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VALUED READERS dear Dickheads,

Dear Dickhead,

Whose idea was it to insult EVERY letter sent in? It's makes you look very childish and unprofessional.

-Kitty

Kitty

You're absolutely right. It's not good for us, or our business, if people feel insulted or degraded in any way while dealing with us. We're all about professionalism here at SLUG Mag, so this month's Dickheads column will be answered positively. You go ahead and let us know how we're doing, OK? Thanks for letting us know that we look childish and unprofessional, we appreciate it (and your business!)

Dear Dickheads,

You know where I am? You want to take a guess? I'm at the County Courthouse for jury-duty selection. You know why? Because of the voter registration forms you've put in your magazines, and because my stupid ex-girlfriend talking me into registering to vote. I'm here because of SLUG Magazine and every other asshole in that Rock the Vote campaign. I bet you're not even registered to vote, Dickheads, I bet you've never voted in your life. But that didn't stop you from blowing your goddamn horn about the sanctity of the American voting process. Christ, all I heard from my ex was "you should vote" this and "you should register" that for weeks and weeks, so I gave in. She implied that there would be a little something 'extra' in it for me if I did register to vote. You know what the something 'extra' was? Jury duty, apparently, because I sure as hell didn't get laid. You know what the irony of this situation is? I don't think I'm even going to vote now. After I registered my girlfriend dumped me, you know why? Because she was pissed that I was pissed that she wouldn't put out. So, not only did I not get laid, but two weeks after registering to vote, I got a notice in the mail for Jury Duty. Was my ex-girlfriend called for jury duty? Was she handed a shit sandwich and told to sit down and make the best of it? No. You know why? Because her dad just happens to work at the County Courthouse, and you know what his job is? He's in charge of possible jury duty candidates! Imagine that! So, I'm going to do everything I can to not get picked for this trial, but in the mean time, I just want you to know that this is all your fault. Dickheads, I'd love to kick your ass the next time I see you out and about.

Sincerely,

Craig Parker

Holy cow, Craig Parker, we're sorry that promoting this year's election would have such a negative impact on your life! Try to stay focused on the details and try the person fairly. Everyone knows that the American justice system is absolutely wonderful, and we hope that rather than see this as a negative thing, you will embrace your opportunity and do something completely super great with it. Go Craig Go!

Dear Dickheads,

Say I was getting together a group of musicians. From a purely mathematical standpoint, which of the following would be the best name for our band? :

- 1) Pascal's Wager
- 2) The Differentials
- 3) Dot Matrix and the Partial Derivatives
- 4) Polly Nomial and the Secants
- 5) The Logarithmies
- 6) N Fucktorial
- 7) Zero Sum Society
- 8) the Finite Infinitesimals
- 9) Median Cool
- or to) The Dodecaheathens

Your Pal,

Jeremy Cardenas

Jeremy,

My vote would be "The Dodecaheathens" because a multisided band of heathens coming towards me would certainly be frightening! Good luck!

Dear Dickheads,

I just went and bought a copy of the Death By Salt that you've recently released. People kept talking about it, so I thought I would buy it. Big mistake. Why in the holy fucking hell did you put half the bands on this compilation? I guess you could argue that it is the biggest compilation to ever come out of Utah and blah, blah, blah. But the fact of the

matter is that most of it sucks donkey dick! Maybe you guys were just hurting for material and in that case I can understand. But let's face it--there aren't many good bands in Utah anymore, which is really sad. I haven't been to a good metal show in a long fucking time. Where did all the bands go who played loud, fast and hard? Why are bands in Utah all flocking to the Emo/Urban lounge hipster scene? "We're cool, dude! Listen to Starmy, man!" Fuck that shit. I have my old IN EFFECT records, and I'm sticking to them! I admit, there are a couple on the Death By Salt that totally kick ass. But the rest of them suck. I'm sure I stand alone on this, but that's just my opinion. Maybe I should take my arrogant ass and move somewhere else. SSSSSUCK IT!!

-Jimmy Jones

Jimmy

Thanks for buying Death by Salt! We appreciate your comments and suggestions. We believe that there are a ton of super great and wonderful bands in Salt Lake City, and we took the opportunity to promote as many of them as we could possibly handle. It's too bad that you don't love EVERY track on the CD, but our guess is that you have particular tastes in music. Our suggestion would be to fast-forward through the tracks that you don't enjoy, and listen ONLY to the ones you do. Thanks again!

Dear Dickheads,

i just wanted to thank you for the free paper. this summer it has come in really handy when i have needed to kill flies. oddly enough, it seems that the flies are attracted to it.

sincerely,

-Elder T. Lamar Roberts

Elder T. Lamar Roberts,

Wow, this is a puzzle. I wonder if it's the honey-laced ink that they use in the production process that's attracting the flies. We'll certainly look into this!

Dear Dickheads,

I just thought I would tell you how much you're column means to me. It's nice to see that all the stereotypes that I hear about Salt Lake and it's sea of arrogant hipsters and braindead straight-edge idiots when i'm outside of utah are not true. Oh and by the way, thanks for continuously putting local bands on the cover. There would be nothing worse than if you called yourselves "Salt Lake Underground" but didn't actually do anything for local music. Keep up the good work. you stupid, jaded, morman cunts.

Sincerely,

Dimitri

Dimitri,

Utah has plethora of exciting and interesting people! We absolutely love it when we hear positive feedback like yours! You keep on reading and we'll keep on writing!

Dear Dickheads,

How sad it is that to promote Death By Salt you have to advertise with opinionated criticism. Why don't you give people a good reason to want to actually buy the cd, rather than rant on how much The Used sucks? So they made it, what's to put down about that? There are so many amazing bands around here with potential that are just too lazy and don't give a fuck and that's why they play the same few lame ass bars year after year, maybe that's what they want. Then there are those who work hard and get to see what progression serves. Form of Rocket, New Transit Direction and other bands that have worked hard to do what they love, and have something to show for their dedication. I'm not even a Used fan at all, but I was very irritated about the statement cause they are still one of our local bands and they deserve more respect than that. Ya twats!

Love.

Dumas

Dumas

You're completely right. The Used are an interesting and vital part of the local SLC scene today, so why not embrace them? We love ALL of our local, regional and national bands and try our hardest to give you the scoop when it comes to what they are doing. However, we'd like to tentatively point out, without insulting your intelligence in any way, of course, that the Death by Salt ad can be interpreted two ways: both painting The Used in a negative and positive light! So we encourage you to read it again! We're sorry that the use of negative advertising made you upset. Please don't let it affect our relationship! We certainly don't aim to disrespect or upset ANYONE. EVER! SLUG Mag's greatest priority is to make YOU HAPPY! SO BE HAPPY YOU HAPPY FUCKER, FUCK! Sorry, all this positive feedback is FUCKING KILLING ME! Thanks again for all the letters--wow, what a response to last month's issue!!! Write again, valued readers!

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For Localized in the month of August, SLUG brings you four-letter word bands who go by their first names only. I have a tendency not to trust people who won't tell you their last name, and I intend to stick to that. I suggest that you do the same. Fittingly, Localized falls on **Friday the 13th** this month, and will take place at the Urban Lounge, 241 South 500 East. Yield Will open up the show.

By Camilla Taylor



Nova met with Russel and me before they played at Todd's. At this point, we have met so many bands at Todd's that we get directed to them without even asking. We sat on the porch and after I sat on the only chair that had a puddle, effectively destroying my composure, we began the interview. The members of Nova have known each other for years. Some of them live together and can relate stories of how the other sleepwalks and terrifies other people by walking into their rooms at night.

"We call it rock n' roll," they say in response to what it is that they play. When I ask for any manner of specificity, they get somewhat confused. "Butt rock? Someone called these guys guitar heroes once," one says. "Someone called it smudge pop. I don't know what that is," says another. "It's definitely not emo or anything like that in any way. There is nothing emo about it at all," says yet another. They weren't very good at categorizing themselves and I don't blame them.

"I write songs about demons. Some songs are about drugs. The homeless native population in Alaska. It's sad—they all live on the streets and are alcoholics and no one gives a shit about them," Kevin explains. He used to live in Alaska, as well as a variety of other places. His bandmates point out that singing about homeless people is pretty emo, but it doesn't sound very emo. "There's a song about the Salem witch trials. Nineteen witches were burned alive. What a way to go, huh?" says one. They discuss the merits of burning alive as opposed to drowning. They all go for drowning, and one major point in this decision is that you might smell tasty as you burned alive. Kevin tells us how the Hawaiians call human meat "long-pig." I can neither confirm nor refute the truth of that.

They played at a bar and their performance interrupted the patrons' viewing of ultimate fighting. The unwilling audience booed them, but they did not try to ultimate-fight them.

Nova

Kevin: Guitar and vocals

Ray: Bass and vocals

Zepp: Drums and vocals

Longguy: Guitar and vocals



Photos: Russ Daniels



Iota

Rez: Bass

Jason: Drums

Joey: Vocals and guitar

Russel and I met Iota at Breweries. By the time we arrived to meet the band, Rez was trashed and the extent of that became more and more evident as the evening progressed. The three members of Iota have been together as a band for two years. During that time, they have played few shows, preferring to jam together in their practice space rather than subject a crowd to their deafening and inscrutable music. I've noticed that a group of straight men together have a tendency to engage in homoerotic humor. Iota was no exception to this rule and Rez routinely interjected into the conversation comments to his bandmate about how beautiful he thought he was.

"We're going to start playing a little more. The style of music that we play...you can't dance to it, you can't mosh to it, punks don't like us, and it's too loud for anybody else. We have friends who come out and support us, but that's about it," Joey explains. "It's so loud that people have to go outside."

They have a song about a cat. Jason found a kitten in the middle of the road. He took it in and nursed it back to health and cared for it. And it pissed and shit all over his house. Although he clearly has gone to some effort to write the lyrics to this particular cat-related song, the vocals are incoherent when they play. I anticipate that when they perform on Friday, they will not tell you what song they are about to play and you won't be able to understand it, either. They don't stress a stage presence ["We aren't there to tell fucking jokes. We're there to fucking play," Joey says] and evidently, they don't like to discuss things with the audience. They have no jokes to tell.

"We kind of do repetitive trance-like psychedelic music," Joey and Jason jointly explain to me. "A lot of weird noise, fuzz and strange sounds. There's a little sampling on the album, but not live." They interrupt themselves to say that they want to beat the shit out of so-and-so, and they do this many times. When I listen to the tape after the interview, I can't hear who these poor unfortunates are that deserve the wrath of Iota over the fuzz.

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SOMETHING JEWISH

Hey bands, did you know the Salt Lake Main Library will buy your CD? They have a local CD section available for the public to check out local bands and in order to archive the Utah music scene. If your CD is reviewed in this column (and even if it isn't) sell it to the library so more people can learn about you. Outdated and old CDs are welcome too. E-mail Lindsay Heath of Redd Tape at influenzi@yahoo.com for more info.

Theta Naught & Delicatto CD releases: Fri., Aug. 6, Kilby, w/Will Sartain

By Rebecca Vernon



VARIOUS ARTISTS
HotGoth.net Vol. 1
HOT GOTH

Local web guru Malice has put together a site, that, in its short eight-month existence, is the second-most-popular goth website on the Net (beaten out only by VampireFreaks.com), racking in several thousand hits a day from all over the world. This is HotGoth.net's first compilation release, and is the second CD I've reviewed that features a healthy mixture of local and national artists; about a 50/50 split. Here you might recognize the industrial Pandora's box of Twilight Transmissions, 23 Ecstasy Circuit Surgeon, the more freeform, atmospheric industrial of Little Sap Dungeon and Symbiont, the dark, Wolfsheim-like synth-pop of Boundless, and the brutal, raw death metal of Lord Beherit. However, these local favorites play alongside international luminaries like Project 9 (UK), whose spellbinding operatic vocals recall Pecos, Platform One (New York), whose music-box piano backs up an interplay of female/male vocals that evokes the tender side of Depeche Mode, and the chilling "Grey Sky Days" from Lexincrypt (Washington). This comp definitely leans towards the industrial dance side of Dark Underculture, but there is so much variety in between tracks that categorization is superfluous. Don't bypass the hidden track at the end.

www.HotGoth.net

THETA NAUGHT Something Scientific Eden's Watchtower

Theta Naught

put the mental back into instrumental. All instrumental all the time, their aptly titled *Something Scientific* bypasses the borders of known quantum mechanics, not through math metal, as may be expected by the album title, but via the vessel of abstract, mellow, Mazzy Star alterna-rock. They're mathematical in a classical music, Mozart type of way, dig. Their use of guitarorgan, lap steel, cello, keys, xylophone and something called a theramin will buoy up your spirits on the bleakest of Monday mornings with flowing, seamless melodicism, and occasionally will have you shaking your boo-tay with pulsing rockers like "Engineering to the Bridge," with its Joy Division-like bass line. My only complaint is that sometimes the music is not in tune with the keys.

www.thetanaught.com
www.edenswatchtowe.com



The lo-fi sound recording and instrument playing of

Ichor's unrefined, jugular-choking death metal is about at Mayhem-and-Burzum level (sometimes the guitars and drums need to make friends more), which is just fine with me, because what Mayhem and Burzum lacked in \$100,000-studio recordings and target-market interviews in metal magazines they made up for in rare sincerity. It's hard to believe the boys of Ichor are in their mid-teens, because their riff-writing, although not advanced, reflects an understanding of what is infectious, something that many rockers fail to grasp over a lifetime of writing. The riffs encompass aforementioned Scandinavian metal but also pluck from the sweet tree of Black Sabbath and even Melvins; dirty, dirty bastards that will surge through your thorax and leave your insides covered with grimy film. The vocals remind me strongly and delectably of Carcass' Jeff Walker. Among SLC's top 10 best metal releases.

www.geocities.com/ichormetal13
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Localized Friday
August 13, 2004

THE NEW TRANSIT DIRECTION Wonderful Defense Mechanisms Some Records

Even though *Some Records*' press

The New Transit Direction

mistakenly says that "Salt Lake City is known more for its religious zeal than its quality independent music. The town's isolation and small indie community gave the guys little else to depend on but their own drive and spirit of perseverance," the CD itself makes up for the slight. TNTD have traveled a long, long road of setbacks, disappointments and days when their journey seemed hopeless. The result of all their hard work is this CD, produced by J Robbins (Promise Ring, Dismemberment Plan, Jets to Brazil) released by a record label that is an oyster bed for the majors, a material testament to their faith in themselves and the power of their music. I.e., "I'm not giving up," sings Josh Asher in "Survival 101." Every chord shines out bright and true, brilliant against a grey sky. Josh's and Jake Hawley's trademark off-beat sashay choppy guitar riffs that hit you like a one-two uppercut pepper the album from beginning to end, and Dan Whitesides' confident, meaty drumming and Levi Lebo's curt bass hold down the songs like expert entomologists. "Anonymous" is an intense, sexy burner, and "To the Sea" and "Houston" are full of nostalgic yearning that will get under your skin, but definitely my favorite track is "Out the Lights"—its roiling washy guitar noise is so big it might just make you pee your pants. It's what falling in love would sound like if it had a sound.

www.tntd.com
www.some.com



LE FORCE Le Fortress Wantage

It's finally here, **Le Force's** first release on a national label. The deflowering honor goes to *Wantage USA*, out of Missoula, Mon., which also hosts *Federation X* and *The Fucking Champs*, among others. Hot tubs filled with whiskey and semen, feathered hot-pink boas and glass fish tanks packed with cobras and cocaine during their world tour supporting The Who and/or Faster Pussycat are sure to follow. Le Force put the mojo back into metal. Their mostly-instrumental black iron brew is dripping with the raw, cocky attitude that was so essential to the entire beginning of the movement. Not only is Le Force's musical execution as tight as a tourniquet, the feverish but deadly controlled guitar solos reek of immediate, real and heart-ripping heat and sweat, and the riffs themselves surge like a mounting tsunami, pounding your helpless psyche with a wall of liquid fire. The production happily leaves the scrappy edges of Le Force's three-prong assault intact, so it sounds as if they're playing in your living room, straddling your TV and writhing on your shag rug. I like all the tracks, but "Victory Runs Through Our Blood Like Ice in the Caves of Midnight" has got to be my favorite musically and title-wise.

www.le-force.com
www.wantageusa.com

REVIEWS

Spanky Van Dyke

WHIPPING IT BACK TO THE SLC FOR PRIMO PROJECT ACTION

By Shawn Mansell

After four years of the New York thing, J. Majesty front man Spanky Van Dyke is back in Salt Lake. He decided to come back on a whim.

"I was here visiting because my sister was graduating from the University of Utah," Van Dyke said. "I ran into these guys (old bandmates/friends) but I didn't have time to record, so I sent them songs I wrote. I flew out in June and rehearsed for a week and then recorded for a week."

Those two weeks in June of '03 were such a "positive experience" for Van Dyke that he short-circuited plans to form an East Coast-based band with members of Jets to Brazil. **Texas is the Reason**, and the **Promise Ring**. The recording last June produced Spanky Van Dyke's first album, *Capsized*.

Van Dyke speaks of his time in J. Majesty with little regret.

"We toured Europe twice and I'm proud of the records we put out," he said. He is also quick to point out lessons learned. "I found out what not to do and to do."

Collaborating with talented musicians must have been on the "to do" list, because his group is made up of some of the Salt Lake area's more versatile players. Guitarist S.S. Rabb and drummer Daniel Day were in long-defunct Utah band the Gladbirds with Van Dyke. Day has bands like COSM and Iceburn on his resume and is respected for his ability to cross genres with ease. Jeff Juip (currently in Gerald Music) handles keyboard duties. Another Iceburn veteran, Doug Wright, fills out the lineup. Wright plays bass and his time spent as a jazz session player have earned him a positive reputation.

While Van Dyke respects the crew he works with, it isn't their talent that excites him but the chemistry they share.

"The music flows naturally," Van Dyke said.

The musical synergy and understanding have proven to be fertile ground for lyrics Van Dyke describes as semi-autobiographical.

"They are an amalgamation of true things that happened to me and fictional stuff," he said, "although one girl thinks the whole record is about her."

Time and perseverance need to be consulted before Spanky Van Dyke is on his way to mass popularity. But if the crowd reaction at live shows is any indication, Van Dyke might already be on his way.

"I want to do this professionally," Spanky said. "I don't want to have to work in a restaurant anymore."

A return trip to New York has been tentatively scheduled for sometime in August (they hope to have multiple California shows done before then). If they keep this up, Spanky won't be waiting tables much longer.

Capsized can be purchased at Orion's Music and Wasatch CD Exchange.



Photo By Tyler Gourley



Zine Goddess

Zineland by Stakerized!

Venus is one of the best zines by and about, though not just for women. Just because it's slick and you might (or might not) find it on your newsstand doesn't mean it's not edgy. Rather than ramble on about how great it is, let's just cut to the chase and dive in to an interview with editor Amy Schroeder.

SLUG: How/when/why did you start *Venus*? What perspective do you try to provide on women in our society, and culture in general?

