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The Pirate Issue

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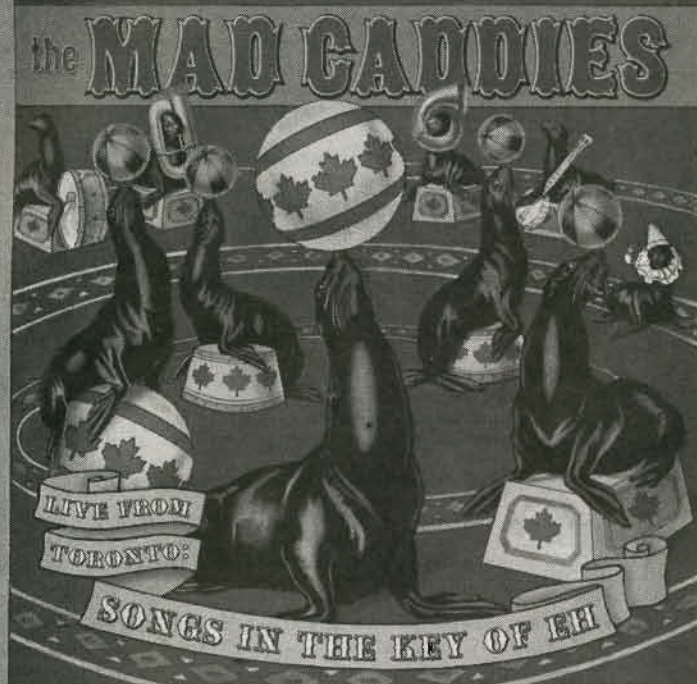
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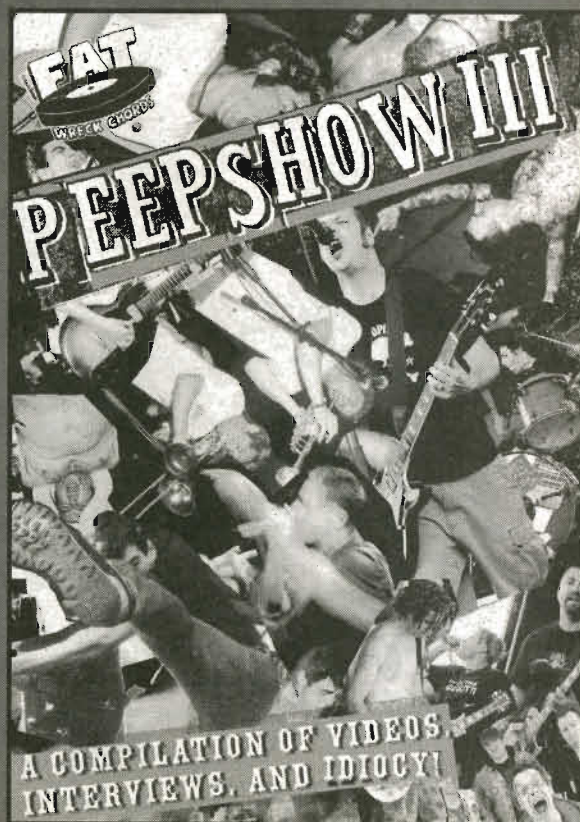
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Editorial Note: In the national CD reviews section on p. 32 of the August edition, issue #188, *The Slackers* review was written incorrectly. The lead singer is Vic Ruggiero, not Marc Lyn, and in the past, *The Slackers* have been known to be a political band, as many skabands are. "Sorry for the mistake." -Bess the Short

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September 2004
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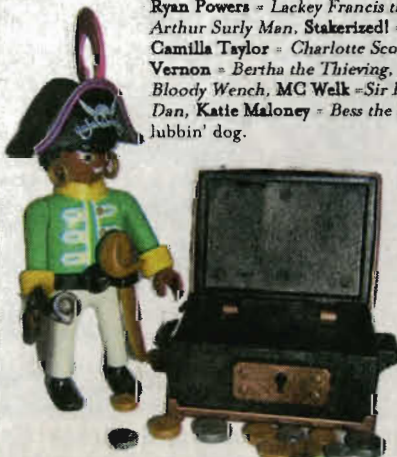
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Ryan Powers = Lackey Francis the Chaste, Dick Rivers = Arthur Surly Man, Stakerized! = Thomas Drunk Tongue, Camilla Taylor = Charlotte Scoundrel Wench, Rebecca Vernon = Bertha the Thieving, Alex Woodruff = Arthur Bloody Wench, MC Walk = Sir Paul, Shane Farver = Devil Dan, Katie Maloney = Bess the Short, You, ye scurvy land-lubbin' dog.



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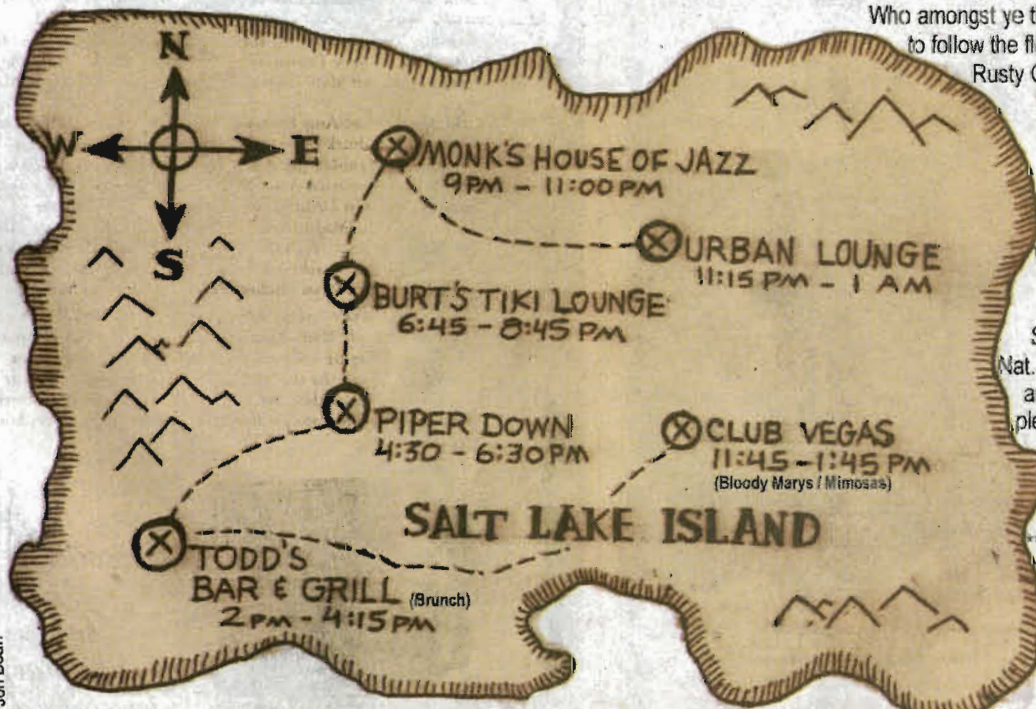
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THE SLUG MAG Pirate Pub-Crawl: Sunday Sept. 19th, 2004. "National Talk Like a Pirate Day"

