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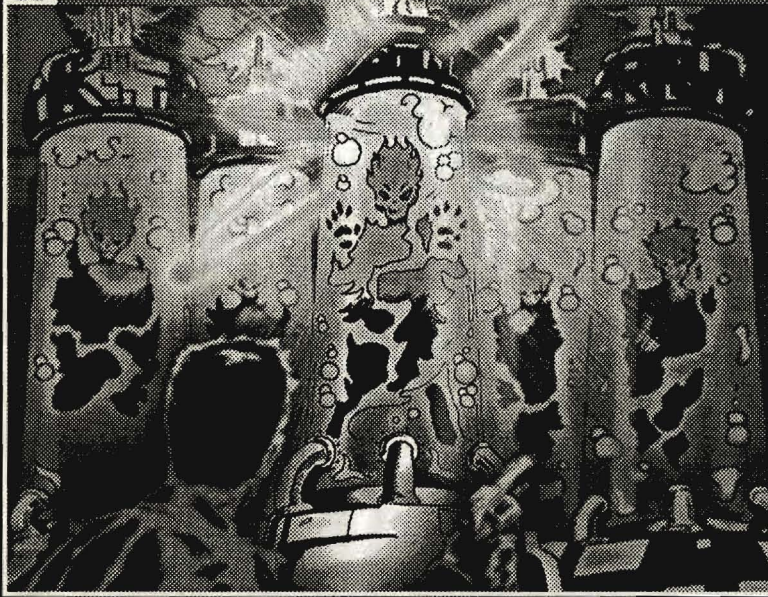
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JUNE 2002

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Dear "too limp to actually qualify as a dick" heads.

I am at a loss as to pick a verifiable winner in the "I Don't Get It" slap fight between the responder to my rant and the owner of the Hotel Imbicilia that got loose with the editor's note that followed.

In one corner we have the sad Prince of Pseudo-science whose misused words and misguided diatribe, while making him pathetic and therefore affective, (not effective) only soil the legitimacy of his would be point. In the other corner we have the Angry Knave stepping to the cause of his whip cracker editor in what would seem to be the noblest of causes. But alas, he too carries the stench of the misinformed. It's a tough call to be sure, but since Kermit spewed forth more bile, perhaps he wins solely on quantity? Then again, Mr. Quote Master took two completely different quotes from two entirely different people, and bungled both the meanings and the thin wire by which they were to correspond to my rant! Kudos! A seemingly insurmountable task!

Kermit also has the distinction of not only misspelling "coup d'etat" *twice* but misusing it both times! Look it up anarchy boy, it doesn't mean what you think it means.

Mr. Editor jabbed right back though, with the rarely used and often misunderstood "minde(a)d" spelling of the word "minded."

However, the barrage of misspelled words that Kermit puts up next is almost unfair... protestors, insultor, idealogies, strifes, unconstititional, propoghanda, and finally the master stroke, "Iraqui."

Pretty damn impressive. You can almost smell the patchouli oil. Then in a knock out attempt to finish strong, words that he just decided he would go ahead and make up... clowniness & Dominetial! OK, clowniness just makes you stupid, but Dominetial??? Is that a goth band? Are you trying to say dominant, or dominical? Or maybe Domenica, the Italian word for "Sunday?"

Uncle Ed then falls pencil first when he makes his only salient point, that most Americans could not give an accurate definition of the words "freedom, democracy, and humanity." Of course since you were completely obliterated by the point of my rant, (you missed it) I almost gave you a draw, but instead you take the Silver Medal.

Kermit P is the hands down winner. What with his neo-pseudo-imperial-neo blahdiddy blah and the irony of *him* trying to explain the rules of engagement in debate to *me*, and how it makes the insultor (proper spelling) look stupid. That's just down right comical. And then he drops the bomb (no pun intended) that Saddam sold oil to the US? Really? No way! Thanks for 'splainin that one to us Senator! It is really hard to believe that YOU beat out a million other sperm in the fertilization process. Listen up

hippie, freedom cannot be a lie, in the same way that stupidity in your case is not a disease. There are many kinds of freedom, all of them intrinsically true. Even in it's most base meaning, freedom is the absence of necessity. How then, can that be a lie? It seems as if you are not governed by the same rules of language, grammar, syntax, definition or reality that the rest of the English speaking people abide by. Why is that? Do the laws of physics cease to exist in your kitchen? (*I doubt you will get that one either*) And as far as your other poorly fired quips, get it straight, I'm not pro death penalty, I'm not pro war or pro Bush, and I'm certainly not a fucking Republican. It's called being a free thinker, but I am sure you are confused by that definition also. You obviously haven't read SLUG enough, (or any of my rants) or you would know better than to critique the forum. This is SLUG magazine, not High Times. So if the bad, bad, mean words made you "not want to read it because of the lack of interest," then shut the fuck up and don't read it! In other words, if you can't stand the smell, DON'T PULL THE FINGER! Also, do those of us who are "actually intelligent" a favor and don't EVER lump yourself into the group of "those of us who are educated" again. It's beyond insulting.

And finally, Mr. Editorial afterthought... shame shame shame on you, Shame! Did you not read the SLUG article I wrote about Bush just weeks after he was almost elected? I explained exactly how G dubbya would destroy the economy and rob citizens of their rights with his moral majority Christian values. You know, hyperbolic propaganda? You should know me better than that. And by the way, people don't EVER get what they deserve. They get what they negotiate. And the only flag you'll ever see me wave is black & orange and reads "San Francisco Giants."

Adios Panoches,
—G

Your momma.

Dear dickheads,

I am writing to make fun of the government. I think it is funny that they have not found any wonds in Iraq. Big Bro promised that Saddam was up to no good but they don't have any proof. Now the good ol' US of A wants to retain control of Iraq's oil fields because it will help with the "reconstruction process" in Iraq. Something smells fishy in D.C., oh well as long as it lowers the gas prices. Right?

And one more thing; I want to know why the only letters people send in is the latest gossip around. Who gives a smoking Ford Escort anyways?

Well goodbye
—AL Arsen



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Design by Tyson Marshall omega_621@hotmail.com

June 2003 www.slugmag.com Page 7

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SUN. 6/15 JEBU

MON. 6/16 BENT

TUES. 6/17 THE GOURDS

WED. 6/18 THE SUPERSUCKERS W/THROWRAG
& THE BRIEFS

THURS. 6/19 KASEY CHAMBERS

FRI. 6/20 COSM

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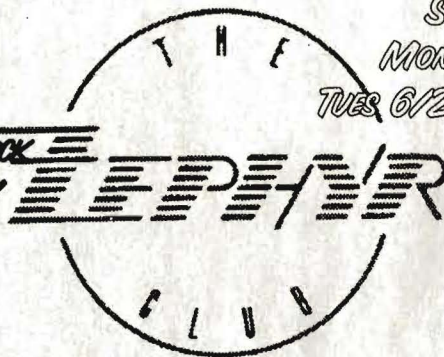
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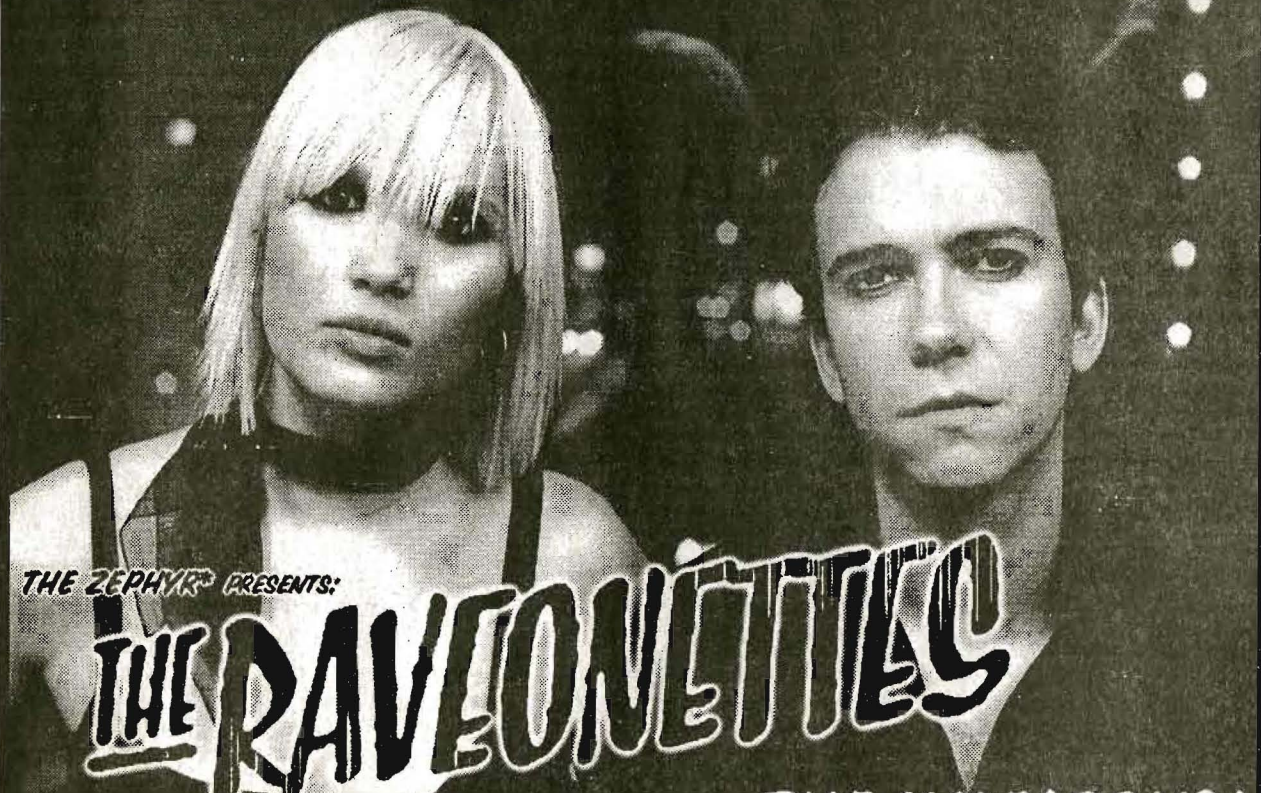
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LOCALIZED

By Camilla Taylor
Teen Pop Sensation

Localized is a monthly showcase of local musicians, sponsored by SLUG on the second Friday of every month at the Urban Lounge, on 241 South and 500 East. This month's Localized showcases Smashy Smashy, the Cronies, and some other guys, Friday, June 13th.

Smashy Smashy are Very Intelligent Young Men
Gentry David Densley: plays some sort of thing
Daniel Fitzpatrick Thomas: plays drums and cymbals

Smashy Smashy



Gentry, Ming, Dan

"Is the name from the Simpsons episode?" I ask. You see, there is a Simpsons episode in which Bart says those very words while destroying a tiny robot.

"Not necessarily, but that probably crept into the unconsciousness and appeared later on in life as some sort of original idea."

"It's kind of like when you don't know the words to a song, but you sing along anyway and you like your words more than the real lyrics. That's what the name means to me." Gentry laughs at Dan's brief descent into the sentimental.

"I just wanted it to be something loud, and you know, smashy."

"How did you start playing guitar?"
"I went over to a friend's house and his dad had prescription pot and he used to make contraptions out of chemistry equipment. He had a little acoustic guitar there and he showed me how to play it. And I kept trying to get my parents to get one for me, but they wouldn't. I ended up stealing one from the University Mall in Provo. One of my friends distracted the cashier while I grabbed it and ran out. I nearly hit a lady in a wheelchair. I would have got away with it too, but I think that the guy that helped me got caught for underage drinking or something and I think that he rattled me out, so I lost my guitar."

"So, are you saying that rock'n'roll leads to drugs and crime?" Dan asks Gentry.

"No, I'm saying that bitches get stitches."

"This story is rife with symbolism." Dan comments.

Dan didn't join the band until recently. The first band that Gentry was ever in only had guitar and drums, so he's rather at home in this particular minimalist setup.

"The thing that I liked when I started playing in this band was that I got into really bad habits, only playing rock bands and I got really stagnant as a musician and Gentry came along and made me think more. It's a thinkin' band. It's also a feelin' band."

"We're more logarithmic than fractal." I'm not certain how this applies to music, but rest assured that Gentry does know.

"I've tried to get into the habit of asking people that I interview some sort of philosophical question, but I've found that it doesn't usually work out."

"You could ask for answers to questions that they've been thinking about and the readers could guess the actual questions." Gentry suggested, which Dan promptly responds with, "Okay then, my answer is 'I'll have the shrimp scampi.'"

"My answer is, 'The breed of dog known as a xolo. It has no hair.' You can look it up on the internet at www.xolo.com," Gentry remarks.

The Cronies Don't Talk Much

Tim Mohlman: Bass and vocals (the inspirational one)

Dan Rose: guitar (the brooding one)

Joe Guile: drums (the funny one)

The Cronies are somewhat like their music, slow and methodical. They have few surprises in store and they don't have a hell of a lot to say about it. Prodding, no matter how personal, won't get you much of a response from these lads. They have been together as a band since the summer of '97. I remember going to high school and seeing one of their shows in Provo. The name just means friends or pals, they tell me, but I have heard rumors indicating the contrary, but nothing really all that scandalous or interesting.

"Do you have any side projects or other bands?"

"We have lots of projects. Our newest project is Buttshit." Dan and Joe are also in the Unicorns and they tell me that if you like the Unicorns, you'll also enjoy

Buttshit because it's the same goddamn thing.

"Guess whose butt?"

"We also play in the Fucktards, Joe and I." Although Joe has quit the band numerous times, he attests to the fact that he still gets fucktarded on occasion. When I asked them why I should go see a Cronies show, they told me that I should go because it would be fun. Upon further prodding, Tim says that it's just a rock band and they just play music with meaningless lyrics.

"We feel bad that you had to interview us. It wasn't my idea." Tim apologizes to me.

"What did the holdog say when he won the race? 'I'm the wliener!'" Dan tells more than one of these through the course of the interview. Most of them are of the same caliber as this one, so I won't write them all out for you. The Cronies have an excellent sense of humor.

"Our music can be boring sometimes. But not boring in the bad sense, boring in the good sense." Joe pauses before wondering aloud, "What else sucks about us?"

"Everyone says about their band that it can't really be categorized, but, supposing that it could be categorized, what would that be?"

"Stoner rock, probably." Dan says.

"Some lyrics that I write just before we play, because the thing is, who cares what I have to say?" Tim is far too humble, despite being the inspirational one.

They've been together for years, and I theorize that they no longer communicate using the traditional verbal skills used by us other humans, but by reading each other's thoughts. This is the only explanation for their apparent inability to interact with people not involved with the Cronies. It makes for bad conversation, but good music.



Photos By Melanie Memmott-Clark

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Gallery By Mariah Mann Stroll

Before we get to the Gallery Stroll for June, I need to make mention of an opportunity that local artist and musician should be aware of,... **SLUG Magazine** is putting together a compilation CD of local music. As you know, a CD cover is the first thing a person notices when they look at a CD. We need local artists to come up with that CD cover. Now the rules: the theme of the compilation is "**Death By Salt**" and the work will eventually be squared to a 4 x 8 cover. The deadline is July 1, and the winner will be selected by a jury while being displayed at the Walk of Shame Studio for the July Gallery Stroll. This is a huge opportunity, so if you know any artist or musician that would like to participate in the comp, please let them know. Now, let's get down to business for the Gallery Stroll on June 20th.

While eating at the Happy Sumo this last month, a fellow patron mentioned to the sushi chef that she was going to move to the **Pierpont Lofts** located across the street from "**That Strip Mall**." Now right away, I could tell that this woman was not educated in the local art scene. If she had ever read my column, she would know that, that "Strip Mall" was actually a historical building complex filled with artists and art galleries known as the **Artspace Pierpont**. It's probably too late to save this yuppie, but please don't let yourself fall prey to art ignorance. Come to the Gallery Stroll, it's held the third Friday of every month when the local art galleries stay open late from 6-9pm to bring culture and education to Salt Lake citizens. Here is a list of some of the art galleries participating in this month's Gallery Stroll held June 20th.

Walk of Shame Studio, located at 251 West Pierpont Avenue, welcomes the never-before seen **POP ROCK** series, a unique look at popular culture and the art it has inspired. From Andy Warhol to Walt Disney, local artist Derek Dyer explores **American Art Icons**. Some of the subjects featured will include **Superman, Tinkerbell, David Bowie, Andy Warhol, George Bush, Homer Simpson** and **Scooby Doo**. If you would like a sneak preview of the show, you can check out derekdyer.com or stop by the Walk of Shame Studio on Gallery Stroll Evening June 20th from 6-9pm.

Art Access II, located at 339 West Pierpont Avenue, has a special showing for Iraqi artist **Kathem Alhamdani**. Born in the city of Basrah, in Southern Iraq, Kathem began drawing at the early age of five. He was only 10 when the war between Iraq and Iran broke out. Kathem has since fled Iraq and Saddam's regime. Seeking a life where the arts were respected, Kathem believed that America was the best destination. He arrived in the United States in June of 2002. Kathem's paintings and drawing will be on display at Art Access II from June 9th until July 13th, with the opening reception on Wednesday, June 11th from 6-8pm and then on Gallery Stroll Night June 20th from 6-9pm.

The Bridge Space forum Gallery, located at 511 West 200 South, is excited to host local artist **Trent Thursby Alvey**. Trent's show, titled "**New Paintings, Pastel's, Pastels including recent works from Sub Saharan Africa**" will feature her work from the last three years, including her recent trip to Africa. While in Africa, she found the people and the landscape so moving that she had to paint them. Trent is always painting in oils, but the canvas could be anything: boards, paper, canvas, you name it. The show's opening will take place Gallery Stroll Evening, June 20th, from 6-9pm and will continue to hand until July 12th. Regular gallery hours for the Bridge Space Forum Gallery are from Wednesday to Saturday from noon to 5pm. You can also call them at 521-5999 or check them out at www.artspaceutah.org.

As always, this is just a quick guide to the Gallery Stroll. We don't have room to mention everything, but we are always looking to promote local art. If you would like to inform us about an upcoming show, please e-mail me at mariahm@worldstrides.com.

Now go out into the world a little more educated about your city and the local art scene.

SUPPORT LOCAL ART!!!!

Books Aloud

Reviews by William Athey

Sister of the Road: The Autobiography of Boxcar Bertha

By Dr. Ben Reitman
AK Press

Sharp eyes will undoubtedly notice and question the presence of a male name as the author of a female autobiography. Was Boxcar Bertha perhaps a drag queen? A male hobo impersonating a female? In truth, the title is correctly stated, "As Told To Dr. Ben L. Reitman" and that still isn't correct. Dr. Ben Reitman led several lives. He was an early birth control activist, a gynecologist, a writer, an anarchist agitator and for a time, the lover of feminist icon, Emma Goldman. The book is a composite of several lives. Partially an autobiography of Reitman's experiences with pieces and anecdotes from the lives of three women Reitman loved, the book is a semi-historical account of those who fought and died to bring us the society we used to have. As the eight-hour day disappears and as the robber barons exploit the working class, an army of characters closely resembling those of Reitman's book appear on our streets. These days, they are named "the homeless" and for the most part, they are so beaten down that they fear any display of political persuasions. In fact, the *Autobiography of Boxcar Bertha* should serve as an instruction manual for what could be. The eccentrics peopling the book were labor activists, union organizers, members of communes, dope addicts, poets, artists, craftsman, free lovers, the unemployed, alcoholics, the mentally disturbed and above all the lovers of freedom. Reitman is described in the afterword as a man with "long hair and too large suit," a consummate activist and incurable rebel. Boxcar Bertha is the same, though female. She works her way around the country, riding the trains, hooking up with thieves, laying on her back servicing needs as a brothel employee—yet always sharing whatever small material goods she has and never bowing or breaking under the boot of the rulers. Read this 1937 manuscript at your own risk.