Schroeder: I started *Venus* in 1995 in my Michigan State University dorm room when I was 19 years old. The first few issues were cut-and-paste projects with a photocopy print run of less than 200. The first issue took me one night to produce, and it was a personal zine, meaning that it didn't have a real focus like it does now; instead, it was more of a journal of my life and other random topics. I released about one issue per year all throughout college, each issue getting better and thicker. Whereas the first issue was a personal zine, by the fourth issue, *Venus* had taken on the women-in-music focus and was gaining more momentum—especially with the help of friends who wrote stories, took photos, and donated illustrations. I implemented *Venus*' women-in-music focus because I didn't feel that female musicians were getting enough proper coverage in mainstream music publications or even in alternative music publications. In a better world, *Venus* would not need to exist. But because women deserve solid journalistic coverage of their creative work, *Venus* does need to exist. I hope that someday there will be comprehensive coverage of women in the arts in other publications—like the coverage we already see of men in the arts.

SLUG: How is *Venus* different from other magazines? What topics or approaches to topics do you take that others don't? Why did you select Janeane Garofalo for the cover story, and how is that indicative of the type of women you cover? Are there certain people, like perhaps a Jessica Simpson, who you wouldn't cover because they are overexposed or just don't have much intelligent to say? Or would you try to cover that type of person with an unusual perspective?

Schroeder: We've spent a lot of years establishing ourselves as a music publication, and now that we've accomplished that goal, we're also covering women in film, activism, visual art, fashion and D.I.Y. culture, the latter of which is one of our most popular sections. Janeane Garofalo is the second non-musician cover story we've had in the history of *Venus* covers. The first was actress Natasha Lyonne for issue No. 18 (winter 2003). We feel that Janeane has an amazing voice in the indie community. Whereas I feel that some leading indie musicians and creative types aren't voicing their opinions about politics because they want to play it safe, Janeane has the balls to stand up for her progressive political opinions. Our mission is to feature women and men who are making good and interesting art. Our interviews range from Sleater-Kinney to Yoko Ono to comedian David Cross to the Beastie Boys to actress Pam Grier.

SLUG: What recent features you are excited about?

Schroeder: I'm excited about the development of some of our fun, regular features such as "Random Top 10 List," in which we ask various musicians, comedians, and writers to concoct their own top 10 list; they get to pick the concept and write their own list. For instance, David Cross did "David Cross' Top 10 Top-10 Lists List," which was brilliant. We've also got "Record Shopping With," in which we give a band \$50 to blow at a record store and then we write about their experience and their usually silly purchases. The D.I.Y. section is always fun too. We've got cool how-to stories on how to make your own fortune cookies or how to make a clock out of a vinyl record, stuff like that. I'm also always inspired by musicians who tell us amazing stories and give us quotes that they don't give to anyone else. It's like they trust us more than they trust, say, *Rolling Stone*. Because the magazine is published four times a year, the Website, venuszine.com, fills in the blanks between issues and provides original content that you can't find in the mag—more reviews and interviews, concert postings, forums with *Venus* readers, contests, and a section where *Venus* readers can promote their own URLs.

SLUG: What are you doing special for your 20th issue?

Schroeder: We had a party at Chicago's Empty Bottle to celebrate our 20th issue and had such a great time. I also published a thank-you letter to our readers in the 20th issue. It's a really strong issue in every way, editorially speaking. To me, that's celebrating.

Venus Magazine can be found at Sam Weller's Bookstore or on the web at www.venuszine.com.



BEWARE OF THE DOGS THROW RAG:

A Medical Observation

by Dr. Kevlar7 M.D. (Musical Deviant)

The following is an interview conducted with Sean, (aka. Captain Sean-Doe) lead vocalist of the musical 'group' Throw Rag. Doctor Kevlar was monitoring symptoms of the Rock n' Roll sickness that the members of this 'band' were displaying. Kevlar notes that only an accelerated case of this disease would cause the members of Throw Rag to exhibit such extreme behavior, as made famous by the band, in front of an assembled group of watchers. Thus begins his account of the insightful interview.

As the nurse lead the drooling Captain Sean-Doe in, I fixed Sean with a good long stare, turned my tape recorder on, set pencil to notepad and asked my first question in an attempt to understand this mental condition. This question dealt with how the identity of Throw Rag became different over time. Sean's head rolled around for a little while and then he set a solid eye on me.

"The first disc was more like a country-punk disc that had a lot of rockabilly to it," Sean said. "Desert Shores is actually our third disc; the second one was never released. *Desert Shores* was more rock n' roll because it worked better live, playing those songs like that. It was never a conscious effort to change the sound. We were into a band called *The Humpers* and we wanted to write songs that had that kind of energy. The second unreleased disc, called *2nd Place*, was kind of the bridge between *Tee-Tot* and *Desert Shores*. *2nd Place* had songs that sounded like stuff off the other two albums; one day I want to put out that second album."

He then began to babble about his dog chewing on his wallet. However, I knew I had to forge ahead with my next question, which was about the future of his 'band', if he ever became sane enough to leave the hospital.

That question brought Sean to sudden attention and he excitedly answered, "We plan on putting out a new disc in February, it will be called *13th Street and Rising* and it will be a little different than *Desert Shores*. We recorded *Shores* quickly, not focusing on redoing things over and over again. *Shores* has that live raw fill to it, which was great. On the new disc it will still be raw, we did not want to over produce it but we wanted it a little bit more thought out than the last one. It will have a ballad, and it will have some weird symphonies on it. Jacko will sing two songs and they will be ones that he wrote himself. We will also have a live DVD coming out in October on *Kung-Fu Records*." Sean began to lurch in his restraints until he tired himself out.

Once he was given his medication by the nurse and he began to show signs of response, I asked my third question about the idea of a washboard player in what

seems to be a conventional rock n' roll band.

Sean threw my candy dish full of Jelly Beans into the air and then told me, "I met Jacko when I was putting the band together and he seemed cool, so I asked him what he played and he told me the accordion. However, when he came down to the studio, he was not very good. I asked him if he could play anything else and he told me a washboard which sounded really good, so it was added to the sound."

Sean tapered off here as he began to lick each of the Jelly Beans that had been in the dish at least once. I pointed to Sean's sailor hat and asked him about other journalists attempt to classify Throw Rag's sound, my favorite being 'Pirate Rock'.

Sean giggled hysterically while throwing the licked Jelly Beans at me and then answered, "I have heard some pretty funny equations of what we sound like. We sound like too many things to be easily compared. People equate Throw Rag with the sailor hats, I just hope I don't have to wear this hat for ever." He then began to scream lyrics from "Beware of the Dog" and "Bag of Glue" which he had written in a haze of insanity. I thought I would query about those lyrical scribbling's.

Sean calmed down and whispered, "I write things I have seen or things that I thought I saw. It's mainly about experiences in life. Secretive meth cooks whose mission message is to have everything a secret, stuff like that." Sean began to ask for some whisky and beer, which meant the interview was coming to an end. I asked my final question about the bands equally maladjusted "fans", masochistic groups of people who range from underground social groups as retro-rock n' rollers, rockabilly, punk rock, and ska. I wanted to know why Throw Rag had so many followers from so many different genres of music. Sean became instantly serious and explained with sign language type hand gestures and motions.

"We like anyone who has an open mind about music. We will play with anybody, and hope that their fans will like it. I think kids of today are bored with what's out there and are looking for something different. Hopefully, we are able to give them something different."

Sean began to bang his head on the table in frustration at what could possibly be his inability to communicate what he really wanted to say. I had the nurse come and lead him back to his room while I pondered my notes. Obviously, I sent in my recommendation that he was too mentally incapable of being released.

Unfortunately, he escaped with his "band" mates and is on the loose. Readers are advised to keep a cautious eye open since authorities suggest they are headed for Salt Lake City.

See Throw Rag's insanity Sept. 1, at The Heavy Metal Shop at 5 p.m. and the Lo-fi Cafe later that night.





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GALLERY STROLL

by Mariah Mann

Strolling through galleries in Utah was very difficult some 20-odd years ago. The working class didn't have time to take in art during the middle of the day, during galleries' regular business hours. This was a way of keeping the under-educated or "blue collar" person from culture. Until someone said, "Art to the people" and Gallery Stroll was born!! The "Stroll," as it became known, would take place on the third Friday of every month and would allow art patrons to appreciate art after the working day was through, usually from 6p.m.-9p.m. Refreshments were served and everyone was a little more enlightened than when they arrived. The moral to this story is; if you attend Gallery Stroll, you will be smarter, better, and brighter than if you don't.

Phillips Gallery, located at 444 East 200 S., is pleased to present their annual **Summer Group Show**, featuring fine art by over 50 local artists. Every medium is present in this show, from oils to woodcuts and everything in between. Appropriately titled, the *Summer Group Show* features several images that will sweep you away to far-off vacation destinations or memories of picnics on the beach or days at the pool. This exhibit will remain on display through Sept. 10 with an artist reception Aug. 20 from 6p.m.-9p.m. in correlation with the Gallery Stroll.

Artisan Frame Works and Gallery, located at 351 W. Pierpont Ave., has been inspired by the recent Tour De France and have chosen to celebrate with a trip to Paris through the lens of local photographer Garry Miller. Miller's work with black-and-white film and varied subject matter throughout Paris will keep you entertained and enthralled. The opening reception will take place Aug. 20 and the show will remain on display until Sept. 10.

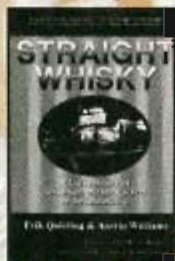
Art Access and Art Access II is located at 339 W. Pierpont. *Art Access* has been partnering local, established artists with special needs adults who are interested in entering the mainstream art community. With the success of the adult mentoring program over the last 10 years, *Art Access II* has added to that philosophy by joining teens from all over the Salt Lake Valley to share their ideas and experiences in a teen workshop. The results of these mentoring programs will be on display from Aug. 20 through Sept. 2.

The Forum Gallery, located at 511 West 200 S., has teamed up two-dimensional artist Bryan Child with his Picasso-like paintings and three-dimensional porcelain sculptures from Clay Artists of Utah. This fun and unexpected union will be on display from Aug. 20 through Sept. 11. *The Forum Gallery* is open Wednesday through Saturday from noon to 5p.m. and Gallery Stroll from 6p.m.-9p.m.

Now, go out and support local art!!!! Why? Because you can!!!!



One of my favorite books that I was "forced" to read when I was a freshman at the University was *The Monkey Wrench Gang* by Edward Abbey. It was a thrilling ride with a group of Eco-terrorists who took aim at corporations, which thrived on greed at the expense of the environment. I had enjoyed the book because it took a group of tree huggers and made them a threat to those who would rape the Earth for personal gain. I know many a person has read that classic by Abbey, whether they are/were hippies or punks, and took to heart the message that was put forth in that book. It obvious that Richard Emidio Melo was inspired and moved by *The Monkey Wrench Gang*. His novel, named after Bob Dylan songbook, takes a much lighter approach to the subject of eco-saboteur's then Abbey's cult-classic. It's also at times harder to read. Melo flips through moments in time touching on different characters lives in just paragraphs. One paragraph could be about watching children playing in a park, the next paragraph is about a young father fleeing the draft in the 60's. Melo also uses a weird symbol throughout the book that makes it confusing as to what it means in the context of the sentence. Patience in following through with the jumbled first part pays off as the book lays out the humorous and lively story. The reader becomes acquainted with the Jokerman, inspired by past memories of happy childhood's in parks and forests, the group launches a wild campaign of pranks aimed at those institutions that are the Jokerman's enemy. The narrative twists and turns with subplots that are interesting but also weird. For example, a young husband sets himself on fire in front of what he believes to be Robert MacNamara's office during the 60's. Another thread of weirdness in the plot, is the Yuppies levitating the Pentagon, which moves the Jokerman into building a pyramid next to the Pentagon. If this is a bit peculiar but intriguing, then this might be worth checking out, just be prepared for some highly intellectually challenging reading. For an apathetic America that is used to watching mind-numbing television, a stinging but entertaining novel is never a bad thing. —Kevlar7



I never knew that David Bowie was beaten to within an inch of his life on September 6, 1974 in a private bar above the Rainbow Bar and Grill by an obsessed fan, known simply as Karate Kurt. Or that on December 17, 1967, Jim Morrison tried to force Janis Joplin, whose "favorite pastimes are drinking Southern Comfort and eating pussy," to give him head on the couch at an Elektra exec's party. Or that John Lennon refused to remove a tampon from the top of his head ("It kept his hair from falling out.") while waiting for *The Doors*' second set to begin at the Whisky A Go Go on October 2, 1966 - which was also their last set ever at the Whisky due to Morrison's infamous inflection of "Mother...I wanna fuck you, mama, all night long!" What makes these and other stories in *Straight Whisky* so great are that they are all from first-hand accounts by the rock stars and the manager/owner of the Whisky, Rainbow Bar and Grill and Roxy Theatre, Mario Maglieri. This guy has literally seen it all - the psychedelic '60s, the British Invasion of the '70s, the punk/glam of the '80s, the early '90s grunge movement and all the new shitty music of the 21st century. *Straight Whisky* chronicles each of these rock 'n' roll eras, concentrating on all of the decadent, behind-the-scenes dirt. It's an easy and amusing read that any rock 'n' roll fan should enjoy.

—Dick Rivers

Nikia Amira

By Astara

Nikia Amira, a favorite dancer from Ogden, Utah has only been dancing for six years. Six years ago, she had never watched a belly dance performance. When a friend invited her to a belly dance class, she didn't think she would like it very much. After one class with Mashara Rabia, she was bitten by the belly dance bug, and, four months later, she was performing at Tribes. Nikia Amira's extensive training in classical ballet, jazz and musical theatre made belly dancing a natural fit. She brings her dance background, her sweet personality, and her acting ability to the belly dance stage and performs her magic. She loves Egyptian Cabaret and the Egyptian Pop style of Middle Eastern Dance, and her interpretations are fun, flirty, and refreshing. Nikia Amira's drum solos are spectacular, exciting and dead on.

Nikia's classes with Mashara Rabia were her introduction to belly dancing. "Mashara moved so beautifully and was so sensual. It was the most beautiful dancing that I had ever seen," said Nikia. "I fell in love with the mystery and the femininity of the dance. Mashara gave me a solid foundation in belly dancing."

In 2001, Nikia began taking classes with Midnight Mirage and within six months, she was asked to join the *Midnight Mirage Dance Company*. As a member of the troupe, she traveled and danced all over the Western United States and competed in the *Wigles of the West* dance competition, which they won in 2002.

"My dance style was really formed by Midnight Mirage," Nikia explains. "I



was their baby. My love of Egyptian pop and Egyptian Cabaret was directly influenced during my year with Isis, Jamileh and Calypso. The women of Midnight Mirage were my mentors and still are."

Nikia Amira has also studied with Suhaila, Jilliana Hadia, Suzanna del Vecchio, Delilah and Aziza. "My favorite dancer today is Hadia," said Nikia. "I really appreciate the way she captures the essence of the dance. I love the way she dances. It's so non-invasive."

After a year with Midnight Mirage, Nikia Amira left to have her second baby, Sophia. Today, she is the creator and director of the *Whispering Sands School of Dance* with 40 students, and a dance company that has been together one year. Nikia Amira and the *Whispering Sands* students will be performing at the *Utah Belly Dance Festival* the end of August, the *Idaho Belly Dance Festival* in September, *Tribes* in the fall and the *Hot Air Balloon Festival* at Wolfcreek Resort. She is also a regular performer at the *Athenian Restaurant* in Ogden on Thursday nights.

Nikia Amira is a talented, beautiful and delightful dancer and person. Her drum solo work is deadly! Her students perform continually with sophistication and professionalism. At age 27, she has been in a nationally acclaimed dance company, performed around the United States, and has a successful school of dance. With people like Nikia Amira, belly dancing in Utah has a bright and creative future.



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Comments or questions, drop us
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Headphones by Nick James

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GoGo Music

Originally released in late 2000 on Giant Step Records, this latest interpretation is right on target with the soul-disco era of house music. As GoGo Records continue to release more quality house, this adds a timeless vibe to the label's catalogue. The "Ralf Gum & Crisp" mixes hold true to their signature styles (think *Soul Purpose Records*), with sweet guitars and melodies in the vocal and dub mixes. On the flip side is **Roberto De Carlo** working it with vocal and dub mixes. My recommendation: the peak-time funky dub of De Carlo.
www.gogomusic.net

Soul Magic Soulful Deep

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Soul Magic - **Morten Trust** has been producing and DJ-ing on the international house scene for more than a decade. From an early age, Trust has played in bands and eventually progressed into one of the most respected house producers of our time. Soul Magic's debut on *Soulful Deep* is "Yah Yah," a soulful summer monster complete with fierce Rhodes and crisp percussion. Due for release Aug. 6 www.soulfuldeep.com

"Knee Deep Don't Let You Down" (Knee Deep USA)

Soulful and thrusting grooves are the trademark of the infamous **knee-deep** boys. **Basti** and **Toddie**, both in production and DJ-ing, are never too sophisticated or stuffed with loops, yet have managed to combine soul, funk and Latin into a sound that is downright "I Won't Let You Down" three mixes: the "KD Club" which comes slamming' bass guitars and big drums, flip are



"KDRprise" and "Bird's JFunk Dub," which has long guitar filters, brass and tight arrangements. Out now!
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K.O.T. feat. Haze Defected Records

Tomorrow, including headman **Sandy Rivera** ("Finally" and "Changes") comes the hit of the summer. The first edition of this release comprises Spanish boys **Chus** and **Ceballos**. Promised to be engineered for the New York and Ibiza megaclubs, this track is full of tribal sounds underlying the haunting vocals of **Haze**. The second edition includes the talent of **Rasmus Faber** (mix of "E-samba" & "Everafter") from *Farplane Records*. He turns this dark and progressive track into a fun, romantic Latin lover. A little guitar and jazz appear in there, with a famous melody from **Duke Ellington's** "Caravan." Wicked!
www.defected.co.uk

From all of us at Loud and Clear...

The original show is nearing an end. Your DJs - Jeff, Jini, Andrea, Alyssa, Shannalee, Loren, Lauren, and Allie - are moving on, and a new crew of DJs has begun training. All of us at Loud and Clear bid a fond farewell to our original crew and extend a warm welcome to the next.

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IN THEATRES AUGUST 20

Wasted Life

By Dave Barrett dave@sluggmag.com

Last month when I saw that the Warped Tour was coming to town, I went into such a depression about punk music that I spent three weeks straight listening to nothing but *Delcide* and *Bolt Thrower*. I went to Capitol Reef on a hiking trip and felt like staying there permanently, starting a new life in Grover, Utah, and never seeing another mall-punk again. Maybe if I re-embraced my rural upbringing and dressed the part, I could bum "cool" people out even more than being a 32-year-old punk who doesn't own a single indie-rock, math-rock, emo, screamo or pop record.

Punk's supposed to be a gathering of people who hate corporations, hate government, hate religion, hate the stupid demands put on them by a stupid society bent on materialism and want no part of it. It's supposed to be offensive, smelly and against stuff, remember? The only thing Warped Tour's against is kids who can't afford their ticket prices. Warped Tour is the musical equivalent of a fat woman in a jogging suit. It wasn't a fuckin' shoe company that invented the zine, the mosh or the all-ages venue, it was hardcore punks who did everything themselves.

