, Sharin spent time in India, and dived into the exotic qawwali music scene. From a 19th generation dhrupad singer, she learned the fine art of ancient Hindustani singing.

"Going to India was a great inspiration for me. I wouldn't say that it's anything I do in my music now, but it was an interesting thing to do. It gives you a bit of perspective you know." Soon after, The Raveonettes formed back in Denmark. Although Sharin was already singing in local clubs, she was looking for something more. When Sune returned from the U.S., he heard she was looking for someone to work with, and gave her a call. Before long, they began experimenting with various sounds together, recorded songs that became the *Whip It On* EP, went on a mini tour of Denmark, and the rest is recent history.

"That was two years ago approximately. So things really went fast for us!" she says.

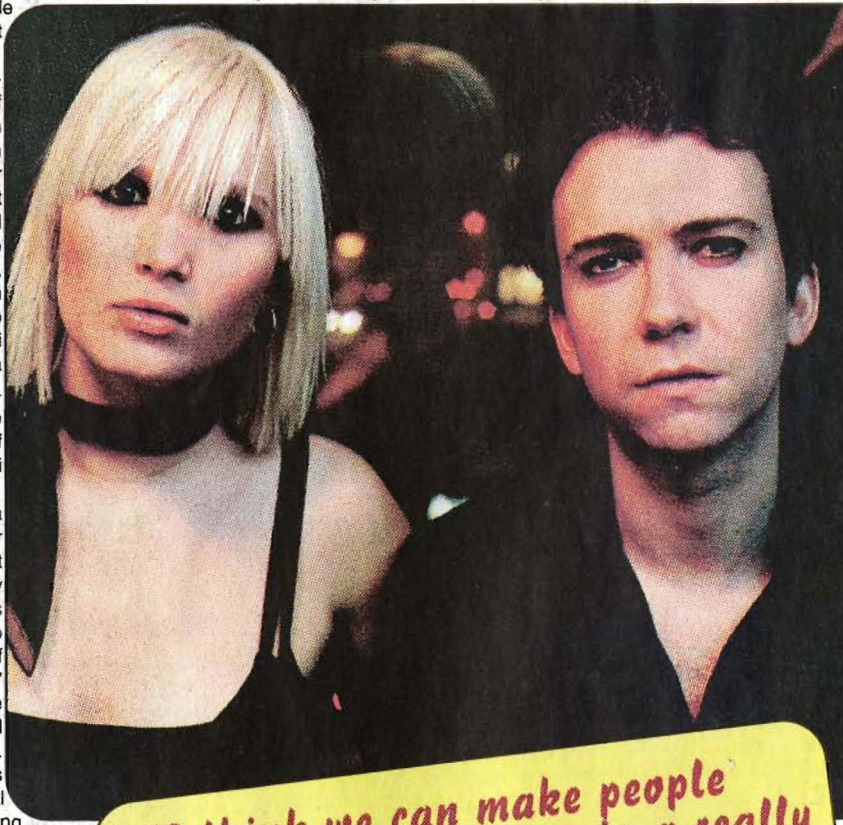
It goes something like this...

Sune recalls how everything fell into place—*Whip It On* is a diary, if you will, documenting his experiences abroad and a wicked passion for film. "*Whip It On*" was inspired by movies, having the whole cinematic

feel to the music, and all the traveling," explains Sune, "So many weird things to see, all the strip joints and sleazy bars, and I guess it was just like a tale of where I'd been for so many years. We feel strongly that it's very cinematic music—it's really like a soundtrack."

Gazing upon the history of music, it's clearly visible that great bands are often defined by how they broke the rules to create a new sound. Ironically, The Raveonettes broke the rules by creating severe guidelines for their songwriting/recording process—the opposite path to greatness of virtually ever artist who broke big before them. Sune wanted to challenge himself, and see how far he could take a sound and stretch his creativity inside very specific,

back to basics—but went a lot further," he remembers, "I said, I'm going to record all the songs the same key, only use 3 chords...no high hat on the record, no cymbals...the songs have to be really short and to the point...and there's got to be that twin vocal harmony singing on it, and when we recorded, I swear to god, there are no overdubs or anything! It's just two guitars playing and samples going, and we added sampled drums so it wasn't entirely a retro kind of feel. I definitely wanted to look forward on it...we hadn't quite found our sound yet at that point, but I knew what sound I wanted, but it was hard to explain to someone, so...we had to do it ourselves. We spent hours doing weird stuff and experimenting



"I think we can make people enjoy rock music again in a really big way, and hopefully turn them on to other great bands that influenced us..." —Sune Rose Wagner

strict boundaries. He felt that in recent years, bands grew so concerned with being different and breaking rules, and music grew stale.

"I got bored...so much shit is possible these days. You can have a string orchestra in your music...record 20 layers of guitars, and more. I thought it's time to go

until we found "The Raveonettes Sound."

The end result: perfect, electrifying songs enveloped in a new minimalist post-punk sound, bent on challenging the masses. Their DIY experimentalism may be ambitious and brave, but for any normal band, it's a long ride from recording with industry vet, **Richard Gottehrer** (produced of bands like **Blondie**, co-founded Sire Records, which developed major

artists like Madonna, The Ramones, etc.). For The Raveonettes, however, this long ride was a short trip to a day job—literally.

"Sharin worked for [Richard Gottehrer], at his distribution company. She's known him for a couple years, and he actually hasn't produced a record for many, many years. When we finished our own record, she played it for him and he freaked! He said 'Wow! This is AMAZING! I have to go back to producing!' So that's how he ended up producing our next record—which we just finished mixing in London."

It sounds like a match made in heaven. Perhaps fate really does exist.

"Richard added a good element to the music I thought. We used him mostly as a musical godfather or something because I always regarded his songwriting as being really, really good from 'I Want Candy' to 'My Boyfriend's Back'—and then his talents with producing Blondie. There was a good feel when we recorded. Everybody was in good spirits and the record just came out really really well. Everything was perfect."

Working with a legend like Gottehrer is quite extraordinary in itself, but the final mix was completed with British rock legend, Alan Moulder—famed for his groundbreaking work engineering the sound of The Jesus and Mary Chain and My Bloody Valentine. This partnership suggests a slightly fuller sound for the forthcoming album.

*Explosive smell when black leather comes to you
Beating that ass with the chain gang of love...*

What kind of themes will you explore on the next record?

"There will be a lot of sex & drugs on there—but also maybe a twist of love and restlessness I guess, so it's definitely a very intense album—it's amazing—a CLASSIC!"

Speaking of the recurring 'sex' theme, why do you feel there is such connection between sex and rock?

"I think it's primarily the beat that gives it a sexy feel, and then the words can add even more sex to it, but I think primarily it's the beat, you know, and I don't think a lot of bands have that these days—only a few bands. It's a very good thing...something everyone can relate to...and you feel it immediately."

Is there a title?

"Chain Gang of Love."

What about the artwork?

"We do all our artwork ourselves. We like to be in control of that—it's an important thing that it has to go along with the music."

Where do you get your ideas?

"We are quite inspired and fascinated by the whole aesthetics of B-movies and Film Noir," explains Sharin, "and if you see the cover of *Whip It On*, that was kind of Hitchcock style..."

Yeah, I see what you mean. It looks like a movie poster. I love Hitchcock—such classic films.

"And they're extremely exciting every time you see them...really timeless movies, and that's what I strive for in the music," adds Sune, "You can always put on the record and you'll discover something new or rediscover something and you will always be taken back to a good time, you know."

What do you want to accomplish with The Raveonettes?

"World domination. Seriously. We do really good songs. I think we can make people enjoy rock music again in a really big way, and hopefully turn them on to other great bands that influenced us. Maybe younger kids that pick up on The Raveonettes haven't heard about The Cramps or haven't heard about Suicide. If we can get the message across, then that will be great for people to discover music. You know, that's how I got into music in the first place because I sort of discovered all these great bands that I'd never heard of. And that's such a great feeling, if you're into music, to discover something new and fresh. So that is probably our mission right now."

What are your favorite records?

"Definitely the first Suicide album which is just called *Suicide*, and The Cramps *Psychodelic Jungle*, is up there, and I have a lot of the 50's stuff, but you know, it's hard to say because sometimes they didn't really put out 'records'. You know, a good record in the sense of the 50's and 60's would just be a single. Like 'Be My Baby' by The Ronettes is an amazing record, for instance."

Speaking of The Ronettes, did you hear about Phil Spector getting arrested as a murder suspect?

"Yeah, I heard about that. They're writing a lot about it here in England, right now. Has there been any development? I heard he got out on bail..."

He did. Marky Ramone was interviewed, stating the stories about Phil holding the band at gun point were blown out of proportion, and how he believes it was probably an accident, because Phil boasts a huge gun collection.

"Yeah—I've heard of gun stories about him. Well, I hope he's innocent, you know—he's a brilliant man. He may be really fucked up and weird you know, but he's genius!"

Yes he is.

How about you, Sharin? What are you into? Seen any good shows lately?

"Last time I was really mesmerized at a show was when I saw The Kills at Bowery Ballroom in New York. It was really sexy...and subtle...and sophisticated...and kind of rough, and I like that."



The Raveonettes are: Sune Rose Wagner and Sharin Foo (pictured right to left). Their live shows include guitarist Manoj Ramdas and jazz drummer Jakob Hoyer.

Musical Influences:

Sune Rose Wagner—Suicide, The Cramps, Buddy Holly, Ritchie Valens, Phil Spector, The Jesus and Mary Chain, The Shangri Las, Sonic Youth

Sharin Foo—Bob Dylan, Emmylou Harris, The Everly Brothers, The Velvet Underground, The Beatles

Discography: *Whip It On* in stores now. Their new album, *Chain Gang of Love*, out later this year.

Additional Influences: Jack Kerouac, Alan Ginsberg, Betty Paige, and trashy B-movies

Further listening: Phil Spector—*Back to Mono*, My Bloody Valentine—*Loveless*, Baby Wood Rose—*Money for Soul*

Find more information at: www.theraveonettes.com

The IMMORTAL LEE COUNTY KILLERS II.