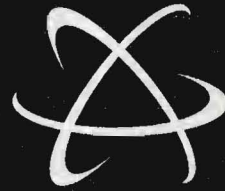
Critical Mass: Bicycling's Defiant Celebration

Edited by Chris Carlsson
AK Press

May has passed. Bicycle Month has ended for the politicians and shadowy two-wheeled proponents out to make a buck. Two thoroughly strange events occurred during May that are slightly associated with the book presently under consideration. Mayor Rocky Anderson hosted a "Bike to Work Day." Dozens of bicyclists took over the downtown streets with full police protection. Yes, the police even "corked" intersections and stopped traffic. UTA, in conjunction with Mayor Rocky Anderson, hosted the *Bike Bonanza 2003 Downtown Bike Tour*. The route was slightly different from "Bike to Work," but the emphasis was the same. Once again, the police blocked traffic, bicycles filled the downtown streets and automobile operators were inconvenienced for a few short minutes. On both occasions, I overheard participants questioning the logic. "Why can't the cops cork intersections and block traffic for Critical Mass?" Both bicycle events brought life to downtown Salt Lake City and so does Critical Mass. Anyone familiar with Critical Mass is aware of the arguments surrounding the activity. "Club" riders almost universally scorn Critical Mass because the Mass is unruly and many riders are rowdy. "Should the Mass inconvenience automobile operators?" "Should the Mass break laws?" The book is a collection of essays and descriptions of and about Critical Mass from rides around the world. Everyone everywhere rides for a different reason. Every Critical Mass has the same debates and arguments—the same as those occurring right here in Salt Lake City. Critical Mass is 10 years old. The Salt Lake version is in its infancy and the book might be a prediction of the future of the local Mass or Salt Lake could develop something wholly original. Anyone with the slightest interest in bicycles as an alternative form of transportation needs to read the book and anyone interested in spontaneous free expression as well as independent thought and movement should, too. Buy the book and join us on the last Friday of every month! In June that would be Friday, June 27. Visit <http://www.slccriticalmass.org> for more information.



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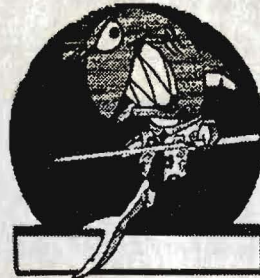
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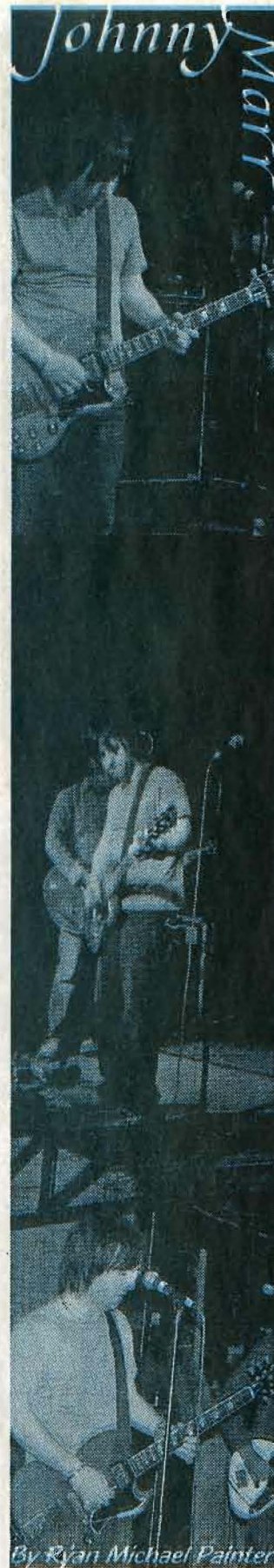
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Early on, I remember the rush of adrenaline as I listened to my cassette copy of the Smiths' debut. The album was recent history, but then again, so was the band. It was in a post-*Strangeways, Here We Come* world I was living in. Morrissey had moved on to a new breed of hate and Johnny had slipped away quietly into the shadow of Matt Johnson. Yet it was with pride that I wore my Johnny Marr T-shirt, perhaps because everyone else had *Viva Hate* scrawled across their chest, but more because I always sided with the underdog, the guitarist who walked away from certain fortune into the artistic unknown.

Sitting at the back of the tour bus, Johnny eats a bowl of granola and apologizes if his chewing is a bit loud.

I break the news to him: He isn't the reason I started to play guitar. He isn't crushed. He needn't be. I blame that on Mick Ronson, but truthfully, Johnny probably had just as much to do with it as anyone else.

We talk about what guitars I play and somehow, this no longer feels like an interview. More like two similarly minded people talking about whatever happens to cross into our minds. Fortunately, we're able to talk for an hour and I'm able to string together a more detailed account of Johnny, The Smiths, The The, Electronic, and the Healers with a few stops in between.

It was when he was 11 that he suddenly realized that a person could play guitar as an occupation. It was his life raft. "I had no life options open to me that wouldn't have driven me insane. I had to do it," he says. This sort of doomed idealism still shimmers in his eyes, because after all, he made it.

In the late 70s, while all his friends were off singing the praises of "rubbish bands like The Jam or The Stranglers," Johnny was buying 7" records (his first was The Stones' "Jumping Jack Flash") and pulling his influences from the 60s, 50s and even 40s. The only modern acts he was interested in were the likes of Patti Smith and the NY Dolls. So it comes as no surprise when he confesses, "The new record is more about Haight-Ashbury 1969 than it is London 2003."

As a young teen, many of Johnny's friends wanted to be musicians but weren't willing to suffer for it. He recalls reading about Muddy Waters having to sleep on his cousin's couch to make it as a musician. Says Marr: "I wanted to sleep on that couch."

He wasn't that lucky. Instead, he found himself sleeping on the floors of rehearsal spaces so when other bands would show up the next morning, he'd already have the room. When he wasn't sleeping on concrete, he could be found skipping school to sneak onto London trains for auditions. Again, a price his friends were unwilling to pay.

Living in the largest council estate (the projects) in Europe, there were bands every quarter-mile. Johnny found himself playing with most of them. The process was generally the same: Work through the initial difficulties, get things going and once the vibe reached its peak, walk away to the next project. A far easier task when you are the biggest band in England.

So the truth to why Johnny walked away from the Smiths?

"After the Smiths' total dominance, the UK needed a change, a clearing of the decks. They needed to take some ecstasy and check out 808 State. I was a fan of music and wanted to enjoy it. The Smiths were valid, are still valid, but for a moment there, they weren't. I didn't want to get nailed down to an aesthetic that wasn't mine. I don't have a problem being part of a collective, but I didn't share [Morrissey's] aesthetic."

So it wasn't quite the breakup that Morrissey played it up to be?

"No, but Morrissey realized the publicity value of a drama. ... I do have to thank him for keeping our names in the papers."

Despite the past, Johnny confesses, "I respect Morrissey for sticking to his guns."

He continues, "After the Smiths, I went and joined my favorite band, The The. It seemed like the logical thing to do." This period was followed by the synth-pop-rock collaboration Electronic with New Order's Bernard Sumner. A move that some viewed as Johnny marginalizing himself by delving into dance music.

"There is this disease in Europe, well, in America as well, with the 'disco sucks' mentality that electronic music isn't as good as guitar music. There are just as many bad guitar records as there are electronic ones.

"I always felt more in common with Phil Spector than Eric Clapton," he finishes. For him, it has less to do with the instrument, more to do with the actual sound and song.

Following three albums, Electronic split, Bernard went back to New Order and Johnny formed a new band called the Healers. Initially, the idea wasn't for him to sing, but eventually, the other band members convinced him that it was the direction the group needed to take.

Following the first EP, the band added Johnny's name to the front of it, a choice he says he wouldn't have made if the band hadn't been comfortable with it. "Aesthetically, it should just be the Healers ... when you look at the options of having a couple hundred people show up on a rainy night in Salt Lake City versus an additional hundred showing up because my name is attached to it ..." Even that, he acknowledges, isn't a given.

The band's name wasn't all that changed between the EP and the debut album that didn't appear until a couple years later.

By Ryan Michael Painter

"I got involved with Neil Finn," Johnny says, who toured with him extensively. "He came to me with a list of tour dates and I circled Liverpool because it was close. ... I found himself circling the entire lot." And that was that. But the delay wasn't all about music and adventure. "I was sick with pneumonia and just sat in front of a fire with an acoustic guitar," he says. This hiatus from The Healers caused him to do some rethinking about the tracks the band had recorded. This was further emphasized when he found himself producing Haven's debut release.

What had originally started as a six-piece band conceived with the idea of being a "tribal" band growing out of jam sessions (something I compare to Spiritualized, and he seems to at least somewhat agree) had to be stripped back to the basics of guitar, bass and drums.

After spending so many years as a collaborator, I ask him if he likes being in the spotlight.

"The spotlight dilutes your life as a musician. If you have to leave your home to give interviews, you are taking away from working. Creative life would have been hampered by paying too much attention to the media."

So what do you think of the state of music?

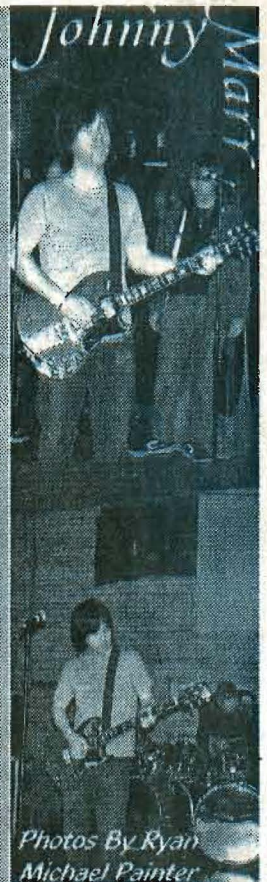
"It is easy to lose your idealism ... but the good will win out. Most people aren't as stupid as the media thinks they are. You can turn down the sound on the TV and see if [the band] means it. We aren't corporate puppets, so fuck it. No amount of publicity is going to make me see *Mission Impossible 2*. I can smell a turkey.

"There's always been a lot of shit music. You just need to be discerning. We live in a society that makes it a little trickier to filter out the garbage. When I was 17, I had a great time, not because of Duran Duran or Culture Club, but because of the Cramps, the Gun Club, the Birthday Party, the Psychedelic Furs and the Only Ones.

"Media wants you to identify with an idea of masculinity." He describes it as a masculinity that is exaggerated and alien to the majority of thinking people.

"I had friends addicted to information from CNN—or misinformation, as the case may be. He watched their unhealthy obsession and walked away from the media as much as possible. "Their only intention is designed to keep you from changing the channel." Truth has less to do with it than drama and suspense. "If someone was listening to news on the radio, I'd ask them to change the station. If someone was watching it on TV, I'd leave the room." Even news broadcasts ultimately have to sell advertisements. "It breeds fear ... radio is the same. They don't have anything to sell to me or you."

No, they really don't. Did he just put us into the same demographic? Me, Johnny Marr and the last of the free-thinking world. Things could get interesting, but a sound check awaits. I don't ask for a photo or an autograph. Maybe I should have, but I know I was there, and so does Johnny. The rest will write its own history.



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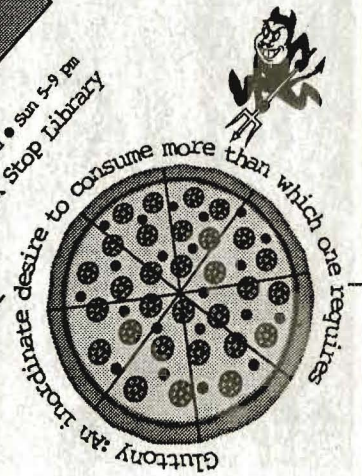
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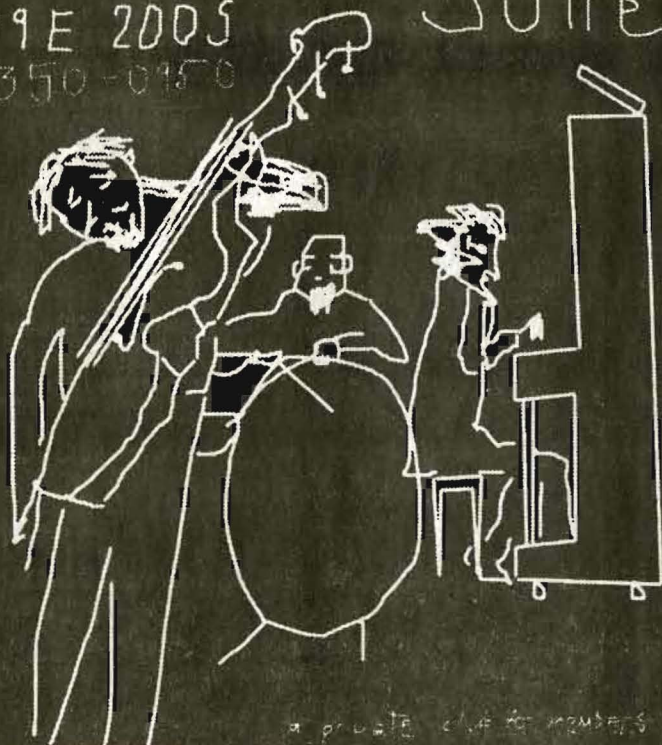


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- 7/2 Wedn AFRO OMEGA

WASTED LIFE

BY
DAVE BARRATT

Local old-punks tell me this summer will be the first time a Japanese hardcore band has ever played in Salt Lake. The band is **Assault**, and the show is in the basement of *Uprok* (342 S. State St.) at 7p.m. on Wednesday, June 18th. This show will cost a measly six bucks and it will be all-ages too, so if you're under 21 or sick of stupid bar shows, please feel welcome to attend. Also playing will be **From Ashes Rise** from Portland, OR, plus locals **All Systems Fail** and **Her Blacklist**.

I'm excited to see **Assault**, not just because I love international hardcore, but I got their first record a while ago and it's brilliant. Remember around 1995 or so when bands like **All Out War** were really big? I loved their music, but hated the homey-core image and the stupid-ass lyrics that overused scary biblical terms like "retribution" and "salvation." About that time my friend sent me a CD by **Catharsis**, who had that slayer-core sound, but paired it with intelligent political lyrics, an awareness of punk history and a strict DIY ethos. **Catharsis** is still one of my favorite hardcore bands, and my rambling point is that **Assault** are very similar to **Catharsis** in their approach. Think apocalyptic metal-core, but layered with crust and stench instead of track suits and cologne.

From Ashes Rise are one of America's best political hardcore bands right now, along with others they're related to like **Tragedy**, **Deathreap** and the late **His Hero is Gone**. Their lyrics are articulate and their music reminds me a lot of the first **Neurosis** record, but more thrashing. They have a new LP coming out on *Jade Tree*, which hopefully will expose new people to real hardcore punk and allow the band to keep touring relentlessly.

Her Blacklist is my favorite local band, and for the first time, I think they'll actually fit in with the other bands they're playing with. They've self-released three CDs of steamrolling metal improv, and the four other people in Salt Lake who love **Neurosis** and **Swans** ought to enjoy **Her Blacklist**, as well. **All Systems Fail** is the name of the band I'm in. We love old UK punk like **Antisect**, **Conflict**, **Discharge** and **Anti-System**, but I promise we sound nothing like **The Exploited**. Anyway, we're honored to be playing with **From Ashes Rise**, **Assault** and **Her Blacklist**.

Minor Threat First Demo Tape Dischord Records

Let's never forget that it was hardcore kids who invented moshing, touring in crappy vans and

Dischord Records. Though *Dischord* wasn't the first DIY label in existence, and **Minor Threat** weren't the first hardcore band in existence, I think it's safe to say they're two of the most influential entities in the history of punk music. They provided the models that thousands of punks have followed for more than 20 years now. *Kill From the Heart* is my favorite hardcore website and it has a detailed history of *Dischord Records*, **Minor Threat** and DC hardcore in general. You'll find it at <http://home-pages.nyu.edu/~cch223/mainpage.html>

As for **Minor Threat's** demo tape being officially released, it's about fucking time! Though all eight songs on the demo were later re-recorded for other **Minor Threat** records, it's great to hear them in their infancy. It's even better that kids can now go to any record store to pick up the finest nine minutes of hardcore punk ever recorded, instead of painstakingly tracking down the bootleg like I had to. My single complaint is that the *Dischord* release is mixed so well that the sound quality is almost as good as the real **Minor Threat** records, and I prefer the rough mix on my bootleg. Now *Dischord* owes it to punks everywhere to release **Void's** "Hit & Run" demo and the **Youth Brigade** demo. (*Dischord Records* / 3819 Beecher St. NW / Washington, DC / 20007, or www.dischord.com)

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Hard Music For A Hard World

PROSTHETIC RECORDS: Last month, Omnium Gatherum's *Spirits And August Light* made my pre-"best of" list for the year. Well, pencil in **Lamb Of God** with their latest, *As The Palaces Burn*. This album is strong. Really strong! The guitar riffing is precision-tight and as heavy as it is inventive. This band is good all the way around.



Their sound has a decent low-end and incredible drumming, but

their music always comes back to the guitars. The music is riff-oriented, without being riff-dependent, contrived or over doing the "chugga, chugga" playing method. The guitarists do some interesting things with doubling, single-note rhythms, breaks, etc. These guys had me on the edge of my seat from the first track to the last. The vocals are raw/death, but fit perfectly with the music. They really got the vocals right on this one with a warm, caustic feel without overpowering the music or being overly grating. The vocals aren't in-your-face the entire time, and allow the music this band has to offer shine through. One of my all-time favorite guitarists, Chris Poland (ex-Megadeth, Damn The Machine, Ohm), does a guest solo on track three, "Purified." It's just a short solo, but anything Chris plays is golden. I guarantee you I will be listening to this album 10 years from now with as much excitement as I'm listening to it today. As



The *Palaces Burn* is not a CD to be filed away and forgotten about.

THE END

RECORDS: As I understand it, **The Gathering** used to be a metal band. I wouldn't know, because I've never heard anything from them before their 1995 release, *Mandylin*. At that point, they already shed most of their metal attributes and began to emphasize the female vocalist element within their music. Their latest release, *Souvenirs*, is a good album, but I am perplexed at who's really buying this kind of music. For a band

with female vocals, their music is more epic and ethereal-sounding than it is pop. That's good for substance, but bad when they can't even capitalize on pop hooks to draw people in. I know this band has a market with the twentysomething prog-metalers. The young prog guys just love this band. They use **The Gathering** as their platform to prove that they are a sensitive bunch and that they are fully in touch with their feminine sides by describing Anneke Van Giersbergen's vocals as "beautiful." Beautiful maybe, but you won't hear it out of my mouth. Trust me, if I ever "get in touch" with my feminine side, I won't stop touching it.

----**Darkthrone's** latest release, *Hate Them*, was recorded and mixed in 26 hours. Recorded and mixed in 26 hours, but in keeping with the true Norwegian black metal sound, Darkthrone made sure it sounded more like 26 minutes. This is black metal of the early 90s visited in 2003.

LEVIATHAN : The latest installment in the Dignet Music Guitar Masters series to be released by Leviathan Records is *Armed And Ready* from shred master **Joe Stump**. Early in his career, I dismissed Stump as an Yngwie Malmsteen clone, but his last few records, including *Divide And Conquer* from his band *Reign Of Terror*, have changed my mind. Over the past few years, Joe has really worked into a sound that he can call his own. *Armed And Ready* is more proof that Joe Stump puts on a veritable shred-guitar clinic every time he picks up the guitar. The Dignet Music Guitar Master series was created by Leviathan Record's (and guitarist) **David Chastain**. David 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 drum tracks.

METAL BLADE: *Into The Lungs Of Hell* is the sixth and latest from **God Dethroned**. I was a little worried by the amount of times I heard them repeat the line, "Into the lungs of hell" during the album's opener, but repetition didn't end up being used as a crutch during the remainder of the release. Not much repetition, but the lyrics don't really improve all that much. Track two "The Warcult," has this to

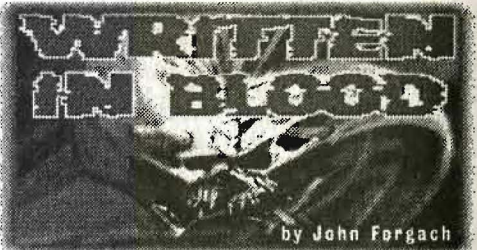
offer—"New millennium battlebots than it is pop. That's good for substance, but bad when they can't even capitalize on pop hooks to draw people in. I know this band has a market with the twentysomething prog-metalers. The young prog guys just love this band. They use **The Gathering** as their platform to prove that they are a sensitive bunch and that they are fully in touch with their feminine sides by describing Anneke Van Giersbergen's vocals as "beautiful." Beautiful maybe, but you won't hear it out of my mouth. Trust me, if I ever "get in touch" with my feminine side, I won't stop touching it.

offer—"New millennium battlebots squeeze out your brains. Hoax virus infected megalomaniac"—I didn't even write those lyrics and I'm embarrassed. There are many high points to this album. Other than a few bonehead lyrics here and there, this is a great mid-tempo, straight-forward metal album. These guys write solid music with some catchy and memorable hooks. This is a double album, but I only received disc one. I would like to have heard the re-recorded version of "God Dethroned," the Possessed cover "Satan's Curse" and seen the video clips for "Villa Vampiria" and "Under The Golden Wings Of Death," but alas, I guess it wasn't meant to be.