DECONTROL THE FINAL WAR CD

This record has four different illustrations of gas masks, and I'm beginning to wonder why they are so popular on T-shirts and record covers. It's probably because gas masks are the last thing punks see before the riot police hose them down with pepper spray. *Decontrol* know exactly how to get people like me to pick up their record. The band logo and cover art are hand-drawn in black and white with stenciled lettering, not made on a computer like a *Limp Bizkit* record. There are song titles like "Armed to the Fucking Teeth," "Government Made Wasteland" and "Nightmares of War," which tells me this is going to be a full-metal jacket raw punk explosion inspired by *Discharge*. I thought *Decontrol* would be a really good *Discharge* clone, but there's more variety here than I expected. Some songs sound more inspired by Swedish greats *Anti-Cimex* and *Shitlickers*, others more by British legends like *Anti-System* or *The Varukers*. Then again, it could be the very dirty recording that will surely offend trendy cars.

(Hardcore Holocaust/P.O. Box 26742/Richmond, VA/
23261-6742/www.hardcoreholocaust.com)

HELLSHOCK ONLY THE DEAD KNOW THE END OF WAR LP

Speaking of my three-week *Bolt Thrower* binge, this *Hellshock* LP came at the perfect time. They have twin-guitar harmonies that are brutal and foreboding, just like *Bolt Thrower*. They have march-into-battle riffs and guttural vocals, just like *Bolt Thrower*. They have lots of songs about war, just like *Bolt Thrower*. They have probably been spotted wearing *GRASS* and *Discharge* shirts, just like *Bolt Thrower*. *Bolt Thrower* emerged from the mid-1980s peace-punk scene in Great Britain; *Hellshock* only sounds like they did. You don't even have to guess what bands *Hellshock* loves, but they still have a sound of their own that tells you they're from Portland, Ore. The album art is also excellent, featuring a detailed drawing of a dead soldier, a gas mask and a vulture. Still, *Only the Dead Know the End of War* sounds very metal for a punk record, but if you walk with the goat lord, you will understand. (*Hellshock*/P.O. Box 2626/Portland, OR/97208)

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GLITTER

GUTTER

TRASH

By Elen Michol Painter

Delays Faded Seaside Glamour Rough Trade

Undoubtedly the Delays will draw comparisons to The Byrds, love children and bearded hair adorned with flowers in the pre-Altamont 60s due to the cascading of songs like "Nearer than Heaven." Which I suppose is fine as long as you're not intending it as an insult. Personally, I hear more of the falsetto of *Ocean* and *Gay Dad* mixed with sunshine guitars rather than the dim outlook of minor chords. Yes, the Delays are just tasty enough to be underrated, have a brief flash of success overseas before toiling off into obscurity while less interesting bands stroll through with their major label deals and PR gimmicks. *Faded Seaside Glamour* is similar to and hands down better than the recent *Starsailor*, *Boyz Patrol* and *Keane* releases. Not flawless, but reasonably bright and beautiful.

Strange Boutique The Collection 1988-1994 Metropolis

Faith and the Muse is certainly a fine band with their ethereal rock and theatricality, but I've always felt that Monica Richards' best work was locked in a secret capsule called *Strange Boutique*. The sound isn't all that far removed from Faith and the Muse; I always felt like William Faith was doing his very best Fred "Freak" Smith tribute on the guitar, and why not when it worked so well in the first place? *Strange Boutique's* *Siouxsie*, *All About Eve* and the 80s dark pop of *Killing Joke* mixture was intriguing and still sounds fairly fresh. *The Collection* doesn't quite live up to the *Bananeas*, but it does present enough evidence that perhaps the best American contribution to dark wave didn't come from L.A. They even almost pull off their cover of Bowie's "Heroes."

Bella Morte As The Reasons Die Metropolis

If you're intent on categorizing bands into genres, you might want to ignore Bella Morte's existence. Caught somewhere between industrial and synthpop with a touch of something gothic, Bella Morte again prove that creativity is a whole lot more interesting than the paint-by-numbers approach by flowing seamlessly between ballads, pop hooks and aggressive-edged tracks. What's even more impressive is that they pull it off without the least hint of insincerity. Some might have downplayed their surprise appearance at June's Dark Arts Fest as some kind of disappointment, but if the American darkwave movement wants to stay afloat, it is on Bella Morte's back they're going to have to ride.

Midlake Bamnan and Silvercork Bella Union

Typically, Simon Raymonde (Cocteau Twins) and his lovely Bella Union record label release quality albums. *Bamnan and Silvercork* is quite easily the worst "lay clone" of a *Flaming Lips* release that you could ever imagine. It's detached without any sense of purpose other than to remind me that had originality is still far better than a boring rehab. Clearly destined to be included in someone else's top 10 albums of the year.

Le Concorde EP Space Kitty

It is always a pleasant surprise when a CD bears a sticker telling of guest artists featured within and you ultimately realize the band sticker is underselling the talent and potential of the band. Sure, the appearance of the *Psychodelic Fur's* guitarist, John Ashton, and their saxophone player, Mars Williams, tempting the uneducated Furs fan can't hurt. All you really need to know is that *Le Concorde* write intelligent pop songs that recall the late 80s and early 90s when Stephen Duffy's *Lilac Time* were less interested in alt-country and more in line with the musing of *Astee Camera* or the strumming of the *Lightning Seeds*. Now if we could only get a full album out of them, I might be persuaded to crown them as the kings of Chicago.

Nicki Jane Of Pigeons and Other Curiosities Shaman

Yes, it is comforting to know that there is still enough space in the world for a little dark cabaret. On *Of Pigeons and Other Curiosities*, Nicki Jane swings around her guitar or piano with a bitter assurance reminiscent of Nick Cave. Through restraint, she's more subtle than Voltaire, providing a more entertaining twist when a rather casual story suddenly takes a turn down a dark alley. Although she typically performs solo, the decision to record the songs as a full band was a wise decision for the album. The starkness of a solo performance wouldn't be nearly as effective. However, I imagine live she's quite brilliant in casting her spells over an attentive audience. Perhaps an invitation to Dark Arts 2005 is in order.

Rachel Goswell Waves Are Universal 4AD

Rachel Goswell: You might not recognize the name, but I'd have a hard time believing that someone who has any interest in my column wouldn't have heard her voice in either *Slowdive* or my column wouldn't have heard her voice in either *Slowdive* or *Mojave 3*. Her solo debut is as stunning as Neil Halstead's (also in both previously mentioned bands) was a year or two ago. By lifting elements from both shoegazer and alt-folk, Goswell has created a light pop album full of warmth and intimacy without compromising intelligence for sugar.

maduz2 opefandi

Hocico Born to be Hated Out of Line 4/5

It's hard for me to get tired of Hocico. They produce so much consistently angry, quality music and it never seems to get old. "Born to be Hated" is the single to the album that is rumored to be released sometime in August. Four tracks (the vinyl has six—including a Feindflug remix) give us a peek of what to expect. Raw beats and captivating melodies keep with the Hocico tradition on "Born to be Hated" and on "Winds of Treason." Although some of the sounds seem recycled, it's Hocico and it's good. Apoptygya Berzerk remixes "Ruptura"—which isn't even worth writing about. In fact, thinking back on *Hate Never Dies (The Remix Celebration)*, Hocico is just that good that bands remixing them are going to have a hard time making it sound decent.

Punto Omega Punto Omega Metropolis 3/5

The spread of industrial angst has reached Argentina and has brought with it Punto Omega (that translates to "Omega Point"). Viator and Pilgrim, the duo known as Punto Omega, only recently started this project in 2002. It took hardly any time for L'lame Immortelle's Thomas Rainer to discover them and get them signed with Trisol Music Group. Generic industrial beats and distorted vocals are mixed with bursts of symphonic strings, piano and a backup choir. "Marcha Hacia El Punto Omega" ("March towards the Omega Point") opens the album with a sound indicative of what's to follow with epic power chords, marching band drums and bagpipe. "Punto Omega" is next, with some harsh beats and a melody similar to L'lame Immortelle's "Changes." Fast-forward to "Mundo de Robots" ("Robots World") where guest vocals are provided by Spanish musician Cenobita—a nice touch, but hardly distinctive from Pilgrim's vocals. The album would not have been complete without Thomas Rainer putting his hands on it. He co-wrote and donated his vocals to "La Fusion," a track that sounds more like his own project than this one, but whatever. If you are into the big, proud epic stuff, Punto Omega is for you.

Apoptygya Berzerk The Harmonizer DVD Metropolis 5/5

With the influx of mediocre music DVDs lately, my expectations were pretty low for Apoptygya Berzerk's latest, *The Harmonizer DVD*. I was absolutely blown away with the quality and content of this package that APB has unleashed. Over 90 minutes includes a legitimate live performance (mouths and words are in sync), a documentary that is better than any VH1 or E! documentary, and well-produced music videos and a few other extras—and that's only half the package. A bonus CD features seven remixes of "Unicorn," a new track, "114 BPM" and a cover of The Cure's "A Strange Day." The documentary portion was very interesting and fun to watch. Aside from interviews with band members, the clips from the recording studio and the creation of the music videos and photo shoots were fascinating. "Unicorn" was one of my least favorite tracks on *Harmonizer*, but once they added guitar for the "video version," it totally worked (and yes, I normally detest guitars). Learning more about the band from watching this totally sold me on APB. The respect I have for them has reached a new level.

The Retrosic God of Hell Metropolis 4.5/5

Prepare yourself for another new act storming into the U.S. industrial scene. The Retrosic has already been named #1 in the German Alternative Chart. "Album of the Month" in several music magazines and the winner of several "soundchecks." The comparisons are obviously going to be of Wumpscut (even the grainy photos and fonts have a Rudy feel to them) and Suicide Commando with precise, militant beats. "Storm" starts soft with an Indian flute, the beat kicks in Commando-style, and vocals scratch at your ears until the break of dramatic strings comes in. A music video of "Storm" is part of the CD and captures beautiful black-and-white visuals, including a post-apocalyptic city that every rivethead should want to live in. The visuals add some points to the likeability of the song. "Maneater" is the second track and probably my favorite, or at least, most-listened-to track of the album. "Elysium" breaks out of the ordinary with some Middle Eastern beats and chanting while maintaining the militaristic beats—a low point of the album for me. Other tracks that will find their way to the dance floors are "Antichrist" and "Dragonfire." The Retrosic is an act that is hard to ignore—I find myself coming back to *God of Hell* repeatedly.

Davantage Unholy Black Rain 5/5

Davantage failed to impress me the first time with their debut album, *Broken Influences*. *Unholy* generously offers 13 tracks of some of the best dark electro I have heard in a while. Title track, "Unholy," sold me instantly with stunning dance-floor beats and anthem electro. "T.C.A." and "Davantage 03" bring more standard heavy 4/4 rhythms and then slow down on "Quite Ecstatic." Davantage manages to throw in a cover of the German punk band, *Skeptiker*'s, "Ja, Ja, Ja," which sounds much like what I would expect Nitzer Ebb to sound like today—the good stuff, that is. Remixes from *Suicide Commando*, *EchoRausch* and *Soman* throw even more fun into the EP that showcases what's to come on the full-length, *Split & Shatter*. It's exciting to see a band reach their full potential and release something that nails it like *Unholy*.

by oneamysseven@kommandzero.net

written in blood

By John Forcash

forcash@slugmag.com

NOISE: As if it's not bad enough Jack Frost named his solo album *Raise Your Fist To Metal*, he's also pictured on the cover... that's right, raising his fist to metal. A number of guest musicians were involved in this project, although limited information offered on the slipcase review copy has me guessing who's doing what at any given time. If it's true Jack Frost was actually a guitarist for *Savatage*, then Chris Oliva (R.I.P.) isn't only rolling in his grave, he's spinning. Frost blows on guitar. His rhythm guitar playing is adequate, but his soloing is laughable, highlighted by the hilarious guitar-only solo track "Nippin At Your Ear." Track 3 and 9 have the same exact rhythm guitar parts, but the two songs have different singers, lyrics and song titles—I guess we weren't supposed to notice? The singer with the lisp on the cover of Ratt's "Lack Of Communication" was a nice touch. This album as a whole is a mish-mash of bad 80s metal that apparently, no amount of guest musicians could possibly save.

MNEMOSYNE/THE END: Norway's Peccatum are back four years after their last album, *Amor Fati*, with *Lost In Reverie*. This album was written and performed by Ihsahn (Emperor) and Ithriel (Star Of Ash), with guest musicians providing additional drums, percussion and vocals on some of the tracks. This album covers everything from stark, single instrument passages to full-on black metal production. In between, the band reveals the experimental flair they've developed since their last album. Track 1, "Desolate Ever After," begins with a minimalist, string-section intro. The track continues with light female singing, then hits with a barrage of dissonant noise, male vocals and distorted guitars. Track 1 distills the entire album down to its essence in the way it represents all of the tracks moving from heavy dissonance to stark ambience. Track 2, "In The Bodiless Heart," starts off with acoustic guitar, female vocals and a striking bass line, serving as an introduction to the band's more experimental side. Track 3, "Parasite My Heart," is the first real reminder of this band's past ties with extreme black metal. There are four other tracks on the album, all equally good. This is a great album in both performance and production. I was mesmerized from beginning to end.

THE END: It's been seven years since the last album from Crisis. They've just released their latest, *Like Sheep Led To Slaughter*, and I'm struggling to hear something new from this band. Despite a new drummer and the addition of a second guitarist, this still sounds pretty much like the first two releases (*Deathhead Extermination* and *The Hollowing*). In a rare instance of research on my part, I re-listened to the first two albums, along with *Like Sheep*... Besides getting a gutful of this band that will surely last a lifetime, I came to the conclusion that the three albums are, for the most part, interchangeable. Even with the new drummer, the drumming fits the same earthy, free-form, rhythmic patterns as before. The guitars, fresh blood and all, don't have anything new to offer. Other than the occasional "solo-ette," these guys rarely ever touch anything other than the lowest three strings on their guitars. About the only variation I hear from song to song and album to album is Karyn Crisis' vocals. I've never really

been into her vocals in the past, but as of my most recent experience—feeding, they've sort of grown on me. Her cackles and squeals edge on the bizarre, but those attributes, coupled with her very intense and brutal death delivery, result in Karyn being one of the more compelling female vocalists in death metal. Musically, *Like Sheep*... falls a bit short.

There are some good dark, plodding musical moments that explode into fury, but then there are other parts that are just plain boring. They branch out a little with a sitar intro to track 4, "Nomad," but how unusual is the sitar anymore? I'll bet you could find a sitar somewhere on an NSYNC album. This is decent, but I expected more from this release.

EARACHE: The "best of" Carcass, *Choice Cuts*, is being released nine years after they put out their last album, *Swansong*—now that's timing for you! Of the studio-released tracks from *Choice Cuts*, two come from *Reek Of Putrefaction*, two from *Symphonies Of Sickness*, one from the *Tools Of The Trade* EP, two from *Necroticism: Descending Into The Insublimity*—three from *Heartwork*, and three from *Swansong*. The "bonus tracks" are two four-song sets from the Peel Sessions. The first set was recorded on Dec. 13, 1988, but has been previously released (so are the songs really "bonus tracks"?). The second set was recorded on Dec. 2, 1990. If you already own all of the Carcass albums, I personally wouldn't buy this just for the second Peel Sessions set. All of the Peel Sessions I've heard sound like they placed one microphone in the middle of the room and let the tape roll. Their first two studio albums didn't sound much better, and their last studio album, *Swansong*, sounded like it was a spawn of contractual obligation. If you want to get into Carcass, go buy *Heartwork*, *Tools Of The Trade* and *Necroticism*. Those three releases, which only span two years of this band's career, will forever keep Carcass ranked as one of my all-time favorite bands.


CENTURY MEDIA: Jungle Rot is back with their third full-length release, *Fueled By Hate*. Is it really three different albums, or is it the same album released three different times? I mean, seriously, these guys pull off a decent mid-tempo death tune, but isn't there anything else to warrant a third full-length release? Jungle Rot must be surviving on a massive (albeit brainless) following. The guys in this band are obviously of limited ability. That's fine every now and then, but the simplicity gets boring. This band sticks to what they can do and what they've gotten away with doing for so long. If you buy *Fueled By Hate* and hear two songs, consider yourself briefed on the entire release, then spend the rest of the 30-minute playing time pissing that you bought it in the first place.



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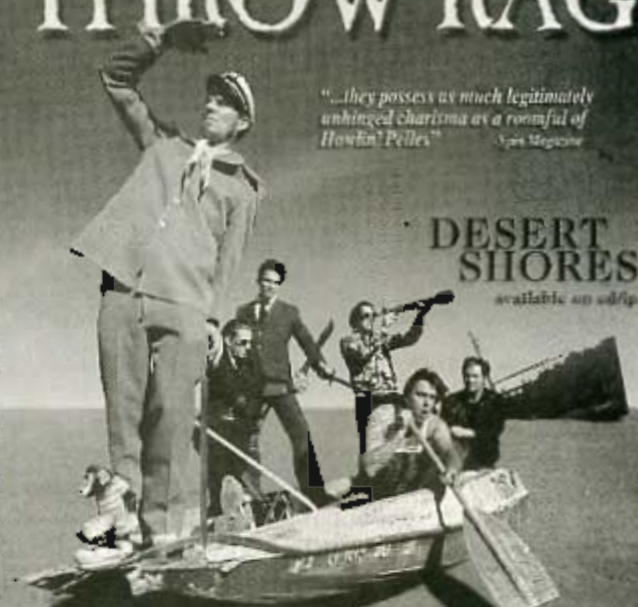
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I AM A LONG WAY FROM HOME A CONVERSATION WITH MOGWAI'S STUART BRAITHWAITE

By Justin Burch Esq.

dark
secret. Is this a
conscious choice of the band or an
unwarranted observation by an overzealous
question writer?

SB: I think that they're just so bad that people don't use them. So it probably has nothing to do with us being secretive; it's probably the fact that we look so bad.

We're not bloody N'Sync, you know?

SLUG: Has your aesthetic suffered in the stadium venues you have played on the *Curious Tour*? Has the typically disinterested American festival audience given due respect to your set?

SB: I think that any band, unless you're a crazy jump-about punky band, are going to find it hard to create much of an atmosphere. But I think that the music sounds good in the really big places, and because we don't move around too much, it seems pretty surreal. But I don't care. I just want to see *The Cure* every night and have fun with my friends.

SLUG: In a *Rolling Stone* interview a few years ago, the band touted the positive effects of Ecstasy. I don't know who said this. Is this still the drug of choice?

SB: [Ruminating] I think it was me. I don't really take drugs ... but at that time, with my driving techniques or he was prompted to keep all the Ecstasy was probably one of the more constructive ones. It's not really a good tale, "darned homosexuals" off the lovely streets of a quasi-suburb, though.

SLUG: What are the band's current recording plans? Can the public expect something along the musical lines of *Rock Action* or *Happy Songs*, or are you once again charting new territories?

SB: I have absolutely no idea. We could release a funk record for all I know.

At this moment, the phone rang at the command center. The call was received in Stuart's car on the line we were talking on. He asked, "Are you all having issues?" I had no reason to lie.

After several days of remarkable confusion, a directive came from the command center. I packed my bags, loaded my vehicle, and proceeded to the office with a cassette tape and an aching desire to converse with Scotland's finest rock deconstruction outfit, Mogwai.