Punk Blues From the Dirty South: The Immortal Lee County Killers

By Carly Fuller
Photos: Daniel Coston

Straight from "the punk delta" of Lee County, Alabama, come **The Immortal Lee County Killers**, a two-piece, punked-up, sloppy helping of garage blues with more attitude than J-Lo. Don't be fooled by the rocks that these guys got, they are still that rare combination of soul and thrash rock; that oxymoron that keeps you on the edge of your seat whether they're playing slow, 12-bar blues or tearing through one of their signature speed ditties. Guitarist and screamer **Chet "the Cheetah" Weise** was kind enough to answer my inquiries, while drummer **JRR Token**, or "**Token One**" remained silent, but was once quoted as saying, "We're the best damn two-piece the world has ever seen."

SLUG: For those who are tragically uninformed, describe the sound of The Immortal Lee County Killers at work.

CHEETAH: Mississippi Delta and Hill blues through 100-watt amplifiers. Lots of energy is moved when we play. Lots of dynamics and rhythm. The soft music is as intense and important as the loud music in our set. Makes our show more explosive. Most of the time we are on the edge of brilliance or complete and utter disaster.

SLUG: So how does it feel to be the best two-piece in the world?

CHEETAH: Some nights I think we could be the best band in the world. I feel good those nights. I feel like I have played music to the best of my ability. When we play good music, I feel like an angel. When we play like dog shit, I feel like dog shit.

SLUG: How did you become immortal?

CHEETAH: As soon as we pressed our first record. Records will spin around this planet until the sun burns out.

SLUG: At what age did you know that music would be a part of your life?

CHEETAH: Fourteen years old. I danced around the kitchen and told my mother I wanted a guitar. I remember the day vividly. One year later I ascertained a cheap acoustic I rented from month to month. Finally I stepped up to a white electric Lotus brand Les Paul copy I also rented from month to month.

SLUG: Why the blues?

CHEETAH: I became attracted to blues when I found a street musician named **Uncle Ben Perry**. Uncle Ben played every weekend outside a pizza place on Beale St. He used a homemade guitar and an amp he pushed around in a grocery cart. The rhythms and howls he made sounded so nasty and dirty, but everyone who listened just smiled and danced all night. Beale St. at the time was on the cusp of changing from a "bad part of town" to a tourist attraction, so there was always a nice mix of winos, vagrants and yuppies. It made for a good time and definitely left an impression on me. I was living the typical suburban lifestyle of safety through the week, school during the day, and drinking heavily underage on the weekends. I bought my first blues tape, **John Lee Hooker's Lonesome Mood** on Beale St. I started my transference then, started to develop my own identity and style. Blues was honest substance and therapy. Bullshit in blues is always easy to smell out. Same with punk rock. And there was none of that in Hooker.

SLUG: Describe your dream show.

CHEETAH: Hmmm. **Hound Dog Taylor and the Houserockers** are the headliners, **Leadbelly and MC5** are support. If I could make a festival out of it, I would include **John Coltrane, the Doors and Sam and Dave**. I would love to see them at a house-rent party. I don't know if I would even have time to drink. I would be busy dancing, listening and learning; but I am sure a few Wild Turkey and Coke cocktails would enter my bloodstream at some point. This show would truly be a miracle. Resurrection would be proven.

SLUG: Do you consider what you do to be "work"

or a "job"?
CHEETAH: Mostly I consider what we do to be ART. People should not be afraid of that three-letter word. Art is so fucking great and important. Whether our art is good or not is up to each listener's subjective opinion.

SLUG: What has been your favorite stop on the European tour? Why?

CHEETAH: I loved the **John Peel session** we did at the BBC. We played live for thirty people and John. We felt like we had participated in something very lasting and worthy. John Peel has been turning people on to music for decades and he has stayed honest. He is a gentleman and a true music lover. Participating in something so high profile but still feeling like the music was priority proved a real pleasure.

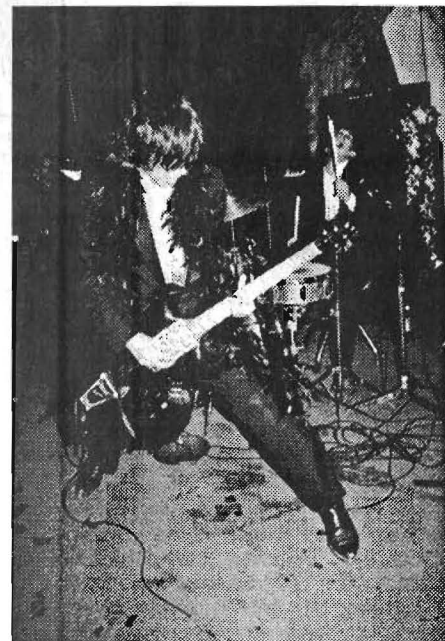
SLUG: You know how the president gives the "State of the Union Address" every year? If you were in charge of giving the "State of the Music Address," what would your speech be?

CHEETAH: I would say there is hope. Maybe I will start listening to the radio again.

Mainstream music goes in phases, you know. A phase will begin when some new honest originals are so-called "discovered," then the mainstream can be exciting for a few years, and then the inevitable occurs—imitation and fabrication. Mainstream music has been imitating and fabricating grunge, post-Helmet, and rap-punk-metal crap for years. I hope this shit is about to stop and for a few years the mainstream will be confused enough to where some real bands reach the radio dials.

SLUG: What's in your CD player right now?

CHEETAH: Damn, I do not know. I have not been home for weeks and the CD player in our van has been broken. Probably some CDs from the **C. Patton** box set. Maybe a **Jesus and Mary Chain** record, and there is always a **Trex or Stooges** CD nearby. I know **Nick Drake** and **Reigning Sound** are close to my turntable as well.



Columbia Records

The Ataris—CORY BURNER— **So Long, Astoria**

I could be an elitist and say that I don't like The Ataris' major label debut, but I would be lying if I did, and I hate liars. The band's frontman and founder, Kris Roe, fell into that category of liars with The Ataris' last full length, *End Is Forever* (Kung Fu). The album was packed with myriad songs about heartbreak and rejection, which smelled a little fishy considering Roe's status as a happily married man. With *So Long, Astoria*, Roe writes honestly about subjects that are real to him now: fatherhood, life choices and the impact of the past on the present. So how does it compare with earlier releases? It's different. Roe's voice has lost some of its distinctive harshness, the lyrics are a little didactic and motivational and the once indie distortion and feedback are now a little too strategically placed. But, if you dig through all the over-production to the meat of the songs, you still have The Ataris. "All You Ever Learn You Already Know" is my favorite cut and represents everything there is to love about the legendary 4-piece from Santa Barbara.

Columbia

Bleu—JOSH SCHEIDERMAN— **Redhead**

The tag line on this cd cover reads "included 'Somebody Else' as featured on the Spider-Man Soundtrack." This made me skeptical. For Bleu's second full length, he chose to create his own genre, bubblegum rock. It's not that every song is about a relationship (except "I Won't Go Hollywood," which is also a relationship), but the fact that each song carries on about bad news with catchy hooks is a little much. I pictured Pete Dinklage down on his luck with women and writing bad songs such as "Trust Me": "I'm not afraid of your ripped ex-boyfriend I've got muscles he don't even use." Enough said.

In Music We Trust

Bluebottle Kiss—STAKERIZED— **Revenge is Slow**

Having done PR for bands on the Aussie label Laughing Outlaw, Alex Steininger's *In Music We Trust* took the next logical step and released Sydney-based Bluebottle Kiss under the IMWT roster. Brits like Coldplay have always seemed to have a monopoly on lush, intelligent pop, but why can't the Aussies do it too? I can't imagine they crush cans of Foster on their heads in concert, and songs like "Ounce of Your Cruelty" and "Hasten the Blows" aren't likely about a mean turn in Australian-rules football, which to my eyes looks like no-rules football. Revenge may be slow, but as depicted in these songs, it's something to be savored.

Quarterstick

Cailexico—STAKERIZED— **Feast of Wire**

This Tucson, Arizona band's new disc starts out with a mariachi flavor as well as that of old-time country balladeers. It's that kind of cultural mixture evoked in their very name that makes Cailexico different than anyone else out there. Unlike previous releases that played it relatively straight, titles like "Not Even Stevie Nicks..." and "Attack El Robot! Attack!" have a more tongue-in-cheek take on their musical border crossing. Joey Burns and John Convertino manage to offer up this musical feast while still plowing away as members of legendary alt-country band Giant Sand.

Last Beat

Cramer—STAKERIZED— **Self-Titled**

It's not Kramer, the Shimmy-Disc impresario of the 80's and 90's, but Brent Cramer, a student at Columbia College in NYC, barely attaining voting age but polished enough that he's played SXSW. Vocals, and come to think of it, the overall sound recalls David Lowery's post Camper Van Beethoven work, with witty compositions, some folksy and some more punk-pop. A classically-trained violinist, Cramer has performed with the Meyerson Symphony Center in Dallas. This makes for a smart debut album, but maybe a little too practiced. Where are the sharp edges?

Rodent Popsicle

Crash and Burn—KEYLAD— **S/T**

Coming out of the gate with both engines shrieking and flaming, Crash and Burn takes the nitro funny car down the straight-a-way with the blistering opener, "Kill a Punk for Rock n' Roll." With gruff shrieking vocals that would make Lemmy of Motorhead proud, Crash and Burn takes their Black Sabbath-inspired metal guitar chords to new rock heights. Unfortunately, the disc quickly flatlines with very slow sludge that becomes uneventful. Don't get me wrong, I like it when bands throw variation into their music, but with Crash and Burn, it just turns out not right. The vocals don't match the slower songs that creep along at a snail's pace. When the band decides to get back to the faster songs, it's like having another shot of Jack Daniels to get the blood flowing again. All in all, it's kind of a lopsided disc. The fast stuff kicks ass, but the slow stuff is weak. Still, it's worth checking out, just don't expect a rock n' roll epic.