THE MUSIC CARTEL: According to the band **Sea Of Green**, they are consciously morphing their style from stoner rock to hard rock. Stoner rock to hard rock, but still, their latest album is titled *Chemical Vacation*, they have a song named

"Out of My Head" and a "Doobie award" nomination in *High Times* magazine probably won't help the transition any. All ideologies and bongs aside, this band is totally straightforward, simplistic hard rock music. They remind me of a ho-hum cross between **Alice In Chains** and **Stone Temple Pilots**.

TUMULT : If you like your black metal raw, and I do mean RAW, then check out the band **Leviathan's** first official release, *Verrater*. Some guy named **Wrest** comprises the complete lineup of the one-man band—I think he's from the San Francisco area. I didn't get a bio with the CD, but I'm pretty sure that's where I was told the CD came from. *Verrater* is 22 tracks (recorded between 1998-2002) on two CDs and clocks in at over two hours. My soul turned a lovely shade of black with just one listen!



by John Fergach

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Glitter Gutter Trash

by Ryan Michael Painter

Martin L. Gore *Counterfeit 2* Reprise

I love **Depeche Mode**, particularly when Alan was in the band. The years following *Songs Of Faith & Devotion* haven't been completely disappointing, but at times they have been rather sub-par in comparison. As you may have noticed over the years, Martin L. Gore loves a twisted ballad and that is further evidenced here on his follow-up to the original *Counterfeit EP*. Like the original, this collection is comprised of all cover versions of songs that have touched Martin over the years. The result, unfortunately, is as mixed as it was the first time around, only this time, it's longer. To call it boring isn't very fair, but it isn't far from the truth. Gore's minimalist approach tends to blur the tracks together like a long night spent in a jazz bar sitting alone with too many drinks and nothing to go home to. When taken in small doses, it plays off quite a bit better, but he really never should have gone near Nick Cave's "Loverman." Ironically, it might be the most upbeat moment on the album. For the devoted and terminally morose.

Love & Rockets *So aLive* Psychobaby

Let it be said when the curtain went down on Love & Rockets at the Roxy in L.A., I couldn't help but feel a bit cheated. Not because the show wasn't worth the travel, but because it was still quite clear that the band still had the brilliance that made them one of my favorite groups. The DAT tapes from that show unfortunately were stolen, thus, the live document of that night has been forever lost. At least we have *So aLive*, a seamless combination of shows from 1987 to 1996 (*Earth, Sun, Moon & Sweet F. A.* era for those keeping score). The results make me miss them all the more. They were brilliant live and the evidence is now available. From the buzzsaw guitars of "Ball of Confusion" to the heavy acoustic strum of "No New Tale To Tell," the classics are well represented alongside more obscure album tracks and their previously unreleased distressed cover of "Rock On" (if only we could also have "20th Century Boy" as well). Even the less remarkable hit, "So Alive," is twisted from its pop roots into a dirty tramp of distortion and groove. Even if you don't think you like live albums, *So aLive* is absolutely required listening.

The Essex Green *The Long Goodbye* Merge

Indie in the best way, which isn't easy these days. There are elements of **Dusty Springfield** and the pop strummings of the **Association** here and perhaps some **Saint Etienne**, and that's not an insult. It's not necessarily as psychedelic as some would imply, either. The light and airy instrumentation is beautiful, particularly the organ and flute stretches. The vocal harmonies are great. *The Long Goodbye* is definitely not just another blast of sunshine to blind you from seeing the soft center, because there is real substance here. Having already won over critics with their last album, *Everything Is Green*, I don't see why anyone would be disappointed with The Essex Green's new material. They're rather entertaining live as well.

Jaga Jazzist *Animal Chin EP* GSL

Caught between the jazz experimental excursions of **Erik Truffaz** and the warped layerings of **Boards of Canada** sits Jaga Jazzist. Glitches, loops, cocktail drinks, horns, roaming bass lines, midnight rendezvous and echo reels. Sure, sometimes it sounds like a game show theme mutilated and spit back out over rolling beats ("Animal Chin"), and there are also times when it is too conservative for its own good ("Low Battery"), but there is far more promise than backlash.

Adult *Anxiety Always* Ersatz Audio

Call it electroclash or analog for the next generation, but don't confuse Adult with the mindless pop music often associated with later new wave & synthpop. There was a time when electronic music had the same attitude of punk rock, political and charged (look at the lesser-known tracks of **Soft Cell**, **Gary Numan** for example, or the racket that **Suicide** made rather than the fun but sugar-based pop heroics of **Duran Duran**) and Adult typifies that movement more so than the likes of **Ladytron**. Yes, they come across rather pretentious and alien, but that's the point. The social commentary is spot-on, always has been for Nicola and Adam. Bravo. If you ask me, this retro-chic has hit just in time, because the last time I turned on my television, it certainly seemed like 1984.

Lilys *Recollection* Manifesto

Kurt Heasley returns with the same name and a new lineup with a sound akin to his mid-90s material. Early on, the Lilys could have been confused as shoegazing artisans, but following their first full-length, a change took place that carries on to this day. The sound is infected with the likes of the British Invasion (pick your favorite), a **Kinks** by way of the **Jam** with intelligent lyrics and gentle vocals that recalls **Terry Hall** (albeit with the honesty of the likes of **Mark Kozelek**). Proper troubadours armed with guitars and delicious melodies. Check it out—perfect for relaxing in the summer shadows and extensive trips through British pop (by way of Philadelphia) before the Manchester scene changed everything in the early 90s.

Wolfsheim *Casting Shadows* Metropolis

Spectators: With classic singles like "Once In A Lifetime" and "Sleep Sometime," Wolfsheim established themselves as a band to be reckoned with. *Casting Shadows* does nothing to tarnish the legacy. In fact, if one was to play *Spectators* and *Casting Shadows* back-to-back, you might hardly notice a difference stylistically. In some cases, this could be a deterrent, but in my current mood, I find it reassuring. The first single, "Kein Zuruk," might not be a runaway pop anthem, but certainly it makes for a lovely ballad. "Find You're Gone," "Wundervoll" or "Care for You" would all make fantastic singles. Granted, they can't go on copying themselves forever like this, but for now, I'm not complaining.

Zeromancer *Clone Your Lover* Cleopatra

I'm sure there are quite a few bands that would like to take all the brilliant moments that **Project Pitchfork** have amassed in their career (and forget about all the sub-par tracks that fell between). You can add **Kim Jung** and his baby Zeromancer to the list. Throw in the occasional **NIN** and **Ministry** moments and you've basically got most of the picture. Not that they don't have their moments; certainly "Clone Your Lover" and "Something for the Pain" deserve their places on the dance floor (a bonus **APB** remix of the latter should guarantee that). Just ignore the lyrics when they become far too derivative.

Slick Idiot *DickNity* Cleopatra

En Esch and **Guenter Schutz** pulled themselves from the wreckage that was **KMFDM** as it evolved into **MDFMK** (before becoming **KMFDM** again) and reemerged rechristened Slick Idiot. I would like to report that in doing so, they finished that song that **KMFDM** seemed to be writing for the past 10 years and replaced it with something more interesting; they haven't. You've got that beat, the guitar bit, female vocals in the background behind rather ridiculous lyrics. Yet like all **KMFDM** releases, *DickNity* is better than it should be, although not as good as it could have been. "It Won't Due" is a catchy single, "Lazy" might be the worst hip-hop track ever, and then, well, it suddenly blurs into one long dance beat ... just like a **KMFDM** album.

Mary Lorson & Billy Cote *Piano Creeps* First Time Records

Piano Creeps, a beautiful album to pack up your life and drive away into desert dusk with. This primarily instrumental album excels, unlike many atmospheric releases, by the complexity of its layers. A bass line here, the bow over strings there, sparse guitar picking over the drums lingering in the background and the space between, where it all converges. From time to time, Lorson's warm vocals break up the dark passages to give this twist of noir a narrator. More beautiful than anything Lorson has previously recorded (either with **Madder Rose** or last year's promising solo debut, *Tricks for Dawn*).

Mountaineers *Mountaineers EP* Mute

Like **Beck's** more quirky pop releases, **AIR** or the **Beta Band**, the Mountaineers attempt to marry electronic and organic instrumentation. They do so with a certain degree of success, yet like former labelmates **The Coral's** *Skeleton Key EP*, the result is somewhat a mess, and, although interesting, often ineffective. But like the Coral, a full-length release might showcase the band's genius. For the time being, "Self-Catering" might as well be the second minor hit **Comershop** never had in America (or anywhere else really), and despite the critical acclaim, no one ever really took them seriously. Sadly, the Mountaineers seem destined for interesting sounds on forgettable records. Maybe a **Norman Cook** remix is in order. tant as those they emulate.

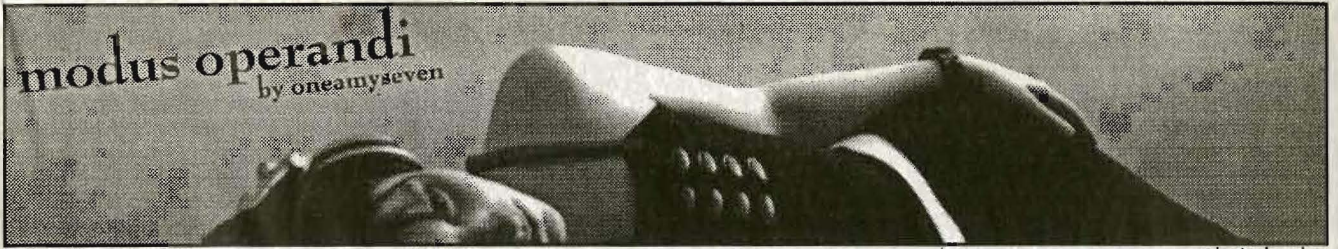


photo by .ke

I have been spending some time sharing with my boyfriend the industrial music I discovered 10+ years ago. Some of it makes me giggle - on the otherhand, some of it was pure genius and still frequents the discman. I encourage everybody to dust off some of those old **Front 242**, **Nitzer Ebb**, **Skinny Puppy** CD's, cassettes or vinyl and throw them in. Sometimes I neglect the music that brought me to where I am now. This music is great not only for nostalgia, but also as a general history of yourself to look back on.

Top 10 for June

1. **VIA** - *Hands 2003*
2. **Cordell Klier** - *Apparitions*
3. **Skinny Puppy** - *Bites and Remission*
4. **Skinny Puppy** - *Last Rights*
5. **VIA** - *Daruma*
6. **Front 242** - *Pulse*
7. **Noise Unit** - *Strategy of Violence*
8. **X Marks the Pedwalk** - *Meshwork*
9. **S.I.N.A.** - *Snapshot*
10. **Front 242** - *Geography*

Random noise experiments and the absence of rhythm make up the latest from 2nd Gen's project **Uniform**. *Not a word* comes as a follow-up to the highly acclaimed *Irony is* on Mute Records. Typically, I am not a fan of this type of experimental sound use. **Uniform** uses some interesting vocal samples and intriguing sounds, but I don't find myself craving this album - yet I listen to it and there is something intangible that I really enjoy. The assortment of sounds are very plastic, cold, hollow and hallucinogenic. Amongst the 16 tracks, I find there are some that bore me to tears and others that capture my interest each time. *Not a Word* has some very humorous song titles, for example, "You idiot, that's a girl's bike" and "Tick bastard tock". There is something worthwhile here, but not necessarily for someone with my aural tastebuds.

Uniform 3/5
Not a Word 5/5
Ad Noiseam

So far I have heard a lot of negativity regarding the new **Front 242** release, *Pulse*. People, this is not 1988, so get over it! *Pulse* is exactly what I expected it to be. If it wasn't **Front 242** I wouldn't be impressed, but because it IS **Front 242** and it IS the first album they have done in 8 years it's amazing to see the progression they have achieved in their 20+ years of industrial legendry. They have pursued the current trends in EBM music and adapted their stylings to fit the neo-industrial era. And really, do we need another "Headhunter" or "Tragedy for you?" Perhaps *Pulse* won't make it to the top of the charts, or even make the rotation at the club, but for what it is, I am ecstatic to have a new **Front 242** album.

Front 242
Pulse
Metropolis 4/5

It is a tradition for the Hands label to release a double disc compilation featuring 3 exclusive tracks from an assortment of Hands artists each year. This years roster includes **Orphx**, **Klinik**, **Needlesharing vs M2**, **Winterkalte**, **Placid**, **Ah Cama-Sotz**, **Synth-Etik**, **MS Gentur**, **5F_55** and **MS Mono**. Until this release, it never really occurred to me how diverse the Hands label is. The first disc alone features **Orphx** who is very minimal, bordering on experimental, **Klinik** is doing more techno-trance type stuff, **needlesharing vs m2** are both artists that can do no wrong with drum'n'bass and blips'n'bleeps, **Winterkalte** is danceable, harsh and violent and **Placid** takes guitars and metalesque vocals to a place where they have never been before. The second disc is chock-full of the hypnotic beats as well. **Ah Cama-Sotz** does their usual danceable tribal stuff as does **Synth-Etik** with agitating percussion and hard beats. The **MS Mono** tracks (the joint efforts of **Mono No Aware** and **MS Gentur**) are unavailable anywhere but on this and other Hands compilations. That is one reason to purchase this double disc. The other reason is the works of **Needlesharing vs m2** - pure brilliance. As with every other Hands compilation, you definitely want to make this a part of your rhythm noise collection.

VIA
Hands 2003
Hands 4/5

The man with many musical projects and even a label of his own creation (**Doctsect**) is now releasing work under his own name, **Cordell Klier** (pronounced Clear). On the first listen of *Apparitions* I was completely sold. The composition is molded from the negative space rather than the actual sounds. Stretched out drones glide in the background and in the forefront you get pure random glitchiness. To listen to *Apparitions* and truly absorb the textures of it one needs to be in an appropriate setting. I found it was perfect to blast it loud in a dark room or in headphones while sitting at a computer. It's hard to compare an act like this to anything else, but I do think fans of the minimal stylings of **Pole** and **Squaremeter** will be able to enjoy **Cordell Klier**. I am also impressed that this act is from the states (Minnesota to be exact). It's nice to have positive musical representation from our country rather than idolizing other countries (ahem - Germany) that overwhelm us with good stuff.

Cordell Klier
Apparitions 5/5
Ad Noiseam

Half of the local act **23 Ecstasy** duo has stepped outside of the boundaries into a glitchy, experimentation of tribal beats and textured rhythms. The drones, growls and whispers of **Twilight Transmissions** remind me of **Download** and the experimental works from **Psychic TV** and **Throbbing Gristle**. Unlike **23 Ecstasy**, **Twilight Transmissions** holds my interest and leaves me wanting more. Maybe I am biased as I indulge in the non-traditional industrial sounds and grasp the unordinary. This is very original, captivating and well composed. Six long tracks is just enough to give you a small taste and an appetite for more. This is a bold territory for a local act to take hold of - and I think it is done to the fullest.

Twilight Transmissions
Self-Titled
Nova One Productions 3.5/5

It was Chicago 1982,

and Bauhaus were playing the second of a two-night stand at the *Cabaret Metro*, only this time, the crowd was treated to an extended version of 'Antonin Artaud'

There is a point in the song when the music pulses," says David J. "We played that pulse for 25 minutes." Sitting amongst cardboard boxes amidst moving into a new residence, David J recalls the event, confessing that the mind starts to play tricks on you when you play the same note over and over. The crowd's reaction swinging from being annoyed, to a strange hysteria that turned into elation before evolving into anger. 'Antonin Artaud' would be the only track played that evening. Theatre of cruelty in a subtle but effective form—Artaud himself would be proud.

Things aren't so different now 21 years later. There is still a fire within. David J's stints in the groundbreaking groups **Bauhaus**, **Love and Rockets** and the **Jazz Butcher** quietly have established him as a humble yet deserving icon unafraid to experiment with his sound. David J explains that his latest resurrection, **Cabaret Oscuro**, is akin to the mentality and vision of early Bauhaus. Visual imagery pulled from the stark darkness of German cabaret set to a minimalist score with the help of **Joyce Rooks** on cello and the whirling of laptop electronics. David finds himself stepping away from the guitar with only a feather boa and microphone to hide behind. The result is a larger-than-life night of theatre. "There's a great amount of camp... not silliness; camp is the lie that tells the truth."

Much like Peter Murphy's "Just for Love" tour, which David made a last minute appearance on, the idea was to take music down to the core, exposing it for what it is. For his part in this year's **Dark Arts Festival** at **Club Sanctuary**, David promises the performance will include rearranged songs from throughout his career with **Bauhaus** and **Love and Rockets** as well as solo material new and old, and perhaps a few covers. For those who are afraid of experimentation, David mentions that "in the middle there will be a pool of acoustic tracks."

Don't miss a rare live performance from David J's Cabaret Oscuro as they headline this year's Dark Arts Festival Sunday, June 15th at Club Sanctuary

DARK ARTS FESTIVAL 2003

Dark Arts Festival to be Held this Month By Ryan Michael Painter

With over 100 bands submitting requests to play at 2003's *Dark Arts Festival*, it is hard to believe this all started to take shape by musing over a list of names for a music festival in 1993. It was always meant to be a showcase for local artistic talent and somehow in the process it's become a bit more. I sat down with **Kevin Reece** (who ransacked dictionaries for adjectives before penning the simple, yet informative, *Dark Arts Festival* as the official title) and **Alicia Porter** (who enlisted herself this year) for a pleasant moment reminiscing over dreams that stalled in '94 only to resurrect in 2001.

Kevin's persistent efforts to support and improve the Gothic scene in Utah led him to team up with *Nightmares Productions*, a group of motivated Goths who wanted to do more than sit around and complain about why good bands never play Salt Lake. Together, they revived *Dark Arts* in 2001 with **Voltaire** headlining the event. In 2002, *Dark Arts* brought **Human Drama** and **Apocalypse Theatre** along side the local talents of **Tragic Black**, **Redemption**, **Domiana**, and **Violet Run**. Pick up a copy of the *Dark Arts 2002 compilation* featuring rare and exclusive tracks from nearly all of the acts that played, the diversity alone is astounding and more often than not the tracks aren't simple throw away's as one might expect. 2003 was to be a new beast, more planning ahead, more volunteer involvement and the sudden realization that this was to be a year of decision. With a list of national acts that rivals any Dark themed festival in America: **David J**, **Claire Voyant**, **Hungry Lucy**, **Faith Assembly** and **Bella Morte**, you might think that their eyes are set upon overtaking gatherings like *Convergence*. This however is far from the truth. Kevin admits a bit uneasiness over how big the festival seems to be getting, suggesting that this year could determine if 2004's festival will be larger or reeled back. It is clear the focus will always be on getting local artists attention, even at the expense of booking bigger names and cashing in on the latest trends. Kevin mentions that in the future he'd like to see the range of artists widen to include a more diverse sampling of "dark" themed art. Alicia is also quick to point out that none of this would have been made possible without the help of dozens of volunteers. The *Dark Arts Festival* is a nonprofit organization, meaning any dollar they earn goes directly back into funding next year's festival. So cancel any plans you might have had for Thursday June 12 – Sunday June 15th and lend your support to talented locals along side high profile dark wave artists at *Club Sanctuary*. For a detailed description of all the bands playing this year visit www.darkartsfestival.com



Kevin Reece
President of
the Dark Arts
Festival

Photo by Abbie Knibbe

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Dark Arts Pre-Party on Thursday, June 12, with poetry reading, performance by Soren.

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Is your band having a CD Release Party? E-mail rebecca@slugmag.com and we will list it in this column.

CD release parties for June

Sat. June 28th- Agentz Cd Release w/ The Numbs- Muse Music (Provo)



Anima Nera, *Self-titled*

Is that a tortured human wail piercing the first few seconds of *Anima Nera's* first full-length CD, or something from the other world? Judge for yourself. Anima Nera is proggy, complex, powerful metal, (not power metal), replete with multiple layers of tumultuous guitar-n-bass eddies, drums like a painful human heartbeat going a million times the normal speed, and classic

barking vocals filled not with a pretentious, otherworldly doom, but with the genuine anguish that can only come from the sharp disappointment of real life. Anima Nera's music is brimming over with multiple movements within songs, going from slow acoustic-sounding guitar solos to a pummeling wall of razor-sharp sound in one second flat. Anima Nera is hard-ass without losing that essential melodiousness and the heavy satisfaction of solid riffing—championing a less machine-like, more organic form of heavy metal. Long live Anima Nera.



Ghostowne, *After The Rain*

Though I wouldn't prefer to listen to Ghostowne; I think the customer that shops at Phillips 66 for his entire grocery list would enjoy what vocalist Steven Wells has to sing about. This is what you would get if you mixed Poison with Train; however, after 12 similar songs, it's apparent that some people drink too much and will never stop talking about the girl that got away!