Aye Ye Scurvy Dogs

Dear Dickheads,

What's up. I love your magazine and Sabbathon was great. I bought one of those Death By Salt CD's, three disc's of local music for ten bucks? That fucking rocks. However, I have a complaint with that Kevlar7 dude. What the fuck is up with him always making fun of emo and screamo? Emo and screamo is some of the best new music to come out of the underground music scene as of late. Bands like Taking Back Sunday, Coheed and Cambria, and My Chemical Romance are the cutting edge of rock music. I mean granted I just started dying my hair black and hanging out at Todd's, but I know good shit when I hear it. I have a natural ear for good music. Two years ago I was into AFI, Blink 182, Sublime, Sum 41, and Good Charlotte before any of the preppie kids were into it, that just shows you how cool I am. Hey, if you guys need a reviewer, I'm the guy for you. I heard chicks dig it! I like dressing like a rocker, my brother gave me his old Poison and Ratt T-shirt, how cool is that!! Please consider firing Kevlar7 and hiring me. Fondly,
Robbie Diggs

Aye, Robbie, sail ye'rself down to SLUG HQ and we'll give ye a task—scrubbin' the decks and spending freezing nights in the crow's nest. How dare ye assumes that we be lookin' for the likes of you to sail with

such a rowdy crew as ours. We've all black beards, not hair, and Daxx the Magnificent would make short work of ye, scrogging ye in the arse and throwin' ye to the torrents of the sea. Ye'r precious Todd's'll be laid waste to, nary a dame in sight'll escape a ravaging and nary a drink'll be left unconsumed by the crew of the Rusty Cutlass. If any ye blackhairs gives us but a bit of lip we'll cut out ye'r hearts and skewer them on the masts as a warning to any other knave who tries to block our path.

Dear Dickhead,

For two decades I've watched the pansyish, wrong word "gender" creep into the language, and now it's in official forms. First I saw the VA put out forms calling for one's "gender," and now I've gone to the driver's license office, where they ask me my "gender," M or F. It's right in print on the form. I hear children ask what "gender" is the newborn kitten or "What gender is the puppy, Daddy?" Kittens and puppies don't have gender. "Gender" belongs to grammar, as in "el sombrero is masculine gender." Kittens, puppies, and people don't have a gender, they have a sex. The word is sex.
—Keith Moore

It's not just kittens and puppies, matey, pirates have sex too. It's scrogging to us though (like, "A good scrogging will quiet those prisoners in

less than a flip of me cutlass"). We buccaneers scrog as many terrified damsels as we do pillage villages or plunder riches. I myself forced more than a thousand clitorises to walk me skin plank in the past year alone. Just tell that to the scoundrels at the DMV next time ye goes and see if they give ye any of this "gender" rubbishage.

Ahoy! I heard about ye pirate issue.

Here be some that'll split ye from stem to sternum.

Where do pirates vacation?

Argentina.

Where are inbred pirates from?

Arkansas.

What is a pirates favorite vegetable?

An artichoke.

What do pirates like to study?

Art history.

What kind of pets do pirates have?

Aardvarks.

What did the pirate name his child?

Arthur.

What kind of comics do pirates read?

Archie comics.

What was the pirate convicted for?

Arson.

What is a pirates favorite phrase?

Aye.

—Jonny Worthless

Arrgh! Ye knows littl'r 'bout pirates than ye knows of the uncharted seas at the edges of maps where the sea monster be. If any mate on my crew were to mutter such things as studying or vacation he'd be seein' the depths of



Davey Jones' Locker right quick. We sail too many seas to be inbred, ne'er eat a veggie (ever hear of scurvy?) keep only parrots as pets, don't bother naming our illegitimate children, can't read and could be convicted of more than ye'r imagination could muster. It'd be wise not to show'er face, landlubber, following the misty crew of the Rusty Cutlass this Pirate's Day. Arrgh!

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It Rocks, But Is It Pirate-Worthy?

By Maddox

<http://maddox.xmission.com>

Historians have been trying to answer one question about pirates for years now: what is it about pirates that make them so awesome? This debate came to rest with newly discovered evidence of pirates having giant, life-threatening penises with which they regularly bludgeoned women, children and weaker men with. However, even in spite of everything we know about these burly concentrations of high-sea ass-kickery, most people don't know what kind of music pirates listened to.

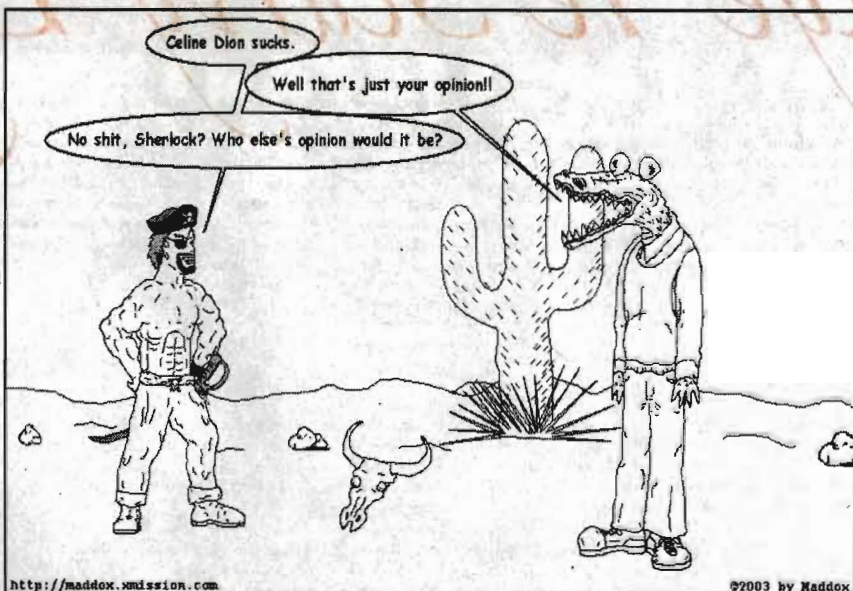
I researched this on Tower Records' website recently, just to get a feel for what kind of music people *think* pirates listen to. Here are the results:

Mad Caddies - If you're a fan of whiny, angst-filled crap, you're in for a treat with this album. Most of the songs on this here are ranked somewhere between sucking giant rhinoceros cock to sucking moderately sized rhinoceros cock. In spite of this, however, the band does manage to pry their lips off the teat of mediocre shit they feed on long enough to produce track 7 titled "Weird Beard." Pirates and lumberjacks would agree that this song is adequately genuine pirate music. The song titled "All American Badass" is also tolerable, but could be improved with less singing (like 100% less) and a chorus made of men instead of whiny assholes.