Saddle Creek

Cursive—JOSH SCHEIDERMAN— **The Ugly Organ**

With their visit last month still burning in my mind, I listened to this disc with new interest. This perverse play of passion and loss reads like a tragic fairy tale gone to the circus. The first single and strongest rock song, "Art is Hard," explains the struggle to be yourself or at least impersonate greater persons. "The Butcher Song" and "The Gentleman Caller" start out with heavy organ and disjointed structure, but pull through to reveal the beautiful calms after the storm. From live performance to recorded tracks, Cursive has transferred that energy to bring together something both unique and powerful. Tim spent several weeks here in Utah with a collapsed lung last year on tour as he sings "I've decided tonight I'm staying alive just kicking and screaming." He has lived his dreams and nightmares to bring it live.

RCA Records

Damone—KEYLAD— **From the Attic**

Prepubescent lyrics, apparently aimed at extreme sports music video watchers, and shitty guitar solos that would make even 80's hair metal bands blush pretty much sum up this album. Cheesy-ass lyrics run rampant through this blatant attempt to write a commercial major label disc. The girl's singing is both obnoxious in a bad way and very bland. The Donnas should kick the fucking shit out of these dumb-ass posers for trying to be a rock band. Mark my words, dumb-ass crap like this will become the next big selling stadium band, requested every hour on the radio or by sixteen year olds. For me, this disc is so bad that I wouldn't even give it to my worst enemy. Shit, shit, shit, shitty, shit.

Disaster Records

Discontent—KEYLAD— **S/T**

There are many bands out there that excel in motor-punk sound. Bands like Zeke, The 440's and Electric Frankenstein punch through the sound barrier with their combination of punk rock speed and heavy metal power chords. Orange County's Discontent doesn't really hit the mark with their attempt to bridge the gap between the two forms of loud and pissed off music. Looking at their band photos and listening to their disc a few times, I find that they just can't seem to give up the punk rock sound. The scales tip way to far into the punk realm and little in the way of rock. All of their songs sound the same with few, if any, variations on the disc. Bands that keep the tempo at one speed throughout their music are boring. Discontent doesn't even really try to hit the listener with both fists of rock n' roll, they just seem to be slugging away with one hand tied behind their back.

Evil Owl/Posing Toad

Douglass Kings

STAKERIZED

Three Bucks E

Douglass Kings are perhaps the ultimate DIY band, writing their own songs, releasing stuff on cassette occasionally and doing their own artwork. They don't even have any fat to trim in the personnel department; they create their dense and relatively complex sound with just two: Dave Weaver on guitar and drummer Lee Diamond, sharing vocals. Unlike duos like the White Stripes who try to incorporate obvious rock and blues references, these two seem to use the minimalist format to set out on their own. Instead of the pop-punk I was expecting, they make a kind of music only tangentially related to punk, rocking out on it's own terms, and even showing a jam-band influence in the looseness and verbosity of their playing style. "Chew Yun Fat" has goofy lyrics about John Woo, and "Sucker Rebellion" is perhaps their DIY anthem. And keeping it real, Three Bucks isn't just the title but also the price.

XL Recordings

Electric Six

Danger! High Voltage EP

STAKERIZED

A recent issue of Wire Magazine essayed the history of "mutant disco," an 80's genre that fused such disparate sounds as the British proto-techno/new wave of Joy Division and PIL to the funk of James Chance and the Contortions. Perhaps it's the next big retro thing again. "Remote Control (Me)" starts out like it could be a song by the Hives, or any other of the mono-monikered garage bands of last year, but its attitude is of the techno savvy Euro-disco theme, and Dick Valentine's vocals are Tom Jones more than Mick Jagger. Then the title cut goes completely over the top into totally synthesized territory, even staking out its claim with the subtitle, "Thin White Duke Remix." Somewhere between "Fame" and "Heroes," as their press kit says, this has no credibility yet is 100% authentic.

Imusic

Eric Idle Presents

The Rutland Isles

STAKERIZED

Eric Idle, AKA Nigel Spasm, was one of the creators of the Beatles parody, the Rutles, and the several years ago cash-in tour of Python sketches with no other original members. The Rutland Isles are one of those vacation spots that only the British are desperate enough to travel to, with sights and sounds like the "Penis Fish" (looks just like a... fish) and a national anthem celebrating paranoia. Maybe this is culturally-specific to Brits, but I didn't laugh much. While Python was ground-breaking stuff, and even the Rutles was a clever parody, this is an exercise in mostly cheesy and tired bits like "Pre-Chewed Food" and "Gay Animal Song," though "Killing For God" is especially timely. "God gave us these tanks, so fuck off."

Self Produced

Golem

Libeshmertzn (Love Hurts)

LINCOLN DYSAGE

It's a frightful phenomenon. Traditional music of nearly any stripe regurgitated with half-digested bits of contemporary window-dressing, all to be gobbled up by hoards of Starbucks liberals with a need to congratulate themselves on the purchase of something "indigenous, yet funky". Something to remind them of "dangerous" places and "filthy", yet "homey" hovels they will never have to frequent themselves. It is therefore a delightful thing to discover an entirely self-produced Golem simultaneously re-inventing and defending the vigor and poignancy of klezmer music with such pathos, skill and humor. Instigator and head of the ensemble, Annette Ezekiel is a linguist whose research in places as diverse as nursing homes in the Bronx to the gypsy haunts of Serbia have produced a wide range of stories and styles that comprise the foundation for this album. It doesn't hurt matters that Ezekiel (vocals and accordion) is fluent in Russian, French, Yiddish, German and Italian. And because they can, the group even transplants a Balkan Roma song to Mexico where it is suitably given traditional Mexican lyrics. Hearty vocal interplay, impeccable arrangements and a feisty viola are to be enjoyed throughout the disc. There is even a song about "pussy...cats" all delivered with a sincerity that is sure to make you purr. All that's missing is a bottle of bathtub booze to wash it all down. Oy vey!

Shredder Records

The Hextalls

MASE

Call It A Career

Something that irritates me to no end is copycatting bands. You know, the ones that fail to have any originality whatsoever and whose only claim to fame is that they can mimic the great ones. The Hextalls are just that. Now I guess we could cut them some slack seeing that they hail from way up north in British Columbia where they might not have received the memo that this sort of thing has been done, and done several times better, but we won't. The Hextalls are Blink 182, in the Cheshire Cat/Dude Ranch era. The only thing separating their sound is their inability to write witty songs. The lyrics are trite, undereducated, redneck ramblings, whining about babies getting more boobs. I think they can do better. Stay true to Blink's originality, and stay away from the Hextalls.

Rough Trade

The Hidden Cameras

STAKERIZED

The Smell of Our Own

Described by frontman Gibb as "gay church folk music," the Hidden Cameras are right down the alley of Stephen Merritt's side projects like Future Bible Heroes. But a song like "Golden Streams" is more twisted than anything in the Magnetic Fields' repertoire. A line like "I believe that I have problems in my dreams/I feel like I'm the only one/and that I carry your disease" is more coolly matter-of-fact and somehow more evocative than many of the sometimes coy Merritt's music. Sonically similar, the HCs are aiming skyward with their gospel-influenced crooning.

Self-released

The Izzys

KEYLARK

Fast and Out of Control Wins the Race EP

First off, check out www.theizzys.com for details on how to pick up this stellar EP. The Izzys know how to write great music, from garage rock with Led Zepplin-ish vocals to a honky-tonk inspired hoe-down. Boogie bass and drums backed with rock gone wrong guitars place The Izzys on the same level as many of the great garage and rockabilly revivalists of today. Apparently, this is their second EP, which has seven songs. Their first EP has the same "no worse for the wear" attitude as Fast and Out of Control Wins the Race.

Initial Records

The Jazz June

KEYLARK

Better Off Without Air

Commercial radio stations will have to pry this new disc from The Jazz June out of my lifeless, cold hands to be able to play this one on their radio waves. This disc is a complete and utter musical testament to artistic creativity and integrity. First generation emo bands like Elliot and The Promise Ring will always hold a place in my heart for their talent of writing guitar-driven, impassioned indie rock. With their fifth release, The Jazz June showcases a wide variety of influences with their dabbling into 80's electronic bleeps and chirps, dub reggae breakdowns and shoe gazing distortion, while never losing their unscathed signature sound. Fans of The Jazz June will not be disappointed; they will claim Better Off Without Air as the band's best. And it is, without a doubt, all that and more.

Fueled By Ramen

Kissing Chaos Enter with a Bullet EP

MASE

I wish this were a full-length; I really didn't get enough of this talented new band in the short five songs I spent with them. Spawning from a side project of the failed Pop Unknown, Kissing Chaos grabbed some ex members of Mineral and Sparta and thusly proceeded to rock. Their predominantly hard-core sound is complimented by searing vocals and dark lyrical prowess, but where the band really gets going is with its melodically jolting tempo and instrumental rage. Having already shared stages with Hot Rod Circuit, Recover, Taking Back Sunday and Brand New gives this young band an already impressive tour history that can account for its fast gain in followers, a gain which will undoubtedly be multiplied with this release. Band members claim the influences of Depeche Mode, Metallica, Slayer, Fugazi and Minor Threat, all of which are apparent in their sound.

Suicide Squeeze

The Magic Magicians

JOHN DEHURMAN

Girls

An old release has come to new light as this band saddles up for a long awaited tour. John Atkins teams up with Joe Plummer of The Black Heart Procession as a two-part band with various special guests. Anglophiles means, "one who greatly admires England and things English." Maybe they might be accused of this, but besides the slight accent from Mr. Atkins their music stays clear of everything from across the pond. Girls sounds more like The Grifters on Prozac meets 764-HERO gone pop. 123 to 9 to 5 should be the strongest candidate for hit single, Waited to Long is the lazy afternoon porch swing song and Time Zones be Damned is the filling of the custard. Altogether, one damn fine attempt to try to not sound like Americans.

54 40' or Fight!

Moreland Audio

SPECIALIZED

Turbogold

Math rock is one of those terms that should just be retired and outlawed by copy editors everywhere. All the bands that employ the oddly-numbered time signatures that give the genre its name have as little to compare with each other as all the emo bands. Song titles like "Today's Higher Revving Engines" and "Spanning Time" and no don't help either. Groups like Brand X and King Crimson were doing similar experiments in the 70's under the banners of jazz and prog rock, but without quite the same explosiveness, urgency and singlemindedness. If you need a pocket calculator to understand it, maybe not the name but the music itself should be banned.