I give props to "Little Buddha," mostly because it's the only track without vocals. The song, "Hard Luck Town," speaks of "That's the way it goes in this hard-luck town," and I agree completely. Good luck, gentlemen! Most of this album sounds, once again, recycled; however, track six, "Hard to Find," has good radio potential. Ghostowne is a "back-to-the-basics rock n' roll" band and I suggest they really go back to the basics and consider adding more depth and uniqueness. Perhaps next time around? —Nick James



Quette Daddie, *The Return Missionary LP*

So I was in Jamba Juice a couple weeks ago when who should I run into but Quette Daddie. After getting over my initial fear of walking out of Jamba with a broken skull and several shattered ribs due to my review of Quette Daddie's last CD (*4 Your Entertainment*) in January's issue of SLUG, I learned that Quette is actually a damn cool guy. A cool guy

with a strong sense of irony. *The Return Missionary LP* is waaaaay better than *4 Your Entertainment*, and is one of the best rap CDs Salt Lake has put out. True, I've only heard about five, but still. Not only has the \$30 Casio keyboard upgraded to at least a \$50 Casio, probably stolen from Music-Go-Round instead of D.I. this time (smart upgrade), the production's 10 times better (thank you!), the lyrics are even more clever ("C.T.R." Daring Elizabeth Smart nods, baby!), the 808 beats are addictive and the ongoing saga of Quette Daddie's child support drama is 10 times more whiny and entertaining. The lyrics are the best part, comparable with those of national artists. The worst part is the Casio. Quette, honey, what's up? Can't you afford a Roland now after supposedly selling 5000 copies of your first album?!



Buckettooth, *Open the Door*

Open the Door. Sublime meets mellow gloom-hop like Cypress Hill on horse tranquilizers, but is not as good as either. Buckettooth isn't bad, but their last CD was better. The beats and "feel" of the songs are good, the production's decent, the melodies are strong, the vocal quality is good, but the lyrics lack. They're chockful of certain clichés that are rampant

in the hip-hop industry. I'm sure the message of "Ashes in an Urn" is a serious, profound one, but the way it's conveyed is ineffective and even laughable, especially in the fast punk breakdown overlaid with organ near the

end. The best song is the mellow, sexualicious "Grade School Memories," with the soulful female vocals of J-Hi in the background. That girl can sing. Make 10 more songs like that and you'll have a strong CD. Good hidden track too. If anyone reads this review, listens to the CD and agrees/disagrees, please write a letter to Dear Dickheads at dickheads@slugmag.com.



Reolution, *Self-titled demo*

Reolution has the most professional press kit that I've ever received, complete with Reolution stationary, 8.5" X 11" photo and business card! However, the music is another story. The music is actually executed very well, without a hitch in fact—most notable is the shredding guitar solo at the end of "Be a Friend," and the strongest track by far is "Down." But it's the musical

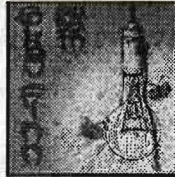
and lyrical concepts behind the songs that thud flat like a hollow drum. Blues-based, grungey alt-rock with a pop-punk delivery is all fine and good (John Mellencamp meets The Judybats), but what extra twist is there to Reolution that sets it apart from all the other bands? What kind of rejection have you risked? What chord progression have you attempted that might just differ from 95% of all the other bands? Maybe to some people, originality doesn't matter. Great. However, these are just some questions you might want to ask yourself as you embark on your mission to make your mark on the music world.



Parchman Farm, *Self-titled*

Fat, good, filling, high-quality blues is hard to come by. Parchman Farm knows what they're doing, and it shows. They should be on *Rounder* or *Lost Highway*. Vibrato slide-guitar licks, vocals clear as a freshly scrubbed shot glass and delicious production all come together in an appetizing party mix, without the cheese

& the Chex. How can people eat that stuff? During the slowed-down, sentimental "Crawling Kingsnake," you can practically feel the wheat chaff floating through the air, the kids splashing down in the waterhole at the edge of your property, the summer sun beating down on the warm stone wall you're leaning against, looking up at the cherry tree in full bloom above you ... "You got me crawlin' baby/'til the day I die." Holy hell, it's hot.



Elbo Finn, *S.W. 58th*

You know, you see a local band name in local club ads and you assume a lot of stuff about them ... like that they're a funk band. Yes, I thought Elbo Finn was a funk band for about three years, based on their name alone. Baffling. Anyway, they're the farthest thing from funk that could exist, with the possible exception of industrial core. Sporting that Utah grunge-meets-folk

sound that should be oh-so-familiar to locals by now, Elbo Finn spins out smooth, sugared pop bon bons permeated with acoustic guitar and upbeat-to-winsome melodies: think Gin Blossoms meets The Wallflowers. "Another False Mirror," the whole minute-and-a-half of it, is my favorite track, with reverberated vocals that hark back to an odd mix of Sunshine (from Czechoslovakia) & Perry Farrell.



Wolfs,

Box set double single with a skull on the back

Wielding snarly, dirty guitars with a playful brutality and an intoxicating, gritty sexuality, The Wolfs give off a pure kernel of rebellious charisma that so many bands try to capture, but just can't. With this box set they continue their "live-feel" approach, forsaking phony studio production with all the live energy of a beer-soaked

show at Burt's. In fact, at least a couple of the tracks actually are live, one pulled from Jeremy Smith's (guitarist) birthday party, "Dog Girl," and "Lights Out." The two tracks that floor me the most, both live and on the CD, are "Can't Get Your Words," the haunting classic-rock thriller with a mad, thick, harrowing chorus and those essential, lonely tambourine beats before each chorus begins. The tension steps up a notch near the end, til you feel like you're being crushed in a trash compactor—only in the very best of ways. "Dog Girl" is slower and more sensual than I've ever heard it, with Carri Wakefield (bassist), taking her time laying out each bass line, making each one count hard. "Cool Times," with its disco/techno remix, is also killer. Will The Wolfs ever stop? The answer is no, of course.

James McNew Temporarily Dumps Yo La Tengo and Releases Side Project

By Ryan Michael Reiter

These are busy days for James McNew. When he isn't touring in support of Yo La Tengo's album *Summer Sun*, he's putting in time for interviews regarding his side project *Dump*, whose new album, *A Grown-Ass Man*, preceded *Summer Song* by a matter of weeks.

Working two albums at once was not intentional. James explains, "Dump tends to work at its own speed, which is often slow. The album was recorded between 1999-2002, but it took a year for the artwork to be finished."

Dump is the result of knob-twisting and experimenting into the late hours of the night. James plays everything from the rhythm tracks to the guitars to the vocals that fill in the space around it. "Dump and Yo La Tengo are separate identities, but Dump was never designed to be a real solo project," he says. In fact, it wasn't even designed to make pop-smash singles, or garner immaculate reviews.

"Dump is something that I have been doing for my own fun since I was 11 or 12. I do it just because I like it and it serves some purpose, because it teaches me a lot about recording. I'd still be doing it even if there wasn't any interest from a label to release it," he says.

Where Yo La Tengo songs are often written as a group (writing credit is given to all three members), through improvisation, touring and rehearsal, Dump tracks are written over an extended period of time. "I'm always thinking about it. Dump songs exist in my head. I pick at them like daydreaming."

These current daydreams cover a wide range, from distorted theatrical noise (think Tom Waits) and heartfelt pop gems to the occasional electronic drone with a variety of emotional cores spread across the horizon. He says, "I'd hate to release a black cloud for 70 minutes. Not that I can't be depressed for 70 minutes."

Dark clouds aren't in the forecast this summer as Yo La Tengo tours in support of their most pop-driven album in years. "We wanted to make a shorter record, make an hour of music that makes sense," he says. Which meant rather than releasing a double album of 15 to 20 tracks, they had to pare it back; the pop elements were there on their own. "We're aware of a lot of different music. It filters into our brains and comes out by default," says McNew.

Longtime Kinks fans, Yo La Tengo had the opportunity to work with Ray Davies when he came to New York to play a few shows to drum up some label interest. "We had a 'waving hello' relationship with Ray and he asked us to be in his band. We did live shows with seven or eight new songs and some older, obscure Kinks tracks." Later, in London, the band recorded four of the new tracks with Ray. "It was an amazing experience," says McNew. Unfortunately, those sessions have yet to be released. "I'm not sure what is going on with them. I'd like to see them released—they were really good songs."

Catch James and Yo La Tengo as they tour across America and make sure to ask him why U2 used to make his flesh crawl until he loved them on the Simpsons.

James McNew



DKM and SLC: Dropkick Murphys Return By Carly Fullmer

Has it been awhile since you've seen Dropkick Murphys bust out the bagpipes and get their Irish "oi" on? Well, you aren't alone. Dropkick Murphys haven't played a live show in Salt Lake City since Warped Tour 1999. Why the four-year hiatus? Ken Casey, the Murphys' guitarist and vocalist, has given two very different answers to that very burning question. In an unpublished interview in 2001 with Brien Kleib, a New Yorker who writes for *Maximum Ripoff*, Ken said, "In Salt Lake City, we had a falling-out with the crowd, so to speak. It's a weird straight-edge scene . . . out there; they're known for attacking bands, which is kind of a weird thing. I think it's because they're such an isolated city, they don't have anyone to have a rivalry with. Like Boston and New York, etc. So the only outsiders they ever see are bands, and they fight them." However, in 2003, Ken changed his tune and told SLUG that, "They [*Hellcat*] turned it into a straight-edge kid vs. Dropkick Murphys thing, which I don't think it was . . . it got blown out of proportion."

With a new album on *Hellcat Records*, *Blackout*, waiting at the gate, a new man behind the bagpipes, and a new-found emphasis on punk rock, the Dropkick Murphys are ready to conquer Salt Lake City for the first time in four years. Accordion player and guitarist Marc Orrell and Ken Casey are more than proud of their newest work, more than excited to hit the road as a main attraction at the Warped Tour, and more than happy to fill us in and clear things up about the SLC Warped incident of 1999.

SLUG: First of all, I just have to tell you that my 53-year-old mother is a big fan of yours. Usually, as moms go, they hear your music and it's, "Turn it down! What is this crap?" but she came in one day and said, "What is this you're listening to? Are those bagpipes?" She's been a fan ever since. I made her a mix CD for Christmas with a few Dropkick tunes on it and she loved it.

M.O.: That's awesome, usually it's the other way around, usually the parents get the kids into music, so that's awesome.

SLUG: The new album. Congratulations, it's a keeper.

M.O.: Thank you, thank you very much. I'm psyched about it.
SLUG: It seems a little more in the folk vein than some of your past albums, what with the storylines behind the songs and such.

M.O.: I think this record is a little more punk rock, and it's got the folk too, like you were saying. It's just a wide mix because everyone in the band listens to everything from Boston hardcore to Johnny Cash. He's a huge influence on us.

SLUG: Is it just me, or is Al [Barr, lead vocals] singing less and less and Ken is singing more?

M.O.: Well it's not like we mapped it out or anything. Kenny has been wanting to sing more and more, and it's like half-and-half, people like the switching-off and the variety. It's like The Clash, with Joe Strummer and Mick Jones.

SLUG: So do you sing back up mostly or do you sing lead too?

M.O.: Oh no, I don't sing lead. You don't want to hear my disastrous voice.

SLUG: You're more of a scream-along-in-the-

back kind of guy, which is so very Dropkick, the chorus in the back.

M.O.: Yeah yeah, I'm one of those guys that's just kind of rockin' out in the back

SLUG: The lineup for Dropkick is always changing. New lead singers, new pipers. Have you been there from the beginning, or what has been your involvement?

M.O.: I joined the band three years ago, and I was already a big fan of the Dropkicks. I remember going to see them at the espresso bar in Worcester. Thirty kids would be there, it was when they were a wee, small band. I've kind of always been with them.

SLUG: That's so cool to first be a fan and then be a member—that must be amazing.

M.O.: Yeah, I used to be watching them at bars, and now I'm going on Australian and European tours with them. It's crazy.

SLUG: Oh yeah, how was Australia? I've always wanted to go there.

M.O.: Oh, it's amazing. Al was like, "I'm not leaving. I'm going to become an Australian citizen."

SLUG: That would be great! The Dropkick Murphys are now an Australian-Irish punk band. I bet you are getting to go so many places that you wouldn't have without Dropkick.

M.O.: Oh, pssssshhh. I would still be at Blockbuster Video if it weren't for Dropkick Murphys. Actually, no I wouldn't, I probably would've been fired and living on the streets. I had to skip work to go to the audition, and I ended up getting fired for skipping too many days. I dropped out of high school and joined



the band when I was 17.

SLUG: So your role in the band exactly is...

M.O.: Guitar, accordion and vocals.

SLUG: How long have you been playing the accordion?

M.O.: That was pretty much my foot in the door with the band. When I was trying out, I overheard Ken say, "It would be cool if we could get an accordion player to play something." And I was like, "I've got an accordion at my house!" And Ken took a double-take and said, "Well, can you play anything?" And I lied and said, "Sure, sure I can play it!"

SLUG: I bet you wailed on "Mary Had a Little Lamb."

M.O.: I had no idea how to play the accordion. I went home that day and learned how to play.

SLUG: Well, that's motivation for you. If only our mothers would've told us, "If you practice your accordion, you can be a member of your favorite band some day!"

M.O.: Yeah, I learned really quickly with that as a prospect.

SLUG: So what can you tell me about the title track, "Blackout?" It's an excellent song.

M.O.: Well, it was originally a **Woodie Guthrie** poem. His daughter **Nora Guthrie** contacted us because her son was into the band. And he said to his mom, "It would be cool if this band did one of granddad's songs." So, she contacted us and Ken had to go down to the archives, put on these rubber gloves, and handle all the originals. And they were totally yelling at Ken cause he was being too rough with them. They were like, "Can you please calm down with the papers!" And he was like, "I'm sorry! I'm sorry!" It was cool.

SLUG: So was it just lyrics, or was it put to music originally?

M.O.: No, no, it never had any music to it, it was just one of thousands of his archives.

SLUG: How are you enjoying your recent success? Didn't you just break some ticket-sales record?

M.O.: Yeah, it was like the most tickets sold at the Avalon on St. Patrick's Day. It was like over 8,000 tickets sold in four days. And the only band that did that before was **The Ramones**, and that was only like 5,000 or something.

SLUG: How can you even handle being in the same category as **The Ramones**?

M.O.: It's crazy, it's really fuckin' unbelievable.

SLUG: So how do you feel about other Celtic punk bands out there? Like **Flogging Molly**, **The Real McKenzies**, etc.

M.O.: Well, I think they're doing really well. They're going to be blowing up pretty soon. They're doing some shows with the **Sex Pistols**, so that should be huge. I grew up listening to **The Pogues** and **The Real McKenzies**. It's amazing to be a part of a band like the **Dropkick Murphys**, with that kind of background.

And that is where **Marc Orrell's** expertise ends, because he was not a member of **DKM** during the **SLC** catastrophe. He did say, however, that it is all "water under the bridge" with **SLC** and that he's excited to finally play here. Cut to **Ken Casey**, **Dropkick** extraordinaire, member from the beginning, and someone who can recount the scenario the last time **DKM** visited **SLC**.

SLUG: Can you describe what happened the last time you played here?

K.C.: Well, basically, from what I gather, there were a bunch of kids there flipping us off in the crowd. 'Cause they thought we were sell-outs for playing the **Warped Tour**, I guess. And then, basically, there

was a little altercation afterwards that got blown way out of proportion, partially by our record label. I actually talked to one of the kids after the whole thing happened. And out of that, it grew from people talking.

SLUG: Yes, people do love controversy. So the fact that you didn't play here for four years, was that your record label's choice, your choice, or what?

K.C.: No, our record label would never tell us where we can and can't play. But as we were trying to plan the next show to go back there, we basically had the police calling and telling us, "You can't play here." Blah, blah, blah. The show was getting canceled, and it was back and forth until the last minute and then it ended up not happening. And basically, after all that crap, we didn't even want to deal with it. But we're excited to come back. As it is with a lot of things,

people got involved who weren't involved and blew things out of proportion and then things like this happen, where no one even wants to book the band, and next thing you know, it's four years and we haven't been back to a town. But hopefully that will make the show that much better cause we haven't been there in four years.

SLUG: Well, I think that's exactly what's going to happen. I think you'll find tons of people who are so excited to finally see you guys. So is this the show that's breaking the four-year absence, because it's the **Warped Tour** and it's easier to book, and it's not like you're an isolated band coming through and doing your own show or what?

K.C.: Well, it's not like we've been touring all through the country for two years and just not playing **Salt Lake**. We haven't been to the **West Coast** in about two years, either. After that club show was canceled, I

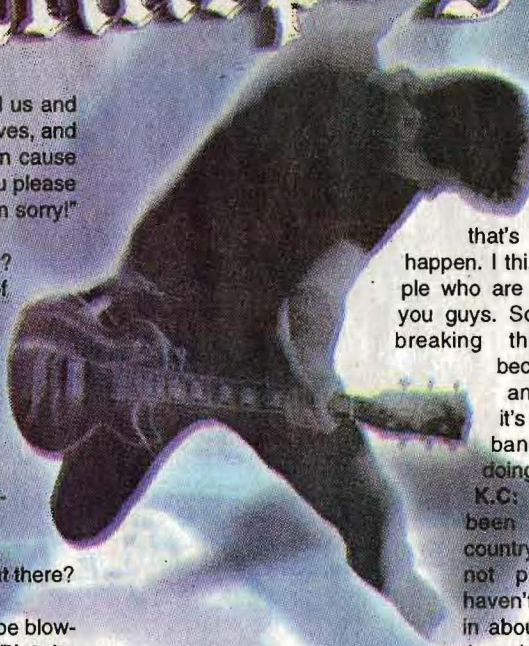
think it was only one tour where we said that we won't bother going back. But with the **Warped Tour**, we're part of a package. So hopefully, it'll be easier for a promoter to see that people actually do like the band there. And maybe there are people that hate the band, but we're just passing through to play music, and you can't fight every town you go to—it's too much of a headache.

SLUG: Very true. Well, we're excited to have you, so we'll see you at the **Warped Tour**. **SLC** has missed you. And congratulations on the new album.

K.C.: Well thank you, we'll see you there.

So there you have it. Be at your favorite record store on June 10 to pick up the new album, *Blackout*. Be at the **Warped Tour** on June 21 if you want to see some kick-ass Celtic punk rock. If you just want to kick some ass, do us all a favor and go to the **Motocross** and pick a fight there instead.

Dropkick Murphys



Washboard Rockers, **THROW RAG** By Kermit Propulsion

Deep from the back of 'swillin' and staggerin,' scallywag first mate A.J. piped up when asked about his current affairs, *Desert Shores*, **Throw Rag's** newest release from BYO Records coming out June 13, 2003. They have original sound, buckled and laced differently than what people call punk. For them, their music is not about image, it is about soul and piracy.

SLUG: How did all you salt-fuckers get together?

Sean Doe: We were in the desert. We ended up in Orange County. We met these guys just hanging around town there in 1995, Jesus Christ. (Tour van noise cutting in and out, Sean gets A.J.)

SLUG: Where do you sailors fear to tread?

A.J.: We fear to tread on the floors of Motel 6 showers without sandals.

SLUG: How is sailing the salt with BYO?

A.J.: Great so far. Sean and Mark have been doing this for over 20 years now. The record is coming out next week. So far, [we are] showing up at clubs and having our posters up, and people have already heard the record. This means that BYO is doing everything correctly, which really helps us out. It's been good, because we've been on our own for quite awhile now. This is the first time we've had a real record label behind what we're doing.

We used to do all the work ourselves. It's definitely the missing part to our puzzle. It's a real treat.

SLUG: What was your first record label called?

A.J.: The guy's name is Mickey Petralia. He had his own record label, that didn't exist really—it was called Hell-note Records. His career sort of took off as an engineer so he didn't have the time to really push his record label. He did *Beck—The Midnight Vultures* record. We had our CD, that was great! But we really didn't have a working force behind the record other than ourselves. Totally D.I.Y.

SLUG: Tell us more about *BYO Records* and Lynn.

A.J.: Lynn's great. We actually met her for the first time two weeks ago. She's been in the scene for quite sometime. She is very straightforward. She did work with our first publicist and did publicity for *The Ramones*. She's great to have on board.

SLUG: With *Desert Shores* on the way, what can people expect will be different than *Tee-Tot*?

A.J.: Tee-Tot, is a direct result of hashing out music live to see what works and what doesn't. It's more up-tempo and rock n' roll.

Tee-Tot might have had a little more flare to it. It's hard to say. The new record stays true to what *Throw Rag* is all about. Tim Kerr produced *Desert Shores*. He used to play in *The Big Boys* originally. He's in *Monkey Wrench* now, and *The Lord High Fixers*—he's done a lot of engineering. In the past, we had the tendency to outthink ourselves. Tim brought a real healthy balance. He captured the sound live and made it truer to what we actually were doing. He wants to have something that we can look back 20 years from now and smile about. Working with Tim is a super, super great experience.