Bedtime Stories for Pirates - Captain Bogg & Salty - The liner notes for this album states "songs and stories for buccaneers of all ages," but I think they explicitly meant to exclude pirates of age 26 or older. I think that if you were to find me with my eyes stabbed out with a pair of blunt pliers and this CD on my chest, no further explanation or suicide note would be necessary. I'm going to be completely honest: until today, I have never cried in my life. Ever. This CD made me weep uncontrollably. And by weep, I mean masturbate and play video games.

Once Upon A Wave - Pirate Jenny - This album has a song on it titled "sensitive guy." Here are a few steps you can take to save \$14 on this title: 1. Cup your hands 2. Squat down and pinch one into your cupped hands 3. Cover your ears.

Rancid - Rancid - Fans of "Mad Caddies" will appreciate this aural diarrhea. Yes, this means you Mr. Studded Belt dumbass with the stupid fucking haircut drinking your latte at Coffee Break. The cover of this album is misleading. Hell, when I first saw the familiar "Jolly Roger" (skull and crossbones), I thought to myself "holy shit, my pirate brethren have signed with a record label." Fucking wrong. Rancid is by far the worst group I have heard today.



This band takes mediocrity to a science. If you dropped a Rancid CD in a record store, you'd be cited for littering.

It seemed hopeless at this point: where could I find some genuine pirate music? Then I remembered a band that a friend of mine in Norway referred me to:

Storm - Nordavind - Holy shit, finally some real pirate music. This is what metal would sound like if Vikings weren't wiped out from venereal disease. Unless my ears deceive me, I could have sworn there were kids singing on a few of the tracks, but it's probably remnants of that Rancid dog shit I heard earlier. I can't believe how awesome this CD is. I bet Thor murders orphans while he listens to this album. I swear I popped a boner the first time I heard the song "Oppl Fjeller." Awesome.

Other than Storm, the only other bands I've found worthy of being associated with pirates are: **Pantera**, **Slayer**, **Sepultura**, **Prong**, and **Lamb of God**. Of these, the band people are probably least familiar with is Sepultura. Pick up the album "Chaos A.D." or go to hell. The best song on the album is called "Nomad," a song in which the lead singer steps out of your speaker and has sex with your sister. Some of the tracks on this album have a strong Brazilian feel to them, which doesn't really mean anything coming from me because the only other Brazilian music I've heard is Bossa Nova (you may have heard some while gorging on rattlesnake sausage at Rodizio Grill). Perhaps Sepultura will cover "The Girl From Ipanema" with Astrud Gilberto some day. Until then, pirates will have to be content with some of the hardest hitting metal in the universe. Slayer for mayor.

PIRATE RESOURCE PAGE:

Let it be said first and foremost that this issue has no relation to nor was it inspired by the that shitty Disney ride or crappy Hollywood movie.

The reason behind this month's issue is plain and simple: Pirates kickass! Don't forget to celebrate this fact on Sunday September 19- National Talk Like a Pirate Day.

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Your treasure map-making artistry now has a chance to pay more than buried booty. Color the grisly salty dog and his surroundings on the cover of this issue and win two tickets to the Gramps show in October as well as a meet and greet session with the band.

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Original Artwork by Sri Whipple. 801.530.3023

localized

By Camilla Taylor (AKA Charlotte Scoundrel Wench)

Localized is a monthly music fest spotlighting local bands. This month, SLUG brings you **Theta Naught** and **Less People More Robots**. Localized is the second Friday of every month at the *Urban Lounge*, a private club for members only. Come and see the SLUG staff do what they do best; get sloshed.

Theta Naught

Ryan Stanfield: Bass, guitar, saw, etc.
Peter Romney: Cello
Jared Stanfield: Keys, accordion, and organ
Darren Corey: Drums
Greg Corey: Lap-slide

With only a vague description of their hair color and cut, I went out to find **Theta Naught** at Evergreen Café. We met for a late lunch and tasty vegan food.

Today, they are meeting me just before performing at their CD release party at *Killy Court* and that performance is just before leaving for a tour of the West Coast. Meeting with each other was tight and it involved multiple phone calls and sundry machinations.

"Music. Improvisational music and some ocean sounds." That's what I would hear if I heard their album, they say. That is what I heard when I got home and listened to their album. The last time they went on tour, one of them recorded ocean sounds and they mixed it into their music. As might be gathered by the above statement, all of their music is improvisational and instrumental.

Their songs run anywhere from eight to 10 minutes. "The only structure that we have in our songs is that we say we'll start in A minor and then switch to A major or C

major. On this album, we really did some interesting things with different time signatures. I have a string of finite code for the Golden Ratio and my drummer and I turned that into a beat hitting on the ones and resting on the zeros."

"It's not that difficult to keep," Darren elucidates. "I count it out in my head 'one-zero-one-one-zero-one-zero-one-one-zero.'" They have another time sequence based on the Fibonacci Sequence. It sounds mildly pretentious to incorporate these codes into your music, even though these concepts are far from obscure.

Their cellist, Peter, gets gushed about by the other band members and it seems that there is good reason for this. His knowledge of cello started at so young an age that he does not recall it.

"I can't remember, honestly. I started playing the violin when I was about three and then I started playing the cello because I wanted to sit down. I was tired of standing up. To be a classical musician, you have to totally limit yourself to one field and discipline yourself. I've never been able to do that. It's nice to play with these people."

Less People More Robots

Laura Duzett: Vocals
Matthew Crane: Guitar
David Walker: Guitar
Robbi Lovell: Drums
Rusty Monson: Bass

Less People More Robots met me at the new Café De Bolla. The ones who came early and I waited outside sipping our sundry caffeinated beverages and entertaining requests from homeless people as we waited for the other members of the band to show up, or not show up, in one case. I only knew one person from LPMR before meeting with them, and that was **Rusty**, the one person who didn't show up. Doing the interview on the same night as *Curiosa* fest was perhaps unwise, but I couldn't go, so I saw no reason to make special exceptions for those bastards who did get to go.