Yet moments before arrival, trouble—in the form of a hairy-lipped South Salt Lake police officer—plagued my mission once again. Either this gentleman was dissatisfied with my driving techniques or he was prompted to keep all the "darned homosexuals" off the lovely streets of a quasi-suburb, though. Though I was probably guilty of the former, I felt wronged.

Still reeling from this unfortunate hiccup, I dialed Mogwai's lead guitarist and founding member Stuart Braithwaite, hoping the sound of a Scottish accent would alter my spirits. It did, so much in fact, that I felt comfortable telling Mr. Braithwaite about my discouraging day.

SLUG: I got pulled over a few minutes ago.

Stuart Braithwaite: By the police?

SLUG: By the police.

SB: For any particular reason? Are you in trouble?

So, here I am, speaking with Mogwai, a band that has transcended the instrumental rock zeitgeist, by my count, at least twice, and I solicit emotional therapy. Platinum. But alas, I proceeded with "real questions."

SLUG: Why is the band named after a Gremlin?

SB: I don't know. We just needed a name for a band. That's the first thing we came up with. We were planning on getting a better one at some point, but this one just stuck.

SLUG: Do you feel that the attitude or behavior of that particular Gremlin in any way metaphorically correlates to your music? [Overanalytical, I admit].

Stuart: [Faintly amused] We try not to think like that. We just go on with things.

SLUG: Which artists provided the greatest musical influence when the band formed? How have these influences changed in the last few years?

SB: When we first started the band, we were all into Sonic Youth, Joy Division, My Bloody Valentine and other bands like that. I guess we just became more interested in minimal and electronic music as the years went by.

SLUG: As press photos incorporating the entire band seem rare, Mogwai is granted a certain degree of

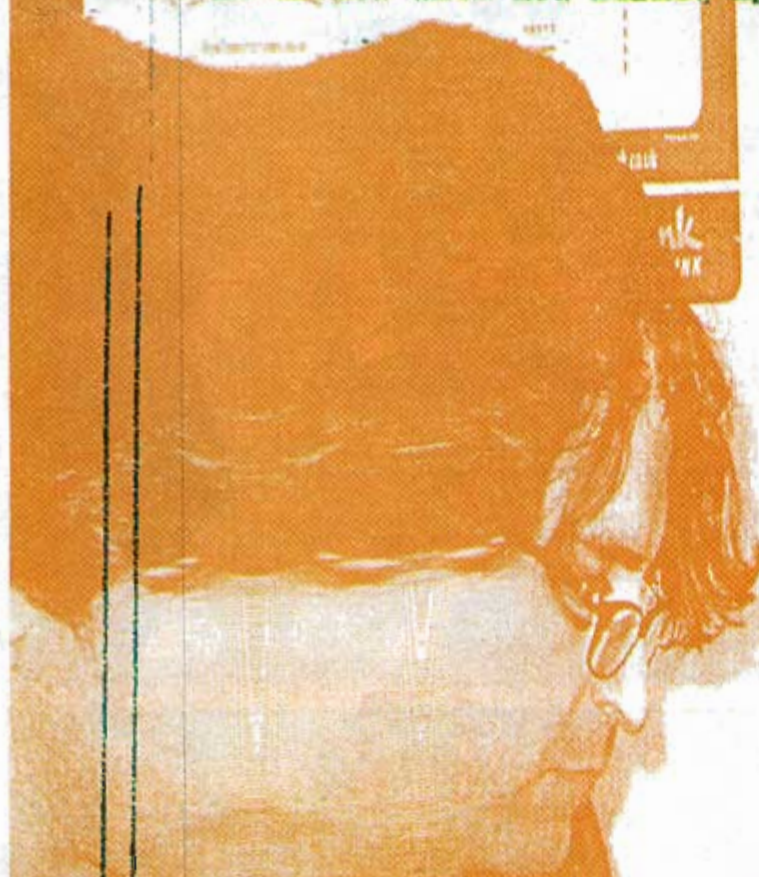
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"True hardcore is forever young; True hardcore is left undone."

An Interview with Lou Barlow By MC Wellk



Lou Barlow has been in a lot of bands, yet he is self-contained. His first band in Boston was the hardcore outfit *Deep Wound*. Later, he joined indie legends *Dinosaur Jr.* only to be kicked out by front man J. Mascis for "lacking social skills." Lo-fi Sebadoh was his bounce-back band, one that was tremendously influential on myriad bands (but please don't link him to emo), and evolved over a decade into a rock and roll juggernaut. Meanwhile, he continued to do lo-fi on the side under the moniker of *Sanctidoh*, and came up with a side project called *Folk Implosion* (you might recognize their hit "Natural One" from the movie *Kids*). Folk Implosion has since imploded, and Lou is hitting the road with early Sebadoh member Jason Loewenstein. A mid-fi solo record is also soon to be released. I caught up with him at his L.A. home while he was trying to remove kitty litter crystals from the clogged sink drain attached to his washing machine.

SLUG: This is pretty nerve-racking for me because you're basically my hero; you're my rock and roll god, icon ...

LouB: Really ... thanks man [laughing] ... I guess.

SLUG: I'm glad to be talking to you while the sun is still in Cancer.

LouB: It is, you know it was my birthday two days ago [July 17]. Jason's birthday is tomorrow [quick plug: www.jakerock.com], so Sebadoh in its current incarnation is really Cancer-packed.

SLUG: That's appropriate because there are two full moons this month, and your birthday was on the new moon. I'm a 7/11 guy myself. So between the astrology and the fact that you recorded your first couple of records on a 4-track, I was so inspired that I got down in the basement and tried to follow in your footsteps as so many others have done. The only thing that really impeded me was a lack of ability.

LouB: It's one of those things that you just don't know, though. You just have to try [sigh].

SLUG: In 1988, when I first heard the *Freed Man* and *Weed Forestin*, you had me at *Bridge Was You/Soulmate/I Love Me*. It's interesting with all of the different incarnations that you and your bands have taken over the years that you've gotten back to doing the Sebadoh/Sanctidoh thing, and doing some home recordings. It's pretty sweet now because it's mid-fi instead of lo-fi.

LouB: Yeah. The technology has improved considerably since I first started. So now, cheap, good-sounding equipment is commercially available. **When I started**

I could only afford a cassette 4-track.

and that thing cost me \$600-\$700.

It was expensive to be lo-fi.

When you're working your first job out of high school, still living out of your parents' house and buying groceries, that's pretty expensive.

SLUG: And yet it's been 25 years since Sebadoh started, and you've been making rock-and-roll for nearly 20 years, and you're yet to get a day job, I guess.

LouB: It's getting kind of scary though. I've let things slide to such a degree. Luckily, I have a Sebadoh tour coming up. That's been my only goal since the beginning is to not have a day job, but it hasn't been combined with a whole lot of ambition beyond that.

SLUG: I've heard your jokes about how you might become a registered nurse.

LouB: I don't really know if that's a joke [laughing]. I guess it seems like it could be funny, but to me it's not; it's kind of ... I don't know. I shouldn't talk about money. I hate talking about money. I say stupid things when I talk about money. I shouldn't worry about money. Know what I'm saying?

SLUG: Amen to that, brother.

LouB: Anyway I have a tour coming up and I'm almost done with my first proper mid-fi solo record.

SLUG: Which is *Lobocore*, Vol. 2?

LouB: Well, I don't think anybody wants me to call it that. I want to call it that, but I think that my tendency to have ironic titles like that has worked against me over the years. That's the common opinion among people I know, my family, my loved ones. They think that I should maybe step up and call it Lou Barlow. There, it's my solo record, and

not steeping myself in all these self-deprecating, ironic things.

Self-deprecation works up to a point ...

A: But when you're 38, let's say, and your wife is pregnant and you have a really nice house in a very nice neighborhood in LA. Being self-deprecating about lacking ambition and living in Los Angeles is a little odd combination.

G: Congratulations on the pregnancy. In one of your journal entries on www.loobiecore.com, you mentioned that you wanted to have a little kid.

B: Did I say that in my journal? God, I said that? I was really just putting hints out there for awhile.

G: You really plug into your own mortality when you have a child.

B: Yeah, and that can never hurt. I mean it can hurt, but it's OK. That's my job to manufacture hurt and confusion into songs. The more hurt and confusion I feel, the more creative I tend to be.

LG: That's right, you have a "License to Confuse."

B: [laughing] And to be confused as well.

LG: What are the logistics of you and Jason on tour?

B: We have prerecorded drums, played by Jason, and he plays bass and I play guitar. We're doing songs from the Sebadoh catalog, but heavy on *Bokanir*, which seems to work really well. What's interesting is we play a large amount of *Weed Foresta* too, but people are like "What?" I think that everybody knows this stuff. I don't know why I would think that, but when I put out that record I made a lot of friends and people came to our shows, so I always feel like I'm being really awesome when I play those songs.

SLUG: Are you playing "The Freed Pig"? That has to be the most brilliant song to an ex-bandmate since John Lennon's "How Do You Sleep?" Speaking of J. Mascis, didn't you recently hang out with him?

LouB: He played a benefit show that Sebadoh played at two or three months ago, and I sang on stage with him and Ron Asheton, Scott Asheton, and Mike Watt when they were playing Stooges songs in London.

SLUG: Did he pay you back any of the money that he owes you from the Dinosaur Jr. back catalog?

LouB: After being kicked out of the band, I was angry and couldn't call him and ask him directly for money, so I sued him and got \$10,000. That was the settlement. I guess. After that, I'm just a performer on his records. I'm not mad at J. I have no axe to grind anymore. It's been ground. We're just two old guys playing in our respective bands, living off past glories. We're equals now. There's no need for bitter infighting.

SLUG: Yeah, but he writes one 6-minute song and you write three 2-minute songs.

LouB: That's my style. Yeah. He plays a whole lot of lead guitar, I've noticed. He really likes to play lead guitar. It's pretty incredible. As a guitar player and as a musician, I don't understand leads that well. I liked it when I played in his band, because his leads were awesome. [Former Sebadoh member] Eric Gaffney had pretty good leads, too. He was kind of a crazy lead player. He was a really interesting guitar

player.

SLUG: What's next for you, Sebadoh vs. Mothra, or my favorite: constant lo-fi Loobiecore like water dripping from a faucet?

LouB: I don't know. We live so far apart that if Sebadoh were ever to make a record again, we would have to do it without any influence from anybody, no labels. I would want to do it completely independently before we even looked for a label, which would be difficult at this point because Jason's working two jobs in Louisville and playing in his band, and I have this solo record coming out and need to tour as much as possible before the baby comes. So I don't know if we'll be able to find the time to just "chill out" and spend some quality time together, which is what it takes to make a good record.

SLUG: But so far so good. It's sort of like "slow food." Your latest recording cycle has worked out well.

LouB: Exactly.

as AMERICAN as it gets

an interview with Only Crime

By Shane Farver

The last time I spoke to **Russ Rankin**, he had successfully turned a goof-off band formed in 1987 to the political powerhouse known as **Good Riddance**. They had just released *Symptoms of a Leveling Spirit*, a hard-hitting musical diatribe containing all the necessary punk elements: anger, politics and fun.

However, a stick was thrown into the music machine in late 2001 when **Good Riddance** guitarist **Luke Pabich** decided to attend college full time and bassist **Chuck Platt** as well as drummer **Dave Wagenschutz** began to search for full-time employment. Although **Good Riddance** still exists today, the momentum of the band slowed. Rankin had time on his hands, and in the summer of 2002, he began laying out plans for another full-time band with **Aaron Dalbec** of **Bane**.

The result was **Only Crime**, a decidedly dark and brooding outfit featuring Rankin on vocals, **Zach Blair** (**Hagfish**, **Gwar**) and **Dalbec** on guitar, **Bill Stevenson** (**Descendents**, **All**, **Black Flag**) on drums and **Doni Blair** on bass. You aren't going to find **Only Crime** playing the 80s cover songs that **Good Riddance** sprinkles throughout their albums. **Only Crime**'s mission is purely to seek and destroy. Their debut full-length on **Fat Wreck Chords**, *To the Nines*, is a malicious mix of hardcore beats, ear-splitting guitar and Rankin's doomsday prophecies.

"All five of us get on stage with the intent to cause harm," Rankin said. "There's some ill will in the music. The music has a wake to it, like a menace to it that I don't think **Good Riddance** has."

Some of Rankin's poison screams are aimed toward the American government that has let him down. Although he certainly carries a large amount of disdain for the current administration, he's not going to align himself with the "anybody but **Bush**" camp. He refers to Democratic candidate **John Kerry** as "**Bush Lite**" and will be casting his vote with Green Party candidate **David Cobb**.

"To me, voting for **Kerry** just because he's not **Bush** is short sighted and it's cutting off your nose to spite your face," he said. "If that's what people do and if **Bush** gets reelected, then we deserve it. We deserve four more years of him."

"Some people say that a stance like mine is un-American and I disagree and say that's as American as it gets," Rankin said. "I think that America can do a lot better."

Rankin explained how the media does their part to push candidates who aren't Democrat or Republican out of sight. He watched the Green Party convention from Milwaukee at 1a.m. on **CSPAN** while the fat-asses and the jackasses got prime time.

"Here in America, the media is complicit in painting a picture of the whole electoral system that basically tells us we have two choices, which is false," he explained. "And the average citizen goes to the polls and looks at the ballot and goes, 'Who are these other people? I didn't know they were running for president.' At the end of the day, democracy isn't served, but the interests of power and the richest one percent of this country are stoked because nothing will change for them. I think **John Kerry**'s almost as full of shit as **George Bush** is."

The political views and the crushing sound of **Only Crime** bring back a sweet, burning nostalgia for days when punk meant more than a bondage belt and some black hair dye. Rankin doesn't like to think about what happened to punk rock, but he recognizes that his two bands wouldn't be as successful if it weren't for the exploitation of the music he grew up with.

"To some extent, I'm part of the problem," Rankin said. "But that doesn't change the fact that I liked it better when being into punk rock was character-building. I

liked it better when you couldn't just go to the mall one afternoon and come out punk with a piercing, a tattoo and a **Black Flag** shirt."

According to Rankin, punk's salvation will come when it's dead in the mainstream's eyes.

"If you look at the history of the culture industry, they latch onto some kind of music, claim that they discovered it, bleed it dry of anything that once made it remotely cool, and then throw it away," he said. "And that's when I'll be happy because then we can go back to being how we were."

With **Only Crime**, Rankin will be sure to fight the good fight and make punk and hardcore as unpalatable as possible to those who would exploit it. *To the Nines* hits stores July 13. **Only Crime**'s mission is, after all, to seek and destroy; and that's as American as it gets.

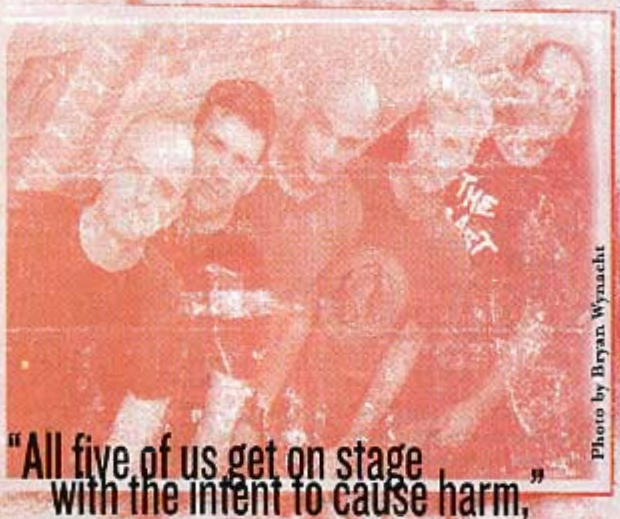


Photo by Bryan Wymacht

"All five of us get on stage with the intent to cause harm."

CD REVIEWS

The Catheters

Howling...
It Grows and Grows!!!

Sub Pop Records

The Catheters = Stooges + Fireball of
Freedom + Madhoney

The Catheters blend slash-and-burn riffage with rapid-fire drumming to bring forth youthful and ejaculatory rock-'n'-roll release. This is what you should be looking for, folks: ejaculatory rock-'n'-roll release. With the influx of self-examining, pretentious, whiny and retarded crap "rock" floating around, this album is a breath of cigarette- and beer-flavored air to an otherwise boring summer. Aurally, this album can be reminiscent of The Hives' *Veni, Vidi, Vicius* with loose, jangly, hook-laden guitar work matched with ultra-cool pop overtones. At times, the band is content to let the amps speak for themselves with brief Sonic Youth-like detachments from typical song structure. I'd recommend this album if you're looking to get away from the more commercial "garage rock" sound—in other words, for some originality.

—Jeremy Gaudin

Black Lips!

We Did Not Know the Forest
Spirit Made the Flowers Grow
Bomp! Records

The Black Lips = The Green Hornes + The Warlocks = skill and talent = studio tech. Out-of-control garage noise is always a good thing, especially when it's played with wild, drunken, sloppy abandon. However, there is such a thing as too much sloppiness and utter lack of musical talent. Don't get me wrong; I love simple three-chord rock 'n' roll, and I love revival garage for the groove that underlies the rock, but there is no excuse for creating a wall of noise where it's hard to make out any sense of melody. Singing voices that sound like the members are going to puke is cool, but The Black Lips just sound horrible. The Black Lips do not really

encompass psychedelia either, because they record noise that has no layers; they just throw everything to the front of the mix, which is worse than nails on a chalkboard. Even if I felt like abusing myself because of a sudden bout of sadomasochism, I wouldn't torture myself by listening to this. These guys mean well; they just need to invest in some music and singing lessons.

—Kedar?