SLUG: Anything more?

A.J.: We're perfectionists and we've all got opinions, We also recorded another album called *Second Place*, which hasn't been released yet. *Desert Shores* was a continuation of that. That was an entirely different approach where we took our time, coming up with new ideas and hashing things out in the studio. We did everything to a click track. It's 100 percent opposite of what we did before. "I don't want you to wear headphones. I want you to play live," Tim Kerr said. He puts us in a room where we could see each other. We recorded with a guy named Cameron Well, who is a super talented producer and engineer. One isn't better than the other. With the expectations of Sean and what Tim brought to the table, it's really great for this project. Each approach has its place and benefits.

SLUG: Any advice for future pirates?

A.J.: Don't take for granted if you're a good band, it's not all said and done. Work hard, get out of town, get your shit together and get on the road.

SLUG: What do you think about *Tiger Army*?

A.J.: We played with them on the first leg of *The Damned* tour. They're super nice guys as well. I felt like I should have been touring longer with them; we were just getting acquainted with them at the end. It takes a little while to get comfortable with new people. I'm looking forward to hanging out with them again.

SLUG: You scurvy dogs have a favorite band(s) you've been with?

A.J.: We love *Flogging Molly*; I think that was fucking incredible. They're like family to us. *The Supersuckers* are like family.

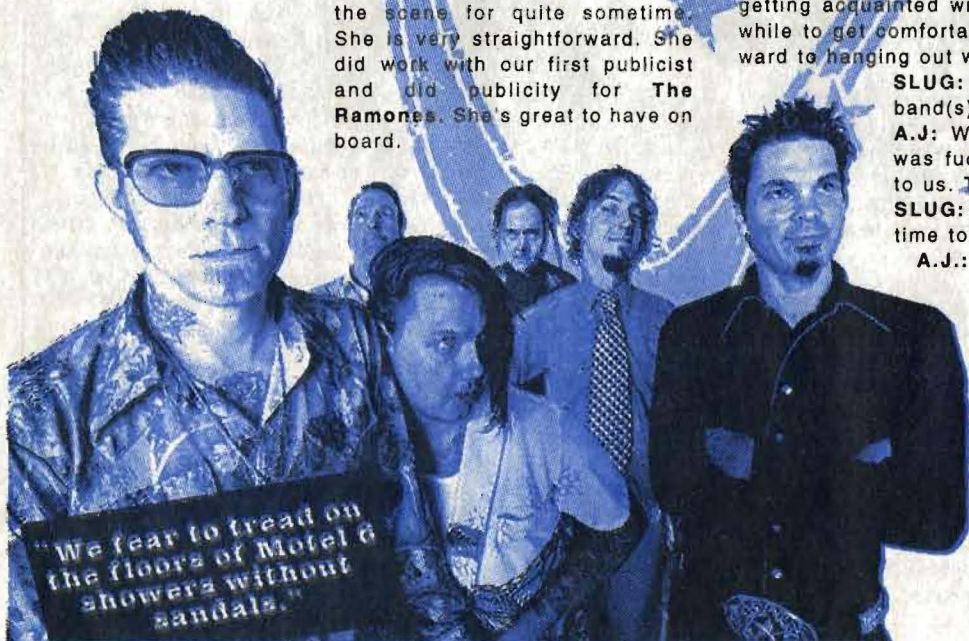
SLUG: We really appreciate you taking the time to talk to us. Enjoy South Carolina.

A.J.: You're welcome. (Sean Doe jumps in, "Hey do you want to rub my shoulders when I get to SLC?")

SLUG: No problem.

Pirates are people too. They have a lot to add to life. Be sure to eat biscuits and oranges with these scurvy dogs at *the Zephyr* on 6/18/03.

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(from the V2 album Sunday)



3 BLUR
crazy beat
(from the Parlophone/Virgin album Think Tank)



4 JESSE HARRIS & THE FERDINANDOS
long way from home
(from the Blue Thumb album The Secret Sun)



5 SMILE EMPTY SOUL
bottom of a bottle
(from the Lava album Smile Empty Soul)



6 FINGER ELEVEN
good times
(from the Wind-up album Finger Eleven)



7 LIVE
heaven
(from the Radioactive album Birds of Prey)



8 SHINEDOWN
fly from the inside
(from the Atlantic album Leave A Whisper)



9 O.A.R.
hey girl
(from the Lava/Everfine album In Between Now And Then)



10 POWERMAN 5000
free
(from the Dreamworks album Transform)



11 LESS THAN JAKE
she's gonna break soon
(from the Sire album Anthem)



12 SKINDRED
set it off
(from the Bieler Bros album Babylon)



13 ZIGGY MARLEY
true to myself
(from the Private Music/Arista Associated Labels album Dragonfly)



14 SAM ROBERTS
brother down
(from the Universal album We Were Born In A Flame)



15 GARAGE A TROIS
a-frame
(from the Tone-Cool/Artemis album Emphasizer)



16 JOHN HIATT & THE GONERS
my baby blue
(from the New West album Beneath This Gruff Exterior)



17 GUSTER
amsterdam
(from the Palm/Reprise album Keep It Together)



18 GRAND DRIVE
a little like you
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ZINELAND

By Stakerized!

The very first interview I did when this column started in December 2000 was with Trent Call of *Swinj* magazine. That turned out to be fitting, because in many ways, *Swinj* is the first word in local zines. "The word *Swinj* is in the dictionary," Call declares. "In high school, I was gonna do a zine with a friend and he moved away, but left me the name. It means 'to whirl or thrash, shake or move violently; also an impetus.' A friend of mine swears he heard Kramer use it on *Seinfeld*, saying, 'I've been swinjed.'"

Swinj is art of all kinds; maybe *Swinj* will never be an art movement, but it's art with a lot of movement—that will move you. *Swinj* started out to be a comic book, he explains, but it was easier to just throw drawings in; comics take a lot of work. It has been awhile since the last one, #4.5, a little over a year ago. I got burned out, Call explains.

"I put a lot of work into #5," he says. #5 is dedicated posthumously to local artists Paul Purdue, Rob Bryan and Danny Orton. "I was doing the *Day of the Dead* show at *Trasa Gallery* a couple of years ago with them," he explains. Bryan had some stuff in #5. Call has published eight issues now, with increments of halves and fourths, the first issues on roughly xeroxed pages.

"The artwork in the new issue is mostly just from all my friends in the local art community," he explains. "I started collecting last summer for #5. I have to bug people towards the end." This is one of the larger ones he's done, with the greatest number of contributors. Some well-known local artists like photographer *Teresa Flowers*, poster artist *Lela Bell* and *SLUG*'s own *Camilla Taylor* are next to kids doing graffiti art. "I like mixing them," Call explains. "They're all part of the Salt Lake scene." An *Ian Mackaye* quote taken from a *SLUG* interview, facing the credits page was the inspiration for his cover art. Call took the metaphor of plowing the fields for the image of a man driving a plow on the hand-painted cover.

The Mackaye quote: "The fields that need to be plowed are endless. You will never be done plowing the fields. Just plow what you can, and rest. Don't worry about getting it done, because it's never going to get done. And that's the way I am with life. In my work, a lot of things never get done, and I'm all right with that. Most people think they can't finish the fields, so they don't even start. By the end of the day I've done so much more than anybody else that it's crazy, just because they're fretting about that they can't get it done. I just went out and did it." In his own way, Trent Call has done the same.

Call has taken the same kind of energy to forge #5 into a real art object. The covers are made from a file folder folded in half, hand illustrated with glow-in-the-dark paint, and the issue, enclosed in a plastic bag, includes a poster, stickers, a hand-painted original painting on cardboard (mine is of a coffeemaker), and a survey asking questions like, "If you were a dictator of a small South American country, what irrational laws would you impose upon the populace?" and "What's your favorite muppet?" Contact info includes websites; "just places I think are cool and people should visit," Call says.

From political sites like *adbuaters.com*, *indymedia.org*, *crime-thinc.com* and *billboardliberation.com* to music sites *monitor-records.com* and *thecorleones.com* and stuff just for fun, like *stickerguy.com* and *girlsdiliketofuckandwhy.com*. Before long, *swinj.com* will be up and running, too.

"I got better feedback from issue 5 1/4," he explains. #4.5 came with an original sticker, #5 with an original painting. "I think it makes the zine more like a piece of art," he maintains. People seem to find the more compact #5 1/4 easier to digest, all just sketches by Call. But #5 is a different animal entirely—a lively and bolsterous collection, like a large group art show. His own artwork has undergone a metamorphosis, from initially heavily graffiti-influenced towards more line drawings—a remarkable self-assurance all along the way. #5 1/4 are more simple and direct, he asserts; "They more categorize my style."

In the future, he'd like to do a big book of paintings, when he gets enough money to afford it. He is finishing a degree in art at the University, but says, "Swinj doesn't have anything to do with that. I don't want my real work to look like an art school project." He does all the screenprinting for *Swinj* at the U, typically in limited runs of about 250. "I couldn't go back to Xerox," he laughs.

"I haven't gotten as much response to #5 as I'd hoped. I always like to hear back from people. I included the survey because I always like to hear what people are doing with their days. I've received a few back. The most interesting things are, a lot of people ride bicycles, and no one really owns the *Metallica* album, *Kill 'Em All*, and a lot of people drink coffee."

You can find *Swinj* at art shows at *Walk of Shame*, and also *Uprok*, *Orlons* and *Pibs Exchange*. He also sold a lot at *Jenny Lords'* art opening, and they can be ordered at *microcosmpublishing.com* online. "I usually make back

the money on them," he explains. "#4.5 was made back by T-shirt sales, and I hope to make back the money on #5 1/4. There aren't a lot of people in Salt Lake into zines," he laments. "A lot of kids don't even know what a zine is. I go to Portland every summer, and there, they eat it up." He has also traveled to Paris and New York, and sold a lot at the latter.

He puts all his energy into the issue at hand. He explains with an attitude taken from one of his influences, *Art Spiegelman*, editor of legendary *RAW Magazine*: "He'd treat each issue like it was his last one, put all his energy into that, without worrying about what comes next." Call adds, "I may do another *Swinj* before the end of the year."

For more information on Trent Call and *Swinj*, e-mail him, tonic482@aol.com or write 741 South 400 West #3 SLC, UT 84101.

Artist/*Swinj* founder Trent Call works in his art studio.



Photo by Melanie Memmott-Clark

"Swinj will never be an art movement but it's art with a lot of movement, that will move you."



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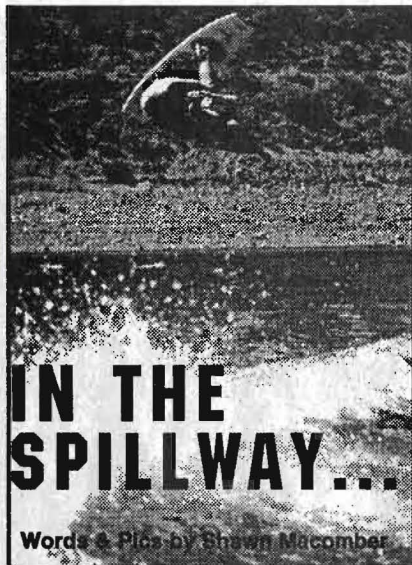
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IN THE SPILLWAY...

Words & Pics by Shawn Macomber

A lot to talk about this month. We are losing 2 great indoor skating facilities. Someone stole 3 trailer wheels from the warehouse at **Marine Products** effectively ruining a good thing for everybody. The ramp is officially closed down. **Hanger 18, Inc.** is offering a \$100 reward to anyone that has information about this theft. Just email me and I'll keep your identity a secret.

After a long and dedicated 4 years, Sonny and friends will be closing the doors to the **Proving Grounds Skatepark** on June 15. It was a good

run but at some point you have to acknowledge the concept of paying your bills. With that the doors of the last indoor skateparks in the area are closed, we can be assured of a harsh winter next year. That's for sure.

The **Mutiny** camp will be premiering **Down with the Ship** on Friday, June 6 at the OSH on the U of U campus. **El Toro** will play after the video and as always plenty of shirts and stickers will be casually tossed to the participating audience members. The festivities are to commence at the eight o'clock hour. Support your scene!

In other video news, **Random Lurkerz** will be going into its second pressing this month. Look for an upcoming DVD with more footage and a re-edit. I've also heard wind of two other video projects in the works by local skate filmers. It's going to be a busy summer.

When are you going to start your video? **SLUG** magazine will be holding our first annual video maker's contest. There will be a snow and a skate category- with prizes for best in each category, as well as an Audience Choice at the screening held in September. All winners will be put on the **SLUG Action Sports DVD**, which will be distributed nationally. All entrants should keep their videos under 5 minutes. Judges will be looking at content (how good is the action), filming quality (angles, composition, etc.), and editing(how you put it together). Deadline for entry is September 10 so you still have some time.

The summer contest calendar is starting to fill in nicely. June 7th brings 2 choices. You can head to **Proving Grounds** and take your chances in



IF YOU WIN A SKATEBOARD CONTEST IN UTAH, THERE IS A GOOD CHANCE THAT IT WILL BE BENNY PELLEGRINO THAT HANDS YOU YOUR PRIZE.

the 2nd annual **Summer Showdown BMX Competition** sponsored by **Us Against One** and **SLUG**. If you aren't into the tricks on your bike you might want to take your body to its limit at the Salt Lake stop of the **Balance Bar Adventure Race Series**. It's a great introduction to adventure racing. Registration is on the 7th and the race will be on the 8th. Check out www.balancebaradventure.com for more details. June 21 is, of course, the **Warped Tour** at the Utah State Fairgrounds. Too bad they no longer host a skateboard contest and according to the web site Salt Lake will not even be getting a demo team. Go for the music or maybe the air-conditioned tent with sound proofing headphones designed to drown out the bands. It's called reverse day care and it is all the RAGE!

On June 28th come out to **KRCL's Day In the Park**. A 3:00 PM skateboard demo will be followed by an Under 18 best trick contest. Prizes and refreshments will be provided. Coming soon: **SLUG's SUMMER OF DEATH**. This 3 contest series will determine who represents Utah at the 2004 Tampa AM. First contest in July! Get ready.

If you have been wondering what was going on with the **Fairmont skatepark**, you are not alone. After what looked like a great start, the hole has sat idle for the last month. I've spoken with the mayor's office and apparently some sewage pipes were discovered below the old building and exactly where the deep bowl is supposed to go. The engineers are working on this and the park has a tentative opening date in September.



MARINE PRODUCTS RAMP WILL NO LONGER BE ABLE TO HOST SKATERS LIKE BENJI GALLOWAY WHEN THEY COME TO TOWN.

Interested in improving your skateboarding? **Park City** is offering adult skate clinics on Sunday mornings. Beginners to advanced skaters are invited. Check this link for more info <http://www.parkcity.org/recreation/skate/clinics.html>

Wake Utah will be having a bunch of wakeboard events all summer. Check their website www.wakeutah.com If you haven't started wakeboarding yet, **Marine Products** will be hosting a learn to ride day on June 14. Come learn from pro **Danny Harf** and try out some of the new **Hyperlite** boards at Deer Creek Island resort. Call MP at 801.973.4017 for more info.

Analog clothing is a new company with a heavy team including **Heath Kirchart**, **Brian Sumner**, and **Marc Frank**. Look for this innovative line in stores soon.

Hailey, Idaho has a skatepark. It will be having its Grand Opening Saturday June 7 and rumor has it, will feature such riders as **Tony Trujillo** and **Marc Gonzales**.

As always this column is only as good as you make it. If you have an event or news pertaining to Salt Lake skateboarding, biking, or any kind of action sport email me at smacomber@hotmail.com and I'll be sure to mention it.

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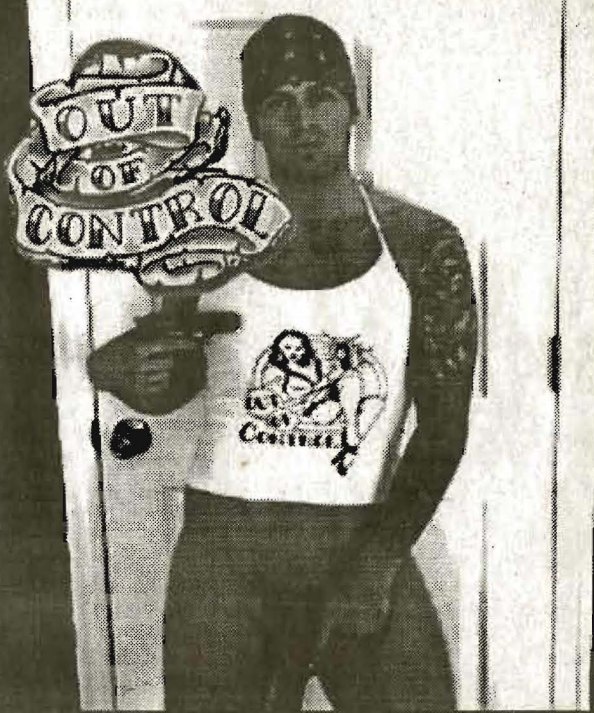
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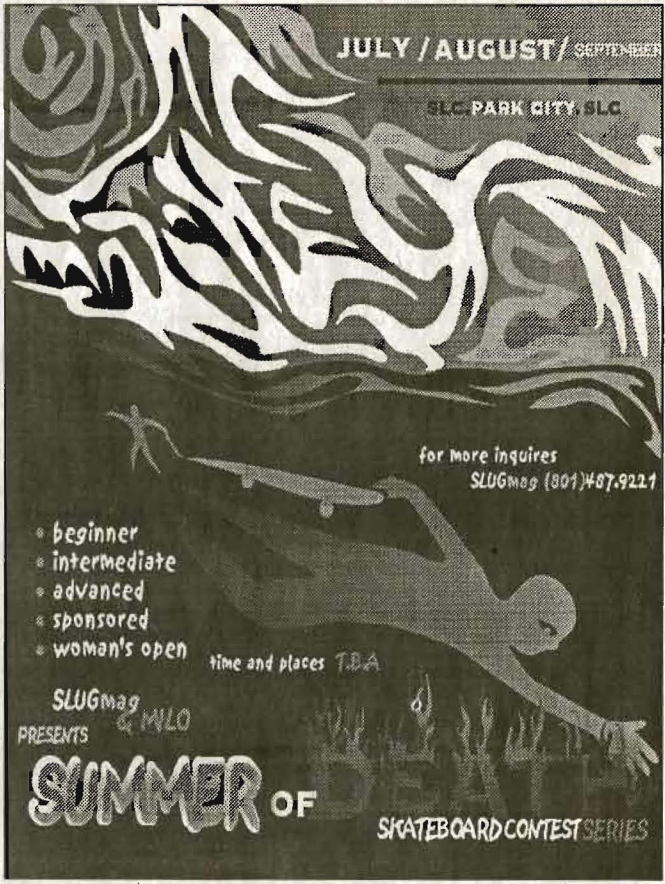
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SKATEBOARD CONTEST SERIES



Macomber Photo

Jared Smith faces high consequences with this backside flip from trailer-to-trailer.

SLUG
mag

UNION—A PHREE MEDIA PRODUCTION

A DVD REVIEW BY DICK RIVERS

First of all, I want to point out an error with the music that kind of gets my goat. Form of Rocket has four songs on this DVD. However, *You Know What This Is* is mislabeled as *Bathed in Electricity*. It's funny, because, firstly, some of the only words you can clearly understand in the song are "you know what this is" and, secondly, the fact that the music editor obviously didn't know what that was. Anyway, that's enough nitpicking, because the name was correct in the credits.

Mountain bike videos are funny. They are really funny when you've been a BMX rider most of your life. I'm not putting down the riding or the riders at all. They are both great. It's just odd to see guys doing stuff on a bike that looks too big from a BMX perspective. On the other hand, these riders go way bigger than BMX riders do, at least in the cliff-dropping genre.

I asked quite a few people what they thought of *Union* before



watching it. Most rated it so-so to not so great. Well, I was pleasantly surprised. The filming was excellent and the riding was pretty great, too—definitely not terrible. The elevated trails/tracks in the woods were awesome. The "street trials" section was just plain incredible. There is some good trails (dirt jumps) riding, too. I just don't get the cliff-dropping stuff. It's crazy, especially when they're landing in deep sand or piles of rocks. *Union* did get a little repetitive, though. You can only watch a guy ride by on a single track for so long. I am also not a fan of the cut-and-paste editing of the same line from different angles (X Games editing).

Just show it how it happened. Luckily, there wasn't much of that.

Overall, this is a very watchable video. I'd give it a 6.75 out of 10. Running time is around 40 minutes for the feature, but the DVD has a lot of extras in the Bonus Section. Check out www.phreemedia.com for additional information and ordering.