Redemption Recording

Race For Titles

CARKY FULLER

Race For Titles

Omaha, somewhere in Middle America...somewhere that is surprisingly becoming a breeding ground for the next big indie rock acts. First the corn fields brought us Cursive and now Race For Titles, a tightly bound, like-minded, and dreamy four piece whose melodies and dynamics will leave you deep in thought and slightly hypnotized (not recommended as driving music when you, yourself, race for a title). When the former threesome dropped their Roland R8 drum machine and recruited a human rhythm section, their credibility nearly doubled, for the percussion on this album is impeccable. The dual guitars accomplish their goal and add a layered, multi-faceted sound, and my only complaint would need to be filed to the ethereal, echoy, and surreal vocal department. I think your sound could greatly improve if your vocals came down to Earth once in awhile. Other than that, this is a fantastic record whose strength is in its contrast. One minute you're listening to dreamy emo, the next you're being confronted with dark, hard, and convincing indie rock.

Pig Pile Records

Random Road Mother

KEYLART

Mother, Jugs and Speed

While Random Road Mother claims to be a rock n' roll band, I disagree. They are a punk band, but they are quite good at what they do. Loud, fast and pissed off! The way they should be! Snotty vocals backed by hyperactive bass and guitar and spastic drums. While there is not much variation (they aren't pretentious with what they do), short, fast songs about dysfunctional habits fit brilliantly into the EP format. If they had put out a full-length of songs that were all like this, I would probably get very bored. But with the quickness that this disc blazes by, it makes for repeated fun listening. Hopefully, they will throw some variations into their next disc, beside the one token acoustic song. In the meantime, songs like, "Five Day Weekend", "You Suck.Com" and "Alcahutt" will keep any listener rolling on the floor.

Signature Sounds

Josh Ritter

POLY MAYO COM

Golden Age of Radio

There seems to be a mystery of sorts afoot. Rumor stalks with open jaws and empty paws! Is it true that Spud State native Josh Ritter has mastered the art of cell division? Two personae nestle knee to knee on this recording. One cozies up to the great melancholic strains of unwitting dead English legends whose music has been appropriated for Volkswagen ads, while the other sallies forth under a cowboy hat to leave his name painted on a water tower. The two of them became very well received in Ireland, another place associated with potatoes. It seems the spirit of Irish pub-music (accordion and mandolin) has traveled back across the Atlantic to co-mingle with all things rural in the New World. The cowboy hat tips in acknowledgement of Patsy Cline and moonshine. Meanwhile, the soft-spoken songwriter downs a tippie with Jackson Browne in the moonlight. It's not long before the whole kit and caboodle embarks on a cross-country voyage, traversing American byways with the radio on, singing country songs "soft and low." To be sure, it's a pleasant journey over a few well-traveled roads.

Tiger Style Records

Rye Coalition

REBECCA VERNON

Jersey Girls EP

If you start to ever get the terrifying feeling that rock really is dead, just flip on Rye Coalition and your faith will be restored before you can say, "You know, you guys kicked ass waaaaay before you got the Steve Albini Stamp." Rye's fifth gift to the world is full of all the raw, snarling guitars, guttural vocals, re-released tracks, strains of Southern-rock sensibilities and over-the-top drumming you could ever want and then some. Jersey Girls' cheesy cover art of unicorns, dye, bright pink hearts, roses and fast cars à la Latin sticker dispensers is more defiant than naked girls covered in blood. The grooving bass n' guitar lines of "22 Topless" will break your will, and its switchover near the end will obliterate your final inhibitions.

TKO Records

The Stitches

KEYLART

12 Imaginary Inches

You gotta love old timer punk bands that, like a faithful dog, refuse to lay down and die. The Stitches are a band that finds universal appeal throughout the music world. Whether you like pop-punk, power punk or garage rock, The Stitches are worth checking out. The best way to sum up The Stitches' catchy sound is a rough comparison and mix between Rancid and The Black Halos. Snotty and nasally-sneered vocals over buzzsaw guitars that break melody only to crank out a displacing solo, backed by stiletto-heeled clicking drums and breakneck bass work. Having released many of their previous works on vinyl only, they have decided to break tradition and show many out there in the music world what a real band sounds like. The Stitches will be bringing their retro-70's inspired punk to stages all over America in an blitzkrieg attempt to conquer the underground music world with their over-the-top performances.

GALLERY STROLL

WITH MIRIAH MANN

I call out to all the people, "What is there to do in Salt Lake anymore?" Now, I'm one for a kick-ass band in a smoky, dirty bar, but everyone needs a nice quite meditative time in front of a beautiful, crazy piece of artwork sometimes. That's why I attend Gallery Stroll on the third Friday of every month. It's free, and all the local galleries stay open until 9pm. You ask, "What is there to do in Salt Lake?" I give you Gallery Stroll:

March is Youth Art Month and the WALK OF SHAME studio will be celebrating the children in our community who give back through their dreams and views of this world. Some of the artists showing will include Jackson Elementary, Midvale Boys and Girls Club, Artspace Institute of Imagination and the Jewish Community Center. Cookies and fruit punch will be on hand to sugar us all up, along with interactive art for the masses. This show is open only for the Gallery Stroll night March 21st. Walk of Shame studio is located 351 West and Pierpont Avenue.

Phillips Gallery will host landscape paintings by artist **Tom Howard**. This is Tom's first solo show in this gallery. His work can be described as some-

what traditional with familiar or exact models, but some of his work has been painted directly out of his dreams. The photos also take that dreamlike feeling produced by soft brush strokes and muted tones. "Landscapes" by Tom Howard opens Gallery Stroll Evening 6-9pm March 21st. Phillips Gallery is located at 444 East 200 South.

The Art Access-featured artist this month is a recipient of The Utah Governors Award. His paintings are part of his personal collection from over his lifespan. I personally love the title of the show, **IN THE BLUE: 17 YEARS OF UNFASHIONABLE ART**. Over these 17 years, Randall has carried around ideas for paintings that eventually painted themselves over the years. The opening reception will be held Gallery Stroll evening, March 21st from 6pm to 9pm. Art Access is located at 339 West and Pierpont Avenue.

Now I know that maybe March 21st you already have plans, but maybe you weren't able to get out last Gallery Stroll. There are two shows that are continued from last month and you really need to check them out! Finch Lane presents **Jeremy Brinngard, Alex Ferguson and Kathryn Williams**. All three are very talented local artist who push the boundaries of photography and art. Their show at **FINCH LANE GALLERY**, a.k.a. the Art Barn, will run through April 11th. Finch Lane is open Monday through Friday 9-5pm and Sundays from 1-4pm.

The Salt Lake Arts Center will continue to host artist **Chris Bruch**. Chris has collected so much stuff over the years I think his wife told him to make it art or get rid of it, and he went for the art side of

it. This fun and innovative show will continue to run until May 25th (I will probably mention it in this column again).

Resident art celebrity **Derek Dyer** will be showing a retrospective collection at the **OBIT CAFÉ** (540 West 200 South). You may have seen his record breaking disco ball at First Night this year, or maybe caught a projection art performance at a club or theatre. For years now Dyer has also shown his paintings and photographs at galleries and exhibitions all over. The retrospective café show will incorporate pieces from his widely successful photo series including, **Liquid People, Glow People and Laser People** as well as his painting series, about Space, and the **Famous People Mosaic** series. This show will be a wonderful mish-mash of Dyer's artwork never before amassed into one show. It's going to be Hot Hot Hot!!!!

In conjunction with the **Derek Dyer** retrospective, **Limberlost Weekend** in Utah presents **A Celebration of the Black Art**. **Limberlost Press Poetry Revue** Comes to Salt Lake City for the **Ides of March** on Friday, March 14th the **Orbit** will host **Gino Sky** (Salt Lake City), **Ray Obermayr** (Pocatello), **Sandy Anderson** (Salt Lake City), **William Studebaker** (Boise) as well as local folk guitarists, the **Black Dots**. There will be a \$3 cover on Friday night.

As always, I could never write about every art show, but if you would like to pass on the juice about a show, e-mail me at mariahm@worldstrides.com

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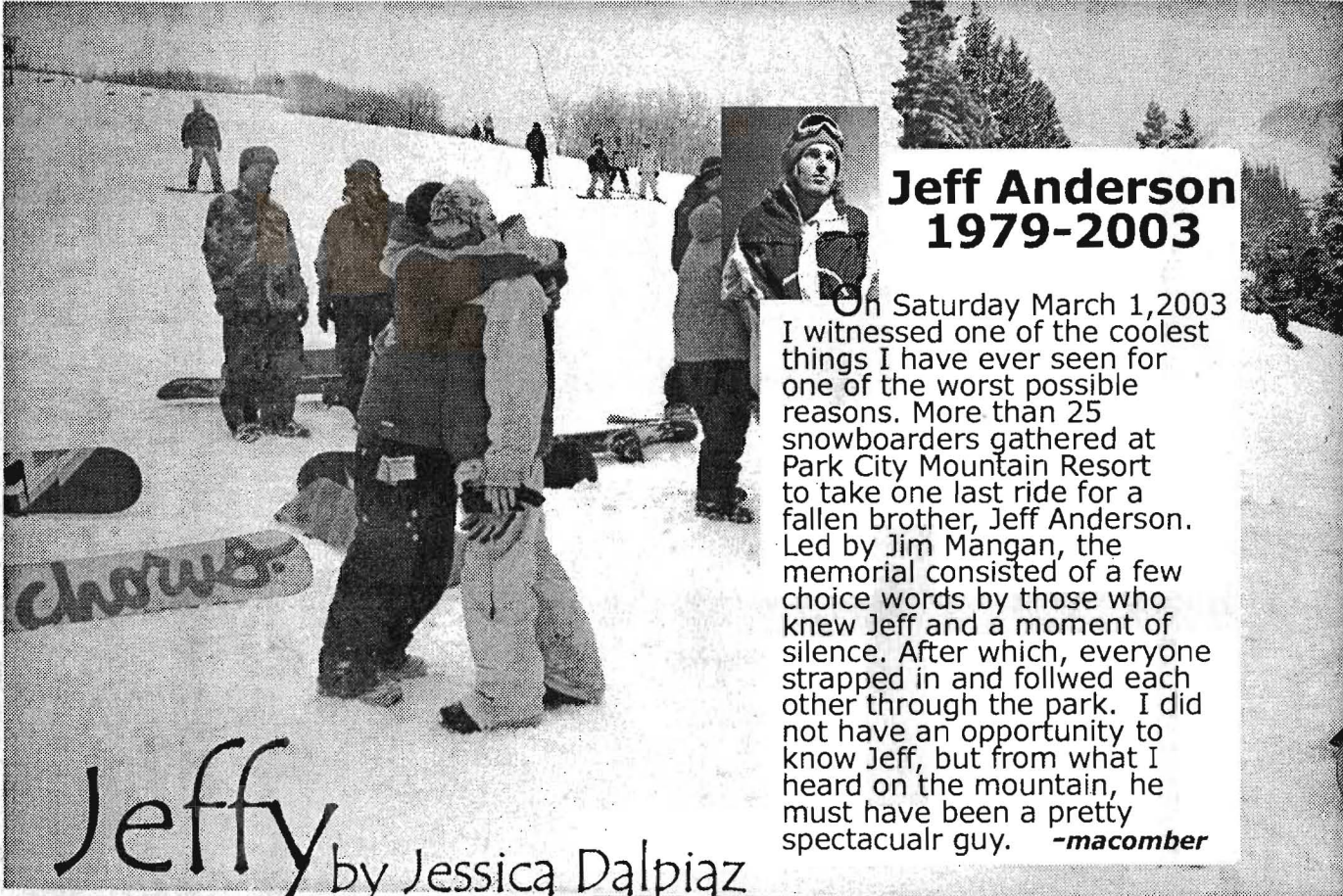