As a whole, they seemed to know exactly what they wanted to say, which made my job fairly easy. The band started out as a hideous lovechild of **Matt Crane's**, who subsequently met **Rusty** through *TheRockSalt.com* and the two joined forces. **Rusty** met **Laura** at some other hipster hotspot and asked that she sing for them. They fleshed it out in various other ways, but they've only been together for a few months regardless. That doesn't mean that they don't sound mature; just a tad uncertain.

All of the band members have different musical tastes and are more than willing to tell me about them, but I'm not too interested in

Photos: Russel Daniels
 (AKA Landlubber Drake)

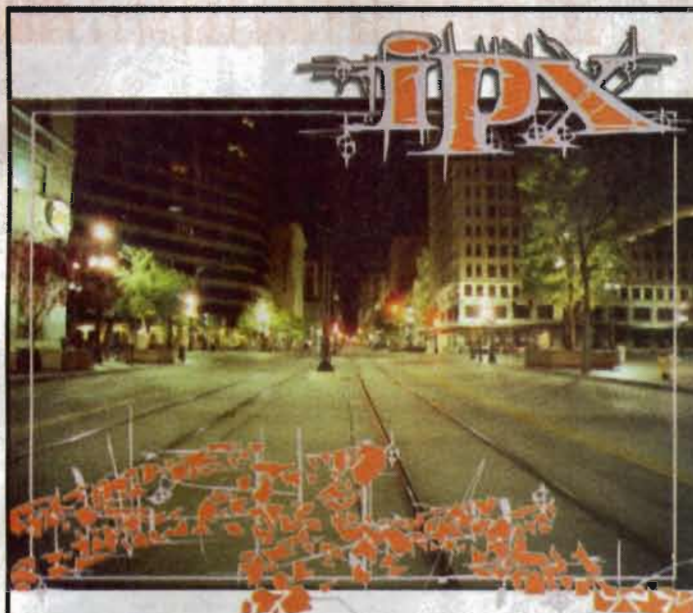


hearing about **Robbi's** affiliations with local hardcore bands, or **David's** interests in house music. Most bands in my experience thus far don't agree on influences (unless it's **Black Sabbath** or **Metallica**, in which case everyone will cite them as a major influence, although not in this case).

Despite their somewhat misleading name, they don't have any synth. In fact, they sound downright folksy on occasion. **Laura's** voice harmonizes with the instruments and rounds out the band in ways that shouldn't be possible with this group of people.

But **David** still declares, "I think we come out on the side of the robots." However, they don't strike me as the type who are cheering for metal, gears, cogs and switches. They're a bit too humane-sounding for that, although they each contest that statement when I made it.

Come and judge for yourself.



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10 DJ EBEN FLOW

11 THE ADONIS, AM FEED,
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LEVI STERLING

OCTOBER

1 GLACIAL

2 THE HORNS



THE PIRATE WITHIN

By Author Bloody Witch
(AKA Alex Woodruff)

Piracy has existed throughout the whole of history. During the height of the Pax Romana pirates held Julius Caesar captive. Then again, the Romans were some of the most widely operating pirates of all time.

The Vikings were also pirates. They would go up and down the British and French coasts terrorizing and pillaging wealthy monasteries. They invented a sport called monk racing in which Vikings would mount monks and race them about while drinking mead.

Muslim pirates emerged in the East during the Crusades and preyed on ships off the African coast. They would force entire nations to pay them tribute. The newly-formed United States became so fed up with them that during the 1800's they sent troops after them. Hence, "To the shores of Tripoli" was added to the "Marine Battle Hymn."

In England one of the most respected seafaring men of the day was Sir Walter Raleigh. Operating as a privateer with letters of marque in the employ of the Queen, Raleigh and the "Sea Dogs" defeated the entire Spanish Armada. After the Queen's death, however, Raleigh was beheaded for continued acts of piracy against Spain.

Pirates still exist today. However, these are not the jovial days of riding monastic inhabitants and forcing prisoners at gunpoint to drink to excess while sea shanties are sung. Present day pirates aren't very fun at all. They travel in speedboats with assault rifles and lurk in mangrove inlets to kidnap and sometimes kill innocent fishermen. They also attack pleasure cruisers and oil tankers. The major hot spots for this are the coastal areas of Nigeria, Somalia, Venezuela, Trinidad and Tobago, and most notorious of all the Malacca Strait that runs between Malaysia and Indonesia. Since the beginning of the year, there have already been 30 deaths resulting from 182 separate attacks worldwide. This is the highest number in ten years. This kind of piracy is making a comeback in a big way. The insurance industry estimates the cost of piracy to be as high as \$15 billion a year.

I implore readers not to fall into this flashy new trend of piracy with their shiny guns and cool speedboats. Instead, try to become your own personal pirate. Here's how:

Start out with small things at first. One thing you might try is, the next time you're at a bar and your buddy leaves his cigarettes and pitcher of beer unattended to hit the rest room, say "Avast Ye! Prepare to be boarded!" Then pocket his smokes and chug as much beer as possible before his return.

The next time you get into a bar fight and thrash your opponent to the ground, go ahead and take something, like his glasses or one of his shoes. I know what you're thinking: strong arm robbery. Nah, it's just personal piracy—pillaging and plundering.

One thing that you can do to increase your pirate legitimacy is to get a case of scurvy. To achieve this you just need one thing, or rather, the lack of one thing—vitamin C. This means avoid any sort of citrus fruits or vitamins like they were hookers surrounded by flies. Do this and you'll be losing teeth in no time.

Another thing to keep in mind is that pirates drink grog, a stiff mixture of rum and water. If consumed with the frequency that one drinks beer on an evening you will become quite blatantly pirate-like (or incarcerated).

Hell, why just become a pirate, when you can become a super pirate? Try drugs like PCP. I know that some of you guys are thinking, "Hey pirates didn't use drugs." Right, but that's only because they didn't have them around. I guarantee that if they had, they would have been flying on every single substance known to man. What's scarier than a pirate with a huge ego and super human strength staring at you while growling, eh?

Also, you must surround yourself with a good crew. I don't mean your respectable "job" having friends. I mean your horrifically lackluster, shitbag, drug addict violent, friends. They're not hard to find, they're right there on your couch. Go ahead and wake them up. Unleash them on the unsuspecting land lubbers.