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CD reviews

Dreamworks

AFI

Shenandoah

This album is pretty much exactly what I expected for AFI's first major label release: From the chanting in the "sweet-song" piano duet at the end, and every sorrowfully powerful song about despair and desolation in-between, accompanied by liner notes filled with negatively-developed pictures of the group looking generally creepy, there isn't really anything on this album that surprises me, except, perhaps for how much I don't "suck." Despite the grating cleanliness and borderline-overproduction of this album, there are definitely some good songs. Most of them are more mellow than some long-time fans are used to, there is no real loss of feeling, and "Dancing Through Sinsley" is just as fast and hard as anything on *Black Sails*.

Records

A Frames

A Frames

Jeff Miller

The A Frames have a robotic mix of sounds that does in fact inspire thoughts from a dimly recalled past, an afternoon and evening and night and morning spent with Public Image Ltd's *Mechanical Box* spinning round and round at 45 rpm. The tunes were different. CDs didn't exist, post-punk was then called minimalist. The Fall and Gang of Four were heard new. And such is life. Bangs and clangs robot lyrics spoken more than sung in a grating manner. If one repeatedly calls a friend who owns a Panasonic Dual Microcassette Answering System Model No. TX-KX3500 set consistently to the "pre-greeting" message out of pure enjoyment, out of love for the computer saying "Hello. We are not available now. Please leave your name and phone number after the beep. We will return your call," then one will find satisfaction in the A Frames. Although my copy of the recording is a CD, I heartily encourage consuming the vinyl version, since the analog robot is preferable to a digital one. Or is that my old age speaking?

Records

Against Tomorrow's Sky

Against Tomorrow's Sky

Jeff Miller

Eino frames emo album covers, poetic lyrics, and rock music. Against Tomorrow's Sky invented the term "pleasure surprise" with their latest release. Track 3, "Pleasure Tester," is one of those songs that make purchasing the entire album worthwhile in and of itself. The other 7 songs are just as bonus. Jeff Miller's vocals are some of the most prickling and methodical I've heard since Matt Skiba, and loud, strident guitar riffs are what keep the album interesting. If you like rock and roll with an emotive, rounded edge, check out what these Colorado Springs locals have been formulating in their Rocky Mountain garages.

Records

Agalloch

The Mantle

Jeff Miller

This is going to be biased. I'm warning you now. I have been into this band for quite some time now, and this is my favorite release yet. This album came out last year and found its way up to nosedive elevation on my 2002 Best Of list. On an objective release, I will say that this record should be taken in as a composition, and not just a group of individual songs. The acoustic strumming over deep waves of dark sound meet so gently into the blistering black metal of "Haught's" vocals that you hardly notice the bold contrast. I don't know if this is a concept album. The ideas one may pull from the metaphorical lyrics are associated with loss, sorrow, and a rapid decline of mankind. I have my own concept of this record, and it is one of beautifully arranged & raw music that could as easily have been written in leers as they were in blood. Agalloch are an eclectic fusion in & of themselves—compositors are pointless. If you enjoy dark music, if you enjoy experimental brilliance, or just like to challenge your ears once in a while—*The Mantle* satisfies.

The End Records

Animator

Savage

Jeff Miller

First, let's talk about Animator's 2000 release, *Savage*. If you enjoy the darker, more eerie side of down-tempo electronica, then these guys are it. With sang titles like *Hexacone*, *Passing God Is Coming*, and *Angelic*—you immediately understand the heaviness of the album's content. The female vocalist Michelle Rieffeld & Bayley Windsor are credited as being guest vocalists. This is strange, because their vocals make up the entire record, with the exception of two acoustic tracks at the end, which were sung by Michael Moss. Honestly, I prefer their vocals far more than Moss', the two-man hands evolved singer. I don't think his vocals really complement their diverse and elegantly rhythmic sound. *Savage* sounds to me a bit like the experimental phase of a group destined for greatness, who haven't quite perfected their style or sound. The band's new release, *Leviticus Out*, is a different story. Much darker, slower, and fleshier home—a record that is a huge accomplishment. There are definitely some Pink Floyd moments amidst the electronic waves of these dismal songs. Michael Moss also manages to throw his vocals in here and there, but I didn't mind as much. This is the record that *Savage* was warning up for. Pick this up if you want to sit back and soak in some sorrowful beats and beautiful sounds.

French Kiss Records

The Apes

Older Brother

Jeff Miller

The Apes are begging for a comparison to the Deadly Snakes, reviewed previously, for one very simple reason—an organ. Yes, that is correct. The Apes feature an organ and since the "organ grinder" is female, the Apes have garnered nearly universal praise from so-called music critics all over this great country and beyond. In some quarters, the Apes are compared to the lion bands of stoner rock, and in other brains, the music of the Apes sounds like the dreaded garage rock. Others have claimed psychedelic swirls, patterns and the sight of sound emanating from whatever unit is utilized for reproducing the sound in the pits. Gods of heavy metal are also referenced. I'm listening to the damn CD and not a one of the accounts is quite accurate. Not stoner, not metal, not garage, not psychedelic and not even the soukousak to some old Vincent Price movie, the Apes' new release is rather some of them all, plus, you can dance to it. Although a lyric sheet is not included and my powers of concentration aren't what they once were, I believe the Apes insert political opinions not shared by the Bush administration near the close of *Older Brother*. The tunes "War Witz," "War Witz's Modern Problems" and "Drop the Bomb" are apocalyptic in word and music—my impression. The Apes will return to Utah for a concert at the Urban Lounge on June 23. Form your own independent opinion by attending.

Fat Possum

Robert Belfour

Peaceful

Jeff Miller

Despite Fat Possum's ability to change with the weather and expand the label roster with new talent, somehow recalling old talent, the label is best when the old guys record. *Peaceful* (No Lack) is Belfour's second Fat Possum CD. Those who witnessed the Fat Possum label joint Carrara at the Zephyr Club a few years ago will remember Belfour as the polite and kind of any one. That studio in Water Valley, Mississippi. Take that, local band of little talent! Easily one of my favorite songs from this year to date, starts things right off. "Bill Swamp" is an instrumental, and while Belfour doesn't need to pay tribute to the legendary Junior Kimbrough, this song is a wonderful example of Hill Country blues. In live setting, Belfour probably stretches the duty to a fan lasting longer than I can stand any encounter with the String Cheese Incident. It's just Belfour and drummer Ted Gannery, crankin' and sweatin'. Amazing still. I quite honestly can't say the disc gets better from there, because the opener is a highlight, but the hypnotism is maintained. Once you've gone under, there isn't a need to keep dangling the orb in front of your eyes. Just get those pointy ears proked up and get a juice joint fix and get to groovin', if you know what I mean. Several other total nutcracks for the ears are the title song, "Sweet Brown Sugar," "Crazy Ways" and "I'm Gonna Leave."

Adult Swim

Benna

What's Meant to Be

Jeff Miller

The album title sounds like a sign of resignation, of the possibility of better days just. But New York singer/songwriter Benna Cohen's third full-length moves beyond bitterness. Why cry? It doesn't pay to keep you on my mind," she sings in the title track. In the Kristin Hersh/Eliz Plank (word has it that the latter's latest boys) intelligent lyrical mode, in "Unlashed" she proclaims "I'm owned by Minor Threat's Jeff Nelson."

Foodchain Records

Betty Blowtorch

Love Call

Jeff Miller

A fitting tribute to the triumph and tragic life of Barack (falsified) Baribole, who was frankly getting the proper she'd earned when she met her ultimately demise outside New Orleans. This ultimate finale is 29 tracks clocking in at 66-plus minutes. Featuring several untested demo cuts (including the rare scolding "I Wanna Be On Espinola"), alternate versions and outtakes from their hard-to-find *Get Off* EP, radio interview clips (one titled "changing underwear" will gross you out and red even you), some anti-9/11 performances (KNAC.com WLR), the versions of "Rock My World" (Disappoint in Hollywood), "Sax Queen" and "Tini Ugly" (Bang in in NY), even some that I'm not sure (7-B-side, acoustic on WLR and at rehearsal), plus much more. One of the most extensive and comprehensive catalogs ever, and the sound quality throughout rocks my fuckin' world! RIP, Bianca.

Silverthree Sound

Cardia

Self-Titled

Jeff Miller

Cardia's all-star lineup may consist of Ian Love (Rival Schools), St. John Scott IV (Shudder To Think), Brad Vanderark (The Verve Pipe), and Andy Axolan (2 Stanzas), Speedball Party), but don't expect any great things from this New York City band. In all fairness, Cardia seems willing to take more chances than the producer allowed. The songs are well-written, witty, and finely crafted, but depending on who you're asking the vocals either hit up or weigh down this record. If these fellows would only strip off a few layers and allow the brilliance of their songs to shine through on future releases, then they just might get the attention they so obviously desire.

The GeneratorsFrom *Heart to Ribs*

This catalog disc for this seminal L.A. street-punk band features rarities, non-U.S. singles and others covering 1997-2000. The Generators play an energized mishmash of authentic blue-collar rock and stark "or" punk that falls in the vein of classics like the Clash and The Specials. This collection spotlights their penchant for innovation on tracks such as "Voices in The Night," which utilizes a Hammond organ in the end for emotional dynamic, and "City Of Angels," a sexy, slow-punk hybrid with a marachi funk celebrating their hometown that was used by Corona for a national radio ad campaign. In exchange, the band received a year's supply of beer, which they drank up in three month's time! Includes a raging cover of The Sex Pistols' "No Feelings" and "I'm In A Postcard" by the Angelic Upstarts.

Records

Guitar Wolf

1990, Homeentics

The first side starts off with "Fire Ball Red," a power chord ballad. The rest of side one rocks a pendulum between late 50s American rock and early 70s punk. They don't fiddle with the commitment in between eras, focusing on the raw power of rock. By the end of side one, "Spackle Baby" takes this liquor-fueled motor and adds intro, sending Guitar Wolf into a savage energy maintained throughout side 2. It's enough to make you want to flick or kick someone (preferably not the same person). The Japanese lyrics actually sound quite authentic in the imported-from-America tracks. The cool sticker and postcards inserted promise more surprising mayhem to come soon.

James William Hindle

Prospect Park

As the true silhouette on the cover suggests, this is a set of pastoral numbers, comparable to early Will Oldham. This British balladeer is joined by members of like-minded outfits the Ladybug Transistor, the Sunshine Fix, Aden and the Essex Green, who visited the Urban Lounge May 16. He is able to make a place like "Hoboken" sound like a prospect for deep contemplation. The guy even resembles Bonnie Prince Billy, scraggily mug & all. The ensemble playing reveals some of the earlier passages of Bill Power. Long live Elephant Six!

Imitation Electric Piano

Paddy Moran

This is a side project by Stereobop bassist Simon Johns. As shimmering as that band without their kitschy, Françoise overdones, hypnotic riffs rise up and ebb away like ocean breakers amidst electronic signals from some impressively hip planet light years away. Jimmy Neeson is the name of Moscow's foremost neon sign manufacturer, and it's this mix of technological advance and a love that's somehow, eratic, passed by in the march of history, that pegs this sound. If you ever wondered what happened to great prog rock keyboardists and drums like the Soft Machine or mid-period King Crimson, this disc is an absolute treat.

Ja-Man Allstars

In the Park Zone

This is a collection of the two albums *Ja-Man Dub* and *King's Dub*, originally produced and released in 1977 and 1980 by Dudley, Ja-Man, Swaby. This *Blood & Fire* re-issue CD presents both entire albums plus four b-side mixes taken from 45 rpm singles. The all-ears session band is the who's who of reggae rhythm sections and the sounds contained in these 23 tracks are the link from the roots and culture oriented sounds that dominated the late 70s to the early synthesized sounds of 80s dancehall. These classic dub albums are very hard to find in the original form so don't miss out this time around.

Joan of Arc

So Much Sleeping Also and Labels/Secrets

Single-handedly creating a genre you might call "emo jazz," Joan of Arc has been a band to evoke strong reactions pro and con. There's something to be said for a unit that leaves almost no one ambivalent. This time out, Tim Kinsella's lyrics are spotlighted, a stream of consciousness poetry to match match melodics all over the map. "Life spread out around us like a whirlfield," he muses on "On a Bedsheet in the Breeze on the Roof," depicting absent pastimes on a summer day. "I was so happy, I couldn't wait to tell my story," he concludes. At their best, Joan of Arc's energy is compelling, not just random and scattered. Here there is a relentlessness that isn't rock, but is somehow rocking.

Records

EG Knight

Spartan Confessions

The genre is blues and the artist is a female. Already a couple of clichés have appeared and at first listen, the disc reeks of mediocrity. "What the fuck is this shit and why am I supposed to review it?" I ask myself. Medicine blues albums are about a dime a dozen. For some reason, the disc didn't fly into the gutter from the seat of my Specialized GMC Yukon. EG Knight is not another straggler armed with a guitar, a prose, and a few thoughts on man and the difficulties associated with attempting a relationship with one. The disc drips soul. She's an accomplished guitarist and that doesn't mean flash. She's more funk. The songwriting isn't phenomenal either. Her themes are the typical and unless Fat Possum discovers another old gem sitting on a Mississippi porch playing assuring shit for the grandparents and neighbors, the blues is pretty much a played style with very few true innovators these days. Knight isn't improving and as I already mentioned, she isn't shredding and she isn't writing drop-dead original poetry. She is playing the blues with a warmth that's like hot bathwater slippery with baby oil. Her voice and her licks are not enough to make women moist and men turgid. Satisfying.

Loirelei

Our Minds Have Reached Electric Fields

"There are no thinkers left, now we have only singers," complains Susannah Mlyn in the song "Joan Let." Appearances to the contrary (KISS-the band logo), Loirelei is handling post-rock's music, not quite punk, not quite sure what it is. New wave boss lines, vocals under-produced like an 80s indie band, and that gives this its charm. This sounds a bit like a cross between early Slowavise and Throwing Muses, if those two had emerged a good decade later on Kill Rock Stars. But somehow they come off not even at all, like somehow this is just how they wanted to sound instead of some nearly ironic cultural quotation. Brilliant.

The Mars Volta

The Conversations

Straight outta Roswell for The Mars Volta. Okay, they're not really from outer space, but this collection of ex-members of At The Drive-In, Long Beach Dub All-Stars and Golden have a sound so space age-y you'll swear we're being invaded. While taking cues from Led Zepplin, The Birthday Party, Pink Floyd and Fugazi, the band still maintains a sense of originality throughout. In the unlikely event that the band becomes popular or profitable, simulators will have trouble jumping on a bandwagon consisting of psychedelic rock, neo-funk jazz, and urgent hardcore. Five minutes of keyboard synths are succeeded by an out-there guitar passage, followed by an escalating series of grunts by singer Cedric Belfrage, with peeling hearing aid relation to the bit preceding it (this lack of coherence could be a problem for some people). Despite oodles of praise from Red Hot Chili Peppers bassist Flea, these guys may be a little too edgy for the mainstream, but just right for those looking to expand their horizons.

Records

Randy McDonald

On the Wildside

Not wanting to be accused of just being a rockin' fool, I decided to try my hand at something kind of different. Enter Randy McDonald, a cat that seems to be pretty hip judging from his front cover photo. First track, "Horse Rent Party," is a raucous jazzy beat that is both funky and salty. Next up is "Everywhere I Go," a Mississippi delta blues jam that is neither pretentious or sledgehammer. "Texas Flower" will get the gears for a lap-ear-earner. Honky-tonk gets its dues on the fiery "Scattered, Smothered, and Covered." The rest of the disc has full speed with variations of rockabilly, heavy-rock, and swing. So for me this is not much of a change in listening material, but for the average person who likes traditional American music, this has little nuggets of great music will satisfy.

Midnight Creeps

Doomed From the Get Go

Here is another band full of rock or roll potential, but in the end something just killed it for me. In the instance of this band, that something in question is the lead singer's voice. Girl vocalists who start and growl like Lemmy get straight A's and gold stars on their resumes from me, but Jenny Hurntheatre throat duties are worse than nails on a chalk board. The music of this group totally knows how to doable a person over with a solid punch to the gut. Plus, a girl guitarist who plays something besides puke-inducing acoustic folk music is a way to make a band even more potent. Nevertheless, I'll come back to the twanging ornithions vocals that sent me racing to the disc player to rip this out before it drove my ears crazy and replaced it with the viable sound of Pass Actin' Puses.

TKO Records

Narnack

Badman

Drag City

Blood & Fire

Jade Tree

Blue South

Ice-Made

Universal

Heart and Soul

Rodent Popsicle

Vagrant

MoneenAre We Really Happy
With What We Are
Right Now?
CARY FULLER

They blew me away with their last full-length *The Theory of Harmonial Value*, and since then Canada's Moneen have grown up, come to America, signed with Vagrant, streamlined their sound, and officially become amazing. They've continued in their quest to comment thoughtfully on relationships, but more importantly on life, with tracks like "How to Live With the Thought That Sometimes Life Ends." The music is fresh and heavy, the lyrics cut deep, and the overall effect is one of astonishment and love. "Life's Just Too Short Little Naught" is my favorite song, fast and poppy, but still grounded. Moneen should really be happy with who they are right now.

Daemon

Nineteen Forty-FiveI Sings Bright
Light
TIM OGDEN

The drums crank up the intensity on the opening mid-tempo "She Takes Drugs," with lyrical profundities tossed off as easily as "our love is like a style we'll keep then throw away." The second release by the Birmingham, Alabama group finds them firmly in the southeastern style of Superchunk, even down to the mixed-gender vocals. The fact that they make it look so effortless on this album means that either there's something really fake about it or they really are that good.

Chords

Fat Wreck

NOFXRemaining
Unconscious
NATE

I will grudgingly agree, NOFX is too popular, too old, too poppy, and too dependent on too many of the things that they should be against to be considered what an elitist gutter snob would call "punk." God for-fucking-bid. They make better points, have smarter lyrics, just as much energy, and probably just as much credibility as anyone, yes, anyone out there today. Even if they're not punk, they do more for punk in general than any V.I.P. "I hate anything that anyone else but me and my friends like" punk band out there. This disc is cool. I've been pumped to hear new NOFX just because, now that the political situation in this country is back to shit, they're moving back to their political roots, which was something that *Pump Up the Volume* was sadly missing. Three of the four songs are very solid, but probably not worth five dollars. Wait for their soon-to-come full length, *The War on Errorism*, or, as mentions at the end of the last song, it's "also available for free on the internet." Now who's in it for the money?

Skoda

Patrick O'DonnellThen I Wake Up
PAUL RAY

Washington, DC lawyer by day runs label Skoda by night. His new wave style pop, like the songs of Richard Thompson and Franklin Bruno, serve more to tell a story than just get toes tapping, though they do that too. "She makes me feel good about feeling bad" evinces his wry sense of humor on "My Bummed Out Sweetheart." "Passed Out on the Night Train" also shows a fantastic element, a tenuous relationship with reality that can't help but be healthy. The songs are fairly good overall but his singing voice could use some improvement, expressive but sometimes slightly off-key.

Kill Rock Stars

Owl & the PussycatSaturated
Self-titled
SARA

Seals & Crofts-like harmonies & acoustic strumming emerge from the reflecting surface of this disk. But there's also a 2000's (what is this decade supposed to be called? Maybe that's why everything is so mixed up; they haven't named it like the 'Q generation' or something) sensibility here. You keep asking yourself, "Is this really on KRS?" The mellow voices and the jazz chords imply otherwise. "Blinds" is just one metaphor explored and extended, in this case to keep the sun out when the light of day is too intense, then open when you need to see, whether for insight or what's going on outside. KRS star Lois Maffeo is the voice, brain and heart. File under "I" for Ida, intimate listening and the island that you inhabit that is your life, streaming out to all the other islands in the ocean.

Records

Bongo Beat

RalphThis is for the
Night People
KYLE KAY

There is nothing like going to a smoke-filled lounge, ordering up a double whammy comprised of a gin/tonic and a cigar, while tapping the foot to the laid-back vibe of the live jazz band on stage. With the advent of acid jazz music to replace the dying electronica dance world, more and more attention is given to the style of mixing DJ, driven beats with live instruments. Unfortunately, this is not acid jazz, even though it claims to be; it's more like adult contemporary easy listening jazz. Although, this may not be a bad thing if you are forty years old, drive an SUV, and think Elton John and Air Supply are just groovy. Granted this is not as bad as the before mentioned 'pop' stars, but at many times it gets pretty damn sappy. Acid jazz should make you feel like drinking liquor and blowin' rings, not attending a punch and cookies party.