Photo: Abbie Knibbe

Jenn Erickson

1/14/1980 – 2/20/2003

Never Never, Form of Rocket & The Word Go gather to celebrate the life of our dear friend on Monday March 10th, 2003, at The Urban Lounge (a private club for members) Suggested donation is \$5-\$10. All proceeds will be donated to her family for funeral expenses and a memorial headstone.



Jeff Anderson 1979-2003

On Saturday March 1, 2003 I witnessed one of the coolest things I have ever seen for one of the worst possible reasons. More than 25 snowboarders gathered at Park City Mountain Resort to take one last ride for a fallen brother, Jeff Anderson. Led by Jim Mangan, the memorial consisted of a few choice words by those who knew Jeff and a moment of silence. After which, everyone strapped in and followed each other through the park. I did not have an opportunity to know Jeff, but from what I heard on the mountain, he must have been a pretty spectacular guy. **-macomber**

Jeffy by Jessica Dalpiaz

You never can know when your last goodbye will be. When the time has passed and you look back and recall the last time you ever saw someone special in your life there is always the "coulda, shoulda, woulda's." Religion or no religion, we all like to think of our friends in a wonderful place beyond our knowledge and mourn our loss of not seeing them around anymore. The snowboard industry and humanity mourns the loss of Jeff Anderson. Jeffy was a friend to anyone who had the luck to meet him and share a part of his amazing journey through life. The kind of person who touched people in more than one aspect of life, from his influence on style and the progression of snowboarding to the way he made those around him enjoy and realize how fun living is.



Now that he has passed and all of us who had the chance to know him gather together to celebrate his life, we realize what a positive influence he was on so many people. The sharing of stories from the nights out and the gray bird days on the hill messing around made us all realize he lived a wonderful life and was having fun 'till the last moment. Jeff would be proud to see so many of the people who cared for him doing what he loved, riding down together in celebration of him, multiple mountains of the west coast.

Zineland *The Letter Guy: the Reverend Rich Mackin visits Salt Lake*

Like everything in Zineland, the new zine collection at the new downtown Salt Lake Library has a circuitous history. Library staffer Julie Bartel wrote a proposal for funding back in 1997 for an alternative press collection, but there was just too much stuff out there to dive into it with limited funding, so it was revised to starting a zine collection. The old downtown library had a somewhat motley assortment with its periodicals, but the selection was greatly expanded for the new site opening February 8 of this year. Most zines had been donated before, but now there was much more funding for purchases. And, the zines are finally being treated correctly, housed in plastic sleeves like comics.

The sheer strangeness of titles in the zine section testifies to the wide range of reading experience: Thoughtworm, Smelly Feet, Poisonous Plants in the Garden and Salmon Season ("free to commercial fishing women"). One-shots and new works reside with old faves of the zine community like SLUG & Lettuce (no relation to SLUGmag) and Cometbus. Views are nearly always skewed, like Crimewave USA with "Lou Reed's Ex-Wife's Auto Mechanic." If you've never read zines or don't know what they are, here are a bunch neatly alphabetized, ready to explore. And it's only halfway done; there will be much more added!

Of the few people who can be called "celebrities" in the democratic world of zines, Rich Mackin is one who has put in the effort, inspiration and educational fervor to make his notoriety well-earned, and he gave an entire afternoon workshop/discussion along with the opening. His Book of Letters, published by Razorcake Magazine's Gorsky Press and collected from over a dozen of his zines, asks questions of major companies, like how Cheetos can be "dangerously cheesy" to perhaps his most famous tirade pondering Lever 2000 soap's "2000 body parts." Some are more serious, like how someone on the board of Philip Morris can volunteer for a cancer research group? Some respond, some don't have the nerve.

He makes his home in Portland ("Zine City?" See next month) but is from Boston originally. "I started in about 1994 writing funny letters to corporations to entertain myself," he explains, then he got into the world of zines. The Beantown Zinetown conference, which he helped organize, is the largest turnout and longest running (six years) meet of its type. He started spreading the word with how-tos like the pamphlet "Copy Centers Are Your Friends." Although the term "zine" is relatively new, he notes that they started in the 1930's with sci-fi serials, exploding with the 1970's promulgation of xerox machines. Even Thomas Paine's Common Sense could apply.

As far as his own letters, it came naturally to him. "I watch a lot of TV," he explains. "In order to criticize culture, I have to know a lot about it." He says after doing it for eight years, people come up to him with ideas for letters. "I tell them, why don't they write the letter?" Part of the point, he says, is expressing things for yourself. The pioneer of this type of correspondence was Saturday Night Live's Don Novello ("Father Guido"), who wrote a book of them as "Citizen Lazlo" in the 1970's. But Mackin takes it to the level of "Consumer Defense Corporate Poetry."

He notes that it's getting easier for most anyone to publish zines or even a book. "More and more small press books are coming out. As far as getting distributed at Barnes & Noble, on one level, I want to keep the integrity, and on another level, people won't know where to go in some cities. To be overly concerned with selling out is like, the only people who can read my zine are in a little community." The other extreme, he notes, is the "book tour," which, in a way, is what he is doing. He jokes that his word-of-mouth fame was largely brought about by people reading his zine found in bathrooms.

Moving from Boston to Portland, he went from one zine mecca to another. "No one is from Portland; everyone just goes there," he notes. One weird thing with zines, he says, is there's no "one best zine," like no one best local band. They are from all over. "One zine in Boston," he says, "the guy just taped it up to lightposts. His writing was good, but not great. Just good writing with a great concept is more personal. They weren't ads; it was a way of reclaiming public space that wasn't vandalism."



When asked if the Internet will kill off print zines, he says "as long as there are toilets and busses, there will be a need for print zines. The single biggest blow to zine culture was Factsheet Five's demise. Their reviews made it a lot easier for people to know what's out there. There's no hub of zine activity like that anymore."

Political activism is as important to his means of making a living as his zines. After college he got a job at a copy center, an ideal job for a budding zinester. He eventually got a job with the Truth anti-cigarette ad campaign for a few years. "They came across my zines and liked them." Some of his letters to tobacco companies were actually used in the ads as well as the zines. "I was getting paid to annoy companies," he smiles, "but I got laid off." Now he doesn't even have a permanent address, but just travels the country on tour with partner Heather Q.

He says people can use zines for activism in different ways. "I wrote letters because I was picking apart advertising for eight years," he says, "but a friend of mine did an experiment where she did everything ads told her to do and kept a record. It's odd because ads now rarely tell you directly to BUY PRODUCTS. There are more and more goods and services than you really need. "Branding" ties identity to a certain product. The less you really need an item, the more they appeal to other things." One of his letters asks Cherry Coke how he can follow their instructions to "do something different" when drinking Coke is inherently conformist.

"Indie media is presenting issues not found elsewhere," he maintains. "A lot of activism is community-oriented; you don't need a huge audience, but a niche. A small zine is ideal to reach out to these people. A zine can just be a collection of fliers; it's a quick way to get info out." Zine-ing and activism aren't the same thing, though. "Doing a zine is just independent publishing," he explains. "Some would clearly love to 'sell out,' but activists tend to have a DIY viewpoint. Heather can build anything, so it makes sense for her to make a zine too."

She concurs, "it helps people to learn about things on their own terms, not be preached at. Zines are more democratic, like a punk rock basement show, something that doesn't come across as superior. We live in a society of authority figures and zines can do something different. One person can be an activist in different ways than others. It's a matter of where do you live, what can you do in the community." Mackin continues, "it's not a matter of the 'in crowd,' but getting the message to people who need to hear it. It's a big world out there, with people whose lives you don't understand. Martin Luther King said, 'the idea isn't to get everyone to agree with you, but to get those who don't agree to at least see your point.' You don't have to turn to 'official' activist groups; if it's enjoyable, you'll keep on doing it."

Richmackin.org.

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WORLD SUPERPIPE CHAMPIONSHIPS



by Austin Smith

Saturday morning February 22, I stumble towards the coffee machine in the pressroom at the World Superpipe Championships. My efforts for a cup of liquid life are thwarted by a world-class smile thrown at me by none other than **Gretchen Bleiler**. Gretchen is undoubtedly one of snowboarding's most talented and yes, beautiful- female riders. Why she's smiling is beyond me, the weather outside is less than useless for a halfpipe competition and I had yet to wake up from last night's **Hammergun** concert at the *Urban Lounge*. My feeble brain clicks and I remember that Gretchen is on one of those hot streaks where she's winning every halfpipe contest she enters. This year she has proved victorious in the X-Games, the Chevy Truck U.S. Grand Prix's, and the Van's Triple Crown's. This weekend's World Superpipe Championships are no different.

