

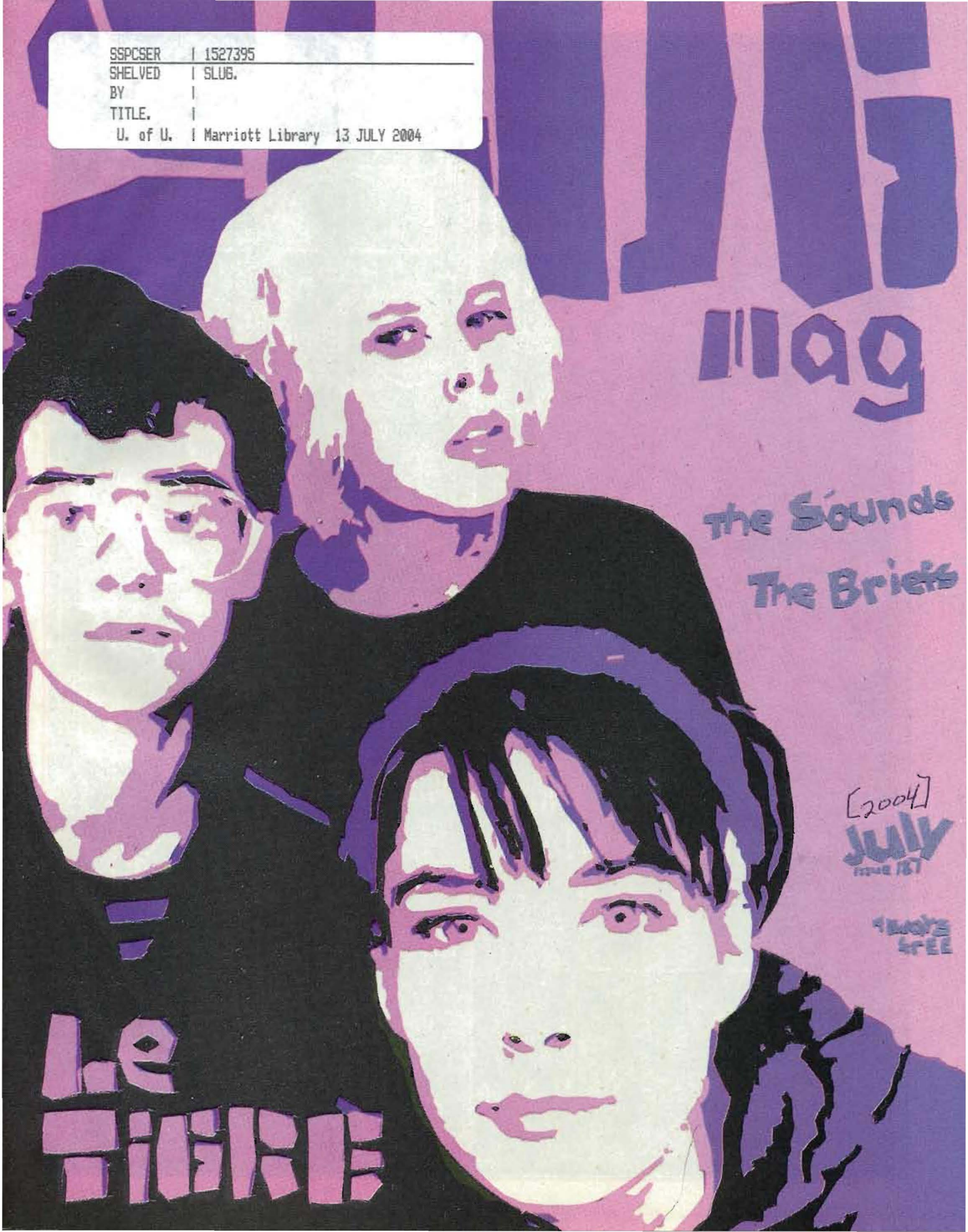
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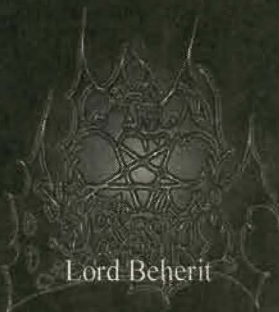
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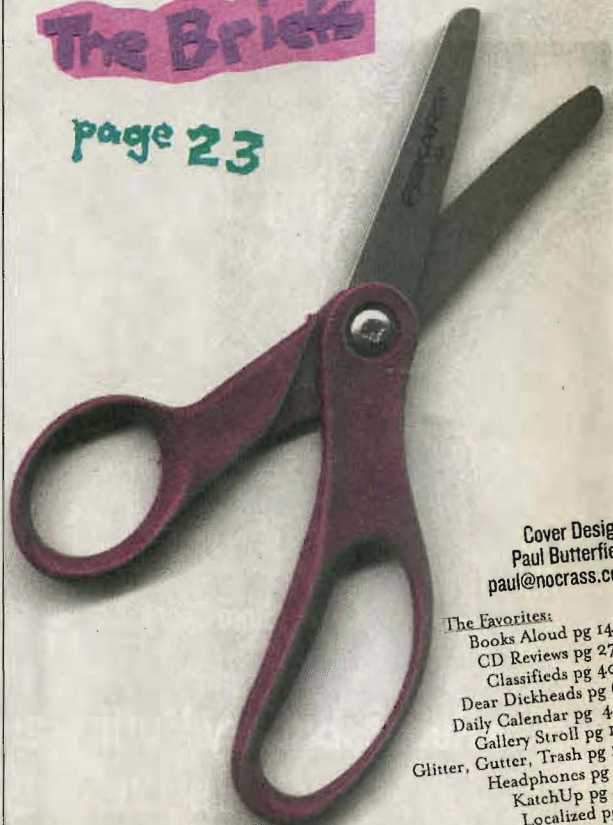
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Cover Design:  
Paul Butterfield  
paul@nocrass.com

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# Dear dickheads,

From: Rob S.  
Email: Wingedly@yahoo.com

Dear Dickheads,  
Hey, I just wanted to say that Utah is the lamest state in the country and all the local bands fucking suck. I hope all you inbred morman cunts burn in hell.  
Sincerely,

—Vanna White

Vanna, it's great to hear from you. I'm sorry about your dislike of Utah bands and 'inbred morman cunts.' My guess is that you just moved here or something. Give it time and the state should grow on you. Maybe if you spent less time on your knees in front of Pat Sajak and more time listening to music you would have a different opinion. My grandma used to say that you weren't a very good letter-turner, but you were easy on the eyes. By the way, the spread you did in Playboy was excellent. Now drop dead, you washed-up old hag.

From: Barry Manilow  
Email: nightmarien726@yahoo.com

Dear Dickheads,  
this mag completely sucks. I think your writers need to go back to the seventh grade and take some english classes because not one of them is capable of writing a complete sentence.

I want to preface this by saying that no, we didn't fabricate any of these letters. These are EXACTLY as they are written to us. I'll tell you what you cowardly fuckhead, why don't you try signing your name to the bottom of your little bitch to us and give us a chance to shoot back. Don't hide behind 'clever' pseudonyms and think that you can

*hurt our little feel-bads. You, obviously, are writing at a fourth-grade level and are in desperate need of an English class or two yourself. You didn't even capitalize the first letter of your first sentence you retard. Oh yeah, and you misspelled the word "sentence." Get a life you asshole loser.*

From: Craig Parker  
Email: cpark290@hotmail.com

Dear Dickheads,  
You're fishing at your favorite spot along the river bank with a brand new fly reel you got for Christmas, when suddenly you feel the jolt of a lifetime. From your experience, you would estimate that the fish is over 25 pounds, rare for this section of the river. Just as you begin reeling the fish in, you see a baby floating on a large piece of wood down the river. The baby appears to be okay, even though it's parents are running and screaming down the opposite bank of the river. Should you drop your fishing pole and help, or do you continue to reel the fish in knowing that the chances are extremely slim that you will ever catch a fish like that again?

—Craig Parker

*That is an ethical dilemma, Craig. Seeing as how I am a selfish asshole, my vote would be to reel in the fish. I'm sure the already excitable parents will catch up with that wayward baby, and how the hell did he get on that piece of wood in the first place? The lesson the irresponsible parents will learn is something that you shouldn't interfere with. Good luck with the fishing.*

From: Jeremy Cardenas  
Email: jeremycardenas@netscape.net

Dear Dickheads,  
I had a child about six months ago, and I have some moral dilemmas that have presented themselves. You see, I can't justify writing for a magazine that is as family unfriendly as yours. I've tried to juggle my rock and roll lifestyle with being a father and it just can't be done. How can I show my son this magazine that is riddled with curse words and information on being a deviant? What kind of father would I be? Most of all this bitch is directed towards your editor, Angela Brown. Why is it that every time I email or call for an assignment, she tries to get me to write about the most evil and despicable bands on the planet? Why can't you just get me an assignment to write

about Hillary Duff, or the American Idols? Also, your skateboarding pictures are setting a terrible example. None of the kids in the pictures have any kind of safety equipment, and when I asked ANGELA BROWN about it, she replied, "Jeremy, everybody knows kneepads are for PUSSIES." Great. So, thanks for 8 years of free CD's and alcohol, but I'm straightening up and flying right. Cancel my subscription.  
Your Pal,

—Jeremy Cardenas

*Jeremy, kneepads are for PUSSIES, and everybody knows it. I hope this letter is written sarcastically or I think maybe fatherhood has completely ruined you. You need to walk out of your house and stop watching fucking Barney videos all day. You're a moderately good writer, and we would be indifferent about losing you, but if you don't stop being such a domesticated house bitch, YOU'RE FIRED! Take that to your American Idols. Pussy.*



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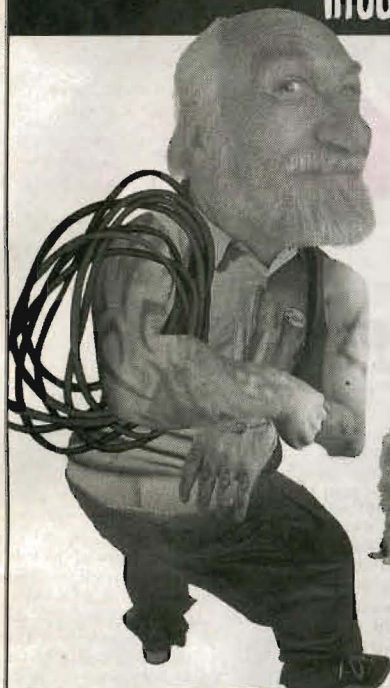


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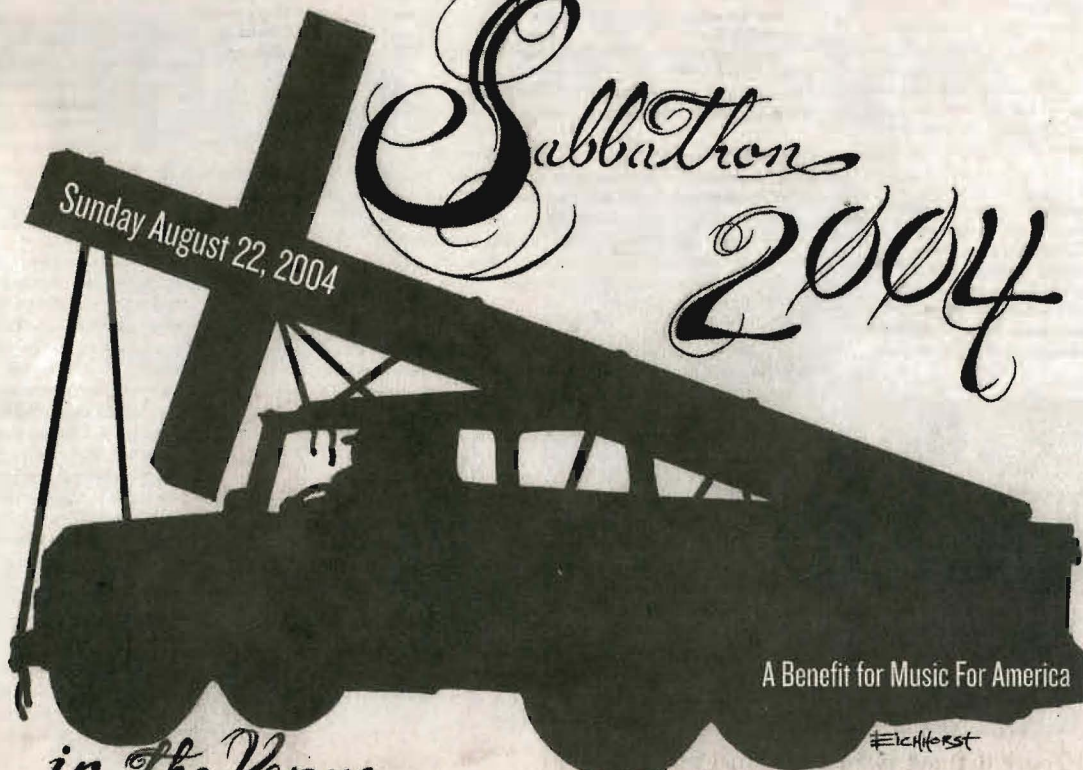
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# LOCALIZED

## ARPESE



Roark: Vocals  
Ryker: Vocals  
Terril Brady: Bass  
Davey Highlander: Drums

Out of all the Salt Lake hip-hop groups I have come across, very few stand out like **Arpese**. Maybe it's the two-piece band section, or the two front men: twin brothers who are different as night and day. Whatever it is, it's never a dull moment.

I caught up with the twins on a porch in Sugarhouse where we wasted an afternoon and regular Localized writer **Camilla Taylor's** tape recorder batteries bulge about this and that. We talked art. We talked country. **We spoke of Mormon oppression and communist liquor laws, and finally, we talked music.**

"Everything we do isn't really for the same reason that 90 percent of the population does it," **Roark** boasts. "People will do anything to get cars, money, and we have always been about trying to be nice people. Building bridges and making friends."

Like most underground hip-hop acts, the Arpese rage against the materialistic mainstream with verbal prowess and an **Andrew Dice Clay** style of punchline delivery, but what sets them apart are their roots and how they reflect their background in the music they make. **Roark** says, "In our music, we take these ideas; that if anyone really sat and broke it down into a formula, you could see it was the biggest bullshit. Money and cars—it's not practical. There's more to life."

Backed by **Davey Highlander**, who has played the drums since he was two, and **Terril Brady**, who owns the warehouse in which they practice, they can match anything the twins lay down. "They are both really funky," **Roark** continues. "They can play with any band in Salt Lake. We are really fortunate to have them."

Utah-born-and-bred, these two hardly listen to rap. You couldn't tell when you hear them freestyle, but they are the first ones to admit their inspirations include country and oldies as opposed to **Eric B** and **Rakim**. When asked about their plans for the future, **Ryker** commented, "Music is like the cultivation of a fine crop—you have to nourish it and take care of it. The more you water it—like, practice—the more you give it fertilizer and love—by doing gigs—and the more you learn about the plant for better grooming, then the better the crop will do."

By **Keegan Titmus** [fantazmic4@hotmail.com](mailto:fantazmic4@hotmail.com)  
and **Camilla Taylor** [camilla@slugmag.com](mailto:camilla@slugmag.com)

## DEMISE

### Demise the First: Vocals

We met **Demise** at Pool Hall Junkies for a little conversation with the chief rocker of **Kearns**. **Demise** got into hip-hop from his older sisters, who were fans of the music that catapulted the culture into Utah. After that, it was breaking, which eventually evolved into doing graffiti in junior high.

"I didn't know what it was, besides writing on the wall," **Demise** said. "But it was cool, cause everyone had their own style. That's what I like about hip-hop. You don't have to conform to one specific thing; you can be yourself and express yourself in a way nobody else can. That's what's beautiful about it."

We got to know a little bit more about this Warped Tour vet who signed to **Self Expression Music**.

Inspired locally by **Ghetto Mentality** growing up, **Demise** states he would love to work with **Chino XL**, and would like to meet **Mos Def**.

"Ya know, just talk to him, or get an album drop. That would be cool," he says.

**Demise** describes how his music differs from the rest of Utah hip-hop.

**"I'm pretty positive with life in general, so I think that is what sets me apart,"** he said. "When I do a song, I want it to be positive so the whole audience can listen to it."

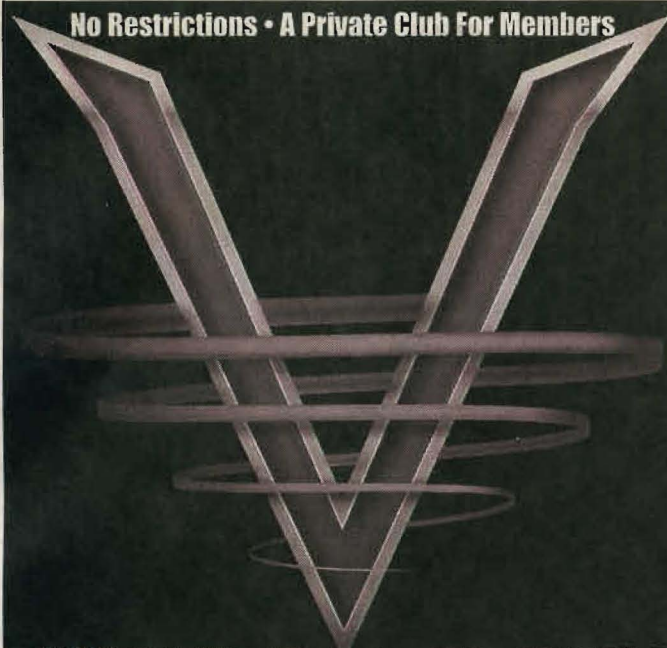
For **Demise**, being on a label isn't all it's cracked up to be.

"The experience I've had being on a label hinders me as an artist," he said. "Because I want to do music, I don't want to sit on my thumbs and watch someone else get their shine on while I'm sitting at home practicing my songs, waiting to record. You try to call somebody, and they don't return your calls and hardly ever come through. It's been hard, I mean, everyone asks when the album is coming out, and there's nothing I can say. It makes me mad. I've been other places, though and they didn't know what they were doing. I am knows what he's doing. That's why I'm sticking it out."

Hopefully, you've read enough to come see my man and if not, then check out some more on **Demise the First** and his upcoming album, **Signs of the End**. For more information, check out [www.selfexpression.com](http://www.selfexpression.com)

Localized is a monthly local band showcase held the second Friday of every month at the Urban Lounge. This month's event is July 4 and features **Bloswick & Limerick, Arpese, Demise the First**

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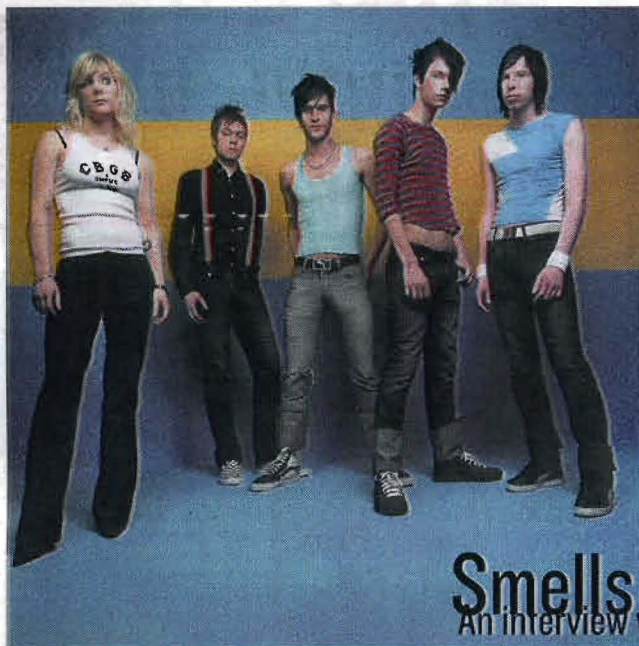
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page 10 SLUG Magazine



# Smells Like A Swedish Prick:

An interview with Fredrik Nilsson of the Sounds

By MC Welk mewelk@slugmag.com

"We are all about the 100% attack. We never want to give the audience room to think. That can happen afterwards. This is all about dancing and having a good time. We are a major chord band!" — The Sounds bassist Johan Bengtsson

The Sounds were never really my thing, but I agreed to do this interview even though I am not a fan. In fact, my friend Frère Philip gave me a copy of their disc, which I immediately sold after this interview so I could buy a 40. But AHB told me that they were good live, so I thought I would give it a try, envisioning a nice phone chat with a self-proclaimed Swedish hottie (lead singer Maja Ivarsson) and perhaps a musician who knew what in the fuck he was talking about. Then they begged off on the phone interview, despite the best efforts of publicist Kris Frieze, who has been terrific during this entire process. They asked me to submit questions via e-mail (perhaps I should have submitted them in Svenska). Then they waited until two days after my deadline and had their drummer respond to not quite half of my questions. So yes, I'm a little bitter, and I know that when it comes to pricks, it takes one to know one. Nonetheless, the ALL CAPS are Fred's device, because him DRUMMER, him LOUD. What a dumbass.

SLUG: You've said that your music is "100 percent attack," in major chords. Wouldn't "attack" be easier in minor chords, with a sort of Blix Bargeld strings-that-bleed approach?

Fred the Prick: MAYBE FOR YOU IT SEEMS EASIER BUT FOR US IT COMES NATURALLY.

SLUG: Do people accuse you of being sell-outs?

Fred the Prick: SOMETIMES YES, BUT THAT SORT OF THING ALWAYS HAPPENS WHEN YOU SELL A LOT OF RECORDS. IN SWEDEN OUR RECORD WENT PLATINUM AND SOME PEOPLE ACUSE [sic] US OF BEING SELL-OUTS OR THAT WE ARE A MAINSTREAM BAND, BUT IN THE U.S SALES HAVE BEEN MORE MODEST AND WE ARE USUALLY CONSIDERED AS AN UNDERGROUND BAND ... FUNNY ITS [sic] THE SAME RECORD

SLUG: Do you have a postmodern response when people say you are merely a derivative of groups like Blondie, blah blah blah ... ?

Fred the Prick: WELL WHEN PEOPLE COMPARE US TO BLONDIE WE THINK OF IT AS A COMPLIMENT. [Welk's Note: How postmodern!] BLONDIE IS ONE OF THE GREATEST BANDS. WHEN MAJA GETS COMPARED TO DEBBIE HARRY IT'S LIKE BEING COMPARED TO THE QUEEN OF ROCK N ROLL, AN ICON, AND HOW CAN THAT BE BAD. [Welk's Note: Where's the question mark?]

SLUG: Who's hotter (physically), you or ABBA?

Fred the Prick: ISN'T THAT OBVIOUS, [sic] HAVE YOU EVER SEEN THE TWO DUDES IN ABBA. [?]

SLUG: You played at Coachella in front of tens of thousands, and it was fucking hot. Was that a difficult adjustment for your Swedish temperaments?

Fred Euhank the Meteorologist: I THINK THAT KIND OF HEAT IS HARD ON EVERYONE.

SLUG: I have a 1968 Saab 96 that has sat in my garage for a few years. Now that you have lots of money, do you guys want to buy it from me when you're in Salt Lake City? Or will Maja let me see what's under her hood?

Fred the Prick: BY NOW I THINK YOUR QUESTIONS ARE GETTING KIND OF DUMB, [Welk's Note: What, no semi-colon?] I HAVE BETTER THING [sic] TO DO THAN SIT HERE AND WASTE MY TIME ON YOU ... [Welk's Note: Wow, Fred, write that down as a song lyric. Oh wait, you're the drummer!]

SLUG: In "Living in America," you insinuate (correctly) that American culture is lame. So how did you end up on the Warped Tour with all of those skater bands and such?

[No answer]

SLUG: "The Sounds" refers to the bodies of water in Norway, right?

[No answer]

SLUG: What do The Sounds sound like? How do you differ live? What role do visuals play? I've heard that the experience is intense. Have you thought of releasing something more raw (i.e., live DVD/recordings) down the line?

[No answer]

SLUG: We know about you vis-a-vis rock and roll. What about sex and drugs?