Hell, there have to be millions of ways to achieve your inner pirate. Just brainstorm and think up your own. Just don't think too hard, pirates aren't big thinkers. Pirates are about acting on impulse. Oh, it also helps to say "AAAARRRRRR!!!!" a whole lot. So get out there follow this advice and you'll be on your way to happiness—or jail.



Post Scriptum.....
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Art Access, 339 W Pierpont > Sept 9 - Oct 8 > Reception Sept 17, 6 - 9pm.

Beautiful CARCRASH

Some things just grab your attention, like driving past a car crash. Sweden's Carcrash Records produces the kind of arresting music that you can't fail to prick up your ears to, with some of the most captivating bands that have taken the aftermath of punk-influenced music to a whole nuther level, like International Noise Conspiracy and Division of Laura Lee. Label founder and DoLL drummer Hakan Johansson crashed a few crazy syllables into our leaning lobes.

SLUG: How/why/when did you start the label? Why do you have the slogan "not just music since 1996"? What else does your label provide besides just sound?

HJ: I started working at a record label called **No Looking Back Records** in my hometown, Värnersborg, just after I finished school around '94. Basically, just because I love music, and wanted to get a clue on how a label was run. At that point, **NLB** was working together with a Gothenburg-based label called **Dolores Records**, and Dolores had the final say in what we could release and what we could not. After a few years, I got sick of their way of thinking and started **Carcrash Records** with **Mattias Foldemark** in the fall of 1996, which was to be fully independent. First to be released was the debut by **UNCLE** (a band we were both in at that point). In 1998, **NLB** stopped running. Having all the **NLB** contacts and distribution, **Carcrash** took off real fast within just a couple of months. Our motto, "Not Just Music," was, and still is, the way we see the label. It doesn't have to be a record; we could release art, books, photography, etc.—anything we think needs to be put out and shown to the public.

SLUG: What niche in the current musical world does your label fill? How has the label grown since the beginning? Why the hell do we need another Swedish rock label? What do you add to the Scandinavian music scene; a little more art rock to the garage sound, or what?

HJ: We have never tried to create a niche within the label, although something of a niche has evolved over the years. We started off with a lot of spazzcore, moved on to post-rock, and now we have a lot of instrumental bands, so I guess art rock could be a good way of putting it. We work towards being similar to a community than a record label: having a good relationship with the bands we are working with. We never write contracts with our bands. If they decide that signing with a major label is the best way for them to continue moving forward, we would respect their decision. We started out just releasing vinyl, mostly 7"s, then moved on to full-length LPs and CD s. It's a slow growth, but enjoyable. Sweden is overfilled with great bands. I guess there is nothing to do on your free time when you're a youth, besides sports, a 9-to-5 job, or playing music. And during the winter season, it's dark most of the time, and what better to do then but practice with your band? For as long as we can, we will keep releasing records with great bands that a major label wouldn't risk putting their money into. That's why we exist.

SLUG: What are the most difficult/most rewarding things about operating your label?

HJ: The most difficult is often having serious difficulties with our cash flow. The problem has to do with getting distributors to pay their bills in time, as well as not being able to get credit at the pressing plants. Also, having enough time to work with the label. Being in a band such as **Division of Laura Lee**, when we are touring for about six months every year, makes it almost impossible to work full time on the label.



Hakan Johansson

The most rewarding part must be when we get the final product. When you get to see the artwork nicely packed together with the disc ... I can easily sit and stare at the cover for 45 minutes while the music plays on the stereo.

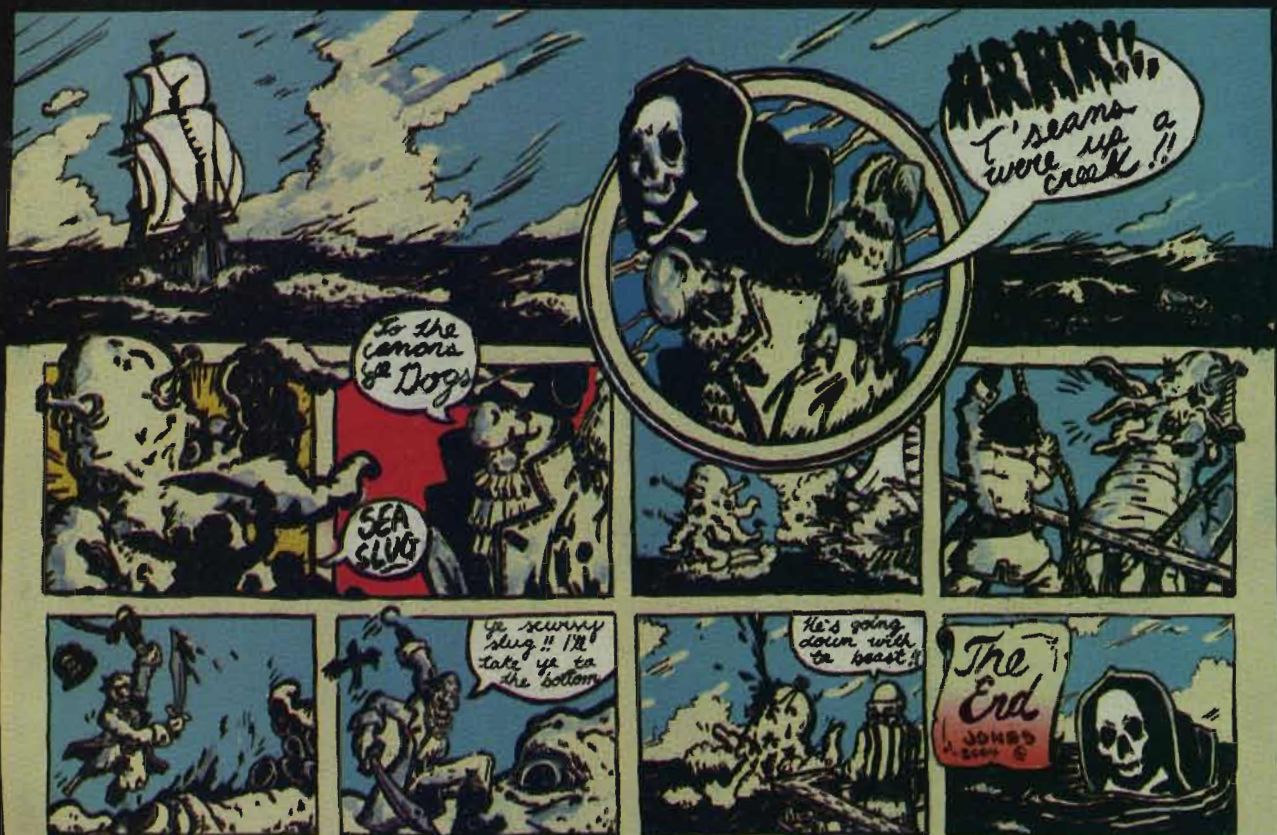
SLUG: What recent releases/signings are you most proud of? Regarding **QGMR**, is loud the new quiet? By which I mean, is there more subtlety and sophistication to be found in higher volumes?