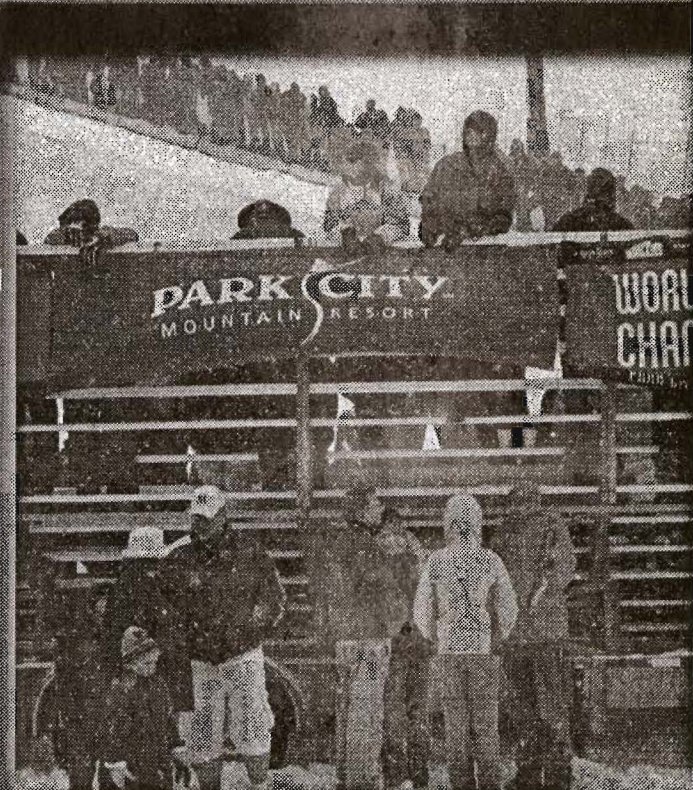
I could go on for days about Bleiler, but back to the event. The snow had been falling all night but due to the fairly warm temperature and the high winds, the famous Utah powder was nowhere to be seen. The snow instead resembled an extremely large fly trap; sticky and dangerous to those on it. The female competitors were far from afraid and trudged on like there was \$15,000 on the line, oh wait there was. Gretchen seemed unaffected by the conditions and like her smile earlier that morning, threw down a flawless run comprised of a Crippler, straight into a back-to-back 540 combo and the biggest airs of the day. She took home the gold followed by **Stine Brun Kjeldaas** of Norway and **Anne Molin Kongsgaard**, also from Norway. Fifteen year-old **Hanna Teter** of VT and Olympic gold medallist **Kelly Clark** (VT) took fourth and fifth respectively.

The male competitors voted to postpone their contest to the next day at noon due to increased winds and lower visibility. Their decision proved wise, as the next day's pipe was as fast and smooth as a Vegas stripper's ass covered in whipped cream. The straight airs were nearing 18 feet above the lip of the pipe, and spins reaching well into the 1080's. '98 Nagano Olympic halfpipe champion **Gian Simmen** of SWZ posted the highest score of 94.00 and took home the big-Bling. **Tommy Czeschin** of CA, **Andy Finch** (CA), **Guillaume Morisset** (CAN) and last year's Olympic gold medallist **Ross Powers** (VT) trailed him to round out the podium.

The world's best skiers had their moment in the pipe as well with **Tanner Hall** (USA) taking first followed by **Candide Thovex** (FRA), **Phil Larose** (CAN), **John Symms** (USA) and **Scott Dumont** (CAN).



Ross Powers didn't win but he sure got high.



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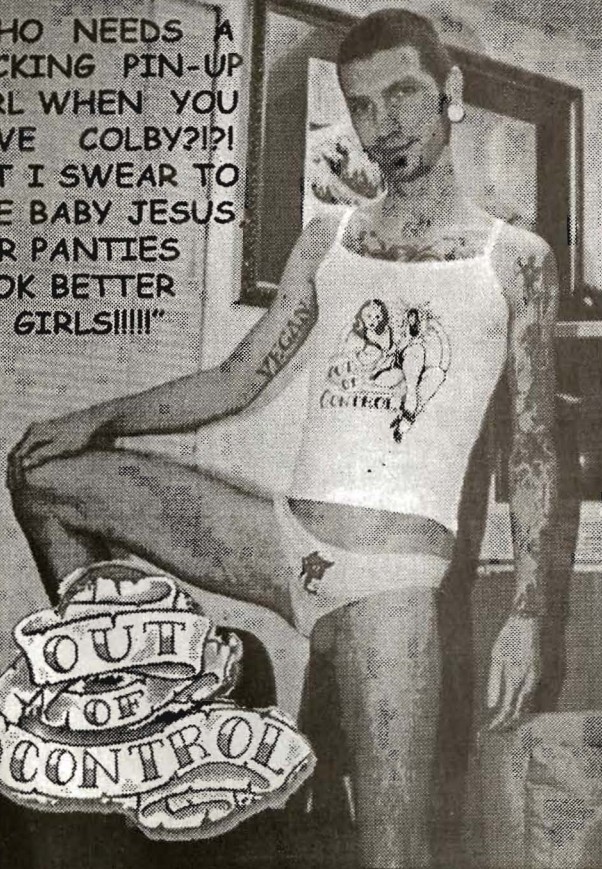
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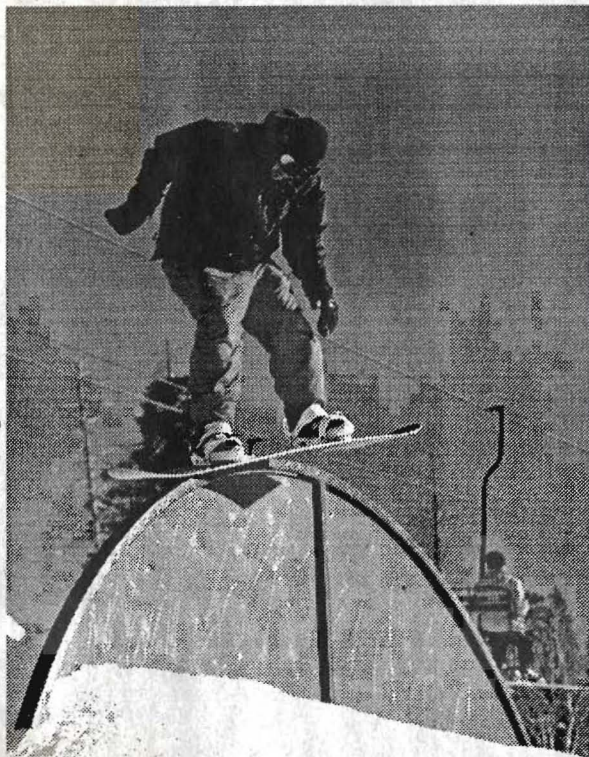
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rumors I've heard this month:

False;

Proving Grounds is closing!

They are moving to Springville!

The park was bought by some corporation!

Scott fuzz is dead!

Bildo wasn't kicked out, and didn't

leave the state crying on a bus!

A foam pit was not ever in our plans!

Farr, Elf, Pat, Ellen, Berringer

and others don't do shit at P.G.!

So and so built all this, I'm his friend!

5 indoor parks closed in 3 years and

its not you're fault

Sonny is not a bitter old man!

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DAILY CALENDAR

SUBMISSIONS FOR SLUG CALENDAR ARE DUE BY THE 1ST OF THE MONTH. FAX TO 487-1359 OR E-MAIL DICKHEADS@SLUGMAG.COM

Wednesday, March 5

Moving Units, Locust- *X-Scape* basement
Tsunami Bomb, Hot Rod Circuit, Desmo-
X-Scope

Trouser Trout- *Dead Goat*

Plattie Lumpkin,

DJ Curtis Strange- *Zephyr*

Mr. Trout- *U of U*

The Stove- *Monk's*

Inner- *Burt's*

National Student Strike- *U of U*

Jebu- *Liquid Joe's*

Thursday, March 6

Good Gravy- *Dead Goat*

J.W. Blackout & J. Rock-

Hog Wallow

Ben Taylor Band- *Zephyr*

Peace vigil, every Thursday, 5-7 p.m.-

Wallace A. Bennett Federal Building

Milemarker, Agape, Middle Distance-

Kilby Court

Ridge Runners- *Monk's*

The Corleones- *Burt's*

Lindi Wiggins CD release, Layna-

Urban Lounge

Friday, March 7

Magic Magicians - *Kilby Court*

Harry Lee and The Back Alley

Blues Band- *Dead Goat*

Zion Tribe- *Hog Wallow*

Marmalade Hill/B.C. Grooves- *Zephyr*

Global Women's Strike:

Women Say No to War!

U of U's Orson Spencer Hall

The Gypsy Band-

AJ's Deseret Lounge

Books About UFOs, Coyote Hoods,

Live DJ- *Todd's*

Helio Sequence, Magic Magicians,

Redd Tape- *Kilby Court*

Tanglewood- *Beatniks*

Suek- *Monk's*

Neil Gaiman (in person)-

Main Library Auditorium

Iota, Le Force- *Burt's*

J.W. Blackout, Stormy, Love Misery-

Urban Lounge

Minus the Bear- *X-Scape*

Camilla Smith, Supersofar- *Zephyr*

Mae- *The Junction*

Saturday, March 8

Buckettooth (CD Release Party)-

The Element

Macy Gray- *U of U Union Ballroom*

Celtic Stev-

U of U's Fort Douglas Theatre

Thia's Spring Bellydancing Festival-

Utah Fairgrounds

Trace Wren & Her Delightful Band- *Dead Goat*

Mosaic- *Hog Wallow*

Rebirth Brass Band- *Zephyr*

Global Women's Strike:

Women Say No to War!