[No answer]

SLUG: What social roles do various band members play? For example, is one of you the shy introspective genius who doesn't want to talk to anyone? Who calls the shots in various situations? Is Fredrik like the boy with a triangular head in Harry Nilsson's "The Point"? [Welk's Note: OK, this is probably the one that pissed him off.] Does guitarist Felix Rodriguez moonlight as a baseball pitcher for the San Francisco Giants?

[No answer]

SLUG: You've implied in other interviews that writers in general are full of shit. How has this interview influenced your opinion?

[No answer]

All right. Let's sum things up. Some of my questions were pretty asinine. I guess "100 percent attack" means different things to different people. And I am NOT [note the bitchin' ALL CAPS] prejudiced against drummers. Many of them rule, but I'll bet you a case of vodka [Minx vox Maja was born and raised in the town where they make Absolut—Ahus, in southern Sweden] that dude was Thor-hammered when he tried to respond. Skål!

# PERNICIOUS IN PINK

By Sarah Pendleton

## Bronwen Beecher's Wicked String Theory

A seven year-old **Bronwen Beecher** was in church one Sunday when first she witnessed the live playing of a violin. Her mother says that her mouth fell open, and she was never the same afterward. Seeing the indelible impression the instrument had made, Mrs. Beecher arranged lessons for her daughter. Bronwen the little girl became Bronwen the violinist.

"I began to form my friendships and connections through my music," says the bright-pink-haired Bronwen while smoking a matching pink Fantasia cigarette. "In high school, I was the crazy girl with the violin. It became my identity."

She earned a music scholarship to Loyola University in New Orleans. After high school graduation, she went down South to begin her career as a student.

"My whole world was built around this dense foundation of classical training, rigorous practice schedules and fierce competition. I also found myself a member of an intimate and loyal family at Loyola. I became especially close with Professor Valerie Poulette, who really was more like a mother to me."

A while later, when Bronwen first began to feel the awful twinges of tendonitis, she brushed them off. Soon it became impossible to ignore.

"I had to fight harder and harder to keep up with the other students and mask the pain. I went to multiple doctors for help. None of them could do anything for me short of telling me I had to lay off the violin. That was not an option. It got so dire that I had to take shots of whiskey before class just to be able to control my bow." Professor Poulette quietly witnessed her student's agony. From utmost concern came her advice that Bronwen dreaded but knew to be right: to

change her major or quit school altogether. After a two-hour conversation with her trusted teacher, Bronwen dropped out.

Those who realize their calling and can identify their abiding passion early in life are the luckiest among us. So when one of these has their dream stolen from their aching hands, it is most tragic.

"When that phone conversation ended, I spent the next six hours wandering the city, tears streaming down my face. I didn't give a shit who saw me," she says.

She gathered up the parts of her life and moved with her mother to Ottawa. They came to stay at a house run by a member of the World Council for Indigenous Peoples. Among the residents of the house were an Amazon Indian, a Czech woman and an Algerian journalist.

"Given the fucked-up circumstances at that time in my life, I could not have fallen into a softer nest," says Bronwen.

She immersed herself in the numerous flavors of art and politics that flowed through the house: protests, marches, poetry and kung-fu. She even spent a year in Jaixing, China, teaching English as a second language. While she was there, she began tentatively to play the violin again, and to perform.

"When I got back to Ottawa, I found a thick envelope from an old friend at Loyola that I had stashed away," Bronwen says. "I opened it and a bunch of Irish sheet music and cassettes tumbled out. I picked them up and started teaching myself. I absolutely fell in love."

She began to play with a modified, more forgiving posture. The fierce desire to play live reawakened in her,

and she started hitting open jam nights at several Ottawa pubs. She fed on audience energy and good liquor, letting go of old ghosts with each forward stroke.

"It took a long time, and a lot of booze, but I was finally able to pull the classical stick out of my ass," she says.

The tendonitis still bothers her, but now it's a matter of knowing when to take a breather. There is also the matter of a magical medicine which she insists is perspective.

Bronwen Beecher has been a part of the insanely vibrant Salt Lake music scene for years now. She has played with many notable acts, including **Trace Wiren**, **Shanahy** and the **Salty Frogs**. Last year, she played violin on the **Subterranean Masquerade EP**, *Temporary Psychotic State* (The End Records). It was extremely inspiring for her, because the parts she wrote and played were of a different nature than anything she had done before.

"Every new style you attempt means you're a rookie, and playing on that album gave me that experience again. I want to explore as many different styles as possible and incorporate them into my writing."

Bronwen has now quit her job and taken the terrifying and heroic path of total devotion to music. She has plans to develop her career as solo artist and is now in the process of writing original pieces of music using influences from the Celts and the Gypsies. She will begin touring this summer.

Those with fine-tuned senses will know just by looking at Bronwen that she is an artist in the truest sense of the word, and if any question remains, its inexorable answer will be the seductive sound of her strings.

# Local CD Reviews

by Rebecca Vernon

Tragic Black, 23 Extacy, Little Sap Dungeon  
CD Releases: 7.11 @ Area 51  
Blowstick CD Release:  
7.23 @ Urban Lounge w/ Mindstar

## The Fantazmic Four Self-titled

Ha ... Style Records

The Fantazmic Four = Run DMC + Fu-Schnickens

If one is specific enough to label some DJs turntablists, then The Fantazmic Four (Ben Grimm and Mr. Fantazmic) are straight lyricists. More specifically, they are MCs' MCs (to quote 50 on Eminem—"rappers' rapper"). The Fantazmic Four are the type of MCs to show up at a battle, smoke every MC there, and for an encore: chuckle. Like a lactose-intolerant bully who steals your milk money. With a record full of tight production, Ben Grimm and Mr. Fantazmic deliver 13 rhyme-packed tracks full of witty battle lines: "You couldn't pop shit off your head, if you had a pistol for your brain." Clever, humorous, and cutting—while listening, one thinks of the Fu-Schnickens's *F.U. Don't Take It Personal*, early Beastie Boys albums, and a slew of other releases from hip hop's genesis. [fantazmic4@hotmail.com](mailto:fantazmic4@hotmail.com)—Christopher Steffen



## The Happies

Meet the Happies

The Happies = Nick Drake + Brian Jonestown Massacre

The questions you should ask yourself right now are: Why haven't I heard of The Happies before, how has my life been incomplete without them, are they still around, and why did this stupid reviewer wait several months to write them up? I can answer the last question: I didn't know they were going to be so astonishingly good. I judged a hook by its cover and thought The Happies were immature punk. Need to stop doing that. The Happies combine the best of the English singer-songwriter angle with washy, emotional American indie rock and a certain whimsical, fussy, quaint, old-fashioned splash which recalls The Coral, Stratford 4, Simon & Garfunkle, Rilo Kiley and Bonnie "Prince" Billy immediately come to mind. I simply cannot believe this is a local band. I hope they play live shows, and that they're not done releasing. [www.soundclick.com/thehappies](http://www.soundclick.com/thehappies)

## 23 Extacy Brutal

Nova One Productions

23 Extacy = Ministry (but darker) + Error (but darker)

The first time I got my mitts on old, unreleased and unavailable Red Bennies tracks from the bands' first four years, it felt like panhandling a gold chunk. Fans of 23 Extacy should feel the same way with the release of *Brutal*, which contains two 2004 release remixes, "Oh, Hail Mary!" and "Time to Fuck," and 12 songs from 1990 to 1995. It's rewarding to track a great bands' evolution from slimy fetus to full-grown beast. I admit I expected to hear some passable but really lo-fi, boombox-type recordings with sophomoric machine-drum programming from a band that self-produced themselves 14 years ago, but damn if four-tracks couldn't hold their own back then. Tracks 3 through 14 easily rival early NIN and Ministry. The sound is actually much rarer even than modern-day 23E—thicker, more unrelenting and more ... well, brutal. Of especial note is the morbid, Black-Sabbath-riffed "The Rising Gods." [www.novaoneproductions.com](http://www.novaoneproductions.com)



## Curious Birds

The Wheel Turns

Shapeshifting

The Curious Birds = Stevie Nicks + Yann

Usually I don't like neo-new age folk/acoustic stuff that mentions nature with every third breath and sings about "Persephone," "midwinter," "harvest time," obscure pseudo-Celtic/Irish/Scottish mythological references and above all, a "crossroads" that is "a doorway to another realm." However, like Jesse Garcia, Curious Birds are just weird enough, just left of center enough, that they appeal to me. The Curious Birds make music *Harry Potter's* Professor Trelawney would listen to, and this is how she is like them: once you get past her annoying surface qualities, she's quite loveable. One can sense Curious Birds live what they sing about. They probably have disorderly but thriving gardens in their backyards in Kamas, raise geese that all have names and eat at the dinner table, have East Asian windchimes from Dancing Cranes on the front porch, and only get around by Schwinn and snowshoe. [www.shapeshifting.com](http://www.shapeshifting.com)



## Gerald Music

Take Part in Group Activities

Gerald Music = Temporary Residence Records + William Gibson's *Pattern Recognition* + yin-yang

My favorite part of Gerald Music is the silver, fawn-soft bells that seem to rise like multi-colored bubbles above the heads of a dreaming, silhouetted crowd in a club infused with magic, if only for a night. No, wait—it's the way they can go from 0 to 60 in about 5 seconds flat—from epic, echo-driven piano/guitar that drenches your soul in warm Vermont syrup to *Rage Against the Machine*-like crunch guitar in a matter of a measure ("Low Tide"). No, wait—it's the simple, effective beat programming that creeps into your gut and pinches it tight. No, it's ... OK, there is no favorite part! It's impossible to pick just one, *peuple*. Gerald Music is at once bright yet sober, light yet aware of the dark, optimistic and warm without overlooking scar tissue. The crowning track on *Group Activities* is "Tekla," which seems to gently scour your insides with blood, then rain. [www.geraldmusic.com](http://www.geraldmusic.com)



## McFalls

Self-titled demo

McFalls = Pearl Jam (Ten) + Soundgarden (Superunknown) + Led Zeppelin (Self-Titled)

McFalls, or Rune, as they are currently known, combine classic rock/grunge-laden guitar riffs with Jim Morrison-like vocals that can really wail. Added to that grunge base are three main additives: A bluesy, almost jazzy strut (best illustrated in "summerday"); undiluted Alice in Chains; and butt metal (as in the, ironically, G&R-sounding "Bloody Roses"). McFalls say they do a lot of covers in their live set, and I believe doing covers is a waste of time for a band that makes original music, but I guess the good thing about covers is it helps a band to get their sea legs. They are excellent musicians. As far as where Rune are now, or what kind of music they're making, I'm not sure. Perhaps they'll send me a current CD now that I've finally reviewed this one?



## November Tide

Jargon Sunset

Nova One Productions

November Tide = Ron L. Hubbard + Roses & Exile It's amazing the variety of projects Chris Alvarado takes on, from the black industrial of 23 Extacy to *Twilight Transmissions* to *Roses & Exile* to now, the delicate, mellow tracings of November Tide. Lying underneath the multiple layers of swaying, swelling keyboards and acoustic guitar is an element of danger, though. This is the music that should be played at huge honorary festivals in an Ursula LeGuin book ... soaked with mysticism and a bit of magic ... but strange and alien, the stuff of fantasy. November Tide transports you to a planet where a different culture reigns, full of a *Ladyhawke* type of ancient yet timeless primitivity. The synth string additions add a cool touch throughout the album, but most especially on "Flores Negras," which is my favorite track (Chris sings in Spanish on it). [www.novaoneproductions.com](http://www.novaoneproductions.com)



## An OLDIE ... BUT GOODIE

### When Cars Crash

All Kinds of Comfortable (2002)

Hibiscus Zombie

When Cars Crash = Jade Tree Records + chutzpah

One of the hardest things for me to do when helping out with *Death by Salt* was having to cut When Cars Crash's track, "Shattered Smile," from the comp after finding out it was previously released on this CD, accidentally filed away with our national music. It's a fantastic song, with a kind of wild, painful energy in it that turns your marrow to Red Bull. The other songs on this album don't disappoint. "Autumn Came Early" utilizes winding, feedback guitar effects to create a whimsical sense of nostalgia. When Cars Crash's brand of emo keeps you guessing by switching from veering, driving guitars that fearlessly graze the guardrail 10,000 feet above the valley floor to atmospheric, acoustic melancholy. Super production and energy just cement this release. Hopefully these lads are still around and making music. [whencarscrash@hotmail.com](mailto:whencarscrash@hotmail.com), [www.hibiscuszombie.com](http://www.hibiscuszombie.com)



# BOOKS ALOUD

*Born To Rock: Heavy Drinkers and Thinkers*

By Todd Taylor  
Gorsky Press

[www.gorskypress.com](http://www.gorskypress.com)

On a stretch of highway outside Cedar City, Utah, after returning from Boy Scout Camp, Todd Taylor was thrown through a car windshield after a tire blew out. He survived to become co-founder of *Razercake Magazine* and one of the most talented journalists to cover the punk movement. *Born to Rock* is a collection of Taylor's favorite interviews and essays. He machetes through the hard, spiky, husk of punk rock and exposes the sweet, juicy core of the punk philosophy. Bands that are interviewed by Taylor include stalwarts such as NOFX and Fletcher Dragge of Pennywise, and smaller but no less amazing bands like Bloodhag. He throws in some artists that are not musically oriented but nevertheless "punk"—for example, Winston Smith of Dead Kennedys cover-art fame—for a well-rounded look at the entire subculture. Taylor is gifted with the ability to compile honest, insightful interviews that go far beyond the dreaded question, "What are your influences?" He proves that punk, although it has changed, is not dead by a long shot. More importantly, he shows that just because your body grows older doesn't mean your soul has to. —Shane Forver

*Everyday Psychokillers: A History for Girls*

By Lucy Corin

FC2

[www.fc2.org](http://www.fc2.org)

Lucy Corin is an assistant professor of English at UC Davis, but her roots are spread across the South like kudzu. In her debut novel, she juxtaposes the life of a girl in South Florida (through a Harry Crews' kaleidoscope) with mythical figures (e.g. Osiris) and case histories of psycho killers (e.g. Ted Bundy, who wound up in Florida after his sadistic sojourn through the Northwest and Utah) to ask why "disassembling bodies is civilization." The narrative starts with the girl in junior high witnessing acts of random, terrible everyday violence: one girl slams another girl's head open on a beam by pulling her down by her bra strap in P.E.; a group of boys ties up a small alligator so they can torture it in the sun-beaten back of a pick-up truck; one of her girlfriends is molested and is never the same. She learns more about life from the domestic issues of her neighbors: a white-trash couple who share the continuum of liquor, sex and occasional violence. Her mom raises horses. Corin artfully layers this everyday narrative with myths, killer stories (pun) and postmodern (poststructural?) analysis. The imagery is often astonishing, and she makes good use of repetition and the resonance of her language. It's definitely a smart summer read: informative and imaginative; however, be sure the gate by the pool is locked or that you leave the light on. And what's this? Women can be psycho killers, too? If I told you, I'd have to kill you. —M.C. Welf

*True Vampires: Blood-Sucking Killers Past and Present*

By Sondra London

Feral House

[www.feralhouse.com](http://www.feralhouse.com)

Vampires make for interesting social commentary, as in *Blood for Dracula*, the Andy Warhol-produced and Paul Morrissey-directed film starring Udo Kier as the ever-popular count in a film that attacked the modern sensibilities of morality while keeping its tongue firmly planted in its cheek. Likewise, graphic scenes of violence, shocking in their own right, have often been used as a subtext to a deeper underlying criticism of society (i.e., the original *Dawn of the Dead* or *Natural Born Killers*). While it is endlessly debatable whether such works of fiction glorify the subject matter they intend to caution against, it is not as easily determined if their influence can drive a village idiot into being a mass murderer. Such is the fine line to be walked in books proclaiming to contain various tales of true crime. *True Vampires* is part historical study on the origin of the vampire mythos and part detailed descriptions of crimes committed in recent decades that involve various forms of perversity that can be linked in any way to vampires. The historical details are rather thin, considering the vast amount of literature and worldwide variations on the vampire's roots in folklore and superstition. The graphic retelling of crimes is recklessly descriptive and revolves around variations of a satanic-blood-sucking-homosexual-cannibal-pedophile combination. Any sort of claim that the intent is to educate and not to titillate is undermined by flip-pant chapter titles like "A Date with a Man-Eater," "Spare Parts," "Eyeball Stew," "Girlfriend Casserole" and "Macabre Menage a Trois," which are all the more offensive considering these stories claim to be true (not just based on actual events). Even the ever-maligned gothic subculture gets a horrific representation as a German courtroom becomes a fashion runway in "Satanic Sacrifice." Ultimately, *True Vampires* is a disturbing look into the

psyche of incredibly sick people that, in the wrong hands, could help provide material for a second volume.

—Ryan Michael Painter

# GALLERY stroll

by Mariah Mann

[mariahm@worldstrides.com](mailto:mariahm@worldstrides.com)

I can't believe it! My friend Megan is actually going to meet me for the Gallery Stroll! I have been telling her for years about the Gallery Strolls; how the Art Galleries stay open late from 6p.m. to 9p.m. on the third Friday of every month, etc. etc. It's one of those overlooked resources we have in Salt Lake. I wonder why it has taken her so long to come around? Maybe Megan didn't feel that she was the art type? Maybe she thought she had to wear all black and have a fine art degree? Honestly, there's no dress code and it's okay to have no idea who Kandinsky is. It shouldn't be scary, in fact, it's fun. I'll walk you through it with this brief overview of where to go and what you'll see.

*The Forum Gallery* is pleased to announce the all encompassing, retrospective show of Stephanie St. Thomas. Stephanie has been an artist as long as she can remember. Both of her parents were already successful artists when she was born, so you could say she was destined to feel the art flowing in her veins. At the early age of two, she was painting with oils and at five, she had painted her first crucifixion. Her teen years led her to poetry and black line figurative work. As Stephanie got older, her art forms changed to express where she felt she was in her life. In the mid 80s, her jewelry line was selected by Sak's Fifth Avenue. It's possible the colors in the jewelry led her to the large colorful acrylic paintings and the sparkling resin-covered tables she currently works on. See, kids, this is what you can accomplish when you don't have a television as a child! *Forum Gallery* is located at 511 West 200 South. The artist reception will be held on July 16 for Gallery Stroll and the exhibit will remain on display until Aug. 13.

*Utah Artist Hands*, located at 61 West 100 South, is home to more than 90 local artists! With so many mediums present, it's nice to sit back and take notice of a particular art form and this month, *Utah Artist Hands* is trying raise awareness for watercolor artists. Artists Kathy Gehrke, Laurel J. Hart, Kelly L. Hotlman, Nancy Maxfield Lund, Steven K. Sheffield, and Sheryl M. Thronton will transport you across the state of Utah, from Park City views to Escalante Nation Monument. This show will remain on display until Aug. 14 with an artist reception on Gallery Stroll July 16.

*Art Access Gallery* is pleased to present Lenka Konopasek and Cordell

Taylor in an exhibit titled *Deconstructions*. Lenka, a painter by trade, was moved by the enormous destruction that flooding can do to a countryside after Central Europe was devastated a year and half ago. She gathered up area photos and noticed that while on the ground, the flood was this horrible destructive mass, but from the air it unified the landscape. Cordell Taylor has recently changed the Salt Lake countryside after being commissioned to beautify the area with massive metal art sculptures. Cordell constructs his sculptures by deconstructing engineering components like columns and beams into compositions of beauty, balance, energy and escape. *Art Access* is located at 339 W.

Pierpont Ave. The artist reception will be held July 16 in correlation of the monthly Gallery Stroll and remain on exhibit until Aug. 14.

Now that you have the information, GO OUT AND SUPPORT LOCAL ART !!!!!!!!!



# HEADPHONES

**PINO ARDUINI**  
"JUMPIN"  
SWING CITY

If you happened to miss Grant Nelson's recent performance in SLC, you definitely missed out on what I believe to have been one of the best DJ sets I have ever seen. However, "Jumpin" can recreate the same "swinging" vibe on your dance floors. Out now on promo (you can pick it up @ *Mechanized!*), this bumpin', soulful party smash features outstanding half-spoken/singing from singer Dawn Tallman. Produced by Swiss DJ/producer legend Pino Arduini and remixed by label boss GN, this is one hot number. Audio samples @ [www.swingcity.co.uk](http://www.swingcity.co.uk)

**BOBBY & STEVE**  
"BROTHERLY LOVE"  
ZOO GROOVE STEREO

One of two features from Zoo Groove Stereo is "Brotherly Love." This wicked track is a chunk of love represented without a single vocal insight. Produced by Bobby & Steve and James Ratcliff, it's quoted "to bring back that good old feeling in dance music." It features Andy Hamilton on saxophone, Bah Samba's Julian Bendall on keys and Tim Walker on bass. It's definitely a jazzy summer groove with the sax as lead melody and the drums that keep you



floor moving. "Brotherly love" includes main sax, reprise and dub edits. Respect from SLC.

[www.zoogroovestereo.com](http://www.zoogroovestereo.com)

**BRYAN CHAMBERS**  
"HIGHER LOVE"  
ZOO GROOVE STEREO

Though released in the UK in January, for us along the western coast of the U.S., especially in Salt Lake City, this gem is hot off the press. Featuring vocals by one of UK's leading dance

It's the heart of summer, which means love and heat-filled nights out on the town. With two new clubs opening soon (Bis Lounge & Room 32 Lounge) to add to the roster of dance clubs in the Salt Lake district, the need for good music is more apparent than ever. This month we have some of the most honorable labels to feature from the UK's Zoo Groove Stereo and Swing City to American-made Morehouse Records and New York's Jellybean Soul.

vocalist's Bryan Chambers and remixes by Parisians Greg Gaultier and Tony L, "it's got a fresh-soul flavor!" Including a vocal, guitar duet and an instrumental this Zoo Groove Stereo release (Bobby & Steve's label) is a wonderful compliment to any Groove Junkies' track.  
[www.zoogroovestereo.com](http://www.zoogroovestereo.com)

**MORTEN TRUST**  
"I PUT MY FAITH IN YOU"  
MOREHOUSE RECORDS

From Morehouse Records (Groove Junkies), the label that brought you "Love has Come Around" and "Gonna Get By," comes yet another smash hit. This time Danish producer/DJ Morten Trust extends a hand to vocalist Ida Corr. Blending a riffing guitar with bumpin' house beats, funky keys and a signature bass line, this track will effortlessly find its self at the top of peak time hours. Once again you'll see it charted all over the world. Includes a main mix, dub and some fun DJ tools.  
[www.morehouserecords.com](http://www.morehouserecords.com)

**TRIBAL PLEASURES**  
EP  
FUEGO RECORDS

From parent label Jellybean Soul comes a new label, Fuego Records, and with that we have the first record released. This four-track EP explores the dark and uninhibited beats of heavily percussive tribal house. Taken from the Tribal Pleasures CD (mixed by T-Pro and Angel C), this EP provides an upfront look at what's to be released from this New York based label. If you're familiar with the sounds of Pacha (main room) or the likes of Hector Romero, then you know the effect these charms will have. Due for release June 29, this EP includes tracks from Marcelo Castellini and Macaluso.  
[www.fuegorecordings.com](http://www.fuegorecordings.com)



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| 5. Reggae Lounge w/ dj Matlock    | 18. The unloveables w/ The Ergs         |
| 6. Tucker Roundtree Quartet       | 19. Reggae lounge w/ dj Matlock         |
| 7. Karaoke                        | 20. World Crime League                  |
| 8. Quadrophonic                   | 21. Karaoke                             |
| 9. Coyote Hoods w/tba             | 22. Quadrophonic                        |
| 10. Karaoke                       | 23. Starmy w/ ;Andale!                  |
| 12. Reggae Lounge w/ dj Rebel     | 24. Karaoke                             |
| 13. Three Steps Left              |   |
| 14. Karaoke                       |   |

BY JOHN FORGASH

**EARACHE:** Decapitated's third album, *The Negation* is straight-up, technical death metal. The only frills they add are their amazing talent and unending ability to create new sounds within an otherwise stagnating genre. This band is even more amazing when you consider their average age is 22!! Soundwise, everything is pretty much perfect for a death metal release. The kick drum sound was the only issue I had with their last album, *Nihility*—it sounded too digital and snappy. This time, they've worked in a much more natural sound, giving the drums even more power—yikes!