HJ: The most recent has to be **G.A.A.R.M.E.** It had been a long time since I had seen a band with such charisma and empathy. I asked them right there and then if they wanted to release something on **Carcrash**. And the rest is history. Their debut is now licensed from **Carcrash** to **Burning Heart** (Europe), **Shock** (Australia) and **Epitaph** in the US. I am also proud of having released three albums by **Dialog Cet**, which in my opinion is one of the best Swedish bands around!

Carcrash has "a bunch of new releases and projects in the works" for 2005. They have just landed a new US distribution deal with **Monsoon** starting this September. Soon their new releases will be found in record stores across the country and not just on the web.

www.carcrashrecords.com

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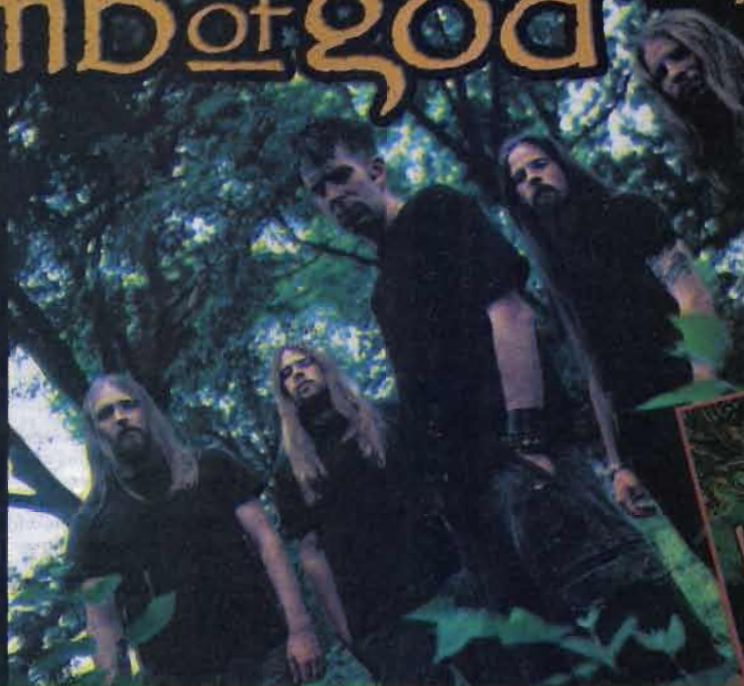


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Summer's over and all the fun activities have been replaced by the old daily grind? No worries; we may be sporting our fall colors, but the studios are still open and the art is always flowing. Gallery Stroll is held on the third Friday of every month from 6p.m. to 9p.m. September's Gallery Stroll will take place on the 17th and here are some of the great art shows that will be on exhibit free and open to the public!

Salt Lake City's Women's Art Center is located at 345 W. Pierpont Avenue. The center is a welcome addition to the Gallery Stroll and a blessing to local women, artist or not. Theresa Flowers has made a name for herself in the art world and now she is giving back to all those who supported her by opening this innovative art center. Classes begin Aug. 30 and include but are not limited to: "Alternative Photography" by Jena Flowers, "Super 8-mm Filmmaking" by Tamrika Khvitslashvili and "Raw Fashion Design" by Crystal Puckett. A fundraiser for the center will bring local artists together in an exhibit entitled *Circle, A Culmination of People, Art and Energy*. All the entries will be on wooden circles of varying sizes. The fundraiser will take place Thursday, Sept. 16 from 6p.m.-9p.m. The exhibit will be open to the public the following night for Gallery Stroll from 6p.m.-9p.m. For more information, log on to womensartcenter.org

Café Sha Sha, located at 175 East 400 South, has made a fan out of this writer. A quaint corner café with a European feel, Sha Sha has great food and atmosphere but they go one step further by showcasing local artists and musicians. Albert Wint's abstracts, portraits and landscapes will be on display starting Sept. 17 with an opening reception from 6p.m.-10p.m.

Art Access, located at 339 W. Pierpont Avenue, is pleased to present the most recent works by Fletcher Booth. The show, titled *Puny*, makes light of popular cultures that too often don't or can't lighten up and laugh at themselves. Booth teaches "Foundation" and "Figure Drawing" at Weber State University and works for the Utah Arts Council. In his ever-so-limited spare time, he likes to have fun with art. "I like to make the most idiotic art you could make," says Fletcher. Mr. Booth, as usual, you are too modest. This cultural commentary will hang Sept. 9 through Oct. 8 with an opening reception on Gallery Stroll.

Post War Bosnia, a photo essay by Russel Daniels, will hang at the Anderson-Foothill Library, located at 1135 S. 2100 East, from Sept. 18 through Nov. 3 with an artist reception on Sept. 23. Armed with a 1960's Rolliflex camera, Russel traveled through Bosnia documenting the efforts to rebuild the country after the fall of communism. Russel notes, "The Bosnian landscape reflects and parallels the problems that are being faced currently in Iraq." He hopes that this photo essay will encourage viewers to consider the consequences of war.

Poor Yorick Studios located at 700 S. 530 West and are opening up their space to celebrate the changing season with the Fall Equinox Show. This intimate setting is perfect for familiarizing yourself with new up-and-coming artists along with the veterans. The show opens at 6p.m. and continues throughout the evening with a special musical guest, Tolchock Trio. It's one night only, Sept. 17, so don't miss your chance to see these artists' studios or it will be spring before they let you in the building again!!!

Viva la art!