3

The Final Armageddon

Nuclear War Now! Productions

Blasphemy = Sarcophago + apalm Death + Beherit. Alright, listen up, all you black metal posers out there... think you know black metal because you read the book *Lords of Chaos*? Well, YOU DON'T KNOW SHIT! Here is Blasphemy, one of the oldest bands in the black metal genre. Along with Rotting Christ, Beherit, Sarcophago and a few other bands (none of which are from Norway!), Blasphemy were making Satanic, Christian-hating noise long before Euronymous and Co. graced the tabloid headlines. Not from Norway, but from Canada, these power-lifting skinheads (one of which is a black man!) were one of the first bands to use corpse paint. Musically, they sound very reminiscent of older Napalm Death, with short songs, rapid-fire blast-beats and low and high vocal attacks. Included are a collection of demo and rare tracks, as well as an entire and unedited live concert, showcasing the band in their furious, raw splendor. Most people into bands like Dimmu Borgir and Emperor will dismiss Blasphemy as crap, as Blasphemy doesn't rely on cheesy keyboards, female vocals or Norwegian propaganda to sell their music. Instead, Blasphemy is one of those bands that belong underground, not hosting the Headbangers Ball. Blasphemy is the true essence of black metal—fast, raw, hateful, anti-Christian and unpopular. —The BUTCHER

The Brides

Self-titled

Hell's Hundred Records

The Brides = The Misfits + Nekromantix + The Cars. Mixing a B-horror image with a blend of death rock, pop, old punk, new-wave, rockabilly, ska, faint hints of disco and a breath of gothic seems like the sort of thing you'd sell to the Orion's used bin for less than a dollar without blinking. However, The Brides, who are playing with Tragic Black, Domiana and Gothic Rap Project on Aug. 10 at Bar's, combine all these disparate and seemingly incompatible elements seamlessly and, what's even more surprising, originally. Jagged, spewing bass, clever, morbid lyrics, slicing, bobbing organ and choppy rhythm guitar will make you wanna dance til dawn. But be reassured: The tunes are catchy and nearly anthemic—accessible—complete with poppy, cheeky choruses, but would never be played on the radio in a million years. Label moguls would correctly intuit upon first glance that The Brides' jewel-green turbans and leather eye patches wouldn't be mass marketable in the least. Alright! —Rebecca Vernon

Leaving the Wagon

One Step Dummy

The Briggs = Street Dogs + Cocks Sparrow + Angus Upstarts

The Briggs, from Southern California, aren't doing anything that wasn't done before 1980, but hell, they do it well. These boys know how to play an anthem: The second time through this disc, I was chanting choruses like I had heard 'em a thousand times. This is plain and simple, good and honest street punk. The Briggs are not even four years old, yet take late 70s English punk and play it like they were there. —James Orm

Carcass

Choice Cuts

Earache Records

Carcass = Napalm Death + Electro Hippies + Extreme Noise Terror

From Liverpool, England, the home of the Beatles, comes the mighty Carcass. A few things you should know about this classic band. First, they have been playing grindcore and later, melodic death metal, since 1988. Yes, 1988—that's a full five years before the highly overrated Cannibal Corpse came onto the scene, and merely copied (as many, many bands would later do as well) what Carcass had done. Carcass was essentially starting out life as a side project of Napalm Death and the Electro Hippies, two of England's oldest and most influential crust punk/grindcore bands. With lyrics straight out of a forensic textbook (but they made sense!), and a collage of genuine human autopsy photos on the album sleeve, Carcass turned the extreme metal world upside down. By their third album, the band started progressing from grindcore and brutal death metal to a melodic thrash style, later progressing more into the melodic style of metal. The gory side of Carcass, from layout to lyrics to music, would spawn countless imitation bands, some of which also were vegan and vegetarian, as Carcass were. The band's tongue-in-cheek black humor and superior music made them legendary in the underground. Even though the band is no longer around, their label chose to release this collection of favorite tracks spanning their career from the first album to the final one. Also included are the John Peel radio sessions, a live on-air experience in England which showcased bands in a more spontaneous, under-produced situation. The CD also comes with liner notes by drummer Ken Owen, who recently recovered from a brain hemorrhage, which is the reason this CD was delayed from its original release date years ago, the label deeming it improper to release until he recovered. While most Carcass fans will already own most of these songs on their CDs, this is still a worthy addition to your collection for the bonus tracks as well as the liner notes; and it's just nice to see a "new" release by this classic band. —The BUTCHER

CD Reviews

Free Moral Agents

Everybody's Favorite Weapon
Gold Standard Labs

Free Moral Agents • Air • Greyboy • Money Mark

As keyboardist for indie darlings The Mars Volta and De Facto, Isaiah Owens became familiarized with the progressive GSL community as the coolest cat wearing sunglasses at night. As **Free Moral Agents**, Owens dons lenses with a darker tint, exploring the soulful side of independent music. Coupling down-tempo electronics with scratchy-throated hip-hop and unsullied production techniques, *Everybody's Favorite Weapon* transcends much of the tedium inherent in a genre too often utilized as postmodern elevator music. The title track, six minutes of sultry keyboard workouts capped by a 45-second rhyme, could easily escort you home in the rain. Break up with your girlfriend/boyfriend and enjoy "Gem from a Broken Rock." Beat yet, keep this album on hand for your next hipster bash. Not only will you provide the proper ambiance (ambiance and background music are not the same thing), you can wow your Mars Volta-loving friends with the depth of your devotion. —*Thomas Burch, Esq.*

Cattle Decapitation

Humaneure

Metal Blade

Cattle Decapitation • Napalm Death • Ichte the Killer

Do you ever walk in a room where everyone's dressed and acts the same, including you, but you know you're different? I have. Have you ever been a banker dressed in bright orange pants and a muumuu at a Tool concert and known that all you wanted to do was go back to the office and crunch numbers? I haven't. The point is, **Cattle Decapitation** is inherently, inwardly different from any band in the death metal/grindcore genre that I have ever encountered—when they played the Las Vegas Metal Fest last year, I could immediately tell there was something that set them apart—and that unwillingness, that inability, to be anything but yourself thrilled me to the heated core. A black whorl of Japanese-water-torture technicality creates a merciless pincer pindown between drums and guitar on *Humaneure* that will have you crying uncle within five seconds flat. The entrails, the blood, the gore, the rotted-tongue-in-cheek violence of Cattle Decapitation's shockcore propaganda campaign, to me, is only a superficial reminder of the true brutal defiance lurking deep inside their souls and their music. They raise the bar thousands of feet above the heads of their plebeian death metal compatriots. —*Rebecca Vernon*

Derrick Carter/Mark Farina

Live @ OM

OM Records

On July 13, *OM Records* makes history with the release of *Live @ OM*, the first double-live album to be released from this San Francisco-based label. Featuring two of America's most top-rated DJs, Mark Farina and Derrick Carter, this live album encompasses the latest sounds and styles from all

over the world. Mark Farina, a hit in Salt Lake City, is known around the world for his two legendary DJ styles: instrumental hip-hop mixed with jazzy soul—"mushroom jazz"—and his chunky-funky San Fran-style house sets. Mark has been voted in the "Top DJs in the world" by *BPM* and *DJ Magazine*. Second we have maestro Derrick Carter, responsible for the blurps and beeps of heavy Chicago sounds. Groove with these two kings of the global deep-house scene. www.omrecords.com —*Nick James*

Coffin Lids

Rock N' Roll

Bomp! Records

Coffin Lids • Misfits • Ramones • Tiger Army • Social Distortion • Throw Rag

Channeling the simple old style of 70s punk rock and B-movie themes like **The Cramps** and **Coffin Lids**, and hailing from Boston, is a four-piece revival rock n' roll band that play it straight up and honest. Starting with the fiery beer-chugging chant, "Coffin Lids Rock n' Roll," and fist-shaking "One Foot in the Grave," it's obvious that these guys are not concerned with writing complex musical compositions; instead, the Coffin Lids pound out blistering, lo-fi sonic mayhem that brings to mind the simple three-cord bop of the **Ramones**, "Night of the Zombies" and "On the Loose" are tight numbers complete with creepy organ that would do many a psychobilly greaser proud. Their cover of the surf classic, "Pipeline," is worth the price of admission alone. That's what makes this record an earth-shaking powerhouse: It will appeal to fans of many different genres. Whether one is a fan of punk rock, revival rock, psychobilly and/or greaser rock, this one is a must for many a night of drunken debauchery. The mayhem begins at www.bomp.com. —*Krisley*

Coyote Shivers

Gives it to Ya, Twice

Foodchain Records

Coyote Shivers • Johnny Thunders • Lou Reed • Los Angeles

There's no good way to sum this guy up. He is every New York punk superstar rolled into one. He's got the Iggy sex factor, the Richard Hell anger, the Johnny Thunders songwriting, Lou Reed lyrics/wit, and he just plain rocks the fuck out. His songs are catchy, powerful affairs packed full of self-effacing humor, intelligence and overt sexuality. He carries these two albums—one electric and one acoustic—with driving, old-school punk rock, pure energy and soul. Even in his darkest moments, Shivers manages to bring a smile to one's face. "Secretly jealous," with its sweetly nihilistic sentiment and humorously blatant musical nod to Lou Reed, references the pop-culture image of Kurt Cobain in a dark but interesting way. These albums are looks at love and life with a pointed wit, a piercing perspective and a somewhat deranged sense of humor that blurs the lines between overt fantasy and outrageous reality. —*Jeremy Cardenas*

The Defectors

Turn Me On!

Bad Afro Records

The Defectors • The Flaming Sideburns • Nekromantix (voice only) • Boss Martians

Scandinavia is to garage and retro rock what Seattle was to grunge; they go hand in hand with each other. The rock n' roll revolution has been and still is being pushed from that part of the world. Maybe they know something that we don't know, or—probably more likely—they have better drugs than we do. **The Defectors** are an excellent garage band that succeeds with their sound by incorporating elements

of B-movie horror in some songs as well as psychedelia in other songs. The music is top-notch fuzz guitars, head-bopping bass and drum backbones awash with an all-out 60s farfisa organ, which is simple but gets the groove on. My only complaint is that the vocals are a little too much at times. Thick with a heavy Danish accent, the lead singer yelps and screams in a very over-the-top gruff manner. However, the vocals don't totally distract; it can just take some getting used to. All in all, it's good enough to warrant checking out. Become acquainted with Scandinavian garage rock at www.badafro.dk. —*Krisley*

The Exit

Home for an Island

Some Records

The Exit • New Found Glory • The Clash

The debut album, *New Boat*, from this overly energetic trio—known for their great live performances (and a track on the *American Pie 2* soundtrack)—was a blend of pure pop and aggressive early British garage punk sounds produced by Daniel Rey (Ramones, Misfits, Murphy's Law). Always on tour (they're college dropouts), **The Exit** recently found the time to complete recording their second full-length, *Home for an Island*, set for release Sept. 7 on *Some Records*, produced by Ron Saint-Germain (Tool, Sonic Youth, Bad Brains, 311). The title of their sophomore release is taken from singer Jeff Darsa's lament of his nomadic wanderings back and forth between Brooklyn to Manhattan: "I left my home for an island/where rebels fly in on airplanes." Similarly, as if the two singers were playing lyrical ping-pong, **Ben Brewer's** song, "Back to the Rebels," outlines modern urban life. "It seems like when we get something special/They buy it up and sell it back to the rebels/I don't like it anymore than the next man/I just do what I can." If you're yearning for something a little refreshing with a hint of nostalgia to whet your musical palate, try **The Exit**. —*Fat Tony*



CD Reviews



Gram Rabbit

Music to Start a Cult to

Stinky Records

Gram Rabbit • Camper Van Beethoven • Gram Parsons • Jessica Rabbit (cartoon character)

The name comes from the band members' introduction at the Joshua Tree Inn in the California desert, at the site of Gram Parsons' unlikely demise, where they shortly thereafter played at the tribute event Gram Fest. The Royal Order of Rabbits, led by sultry-voiced Jessica Von Rabbit, concoct a mixture of high lonesome sounds so subtle that they sneak up on you like a tailless rattler. As far as the cult, it's not clear what kind of a sect songs like "Dirty Horse" and "Cowboys and Aliens" might influence you to incite, but the sleeve thanks everyone from Jesus to the Devil to Art Bell, to make sure all bases are covered, and a line like "sometimes all it takes is a little smile or some chocolate cake to put a spring in the step of the bipolar fool" is seductive enough to get anyone to follow them into the beckoning sagebrush. —*Slacker!*

Far

Water and Solutions Re-release

Immortal/Epic Records

Far • Elliot • Sunny Day Real Estate • Texas Is the Reason • The Jazz June

Modern emo sucks, but it used to be very impressive on both a musical and emotional level. Far, like all first-generation emo groups, should have reaped all the mainstream rewards for the music that they helped pioneer. Instead, Far collapsed due to lack of interest by a larger audience, the members all going their separate ways. Since most of the second-generation emo hacks owe their whole careers to the music that Far and other bands produced ahead of their time, it's finally time for Far to re-release their masterpiece that was their second album and a musical landmark. For the few fans who were into Far (I was one of them), this re-release has a DVD featuring live performances, commentary and other bonus material. The music is stellar and stunning, tough core riffs intermingled with aerial light chords that work with the progressive drumming and bass rumbles of the rhythm section. What truly made this band, though, was the alternating vocals of Far's frontman that at times would be a sensual whisper and at others would be a blistering growl and scream. If more emo bands sounded like this, then I wouldn't be so fucking hard on them, but alas, mediocrity prevails. —*Kessler?*

Federation X

Theme for a Nude Disintegrating Parachutist Woman 7"

Wantage USA

Federation X • Tight Bro's From Way Back When • a Black Sabbath cover band

Steve Albini doesn't always have the Midas touch; sometimes he just needs to pay the bills. Federation X's new single, recorded by the previously mentioned angry-faced demigod, is simply another record to throw on the heaping pile of mediocre hard-rock revivalism. The half-screamed utterances of singer Bill Badgely and the predictable power chords of Ben Wildenhans

and Beau Boyd's complacent drumming make this record a straight-to-discount-bin single. Unfortunate as it is for the band (and everyone else involved), you will be able to pick up this slice of drab yet listenable rock n' roll for \$1.99, a price worthy of the impeccable cover art: a war chicken riding his war pony into battle. Note this advice, all wayward bands of the American underground: mask your mediocrity with images of Napoleonic poultry. We, the loyal consumers, may just indulge. —*Thomas Burch, Esq.*

The Forty-Fives

High Life High Volume

Yep Rock Records

The Forty-Fives • Booker T. and the MG's • The Dirtbombs • The Boss Martians

This is an absolutely stunning disc—one of this year's best revival garage albums from Atlanta's tightest and soulful four-piece. From the powerhouse groove rockers of "Bad Reputation" and "C'mon Now Love Me" to the soulful Stax records instrumental sound of "Backstage at Juanita's" to the 60s pop of "Bicycle Thief" and "Junkfood Heaven," these guys know how to write powerful songs that will convert even the most skeptical music snob to the glory and entertainment that is rock n' roll. The Forty-Fives mean it; they have no illusions as to what Chuck Berry, Bo Diddley, Motown, MC5, Rolling Stones and a long list of original rock rebels from the past stood for. Muscle-Shoals-style guitar from the frontman walks the balance between straight-up powerhouse riffs and bluesy hooks that are catchy and explosive. Layered throughout with a Hammond organ that sounds like it was lifted directly from a Motown sessions studio, The Forty-Fives' third disc is a masterpiece milestone in the retro garage movement. Those lucky enough to see The Forty-Fives open for The Reverend Horton Heat already know this. —*Kessler?*

Gonga

Self-titled

Tee Pee

Gonga • Orange Goblin • Clutch • Nebula

There's not too much wrong with not breaking boundaries in stoner rock; rehashing (no pun intended) original ideas that defined the movement still manage to retain that essential primal Kyuss/Sabbath feel, unlike, say, modern punk vs. 80s punk. Gonga's fat riffs that cover whole octaves at times brimming o'er with mad distortion, stormy burner vocals, aggressive drumming and shrieking guitar solos are fine and dandy—yeah, some innovation to set themselves apart from every other stoner rock band out there might be nice, but all too often, too much to hope for. However, there are some

"pretty" and somewhat "different" guitar-picking tracks that sound like Led Zeppelin B-sides from a "Battle of Evermore" single. Best played on stereo systems with treble down, bass up. Way up. —*Rebecca Vernier*

Inouk

No Danger

Say Hey Records

Inouk • Echo & the Bunnymen • Grant Lee Buffalo

Hey, this stuff is pretty damn good prog-folk-rock. I was skeptical at first when I saw the two big-haired brothers who front the band, Alexander and Damon McMahon, but then I tried the novel approach of listening to the record. What I heard was dynamic three-guitar interplay taken over the top by lead guitarist Ian Fenger, and truly artful, unique songwriting. Some of the song subjects are a bit esoteric. There are two songs about nudism, and birds, leeks, a cherry orchard and France are also represented. With its rocking back-and-forth rhythms and quirky instrumental flourishes, *No Danger* imparts the feeling of being out at sea like Echo's "Ocean Rain," which is appropriate, since there is a picture of a clipper ship on the cover, and "Inouk" is the name of a killer whale. —*M. C. Wolf*

Khold

Markus Grövers Kommer

Moonfog Records

Khold • Dark

Throne • Satyricon • Mayhem

From Norway, the mysterious group known as Khold is becoming quite popular, having recently appeared in "bubble gum" magazines *Metal Maniacs*. What's so special about Khold? They come from Norway, and they play black metal. Yes, I heard you sigh—"Not another one..." But what sets Khold apart from their increasingly boring countrymen is this—they play black metal, but mid-paced to slow, not fast. From the

opening riff of the album, you can tell you're going to be in for something different. No cheesy intros, no keyboards, no female vocals, only slow, grinding, heavy guitar and relentless drumming. Khold picks up the pace once in a while, but for the most part, they play at an almost doom metal pace (not ridiculously slow, though). Adding to the mystique of this band is their appearance; looking like the bastard children of Johnny the Homicidal Maniac and Hellraiser's Cenobite demons, Khold are definitely a unique entity. If you're fed up with weak, over-produced black metal that hores you and goes nowhere, I definitely recommend this band! They also have two previous albums in the same style, "Masterpiss of Pain," and "Phantom," also worth checking out. —*The BUTCHER*

Kill Radio

Off With His Head

Columbia Records

Kill Radio • Anti-Flag • Incubus

As Election Day nears, there's bound to be more rock band are directed at Bush, and some of it will be in the form of Kill Radio's upcoming full-length, *Raised on Whip Cream*, to be released this September. Columbia recently sent out a sampler titled *Off With His Head*, and it should take only one guess to figure out whose head the band wants on the chopping block (easy there, Secret Service agents, Kill Radio is talking about cutting off Bush's head metaphorically). Kill Radio specializes in an early punk sound mixed with hard rock. "Pull Out" is a slower, groovier and very catchy track, while "Amerika" raises the bar to a new level of fury: "There's a whole generation taking over the streets/Ready to smash down the system that made our lives useless." Perhaps a bit melodramatic, but still, this is how punk rock should be, and adheres to the founding philosophy of punk rock that what's being said is more important than how it's being said. —*Fot Tuna*

CD Reviews



The Matches

E. Vin Dahl Killed the Locals

Epitaph Records

The Matches • Lit • Zebrahead • Elvis Costello

Straight outta Oakland and formed in The Locals in 1997, The Matches set the California music scene on fire last year thanks to 12 hook-injected songs recorded on the cheap in their basements and living rooms. Buzz on the quartet's very well-mastered and self-released debut, *E. Vin Dahl Killed the Locals*, and the live shows that supported it spread like a virus to music enthusiasts up and down the Golden State and eventually, across the country. The Matches wouldn't be shit without contagious anthems that grab you by the ears and won't let go. Think power-infused pop with punk roots and more energy than a runaway nuclear reactor, written for the bored and lonely kids loitering in bowling alleys and backyards—yeah, that's The Matches. They have more hooks than your grandpa's tackle box, and when they do tap their aforementioned influences, it's done tastefully, damn-near out of respect. Whether your memories of sneaking out a window to catch your ride to that not-to-be-missed show are from last summer's Warped Tour or from the days when Green Day and the Offspring first exploded, the Matches take you back to those moments in an instant. —*Fat Tony*

Lickgoldensky

Lickgoldensky

Level Plane Records

Lickgoldensky • Beth •

Atom Bomb Pocket Knife (in junior high)

At some point last year, whilst on hypothetical vacation in one of America's hypothetical asscracks, you found yourself eavesdropping on the following hypothetical soliloquy: "So, dudes, we are Lickgoldensky and we know we rock and shit. But we have to mix it up on this new album, dudes. I'm thinking, like, avant-hardcore. And when they do tap their aforementioned influences, it's done tastefully, damn-near out of respect. Whether your memories of sneaking out a window to catch your ride to that not-to-be-missed show are from last summer's Warped Tour or from the days when Green Day and the Offspring first exploded, the Matches take you back to those moments in an instant. —*Fat Tony*

L.P.