**SANCTUARY:** Brides Of Destruction is the latest project from Nikki Sixx (Mötley Crüe) and Tracii Guns (L.A. Guns). Considering my history with their former bands, I doubted I'd be into the debut, *Here Come The Brides*. Upon listening, much to my surprise, I didn't hate it. Brides Of Destruction play with a rock n' roll simplicity that is infectious and actually "rocks" without the band trying to be something it's not. I was also surprised by the amount of variation from song to song which keeps everything rolling right along.

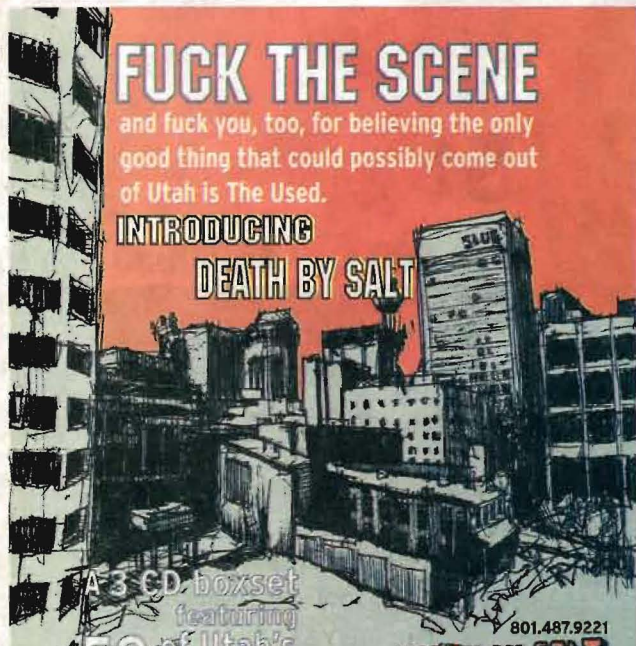


**NUCLEAR BLAST:** Thrash metal is back. Twelve years since their last album, *Force Of Habit*, Bay Area thrashers *Exodus* release *Tempo Of The Damned*. Along with a return to the energy the band displayed in the mid-80s, the lineup, for the most part, is back to the mid-80s-era Exodus as well. It just wouldn't be Exodus without the H-team (guitarists Gary Holt and Rick Hunolt), and luckily, both returned to the fold for *Tempo Of The Damned*. Exodus made an attempted comeback in '97 with original vocalist Paul Baloff and the live album, *Another Lesson In Violence*, but Baloff's death in 2002 opened up the opportunity once again for Steve Souza to come into the band as Paul's replacement. This release even finds original drummer Tom Hunting back in the band for the first time on a studio album in 15 years. If you consider *Pleasures Of The Flesh* and *Fabulous Disaster*-era Exodus as "classic Exodus" (as opposed to *Bonded In Blood*-era Exodus), then *Tempo Of The Damned* is Exodus at their best. The only flat spots of this release occur during one of two songs borrowed from Holt and Hunting's side project, *War Dance*. "Sealed With A Fist" survived the remake, while "Throwing Down" is nothing short of painful. Another tune which doesn't quite match up to the rest of the album is the re-making of the early Exodus song, "Impaler."

**TRANSMISSION/THE END:** While I'm not really into female operatic singing and orchestrated music, the Netherlands's *Epica* produces the best example of this style that I've heard. The band was formed after guitarist Mark Jansen left *After Forever*. Most of the songs of *The Phantom Agony* have a mid-tempo, progressive metal flow, although some of the music is punctuated by the occasional galloped guitar run. In the same vein, male death vocals are used sparingly for emphasis within the vocal tracks, which are otherwise in the mezzo-soprano (whatever the hell that is) style of Simone Simons. The vocals also feature a six-piece choir. That, along with an eight-piece orchestra, intermingled with keyboard play, will give you plenty to listen to. ----- Speak of the devil ... After Forever has released the mini-CD, *Exordium*. Apparently, bands from the Netherlands with female vocalists are on the move. The MCD also includes a DVD (*Insights*), featuring a video clip for the song "My Choice," a "making of" and a slideshow and artwork section. *Exordium* is six songs—four originals and two covers. The band recorded their version of the Joe Sample/Will Jennings song, "One Day I'll Fly Away" and Iron Maidens' "The Evil That Men Do." After Forever is a bit heavier than Epica, but like Epica, also incorporates the use of a choir, keyboards and a live string section. ----- For once I was actually able to "judge a book by its cover" while reviewing a CD, because the latest from Aina is a book/CD. *Days Of Rising Doom: The Metal Opera* is a CD-size, 72-page hard-bound book with sleeves that contain two music discs and a DVD. While I'm usually the first to step up to hate a concept album, the scale, magnitude and music of this project got my attention and the songs contained won me over. Over 30 musicians and vocalists (including the Trinity School Boys Choir) make up Aina. The music and vocal mix was masterfully balanced, both given equal weight throughout the release. The Euro power/progressive music style remains pretty upbeat and aggressive for the duration. Disc 1 includes the entire metal opera. Disc 2 features the 15-minute orchestrated instrumental, "The Story Of Aina." Disc 2 also includes a reading of "The Story Of Aina" (which appears in the book) over the orchestrated version. I don't really know the story behind the opera; I'll leave that for the power-metal geeks that love this sort of thing. The remainder of disc 2 is filled with alternate, single and demo versions of songs from disc 1. Disc 3 includes a computer animation of "The Beast Within," a "making of" and a plethora of extras.

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REST 30 PM

# WASTED LIFE

By Dave Barratt dave@slugmag.com

Sometimes I get so pissed about the current state of punk that I'll spend weeks at a time listening to nothing but death metal. People think punk is spending hundreds of dollars on designer skate shoes, designer "vintage" jeans, designer haircuts, designer nautical star tattoos and designer "thrif store" shirts. I thought pointless materialism made people stuck-up, not punk rockers.

I saw a writer for a "punk" music magazine try to review **Discharge**'s classic, *Hear Nothing See Nothing Say Nothing LP*, and write that it was neither punk nor hardcore. I guess for him, if **Taking Back Sunday** equals punk rock then **Discharge** equals pure confusion. Truth is, **Discharge** is one of the world's most revered (and imitated) hardcore punk bands that has ever existed. Their music was so uniquely harsh for its time that there's an entire sub-genre within punk dedicated to sounding like **Discharge** called D-beat.

At the top of an ever-growing heap of D-beat records, Sweden's **Totalitär** is the band that constantly reminds me why I got into punk in the first place. They force me to remember that there's a global DIY hardcore scene full of misfits who still hate the cops, hate religion, hate stupid

Wars and hate our sick society's sick values.

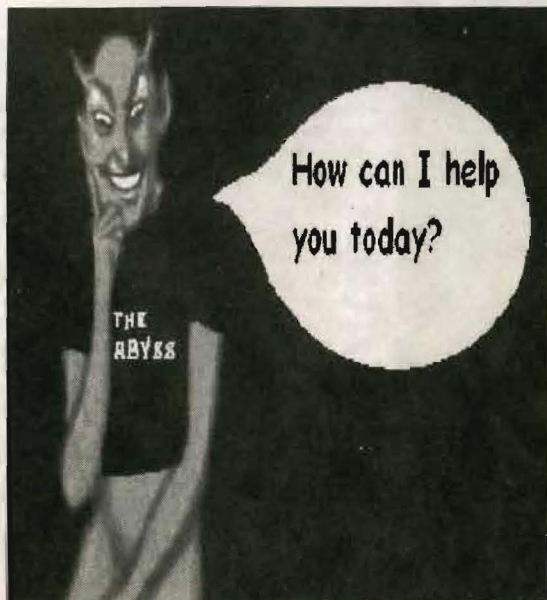
**Totalitär** formed in the winter of 1984 in Hudiksvall, Sweden, several hours north of Stockholm. For 19 years, they played the world's finest **Discharge**-inspired hardcore punk and all 17 of their records were released on DIY punk labels. Lyrically, **Totalitär** were obsessed with globalization, even on their first record from 1987, when most people didn't even know what that was. **Totalitär** broke up in the summer of 2003 after their first and only appearance in the U.S. at a punk festival in Philadelphia. In their own words, they did it because "We insisted on calling Jallo [drummer], who by then had been a member for 11 years, 'the new guy.' Old farts stared at us in the mirror. It was time to check out."

**Totalitär** stayed true to the ideals of DIY punk culture and their music and lyrics become more and more pertinent as time goes by. I doubt you could say that about any band that's ever played a Warped Tour. Consumer-culture McPunk may be several times more visible than DIY punk, but it will never be meaningful or have the dedication to punk values that bands like **Totalitär** had. Now that **Totalitär**'s gone, I guess it's back to Bolt Thrower for me.

## TOTALITÄR discography:

**MULTINATIONELLA MÖRDARE EP** (self released, 1987)  
**LUFTSLOTT EP** (Loony Tunes, 1987)  
**VÄND DIG INTE OM EP** (Finn, 1989)  
**SNABB LIVSGLÄDJE** (Finn, 1991)  
**SIN EGEN MOTSTÄNDARE CD** (Finn, 1994)  
**TOTALITÄR/DISMACHINE split LP** (Your Own Jailer, 1995)  
**NI MÅSTE BORT CD** (Finn, 1997)  
**KLASS INTE RAS EP** (Prank, 1998)  
**VANSINNETS HISTORIA EP** (Crust, 1998)  
**TOTALITÄR/AUTORITÄR split 7"** (Yellow Dog, 1999)  
**TOTALITÄR/DISCLOSE split LP** (Your Own Jailer/Havoc, 2001)  
**ALLTING ÄR PÅ LÄTSAS EP** (Really Fast, 2002)  
**SPELA BORT ALLT DU HAR EP** (Död & Uppsvall, 2002)  
**DOM LURAR OSS EP** (1000 DB, 2000)  
**DROPDEAD/TOTALITÄR split EP** (Prank, 2002)  
**TRAGEDY/TOTALITÄR split EP** (Armageddon Records 2003)  
**WALLBREAKER 1986-1989 CD/LP** (Armageddon Records 2003)

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# Glitter Gutter Trash

By Ryan Michael Painter [Rien@davidhowie.com](mailto:Rien@davidhowie.com)

## The Cure

*The Cure*  
Geffen

For the new album **Robert Smith** was threatening heavy metal and had uber-producer **Ross Robinson** (Korn, Limp Bizkit, Amen, Slipknot) for ammunition. Yet the new single "The End of the World" was revealed as an awkward pop ditty and not the sonic sandstorm we'd been prepared for.

Call it a smokescreen for Smith & Co. were just making sure you were paying attention before launching into their most chaotic brilliance since *Kiss Me Kiss Me Kiss Me* (for even the masterpiece *Disintegration* was the band at their most controlled). Instantly noticeable is the less compressed production, a result of Robinson requiring the band to record as a unit rather than each member meticulously tweaking their performance alone in the studio. For clearly Robinson, a self-proclaimed fan, knew as the rest of us have learned over the years: The Cure are best when swallowed live, raw and kicking. Perhaps even the band had lost sight of what made them great for *Bloodflowers*, a solid but dramatically limited album, was in many ways The Cure being what they thought they were supposed to be. It was a return to the darker tones, a direct reaction to the derailed experiment that was *Wild Mood Swings*. *The Cure* (self-titled as a tongue and cheek reference to starting over again) is the band rediscovering who they really are, who've they've been when they weren't too busy trying to fill their own shoes. Call it an exploration of the past 25 years, a fantastic homage to all the places they've been and for the first time in years a real anticipation on where they might go in the future. So maybe as a whole it isn't as loud and angry as you expected but frankly the wide range of emotion, the ability to write a catchy pop hook followed up by an absolutely storming scream of frustration is what made the band brilliant. Who would have thought The Cure could be fresh and shiny new after all these years? As if the new material wasn't enough in itself the CD also includes special access to a hidden website that features an detailed interview with the band, a slideshow of photos taken during the recording sessions and a promise of the original demo recordings for the album in the near future.

## Sleep Station

*After the War*  
Eyeball Records

Taking that sort of approachable pop sound that Toad the Wet Sprocket pulled from the Pacific Ocean and the Lemonheads used when they stole their hit single from Simon and Garfunkel, Sleep Station have written a concept album about a soldier's life in World War II. It might seem like an odd combination, because it is. Not in an offensive, disrespectful way, but in the sense that at no point in the music do I feel like I've found any sort of understanding or connection with the situations the lyrics try to depict. I suppose you have to give them credit for making misery sound like so much fun.

## Stephen Duffy & The Lilac Time

*Keep Going*  
Psychobaby

Perhaps better known for his early departure from Duran Duran or his pop persona "Tin Tin," Stephen Duffy has proven to be an effective musical chameleon over the past 30 years with a repertoire that has included synthpop to country-tinged folk. *Keep Going* finds Duffy & Co. effectively toying with Springsteen's *Nebraska* blueprint of stripped-back arrangements focusing on vocal and acoustic guitar with a touch of harmonica thrown in for atmosphere. It's Wilco. In the hands of anyone less talented or lyrically spry, this formula can make for a rather boring affair, but in Duffy's, it proves to be an afternoon escape that is on par with Lilac6, which many consider Duffy's best.

## Keane

*Hopes & Fears*  
Interscope

Keane hope to win you over with their piano tunes that taste sticky sweet like Coldplay, or Travis on a sugar rush. Then again, they could be Radiohead or Muse on Prozac. All minus the guitars, mind you. Perhaps it is a bit formulated, clinically designed to function perfectly within the friendly confines of radio. They won't leave you with a bellyache or add a couple inches

to your waist; which is the problem. I'm not looking to feel guilty for enjoying it. I just want something to stick with me. I feel like I should be able to sing along, but can't seem to remember what exactly it was that tasted so good once the notes fade away. *Hopes & Fears* just might be the best noncommittal relationship you ever have.

## Slipstream

*Transcendental*  
Hidden Agenda

Chances are you haven't heard of Mark Refoy—standing in the shadow of a giant spaceman can do that to you. Here we find the former *Spacemen 3* and *Spiritualized* collaborator serving up a delightful collection of space anthems that employ the "less is more" aesthetic. Thankfully, he has remembered to put some rather nice pop tunes that chorus, drift and delay their way back to mid-period Bunnymen and the less distorted side of shoegazer.

## Fluke

*Puppy*  
One Little Indian

Having garnered a great amount of buzz surrounding their previous album, *Risotto*, and in particular, around the single "Atom Bomb," one wonders what *Fluke* was doing with their time while *Underworld* continued to litter the dance charts and pack venues with their similar brand of dark beats and chopped vocals. The answer is somewhat disappointing. Whereas there had been a noticeable progression from *Six Wheels On My Wagon* to *OTO* and then on to *Risotto*—from house to trip-hop to big dark beats—*Puppy* feels like *Risotto* outtakes pulled from the cutting-room floor to remind the world that they still exist. After a seven-year wait, I wanted something more.

## The Frequency

*The Frequency*  
Norcastor Failed Industries

Trans Am have never played by the rules, so it should come as no surprise that Trans Am alum Sebastian Thomson's collaboration with Woolly Mammoth's Aaron Claxton is somewhat of an oddity. On one hand you have Soft Cell

minimalistic synthpop and on the other, you've got something a bit more aggressive that recalls early Killing Joke, Wire and The Buzzcocks with a more conscious focus towards the dance floor. They're comparable to The Rapture, only more daring, biting and ultimately, more satisfying.

## Sandy Dillon

*Nobody's Sweetheart*  
One Little Indian

It would seem that Tom Waits and Kate Bush have been fused together in a rather odd cocktail called Sandy Dillon. *Nobody's Sweetheart* is a brokenhearted cabaret full of loneliness, desire, venom and scratches of hope over music boxes, midnight jazz, ambient electronics and organs offset by a voice that somehow embodies a certain beautiful gruffness that shouldn't coexist in the same space, but nonetheless, there it is. Seek this one out.

## Lucia

*From the Land of Volcanos*  
The Control Group

After carving her place with Drill and then KMFDM, you'd expect a little more aggression than *Volcanos* offers. It isn't nearly the train wreck I thought it was after my first listening, but sadly, it isn't all that difficult to see why *Universal Records* refused to release these tracks considering they probably expected something along the lines of *Delirium* and ended up with something they had no idea how to promote. In many senses, *Volcanos* is a pop record without a single. It's too dark for the mainstream and too light for the industrial crowd who would be familiar with her previous work. Perhaps the identity crisis is best explained by pointing out that the album features production from both KMFDM's Sascha Konietzko and early Madonna collaborator/producer Patrick Leonard.



# MODUS OPERANDUM

By OREMYSEVEN

Oremyseven@fannetworks.net

**Architect**  
I went out shopping to get some noise  
Hymen  
3.5/5

Daniel Myer went out shopping and came back with his second album under the **Architect** moniker. His debut, *Galactic Supermarket* didn't get the attention it deserved but it seems that *I went out shopping...* is making up for that. Through thirteen tracks, strong emotions are felt with harsh beats and droning synths and even song titles like "Anger Management" and "Divorce" are good examples to prove it. The album title may trick you into thinking there is some noise on this album. Maybe some hints of a noise influence, but otherwise expect a lot of melodic IDM and some experimenting with electronics and piano. Dark atmospheres smother the unpredictable beats on this beautifully detailed album that is polished in typical Daniel Myer fashion. The album wraps up with a novelty version of Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata, "Moonshine [live version]." *I went out shopping...* is disappointing as a follow-up to *Galactic Supermarket*, but if you are itching to get your hands on something to hold you over until Myer's next move, this is perfect.

**Mind.in.a.box**  
Lost Alone  
Metropolis  
4/5

Oh - so this is the type of music a video game music composer creates in his spare time. **Mind.in.a.box** is the solo project of **Stefan Poiss** with *Lost Alone* being his first album. Without giving it a chance, I wrongly accused *Lost Alone* to be a dust-collector. Now that my ears have heard it I have become completely smitten by the cheesy synth-pop melodies, silly rhyming lyrics and ridiculous sampling (I am so over phone dialing and modem connecting samples). It has been on repeat for several days now and every time I listen to it I think about how weird **Mind.in.a.box** is. The name alone is questionable. Titles like "Waiting," "Falling," and "Take My Soul" allude to the idea that this album is about loneliness and wallowing in an "I'm 15, so alone and unfulfill" kind of way. It's easy to ignore the lyrics and appreciate the borderline mainstream techno tracks. It really is weird though.

**Lights of Euphoria**  
Querschnitt  
Metropolis  
3/5

Who knew that **Lights of Euphoria** was intended to be a one-song project? **Torben Schmidt** and **J. Machon** collaborated in 1992 to create a track for a *Body Rapture Vol. II* on *Zoth Ommog*. "Subjection" proved to be successful so they decided to continue on with their EBM creations. With seven full-length albums behind them, a "best of" type album was in order. And now we have **Querschnitt**, 10 **Lights of Euphoria** classics and 8 brand new songs that show the progress and stamina of the band. Up until now I didn't realize I was even a fan of **Lights of Euphoria**. I have never been enticed to pick up an album. Apparently I already had most of the "best of" songs on compilations - "Face of God," "Deal in Sex" and "Subjection" to name a few. Hearing the old stuff makes me nostalgic for my '92-'94 tapes/CDs. I think it's time to pull out some **Psychopomps**, **Ringtailed Snorter** and **Oomph!**

**Front Line Assembly**  
Vanished  
Metropolis  
3.5/5

Following the latest full-length album, *Civilization*, the "final" **Front Line Assembly** album, comes the *Vanished* single. The sound on the five tracks is expected for a follow-up single. Two revamped versions of "Vanished" and three exclusive songs comprise what is probably the last single for the Canadian act. The "Illusions of Grandeur Mix" of "Vanished" gets the single going then flows into "Sturm" - a track that is totally aggro and reminiscent of something off *Hard Wired*. "Disseminate" is an obvious B-side to *Civilization* with mellow grooves in a seven minute period. My favorite track on this disc, "Uncivilized", could pass as a remix of the title track on the full-length album. The album ends perfectly with the "Re-entry Mix" of "Vanished" - a song that sums up *Maniacal*, *Civilization* and *Vanished*. Normally I don't care for picking up a single after an album has been released, but it seems with **Front Line Assembly** it's best to be happy with everything we can squeeze out of them.

**VNV Nation**  
Pastperfect [special edition DVD]  
Metropolis  
4/5

I haven't ever considered myself a fan of **VNV Nation**. Sometimes the word "hate" has been used to describe my feelings for the duo. But at some point during *Futureperfect* I discovered a weakness for them. Watching a live performance on DVD is possibly the most unsatisfying way to enjoy a band, and poorly produced DVDs are even worse. **VNV Nation** lucked out with some excellent production. And they are lucky to have some catchy songs as well as some powerful stage presence. Don't let my praise confuse you, there are still moments that are begging me to make fun of them, but I will resist. This DVD is a lot of fun if you can stand enjoying a good live act while chilling on your couch and if mouths and audio don't always match. Twelve songs are featured on the first disc, including hits like "Epicenter", "Honour" and "Genesis". They won me over when they finished the set with "Electronaut". Was it because Ronan wasn't singing? Was it because they were finally playing the keyboards that remained untouched for the entire show? Being the first time I have seen what **VNV Nation** looks like live I can see why they are such a huge hit in the **Futurepop/EBM** scene.



If there is such a thing as royalty in our belly dance community, then Aja is the Crown Princess. I consider Mashara Rabia to be the reigning queen of belly dancing in this area, and Aja is her granddaughter. Aja's belly-dance career started at the age of 2, when Mashara put on some music and had Aja dance around the living room for her. That was 24 years ago, and Aja is still performing, teaching and loving dance as much as ever. Aja moves with the grace and confidence of someone who lives her art. She commands the stage with a sweet intention and mesmerizes her audiences with her technique, personality and her commitment to the movement.

"I like to have ideas of dance combinations for a performance, and then find ways to get there while I am dancing," she says. If you are watching, you get to go there with her.

For Aja, dance was and is a way of life. She grew up listening to all of George Abdo's recordings and dancing to them around the house. Drumming sessions and performing with her grandmother were as natural as breathing. Always the student, she has attended many of the workshops offered across the Wasatch Front, studied independently, and, of course, taken all those lessons with Mashara. "Dancing with Mashara," laughs Aja, "was so much fun because you never knew what she was going to do next, and you always found yourself in places you didn't expect to go."

Her favorite dancers, besides Mashara, are Amaya and both of the Azizas. "Amaya is my favorite because she is so full of life and personality, and she is earthy and grounded!" she says. "I think Amaya is like me. If she couldn't dance, she couldn't live. I can't imagine a life without dancing."

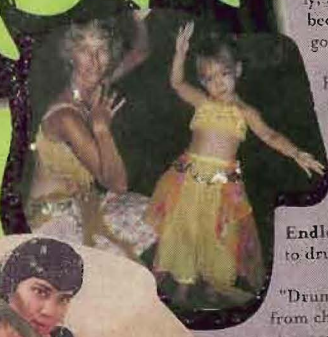
Aja has her own school of dance and teaches classic American-style belly dancing, a style that emerged in America in the early 70s, and includes dancing with swords, canes, veils (she is famous for her double-veil work), and zills. She has classes from beginning to advanced, and is the director of the troupe Dancers of the Endless Spring. She choreographs dances for her students, her troupe and herself, and is now teaching her students to drum.

"Drumming," she explains, "provides depth to dancing and improvisational work. Sometimes it is hard to transition from choreographed pieces to improvisational dance. If you are familiar with the rhythms, you can anticipate what is coming next and it is easier."

Aja is a paradox because she has been in the belly-dance community for 24 years and she is so young. She has vision and insight way beyond her 27 years. Her vision for the future of Middle Eastern Dance is to find creative ways to inspire people to discover themselves through dance. She wants to create dance so exciting, beautiful and energetic that the public will be compelled to watch and inspired to dance. "We need to respect our audience," she explains, "and become a bridge. Middle Eastern dance still has a mysterious, exotic quality, and we [the performers] need to be a bridge from the mundane to the exotic. We need to work hard and be unmistakably fabulous."