U of U's Orson Spencer Hall

Blue Collar Line, Potomac Accord

(St. Louis)- *Todd's*

Tanglewood- *Beatniks*

Neil Gaiman autograph session-

Night Flight Comics, Main Library

Chinese Stars, The Wolfs- *Burt's*

Cosm, DJ Merril, Blue Lotus Dancers-

Urban Lounge

Acroma- *Port O' Call*

Lou Barlow, Folk Implosion- *Liquid Joe's*

Donegal House Band, Idlewild,

Fiddlesticks, Stonecircle, Yankee Clipper-

U of U's Fort Douglas Theater

Sunday, March 9

Rebirth Brass Band- *Zephyr*

Eutopia, Poison Candy- *Todd's*

Stormy- *Monk's*

Highball Train- *Burt's*

Monday, March 10

Audio Karate, Rudiger, Famous Lies, Hello

Amsterdam, Seconds Away-

The Junction

Smokin' Joe Kubek and B' Nois King-

Dead Goat

D.J. Vadim- *Zephyr*

Battle of the Bands- *Getty's*

DJ Curtis Strange- *Burt's*

Benefit Show for Jennifer Erikson. All

proceeds donated to family for funeral

expenses & memorial headstone.

Suggested donation \$5-\$10. Form of

Rocket, Never Never, and

The Word Go- *Urban Lounge*

Oleander, Revis, Sand-*X-Scape*

Tuesday, March 11

Forever Goldrush- *Zephyr*

Smokin' Joe, Bnois King- *Beatniks*

DJ Knuckles- *Monk's*

Irish & bluegrass- *Burt's*

The Downers, Stormy,

New Transit Direction- *Urban Lounge*

Wednesday, March 12

New Monsoon- *Zephyr*

Panel discussion: "Are We Living in a

Police State Yet?"- *TRASA*

Mr. Trout- *SLCC*

David Halliday- *Monk's*

Knucklesfoley- *Burt's*

Pilut- *Liquid Joe's*

Thursday, March 13

Tyrin Benoit and The Shuckers-

Dead Goat

Miles Crockett- *Hog Wallow*

Smackwater Jack- *Zephyr*

Peace vigil, every Thursday, 5-7 p.m.-

Wallace A. Bennett Federal Building

The Stove- *Monk's*

The Washington Generals- *Burt's*

Hudson River School, The Kid Brother

Collective, The Chase Theory-

Urban Lounge

Friday, March 14

Solemit, Sherlock- *Todd's*

Norton Buffalo and The Knockouts-

Dead Goat

Insatiable- *Hog Wallow*

Jerry Joseph & the Jackmormons- *Zephyr*

Edgers Mule-*AJ's Deseret Lounge*

Sherlock, Solemite, Live DJ- *Todd's*

The Intima, My White Room, Scarlet-

Kilby Court

Betty's Beautiful Box, Jed Keipp, A.J.-

Beatniks

Blues on First- *Monk's*

Bluegrass banjos,

St. Patty's Day Party- *Burt's*

SLUG Localized: Absinthe, Nurse Sherri,

Powerhouse Rock-

Urban Lounge

Phatty Lumpkin- *Liquid Joe's*

Saturday, March 15

The Sensations- *Dead Goat*

Uptown Hustlers- *Hog Wallow*

Jerry Joseph & the Jackmormons- *Zephyr*

A18- *Uprok*

El Toro, The Album- *Todd's*

Triggerlocks- *Beatniks*

Nick James- *Wasatch Front*

Nurse Sherri CD release- *Burt's*

Magstatic, Luv Nugget-

Urban Lounge

Sunday, March 16

The Motet-*Zephyr*

King Tree- *Todd's*

Bronte James Live- *Monk's*

Highball Train- *Burt's*

Monday, March 17

The Hamilton Loomis Band-

Dead Goat

DJ Curtis Strange- *Burt's*

Kap Bros. Band- *Beatniks*

St. Patrick's Day party- *Burt's*

Tuesday, March 18

Mr. Trout, Battle of the Bands- *Dimitri's*

Warlocks- *Club X-Scape*

Blind Dog Smokin'- *Beatniks*

Antipatchy- *Monk's*

Irish & bluegrass- *Burt's*

Le Force, Anima Nera- *Urban Lounge*

Martin Sexton-*Zephyr Club*

Wednesday, March 19

Atom & His Package, Sixty Stories, Hello

Amsterdam- *Kilby Court*

The Jim Basnight Thing- *Dead Goat*

30 Seconds to Mars,

John Brown's Body- *Zephyr*

Carole Turcotte, Jazz Playground- *Monk's*

Voodoo Organist &

The Bob Moss Explosion- *Burt's*

Bang Tango, The Lynch Mob-

Club Expose

Iron & Wine- *Liquid Joe's*

Thursday, March 20

The Drips- *Dead Goat*

Clay- *Hog Wallow*

Peace vigil, every Thursday, 5-7 p.m.-

Wallace A. Bennett Federal Building

Parchman Farm- *The Spur*

Bronte & Trio Live- *Monk's*

Love Nuggets- *Burt's*

Trace Wren & Her Delightful Band, Blue

Sparks- *Urban Lounge*

Friday, March 21

Backwash- *Dead Goat*

B.C. Grooves- *Hog Wallow*

Cosm- *Zephyr*

We Speak for Peace:

The Art of Anti-War- *TRASA*

Mr. Trout, The Drips, Taking Back

Tuesday- *Garage Band Central*

Badapple- *AJ's Deseret Lounge*

Gerald Music, Live DJ- *Todd's*

Rodeo Boys- *Beatniks*

The Stove- *Monk's*

Pagan Dead- *Burt's*

Redd Tape CD Release,

Tolchock Trio- *Urban Lounge*

Saturday, March 22

Money Shot- *Dead Goat*

The Given- *Hog Wallow*

Purdy Mouth CD release- *Zephyr*

Parchman Farm- *The Spur*

Chinese Stars, Heroes of the Day- *Todd's*

J.W. Blackout- *Beatniks*

Iodina, Sherlock- *Burt's*

DJ Conscious- *Urban Lounge*

American Hi-Fi, Allister, Early November,

Trouble Is- *X-Scape*

Sunday, March 23

Mona, Setting Sun (CA), George- *Todd's*

David Halliday- *Monk's*

Highball Train- *Burt's*

Monday, March 24

The Jennifer Lane Band- *Dead Goat*

Judy Mowatt- *Zephyr*

DJ Curtis Strange- *Burt's*

Flogging Molly, Throwrag, The Briggs-

X-Scape

Tuesday, March 25

I Can Lick any S.O.B. in the House-

Zephyr

Ides O' Soul- *Beatniks*

Fritz, beer & poetry- *Monk's*

Irish & bluegrass- *Burt's*

King Missile III, Erosion-

Urban Lounge

Wednesday, March 26

Mr. Lucky SLC- *Dead Goat*

Fastball- *Zephyr*

The Stove- *Monk's*

Medicine Circus- *Burt's*

Sahara Hotnights, Ikara Colt- *Liquid Joe's*

Thursday, March 27

The Rockin' Rhinos- *Dead Goat*

Stacey Board- *Hog Wallow*

Signal Path- *Zephyr*

Peace Vigil, every Thursday, 5-7 p.m.-

Wallace A. Bennett Federal Building

The Drips- *Burt's*

The Word Go- *Urban Lounge*

Friday, March 28

Jill Sobule- *Kingsbury Hall*

Good Gravy- *Dead Goat*

Steel Crowwhite- *Hog Wallow*

Private Party- *Zephyr*

Wasatch Activist Convergence and

Training 2003- *Westminster College*

The Gino Dean Band-*AJ's Deseret Lounge*

Love Misery, Her Black List,

Live DJ- *Todd's*

Debonaires- *Beatniks*

Red Bennies- *Monk's*

Quadrasonic- *Urban Lounge*

Saturday, March 29

Drums & Tuba- *Dead Goat*

The Roosters- *Hog Wallow*

KRCL Benefit w/Soul Patrol- *Zephyr*

Wasatch Activist Convergence and

Training 2003- *Westminster College*

Tolchock Trio- *Todd's*

Houston, The Album, Single Bullet Theory-

Kilby Court

Dirty Birds- *Beatniks*

Rodeo Boys- *Burt's*

Movielife, Onelinedrawing, Vendetta Red,

Static Lullaby- *X-Scape*

Iris Dement- *Egyptian Theater*

Sunday, March 30

Wasatch Activist Convergence and

Training 2003- *Westminster College*

Lick Nuts- *Todd*



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w/ Revis, Sand @ Xscape

Mar 18

The Warlocks

w/ TBA @ Xscape Basement

Mar 22

American Hi Fi

w/ Allister, Early November, Trouble Is @ Xscape

Mar 24

Flogging Molly

w/ Throwrag, The Briggs @ Xscape

Mar 29

The Moviefe

w/ onlinedrawing, vendetta red, static lullaby @ Xscape

Mar 31

CKY

w/ TBA @ Xscape

Apr 2

MINISTRY

w/ TBA @ Xscape

Apr 3

Pinback

w/ TBA @ Xscape

Apr 5

Ataris, Juliana Theory

w/ Further Seems Forever @ Xscape

April 7 - Rise Against

April 9 - Taking Back Sunday, From Autumn to Ashes

April 19 - Rocket From The Crypt, The Spits

April 23 - The Mooney Suzuki, Loudermilk

April 24 - Sum 41, No Use For A Name

April 28 - OAR

Tix at Smithstix, phone at 1-877-548-3237, online at utahconcerts.com or @ Gray Whale CD and the Heavy Metal Shop... Xscape is a private club for members

utahconcerts.com

Kilby Court Calendar

March 2003



06 - Milemarker, Agape & Middle Distance (7\$).

07 - Helio Sequence, Magic Magicians (John Atkins of 764-Hero/Black Heart Procession) & Redd Tape (6\$).

14 - The Intima, My White Room & Scarlet (6\$).

19 - Atom and His Package, Hello Amsterdam (7\$).