Suburban Sprawl & Alcohol

Light Speed Records

L.P. • Mall rock n' rollers (The Darkness, dude!) • Every musical cliché in the book • big pile of Top 40 bullshit • dollar signs in record sleeves' eyes

Nothing pisses me off more than when a band tries to pass itself off as something that it is not. L.P.'s press kit describes her as a rockin' badass with lots of recklessness and hard rockin' attitude, dropping several rock n' roll women and men of the 70s and early 80s. The words "rock n' roll" get used everywhere throughout the entire press kit. On the CD case, L.P. boasts an afro hairstyle, T-shirt with a race car, leather bracelet watch and a cowboy stoner look. The song titles include "Wanted," "Get Over Yourself," "Cadillac Life" and "Heartless." Looks

and sounds promising, does it not? But all of that can be deceiving, as the horror that unfolds proves. Enter jangle melodic guitars, breathy little-girl vocals à la Gwen Stefani and "rocking" guitars which are boring, boring, boring, boring bullshit! This is not rock n' roll, it's fucking alternative music and badly done at that, and that's just the first track. Second track, "The Darkside," is even more pop-filled than the first, complete with nauseating choruses and sugary kiddy-punk guitar chords. Without a doubt the second worst record I've ever heard in my life. —*Kevlar*

The Maeshi

Terrahed

5RC Records

The Maeshi • The Ex-Models • Autecore • Rockapella • The Blood Brothers

The Maeshi brag the most original sound since Arab on Radar, effortlessly creating a genre-bending disaster of sound. Dangerously bordering on experimental noise and barbershop quartet simultaneously at first sounds like a very bad idea, yet The Maeshi have succeeded in creating an exceedingly listenable record. Bewildering off-beat rhythms and four vocalists concurrently yelping/singing four seemingly separate songs begin the first track of *Terrahed*. By track 18, the paradigm shifts to an a cappella pop-rock song with three-part vocal harmony accompanied by a fourth voice screaming in rhythm. Amidst the Autecore-esque electro-bleeps and blips and Ex-Models-like vocal rhythms lies a very danceable and inexplicably ear-friendly record that would appeal to even the most bland of musical tastes. —*evenScaryman*

My Chemical Romance

Three Cities For Sweet Revenge

Reprise Records

My Chemical Romance • Every trap

band that is "emo" but pretends to "rock" • cat shit (but worse) • mind-numbing saccharine for the stupid sheep who thinks MCR "understand me & feels my pain, man!"

Theoretical interview between Kevlar and My Chemical Romance about their latest release: Kevlar: So on your record sleeve, you look like rockers, but your music is typical paint-by-number screamo-core-emo. Care to explain the "powering?" MCR: Well, rock n' roll is what sells, right? We only shop at generic punk mall stores and the rock look is in. One of us even grew an afro—how cool is that! Kevlar: Why don't you guys play rock then? MCR: Well, rock is unknown to us. Is Coheed and Cambria rock? No? Well, how about Motorhead? Yes? We've heard of them but have not really listened to them ... Hey, don't we mention them in our press kit? That makes us cool, right? As to sounding like generic emo, we always wanted to be on the Warped Tour and besides, second-rate "alternative" radio stations will make us big! Money. I love it! Kevlar: Why does your lead singer paint his face like a fucking gothic retard? MCR: Two words, man: AFI. We want to be just like them. Hey, is AFI rock n' roll? No? Damn, we could have put them in our press kit. —*Kevlar7*

Necrophacus

Infected with Darkness

Self-produced

Necrophacus • Satyricon • Dimmu Borgir • Burzum

First of all, let's get the name straight! Necro-phacus. Dismiss all other spelling variations you've seen. As for what it means, talk to the band. Necrophacus play what they describe as simply extreme metal, as they are influenced by a wide variety of music ranging from death and black metal to power and progressive metal. This shows through in their music, but they manage to pull off one hell of a brutal debut CD! For the most part,

the band delivers mid-paced, metal-style music, rife with a burning hatred for all things Christian. There are songs, however, that are played incredibly fast, too. One could compare Necrophacus on a musical level to black metal bands like Burzum or Satyricon, with a little Dimmu Borgir or Emperor showing through. But don't judge them as just another black metal clone band—there's also plenty of heavy death metal parts in the music, as well as some death metal growls. If you're tired of bands from Salt Lake City that all sound like trendy shit like Pantera, Korn or Slipknot, then by all means, get infected with Darkness. —*The BUTCHER*

Tara Jane Oneil

You Sound, Reflect

Quarterstick

Tara Jane Oneil • Beth Orton • Ryan Adams (acoustic) • The Cranberries

"Take the Waking," the first song on Tara Jane Oneil's new album, has one of the longest intros in recent memory, building up its acoustic strumming into not a crescendo, but a hypnotic murmur. Her lo-fi folk has been posited as one antidote to the malaise of math rock, but it's just another method of pondering the mysteries of a universe that never seems to equate. This set of reflections is less awkward than previous collections, but no less winning. From her own mathy band Raden to folk duo Retain and art rock King Cobra, TJO has quietly stayed in the forefront of truly independent music for over a decade. And you can't bring her up without mentioning her equally contemplative paintings of lanky trees and quizzical little birds as cover art. —*Stukerid!*

Pop Du' Rilla

Street Dreams Vol. 1

Noc On Wood Records

Pop Du' Rilla • 2Par

• Dmx • C-Bo

I have always been a sucker for that

CD Reviews

Pink Grease

This Is For Real
Mute Records

Pink Grease • The Darkness (but better) • The Datsuns • New York Dolls • T-Rex • Roxy Music

Glam giants David Bowie, Roxy Music, T-Rex, Lou Reed and New York Dolls are still spreading their influence, illustrated by current glam revival spearheaded by The Darkness. However, Pink Grease rules the roost. The openers "Remember Forever" and "Fever" tumble out of the starting gates with a sonic, sexy and sexy guitar quake that gets the ass shaking and the beer flowing. Rory's vocals alternate between soulful crooning and falsetto shrieks, compelling the rest of the band to create an orgy of tight, sultry dance rock that includes sax and weird keyboard styles along with the typical guitar, bass and drums. "The Pink G.R. EASE" is something that sounds like a lost track from Brian Ferry and Brian Eno, strip-dance music for the big naughty devil in all of us. The rest of the record gets better and sleazier as it pounds out of the stereo—"The Nasty Show" is probably the greatest sex song of our modern times, period. Granted, Pink Grease may be a little too much for all the tough guy rock n' rollers out there, however, for those who love the glam rock of the 70s, then check out the Grease at www.mute.com or www.pinkgrease.com. —Kedar7

gangsta rap," and this album is a fine example. Catchy hooks, well thought-out lyrics, and those beats that make you want to kick back and staze a phillie while set trippin' on your neighbor's porch. This album has all that and a bag of skits. I mean, c'mon, with all that bubble-gum bullshit they pass off as hardcore, music like this is refreshing. The beats are packed with impressive samples that range from the Eurythmics and Sade to a few others that vary in flavor from Too Short's classic "Freaky Tales" to early Geto Boys. With this kid spitting quotes like "lookin at my Courvoisier, it's about that time" (Schooly D...) "lookin at my Gucci..." and "I don't hear none of that ying yang like the twins. I don't play that shit potna, you better have my ends," you can't go wrong. Pop has got the game on lock. I look forward to hearing the next release. Until then, load the clips, roll the spiffs and pass the Henney... I'm callin', bitched! —Egon

Prince Po

The Sicknew
Lex Records

Prince Po • Organized Konfusion
—Pharos Monch • Redman
"Malpractice"

I've been waiting for this release for a minute now, and I am glad it's here. The second half of the dynamic duo Organized Konfusion, Prince Po has finally dropped his debut album. It seems everyone made this disc except Pharos, but you wouldn't know unless you checked the credits. Po teams up with Madlib on a few tracks, including one entitled the "Bump Bump," a club track that features Rakwon from the Wu. J-Zone provides a few bents while making an appearance with J-Ro from Tha Liks on "Meet Me at That Bar," a comical look on makin' and getting tipsy. From politics to suicide, no topic goes unnoticed and without opinion. All in all, it's pretty fresh. My favorite track on this album is "Social Distortion," a Danger Mouse-produced disc track that features MF Doom and Po giving verbal lashings to unworthy

opponents. Good times, good times. —Kegan

The Reigning Sound

Ten Much Guitar!

In The Red Records

The Reigning Sound • Pearlene •

Rolling Stones • MC5 • The

Cynics • The Who

Memphis soulful rock n' roll is the best way to describe Reigning Sound's aptly titled music style. The band's frontman, Greg Cartwright, sings tough and lustful in the same veins as Rob Tyner and Roger Daltrey, bringing an escalating growl to a full-throttle mangled snarl. Cartwright's vocal skills add perfect force behind the rest of the band's house-wrecking rock n' roll that fluctuates between 50s soul, 60s garage rock and 70s punk. Imagine if Mick Jagger had sung for the Motown hitmakers and an honest appraisal of the band's sound would be formed. Reigning Sound bring together those raw and fiery elements of rebellion that is definitely lacking in today's punk rock scene of prefabricated pop stars. Greg Cartwright and company don't break new ground with their nostalgic sound; instead, they find new room for adapting the Dionysian energy of past music that was neither pretentious nor watered down. While Reigning Sound will probably not convert new listeners to the sonic rock n' roll revolution, they will definitely find an important place in the collections of true music lovers everywhere. —Kedar7

Reverend Horton Heat

Renew

Yep Rock

Reverend Horton Heat • Carl

Perkins • Mike Ness • Hank

Williams Sr. • Jerry Lee Lewis

If the Reverend Horton Heat keep putting out the best rockabilly on the planet, I can only see him reaching mythical status. The only other band that I can think of that releases great record after great record like this is Motorhead, and that's some damn good company. Jim Heath comes through with his

usual amazing guitar work, and Jimbo is simply the best slapper in the biz, all accompanied by the precision drumming of Scott Churilla, showing just how accomplished this band really is. *Renew* has a blues and country roots to its sound, especially on songs like "Someone in Heaven," and "Lonesome Man," but don't even think for a second that the Rev would let up on his fast-paced rockers. If the title track, "Indigo Friends," and "Party Mad" don't get your ass movin', then check your pulse, but don't fret, because if you were lucky enough to get the DVD with the amazing live performance, the Rev might just perform a resurrection on you. —James Orme

Secret Synthi

Flutchenhallium

Rink-E-Dink Records

Secret Synthi • Kraftwerk • whatever
band your sister is in at the moment
Rejoice, oh vintage clothing boutique proprietors of America! The official soundtrack of polyester shirt-sorting has arrived. With you in mind, three female San Franciscans have crawled from the synth-pop woodwork, collectively armed with the most expensive laser-sound-producing machines known to man. With lyrics referencing your backward-looking line of work ("Panickin' Mannequin" or "Lair of the Sequestered Genius"), the customers will think the album is about you! If that fails (i.e., another synth-pop connoisseur sees through your little ruse), tell the doubters that you organize your impeccable collection of wintips to the newly vaginalized sound of Gary Numan. Or remind your loyal cat-eye-spectacle-buying patrons that Dick Hyman was (and is) "totally awesome" with this subscription to the continually reshaped aesthetic of quasi-psychedelic keyboard fluff. Ride this wave while you can, oh fashionista! Ride until the insipid attachment to poorly-written histories of the electric keyboard loses its hip-factor. —J. Thomas Burch, Esq.

Tommy Rivers & the Raw Ramps

Fountain of Youth

December Records

Tommy Rivers • Flaming Groovies • Greg

Kihn • Tommy Keene

From his mop-top haircut to the black-and-white cover logo, Tommy Rivers is pure pop for now people of the 1980s variety, with a liberal dose of old-fashioned rock n' roll thrown in the mix to add an edge and keep it from being too sugar-coated. Springsteen producer Brendan O'Brien adds piano for a working-class bar-band vibe. Atlantan Rivers has been going strong since his 1979 minor hit, "Lost." Real "classic" rock n' roll is like a fountain of youth indeed. This kind of music, unlike a faddish hairstyle, is always a mark of good taste. —Stokerz!

Dexter Romweber

Blues That Defy My Soul

Yep Roc Records

Dexter Romweber • The Cramps • Rev.

Horton Heat • Los Straitjackets

Who exactly is Dexter Romweber? Is he a member of some new screencore band? Is he a new artist on X96 who plays acoustic covers of 80s songs? No? Then who the hell is Dexter Romweber? Says right here in this press kit that Jack White loves Dexter Romweber's previous band, The Flat Duo Jets, and was inspired by them. The Flat Duo Jets reigned in the 80s underground as the godfathers of the guitar/drum equation that is encompassed by today's bands like The White Stripes and The Black Keys. After Dexter disbanded the Duo Jets, he started up with a new drummer and recorded, under his name, a disc called *Chased By Monsters*, which was overlooked by the music community due to its release on Sept. 11. However, undaunted by terrorist attacks, Dexter has released his second disc, chockful of his trademark rockabilly, traditional blues and weird David Lynch-style lounge instrumentals. The guitar and drum work fluctuates between different traditional Americana music with Romweber's deep growl and snarl punctuating the quirky music. Rockabilly, blues and Flat Duo Jets fans will go apeshit over this—just make sure to find his first disc as well, or else the terrorists have already won. —Kedar7

CD Reviews

Tracy Shedd

Louder Than You Can Hear
Devil in the Woods

Tracy Shedd • Sleater Kinney • Ida • Chubby Bunny

The title of Tracy Shedd's third album is an indication of the impact she at least hopes it will make, leaving the singer-songwriter role behind for that of the titular head of the band. The Jacksonville, Fla., artist's voice is still the centerpiece of sometimes verbosely personal songs like "If You Really Cared About Me, You Would Have Kept in Touch All These Years." The scope of these short stories is made larger by the broader sonic palette from which she draws. Her airy vocals are always a breath of fresh air, even in the rush of guitar and drum and emotional assault. —*Stokerized!*

The Six Parts Seven

Everywhere and Right Here
Suicide Squeeze

Six Parts Seven • Kinski • Low • Luna

The Karpinski brothers may be two of the most patient musicians in the world, slowly plugging away at their dreamlike instrumental music since 1995. Little rises up to command your attention and the orchestration isn't lush so much as blended with perfect poise and restraint. Much like the uniform Ohio farm landscape from which they hail, their sound floats by with little variation but that of the resonant, organic earth. —*Stokerized!*

The Slackers

International War Criminal
Thought Squad

The Slackers • The Specials • Guttermouth

Looking at *The Slackers'* latest release, *International War Criminal*, one can't help but think that this might be the album that *The Slackers* would turn into more of a punk/ska creation—but no. Even with the black, white and red sketched-out picture of Uncle Sam, the American flag, and of course, Dubya, *The Slackers* hold strong to the soft reggae sound that they've built around themselves since their 1991 debut. The five songs are politically charged, unlike their other releases, and come across with strong messages like "the weapons of destruction are gasoline and petroleum." The short strums of the ska guitar mixed with the overriding horns produce a sound I haven't heard since listening to *The Specials*, and with Marc Lyn's unique voice that sounds like it should be fronting an asshole punk

band like *Guttermouth*. *The Slackers* have a rough front that is smoothed over with the kind of ska that makes you want to skank your ass off. —*Keith Maloney*

Small Towns Burn A Little Slower

Self-Titled
Rise Records

Small Towns Burn A Little Slower • Slick Shoes • Zao • Fall Out Boy

Since their inception, *Small Towns Burn A Little Slower* has been playing a ton of shows and promoting themselves like crazy, steadily building up a loyal following. But now their hard work is starting to pay off... the five-piece from St. Paul, Minn., is getting quite a buzz in the scene (they're currently the third-most-downloaded band on Purevolume.com). While their debut EP, *Holding On To What's Killing You*, rode the coattails of bands like *Motion City Soundtrack*, they've since taken some time off, regained their composure and revamped their lineup, and a different sound ensued. With their new self-titled EP, *Small Towns* ditched a lot of the hardcore overtones that they were tired of for a new, fresh batch of intricate, melodic songs. The new material is more satisfying, and encompasses a wider range of the individual band members' influences. *Small Towns Burn A Little Slower* is a decent record, one of those that usually come out later in a band's career after they have grown considerably, fulfilling all that promise they showed initially. This being *Small Towns'* second release, we'll probably see them on *Behind The Music* next week or so. —*Fat Tony*

Smooch

She Like Electric
Pattern 25 Records

Smooch • Le Tigre • Sleater Kinney • The Jackson 5

The concept of *Smooch* sounds utterly ridiculous: two sisters, aged 9 and 12, play stripped-down pop music that they have written and performed themselves. Despite their age, these girls manage an impressive pop sound. It is nearly unbelievable, really, but they're just so goddamn cute. They even have a rap song about playing on a soccer team. That's right, a fucking rap song by little girls. Initially, the album rocks in that "You won't believe this shit!" sort of way, and eventually, the songs worm themselves into your psyche and fester. Not to say every track of *She Like Electric* is amazing—there are a few tracks that are pretty much embarrassing—but overall, the

album has a lot more substance than *Mary Kate Olsen* without all the pretentious bullshit. —*scorpiogrran*

The Sunshine Fix

Green Intergalactic
spinART

The Sunshine Fix • Brian Wilson • Robin Hitchcock • Elf Power

Do you ever find yourself up late at night agonizing over questions like "Whatever happened to Elephant Six?" If so, then you are a true indie music nerd, my friend. But part of the answer lies in *Bill Doss*, former member of *E6* band *Olivia Tremor Control*. He continues the tradition of *E6* bands like *Neutral Milk Hotel* and the *Apples in Stereo* of creating tightly-controlled *Bench Boys*-influenced pop that draws upon a kind of 60s psychedelia rooted in formal song structures, instrumental virtuosity and luscious vocal harmonies. The *Georgia Children's Chorus* adds a Langley Schools-feel to a couple of songs on this set that never gets too intense, but is just tasty enough to give your mind a fix. It's not earth-shattering, but still mind-expanding, if only mildly. —*Stokerized!*

Swinging Utters

Live in a Dice Series

Fast Wreck Chords

Swinging Utters • Rancid • Dropkick Murphy's • Sham69

The great thing about live records is that you get so much more about the true personality of a band from them than a regular studio release, and having said that, after hearing the *Swinging Utters'* live record, I have to say, I've never been more impressed by this band. Everything is here—great dialogue, clear sound quality (as has become the standard with any *Live in the Dice Series* release), and all my favorite *Utters'* cuts. Songs like "Teenage Genocide," "Glad" and "Next in Line" are given new life with a live sound just different enough from their studio counterparts to be refreshing. The *Swinging Utters* have been doing this for years and years, and in an age where most kids look to *TRL* for their punk icons, I think it's easy to forget how amazing a band like this is. —*James Orme*

Thirstin Howl III

Skillicy

Skillicy Enterprise

Thirstin Howl • Kanye West • Dana Dane

Back to let you know his hood's still standing after the towers came down, *Thirstin Howl III* drops *Skillicy*, a militant classic that shows that *Skillicy* has indeed

graduated hustles. The hardest working and possibly most underrated emcee in the game, *Thirstin* comes through again with fistful of new tracks and the same grimy portrayal of Brooklyn life, ladies, loot and Lo that made him large. Like all his past efforts, it's all about the skills. Whether it's Spanish or English, he tortures analogies with medieval metaphors as he describes getting his "O.G. Stripes" in three chapters with vivid recollections of the days of way back, and even gets a little help from *Dana Dane* in chapter two. He rips *Nas's* "Halftime" beat on "Have Mines" and kills what sounds like it could easily be a Kanye West beat on "Love and Loyalty part 2," his troubling testimony of what it means to be a Lo-Life. *Brand Nubian* cowboy *Sadat X* drops a couple verses on getting high with the help of your acquaintances on "Party for Free." *Thirstin* also enters the ring with showbiz veteran A.G. (*Show and A.G.*) for some tag-team battle rap action on "Deceived Me." *Skillicy* proves that he can hang with the mainstream and still keep that underground vibe by doing his thing. Word up, I say... word up. —*Kogon*

Josh Todd

You Made Me

Todd Entertainment Records

Josh Todd • Sponge • Korn • really bad nu-metal bands whose times to die came

For the record, I never was a fan of *Buckcherry*, which is the obnoxious Top 40 metal band that Josh Todd fronted. Josh Todd has a new band, who happen to hail from Salt Lake City and actually have 10 times more musical aptitude than *The Used* will ever have. They know when to rend out the metal power chords before ripping out the melodic parts. Unfortunately, nu-metal as a music genre has been pretty much flogged to death, and "You Made Me" doesn't really explode with anything really jaw-dropping. Tracks like "Shine" try to succeed with Black Sabbath/metalcore riffs and tuff-as-nails grunge crescendos, but go nowhere interesting. Furthermore, "The Walls" tries really hard to sound like a radio-friendly power ballad, throwing in every cliché in the book in an attempt to recapture *Buckcherry's* former glory. Like a washed-up hair-metal singer from the 80s, Todd's vocals do not blend well with the music and grate on the nerves. Todd has a more annoying falsetto squeak than the guy from *The Darkness*. Seriously, the only people who would like this disc are 14-year-old girls and kids from West Valley who love the latest *Limp Bizkit* disc. —*Kirby*

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HANDRAILS, HANDRAILS, HANDRAILS!