Aja teaches in Clearfield, and she and her troupe will be performing at the Belly Dance Festival this August, Tribes in the fall, Layton's Buddhist Temple and Spring Fest 2005.

By Astara



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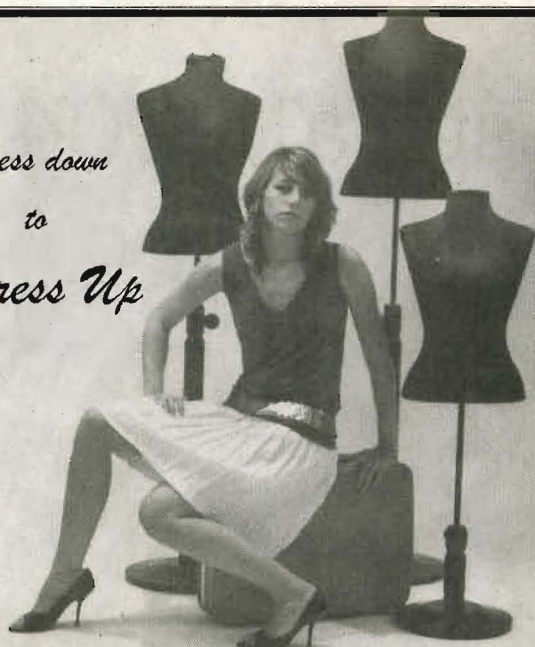
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# Phone Tag and the Hazards of "Birdwatching": An Interview With the Briefs

By Nate Martin [nate@slugmag.com](mailto:nate@slugmag.com)

It would be pigeonholing to say that the Briefs' entire existence is centered around the urge to harken back to the spirits of the late 70s and make music that is "fun, imaginative and aggressive," but it wouldn't be completely false. They do this quite well, but unfortunately for me, they have also adopted the attitude that many of the bands of that era had towards the press. That is, they are not quite as receptive to, or as eager for, publicity as some.

My first attempt to contact the band at a pre-arranged time while they were on the road failed, apparently due to their cell phones being out of range. I then called Lance, their most-of-the-time bass player who was at home in Seattle nursing a birdwatching injury (I would later learn that the bands' broad definition of "birdwatching" includes standing on a ladder pecking into your neighbor's house while she's getting undressed—he broke his arm in the fall). He told me his cell phone was almost out of minutes. He said he could do the interview later in the evening if I wanted to sit around the office for three hours, and with little choice, I did just that.

Three-and-a-half hours later, the SLUG office phone rang and the Briefs were on the other end—not Lance, though, it was guitarist Steve. We casually bantered for awhile about the weather in Kalamazoo (where they had just arrived and were playing a show that night) and the Real McKenzies' hairy balls, which Steve had come to know quite well after touring with the band for two months. However, when I started into my actual interview questions, Steve told me that they had just ordered food at a truckstop and asked if we could reschedule the interview for the next morning. I agreed and hung up.

As I was leaving the office a few minutes later, who should call back but Lance? I told him about my arrangements with Steve and he said OK and we bullshit for a while with the tape rolling. I got what turned out to be some of the best material of the interview. He told me about his broken arm and said he would be back out touring in August. I asked if they were going to stop in SLC and he said, "I don't know. Last time we played there it was really weird. The show itself with the *Queers* was great, but the town was strange. We walked around and there was some temple with people standing in front, beckoning us in as if they'd been expecting us, like Pleasantville. Also, these two girls convinced us to come with them to a spot where you can park your car and it's supposed to roll uphill. The trick didn't work. The car didn't move. And then they stole my traveler's checks." He then regaled me with stories about tick bites and a pending lawsuit between their roadie, Falcon, and Hyatt Hotels Inc., disputing compensation for a hot coffee burn that was the result of a faulty revolving door. My faith in the Briefs was partially rekindled. I bid Lance farewell and good luck with his injury, hung up and went home to get drunk.

I arrived at the SLUG office bright and early the next day—too early, and not so bright, actually. At about 10:15 am, the phone rang and Chris from the Briefs was on the other end. He was as hungover as I was, and though we went through the routines of an interview (I asked him questions and he answered them), not

On his late 70's influences:

"They made me amped. They made me want to go skate, they made me want to have sex with my girlfriend, they made me want to make people mad."

On pick-up lines:

"Speaking of 'lickety-split,' let's hook up. Just kidding, but seriously, let's hook up."

On the Mormon Temple:

"I went on the tour and out of 30 people, the tour guide directed every question she asked at me. As I was leaving, I got cornered by a couple of people who wanted to ask me about my spiritual beliefs. I told them I had to take a dump real bad and had only come in there to use the bathroom."

On the band's history:

"Everybody met at a *Vibrators* show except Steve—we met him at KFC. We got everything together and played a house party with the *Spits* and after that, we became world famous."

The Briefs' new album, *Sex Objects* comes out this month on BYO. Look for it anywhere but Graywhale.



# Le Tigre

## Tear Up Their Prey

By Camillay@r

Just after Le Tigre finished recording their new album and days before hearing news that their upcoming tour dates with Lollapalooza and Sonic Youth had been cancelled, I called lead singer, Kathleen Hannah. In the early 90s Hannah fronted the now infamous riot grrrl band, Bikini Kill. Unconsciously pioneering a new movement, Hanna soon became a media darling and the perfect poster riot grrrl for mainstream media to attach themselves to. In an effort to take back control of her musical image, Hannah called for a "press block". Numerous women in the scene followed her injunction and answered reporters' phone calls with an abrupt hang-up.

Hanna's current group, Le Tigre, bares little resemblance to Bikini Kill or to Hanna's other past projects that have included The Fakes, Helter Skillet, Suture, Viva Knievel, Wondertwins and a solo effort of sorts under the pseudonym of Julie Ruin. In addition, Hanna has made numerous guest appearances on the records of Atari Teenage Riot, Comet Gain, Internal External, Joan Jett, The Rickets, Mike Watt and Metal Church.

The feminist punk electronic music of Le Tigre is yet another example of Hanna's musical diversity.

When SLUG Rang Hannah's telephone she didn't hang up, but spoke for a brief fifteen minutes.

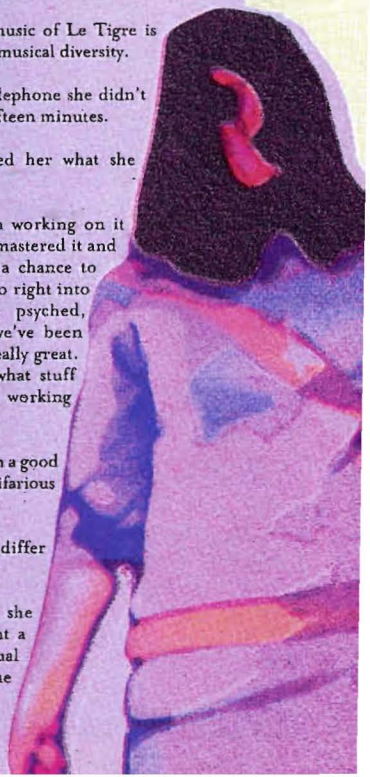
To get things rolling, I asked her what she thought of their new album.

"It's weird because we've been working on it for so long," she says. "We just mastered it and turned it in and I haven't had a chance to listen to it yet because we had to go right into rehearsing for the tour. I'm psyched, though, because all the songs we've been working on live are going to be really great. We were really thinking about what stuff would be like live when we were working on the record."

Le Tigre is infamous for putting on a good live show, which incorporates multifarious elements in the performance.

I ask, "How does this album differ from your previous records?"

"It's slightly more produced," she responds. "Just because we spent a lot more time on each individual song and made sure we had all the



frequencies covered. We wanted to be thicker than our previous stuff. It's pretty poppy. We had a song on our last record called FYR, and probably other people don't think it was poppy, but I thought it was pretty poppy. It had a chorus and a ramp leading up to the chorus. We've been writing much more in that style; a traditional pop-style because those are the songs that translate best live and are the most fun to dance to. There is still a lot of politics on the album, though."

"It seems like your sound is really economical," I say. Lo-fi is a term which Kathleen Hannah doesn't like to use in description of her music, because Le Tigre is produced—they just don't use a lot of stuff to make it.

"We still have that, but we wanted to have more dynamics, which is a really difficult thing to have when you're doing electronic music. When you have a lot of guitar and live playing, you can really have the feeling that parts are building and getting bigger. When it's just a drum track and a cut-up guitar, it's hard to have those dynamics. But we don't want it to sound like we're trying to do a rock opera. Some of the sparseness for us doesn't translate as well as it could live because it can sound sort of like we're doing spoken word. There's just a drumbeat and a bass line and a little keyboard. Some songs are really simple and work, but live, we wanted a smattering of songs like that and some songs that are more of a wall of sound. Instead of just using one bass line, we're using a live bass and a sub-bass keyboard, so that we still only have that one simple part, but it's filled out."

The record label Le Tigre has been on for its two previous releases, *Mr. Lady*, is going under. They are moving on to a new label, signing with **Strummer Records**, a division of Universal. "It's a major-label release," notes Hannah.

As far as where women stand in the current music scene, Hannah states she feels "out of the loop."

"Usually I'm in a studio and working and not paying that much attention. The stuff that I listen to is the CDs my friends send me of their music. There's this girl, Cannonball Jane, out of Boston who sent me this really amazing CD called *Street Vernacular*. It's just samples and her voice is like a whispy Carol King. It's just amazing. Stuff like that I really like. I don't pay that much attention to mainstream music, so I don't really have an opinion about women in rock. *Evanescence*, I guess, would be the women in rock right now or ... is *No Doubt* rock? I don't even know what women in rock is right now. When you see those articles, that's what you see: *Evanescence* girl and *Gwen Stefani*."

"Supposing it wasn't like that," I say. "How would you like to see it?"

"I like *Sleater-Kinney*," responds Hannah. "I haven't seen them live in years and we just played a benefit to help pass the legislation for gay marriage. They were just amazing. Corinne's voice is just incredible. I'd like to see them be something very mainstream. There's still really cool stuff going on. There's that girl in *Pretty Girls Make Graves*, there's *The Gossip*, who I think are amazing, there's *Casual Gods*. Those are the groups I've been most interested in, but I don't know if they fall into the typical 'women in rock' category. I just think that they're people who make great music."

I ask her how she feels about how conservative our government is right now.

"It's horrifying," she says. "It's just like bad dream. It's just beyond explanation. There are a couple songs on our new record which address that. Actually, I just saw this documentary, *Remote Control*, about Al Jazeera TV. It's really awesome to hear smart people talking about the war. I think it's really crazy that so many people in North America don't even acknowledge that the war is still going on, we didn't win it, there are still people being killed, it's not over. Also, people think that this war is the only war to happen in 20 years when there's been wars going on all around the world. We were in Desert Storm and that was a war, not a video game—a lot of people were murdered. It's just amazing how television works. Listening to *Rumsfeld* lie lie lie and *Bush* lie lie lie makes me feel insane."

"You'll be coming to Salt Lake with *Sonic Youth* and you guys have played here before," I ask. "What do you think of Salt Lake?"

"When I was in Salt Lake, I went to the doll-and-craft store downtown. There were people with really huge drinks. You know when you get a Big-Culp at 7-11? They were bigger than Big Culp. They were buckets. People were waiting for the bus and everywhere I looked there was someone with a bucket-sized soda. Where do people get bucket-sized sodas? That's all I really remember. The last time we played there, people just sort of stared at us like, 'What the fuck?'"

"Do you often get that reaction to your performance?" I ask.

"I think because we have video, that sometimes people watch it like it's a TV. We're trying to make our new video simpler so that people don't feel like they have to watch the video. So that it's more like wallpaper with a little content in it that brings out what we're singing about in some cases and in some cases it's just like a light show. We realized that when we have too much stuff going on in the video, people don't want to miss anything so they just stare at the video. And I want people to look at me and my cute hairstyle. We don't want people to zone out into TV land. The point is that we're all together in a room. We don't want our video to help people to go away, we want it to bring us closer."

"Feminism is the new 'F-word' to many people. Do you guys try to change that notion intentionally?" I ask.

"I don't think it's really a reaction to the stereotype so much as it's just being who we are. Those stereotypes are so offensive and we definitely want to educate people about the stereotypes because there're all kinds of feminist music and we're just one little point in the spectrum. Yeah, there's feminist folk music and some of it's really fun and really great if you give it a listen."

"But it's the same way with a lot of feminist art. When I was in college as a photography major, I was constantly being told about *Mary Beth Edelson* or even *Judy Chicago*, who did the Dinner Party. It's not my aesthetic, but that doesn't mean that I shouldn't check it out. A lot of stuff isn't my aesthetic and I check it out. But I was really discouraged from even looking into this work because I was told it was goddessy, it was biological determinism, it was all these things that a hip feminist in the 90s was supposed to be against. What's funny was I was really encouraged to keep an open mind when it came to artists like *Ansel Addams*. I think it's really similar in music."

"Basically just any music or art made by a feminist or any woman is gross and bad and stupid and old-fashioned. And it's old-fashioned immediately. We're discouraged from just checking it out. People have to realize that these stereotypes are a part of sexism. It's a part of the wall of silence surrounding women's art. And I don't want to perpetuate it by having our band put it this way like, 'most feminist music is not sexy or fun, but Le Tigre's really danceable and sexy and fun' because I haven't found that to be the case. Most feminist musicians I've known I've found to be really funny and interesting and multi-dimensional."

I read about an incident in which Kathleen Hannah's tampon fell out in the middle of a performance. To avoid the incident appearing like feminist performance art, she tried to discreetly toss her underwear aside without anyone noticing. I asked her if she often encounters this—people believing that everything thing she does is a statement.

"Oh, totally. It's insane. I think that I'm just having a normal conversation and then I'm met with, 'Wow, you're really nice. I heard you were such a bitch.' Everything I do gets read into."

Le Tigre was supposed to play with old friends *Sonic Youth*, in Salt Lake July 25 at *In the Venue*. Although they will no longer be in attendance the show will go on.

"We've been really lucky. People have always supported us. If people don't like us, it's fine. I don't feel the need to be liked by everyone. I just want to encourage women to give us a chance and to tell them that being in a band is a lot easier than it looks. I never thought I could do it, either. It was all a lie that it's hard. It's way better than nine to five."

Although Hanna has the replaced choreography and costumes for moth pits, this hasn't dimmed or diluted the fervor or the content of her music with Le Tigre. Hopefully when the group does reschedule their tour, Salt Lake City will make their A-list.

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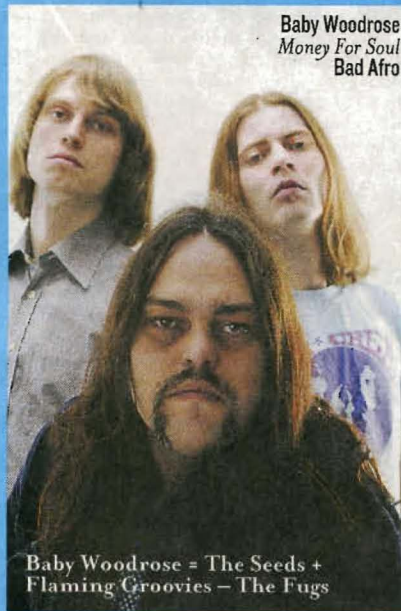
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# CD REVIEWS



**Baby Woodrose**  
*Money For Soul*  
**Bad Afro**

Baby Woodrose = The Seeds +  
Flaming Groovies - The Fugs

Bad Afro is "the Man" on the Scandinavian garage/psych/delic scene. The region has a rich heritage of lively rock 'n' roll, from the 70s Nomads to the International Noise Conspiracy and beyond. Bad Afro's bands usually forego the political commentary of INC for sheer partying, beer-guzzling fun. This is the label's latest entry in the fuzz-pedaling, hip-shaking, drug-taking (Baby Woodrose is a plant that legend has it, from which a form of LSD can be made) sweepstakes. Odes to a "Hippie Chick" and a musical "Rollercoaster" leave no doubt about which era the band harks back to. There is enough acoustic strumming to temper the fuzz in the sound of this label's Mudhoney. And "dealing with these characters in the music business is like dealing with killer smurfs" may or may not be a comment about relations with the label. —*Stokerjell*

## 50 Foot Wave *Self-titled* Throwing Music

50 Foot Wave = Throwing Muses +  
Mission of Burma

Kristin Hersh was petite in person at Kilby last month, an unassuming blonde girl-woman with birdlike bones wearing a T-shirt with multi-colored dinosaurs on it. She looked like the owner of a small but thriving corner coffee store, not the former lead singer of one of the most influential bands of the 80s and 90s—Throwing Muses. Kurt Cobain is sometimes referred to as the "Godfather of Grunge/Alternative Rock," and Hersh has been referred to as the "Godmother of Alternative Rock." But when Hersh played Kilby last month with her new band, 50 Foot Wave, there were only 35 people there. A little sobering. The rough, abrasive sounds of 50 Foot Wave are defined by tight, tight rock phrasing, crunchy electric guitar and mercilessly heavy drumming, topped off by Hersh's husky, gin-drenched cry. This six-song EP captures their live sound perfectly. My favorite song is "Dog Days," a tough, anthemic knuckle sandwich straight to the nose so dripping with passion that after listening, you'll never need Viagra again. It's the first of a promised series of "mini-albums," with a release planned every nine months. Is Hersh taking notes from The Wolf? —*Rebecca Vernon*

## As Tall as Lions

*Lafadio*  
Triple Crown Records

As Tall as Lions = The Anniversary  
Mac + Cohed & Cambria

Nothing says, "just like everything else you've ever heard" like when a band

says, "like nothing else you've ever heard." And "Hoping to define a new genre" with their Triple Crown debut is another claim As Tall as Lions makes. But unoriginality of their press material aside, the band actually surprised me by having a few things to back up such clichéd claims. Combining the lush tones of pop, the creativity of 70s rock, the subtle passion of the late 1980s movement, and today's "we're not so emo" writing style, in a way, you could say that their music has a feel that can be considered interpretive. One moment may have you sitting in silence with several candles burning around you, and the next, harshly chanting the lyrics back at your speakers. *Lafadio* was produced by good ol' Sean O'Keefe (Fall Out Boy, Motion City Soundtrack). —*Fat Tony*

## Bad Acid Trip

*Lynch the Weirdo*  
Serjical Strike Records

Bad Acid Trip = System of a Down +  
Vulgar Pigeons + Weird Al

Imagine a flesh-eating Panzer division tank barreling through an Iowa cornfield. The landscape slips by at breakneck speed. The mad pace of the tank serves to mask the fact that the surroundings are somewhat repetitive, though not devoid of interest. The path of the tank is characterized by strategically placed scarecrows in the form of rotting corpses, vampiric circus rejects and desecrated idols. *Lynch the Weirdo* is Bad Acid Trip's second release through Serjical Strike Records, the label run by System of a Down vocalist Serj Tankian. The record was produced by SOD guitarist Daron Malakian. I appreciate the position the band has taken, standing

with decaying tongues planted firmly in cheeks. They talk about the things that piss them off, and they do it with an irreverent sense of humor. They address everything from sexual guilt to mass marketing to civil rights. However, it is my opinion that substance rules over style through this collection of chaos/thrashcore tracks, given the sophomoric method of expression. I wouldn't buy this record, but I know there are those of you out there who will eat it up. —*Spendleton*

## Bad Religion

*The Empire Strikes First*  
Epitaph Records

Bad Religion = Bad + Religion

Bad Religion has finally completed their repentance for the appropriately named Atlantic Records release *No Substance*. Building upon the style of *The Process of Belief*, *The Empire Strikes First* restores the punk icons to their former glory. The long-absent guitar riffs of Brett Gurewitz combine with the rest of the outfit for an aural assault, and signature vocal harmonies serve as the perfect backdrop to Greg Graffin's verbose political prose.

From the battering-ram tempo of the album's second track, "Sinister Rouge," to taking a stab at Bush with "Let Them Eat War," *The Empire Strikes First* has the vigor that snot-nosed 15-year-old punks can only dream of. They've lost some hair, but Bad Religion resurrects some old fury in their latest release. Respect your elders. —*Shane Farver*

## The Banner

*Your Murder Mixtape*  
Blackout! Brightside Records

The Banner = Earth Crisis + Cradle of Filth

*Your Murder Mixtape* begins with a faux news report of zombies ravaging the earth. However, *The Banner's* music failed to back me into a corner and devour me. They stick to the metalcore formula of: Wash with a rich lather of chugga-chugga guitars, rinse with screaming vocals, repeat, rather than charting any new musical territory in the hardcore landscape. But the lyrical content deserves some praise by throwing in enough death and destruction to keep it interesting with words pertaining to an army "Hellbent on feeding." Clips from *The Night of the Living Dead* sprinkled throughout the tracks are a definite plus. Although *The Banner* doesn't musically stand out from other hardcore ensembles, you can't go wrong with zombies and this band knows it. —*Shane Farver*

## Black Cat Music

*October, November*  
Lookout! Records

Black Cat Music = Jimmy Eat World + Fugazi + poser bands with identity crises

This band compares themselves to T!NC, Murder City Devils and

Social Distortion in their press kit.

Bull-fucking-shit. These guys are just another poser band that can't seem to give up their indie-emo sound. They sound more like Jimmy Eat World crossed with a semi-Fugazi composition. I wish these guys could read my review and would explain to me how their songs sound like rock 'n' roll revival. Whiny vocals, melodically strummed guitar and non-propulsive bass and drums do not make a rock band. While songs like "Hearts of Chrome," "The Jet Trash," and "The Cloud of Glam" do kick out the jams at times, those moments are barely there when compared to artsy "sensitive" guy songs like "The Bridal Veil," "Stay West" and "Down Pretty Low." (For Christ's sake, just look at those titles!). Black Cat Music is another perfect example of a group pretending to be something they are not just so they can get played on the radio someday. Fucking pricks—thanks for destroying the rock scene with your sad-guy bullshit. Anyone who buys this album or supports this band should be ashamed of themselves. —*Keular7*

## Black Eyes *Cough* Dischord

Black Eyes = Red Crayola + Art Ensemble of Chicago + Can

Black is the color of the season for band names, White Stripes notwithstanding, what with Keys, Dice and Snakes taking up the coolest unicolor. This is anarchic art punk of the most uncompromising variety. You can't accuse a band of following the recent retro "no wave" new New York fashion if their music is this challenging. Rhythms and bass lines make it punk 'n' roll, but sax, slide whistles and two competing vocalists add a jazz flavor to the undertaking. This album was actually recorded by Ian McKaye for his label. Like so many things associated with McKaye, the DC group's life span was accelerated. It lasted for a mere three years from formation to heavy touring and releasing two each of 7" and full-lengths, to announcing to a hometown crowd at a show this March that that show would be their last. After listening to this craziness, it's as if their dizzying spin couldn't hold together. —*Stokerjell*

## Bodhisattva

*Hours EP*  
Self-released

Bodhisattva = There the U Records + Mayhem

In New York there's a little beyond-Pluto thrift store run by male Japanese art-rockers with blue and green fingernails and kohled eyes called Search & Destroy. They have music playing in the background that sounds like Flagstaff, Az., band Bodhisattva—impenetrable, highly cerebral noisecore with lo-fi production, a million movements

# CD REVIEWS

The Chinese Stars  
A Raw Session  
Three One One Records



The Chinese Stars = Arab on Radar + Six Finger Satellite (literally)

When Arab on Radar disbanded, it appeared that truly innovative music had been dealt a serious blow. Little did we know that vocalist Eric Paul and drummer Craig Kureck would rear their psychotic heads again with *The Chinese Stars: A Raw Session*, the group's second release, is a space-eater romp through a twisted world. Paul's spun-out vocals slither across up-tempo dance grooves and sci-fi with that worms its way into your mind and effectively blows it. Rather than wallow in the dizzying, delicious muck of the late Arab on Radar, the Chinese Stars have a brighter sound that causes infectious toe-tapping and head bobbing. The torch Arab on Radar left behind has not been dropped, but passed to this band that's running with it like a meth-head caught in a police sting. —Shane Kureck

within one song, no real structure and lyrics you can't hear at all. In other words, Bodhisattva is fantastic! Their five-song EP, *Hours*, is a combo between The Locust and primitive Scandinavian death metal, with the introspective genuineness of say, Lou Reed, thrown in, especially in the last, piano-driven mellow wanderer, "whispering twilight." Lyrics range from the media to sexuality to despair and love. The production makes it sound like this was recorded in a subterranean cavern, because of the darkness emanating from it—sound has a weird way of absorbing the atmosphere it was recorded in. The CD sleeve is hand-screenprinted and they sent SLUG a letter with a faux stencil—hand-written. Remember when people used to do that? Bodhisattva make true art. —Rebecca Vernon

The Break-Up  
She Went Black EP  
Self-released

The Break-Up = Velvet Goldmine + the Vue + Human Elevator  
This Brooklyn band takes the garage-band fad of the Strokes and the Mooney Sukuki, both of whom they have shared a bill with, and adds cheesy retro organ and piano to create a sound that recollects late 70s bands in a magical period when no one cared about labels like "punk." Everyone just wanted some music that was fun to listen to and party to again. "All day long I'm waiting for you, I call you on

the phone but I don't wanna bore you," Jamie S. sings on "One Little Sign," and the line perfectly telegraphs the urgency the band creates, a kind that can't be created by marketers or focus groups. The band recently made a splash at SXSW, so you can expect to see them signing with someone soon. And you know what they say about when you go black. —Stakerized!