Self-released

RocktopusSomething Fierce
SPENCER

Ah man, this shit is beyond shit. I can just see how this band came together. The band meeting probably went like this: Spencer (lead singer), "Well, emo seems to be dead, let's play rock, that seems to be the new up and coming fad for major labels to sign." Zach (guitarist), "No way, I like playing really slow dreamy emo pop, I'm not going to start playing rock n' roll." Hache (bass player), "Here man, listen to this Beatles record, and then add a little distortion to it and it will be like an emo rock n' roll band." Brian (drums), "Hey, I just got done playing with Billy Joel, so we should write songs like him, he's kind of rock n' roll." Spencer, "I'll growl my voice a little, that's rock n' roll." Zach, "Try to write provocative lyrics, that's rock n' roll." Hache, "The name should be Rocktopus, 'cause that's...ya' know." Brian, "Hell dude, we'll have the perfect radio friendly rock band ever, the major labels are going to love us. We'll make millions, especially since we have a disco song to put on the album and chicks dig that disco shit."

Bieler Bros.

SkindredBabylon
MAYNARD FINE

Benji who?! Dub What?! YES! Benji (lead singer from the Wales' legendary band Dub War) is back and making a lot of noise in Europe with his new project. Mixing elements of reggae, metal, punk and drum 'n' bass, Skindred had their debut album *Babylon* out in April. For those who still wonder what the hell I am talking about, I encourage you to dig in your dusty CD pile for the debut Soulfly album and check out "Prejudice" featuring Benji, and you'll know what I mean.

TKO records

Slaughter and the DogsEarly Shows
A Dog Day Afternoon
SARA

Classic live 1977 style punk rock brought to you by an actual 1977 punk rock band. Slaughter and the Dogs were there when it all started and are one of the best bands to come out of that era. They've had 25 years to hone their live skills, and it shows on *Dog Day Afternoon*. This is a combination of 2 shows from their first U.S. tour. One show in New York's legendary CBGB's where they do the most honest 911 tribute I've ever heard and another great show they played in San Francisco. After all these years this band is as good and tight as ever. Yes, the dogs are still biting.

Sidedeemummy

Slick ShoesFar From
Nowhere
CARY FULLER

Slick Shoes got their first record deal with Tooth and Nail when lead singer Ryan Kepke was only 14 years old. Seven years and five albums later, Slick Shoes has improved by leaps and bounds, but there are times when Ryan still sounds like he hasn't reached adulthood yet. His nasal vocals resemble a cross between Mike Hererra and Justin Timberlake, even though the music and lyrics have evolved profusely. The new record is a bit harder, with impressive guitar and bass lines, but the songs are still a little generic. Slick Shoes will be on Warped Tour all summer, but be careful, last time I saw them I almost fell asleep.

Supersuckers

-PRINCE OF MISERY

Motherfuckers
Be Trippin'

Finally! If you hated that *Must've Been Live* Supersuckers CD as much as I did, this *Motherfuckers* thing is welcomed. Okay, I didn't really hate *Must've Been Live*, I just didn't like it very much. That said, the best part of the new *Motherfuckers* CD is, "Hello. Every time I hear the word Supersucker, I'm reminded of an older gentleman who went into the strip bar and a hooker comes dancing up to him and said, 'Super pussy,' and he said, 'Two please.'" This is a brand new Supersuckers recording. Although some of the tunes are not exactly new or original—Rock-n-Roll Records (Ain't Selling This Year), "The Nowhere Special Tonight," "A Sleepy Vampire"—well, actually nothing on the new record is new or original. It's just fist-in-the-air trash rock. Kind of like a Seattle Skynyrd by way of Tucson. The "liner" notes are mindless. Everyone and everything is a motherfucker. If ya got a computer, you can stick the disc in there and see some videos, look at some pictures and read the autobiography of the Supersuckers—self-described as the greatest rock 'n' roll band in the world. This ain't one of them newfangled bonus DVDs, 'cause the Supersuckers split from Sub Pop some time ago. They released this *Motherfuckers* disc on their own little label. What's that? Am I trashing the Supersuckers? Am I looking for a beat down from some white-trash motherfucker who drives a muscle car simply because he's too stupid to figure out how to earn enough money to purchase an SUV? Nope. *Motherfuckers Be Trippin'* is a damn fine recording lacking any artistic merit or socially redeeming qualities. It's just that rock 'n' roll records ain't selling this year.

Records

Swell

-JOSH SCHUBERTMAN

Bastards and
Rarities

Being a Swell fan for years I was glad to finally hear from my old friends again. This visit takes us back to the 'Swell', 'Well' and '41' years with outtakes and singles. The name couldn't be more fitting for the album. There are some rarities, but these are also the bastard songs that other albums didn't want to be part of. Some great songs that did make the cut are "This is how it starts and What I Saw." There are a few instrumentals and "Get Higher" and "Hell No" have few lyrics themselves. These lo-fi recordings bring back the history of Swell and it is good to hear from an old friend, but not the past rent they owe.

Recording Co.

The Swords Project

-PAT TOLBY

Entertainment Is Cheap
If You Want It

In late 1999 two bands from Portland (The Icebreak and Slower Than) merged into a side project sporting two guitars, two drum kits, an electric piano, bass, accordion, violin, some electronic effects and unintelligible vocals. This new band joked about being "hired assassins of rock," hence the name The Swords Project. They recorded their self-titled EP a month after their formation and started touring, but they also found time to be in other bands and hold down regular jobs. Their singer/bassist Corey Flicken has a good voice, but his lyrics aren't really saying anything, and his vocals aren't accomplishing anything that a viola couldn't accomplish in his place. I reckon the band wants a human element in their sound, but it isn't really necessary. Their sound can't be easily labeled, but if I had to make a comparison I would say they sound like a softer, more melodic Pink Floyd.

Records

Turbonegro

-PATRICK OF MISERY

Scandinavian
Leather

The press clippings surrounding a new release from the recently resurrected Turbonegro are so filled with praise one would think the band was already touring stadiums, kicking Kelly Clarkson off the top of the charts and dominating heavy rotation on MTV. The record ain't that good. Back a few years ago, Man's Ruin released a couple of Turbonegro CDs—*As Cobra* and *Apocalypse Dudes*. Epitaph recently reissued those fuckers. In press clippings, the new Turbonegro is some kind of Alice Cooper by way of AC/DC by way of the all-100-offer name-checked Stooges. In my ears, the new album sounds kind of like the *Rocky Horror Picture Show* blended with *Hedwig and the Angry Inch* and perhaps even some Ziggy-era Bowie. Pretty glam stuff if you ask me. The "adult" industry has also glanced in Turbonegro's direction due to the snarling songs and incomprehensible "image," an image sometimes viewed as gay and "smartly" sadomasochistic. Supposedly the band has a live performance which exceeds the recorded effort and that means Salt Lake City might experience the band since Turbonegro has not blown up yet. One can only shake the mojo bag and conjure.

Records

Type O Negative

-REBECCA VERNON

Life Is Killing Me

Life Is Killing Me starts out with mighty Black Sabbath riffs at the beginning of "Uncle Freddy Died?" and quickly descends into the worst travesty of goth-satire music gone bad in 10 seconds flat. The worst track by far on *Life* is "(We Were) Electroque," which sounds like one of the bleaker Carpenters songs—the only difference being that it's sung with a man's voice. *Bloody Kisses* was brilliant and hilarious, and the music was even halfway decent. But the joke is over, and *Life Is Killing Me* staggers along with recycled guitar riffs, weary 4/4 beats, bland melodies and vocals that don't succeed at sounding "pained." Half-hearted attempts at being serious after making fun of yourself for so long can't be taken seriously.

Various

-JAMES ORF

Black on Black

Tribute albums are a funny thing. I always suspect the plan is to trick fans of an already successful band into buying a record with bands they normally wouldn't be interested in. *Black on Black* is collection of four sevens that display some of today's best up and coming hardcore bands playing classic Black Flag standards. Anodyne puts out a blistering version of *Life of Pain*, and I was delightfully stunned by the Hope Conspiracy's version of *Nervous Breakdown*. Don't buy this because of the Black Flag songs they're playing, buy this because of the great new melodic-core that Black Flag has inspired them to make.

Virgin Black

-CHUCK BIKERT

Sombre Romantic

The melodic world of black, ethereal metal has just had the proverbial bar raised. *Virgin Black* epitomize the embrace between gothic theatrics, orchestral arrangements, and brutal metal from down under (yeah, that means Australia—not Hell). The Australian factor makes perfect sense; the melodic vocals are the equivalent of a vampiric Nick Cave, with his face painted white and black. I found the theatrical portions to be a little much at times, but I think this will please the genre it was written within. So, with a full choir and complete symphonics, *Virgin Black* take a sophisticated approach to metal gothicism. Put on your ank, turn out the lights, and avoid the sun at all costs.

V2 Records

The White Stripes

-DAVEY BARRIS

Elephant

While they've been name-dropped in these pages countless times, it's usually referenced to some other band with "the" at the beginning of their name. The last I checked, "the" has been used for a long time and this Detroit duo have little in common with the rest of the new breed of East Coast rockers they are lumped in with. While there are many good two-piece blues acts, Jack and Meg White remain one of today's most interesting. They have somehow managed to boil down a peculiar essence of jolting raw nerve and sly cuteness out of their foundation. Dedication to roots-music took them to a state-of-the-art circa 1963 U.K. studio, producing their warmest-sounding album to date. Jack's corny lyrics dress nicely (in red and white, of course) on top of his hyper-kinetic power chords on raving whoop-ups like "Hypnotize" and "You Have No Faith In Medicine." Slow the power chords down and they bleed sexiness in "Ball and Biscuit." Meg effectively sexes things up too, cooing up Dusty Springfield breathiness, making "In The Cold, Cold Night" warm and inviting.

No Label

The White Stripes I Think I'm Small a Hype

This bootleg comes from a London show in December 2001. The cheekily-titled cover seemed a bit flimsy in the tight shrink-wrapping, but allowed to breathe revealed a nice medium weight vinyl that is nicely pressed and has pretty good sound quality to boot. Sure, the lushness of sound found on their new "Elephant" is not there, nor are any of the songs. There is an energetic romp through material off their first three albums, increasingly hard to find singles and keen covers. The amped-up Jack White's voice sounds like a demonically possessed cartoon at points, and even the off-aired songs off of "White Blood Cells" take on a new life with vim and vigor.

Renaissance

World Leader Pretend

World Leader Pretend has garnered quite a following and a lot of praise in their hometown of New Orleans over the two years they have been together. This re-release of the band's first record starts out kind of lounge-core and driven by rhythmic hooks, but quickly shifts gears to quiet and attractive, then delicate, and when it tops out, inventive. The only constant is singer Keith Ferguson's voice, which could steal the title of "most melancholy voice ever" away from the late Kurt Cobain. If you like college radio check out *Fu For Faded* and get ready for the band's follow-up, which they will spend the latter part of this summer recording.

Interscope

Yeah Yeah Yeahs

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

DVD Review

Kung Fu Films Records

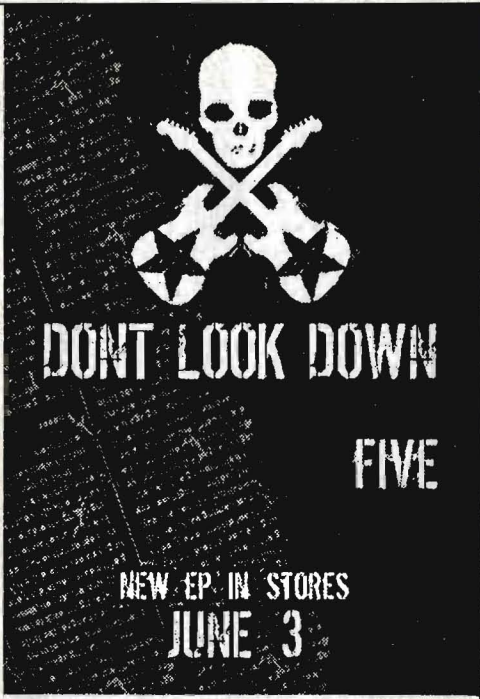
One Man Army Live At The Troubadour
-UNCLE SHAME

This latest installment of Kung Fu's *The Show Must Go On!* series (#3) features none other than those unassuming jockstraps One Man Army, filmed on a Tuesday night at the legendary Troubadour in L.A. I've only had the DVD viewing experience, like only other time because I'm technologically challenged (read: I'm fucking poor!), but I think they're pretty fuckin' cool. This one includes several bonus features such as *Commentary, Special Features (At the Bar, Looking Up, Just Hangin', After the Show), Photo Gallery, Bonus Footage* and *Online Access*. It also contains 16 songs that provide an equal mix of old and new songs, including their standard encore song "Holidays." Though the bonus shit is rather entertaining, especially the At the Bar and After the Show segments, it's the live show that really shines. The part where some drunk bizzo clammers onstage and tries to sing along with Jack is particularly amusing, considering she couldn't sing her way out of a brown paper sack. However, the part where Jack flubs the lyrics on "Sleeper" is almost unforgivable. But hey, it definitely speaks to the live, uncut vibe. I could do without the *Commentary* segment, which is just the band talking shit while they review the show footage. But there lies the beauty of the DVD. You can just skip it. The editing is very fresh and tasty and the sound quality leaves nothing to be desired. Stellar props to Kung Fu for documenting the real deal in this age of tawdry geewags and MTV glitz.



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As proof of the old adage "every dog has its day," I offer the **2003 Warped Tour**. Imagine standing in line for two hours in the hot sun, imagine a bunch of security guards confiscating your water outside, imagine water costing \$1 a pint inside, imagine you need a gallon to survive the day, imagine a bunch of bands that sound identical are playing for hours and hours and hours ... there was a time when I loved the Warped Tour. I wouldn't miss the Warped Tour. I took the neighborhood to the Warped Tour. I guess the show lost its sheen a couple of years ago when I had to stand in that stupid line waiting to get in and I missed most of the bands I wanted to experience. A stack of decent bands are playing however; a 35-minute set or five just isn't worth the hassle involved. I'll skip the Warped Tour for the second year in a row. On June 21, I'm hoping the straight-edgers who do attend Warped will lay off the **Dropkick Murphys**. You have enough bad publicity; most people think you are a bunch of idiots, the police already think you are a gang, maybe its time to just behave! Thank you.

More reputable street rags than SLUG usually sell a bunch of overpriced ads about this time of year. If you can get past the ads, you will find descriptions of the concerts scheduled for the entire summer, even more lame-assed descriptions than you find here. I took five hits of windowpane acid and divined that the **33rd Annual Gathering of the Rainbow Tribes** will visit Utah this year. You will smell them around July 1. I also noticed that **Lollapalooza** looks better than the Warped Tour as the music festival is resurrected. The location, in West Valley City, is owned and operated by the same outfit presenting the Warped Tour. If the lines are the same, the day is ruined. I also noticed that a bunch of really stupid shit is planned for the new amphitheater with the really stupid name. The first Gathering of the Rainbow Tribes took place in 1971. The original Woodstock took place in 1969. Why can't you kids develop your own culture? Have a rave or something, but goddamn it, give up on the hippie music.

On the local scene, there are almost daily concerts requiring attention. **The Brown Bag Concert Series** and the Gallivan Center Lunch Bunch Concert Series are usually pleasant, in an acoustic sort of way. **The Gallivan Center Folk and Bluegrass Concert** is cheap and happening on June 14. Avoid Derks, I mean **Franklin Quest, Field** on this day. Middle-aged men wearing ponytails will join their female counterparts and listen to the most dreadful music imaginable. It's called the "Oldies Fest." Another "oldies" fest will take place during the month of June. This thing is called "**Metal Sludge Fest**" and it's at Club Expose. Since the date is June 16, just prior to Warped, I encourage all the punk rockers to attend. Why? Have a look at the audience, probably your parents, and see how dumb you're going to look in 20 years. Perhaps the strangest concert date I've seen for the entire summer is **Molly Hatchet** scheduled for Thanksgiving Point on September 20. Isn't Thanksgiving Point a Mormon place, a family-oriented destination? Molly Hatchet is named after Hatchet Molly, a prostitute who decapitated her victims. Two of Molly Hatchet's most popular songs are "Whiskey Man" and "Bloody Reunion." Let's sing along, kids. Nearly as weird is the appearance of **Quiet Riot** in Nephi, Utah. Don't miss them on June 20. And then there is **Poison**. While their comrades from past metal brigades are scratching out a living playing or burning down clubs (Great White), Poison headlines at the stupidly named West Valley City amphitheater on July 11 and they're towing **Vince Neil** and **Skid Row**. Not to mention the Fourth of July shit. **The Beach Boys**, or what's left of them, are playing early, July 3, in West Valley. And, on our country's birthday, we are expected to celebrate by listening to country music all over the fucking state? Sorry, m-a-a-a-n. **Colin Raye, Joe Diffie, Mark Chesnutt, Tracy Lawrence** and **Martina McBride** can kiss my lame ass.

Don't worry. I'll rant some more next month. In the meantime ... don't miss **Jucifer** at Burt's on June 5. Jucifer is a duo like the White Stripes and lacking the hype/popularity. Jucifer doesn't play garage rock or even fucked-up blues. Jucifer makes a big racket that's kind of like metal and kind of like what the artists at the previously mentioned "Metal Sludge Fest" can only wish for. Thanks to the new liquor laws, you will need a membership to enter the bar. No more of that sponsorship stuff in Salt Lake City. Bad, bad, slap hands with ruler. Also scheduled for DV8, a former "private" club currently lacking a liquor license, is **UnderOath**. The outfit has links to Christian metal, but they sound like hardcore and punk and shredding and they have relationship problems. They probably need a drink and they won't get one at DV8. Some band named the **Foo Fighters** is playing

an arena down south on the same night and Utah's newest blues band is playing ... not at the Dead Goat. No, the dirty word, "blues," will appear at the Zephyr in the live presence of **Parchman Farm**.

Pay attention because this has to fly. Space you know. The last frontier. A host of local ska bands will perform on June 6 at what is creatively dubbed "**Utah Skafest 2003**." The gig is in Midvale at the Soullarium building on 7200 South. As amazing as it seems, Provo will have a "**Scooter Rally**" the very same weekend. There are plans to pollute the air with 2-stroke engines for two days in what is already one of America's most polluted valleys—the "Happy Valley." Ah, but perhaps all Utah scooter enthusiasts are wealthy enough to own the more modern, clean-burning models. Visit <http://www.provopenia.com/> for more details. The **Lara Price Band** has scheduled two local appearances. Lara Price might be familiar to a few locals because she worked at the Zephyr prior to relocating to the Bay area in search of ... that dirty word, "the blues." She is touring a new CD entitled, dare I write it, **Faces of the Blues**. She'll appear at the Dead Goat on June 6 and at the Zephyr on June 8. June 7 is a Saturday and for a change, Salt Lake City has an excellent array of music. **The Starvations** are surrounded by an excess of hype. That does not mean the show won't be good (at Kilby Court), but come on! According to "press" materials, this band is like X, the Gun Club and early Vandals with vocalist **Gabriel Hart** sounding like Jeffrey Lee Pierce, a man who actually died in Utah. If the hype is true, the Starvations are a must-see. If it's not, go see **Slobberbone** (dreaded alt.country/roots rock) at the Zephyr. Or go see Slobberbone after the Starvations or, go see **Most Precious Blood** at DV8. Most Precious Blood is joined by other bands working the hardcore/metal musical genre all of Salt Lake loves. Hell, if it ain't metal, I ain't leaving the house. On **Gay Pride Day**, Kilby Court will feature psychobilly. **Mad Sin** has been around a number of years and released a string of recordings, including several for large multinational record labels. The band is too extreme for the big boys and that is why these Hamburg residents are playing Salt Lake City's most lauded concert venue, a garage. Locals **Pagan Dead** will offer assistance as one of two warm-up acts.

A new week begins as usual with blues at the Dead Goat and this is a good one. **Percy Strothers** is virtually unknown in America since he records for European labels. His mother and father died when he was very young and Strothers supported himself on the road playing blues as a child! He's kind of an old dude now and he's developed a deep soul style that has nothing to do with the slicked-up urban mess featuring programmed drums and synths. Heck, even some younger folks might enjoy a little deep soul blues. If not, there's always **The Samples** at DV8. Skip to Thursday, June 12 and a curiosity. War is scheduled for the Port O'Call. I hope none of those damn peace demonstrators show up. Wear an Old Navy made in China T-Shirt with an American flag on the front. Already Friday has arrived and once again something musical is cooking in SLC. The date is June 13 and Burt's is hosting a Friday the **13th Freak Fest**. **Point Line Plane** is headlining as a synth and drums duo. Weird stuff and psychedelic too, I've heard. I hate to encourage criminal behavior, but once again, drug ingestion is encouraged, in moderation of course. **The Buzzcocks** weren't all that popular in the 80s, not even in Salt Lake City. Over at the former kingdom of synth-pop, (Remember the 80s and 12 Oaks?) DV8, the pop-punk sounds of the Buzzcocks are available for your listening pleasure. Billy Talent is the opening act and get this: "Marked by bottom-heavy beats, rapid-fire bass lines and string-splitting guitar chords," according to the press blurb. On Saturday, after avoiding the "Oldies Fest" and enjoying the Gallivan Folk and Bluegrass concert, I encourage attending the **Onlinedrawing/Acceptance** concert at Kilby Court on Sunday evening. Both bands, I guess, fit the "emo" description since both are described as sensitive, and Onlinedrawing especially has experienced emotional turmoil—a divorce.