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC ESSAY.

Thoughts by Nate Millard nate@photomillard.com

I began writing a long tirade article about skating handrails, but no one wants to read my thoughts on how much skating has progressed since I started, or how handrail skating has become part of the norm. The fact of the matter is that I only take the photos, and I have never really skated a handrail, and I don't plan to anytime in the near future. I broke my foot skating a flat bar, for shit's sake.

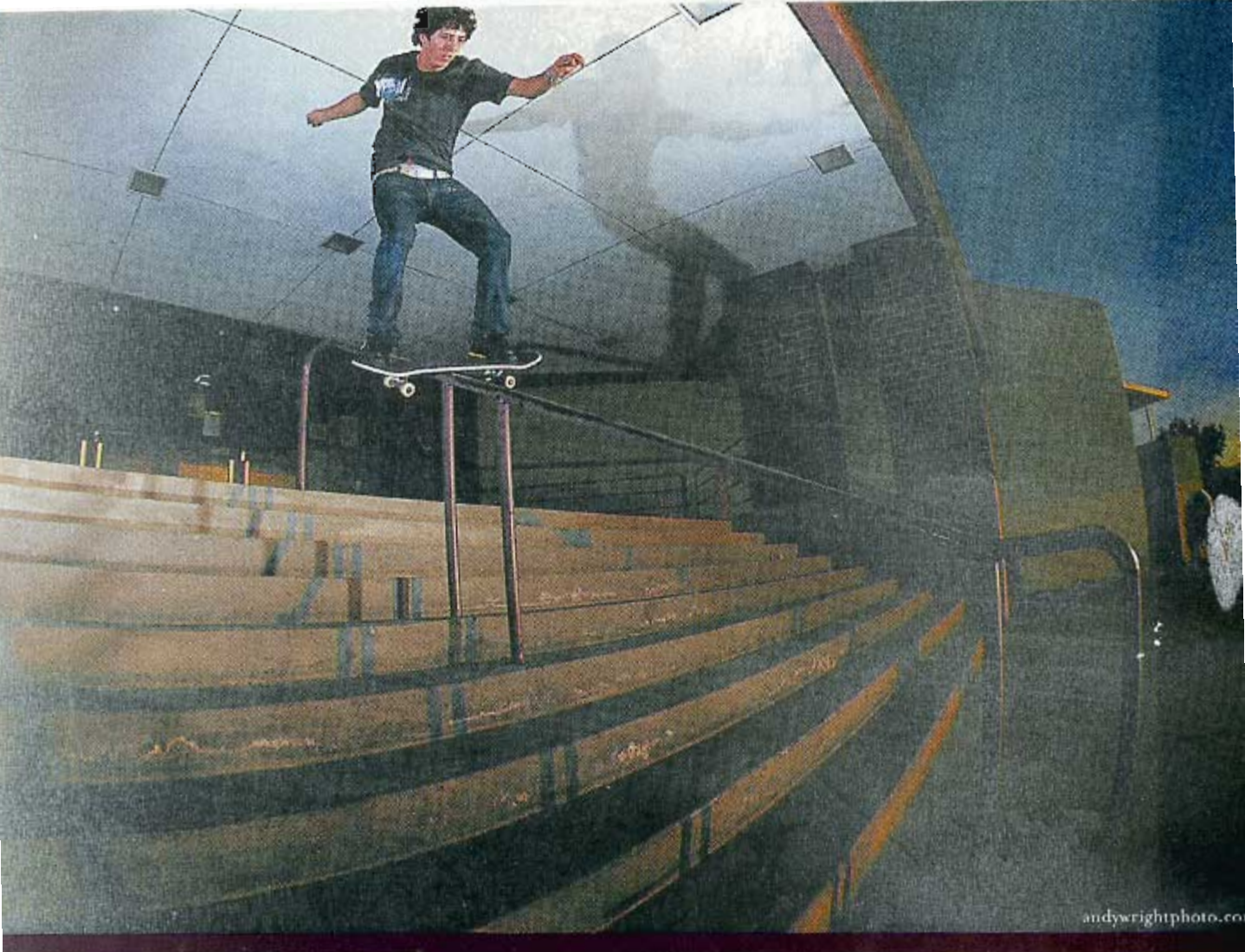
The younger generations of skaters, like Cole and his crew I met in Sugarhouse on Friday, will always keep the sport progressing. Someday, if they aren't already, they will be skating handrails. Anyway, enough blabbering. Enjoy these photos of a few local skateboarders' virtuosity, and then skate for yourself, for crissakes.

Cy Bickmore.
Frontside Salad.
Ogden.



photomillard.com

HANDRAILS

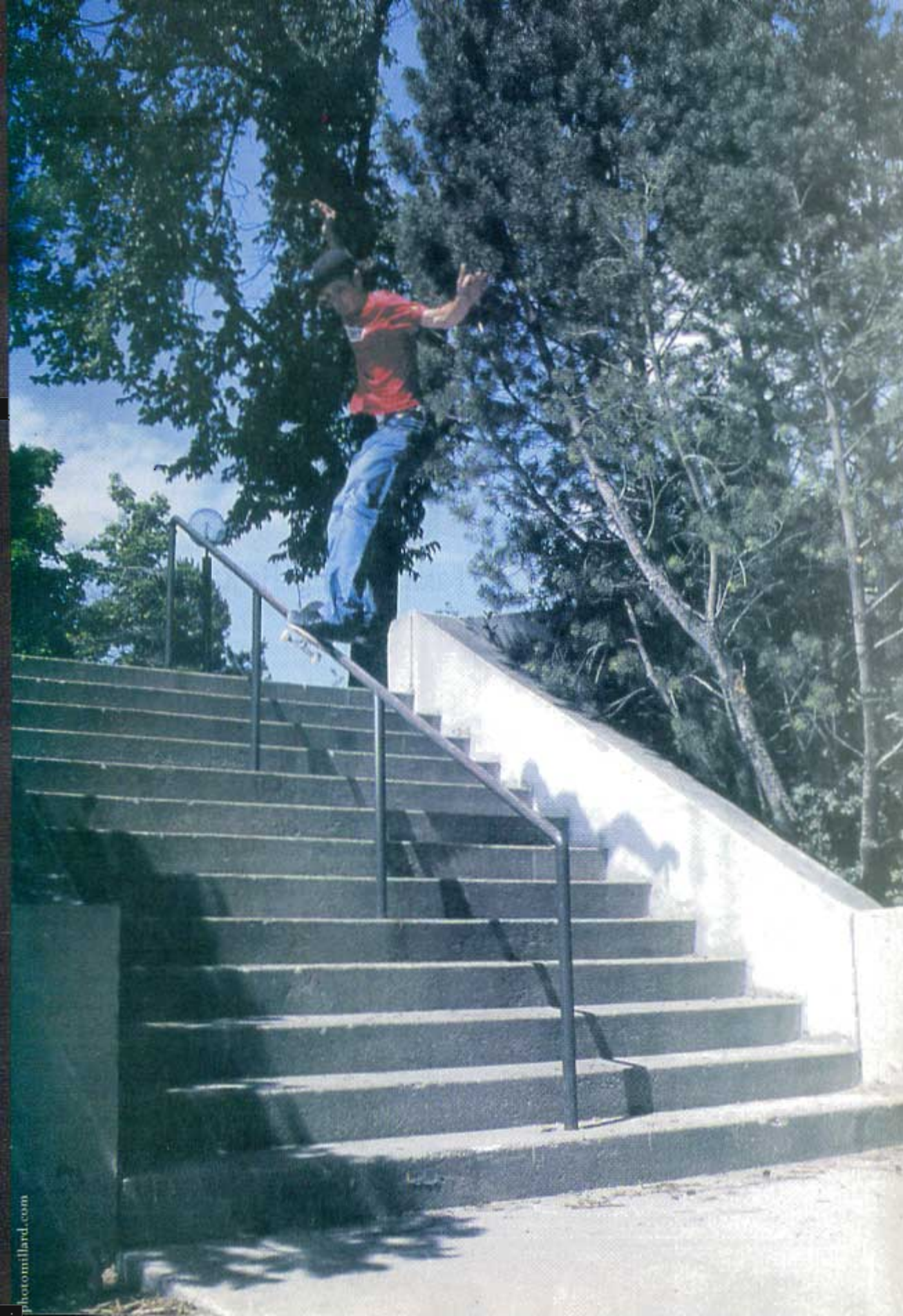


andywrightphoto.com

Jason Gianchetta.
Boardslide into Salt Lake's
setting sun.

Opposite page:
Adam Dyet.
Frontside Feeble down 13 stairs
Salt Lake City.

HAN DR ATT.





He's Got a Fake Leg, and He Knows how to Use It: The Jon Comer Interview

By Alex Woodruff and Rob Packard

The morning of the Warped Tour, I woke up in bed being handed a nice hot cup of coffee by my girlfriend. This was pretty strange to me. I say this because more often than not, "Thanks for the coffee, darling," isn't being uttered when I wake up, but something closer to, "Who are you? How did I get here? Where did this street come from and where are my pants, dammit?" So in uncharacteristically alert and awake form, I began my journey to the State Fairpark, where I was to be interviewing some friends of mine from Florida who were to be skating at the Warped Tour. Pretty simple right? Wrong. Upon arrival, I was notified by the press liaison that none of the skaters I was to be interviewing were in town that day. At first, I was pretty bummed. But all was not lost. I did notice that Jon Comer, Texas vert legend, would be skating that day. For those of you who don't know who he is, he has been killing it for years and to top it all off, he has been doing it with a prosthetic leg. Years ago, Jon lost his leg in a car accident. This would have stopped most people from doing something like skating, but not Jon. We were lucky enough to get to sit down and chat with him about some things—here's how it went.

SLUG: Jon, how are you doing?

Jon Comer: I'm doin' alright.

SLUG: So, you're from the dirty South. What do you think of the dirty Mormon West? Have you had a good time at this stop?

JC: Oh yeah, I've had a great day. It's awesome. Same day, different parking lot.

SLUG: So most of your time is spent in Texas, then?

JC: Yeah, yeah, that's where my home is. Dallas grew up skating there.

SLUG: So have you ever drank on the grassy knollie?

JC: No.

SLUG: You should try it out some time.

JC: We always drive by the grassy knollie and out the window we'll just be yelling fuckin', "POW!" People just jump. It's so funny.

SLUG: So you're riding for Powell?

JC: I don't ride for Powell any more. I ride for Gringo, Dakine bags, I get free shoes from Vans—thank you very much—Riptone clothing, Bones bearings and Fan Forward skatehop.

SLUG: Answer this if you like, but what do you think of George Powell?

JC: He's kind of weird. He's cool. But I don't know, he's definitely not an easy man to talk to. That's all I know about that dude.

SLUG: So who's riding for Gringo skateboards right now?

JC: Pretty much me, Craig Johnson and John Gibson, all the old Texas dudes. Then we had Bill Taylor for a little while, but I guess they had a fallin' out with that dude.

SLUG: Who's pressing your boards right now?

JC: Generator, the same company that does Anti Hero. And then Jeff Knudsen runs it. He's the guy that ran Zorlac originally back in the day.

SLUG: How long has Gringo been together?

JC: Three or four years, but I just got on four or five months ago.

SLUG: Represent Texas and tell me your most interesting Mike Crum experience.

JC: I don't know if I ever really experienced any of them because I was a little bit younger. I didn't really start partying with Mike until later. I've heard a lot of stories. The best one I ever heard was, he was in fuckin' Europe somewhere and he was moonthin' off to some huge French guy. And the guy took a glass, like a beer glass, and shoved it in his neck. And I saw it [the wound]. He's got this huge scar on his neck; it's gnarly. That's the craziest, because he could have died.

SLUG: Not that he would die. He's somehow indestructible.

JC: Yeah, he always manages to float to the top.

SLUG: So John, I think it was on 411, I saw that you built and designed your prosthetic leg, right?

JC: No, I just did a lot of modifications like putting rubber shit at the top because I kind of use it like a knee pad all the time.

SLUG: It's carbon fiber, like one of those cars from *The Fast And The Furious*.

JC: Yeah, but the heel piece breaks all the time.

SLUG: So do you own a sweet rice-burner street-racing car with an interior that matches your leg?

JC: I have an '88 Honda Civic. It does have one of those dope tailpipes on it, though.

SLUG: So how old is your kid now?

JC: Six, he's staying with my mother-in-law while I'm out on tour. My wife's off working right now.

SLUG: Any shout-outs you'd like to give out before we close this out?

JC: What up everybody—I'd like to say hi to my mom and family. Skate for fun, everybody, and don't be a bitch!

A Mexican bandito by the name of Juanito Murrieta came to America in the mid-19th century for the California Gold Rush. His family was raped and pillaged by a group of American colonisers and ultimately, his entire family was killed. The perpetrators left him for dead. Murrieta swore revenge. He tracked the men down, and all 39 of them were slain by his hand. He disappeared and was never captured by U.S. authorities.

This story was told to me by a band that decided to name themselves after a man they consider a hero.

Murrieta is Tom Bennett (voc/keys), Keith Michelson (guitar/keys), Jeffrey Byers (bass) and Randal Topper (drums). "We're labeling ourselves as new-wave indie rock," Tom explained. "But not 80s style. It's honest music. Everything's well thought-out."

With only six months together in their current form, they appear to be a very determined group of musicians. Keith pointed out, "None of us really have anything going for us but music. It's what we put all our time into." They all seem to share the same sentiment. "We're not about becoming rock stars," Tom said,

OLD MEXICO

By Gared Moses



"We're not about becoming rock stars. But we're dead serious about our music."

"But we're dead serious about our music." We began to speak of the local music scene and how they feel about the direction Salt Lake is taking. "Three years ago, Salt Lake was nothing," Randal clarified. "We've got to give credit to bands like The Used, The New Transit Direction and Hudson River School for making it a better scene and easier for us to do what we do."

I've seen them play a number of times over the past few months and have noticed a constantly elevated amount of zeal in their performance. They gave me a two-song EP, which I found to be a surprisingly polished recording. The instruments and vocals are all clearly distinct. The strongpoint of their music is that they seem to have the rare ability to know what to leave out. They allow the music to breathe, not confusing the listener with unorganized walls of sound.

Check out Murrieta's sounds on the web at www.murrietamusic.com or download their songs at www.purevolume.com/murrieta. If you like what you hear, or you'd just like to further speak with a member of the band, email them at borys@murrietamusic.com.

Murrieta will be playing live at Kilby Court on Aug. 16 with The Old Crows (former Apple Seed Cast) and Take The Fall.

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August • 2004

Every Sunday - Underground 80s

Tuesday, Aug. 3: Smashy
Smashy, Cart, and filming for TV
show *The Bridge* happening
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Wednesday, Aug. 4:

Ted Dancin, The Rubes

Friday, Aug. 6: The Hurtz,
All Systems Fail

Saturday, Aug. 7: Delicatto CD
Release w/Red Bennies, On
Vibro

Tuesday, Aug. 10:
Cabaret Voltage

Wednesday, Aug. 11:
Cobra Commander

Thursday, Aug. 12: Spazm
w/DJs Eli & Terrence

Friday, Aug. 13: SLUG
Localized w/Iota, Nova & Yield

Saturday, Aug. 14: The Body,
Afro Omega, Ragga

Monday 16th. Full Sovereignty
and Community Jukebox (eclec-
tic dance)

Tuesday, Aug. 17: The Adonis

Thursday, Aug. 19: The World
Crime League

Friday, Aug. 20: The Wolfs,
Delicatto, Victrola

Saturday, Aug. 21: Jeymo & the
Extended Family, Hoodroo Pone
CD Release

Tuesday, Aug. 24:

Sam Eye Am's B-Day

Wednesday, Aug. 25:

Cobra Commander

Thursday, Aug. 26:

Six-Sided Box

Friday, Aug. 27: SLAJO

Saturday, Aug. 28: City Weekly
SLAMMY's Party

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"We look forward to a national debate on the merits of what we have recommended, and we will participate vigorously in that debate." - *The 9/11 Commission Report*

Political agendas these days are selling faster than 25-cent lemonade from future entrepreneurs. Everyday, everywhere, we are engulfed by *politiks* ("tell me your politik and open up your eyes") ranging from the left (*Fahrenheit 9/11*), the right (Fox News) or down the independent middle (Nader, are you out there?). The smear on human in civilization is not going to go away until Nov. 6, if everyone does his or her part. So either find out how you can get involved or continue to chew your end on the sidelines. If your book club membership has run out, go out and buy the *9/11 Report* for a mere \$10. Read up!

So it goes.

On July 31, Binary hosted its first *mini-ramp champ* contest. First place received a cash prize of \$500 courtesy Red Bull. Check out the results below:
1st Lance Harris
2nd Josh Isaac
3rd unconfirmable at presstime

If all the wars and rumors of wars are too much for you, grab your skate deck and iPod for the next **SLUG Summer of Death** skate contest at the *Ogden Skate Park*. Teaming up with 2612 with live music from AK-Charlie and Skint, Aug. 7 will be a kickin' good time.