Bumblebeez 81  
The Prints  
Geffen Records

Bumblebeez 81 = Beastie Boys (if they sucked) + Peaches (if she sucked)

For quite some time, Geffen has held the distinction of being one of the most avant-friendly major labels (despite the fact that David Geffen is a big douchebag). Yet why anyone thought a couple of funny-coifed Aussie MCs called Bumblebeez 81 deserved to enter the family of Sonic Youth and Beck is a complete mystery. Furthermore, "Pony Ride," the chosen single currently receiving play on alternative radio stations and late-night video programs, is undoubtedly the album's most obnoxious track. But the foibles don't end there. Let's consider an example of geographic misappropriation/dubious site-checking in "Brooklyn" (oddly enough, one of the more listenable tracks). It is one thing to sound like Brooklyn, look like Brooklyn and

trace your musical roots to Brooklyn, but naming a song "Brooklyn" and repeatedly stating that you "left your baby" in said borough whilst sitting in your basement studio somewhere down under is a grave musical faux pas (in most cases punishable by a review such as this). —J Thomas Burch, Esq

Burnthe8track  
The Ocean  
Abacus Recordings

Burnthe8track = Dag Nasty + Hot Water Music + Thursday + Face Face

Since their formation in the summer of 2001, Winnipeg-based four-piece *Burnthe8track* have distinguished themselves as a unique and highly energetic band, combining hardcore and punk influences. In March 2003, they released their debut EP, *The Division* and quickly drew the attention of Abacus Recordings, who promptly signed the band. Since that time, the quartet has toured Canada and the U.S. and shared the stage with acts as impressive and diverse as The Misfits, Propagandi and The Ataris. Recently recorded at Westside Records in Burlington, Ontario with producer Justin Koop (Grade, Silverstein), the band's first full-length, *The Ocean*, perfectly captures the band's dynamic sound, swelling between subtlety and pure aggression throughout all 12 tracks. (This is most evident on songs such as "The Hourglass Breaks," "Voices," and the title track "The Ocean.") Vocalist Derek Kun comments that the album title is sort of a metaphor for the isolation and flatness of our surroundings. It also deals with the issue of finding the place that makes you the happiest. Like the ebb and flow of the tide, *Burnthe8track* plan on touring relentlessly, captivating people everywhere with their heavily melodic and exhilarating sound. —Fat Tony

Candiria  
What Doesn't Kill You...  
Type A Records

Candiria = 311 + P.O.D. + Messugah  
Candiria has always been an experimental band that seems to root itself in their hardcore fanbase. This time around, there are plenty of moshing riffs, Carley Coma's signature yelling fits and complex percussion to keep those fans dancing. They went through a near-fatal accident in their tour bus on Sept. 9, 2002 and decided to let that crash serve as their inspiration. There isn't any of the progressive jazz and funk that we've come to expect from them on this album, however. That has all been replaced by melodic vocals and distorted reggae that could easily be mistaken for "Top 40" nu-metal. Carley Coma did sneak in one hip-hop track ("9mm Solution") as he always does, further proving his

ineptitude at emceeding with the big boys. Candiria should stick with what they do best; hardcore and metal. I'm all for change and diversity, but only when you can pull it off. —Chuck Berrett

Joey Cape/Tony Sly  
Acoustic  
Fat Wreck Chords

Joey Cape = Lagwagon = electric guitars = bass = drums  
Tony Sly = No Use For A Name = electric guitars = bass = drums

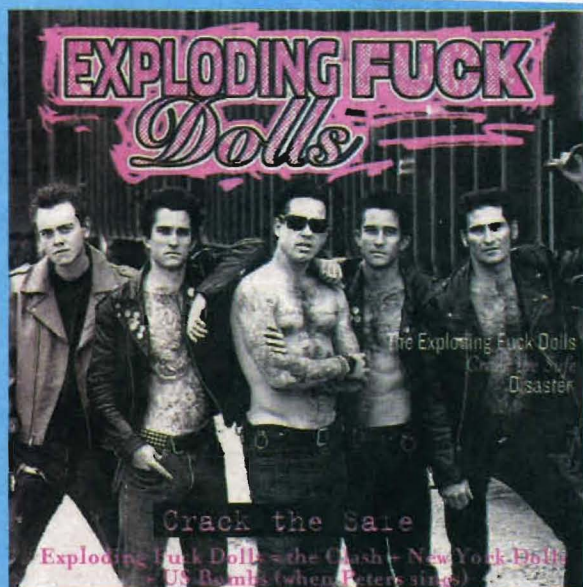
Back in high school, about the time *Short Music for Short People* came out, I started thinking of ideas for other unorthodox punk rock splits/comps I would like to see. The first was realized when NOFX and Rancid covered each other's songs, and now another has been realized with *Acoustic*, courtesy of Joey Cape and Tony Sly (frontmen of Lagwagon and No Use For A Name, respectively). Taking MY brilliant idea of "recording a split acoustic album" and running with it, the original idea was to do five catalog songs each, but somewhere along the creative process, they decided they should each do a new one. As per MY original vision, this album is a chance for fans of both No Use and Lagwagon to hear some of the bands' most popular songs as they were originally written, on an acoustic guitar. Now only one of my original beer-and-pot-induced brainstorm remains unfulfilled, and if any of you assholes make an instrumental punk rock split/comp, I swear to God I'll fuckin' sue. —Fat Tony

Cougars  
Manhandler EP  
Thick Records

Cougars = Rocket From The Crypt  
The Jesus Lizard + Barkmarket + Bass Hog

This band is interesting because they have a record cover that has a total Dungeons & Dragons speed-metal style of art. Upon listening to this intriguing EP, this eight-piece from Chicago belts out music that is somewhere between the retro rock n' roll of Rocket From The Crypt and the psycho sludge of The Jesus Lizard. Cougars complement their sound with a horn section that adds to the depth and wall-of-sound approach that these guys take to their complex and intricate compositions. Tracks like "Vegas Makes Her Fuck" and "Phil's Collins" is not for the tame of heart, but instead rocks with intensity and crunchy noise. "Dick Dater" is propelled with thundering bass and grungy guitars, layered with squawking horns and severely neurotic shouts by the lead singer. The closer, "Cookietown," is an epic rock anthem that is big on the explosive with violent drum slaps and thumps. This is a deep-thinking rock n' roll record without any whiny pretentiousness. The cerebral conducts of any listener's brain will be deeply damaged and scarred after listening to this aural bloody rampage. Come get abuse at [www.cougarsrock.com](http://www.cougarsrock.com). —Kevlar7

# CD REVIEWS



The story of the Exploding Fuck Dolls is one filled with triumph and tragedy. After their first lead singer died of a drug overdose, founding members the Godoy twins recruited skateboard legend Duane Peters (Now of the U.S Bombs and Die Hunns) to rock the mic. Thus began the band's most productive period. However, plagued with lineup changes (one that included F-minus's Brad Logan), and Duane's eventual departure, the twins put the band on hold. They resurrected it to record a few 7"s and play a few shows with new lead singer and Joe Stummer-lookalike Kris Swanson. After over a decade of struggles, the Fuck Dolls want to give it another shot. So to commemorate the band's legacy, they've compiled all their best-recorded songs throughout the years for your listening pleasure. This is a must-have for fans of Duane Peters, or of punk rock. —James Orme

## Detachment Kit Of This Blood... French Kiss Records

Detachment Kit = Modest Mouse + Rilo Kiley + Gang of Four. Though I haven't researched this point, I am certain that Detachment Kit's new album has garnered several critical comparisons to labelmates Les Savy Fav. This comparison seems somewhat appropriate when considering the off-kilter vocals and continual shift from tender introspection to screaming outbursts. Looking closer, Detachment Kit, like the Fav, seem capable of creating a respectable musical product without realizing any grand epiphanies or blazing new trails in the field of whiny indie-rock. But, let me tell you, these guys are extremely whiny! Any attempt to ignore the blatant lack of enunciation is completely ineffectual. Considering this, the incorporation of cellos, accordions, trumpets and xylophones soon do more to emo-ify than diversify the base sound. It seems like a lot of promise, effort and talent is rendered near useless by yelping, moaning, crooning and mumbling. But this sad story, one we've heard before, just may have a happy ending some day (after a bit of vocal training). —J Thomas Burch, Esq

## The Electric Degenerative Doses Pro-Vel Records

The Electric = New Bomb Turks + New York Dolls + The Cramps. As the rock n' roll revival continues, I've come to realize not all of the records being released in this "new" genre are masterpiece worthy. In fact, some of them are kind of just mediocre or just don't seem to get it. The Electric "get" what rock is, they just seem kind of so-so about it. Maybe it's the production of the disc, or the lack of genuine skill in writing really great powerhouse rocker numbers, but The Electric just don't seem to do anything truly memorable. Don't get me wrong, listening to this record is definitely more enjoyable than half the shit I end up having to review every month. However, with The Electric, nothing punches me in the gut and kicks my ass with maximum rock action. Songs like "Make Love and War" and "Let's Go!" just flat out on their faces with their way-cheesy choruses that don't even sound cool coming out of the frantic vocal chords of the twisted singer. The rest of the disc just does not fare any better. Pass your own judgement at [www.the-electric.com](http://www.the-electric.com). —Kevin7

## Electric Frankenstein We Will Bury You TKO

Electric Frankenstein = Iggy and Stooges + Motorhead. Electric Frankenstein is one of the best punk rock n' roll bands out there, and they've been doing it for a long time. Long enough to amass two CDs' worth of cover tunes that they have played throughout their cryptic career. Choices range from the obvious, like AC/DC's "High Voltage," the Dead Boys' "Third Nation Generation" and The Misfits' "Queen Wasp" to the not-so-obvious, like Fleetwood Mac's "the Chain," Aerosmith's "Sick as a Dog" and Pink Floyd's "Wish You Were Here." No matter who they're covering, Electric Frankenstein rock every song their way. The only let-down is that there's no Ramones cover. I thought that "Shock Therapy" would have been a no-brainer for E.F. to do. —James Orme

## The Esoteric 1336 Blacknoise Records

The Esoteric = Deadguy + LickGoldenSky + Today Is The Day. It took a few listens, but I think these guys have done something really good, and I'm surprised. Featuring members of F-Minus and Reggie and the Full Effect, you may expect a big goofy punk album from this band. I was delighted to hear that this four-song EP was nothing less than chaos. Combining the off-time structuring of many of today's hardcore groups and the terrifying aggression of mid-90s hardcore (that no one seems to embrace anymore), The Esoteric's members should drop all of their other projects and simply focus on this one. So the lyrics are typical hardcore subjects and cut-and-paste phrases, and yes, their song titles are as generic as SUVs in Midwest suburbs (i.e., "Until the Grave Gives Up the Ghost"), they still rocked my face off. They do need to seek a second opinion on their levels engineering though—too much percussion in the mix! —Chuck Berrett

## A Faith Called Chaos Forgive Nothing Volcom

A Faith Called Chaos = The Blood Brothers + Finch + A Static Lullaby. Formed in Dallas during the winter of 2001, a then-metalcore band with a unique style, A Faith Called Chaos, made their way into the hearts of Thursday fans everywhere. With half of the band still in high school, this band has garnered so much attention that Alternative Press sponsored them for the upcoming Warped Tour. Looking to capitalize on the current popularity of a zealous post-hardcore movement, AFCC's debut record, *Forgive Nothing*, is a mix of screaming vocals, guitar solos

that were best heard in 80s metal bands, driving drum beats and bass lines. When I say 80s metal bands, I'm not thinking about Iron Maiden—more like Hanoi Rocks. True to post-hardcore form, two vocalists with drastically different modes of singing battle it out while catchy, pop-fueled beats strum along, changing pace accordingly. The songs are very short (a good thing), at times the album can drag, and it is hard to differentiate one song from the next towards the end of the record. But overall, if you're a self-described post-hardcore nut, this album is something the flaws of which you'll overlook to enjoy. —Fat Tony

## The Farrell Brothers Rumble @ the Opera!

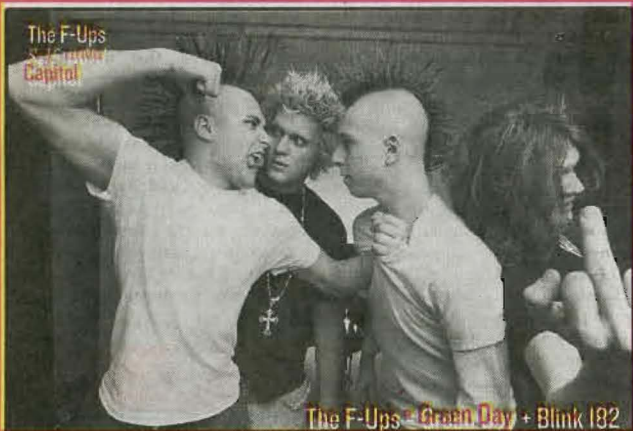
Ceavage Rampage Records. The Farrell Brothers = Ler Rocker + Cave Carr Sammy + The Paladins. Normally I really enjoy rockabilly and all the offshoots of that genre, but The Farrell Brothers just rub me wrong. It's not because they are from Canada and it's not because they are more traditional in their rockabilly sound. It's more like their voices are annoying and their songwriting is not very great, nor are their non-humorous, cheesy lyrics. There are times of pure fiery genius such as the rockin' "Angel With a Dirty Face" and the sultry "Set This Lone Wolf Free," however, the brothers kill even these songs with their sub-par vocals which have the effect of nails on a chalkboard. Being a rebel is one thing, but writing and playing badly does not make a rebel. I'm the last one to desire a polished and overproduced rockabilly or rock n' roll record, but I also don't want total slop and irritating vocals. Slap bass and minimalist 50s guitar gets the blood flowing but strained, howlin' throats chill the heart. Many rockabilly fans will probably dig this; personally, I'll wait for the new Reverend Horton Heat record instead. —Kevin7

## French Kicks The Trial of the Century Star Time International

French Kicks = Morrissey + Stereolab + Graham Parker + Cheap Trick. With *The Trial of the Century*, French Kicks have completed the transformation begun with 2002's *One Time Bells* from an edgier post-punk sound into a lighter, keyboard-kindled pop sensibility. They could be a dead ringer for the 80s one-hit-wonder the Vapors ("Turning Japanese") on a couple of songs. The keyboard on another could have been taken from The Cure's three-note intro riff on "Close to You." The fact that French Kicks are one of the critical favorites of the late indie music scene is testament to the power that nostalgia holds over the ears of rock listeners, even ones who may not have been alive to hear their predecessors, and the nostalgia may be their parents'. —Stakerized!

# CD REVIEWS

The F-Ups  
New from  
Capitol



The F-Ups • Green Day • Blink 182

This is just stupid. On paper this should be great. Four chords played pretty fast. Simple lyrics about how life sucks. I should be hailing this band as the second coming of the Ramones, but the when the record has been played, it's easy to see this is just a patchy, by-numbers punk band. Pop-punk in general is a tough pill to swallow due to the fact that they're taking the anti-pop and trying to make a pop—it just doesn't work, especially garbage like this. This is so middle school and whiny. So you dance 'em along with your paravane get over it. They even disguise the (unromantic) Ramones with their lousy Hot 'Nuts. And stop with the pop slides. Social Disruption did it. Ramones did it. And now every band under the sun seems to do it every chance they get. —James Orme

## The Green Pajamas

Through Glass Colored Roses, the Best of  
Bouquet Agenda

Green Pajamas • Bevis Frond • Robin  
Hitchcock • Nick Drake

This group is best known for the song "Kim the Waitress," which was a hit about 10 years ago for *Material Issue*. But that piece of pop magic doesn't hint at all the wonders of the Seattle psychedelic quintet. Their specialty is finely tuned precision-crafted gems, rather than megalithic epics à la stateside psychotropic pioneers, so no wonder press material aims at the goal of "finding GP a decent cult following," let alone the worship of mass fandom. These are modest little numbers that don't indulge any impulse to "jam." However, the guitars wend their way through open fields and narrow corridors of obscure lyrics so gracefully that you are ready to concur that it really is "Just Another Perfect Day," beautiful yet effortless, even if, and especially when, feedback swirls like a storm cloud above your head. —Stakerized!

## The Gris Gris

Winter Weather  
Birdman

The Gris Gris • Post-electroshock  
Roky Erickson • Them • dead Marc

**Bolan • drowned Jeff Buckley**  
The Gris Gris' Greg Ashley wasn't satisfied to rest on his laurels following his solo record, *Medicine Truck Dream*, a sort of manifesto about how he is strange. It seems that Mayor Jerry Brown isn't the only one gazing at too many moonbeams in the fair city of Oakland. So Ashley got a rhythm section and recorded *Winter Weather*.

If it sounds like it was recorded in the bassist's unfinished basement on an 8-track, that's because it was [nice Morrissey reset!]. I'm glad the bassist provided something. As for the primitive, 60s-style drummer, when something is primitive or back to the 60s, it can be cool, unless you call it that because you can't play. Now Ashley has some talent for making noise, and good vocal and guitar-playing range (if not much virtuosity). But perhaps we should just leave him in his bedroom with a 4-track and some "medicine." Simpler songs like "Necessary Separation" are good, but longer attempts at psychedelia ("Best Regards") are convoluted crap. The Gris Gris' elevator stops short of the 13th Floor. —M.C. Welk

## Guttermouth

Eat Your Face  
Epitaph Records

Guttermouth • The Dead Milkmen •  
NOFX

If you think you're safe from being the butt of one of Guttermouth's musical jokes, think again. "I get bored with serious topics like 'George Bush stinks' and 'The government's a bowl of crap,'" said vocalist Mark Adkins. "I love you, I love you, I love you" also bores me terribly. I'd rather make fun of all those a-holes doing that." Guttermouth continues the tradition of making fun of everything and pissing off everyone with *Eat Your Face*. New-agey surfers get a knuckle sandwich from the song "Surf's Up Asshole" and mall punks will be fuming over "The Next Faux Moheekon." The last track on the

album, "Hot Dog to the Head," is piss-your-pants funny. So laugh it up while you can, because sooner or later, the joke will be on you. —Shane Farver

## PJ Harvey

Uh Huh Her  
Island

PJ Harvey • Howlin' Wolf •  
Amsterdam's Red Light District • St.  
Paul's Cathedral

It's really intimidating reviewing one of my top two favorite artists of all time—one of the few artists I've encountered for whom words truly fail. The Queen of Raw returns, and even though she claims in an interview in this month's *Spin* that she finds an "enormous amount of openness and hope on this record," and avoided talking about her music seeming to go in a darker direction ... her music seems to be going in a darker direction. *Uh Huh Her* bypests the nearly optimistic *Stories From the City, Stories From the Sea*, firmly tapping into the experimental, trance-like, quieter and gentler darkness of *Is This Desire?* (while remaining more accessible). Harvey also veers away from the big, clean, Flood-produced sound of *Stories*, recording this one at her home studio on an eight-track. The gigantic blood-red center ruby in this crown is "The Slow Drag," which has the organic orchestral airiness of Ulver's *A Quick Fix of Melancholy EP*, but is much more minimal, whittled down to a whispered, existential hush. "You Come Through" follows suit, with what sounds like wooden xylophones providing the meat of the rhythm. Trent Reznor, my other top favorite musician, once said, "Catering to the marketplace = death." PJ Harvey doesn't cater to anyone, and so will never die. —Rebecca Vernon

## Hint Hint

Young Days

Suicide Squeeze Records

Hint Hint • Johnny Rotten • a  
Valium • Yeah Yeah Yeahs

Both pissed off and despondent simultaneously, Hint Hint mixes snotty British vocals with some spooky piano and an occasionally rockin', occasionally melancholy rhythm-and-guitar section that adds up to just plain good music. The lyrics are empowering, yet crushing. "The birds have their legs snapped to pieces by some monster," says vocalist Peter Quirk. "Yet they limp toward the sky knowing of its order." Depressing? Yes. Defeatist? No. This album should be saved as a perfect soundtrack to hydroplaning while doing 90 on a rain-soaked freeway. —Shane Farver

## Generation Genocide

Universal

Jersey • Bombshell Rocks • Bryan  
Adams

There are a lot of great punk bands from New Jersey; the **Bouncing Souls**, the **Misfits**, **Kill Your Idols**. But Jersey isn't one of them, seeing as how they're not from New Jersey, and they sure as hell aren't great. The name is just the beginning of a long line of attempts with this record to gain punk credibility. Other attempts include the **Unseen** and **One Man Army** shirts the band is wearing and the "candid" back cover photo of the band out on the streets like they just happened to be there when a guy with a camera walked by. All this fooled me when I picked out this record to review, but after one listen, all hopes for this band were dashed—I was left only with stupid self-serving shit that is just begging for radio airplay. Plain and simple, this record doesn't have one ounce of grit, and punk without grit is just fucking pointless. —James Orme

## The Locusts

Follow the Flock, Step in Shit  
Three One G

The Locust • The Apocalypse •  
Kitchen appliances

Finally, a Locust lyric sheet—now you, too, can sing along. *Follow the Flock*—all two minutes and 67 seconds of it—is The Locust's second studio recording and includes two tracks from a previous split 5" picture disc and one from the *Cry Now, Cry Later Vol. 4* compilation. This three-song, mini-sized, square-shaped Locust EP might look precious and cute at first glance ... until you press the "play" button. A relentless wash of typhoon-level white noise greets the ear, skittered over with insectoid keyboards that sound like dying, pustule-ridden cicadas. Musically, "Red" is my favorite, with a pendulum pummel of slow, low, dirgey bass swinging into your psyche like the scythe of the seventh angel in the book of Revelations. But lyrically, the 29-second "Coffin Nails" takes the cake: "Defiled farmland won't sustain life. What can you do to end the hunger? ... When there is no grain to feed the butchered cows, when there is no grain to feed yourselves, then you will see that money can't be eaten." —Rebecca Vernon

## Lugh

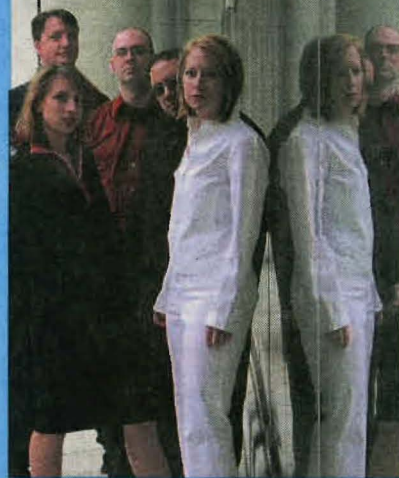
The Contractor and the Assassin  
Bad Taste Records

Lugh • Karate • Neil Young's work  
on the *Dead Man* Soundtrack

These guys are a band from Sweden who have been around for quite a while. On this five-song EP they achieve the equivalent of musical Nyquil. I referred to Karate and Neil Young with remorse, because this would be an example of the most boring and effortless work that any of those artists mentioned above could accidentally create. The vocals are lazy and emotionless, the percussion is staggered and sparse and the structure of their songs is absolutely tedious. I

# CD REVIEWS

## Modulator Don't Hold Out On Me Planetary Group



**Modulator = The Psychedelic Furs + the house band at the lamest bar you've ever set foot in**

—J. Thomas Burch, *Eq*

Though this is only an EP, a mere three absurd compositions offer plenty of fodder for a five-step "how to be a terrible indie-rock band" program. Step 1: For cover art, band name, press photos, etc., cop the aesthetic of mid-90s Euro-trash. Step 2: Find a girl in your neighborhood that can't sing, hand her a microphone, and ask her to write inane lyrics regarding technology's mimesis of humanity ("You're So Analog") or teenage robots' continual struggles with hormonal imbalance ("Major Malfunction"). Step 3: In the bridge section of each song, couple the spineless rhythm section with either a donkeyfuck keyboard solo or a sickeningly masturbatory fuzz-guitar line (and if you really want to suck, do both!). Step 4: Somehow get your music placed in an episode of MTV's *The Real World* and build your fame around this achievement. Step 5: Move to Houston and call yourselves Modulator.

understand the importance of making "low-key" mood music and melodic weariness, but I needed a pot of coffee halfway through the first track. I enjoy the work of artists who create landscapes of dreamy sounds and who establish a whispering approach to their overall delivery, but these guys aren't even fucking trying.