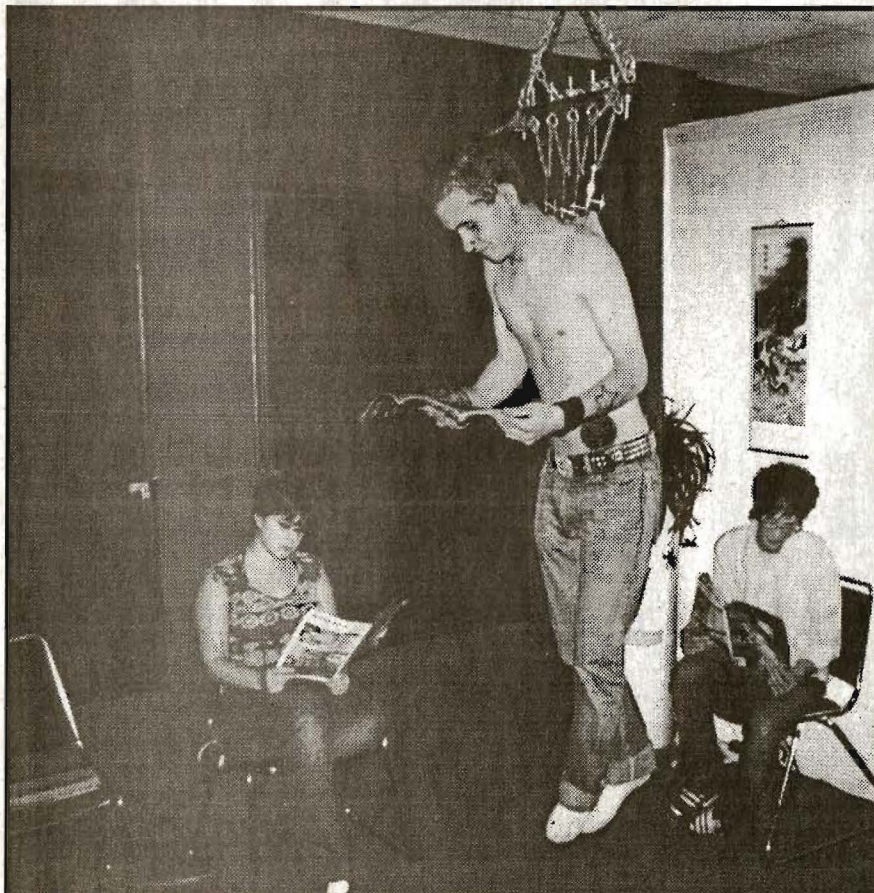
29 - Houston, The Album & Single Bullet Theory (6\$).

All shows start @ 8:30 - call 320-9887 for info.

& coming soon in April...

Jen Turrell (Boy Racer); Kanda; Les Savy Fav;
Matt Pond PA; Deerhoof; Ann Berretta;
Off By One; Groovy Ghoulies & Kinski...

Kilby Court is an all ages venue @ 741 S. 330 West in SLC, Utah. ♡



WORTH THE WAIT!

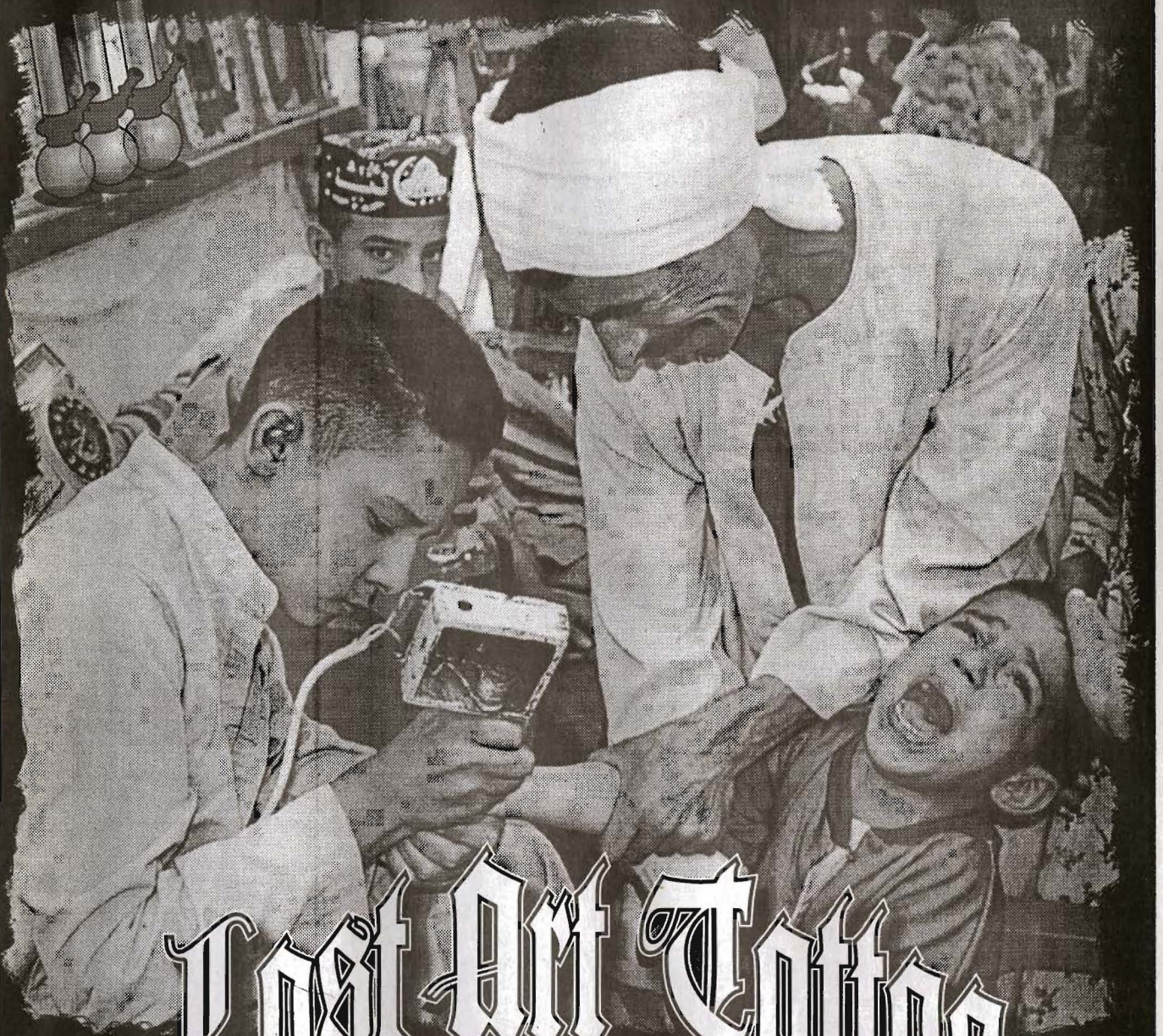
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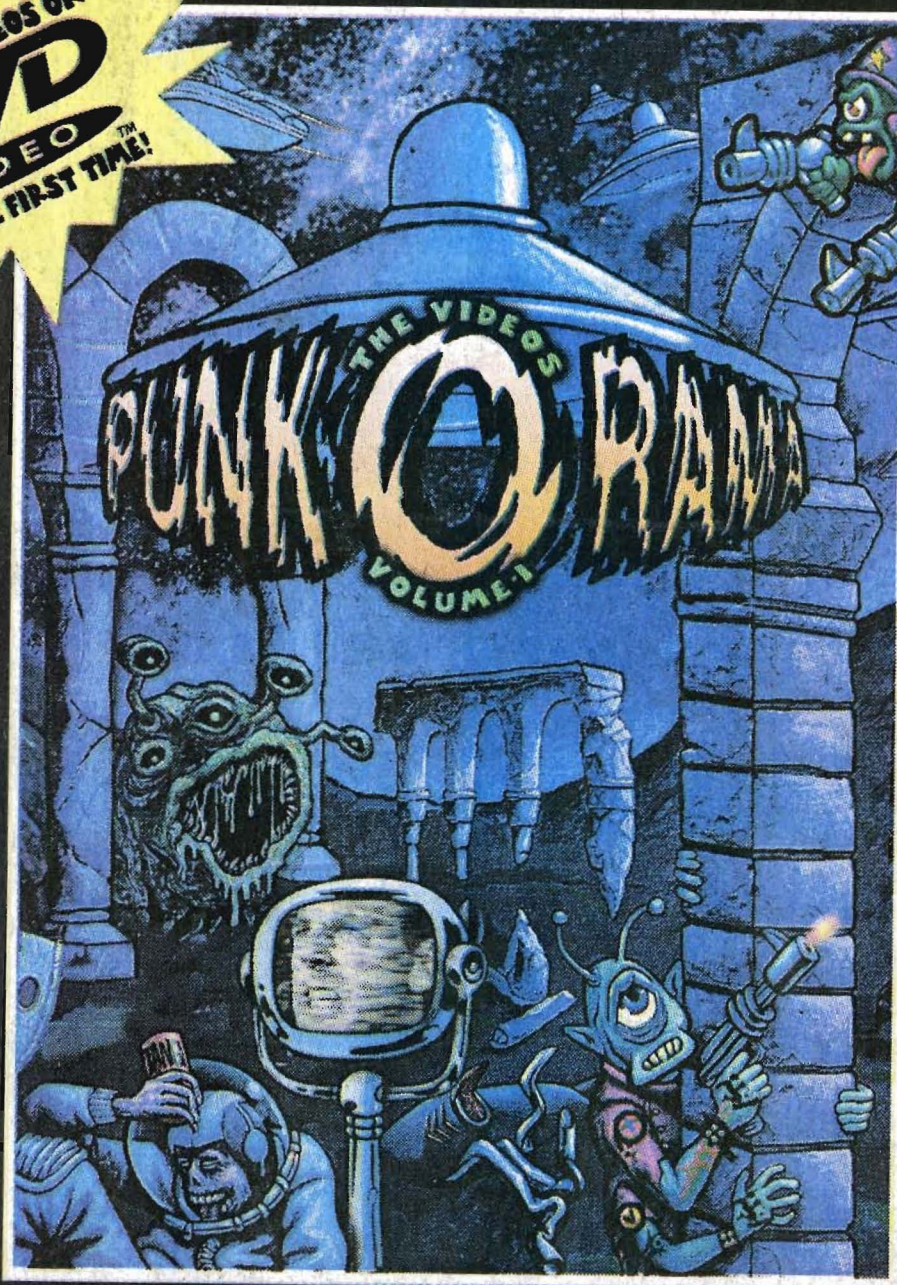
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