The date has finally arrived. **TRAX** is filled with anxious and expectant concert patrons headed to the Metal Sludge Fest at Club Expose. Other individuals, stereotypically middle-aged bald males with little ponytails, are trying to talk their way into the Dead Goat without buying a membership or a guest membership. Remember the sponsorship deal? The Utah State Legislature decided to make things much easier and they eliminated it. or Hmmm. Don't be spin-dancing in your bare feet...

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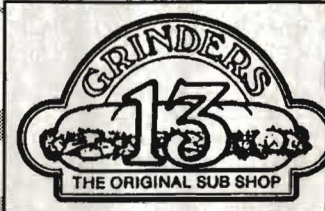
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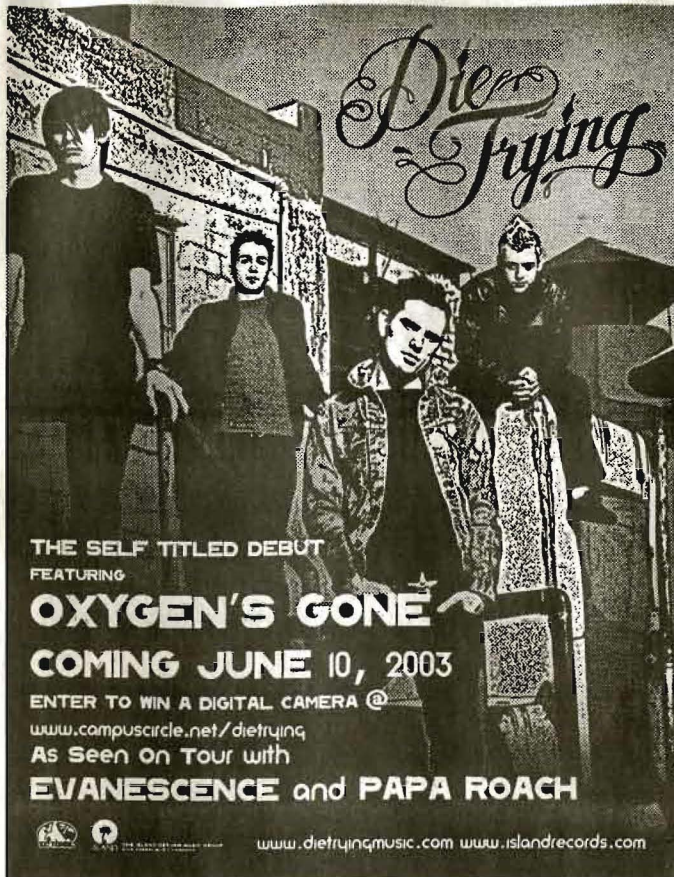
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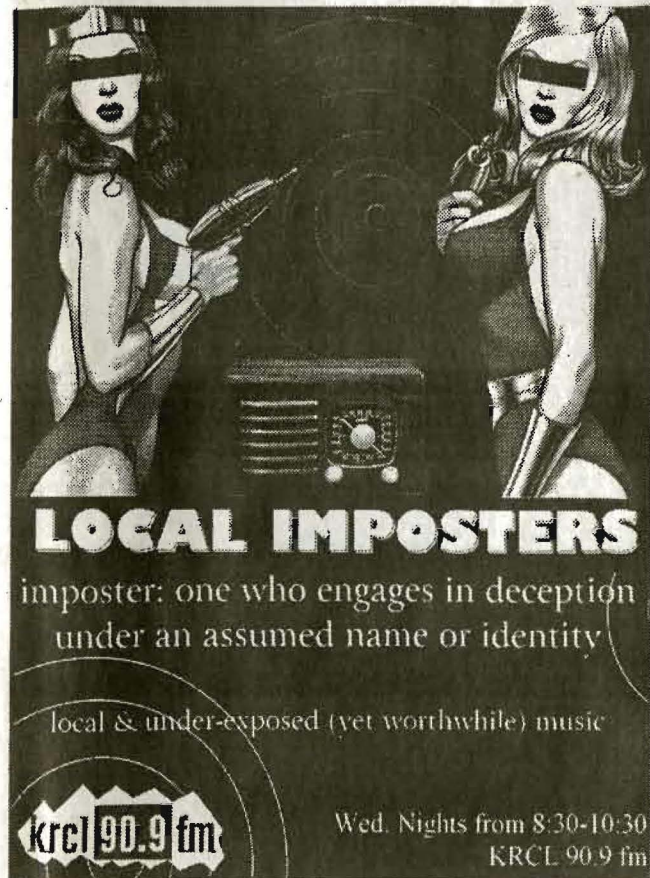
- Thursday, June 5**
Slajo- *Urban Lounge*
The Ridge Runners- *Monk's*
Happy Campers- *New Junction*
Smackwater Jack- *Dead Goat*
UnderOath, Love is Red, Embraced- *DV8 (basement)*
Pete Yorn- *McKay Events Center*
Waist Deep- *Hog Wallow*
Jucifer- *Burt's*
Parchman Farm- *Zephyr*
Zach Parrish Blues Band- *Port O' Call*
Mad Man Chronicles- *Muse Music*
Foo Fighters- *McKay Events Center*
- Friday, June 6**
JR Fairshot, The Response, Bad Day After, Take The Fall- *Kilby Court*
3-D Arson, Liquid Friction- *Urban Lounge*
Time Bomb, The Fictions, Pissed On Arrival- *Uprok*
The Lara Price Band- *Dead Goat*
Cinerama, Glen Phillips, Niko Case and The New Pornographers- *Liquid Joe's*
Blowdog, Sneezy, The Rodeo Boys- *Todd's Bar and Grill*
Mad Calibre, Nephilim- *Kilby Library*
Ponchello- *Beatniks*
Fab- *Zephyr*
F-9: The Drips, Die Monster Die, The Response- *Burt's*
Drooling Dogs- *Desert Lounge*
Rodeo Boys, Blow Dog, Sneezy- *Todd's Utah Ska Fest 2003- The Solarium (Midvale)*
Provophenia, Provo's 1st Annual Scooter Rally- www.provophenia.com
Revolution- *Muse Music*
- Saturday, June 7**
The Balance Bar Adventure Race Series- *Soldier Hollow*
Katagory (Final Show), Profane Oath- *The Ritz Club*
Metal Meltdown- *Urban Lounge*
Terror, Most Precious Blood, The Takeover- *DV8 (Basement)*
Park, Brandston, Pleasure Forever, The Starvations- *Kilby Court*
Slobberbone, J.W. Blackout- *The Zephyr*
Money Shot- *Dead Goat*
The Morlocks, Le Force, Igniters- *Kamikaze's Sherlock- Burt's*
Daniel Day Trio- *Metropolitan*
Alchemy, Anima Nera- *Todd's*
The Scabies, A Form of Hope- *Rockin' Java*
Provophenia, Provo's 1st Annual Scooter Rally- www.provophenia.com
The Good Life Experience, Earthbound, The Brilliant Stereo Mob (Scooter Rally concert)- *Muse Music*
- Sunday, June 8**
The Balance Bar Adventure Race Series- *Soldier Hollow*
Mad Sin, 12 Step Rebels, The Pagan Dead- *Kilby Court*
Lara Price Band- *Zephyr*
Highball Train- *Burt's*
- Monday, June 9**
Le Force, Agape- *Urban Lounge*
Mr. Trout- *Zephyr*
Percy Strothers- *Dead Goat*
The Samples, Marmalade Hill- *DV8*
CJ the DJ- *Burt's*
- Tuesday, June 10**
Blue Sparks, Blue Hour- *Urban Lounge*
Percy Strothers- *Beatniks*
Bluegrass & Irish- *Burt's*
Super So Far- *Zephyr*
- Wednesday, June 11**
Ready Steady Go- *Urban Lounge*
Stinky Bait- *Dead Goat*
Blindspot, 12 Mistakes- *Burt's*
Last Great Liar, Parallax, Part 2, Fell Among Thorns- *Muse Music*
- Thursday, June 12**
Geisha Glory, The Kingdom, Sean Jones- *Urban Lounge*
War- *Port O' Call*
Mary Sound Transit- *Dead Goat*
Violent Femmes- *DV8*
Highball Train featuring The Eccentric Gerald- *Burt's*
Smackwater Jack- *Zephyr*
- Friday, June 13**
SLUG Localized featuring The Captain Stabbing, The Cronies, Smashy Smashy- *Urban Lounge*
Chubby Bunny, Chinese Stars- *Beatniks (Ogden)*
13th Freak Fest: Point Like Plane- *Burt's*
Buzcocks, Billy Talent- *DV8*
Gigi Love, Flash Cabbage- *Dead Goat*
Reggie and the Full Effect- *Bricks*
Dark Arts Festival- *Sanctuary*
Iota, PointLinePlain, Die Monster Die- *Burt's*
MeThinX- *Desert Lounge*
Friday the 13th Party- *Todd's*
Sugarland Run, Holiday, *DV8- Muse Music*
Food Not Bombs: The Corleones, Parallax, The Cronies- *Kilby Court*
- Saturday, June 14**
Dismemberment Plan (farewell tour), Paris Texas, I Am Electric- *Kilby Court*
Money Shot- *Urban Lounge*
Time Bomb, The Fictions, Pissed On Arrival, Snake Run- *Club Expose*
Blue Haiku, Julie Hill, Lo-Fi Breakdown, Lost Highway, Ron Spears, The Winstons, Uncle Earl- *Gallivan Center*
Bonepony, Xavier Rudd- *Port O' Call*
Backwash- *Dead Goat*
Dark Arts Festival- *Sanctuary*
Daniel Day Trio- *Metropolitan*
Purdymouth WV- *Zephyr*
F-9: Debonairs, Mr. Trout, Nurse Sherri- *Todd's*
Army of Freshmen, Hidden 1/2, Nephilim- *Muse Music*
The Gallivan Center Folk and Bluegrass Concert- *Gallivan Center*
Oldies Fest- *Franklin Quest Field*
- Sunday, June 15**
Onelinedrawing, My Hotel Year- *Kilby Court*
Dark Arts Festival- *Sanctuary*
Sparkles w/The Maniacal Manoj- *Burt's*
Jebu- *Zephyr*
- Monday, June 16**
The Red Dress Party: Death By Salt Benefit- *Urban Lounge*
Metal Sludge Tour (Faster Pussycat, Enuff Z'Nuff, Pretty Boy Floyd)- *Club Expose*
Andrew Jones Band- *Dead Goat*
CJ the DJ- *Burt's*
Bent- *Zephyr*
- Tuesday, June 17**
Rudiger, Seconds Away, Nothing Counts, Birds Fall, No-Alternative- *Uprok*
Starmy, From Scratch- *Urban Lounge*
The Gourds- *The Zephyr*
Hoedown- *Dead Goat*
Rob- *DV8*
Bluegrass & Irish- *Burt's*
Battle of the Bands- *Muse Music*
Black Sheep, Jungle Brothers- *Club Suede*
- Wednesday, June 18**
Assault, From Ashes Rise (Portland), Kontrakultura, Her Blacklist- *Uprok*
Supersuckers (In-Store) @ 6p.m.- *The Heavy Metal Shop*
Supersuckers, Throwrag, The Briefs- *The Zephyr*
Alkaline Trio, One Man Army, The Start- *Bricks*
Sister Wives- *Dead Goat*
The Voodoo Organist- *Burt's*
Lisa Marie & The CoDependents- *Port O' Call*
- Thursday, June 19**
Tech N9ne- *Club Axis*
Sneezy- *Urban Lounge*
Kasey Chambers- *The Zephyr*
Mr. Lucky SLC- *Dead Goat*
The Downers, Redd Tape- *Burt's*
Utah Arts Festival- *Library Square*
Battle of the Bands- *Muse Music*
- Friday, June 20**
!!!(Chik, Chik, Chik), Outhud- *Kilby Court*
Afro-Omega- *Urban Lounge*
Jets To Brazil, John Vanderslice, Spanky Van Dyke- *Bricks*
Dredg, Codeseven- *DV8*
The Kelly Richey Band- *Dead Goat*
Form of Rocket, Day of Less, Gabriel, Nimh- *Rock n' Java*
Cosm, Gerald Music- *Zephyr*
Nurse Sherri, Maladjusted, The Octopus Project- *Burt's*
Utah Arts Festival- *Library Square*
Down the Line- *Desert Lounge*
Battle of the Bands- *Muse Music*
Derek Dyer's Pop Rocks- *Walk of Shame Gallery*
- Saturday, June 21**
Vans Warped Tour- *Utah State Fairgrounds*
Darkest Hour, Curl Up and Die, Minus, Taken- *Bricks*
The Thermals, All Girl Summer Fun Band, Alpha Brown- *Kilby Court*
SmackWater- *Urban Lounge*
D:Fuse- *DV8*
Harry Lee and The Back Alley Blues Band- *Dead Goat*
Pato Banton- *Zephyr Club*
Red Bennies- *Burt's*
MoneyShot, Marmalade Hill- *Port O' Call*
Utah Arts Festival- *Library Square*
Bent- *Todd's*
Battle of the Bands Finals- *Muse Music*
- Sunday, June 22**
The Jealous Sound (ex-Knapsack)- *Kilby Court*
Susan Tedeschi- *Red Butte Garden*
Bonepony, James Cotton- *Utah Arts Festival*
Highball Train- *Burt's*
Hackensaw Boys- *Zephyr*
Utah Arts Festival- *Library Square*
Black Eyed Peas- *Club Suede*
- Monday, June 23**
Rodeo Boys, The Apes- *Urban Lounge*
Killah Priest- *Bricks*
Maktub, J-Live- *The Zephyr*
Eddie Kirkland Band- *Dead Goat*
CJ the DJ- *Burt's*
No-Fi Rebellion, Blue Hour- *Kilby*
- Tuesday, June 24**
Third Eye Blind- *DV8*
Josh Kelly- *Bricks*
Nik & The Nice Guys- *Salt Palace Conv. Center*
Reckless Kelly, Yonder Mountain String Band- *The Zephyr*
Burnin' Mike Vernon & Three Balls o' Fire- *Dead Goat*
Bluegrass & Irish- *Burt's*
Les Georges Leningrad- *Kilby*
Fallen, Twelve State Killing Spree, Toys That Kill- *Todd's*
- Wednesday, June 25**
Carrisa's Weird, Ether Orchestra, Coyote Hoods- *Kilby Court*
Joey Belladonna- *Club Expose*
Dead Poetic, Embodiment, The Pitches- *DV8 (basement)*
Shred Bettie, Citizen Low- *Burt's*
Yo Flaco- *Zephyr*
Embodiment- *Bricks*
- Thursday, June 26**
Seconds Away, Drowning by Numbers, The Stellas- *Kilby Court*
Fetish Night- *Sanctuary*
Carrisa's Weird, Downers, Coyote Hoods- *Urban Lounge*
Dead Poetic, Embodiment, The Pits- *DV8*
Echo- *Hog Wallow*
The Kingdom- *Zephyr*
Mr. Castaway- *Burt's*
Stacey Board Band- *Port O' Call*
Buttonhooked, Short Round, The Snake, The Cross, The Crown- *Muse Music*
- Friday, June 27**
Rollins Band, Keith Morris- *DV8 (basement)*
No Alternative- *Kilby Court*
Kettle Fish, Four Corners- *Urban Lounge*
Chris Isaak, Franky Perez, Young Dubliners- *Medals Plaza (Gateway)*
Coco Montoya- *The Zephyr*
Trapt, Seether, Smile Empty Soul- *DV8*
The Wolfs- *Burt's*
El Toro- *Todd's*
Quant- *Muse Music*
Life Fest: Broken Glass, Barefoot Manner, Perpetual Groove- *Mystic Hot Springs*
- Saturday, June 28**
Redd Tape- *Urban Lounge*
Vinyl, Sixpence None The Richer- *The Zephyr*
Insatiable- *Dead Goat*
Day of Less, Never Never- *Burt's*
The Downs, Bold Type- *Kilby*
Le Force, Comets on Fire- *Todd's*
Agentz CD Release, The Numbs- *Muse Music*
Red Bennies, Debonairs, Igniters- *Beatniks*
- Sunday, June 29**
Beehive and the Barracudas (members Hot Snakes/Rocket f.i Crypt)- *Kilby Court*
Veggie Dining Guide Benefit- *Urban Lounge*
Robert Earl Keene- *Red Butte Garden*
Highball Train- *Burt's*
The Motet- *Zephyr*
- Monday, June 30**
Calvin Johnson and Sons of the Soil (members Dub Narcotic), American Analog Set- *Kilby Court*
Charlie Musselwhite Band- *Dead Goat*
CJ the DJ- *Burt's*
Jyemo- *Zephyr*
- Tuesday, July 1**
Koufax- *Kilby Court*
Bluegrass & Irish- *Burt's*
33rd Annual Gathering of the Rainbow Tribes- *WVC Amphitheater*
DEADLINE FOR DEATH BY SALT SONG (&ART) SUBMISSIONS!!!!
- Wednesday, July 2**
Microchip your pet- *Nearest vet clinic*
- Thursday, July 3**
Mermen- *Dead Goat*
The Beach Boys- *WVC Amphitheater*
- Friday July 4**
Blackberry Smoke- *The Ritz*
Mark Chesnut- *Alder Amphitheater*
Jeremy Cardenas & Shannon Welch get married- *Zephyr Club*
Independence Day Party- *Todd's*
- Saturday July 5**
Pick up the new SLUG anywhere cool!
Josh Stippich & Ivonna Earnest get married- *TBA*
The Blood Brothers, These Arms Are Snakes, Dances After Movement- *Bricks*
Counterfit- *Kilby Court*
- Sunday July 6**
SLUG Sunday Sinema series presents A River's Edge (Death By Salt Benefit)- *Brewies*



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June 8

Mad Sin

w/ 12 Step Rebels, Pagan Dead @ Kilby Court

June 15

Onelinedrawing

w/ Acceptance, Army of Freshmen @ Kilby Court

June 18

Supersuckers

w/ Throwrag, The Briefs @ Zephyr Club**

June 20

Jets To Brazil

w/ John Vanderslice, Spanky Van Dyke @ Bricks*

June 23

Killah Priest

ex- Wu Tang Clan @ Bricks*

July 5

The Blood Brothers

w/ These Arms Are Snakes, TBA @ Bricks*

July 7

RX Bandits

w/ No Motiv, Fairweather, North Star @ Kilby Court

July 8

Les Claypool

-ex Primus w/ TBA @ Bricks*

July 22

Ozma

w/ Mae, The Format @ Kilby Court

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Kilby Court Calendar

June 2003

- 03- Before Braille
River City High
- 04- Thanksgiving
Theta Naught
Chubby Bunny
- 06- J.R. Fairshot
The Response
Bad Day After
Take the Fall
- 07- Brandston
Pleasure Forever
Park
The Starvations
- 08- Mad Sin, 12 Step Rebels & the Pagan Dead
- 14- Dismemberment Plan (farewell Tour)
Paris Texas
I am Electric
- 15- One Line Drawing, My Hotel Year
- 20- !!! & Outhud
- 21- The Thermals
All Girl Summer Fun Band & Alpha Brown
- 23- No-Fi Rebellion
Blue Hour
- 24- Les Georges Leningrad
- 25- Carissa's Wierd
Ether Orchestra
Coyote Hoods
- 26- The Stellas
Seconds Away
Drowning by Numbers
- 28- The Downs
Bold Type
- 29- Beehive & the Barracudas
(re: Hot Snakes & Rocket, f.t. Crypt)
- 30- 2 SHOWS:
Calvin Johnson & sons of the Soil
American Analog set

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Thursday, July 10

- 3-4 Life is out of control
- 4-5 The Crashers
- 5-6 Love/Misery
- 6-7 The Downers
- 7-8 **Redd Tape**

Friday, July 11

- 3-4 Broken Robots
- 4-5 Hello Amsterdam
- 5-6 Books About UFO's
- 6-7 Alpha Brown
- 7-8 **Tolchock Trio**

Saturday, July 12

- 3-4 Under the Garage Band
- 4-5 The Cronies
- 5-6 The Corleones
- 6-7 We Three Kings
- 7-8 **Hudson River School**

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July 10, 11, 12 - (10am to 9pm) South Towne Xpo Center