—Chuck Berrett

## Martyr AD On Earth As It Is In Hell Victory Records

Martyr AD + The Black Dahlia Murder + All That Remains + All Out War

Yes, it's full of clichés, from the creepy piano intro to the screaming of the word "Got!" when the beat drops. I, however, can't help but enjoy this record for its nonstop brutality. I usually bash a lot of metalcore bands for their lack of originality and tough-guy bullshit, but I got sucked in to this one. The record is perfectly balanced and produced with high-speed metal blizzards dissected by ultra-simple hardcore breakdowns. With members of *Holding On* and *Disembodied* at the helm of this abyss-bound ship, they drag their listeners, kicking and wailing, through songs of despair and discontent, and although they speak of suicide and homicide casually in these tracks, you can't help but take them seriously. —Chuck Berrett

## The Mentally III Gag's Place: The Undiscovered Corpses Alternative Tentacles

The Mentally III = the Dead Kennedys + the Germs + no talent. **Alternative Tentacles** deserves props for signing bands that the major labels wouldn't dream of considering. However, the label should have left this album collecting dust on a shelf. Originally released in 1978, *Gag's Place: The Undiscovered Corpses* sounds like circus music filtered through a glasspack puffer. You know, the mufflers that make fast and furious cars sound like they're farting. Neither particularly impressive, nor particularly interesting, The Mentally III's songs begin to all sound the same after the first rotation. Dirty music is fine when there's a miniscule amount of talent involved. Unfortunately, this is not the case with them. Good name though, considering their music makes me want to bash my head against a padded wall. —Shane Farver

## Midnight Creeps/Capo Regime Self-titled split CD

Rotted Popsicle  
Midnight Creeps = Lunachicks + Devotchkas  
Capo Regime = Subhumans + U.K. Subs + Mouthwash

I should probably mention that the lead singer of the *Midnight Creeps*, Heather Mars, is a fire-breathing, take-no-shit, take-no-prisoners,

punk rock woman. *Midnight Creeps* play a style of punk that is as brutal as it is fast, and it's fast. What is really interesting is how Mars can so easily go from melodic vocals to unrelenting screams that fit so great together. More traditional punks, *Capo Regime* bring the other half of this split to you. While their five tracks aren't quite as menacing as *Midnight Creeps'* half, they do come up with some great punk songs that are fun to sing along with. They add a touch of ska to the song "Sunshine Queen," which is enough to push them past most other punk rock fare. Get this, play it while driving around in your car, and know that it's better than what any of the other drivers around here are listening to. —James Orme

## Mission of Burma Oneff(ON) Matador

Mission of Burma = Fugazi + Wire + Savage Republic

*Mission of Burma* may be the most legendary band you've never heard of. Very few music releases deserve to be called an "event," but this is one. When a group who everyone from REM to Silkroad to Shellac to ...the Trail of the Dead to the entire math rock movement couldn't have existed without comes out with their first album in 22 years, it's a must-listen. This waterproof-tight collection of jagged little melodies sounds like all the dormant years in between never happened, even though the members amassed an amazing array of solo projects. Almost tribally intense rhythms propel tunes too ambitious and passionate to be called minimalist. Guitarist Roger Miller's chronic tinnitus, part of their 1982 demise, doesn't detract from an energy the group has that sounds like they have been in some weird time capsule to prevent aging. Tanya Donnelly (*Throwing Muses*, *Belly*) adds vocals to "Falling" to add another dimension—a female one—to the mix. This is one band you just plain have to hear to understand rock music of this generation. —Stokerized!

## My Hotel Year The Curse Heinous/Doghouse

My Hotel Year = Small Brown Bike + Pedro the Lion

On this newly mastered version of their original self-released album complete with 20 minutes of video footage, *My Hotel Year* attempt to come into the scene with a blend of punk and emotionally tinged indie rock with pop sensibilities. It's bland, generic music complemented by boring and predictable lyrics. It's low key, mid-tempo stuff with a plethora of vocal harmonies and a few sloppy guitar harmonies. It is, however, well recorded and well put together.

They've been described as "a true live band," so maybe that's what I'm missing. They also say that "they play no games about fashion and pop-artist choreography, they simply rock," and that they don't need pyrotechnics or fashion consultants. I think that they need all of these things. It has the same feel you get from *Dead Reckoning*, but with a completely unpersuasive delivery vocally and less (if any) variety to the music itself. This album made me lose a lot of respect for Doghouse Records. I don't recommend this.

—Fat Tony

## Nine Pound Hammer Kentucky Breakdown Acetate

Nine Pound Hammer = George Jones + Ramones + Reverend Horton Heat

Finally! A punk band that Southern long-haul truckers can relate to, and I was worried that they'd have to go without. *Nine Pound Hammer* is a guilty pleasure that any closer redneck would love. Songs like "Rub Your Daddy's Luck Belly," "Dead Dog Highway," and "Co-3-Go" (an ode to the late NASCAR great Dale Earnhart) make me think that this band would be just as comfortable opening up for the Blue Collar Comedy Tour as they would AC/DC. The Southern hard-driving vocals are complemented by guitarwork that would make even the Nuge drop his jaw. This is 14 tracks of tobacco-chewin', beer-swillin', hard-rock'n redneck fun. —James Orme

## No-Fi Soul Rebellion/Volumen Ch'rch/Lady Cop 7" Wantage USA Records

Volumen = Devo + Ween  
No-Fi Soul Rebellion = Prince + The Faint + Marvin Gaye

Bring back the funk! Both bands on this *Wantage USA* release have combined funky, soulful beats with an electronic flavor to bring us "the Montana Sound." The husband-and-wife duo that is *No-Fi Soul Rebellion* provides a simple grooved-out hip-hop beat performed karaoke style. The soothing voice of Mark Heimer saying "Come on children. Let me take you to church," almost makes me want to become religious. *Volumen* take a more spastic approach with gonzo guitars and a cowbell in the ass-shaker "Lady Cop." In a world of musical repetition, it's refreshing to hear two bands that aren't afraid to be different. Added note: Local instru-metal heads *Le Force* appear on the compilation *Wantage USA's 21st Release Hits Omnibus*. The label will be releasing their album, *Le Fortress*, early this month. —Shane Farver

Okkervil River  
Down the River of Golden Dreams  
Jagjaguwar  
Okkervil River = Palace Brothers + Of Montreal + Bright Eyes

Songwriter Will Sheff is a chamber

# CD REVIEWS

**Zao**  
*Legendary*  
 Solid State Records



Zao = Carcass + Between the Buried and Me + Ministry

This collection of songs from Zao's previous albums spans five years of work and includes three previously unreleased tracks. For those unfamiliar with Zao, *Legendary* will be the ideal prelude to the band's new full-length release due this summer. Zao have endured numerous lineup changes and stylistic innovations, and are not your run-of-the-mill Christian metalcore pussies. They are among the pioneers of their genre and have consistently produced gut-wrenchingly passionate, original music. In the Shawn Jonas vocals vs. Dan Weyland vocals controversy, I am not nearly as fond of the Shawn Jonas-era tracks. It seems his formulaic hardcore growl/yell was holding the band back from the direction they would ultimately take. When Dan replaced Shawn, he brought his creepy snarl and a genuinely tortured persona, and after that, boundaries seemed to dissipate. They have employed elements of electronics, dark rock, hardcore and chaos to complement a foundation of metal. And most importantly—as far as I am concerned—they have never turned away from the deity that is melody. Whether other gods have been replaced is a cloudy issue at this point, but who gives a fuck? The music is a dark and syrupy nostrum for the ears of the metalcore fan. —Spindleton

or Will Oldham, creating faux historical documents that seem like they could be artifacts of the emotional life of people living decades or even centuries ago. This native of Meriden, N.H., just hasn't achieved the recognition of those other chroniclers of postmodern malaise. Lyrics are printed short-story form like Oberst's. "The heart wants to feel. The heart wants to hold," Sheff proclaims in "The War Criminal Rises and Speaks," and it's the songwriter's perennial aspiration put into chapter and verse. —Stokerized!

**Scarlet**  
*Guilt Closes*  
 Ferret Music

Scarlet + Carl Up & Die + As I Lay Dying + Jessed Edge Hair Salon

The members of **Scarlet** are rock stars, no doubt about it. This new release, coupled with the experience of their live show, cements this notion firmly in my mind. Thick elastic bands of polyrhythm showcase the band's prowess, snapping back and forth on frenetic hinges. This metalcore extravaganza is packed with straight-as-an-arrow hardcore vocals, laboratory guitar chord concoctions, buzz saw bass lines and adroit percussion. The production is seamless. The artwork for this album is balanced precisely on a thin edge between technical precision and disturbing imagery. The lyrics represent Johnathan Spencer's perfect anger and disillusion,

which match to the nanometer the very watermark of his generation's worldview. He belts out his distaste for mainstream American culture, and still finds a moment to expel a lilting plea for us to tell him he is our sex machine. They have the right hair, the right moves, the right fans who also have the right hair, and they get the girls. How can you go wrong? —Spindleton

**Matt Sharp**  
*Self-titled*  
 In Music We Trust

Matt Sharp + Johnny Cash + The Microphones + Weezer

It seems that at one time or another in every musician's career, they disappear and create some sort of soft, acoustic side project. Well, **Matt Sharp**, the former bassist of Weezer and frontman of *The Rentals*, has apparently reached that phase. What makes this notable is that this acoustic side project is actually well done. Haunting acoustic melodies, lo-fi in nature but rich in ambience as well as presence, create a deeply intimate atmosphere. The songs have been intensely pored over and carry a certain authenticity devoid in contemporary urban rock n' roll. Pop rock has been left behind, and this self-titled album carries a **Bob Dylan** or even a **Johnny Cash** soul and all of *K Records*' honesty without all of the pretentious indie-rock bullshit. —sevenzerograyn

**Silent Drive**  
*Love is Worth It*  
 Equal Vision

Silent Drive + Faith No More + Radiohead

**Silent Drive**'s debut full-length, *Love is Worth It*, is a bit on the schizophrenic side, to say the least. Rising out of the ashes of the short-lived **Ink Cartridge Funeral** and featuring three of the five ex-members of **Bane** and a member each from Massachusetts metal band **Dasai** and **Drowningman**, many of these songs have shredding guitar riffs and heart-attack-inducing drum beats, and singer **Zach Gordon**'s wail mimics that of **Davey Havok** at his best and least androgynous. Their melodies can be downright hypnotic, as evidenced in "Banana Rejection." On a number of these songs, I found myself asking "is this the new **Midtown** record?" as the vocals effortlessly slide from a powerful growl into higher octaves singing sweet melodies like in album opener "4/16" and closer "Boyfriend Notes." It's a strange dichotomy, one that shouldn't work at all, but almost does. Much of this is due to the impeccable production of the record—**Bill Stevenson** (**Descendents**) produced it. There's A LOT of fucking bands currently attempting the screamy/poppy hardcore hybrid right now, but **Silent Drive** is one of the few I've listened to that kind of grew on me. —Pat Long

**The Slat**  
*Put It Up*

Latent Flame Records  
 The Slat + Sonic Youth + The Beatles + Burning Airlines + Cursive

No matter what type of music one listens to faithfully, **The Slat** will appeal to just about anyone. Listen to the tracks "Another Physical Reaction" and "Teena" and tell me that they are not fucking amazing songs. Quirky and weird at times, **The Slat** are an indie band that is not easily dismissed. Tracks like "Automobile" and "Ice Queen" have a certain familiarity to them, but are still quite engaging and entertaining to listen to, while "The Diabetic Coma" and "Mouth like A Shogun" hits you with an unexpected sucker punch that is both different and challenging in its math-induced structures. This three-piece is rich in its pop sensibilities but they know when to throw left schizophrenic hooks to keep the listener engaged. Indie pop with traces of rock chords that blend with a **Sonic Youth**-type tortured sonic screech is what **The Slat** do well. Just when I think the indie scene has run out of interesting ideas and bands, along comes **The Slat** to prove me wrong, thanks guys; ("sob"). —Kewlar7

**Ken Stringfellow**  
*Soft Commands*  
 Yep Roc

Ken Stringfellow + Wilco + Big Star + early Billy Joel

Three years after his brilliant **Manifesto** Records album *Touched*, **Ken Stringfellow** is older and wiser, in contrast to the sharply drawn caricatures of that album, like the harsh criticism of "This One's On You" or the fascistic target of "Uniform." "It's these late admissions that are driving me from sleep," he confesses in "You Drew." Now seemingly much more world-weary, even for that comparatively short span of time, perhaps he draws from the very songwriting at which he is a master. Of course, he wasn't sloughing school all that time; he's been producing and touring with the **Long Winters** (including a brilliant but sparsely attended *Kilby Court* gig), recording with **REM** and **Big Star**, and working on music with **Pixies** co-founder **Jon Auer**. His mellow voice just gets more and more expressive and mature with each effort. Printed booklet lyrics include where each song was written, making this collection a travelogue, from Seattle to Sweden—consider the subject matter a map of loves lost and lessons learned. —Stokerized!

**Tiger Army**  
*Tiger Army III: Ghost Tigers Rise*  
 Hellbeat

Tiger Army + The Mistifs + Eddie Cochran + The Smiths

If you know what the word "psychobilly" means, it's probably because of **Tiger Army**. Sparking a nearly nonexistent American psychobilly scene to flourish with their two previous records, *Self-Titled* and *Power of Moonlight*. With their third full-length release, the trio faced the daunting task of creating a record that could stand with its predecessors, which are already considered psychobilly classics. Drummer **Fred Hell**'s gunshot injuries forced him to sit out on the actual recording, but carried on with the rest of **Tiger Army** throughout the sessions. The product, *Ghost Tigers Rise*, not only stands with the band's previous efforts but is pushed to something beyond by its growth and originality. Heavy rhythms created by **Geoff Kresge**'s masterful standup bass-playing and complemented by precision drumming courtesy of drum tech **Mike Fasano** dominate this record and really allow the listener to feel the dark grooves. Nick 13 is at his lyrical and vocal best crooning out lyrics like, "Under dark water the light glows/In the eyes of cats at night it shows." Adding **Cure**-like dark alternative pop elements to the already compelling sound of psychobilly bring new directions to **Tiger Army**'s style. This is not only the best record **Tiger Army** has ever put out; it's a landmark record for the entire genre. —James Orme

# CD REVIEWS

## Toys That Kill

*"Fly" EP*  
Asian Man Records

**Toys That Kill + FYP + Pistol Grip**  
Some members of Toys That Kill were in FYP. Coincidentally, some songs on "Fly" are pretty good, while others fall short. The second track, "Brave Kids Jump," is a slightly pop-enriched, pogo-inciting bumper car ride of catchy hooks. The fourth track, "Blake St. Valentine," has a "we'd piss on our own mother" flavor with straight-from-the-sewer vocals and pounding rhythms. However, the other two tracks, "Brain Attracts Flies" and "I Am the Fly," sound good at the beginning and then implode with annoying monotony. The fact that flies are attracted to shit should clue listeners in that these two songs should be avoided.  
—Shane Farver

## Tragedy Andy

*"It's Never Too Late To Start Over"*  
PopSmarer

**Tragedy Andy + Midtown + Saves The Day + Green Day + Counterfeit**  
Formed in 1999, Tragedy Andy is a four-piece pop-indie-rock outfit from SoCal with revolving lead vocals, technical yet catchy guitar harmonies and melody hooks that will never leave your head. In 2002, when TA released their first album, they were a three-piece rock band with a different drummer. As an unsigned band, TA self-released two EPs and one full-length, selling more than 3,000 copies at live shows. Now the lyrics have matured and the sound is fuller with the help of a second guitar and a new drummer, and they have a new album out, signifying a fresh beginning. Their first official label release is a departure from the band's previous straight-up pop-punk sound and integrates textural layers and vocal play beyond the scope of any of their earlier work. Their back story isn't the only thing that sounds like Blink 182—Tragedy Andy has lots of influences, and blend right in. You don't have to be Simon Cowell to see them on a major label. Behind the obvious singles—"November," "Damsel," and "Safe To Say"—this band should have no trouble expanding an already sizable fanbase. —Fat Tony

## Various Artists

*"Smaller Records Straightedge Compilation"*  
Smaller Records

**Smaller Records + Metal Blade + TruSkull + Dead by 23**  
This thing is just plain weird. Apparently, Smaller Records have compiled a bunch of songs from different straight-edge artists and threw this thing together for the sake of their "cause." All of these songs were from previous albums of the bands involved. Songs like "Nemesis" from Earth Crisis (from the album *Slither* which most straightedge kids hated) and "Crack Pipes" by hip-hop activist Sage Francis are strewn about the compilation showing the diversity of music that comes from the straightedge standpoint. From old-school hardcore styles by Down To Nothing and My Revenge, to metalcore and jump-kick tracks by Bleeding Through, Casey Jones and sXe drag-queens Eighteen Visions, there is a wide variety of styles on this compilation. Throwdown have one of their generic and immature songs on here stinking it up with Mondo Man who have

the worst hip-hop song on here I've ever heard ("Day In The Life"). —Chuck Berrett

## Various Artists

*"Have Bad Taste Vol. 3"*  
Bad Taste Records

The joke is really on them, as this compilation in actuality displays a complete lack of taste on behalf of the record label and excessive mediocrity on behalf of the bands. The rock n' roll of Danko Jones begins the album with an average take on retro rock n' roll, followed by a few selected gems of ass-garbage pop-punk from Satanic Surfers and Four Square. And then comes the emo you only read about in magazines—Last Days of April whine more than Dashboard Confessional and Saves The Day combined. As I sat contemplating suicide listening to the pile of vomit inside my CD player, I was briefly uplifted by instrumental tracks from the Langhorns, who combine the best in world music and surf rock into one delicious morsel. All in all, this is a disc you may find in your 14-year-old sister's CD case or perhaps the dumpster behind my house. —seven5geroryan

## Various Artists

*"Warped Tour 2004 Compilation"*  
Side One Dummy

**Warped Tour 2004 Compilation + 2 hours, 32 minutes, & 31 seconds + hereford**  
Remember how badass World Warped III Live was? What a novel idea—a live compilation to coincide with a live punk rock tour. But it's been all downhill for the Warped comps since then—in 2001 it was back to the "Punk-O-Rama Formula"—mostly singles with a few unreleased or rare cuts thrown in. Then in 2002, they busted out onto a second disc. But what do we get on the 10th anniversary of this grand annual event, in an age when EVERY comp offers "ton's o' singles with a few unreleased or rare cuts thrown in, plus a bonus DVD, for a low, low price?" 50 songs (most are previously released) with only a few unreleased or rare cuts from all your favorite bands; and no DVD. Comps are also useful for exposing one to music and/or bands one wouldn't ordinarily listen to, but if you haven't heard of any of the bands on this record you need only crawl out of your fuckin' hole, turn on MTV, and crank up a ClearChannel radio station. But, Tim Armstrong's on the cover, so it will probably go triple-platinum. —Fat Tony

## Various Artists

*"The WPP + Sadaharu + The Plot to Blow up the Eiffel Tower"*  
Substandard Records

The WPP serves up a sonic steamroller with the Boom! Jaam! EP. Urgent guitars and a swelling rhythm section mix with anthem-style vocals to knock listeners down and flatten them out. There's intelligence to the overall feel of the album, without becoming too math-rock oriented. An abundance of social commentary is delivered in a vehicle other than a straight punk sound. You can't pigeonhole this band into a specific genre. They borrow from hardcore, punk and funk to create a style all their own, and they do it well. The only downside is that there are only five songs to listen to. —Shane Farver



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**WEDNESDAYS...CLARENCE GILLES...TRUSTY POP NIGHT**

**THURSDAYS...10PM...JOHN COMPTON...UNAPOLOGETIC**  
**FRIIDAY...10PM...JERRY OF HOCKEY...HOMEROTY...TATTA**  
**SAFRURDAY...10PM...JED HARRIS...7...HILKASH...WOLVES...APPLICATION**  
**TUESDAY...10PM...ANDY PATTERSON'S STUPID NIGHT**  
**WEDNESDAY...10PM...HILK...CARBANE...PIRATE...THISS...PLANN...DOWN**  
**THURSDAY...10PM...THE DANCER...DANCE...NIGHT...WYCHERLIE...JON & NIKI**  
**FRIIDAY...10PM...SUN...SUN...SUN...ANDRE**  
**SATURDAY...10PM...SCOT...CANADIAN...JIMMIE...THE...PINKY...ALPHIE**  
**SUNDAY...10PM...STAN...THE...SANTANA**  
**WEDNESDAY...10PM...TRAP...TRAP...TRAP...TRAP...TRAP**  
**THURSDAY...10PM...MAGNETIC...TRAP...TRAP**  
**FRIIDAY...10PM...JERRY...JERRY...JERRY...JERRY...JERRY**  
**SAFRURDAY...10PM...JERRY...JERRY...JERRY...JERRY...JERRY**  
**TUESDAY...10PM...JERRY...JERRY...JERRY...JERRY...JERRY**  
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**THURSDAY...10PM...JERRY...JERRY...JERRY...JERRY...JERRY**  
**FRIIDAY...10PM...JERRY...JERRY...JERRY...JERRY...JERRY**  
**SATURDAY...10PM...JERRY...JERRY...JERRY...JERRY...JERRY**  
**SUNDAY...10PM...JERRY...JERRY...JERRY...JERRY...JERRY**

**JULY**

soft lake under ground page 33

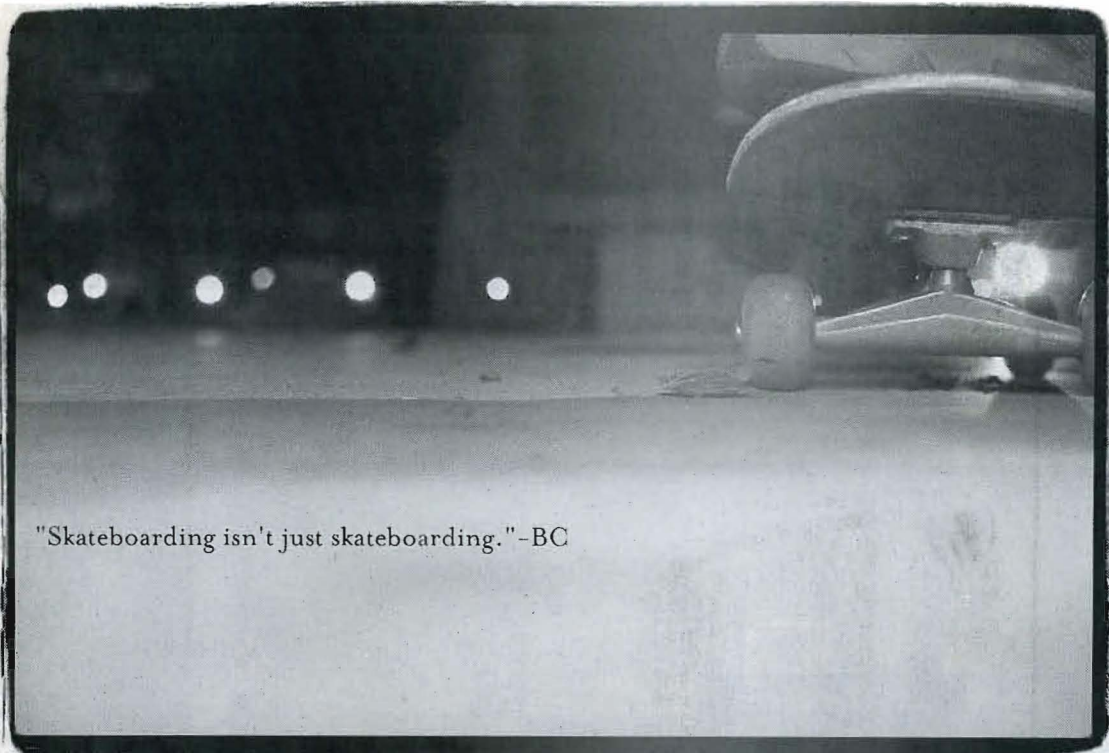


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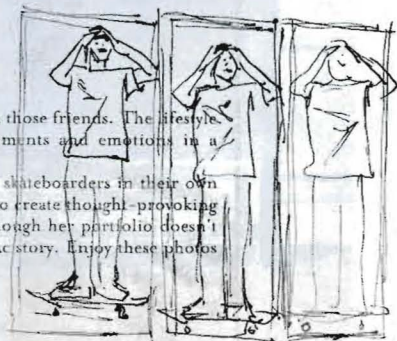
"Skateboarding isn't just skateboarding." -BC

# Anony-Miss

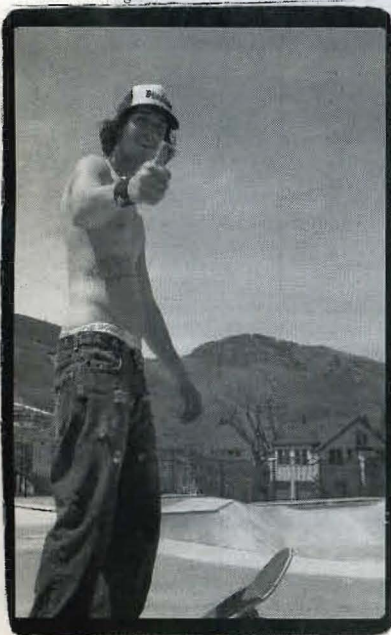
Photos and Images by Bree Christensen Words by Nate Millard

Skateboarding isn't always about the action. It's about a pastime; creating friendships, and spending time with those friends. The lifestyle that revolves around skateboarding transcends generations and travels the world. Capturing those moments and emotions in a photograph is an artform.