Lexicon Devil: The Fast Times and Short Life of Darby Crash and The Germs

By Brendan Mullen, Don Bolles, and Adam Parfrey
Feral House
www.feralhouse.com

Darby Crash walked a fine line between lunacy and lucidity, idiocy and genius, sociopath and scared little boy. Before anyone could find out who he really was, he intentionally overdosed on heroin and left this world in 1980. This book serves as a remembrance of a man who was an icon for the L.A. punk movement at a time when there was no such thing as a future but there was such a thing as The Germs, who infected a cult following in the slums of Hollywood. Brendan Mullen (founder of The Masque), Don Bolles (former Germs drummer) and Adam Parfrey blend a series of quotes and stories from the people who were there—including John Doe, Belinda Carlisle and Joan Jett, to name a few—into a perfectly executed documentation of the L.A. punk scene. And in case you were wondering, *Lexicon Devil* paints a far more spirited, interesting, well-written and ultimately, more dangerous scene than New York's punk scene in *Please Kill Me*. Darby Crash and The Germs are long gone, but the Circle One spirit lives on with this publication. "I'm Darby Crash. I'm a social blast." Damn straight. —Devil Dan

50 Reasons Not to Vote for Bush

By Robert Sterling
Feral House
www.feralhouse.com

Anger is one way to overcome apathy. Many of us are angry about "President" George W. Bush, and this book provides a good list of reasons why. While *Shrub* will undoubtedly finish at the top of the list of "Worst Presidents" Ever, hopefully it will be after four years, not eight. While your vote may not help that much—the Electoral College is a bit of a buzzkill—it's a way to vent some frustration and pad the popular vote, which he'll undoubtedly lose even if he and Jeb steal Florida again. Here're some of the 50 reasons: He stole the election. He knew about 9/11 and won't investigate the Saudis. He lied about WMD. He screws our troops; the quagmire in Iraq is a widening gyre of death, destruction and wasted dollars. His tax cuts and other economic policies favor the wealthy. Big Brother, errrrr, Attorney General John Ashcroft, is watching you. He rapes Mother Earth. He appoints right-wingers to the courts, and could appoint another Supreme Court Justice if reelected. Shrub has alienated the USA from the rest of the world. Well, that's it. Don't get mad: Vote. —Sir Paul

Turn On Your Mind: Four Decades of Great Psychedelic Rock

Jim DeRogatis
Hal Leonard
www.halleonard.com

The widely published music critic best known for his tome *Let It Blurt: The Life and Times of Lester Bangs*, DeRogatis is thorough enough to describe the minimum requirements that make a given band psychedelic: a certain sound and look, as well as the sound's origins in the 60s. He avoids the twin errors of nerdy over-scholarizing and unthinking hero worship. For example, he considers "Sergeant Pepper" a disappointment after "Revolver," and dismisses the Summer of Love as "overrated." The best thing the book does is provide a grand overview of the "high" points like the Byrds' "Eight Miles High," the Beach Boys' "Pet Sounds" and of course, "Dark Side of the Moon," and ties them all together. But he also demonstrates the wide-ranging influence psychedelic has had on later music, from the Talking Heads to the Elephant Six group to the rave movement to new garage bands. Copious lists of standout albums and non-didactic justifications of their greatness give readers ample opportunities to turn on their minds, indeed. —Thomas Drunk Tongue!



By First Mate
Mary Cricket
the Pink
(AKA Mariah
Mann)

By Astara

Sumra watched her first belly dancing performance at a renaissance fair and was mesmerized by the sensuality, control, and intricacy of the art. Not long after that, at another belly dancing venue, she was convinced to begin her own Middle Eastern dance training.

"I was so excited that there was a dance form for women over 30," Sumra explained. "This was an art form for women of all ages."

Sumra was classically trained in ballet and studied jazz and tap. She quit dancing after college, to marry, have children and pursue a career in marketing management. Today she is a performing soloist, director and member of the dance troupe, Shazadi, and choreographer. She will be teaching an intermediate belly dance class this fall.

"I enjoy choreographing dances and seeing my ideas come to life," she said.

Born and raised in Logan, Sumra was aware that belly dance training in Cache Valley was limited. So, 6 years ago the Utah State University Middle Eastern Dance Club was created with only 6 members and no teachers. In

order to learn the dance, each member was assigned a belly dance video to watch and then they taught each other the movements. They also brought in major dancers from across the Wasatch Front to teach workshops and dance. This was mainly for the club's benefit, but it also educated the Cache Valley audience regarding Middle Eastern Dance.

Today they boast more than 50 students and each year they host a workshop and performance with a nationally recognized Middle Eastern Dancer. Their workshops and shows are professional and a lot of fun, and they have a fabulous core audience.

"I have studied with everyone in Utah and various teachers around the United States," explains Sumra. "I am excited that there are so many talented dancers in Utah. I am always surprised at the high caliber of dancing in this state. I believe Utah is one of Middle Eastern dance's best kept secrets."

Sumra is one of those talented dancers, technically accurate, and delightfully expressive. Her interpretation of Middle Eastern dance is elegant, refined, and hot. Sumra's dedication to her art is undeniable. In 2003, at Wiggles of the West, she won second place as Entertainer of the Year, and was part of Shazadi's coming in second and third, as Ensemble of the Year, in 2003 and 2004.

"I was especially influenced by Jillina's creativity, interpretation, and choreography, Hadia's sensibility and teaching ability, and Aziza's fluidity and perpetual motion," Sumra said. "For my own dance interpretation, I take a little from each teacher and incorporate it into my own style. My favorite form of Middle Eastern dance is Egyptian Cabaret, but my dance style is definitely American. I am not a purist. I bring to the dance all I have learned and express it in my own way."

Shazadi will be hosting the fabulous Ansuya, teaching a workshop and performing, this November. It's a short drive to Logan to watch Middle Eastern dancing in all its variety, and you will catch a rising star, Sumra, dancing solo and with Shazadi. See you there!

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| Sat. 18 The Wolfs, | *A Private Club for Members |

Audiowhores
"Work it out"
Peppermint Jam

From Manchester's Audiowhores (*Soulfuri/LAI*) comes the latest and greatest from German Label Peppermint Jam. This quality production features the powerful vocals of Rashaan Houston and is for late-night dance floor gurus. Chunky, funky and straight-up house, this record is definitely a hottie of summer, and perhaps for later seasons. "Party time ... get out on the dance floor ... like you never worked before" are an example of what the lyrics are like, layered over a heavy bass and *Swing City* beats. For you "Lola's Theme" crazies, check out Ty Holden's "meet the monster mix," holding up some electro basslines and tasty tribal beats. My personal favorite is the dub mix. www.peppermint-jam.com

Deepfaww feat. Kristi Lomax
"Love is ..."