Last month, *Warped Tour* celebrated 10 years of heat stroke, punk rock and free body stencils. If you chose to brave the day, then you were selectively bombarded by anti propaganda. NOFX lead the charge with their *Rock Against Bush* album and *Punkroter.com*.

The Volcom Stage was dedicated to local skateboarding legend, Shane Justice. In the mid-90s Shane and Mark White spent a summer driving the Volcom Van and skating for Warped.

SLUG Mag's Summer of Death- Jordan Park Results

Advanced
1. Mike Plumb
2. Lance Harris
3. Ben Page

Intermediate
1. Arturo De Le Pae
2. Holland Redd
3. Troy Vialpando

Beginner
1. Brandon Augayo
2. Richard Tran
3. Temkye Farageh

Women
1. Summer Dean
2. Stacey Earle
3. Haili Richter

KatchUp

Osiris team will be rolling through town Aug. 21 for a demo at Binary. Call the skatepark for more info 801.495.0992.

SABATHON is Sunday, Aug. 22 at *In the Venue*. Don't miss this local band fundraiser featuring 13 bands from 2p.m. to midnight. All proceeds go towards www.musicforamerica.org. It is all ages and a great chance to check out some local music, especially if you are underage. Bands scheduled to play are Cherem, Her Candane, Le Force, Mörlocks, Pushing Up Daises, Redemption, Rope or Bullets, The Rubes, Smasby Smasby, Spanky Van Dyke, Starmy, Thunderfist and the Unlucky Boys. For more info, visit www.sabathon.hotgoth.net.

BEN PELLEGRINO has been changing how things are going down in Park City for the better. There is not enough applause for his efforts. Milo hosted a comp last month on July 31; the last comp of their Park City series is on Aug. 28 in Park City. Go support the scene and the shops that support you.

SLUG'S SUMMER OF DEATH Le Finale will be going down Sept. 4 @ Binary with the winner taking home a new Nixon watch and bragging rights until the next thaw. Will it be **Plumb** again, changing the name to the *Summer of Plumbs*? Let's hope not.

August 27 at 7pm Revolution MFG will be hosting The Annual Sweaty Crack Handrail Games, a Rail Contest in Orem. Contact brady@revolutionmfg.com M.I.D. Life Skateboards has moved their Aug. 28 contest to Sept. 17 @ The Center. This will be the last comp of the season, unless there is an impromptu throwdown at Binary. E-mail Colton for more info. coltentidwell@hotmail.com.

The new 48 video will be co-released with the new DFL Production flick, *No Sugar Added*, to premier at The Vortex or another local venue.

Have an event you want listed? Please e-mail it to me at josh@slugmag.com



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THE WOMEN'S ART CENTER is officially opening its doors. A Premier Exhibition, being held Friday, August 20, 2004 from 6 to 9 PM during Gallery Stroll, will feature the works and performances of local artists and teachers. Come and experience the first night of this amazing and important non-profit art center for women.

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For a complete class listing with schedules and descriptions please visit us online at womensartcenter.org

To register contact Teresa at 801.403.4315
or teresa@womensartcenter.org

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Amplifiers: AER, Ampeg, Bad Cat, Bogner, Bruno, Crate, Fender, Gallien-Krueger, Krank, Marshall, Matchless, Mesa-Boogie, Orange, Rocktron, SWR, Trace-Elliott, Tech 21, VHT, Victoria, Vox (Accessories) Bartolini, Boss, Danelectro, Digitech, DOD, EBS, EMG, Ernie Ball, Elixir, Rocktron, Seymour Duncan, DiMarzio, Tech 21, Voodoo Lab, Zoom, and tons more

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BURT'S TIKI LOUNGE

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The Daily Calendar

The Daily Calendar

The Daily Calendar

Thursday, Aug. 5

The Trademark- Muse Music
Secret Synthi, Inanity Void
Sugarbeats
Dustin Kensrue (Thriller), Joel Pac
(Broke)- Lo-Fi
Quadrophonic- Monk's
Easy Mickey- Suede
Madi- Ego's
Ani DiFranco, Soulive- Red Butte
Garden
John Lee Hooker- Sun & Moon Cafe
The Bad Plus- Gallivan

Friday, Aug. 6

The Debi Graham Band- Liquid
Joe's
Peter Salett, Overtones- Sugarbeats
Theta Naught, Delicatto CD releases,
Will Sartin- Kilby
Henry Turner- Brewski's
SLUG Summer of Death Pre-Party
w/Blowick, Mindstate- Todd's
Benefit for Mike Mulholland
w/Bohemia, Unsound Mind, Nova
Genus- Burt's
Afro Omega- Monk's
Spoon-Fed Tribe- Ego's

Saturday, Aug. 7

Altoan- Heidi's house
Awesome Cool Dudes, Listless as if
Functional- Sugarbeats
Jelloclad- Weber State University
The Debi Graham Band- Park City
Aria Festival
The Debi Graham Band- ABC's
Motherless Cowboys- Brewski's
Supersofar, Uniform- Sound
Summer Tiki Nationals (car show)-
Burt's
Royal Bliss- Suede
Bob Moss art exhibit & banjo show-
Beehive Tearoom
The Wolfs, The Breaks- Todd's
Purdymouth, Hans Monument-
Ego's
The Red West- Lo-Fi

Sunday, Aug. 8

No Star Jazz Trio- Sugarbeats
Sweetin' Willy- Burt's
Machinegun Symphony, Tragic
Black- Monk's

Monday, Aug. 9

Sugar Twitch- Copper Park
Pearson Sparrow- Kilby
DJ Curtis Strange- Burt's
DJ Rebel- Monk's

Tuesday, Aug. 10

Seraphim- Sugarbeats
Lifesava, Diverse, Libretto- Kilby
The Brides, Domiana, Tragic Black
Gothic Rap Project- Burt's
3 Steps Left w/DuraMater- Monk's
The Album Leaf, Gabriani, Hello
Amsterdam- Liquid Joe's
Cross-Candian Rag Weed, Micky &
the Motorcars- Ego's

Wednesday, Aug. 11

McCool, Trevor Price- Club Sound
The Minders, Alpha Brown, The
Child Who Was a Keyhole, NSPS-
Kilby
Mary Lou Lord- Mo Diggity's
Art Talk Lecture: Anne Watson- Se
Lake Art Center
Discourse, Orpheum- Burt's
Gift Anon, Send No Flowers- Ego's
Dance Party Gone Bad DJ Superstar
Ryan Powers- Club Vegas
Marah- Halo
Insatiable- Gallivan

Thursday, Aug. 12

Two Gallants, Jane Thatcher-
Sugarbeats
Abyssinthe- Sound
Quadrophonic- Monk's

Easy Mickey- Suede

Hoodröo Pone- Ego's
Jerry Douglas, Richard Thompson-
Gallivan

Friday, Aug. 13

Dane and the Death Machine-
Sugarbeats
Tilly & the Wall- Kilby
Edan, The Procussions, Time
Machine, Insight, Gualini,
Krisdagong, T-Low- Lo-Fi
Fry Sauce- Brewski's
Pagan Love Gods- Burt's
Banyan- Suede
Agape, Le Force- Monk's
Toga Party- Todd's
SLUG- Ego's
Atomship, Drowning Pool, Flaw-
DVS

Saturday, Aug. 14

Full Blown Chaos- The Basement
John Benson, Melissa Warner-
Sugarbeats
Fall to Follow, 14 Days From Forever,
Corner Pocket, Fighting Jacks- Kilby
Pepper, LoLa Ray, Dubbed- Lo-Fi
Multimedia digital art DemoShow-
Utah Arts Alliance
Fry Sauce- Brewski's
Glenn Filter Band, Waist Deep-
Sound
Stolen Marches- Burt's
Miss Latin Utah- Suede
Sons of Nothing- Ego's
Fitbull Daycare- Halo

Sunday, Aug. 15

No Star Jazz Trio- Sugarbeats
Sweetin' Willy- Burt's
Shawn Colvin, Motherless Cowboys-
Suede
Brian Jordan- Ego's

Monday, Aug. 16

Old Canes, The Race, Take the Fall,
Marietta- Kilby
MU330, Chronic Future, Suburban
Legends, Insatiable- Lo-Fi
Schadon, Tom Hien- Sound
DJ Curtis Strange- Burt's
DJ Matlock- Monk's
Spacetime, Grand Champen- Ego's
Seven Mary Three- Crazy Goat

Tuesday, Aug. 17

The Dead Unknown- Café del Sol
Haxile- Sugarbeats
Real Life, DulceSky, Mend- Lo-Fi
Craig Horton- Brewski's
Carrier- Sound
The Unmentionables- Burt's
Big Head Todd- Suede
World Crime League- Monk's
The Players Club- Ego's

Wednesday, Aug. 18

Glascater, Adair, Calico System,
Hawthorne Heights- The Basement
The Graves, The Danburries,
Summerhead- Sugarbeats
Red Pony Clock, Jump the Gun,
Sikkenna, The Rubes- Kilby
Art Talk Lecture: Lewis Francis-
Salt Lake Art Center
Pagan Love Gods- Burt's
Dark Star Orchestra- Suede
McCool- Liquid Joe's
The Curious Fest: The Cure,
Mogwai, Interpol, The Rapture,
Curative, Cooper Temple Clause,
Head Automatics, Scaring- USANA
Avoid One Thing- Ego's
Dance Party Gone Bad DJ Superstar
Ryan Powers- Club Vegas

Thursday, Aug. 19

With Dead Hands Rising-
The Basement

School of Rock Show- Sugarbeats
Castotone for the Painfully Alone,
OK Kuma, this song is a mess but so
am I- Kilby
Mock Orange, Sunday Driver, Still
Famous, Rifle Street Music- Lo-Fi
Ayin, Last Response- Sound
Kittie, Candiria, Thine Eyes Bleed,
Twelve Tribes- Ritz
Quadrophonic- Monk's
Easy Mickey- Suede
Almost Undone- Ego's
Chuck Prophet, Rosanne Cash-
Gallivan

Friday, Aug. 20

The Undoing of David Wright-
Sugarbeats
The Fuck Ups- Lo-Fi
Kap Bros.- Brewski's
Iota, Nova- Burt's
Callow, Rope or Bullets, Less People
More Robots- Todd's
Six-Sided Box, JW Blackout- Ego's
Motograter, Orgy- Ritz

Saturday, Aug. 21

Bitter Root- Sugarbeats
Spirit, For the Moment, Justice,
Walken, In Camera, Day of Less-
Kilby
Blues on First- Brewski's
Atherton- Sound
The Wolfs- Burt's
The Chemistry, Lance's Hero, The
Highers- Lo-Fi
Long Arm, Building Press- Todd's
Punk Rock Karaoke- Ego's

Sunday, Aug. 22

No Star Jazz Trio- Sugarbeats
Racetrack, Will Sartin, Legend Has
It- Kilby
Sweetin' Willy- Burt's
SLUG Sabbathson: Spanky Van Dyke,
Her Candane, Chorom, Pushing Up
Dates, Starry, Rope or Bullets,
Mollocks, Thunderfist, The Rubes,
Unlucky Boys, Redemption, Le
Force, Smashy Smashy- In the
Venue
Eric McFadden- Ego's

Monday, Aug. 23

DJ Curtis Strange- Burt's
DJ Rebel- Monk's
Galactic- Suede
Wendy Colonna- Mo Diggity's

Tuesday, Aug. 24

Seraphim- Sugarbeats
Form of Rocket, En Filore, Less
People More Robots- Kilby
Maurice John Vaughn- Brewski's
3 Steps Left- Monk's
TRUST Company- Lo-Fi
Cowboy Junkies- Suede
Joint Compound- Ego's

Wednesday, Aug. 25

The Velvet Teen, Statistics, Rescue,
Albany- Kilby
Art Talk Lecture: Lincoln Lyssager &
David Ruhlman- Salt Lake Art Center
Necronom, Gothic Rap Project- Burt's
Saint John the Baptist, Adonis- Ego's
Dance Party Gone Bad DJ Superstar
Ryan Powers- Club Vegas

Thursday, Aug. 26

Ruffio, Over It, Say Anything,
Halifax- Lo-Fi
Against All Authority, Medcap, Red
Tape- In the Venue
Voodoo Organist, Rodeo Boys-
Burt's
Easy Mickey- Suede
Edgar's Mule- Ego's
Olivia Newton-John- Abravanel HZ

Friday, Aug. 27

Michelle Malone- Mo Diggity's
Greyscale, Rune- Sound
Pagan Love Gods- Burt's
Spanky van Dyke- Monk's
Fetish Night- Area 51
KRS One- Suede
SLUG S.O.D. Skate Party: I Am
Electric, Lo Force, Late Night Sleep
TV- Todd's
AC/DSh- Ego's

Saturday, Aug. 28

All-day Eden's Watchtower Music
Fest- Sugarbeats
Seldom Scene Showcase- Kilby
Salt City Bandits CD Release
w/Kings of Nothing, Unlucky Boys-
Lo-Fi
Eat Your Enemy, Daisy Wrecked It,
Unsound Mind- Burt's
Spanky van Dyke, Ben Stokes, Slow
Dance Regret- Todd's
AC/DSh- Ego's
Darude- Vortex

Sunday, Aug. 29

No Star Jazz Trio- Sugarbeats
Code 415- Burt's
Emmylou Harris, Buddy Miller,
David Rawlings, Gillian Welch, Patty
Griffin- Red Butte

Monday, Aug. 30

DJ Madlock- Monk's
DJ Curtis Strange- Burt's
Face to Face (farewell tour), My
Chemical Romance, Seconds to
Go- In the Venue
The Melvins, Trevor Dunn's Trio
Convulsant- Sound
Kinky, Oranmali- Liquid Joe's

Tuesday, Aug. 31

Seraphim- Sugarbeats
Viva Voice- Kilby
Bill Perry- Brewski's
Eye of the Potato- Burt's
Michael Glabicki- Suede
McCool- Ego's

Wednesday, Sept. 1

Kinison- Kilby
Throwrag, Fuse- Lo-Fi
Throwing in the Towel- Heavy Metal Shop
The Unicorn, Ben Kweller-
In the Venue
Dance Party Gone Bad DJ Superstar
Ryan Powers- Club Vegas

Thursday, Sept. 2

Limbeck, Melee, Sleep Station-
In the Venue
Jill Cohn, Stacy Board- Mo
Diggity's

Friday, Sept. 3

Wolf Colonel, Rabbits- Kilby
Chubby Bunny, Touchdown Eagle-
Todd's
A Different Drum Synthrop
Festival: B Machine, Echoing
Green, Monolithic- Red Lion
Hotel

Saturday, Sept. 4

The Hartz- Burt's
Finch, Recover, Counterfit-
In the Venue
Jessica Something Jewish- Todd's
The Paybacks- Halo
A Different Drum Synthrop
Festival: Faith Assembly, Glow,
Intuition, Jupiter, Provision,
Subimage, Traisraum, Voice
Industrie, Wave in Head- Red Lion
Hotel

Sunday, Sept. 5

No Star Jazz Trio- Sugarbeats

Submissions for the calendar are due by the 25th of the previous month.
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MONDAY - 08.16.04
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MONDAY - 08.30.04
 IN THE VENUE 7:00 PM

Face To Face Farewell Tour | My Chemical Romance

09.01 **Ben Kweller**
 The Unicorns

IN THE VENUE
 8:00 PM

09.02 **Limbeck**
 Melee
 Sleep Station

IN THE VENUE
 7:00 PM

09.04 **Finch**
 Counterfit
 Recover

IN THE VENUE
 6:30 PM

09.17 **The Circle Jerks**
 GBH

VELVET ROOM
 8:00 PM

09.19 **Ministry**
 My Life With The Thrill Kill Kult

VELVET ROOM
 7:30 PM

09.20 **Further Seems Forever**
 The Kicks
 Brandtson
 Moments In Grace

IN THE VENUE
 7:00 PM

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Rider: Jeremy Jones Photo: Rusty White

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Kilby Court Calendar August 2004 ♥



01 - Big D and the Kids Table

Street Light Manifesto
\$10 adv. * \$12 at the door (7:30pm)

04 - The Contingency Plan
Lindsay Diaries \$7
Long Since Forgotten (7pm)

06 - Theta Naught & Delicatto
CD Releases!
Will Sartain (8:30pm)

09 - Fearsome Sparrow
& t.b.a. (7:30pm)

10 - Lifesavas
Diverse (8:30pm)
Libretto \$10 adv. * \$10 at the door

11 - The Minders
Alpha Brown
The Child who was a keyhole
NSPS \$7 adv. * (7:30pm)

13 - Tilly and the Wall
(awesome Pop music!) @ 7:30

14 - Fail to Follow
14 Days From Forever
Corner Pocket (7:00)
Fighting Jacks



16 - Old Canes (singer Applaud Cast)
The Race
Take the Fall
Murrieta \$6 (7:30)

18 - Red Pony Clock
Jump the Gun
Sikkema \$6 (7:30)
The Rubes

19 - Casitone for the Painfully Alone
OK Ikumi
this song is a mess but so am i

21 - Spirit (6:00)
For the Moment
Justice
(8:30) Walken
In Camera & Day of Less

22 - Racetrack
Will Sartain (7:30)
Legend Has it

24 - Form of Rocket
En Filore (7:30)
Less People More Robots

25 - The Velvet Teen
Statistics
Rescue & Albany
\$7 adv. * (7:30pm)

28 - Seldom Scene
Showcase \$6 (6pm)

31 - Viva Voce, etc.

Coming in September...

01 - Kinison, 03 - Wolf Colonel & Rabbit

10 - Engine Down, These Arms are Snakes

13 - Six Parts Seven, 21 - The Good Life

* Advance Kilby Court Tickets for certain shows are available at Graywhale Stores & www.24tix.com

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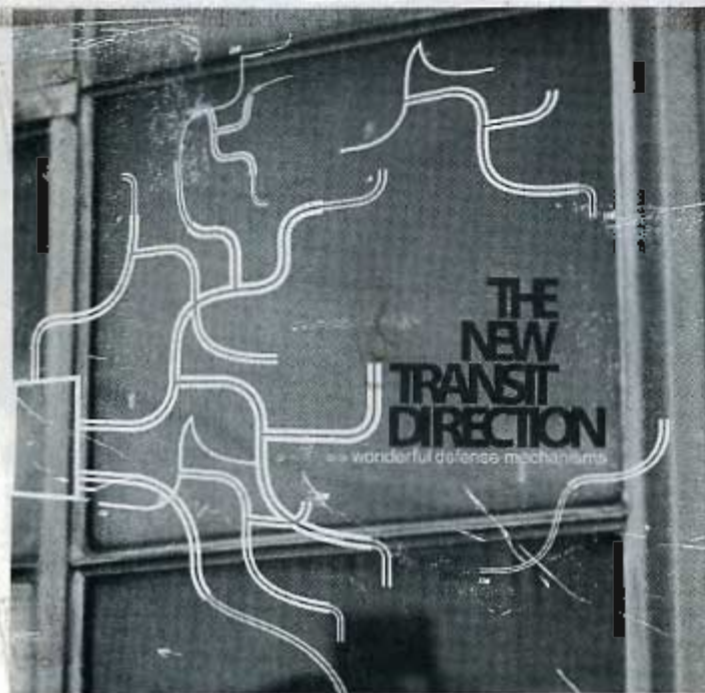
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