A stylish and well-developed artist, who usually likes to remain anonymous, has captured characteristic skateboarders in their own element. With **Bree Christensen's** passion for skateboarding and skill as a photographer, she has been able to create thought-provoking images of timeless emotion. Bree has a fine art degree in photography from the University of Utah and though her portfolio doesn't actually consist of a lot of skateboarding, it rings a feeling of a deep-rooted B.B. King song or a Jack Kerouac story. Enjoy these photos and let them take you back to those similar moments with your friends.



Brendan Craighill.



SLC skateboard legend Shane Justus.



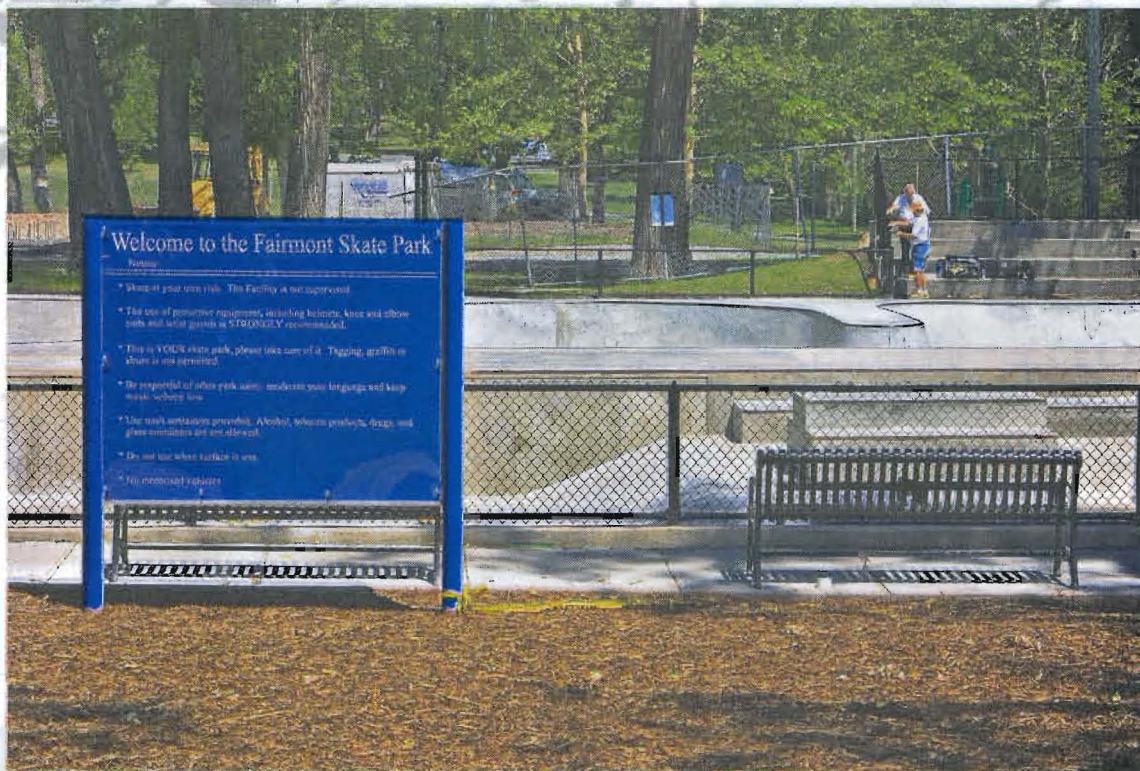
Chuck and Preston: father and son.



# UNFAIRmont Park

Words by Mike Kansa

Photos by Ryan McCalmon



The University of Utah and Sugarhouse areas of the Salt Lake Valley were somehow overlooked in the wave of new public skate parks that swept through Utah in the past two years. This was scheduled to change in May of 2004 with the opening of Fairmont Skatepark.

Just off the north side of I-86 at 9th East, there is now a 15,000 square-foot concrete oasis fenced off and empty (at least, it's empty when security is around). Before security was increased, there were multiple days with 50 people at a time inside the fence that surrounds the park.

This skatepark has been on the drawing board for almost three years. Since its completion in late May, fingers have been pointed in every direction as to why it has not opened, while the ominous "No Trespassing" signs remain. Rumors of impending jackhammers and hefty tickets given to skaters poaching the park have surrounded the issue. Nearly everyone involved in this predicament was unwilling to talk to SLUG Magazine because of feared repercussions. In the end, the actual designer of the park was the most helpful in my quest for the truth.

The Fairmont skate park was designed by Site Design Group, a recognized leader in the design of skateparks throughout the world. In Utah, they are also responsible for the public skateparks of Park City, Logan, Layton, Oakley and soon, to be Clearfield and Bountiful. Colby Carter, Brad Seidlecki and Lisa Saylan of Site Design were happy to do some Q&A regarding the ominous un-opening of the Fairmont Skatepark.

**SLUG:** How was Site Design involved in the project?

**Lisa:** We were actually a sub-consultant to a local landscape architecture firm [Stapp Construction was contacted for comment but didn't return any of SLUG Magazine's phone calls or e-mails.] who primed the project. If we had had any say on the budget and how it was spent, more funds would have gone into the actual construction budget.

**SLUG:** So when was the decision made to reject sections of the current work?

**Colby:** We sent someone out to do three site visits during the construction of the park. On the first two trips, everything looked fine. On the third trip, there were parts of the peanut bowl and the deep end of the pool that I had to reject. The geometry is not what we agreed on. The transitions in the deeper pool sections are not correct, and the coping needs to reveal itself 1/4 inch all the way around. These are imperfections that can only be recognized by a skateboarder, and they make a big difference. We're going to stay on it and make sure the skaters in Salt Lake City get a legit park.



SLUG: Have you ever encountered situations like this before?

Brad: We ran into the same problem at a park in California. The transitions were not built per plan and when we went out there for the final walk-through we rejected the work. The city went after the contractor's performance bond and used that money to hire another contractor to finish the job correctly.

Salt Lake City Attorney Boyd Ferguson was also willing to provide a statement. "Our design architect has raised questions about whether the park has been built according to the city's plans and specifications. They are working with the contractor to verify whether this is this case. We cannot open the park until we are sure the facility meets the City's plans and specifications. The main reason being safety concerns. We factor safety in what we put into the plans; that's why it has not opened yet," he said.

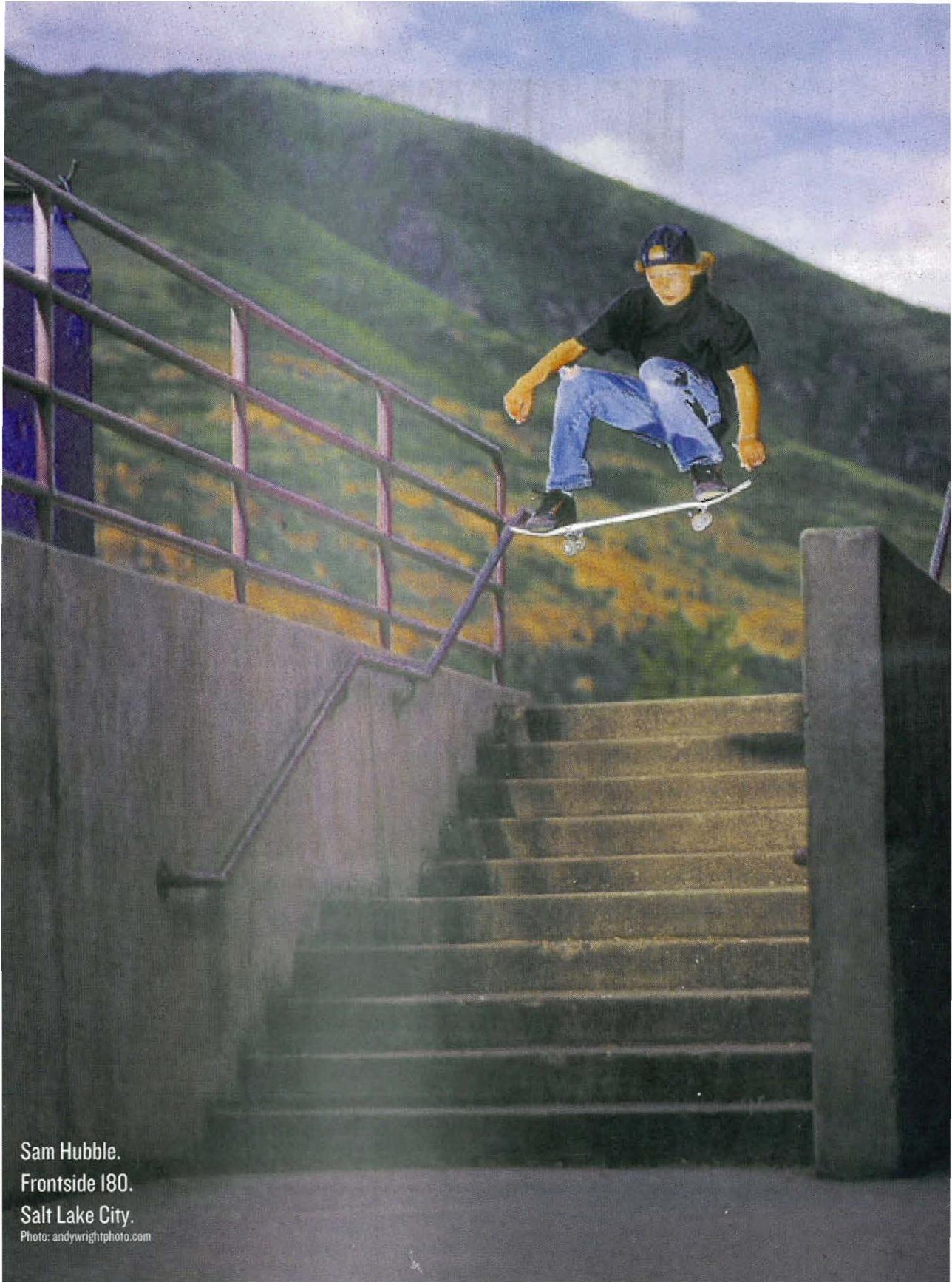
At first glance, the pristine concrete would seem flawless to someone who knows little about skateboarding. However, the areas of the park that are in question are far from being correct. Site Design's standards are high. They've built the best skateparks in the world. Colby alone brings over 20 years of skateboarding experience to the table and has designed over 60 skateparks throughout the U.S. and overseas. Site Design was also involved in the recent overhaul of the infamous Encinitas YMCA Skatepark in southern California.

Although the Fairmont Skatepark is officially "closed," it was thriving with skateboarders before its completion. I've had one opportunity to skate the park, along with every other kid that's dared to jump the fence. These days the police and other hired security have been keeping an eye on the park night and day, even when it's raining. Unless you feel like racking up a few extra misdemeanors on your record, I'd steer clear of this park until further notice. A neighbor of mine has to go to court because he got nabbed skating there a few days ago. He's 10 years old.

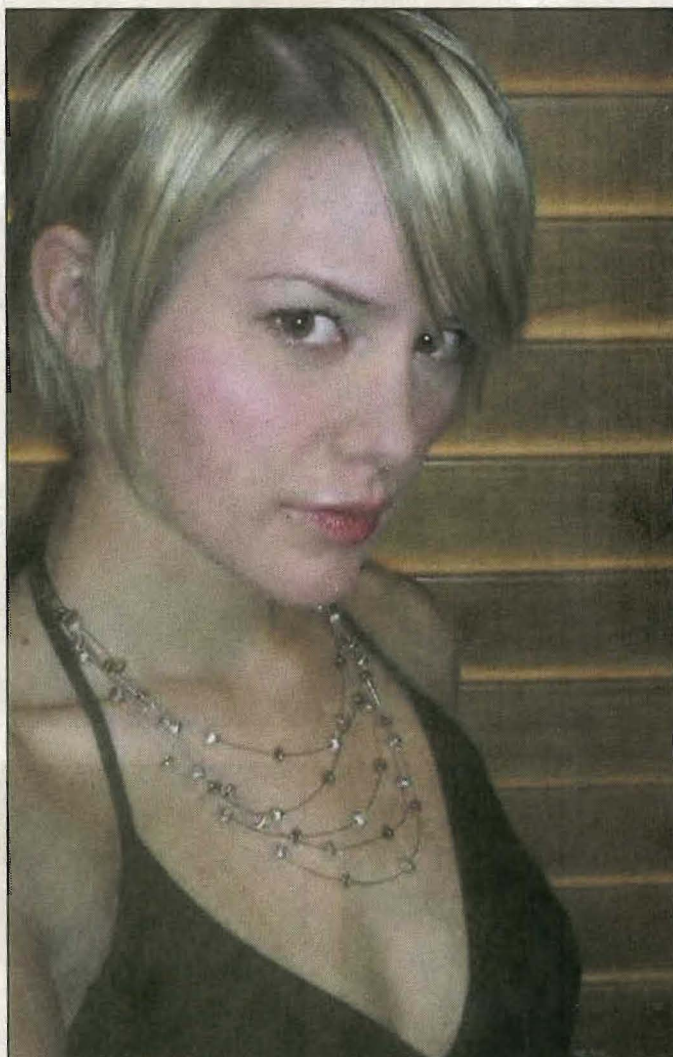
"Two policemen showed up, one in the parking lot; the other drove his car through the park," he said. "There were maybe 12 kids there. We all got tickets. I have to go see a judge next week." There's no word on when the park will officially be open to the public.

\*Visit [www.SiteDesignGroup.com](http://www.SiteDesignGroup.com) for more information.





Sam Hubble.  
Frontside 180.  
Salt Lake City.  
Photo: andywrightphoto.com



**Lindsay Robin Free**  
**1982-2004**

I'll breathe in deeply and exhale even further as  
I realize that all that's left is not flesh, but spirit.  
I heard someone say once, "Die young, and leave a beautiful corpse."  
I laughed my ass off. I say,  
live young and leave a wake of beauty.

*-Lindsay Robin Free*

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-Wayne Coyne, Flaming Lips, Coachella 2004

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Liberation Fest July 15th  
a benefit for the SHAC 7  
([www.shacamerica.net](http://www.shacamerica.net))

Friday, July 30 Dead Science,  
Ashes of Fall, Violet Run- SugarBeats

# Classified Ads

Congrats to Brock and Shilo  
06.26.04

[www.maddox.com](http://www.maddox.com)

Summer of Death  
Skate Series continues  
Saturday July 10th  
@ Jordan Park  
Registration 10am

Violet Run EP, *Trouver la Mort*  
coming summer 2004  
[www.violet-run.com](http://www.violet-run.com)

New Red Bennies 7"  
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- change your name or address on your voter registration record.
- register with a party or change your party affiliation.

## To register to vote in Utah, you must:

- be a citizen of the United States.
- have resided in Utah at least 30 days immediately before the next election.
- be at least 18 years old on or before the next election.
- first time voters must include a copy of a valid form of photo identification or proof of residence (or present it at the polls).

## Deadline for Submitting this Form

This form must be postmarked at least 20 days before an election to be eligible to vote in that election.

## Mail-In Registration Instructions

- Complete all required information in the form below. Boxes 1, 6 and 9 are optional.
- If you previously registered to vote with a different name or address, complete box 14.
- Read the voter declaration in box 15 and sign in the box below it.
- Mail the form to your county clerk's office. The address of your county clerk is listed on the back of this form.
- For boxes 10 and 11, one or the other must be completed.

## For More Information

If you need more information, contact your county clerk at the number listed on the back of this form, or call the Lt. Governor's Office at (801) 538-1041 or 1-800-995-VOTE.

Use pen - please print clearly

<b>1</b> Reason(s) for Completing this Form <input type="checkbox"/> New registration <input type="checkbox"/> Address change <input type="checkbox"/> Party affiliation change <input type="checkbox"/> Name change		<b>2</b> Are you a citizen of the United States? <input type="checkbox"/> Yes <input type="checkbox"/> No Will you be 18 years old on or before election day? <input type="checkbox"/> Yes <input type="checkbox"/> No If you checked "no" to either of the above two questions, do not complete this form.			
<b>3</b> Last Name		First Name		Middle Name	
<b>4</b> Street Address (principal place of residence)		County	City	State	Zip Code
<b>5</b> Mailing Address (if different from #4)		City		State	Zip Code
<b>6</b> Daytime Telephone	<b>7</b> Date of Birth (mo/day/yr)	<b>8</b> Place of Birth (state or country)		<b>9</b> Disabled (optional) <input type="checkbox"/> Yes <input type="checkbox"/> No	
<b>10</b> Last Four Digits of Social Security Number		<b>11</b> Driver License Number or State Identification Number		<b>12</b> State of Issuance of Driver License or Identification Card	
<b>13</b> Political Party (check one box only) <input type="checkbox"/> American <input type="checkbox"/> Independent American <input type="checkbox"/> Reform <input type="checkbox"/> Constitution <input type="checkbox"/> Libertarian <input type="checkbox"/> Populist <input type="checkbox"/> Democrat <input type="checkbox"/> Natural Law <input type="checkbox"/> Republican <input type="checkbox"/> Green <input type="checkbox"/> Socialist Workers <input type="checkbox"/> Unaffiliated (no party preference) <input type="checkbox"/> Other (please specify) _____		<b>15</b> Voter Declaration - read and sign below I do swear (or affirm), subject to penalty of law for false statements, that the information contained in this form is true, and that: • I am a citizen of the United States and a resident of the state of Utah, residing at the above address. • I will be at least 18 years old on or before the next election. • I will have resided in Utah for 30 days immediately before the next election. • I am not a convicted felon currently incarcerated for commission of a felony. ▼ SIGN on line in box below			
<b>14</b> Name and Address on Last Registration Name on Last Registration _____ Street Address on Last Registration _____ City _____ County _____ State _____ Zip _____		Signature _____ Date (mo/day/year) _____			
<b>NOTICE:</b> In order to be allowed to vote for the first time in a voting precinct you must either: 1) include a copy of a valid form of photo identification or proof of residence with this voter registration form; or 2) present a valid form of photo identification or proof of residence to the election judge before you may vote.					
For Office Use Only <span style="float: right;">04/2003</span>					
Type of ID _____ Voting Precinct _____ Official Date _____					

Fold on the dotted lines, peel off the tape, seal, stamp and mail.

# Katch Up

By Josh Scheuerman  
josh@slugmag.com

"The whole Dog Town thing said, it's not a ball-and-stick sport, it's not about winning and losing, it's about the process; it's not about the ends, it's about the means. This sport is not a step-child of another sport; it's really an art form."  
—Fran Richards, Transworld Skateboarding Magazine

Name		1 <sup>st</sup> Run	2 <sup>nd</sup> Run	Average	Final	Average
PARK CITY BOWL CONTEST RESULTS 6/26/04						
1ST	RICKY BOWER					
2	JED K BOWER					
3	FRED McConkey					
1	Jackson Bradshaw					
2	Keegan Swenson					
3	Keegan Swenson					
1	Daev Galan					
2	Buddy Brown					
3	Zack Taylor					
1	New Bruhan					
2	Adam Alvares					
3	Mike Plumb					
4	Ben Isaac					
5	Ben Bianchi					

The urban skateboarder has always provided the roots of skateboarding. Having grown from the roots of sidewalk surfing and then progressing to bowl riding and then the half-pipe, there has always been that connection to street skating. The general public was afraid of the new sport and felt the need to outlaw such behavior in open spaces.

The solution came with each city contributing a substantial amount of money into the construction of public skate parks that are then maintained by the city's park and recreation department. Now, skateparks are on the same par as baseball diamonds and soccer fields. Skateboarders now have a place to hone their skills with their peers, but should still take it to the streets to master the freestyle of the sport.

The urban skateboarder will continue to be the target of tickets and prejudice,

but maintains the core of the sport, unaware of the legacy they carry with them.

Public skateparks are still a privilege to have and not a necessity for each city to fund. Treat each park if it was your own, with respect for property and for others. Respect gets respect.

With the news of Fairmont Park being outlawed, which some of you readers found out firsthand, it's best to let the red tape unwrap itself before getting caught up in the mess.

As for legal skateboarding in the heat of the summer, there are a few skate series that will be going on to keep you sweatin'.

SLUG SUMMER OF DEATH 2004 series has kicked off and is in full kick-flip rotation. With some disagreements and negotiations, the first contest kicked off in conjunction with Milo of Park City on June 26. SLUG and Milo are teaming up to alternate contests so kids can attend each contest for the most free swag possible. The next contest will take place at Jordan Skatepark on July 10 and will be the first SLUG contest, with the next teaming-up with 2612 in Ogden Park on Aug. 14. Milo will be having another contest on July 31 in Park City with their finals on Aug. 28. SLUG SUMMER OF DEATH finals will be held at Binary Skatepark on Sept. 4. To qualify for the finals, you will have to compete in at least two contests, with the winner being flown to compete in the Tampa Am in Florida. There will be someone representing Utah going, so it only depends on who SLUG will be sending this year.

If you live in Utah County, there is also another series hosted by M.I.D. Life Skateboards that will fall on the same dates, but are Aug. 28 at The Center and Sept. 4 in Payson.

"I was once a kid who skated out in front of my house on a curb for two years—alone. I never skated anywhere else, and I didn't know anyone who skated except for this one older kid who was only into his own stuff. So I was as skate rat as you can get. In a way, I never lost that because I never moved [out West]. My curb is still there, and I still skate curbs. And I know what it's like to look up to people."  
—Chris Cole

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saturday august 7<sup>th</sup> @ Ogden skatepark  
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Finals Sept. 4th at Binary Call 801.487.9221 for more info

#### Thursday July 1

Legendary Pink Dots - *In the Venue*  
Donna the Buffalo, Sonny Landreth - *Gallivan*  
Phono, Joint Compound, Deadvolt - *Urban*  
Washington Generals, Librium - *Monk's*

#### Friday July 2

Motivational Speakers - *SugarBeats*  
Metal Church, Threat, Hitch - *DV8*  
Delicato, Victrola, Purr Bats - *Ego's*  
Form of Rocket, Mammoth, Tanya - *Urban*  
The Kap Bros - *Brewski's*  
Purdymouth - *Burt's*

#### Saturday July 3

The Body - *Monk's*  
Drooling Dogs - *Halo*  
Josh Todd (of Buck Cherry) - *Todd's*  
Richmond Fontaine - *Hog Wallow*  
Red Bennies 7" Release, Woffs, Appreciation - *Urban*  
Rebsa McEntire - *USANA*

#### Sunday July 4

The Moment - *Sound*  
The Kap Bros - *Brewski's*  
Blender, Skint - *Burt's*  
Kaddisfly, Fall of Transition, Ayin - *Lo-Fi*  
Gamma Rays - *Halo*

#### Monday July 5

Sweatin' Willy - *Burt's*  
Cosmic Charlie - *Suede*  
Jason Ricci Band - *Club Sound*  
DJ Matlock - *Monk's*

#### Tuesday July 6

Aveo - *Kilby*  
Signal Path - *Ego's*  
Rail Road Earth - *Suede*  
Lucky Peterson - *Brewski's*  
Exit Wound, Radix, Unsound Mind, Oxido Republico - *Burt's*

#### Wednesday July 7

Tucker Roundtree Quartet - *Monk's*  
Pedro the Lion, John Vanderslice - *In the Venue*  
Blame Game - *SugarBeats*  
Open Road - *Halo*  
D.R.I. - *DV8*

#### Thursday July 8

DKT/MOS, Supagroup - *Ego's*  
Andy Patterson's Studio Benefit: The Hurts, Her Candace, Pilot This Plane Down - *Urban*  
Clutch, The Bakerton Group - *Lo-Fi*  
Dulcesky, Purdy Mouth - *Gallivan*  
Librium, Eye of the Potato - *Burt's*  
Opal Hill Drive - *Phat Tire Saloon*

#### Friday July 9

SLUG Localized: Demise the First, Arpese, Blowstick & Limerick - *Urban Lounge*  
The Reaction, The Will Kills - *SugarBeats*  
Now, Less People More Robots, Yield - *Todd's*  
Flow Motion - *Brown Bag Concert Series*  
SLC Int'l Jazz Festival - *Grand/Little America Hotels*  
John Fogerty - *Deer Valley*  
Voodoo Box - *Sound*  
Jebu - *Hog Wallow*

#### Saturday July 10

Librium, A.K. Charlie - *Brewski's*  
Salt City Bandits, Washington Generals - *Burt's*  
Coyote Hoods - *Monk's*  
Ego Trip - *Ego's*  
Lymbyk System w/Orjazzm - *Halo*  
DJ Cheez, Loois Laka, Jaycar Nest, The Debonsaires - *DV8*

#### Sunday July 11

Clarity, Trent Mckean - *SugarBeats*  
Red Planet - *Kilby*  
Braid, Moneen, Recover - *Lo-Fi*

#### Monday July 12

The Nadas - *Club Halo*  
Take 6 - *Washington Square*  
Viva la Sartin w/Starmy, Redd Tape, Old Dog New Trick - *McCool - Sound*

SLUG Summer of Death Sk8 Series - *Jordan Skatepark*  
SLC Int'l Jazz Festival - *Grand/Little America Hotels*  
The Adonis, Legend Has It, Craving Lovely - *Todd's*  
Jebu 3, The Uplift - *Brewski's*  
Red Planet - *Heavy Metal Shop*  
Pagan Love Gods - *Burt's*

#### Tuesday July 13

Braid, Recover - *Lo-Fi*  
The Used, The New Transit Direction, Broke - *Utah State Fairgrounds*  
SLAJ - *Ego's*

#### Wednesday July 14

Jessie Dayton, Mofro - *Ego's*  
Kill Your Clique: Tragic Black, Little Sap Dungeon, Lord Beherit - *Area 51*  
SLC Int'l Jazz Festival - *Grand/Little America Hotels*  
Madison, Riding Bikes, Lydia - *Kilby*  
Sweatin' Willy - *Burt's*

#### Thursday July 15

The Woods - *SugarBeats*  
Mofro - *Ego's*  
Jonny Lang - *Kingsbury Hall*  
Wintermark, 40 Days & 40 Nights, Pushing Up Daisies - *Kilby*

#### Friday July 16

DJ Curtis Strange - *Burt's*  
DJ Rebel - *Monk's*  
UtahSka.com presents: Liquid Cheese, Earthbound, The Upstarts, Super Hero, Sauce - *Lo-Fi*

#### Saturday July 17

Alpha Blonde - *Suede*  
South Austin Jug Band, Tea Leaf Green - *Club Halo*  
A Small Victory, Tokyo Rose - *Kilby Court*  
Authority Zero, All Systems Go, New Blood Revival, The Reaction - *Lo-Fi*

#### Sunday July 18

Magstatic, Hemi Cuda - *Urban*  
Studebaker John - *Brewski's*  
Three Steps Left - *Monk's*  
Diana Krall, Olabelle - *Abbravanel Hall*  
American Idols Live - *Delta Center*

#### Monday July 19

Cobra Commander - *Urban*  
Stephen Ashbrook - *Hog Wallow*  
Copeland, Emery, Fail to Follow - *Lo-Fi*  
2 1/2 White Guys, Global Funk Council - *Gallivan*  
Ska Mob 2004 - *Suede*

#### Tuesday July 20

Pagan Love Gods - *Burt's*  
Michelle Shocked - *Mo Diggit's*  
Bastard Sons of Johnny Cash - *Ego's*  
Contingency Plan, Cuff - *Kilby Court*  
The Killers - *Lo-Fi Cafe*  
Elephant, Samantha, The Ritual - *Urban*

#### Wednesday July 21

Total Liberation Fest - *SLC Main Library*  
Peter Rowan, Huun Huur Tu - *Gallivan*  
Jason Webley (Punk Rock Accordion Player) - *Burt's*  
Cabaret Voltage - *Monk's*

#### Thursday July 22

Hope for August - *SugarBeats*  
Tolchock Trio, Black Black Ocean - *Urban*  
Harry Connick, Jr. - *Abbravanel Hall*  
Ben Weaver - *Hog Wallow*  
Days Away, Helligoodbye, Steel Train, The Format, Murrietta - *Kilby*

#### Friday July 23

Oceidix, Necrophous, Kohabit - *Lo-Fi*  
Seven Shot Screamer, The Jetset, Die Monster Die - *Burt's*  
Salt City Bandits, Killed by Salt - *Monk's*

#### Saturday July 24

Vans Warped Tour - *Utah State Fairgrounds*  
Before Braille (touring), The Danburys - *SugarBeats*  
Red Fish Blue Fish - *Starry Night (Provo)*  
Smackwater, Hoodoo Pone - *Urban*  
Black Black Ocean, Redd Tape - *Kilby*  
Purr Bats, Twelve State Killing Spree - *Todd's*

#### Sunday July 25

Sun House Healers - *Brewski's*  
Jim Gosney Benefit: Sweatin' Willy, Stolen Marches, Squawkbox, Pagan Love Gods - *Burt's*  
The Icarus Line, Battles, Unsound Mind - *Lo-Fi*  
Tedd Patterson, I Love Ibiza - *W Lounge*

#### Monday July 26

Sunday July 28  
Leah Larson - *Snow Bird Ski Resort*  
Bodeans & Bob Schneider - *Suede*  
Sweatin' Willy - *Burt's*  
The Unloveables, The Ergs - *Monk's*  
Junior Brown - *Ego's*

#### Tuesday July 20

The Aquabats - *Club Sound*  
Blood Brothers, Kill Me Tomorrow - *Kilby*  
Sarah McLachlan - *E Center*  
Sweetback - *Suede*  
All Systems Fail, Unpersons - *Burt's*  
DJ Matlock - *Monk's*

#### Wednesday July 21

The Gourds - *Ego's*  
Jem - *Liquid Joe's*  
Jolie Holland - *Halo*  
LAYNA - *Urban*  
Jim Suhler - *Brewski's*  
Anne Heaton - *Mo Diggit's*  
DJ Taiwan On - *Burt's*  
World Crime League - *Monk's*

#### Thursday July 22

Cartl - *Kilby*  
SPAZM w/Eli & Terrence - *Urban*  
Jenna Land, Richmond Fontaine - *Gallivan*  
The Pills, Indigents, Fuck the Informer - *Burt's*

#### Friday July 23

The Reverend Horton Heat, Detroit Cobras, The Forty-Fives - *In the Venue*  
Roots of Orchis, Theta Naught - *SugarBeats*  
Jesus Rides a Riksha - *Urban*  
Cannibal Corpse, Black Dahlia Murder, Severed Savior, Beyond This Flesh - *Lo-Fi*  
Jolie Holland - *Halo*  
!!! - *Sound*

#### Saturday July 24

Gerling, Red Light Sting - *Kilby*  
Arlo Guthrie - *Gallivan*  
Rich Wyman - *Hog Wallow*  
Quasidrophonic - *Monk's*

#### Sunday July 25

HIV Wolves, Sleephead/Shambles, Summerhead - *SugarBeats*  
Cartl, AK Charlie - *Beatiniks*  
Boswick CD Release w/Mindstate - *Urban*  
Square Pegs - *Sound*  
Hudson River School, The New Transit Direction - *Kilby*  
Alpha Brown, The Rubes, Jay (Brownham) - *Todd's*  
Mörlocks, Le Force, Headshot - *Brewski's*

#### Monday July 26

Starmy, Andale - *Monk's*  
Lo-Fi Local All Stars: UH, The Reaction, Rifle Street Music, Arnold's Drive Inn - *Lo-Fi*

#### Tuesday July 27

Red Big Fish, Catch22, Jenosh, Lucky Boys Confusion, RX Bandits - *In the Venue*  
The Middle Distance, Comfortable & You, On Camera - *Urban*  
Car Payment - *Todd's*  
Metal Meltdown, Searred - *Burt's*

#### Wednesday July 28

Cattle Decapitation, Watch Them Die - *DV8*  
Sonic Youth, Wolf Eyes - *In the Venue*  
Sweatin' Willy - *Burt's*  
Lamb of God, Atreyu, Every Time I Die, Unearth, OTEP - *Lo-Fi*  
Superjoint Ritual, Lacuna Coil, Devil Driver - *The Ritz*

#### Thursday July 29

Goodbye Blue Monday - *Lo-Fi*  
Sound Tribe Sector 9 - *Suede*  
Warsaw - *Burt's*

#### Friday July 30

Tsunami Bomb, The Lawrence Arms, Pipedown, Scattered Fall, Papa Roach - *In the Venue*  
Boss Martians, Starmy - *Urban*  
Papa Roach - *Sound*  
Too Slim & the Taildraggers - *Brewski's*  
Acoustic Night: Gabriel Edgar, Teeny & Chauncey - *Burt's*

#### Saturday July 31

Wedge Out Boy, Armor for Sleep, Bayside, Name Taken - *In the Venue*  
The Scientisties - *SugarBeats*  
Cobra Commander - *Urban*  
Animal Liberation Orchestra, NoBodyKnows - *Gallivan*  
DJ Taiwan On - *Burt's*  
Kettle Cadaver, Ilex Throne, The Ahominations - *Lo-Fi*

#### Sunday Aug. 1

Roggar Cowboys - *Club Halo*  
The Hives, Sahara Homeights, Strawman, Reigning Sound, OPM, Big B. Kottonmouth Kings - *In the Venue*  
Big Chief Bo Dollis & The Wild Magnolias, Stedstepper - *Gallivan*  
Spoon Fed Tribe - *Urban*  
Kottonmouth Kings - *Sound*  
Twista - *Utah State Fairpark*  
The Ivy League, A Moment Too Soon - *Lo-Fi*

#### Monday Aug. 2

Sick of it All - *In the Venue*  
Dead Science, Ashes of Fall, Violet Run - *SugarBeats*  
On Vibrato, Ether Orchestra, I am Electric - *Monk's*  
SLUG Magazine Summer of Death SK8 Party w/Callow - *Todd's*

#### Tuesday Aug. 3

The Grommits, Other Pocket, Sons of Guns - *Burt's*  
Some Records presents: The New Transit Direction CD Release w/The Middle Distance, In Camera - *Lo-Fi*

#### Wednesday Aug. 4

Saturday July 31  
River City High, Anadivine, Blue Epic, Evan Lower - *Lo-Fi Cafe*  
The Wolfs - *Urban*  
Dead Ducks, Happy Fill More - *Todd's*  
Flew the Coop - *Brewski's*  
The Virus, Clit 45, Complete Control - *Burt's*

#### Thursday Aug. 5

Steel Pulse - *Suede*  
The Mountainview Hardcore Fest: Soufly, Ill Niño, Crisis 9, Sindolar, Adjacent to Nothing - *The Ritz*  
Sweatin' Willy - *Burt's*



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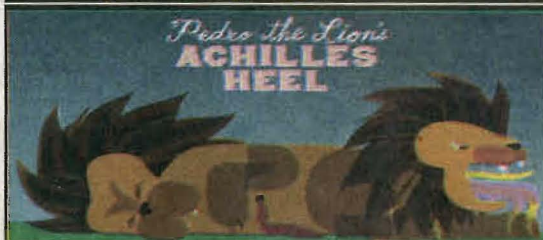
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P R E S E N T S



An Evening With The Legendary Pink Dots

THURSDAY - 07.01.04  
IN THE VENUE 7:30 PM



Pedro The Lion | John Vanderslice

WEDNESDAY - 07.07.04  
IN THE VENUE 7:00 PM

07.22 **Reverend Horton Heat**  
Detroit Cobras  
The Forty-Fives

IN THE VENUE  
7:30 PM

07.27 **Tsunami Bomb**  
The Lawrence Arms  
Pipedown  
Scattered Fall

IN THE VENUE  
7:00 PM

07.28 **Fall Out Boy**  
Armor For Sleep  
Bayside  
Name Taken

IN THE VENUE  
7:00 PM

08.16 **Sebadoh**

IN THE VENUE  
8:00 PM

08.30 **Face To Face -  
Farewell Tour**  
My Chemical Romance  
Seconds To Go

IN THE VENUE  
7:00 PM

09.04 **Finch**  
Counterfit  
TBA

IN THE VENUE  
6:30 PM

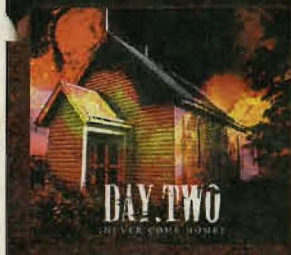
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# DAY TWO

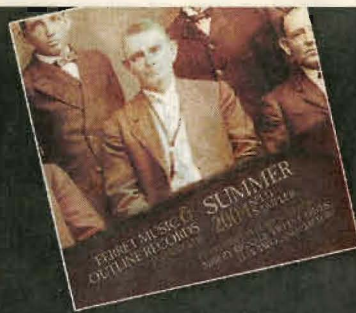
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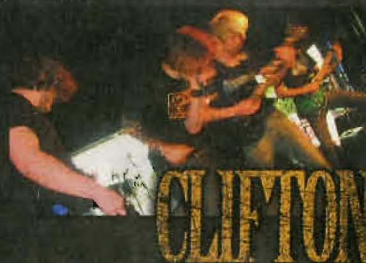


Check out Day Two's debut release *Never Come Home* - in stores now, featuring the NEW track "Goulet"

See them at the Warped Tour playing the Smartpunk stage



Pick up your copy of the Outline Records and Ferret Music sampler this summer, featuring new music from Day Two, Misery Signals, Twelve Tribes and Outline's newest band...



Their debut E.P. coming late summer, look for it!



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## FEATURED EVENTS



**Sonic Youth, Le Tigre**  
Sunday, July 25 @ 07:00PM  
at In the Venue



**The Hives, Sahara Hot Nights**  
Thursday, July 29 @ 07:00PM  
at In the Venue



**Papa Roach**  
Tuesday, July 27 @ 07:00PM  
at In the Venue



**Sebadoh**  
Monday, August 16 @ 07:00PM  
at In the Venue

## UPCOMING EVENTS

**Briad, Recover, Moneen**  
Saturday, July 10 @ 07:00PM

**Authority Zero, ASG**  
Tuesday, July 13 @ 07:30PM

**Emery, Copeland, TBA**  
Wednesday, July 14 @ 07:30PM

**The Killers, TBA**  
Thursday, July 15 @ 07:30PM

**The Icarus Line, Battle, TBA**  
Saturday, July 17 @ 07:00PM

**The Blood Brothers, Kill Me Tomorrow, Chromatics**  
Monday, July 19 @ 07:00PM

**The Aquabats, Petty Booka, Bad Credit**  
Monday, July 19 @ 07:30PM

**Cannibal Corpse, Black Dahlia Murder, Severed Savior**  
Thursday, July 22 @ 06:30PM

!!! - Thursday, July 22 @ 07:00PM

**The Reverend Horton Heat, Detroit Cobras, The Forty-Fives**  
Thursday, July 22 @ 07:30PM

**Reel Big Fish, RX Bandits, Catch 22, Lucky Boys Confusion**  
Saturday, July 24 @ 01:00PM

**Tsunami Bomb, The Lawrence Arms, Pipedown, Scattered Fall**  
Tuesday, July 27 @ 07:00PM

**Fall Out Boy, Armor for Sleep, Bayside, Name Taken**  
Wednesday, July 28 @ 07:00PM

**Sick of It All, Terror, Time in Malta, Champion**  
Friday, July 30 @ 07:00PM

**Soulfly, I'll Nino, Crissis 9, Sindolor, Adjacent To Nothing**  
Sunday, August 01 @ 05:00PM

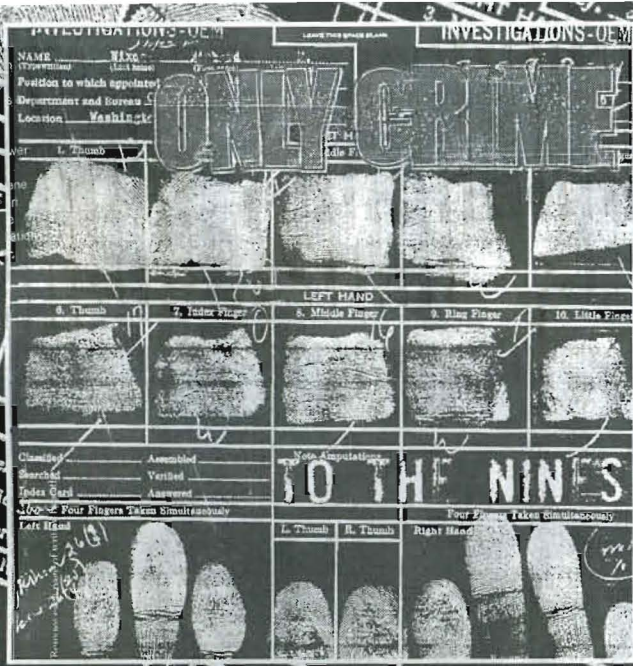
**Real Life**  
Tuesday, August 17 @ 07:00PM

**Mock Orange, Sunday Driver, TBA**  
Thursday, August 19 @ 07:30PM

**Penis Flytrap, Demonica, Diemonsterdie, The Abominations**  
Saturday, August 21 @ 07:00PM

**Face to Face Farewell Tour**  
Monday, August 30 @ 07:00PM

**Finch, Recover, Counterfit**  
Saturday, September 04 @ 05:30PM



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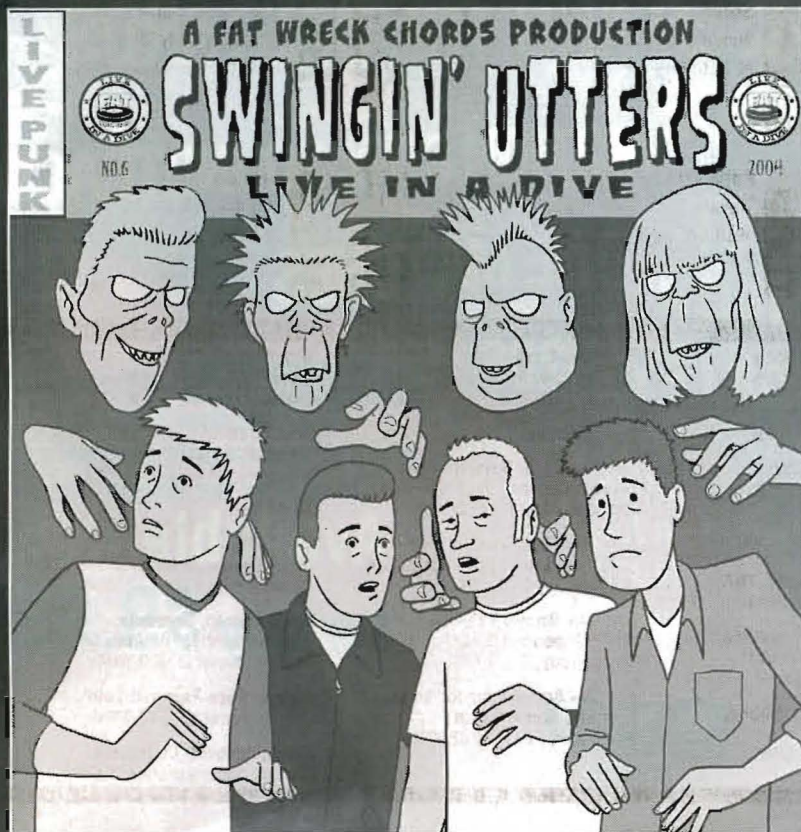
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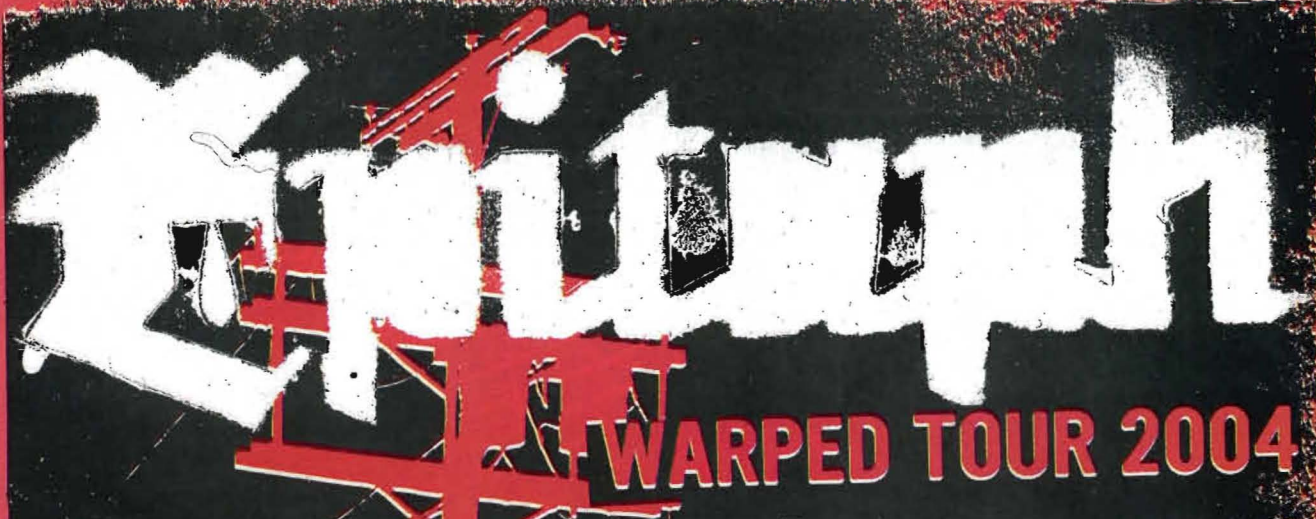


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