Generate Music

What I believe to be in the top five, if not the best, release from Generate Music. "Love is ..." is the first solo project produced by Eric Wikman of Deepfaww Productions on the Generate label. Originally created in a "live band session" with some of the O.G. members from the "Jazz Transit" sessions for Soulfuri Records with a lineup consisting of a Rhodes piano, two funky guitars, a groovin' bass, B3 Organ and of course, soulful vocals from Donna Washington for some starting ad-libs and—the icing on the cake—L.A. radio personality/DJ Kristi Lomax doing spoken words of "love." It includes two mixes (and a capella); Side A: "Disco Transit" is one for all those jazzy-soulful househeads, with sophistication and smooth styles. Side B: "Alex Groove" gives you another style in the same game of "In the Music." Hypnotic grooves and explosive energy—you're going to want this! Thanks to Jen and Eric for this one. www.generatemusic.com

E-man
"Slangin' (remixes)"

Jellybean Soul Records

From the Jellybean Soul label comes another hot track for summer. Originally produced by E-man and Jon Cutler (remember the duo worked on "It's Yours" for *Chez Music*), this latest mix consist of the expert help of Marlon D and Tedd Patterson (did you catch him last month in SLC?). Scat vocals, lively percussion, jazz-tinged organ and Latin guitars over heavy MAW beats; this one is right up tribal-soul way. It includes four tracks of remixes: Marlon D's Organ Mix, Marl's Peak Beats, Tedd Patterson's Edit, and an a capella. www.jellybeanrecordings.com

Groove Junkies feat. Solara
"Sunshine (Sol Brillante)"

Morehouse Records

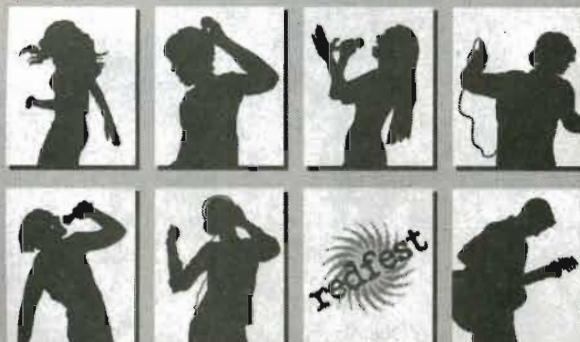
Thank the lord for the Groove Junkies! Finally, the highly anticipated follow-up to the smash hit "Deeper" is here—no more worries. Once again, it's the season for some of the best releases to be produced and this is in my top five. Featuring the sexy and fun vocals of Solara (also featured on "Deeper"), this Latin-soul lover of a track keeps it feeling real and exciting. I have been waiting for a track such as this to drop in the midst of serious house music. Piano, classic GJ bass and kits—plan on having this one in your bag! It includes four tracks: GJ's Nueva soul mix, Badaba tool, Soul Excursion dub, and soul reprise—why haven't you picked it up yet? Thanks to Leneth and Evan for this one! www.morehouserecords.com

Indigo
"There's Only You"

Swing City Records

From one of my top five favorite labels comes another wonderful gem of soulful loving, breakin' down the true sounds of quality house. It was produced by Martin "Mayhem" Ikin (worked with Tom Gianelli on *Soul Purpose Records*) with his Indigo project for the three release on *Swing City*, following up "Real Love," which was featured on *Key to the City*, mixed by Grant Nelson. It features the silk-like tones (think Toni Braxton) of Elisabeth Troy backed up by the label's quality funky-ass bass and key styles. Including club, dub and a capella mixes, there's no goin' wrong with this little hottie that will massage the floor for the rest of the year. www.swingcity.co.uk

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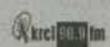
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Black Tape For A Blue Girl
Halo Star
Projekt

Often regarded as innovators in the ethereal/darkwave genre, **Black Tape For A Blue Girl** return with an album that is dominated by male vocals rather than the angelic female approach that has been found on the majority of their recent releases. It is, however, not a complete break from tradition, considering their earliest of albums also featured a predominance of male vocals. It is, however, a break from tradition in the respect that *Halo Star* comes across as a pretentious stab at goth rock by summoning a **Bauhaus** tribute band by way of a **Voltaire** rip-off.

Jim Guthrie
Now, More than Ever
Three Gut

Jim Guthrie spins out warm and wistful folk that has received so many fantastic reviews I can't quite figure out why I'm not moved. Lyrically, it doesn't strike me as anything close to a **Bob Dylan**, **Simon & Garfunkel** or **Joni Mitchell**. Musically, it doesn't impress me more than, say, a mediocre **Belle & Sebastian** song. For contemporary storytellers, I'll leave **Badly Drawn Boy** or **Springsteen's Nebraska** within arm's reach.



photo by .ke live at Liquid Joes

The Great Depression
Unconscious Pilot
Princess

As the name of the band might suggest, this lot create music with a predominantly mellow and melancholy tone. Not to say that there isn't some lovely drum work to keep things from bottoming out and the occasional piano bit to swing away from the cascading guitars. Yet, surprisingly enough, it is the light pop moment à la **Belle and Sebastian** in "The Sargasso Sea" that they show their best side. Pity there couldn't be more bittersweet pop songs. Perhaps then we could wake this pilot up.

Fiver
Let It All Fall Down
Devil in the Woods

Fiver encompasses dream pop that at times reminds of **Postal Service** because of the falsetto over-electronic elements, but more often than not, the guitars push away the comparisons. This is more akin to the shimmery pop that dominated the U.K. and American College charts in the early 90s. Fiver are right in line with the likes of the **Pale Saints**, **Chapterhouse** and the like without being completely redundant. Very good stuff here.

Miss
Dead Cities, Road Seas & Lost Ghosts
Mute

There will be those who would crown this French duo as the anointed kings of highbrow hipness and perhaps, for once, the masses might not be far wrong. M83's sound is caught directly between **Sigur Ros'** stark and soaring beauty and **Air's** synthesized warmth. The result is both more digestible than **Sigur Ros'** avant-garde approach and yet less syrupy than **Air's** brilliant twist on pop music, which makes *Dead Cities...* quite nearly a masterpiece. We'll just have to see how it holds up six months from now when all the hype boils away. I have a feeling it will.

Clinic
Winchester Cathedral
Domino

The men dressed in scrubs return with more evidence of exactly why they are one of the cast of **Radiohead's** favorite bands (sometimes it is hard to tell who exactly is influencing who) and how it's just about time everyone else took notice. In many ways, **Clinic** are the older, more mature version of label-mates **Franz Ferdinand**. They haven't lost sight of the idea that music should be fun and entertaining, but at the same time, they are confident enough to risk it all by challenging the listener to take in more than a happy pop song. Their wall of mutated surf guitars is both engaging while being distorted and unwelcoming while keeping a pace that rarely pauses to let the listener catch their breath. Gimmicks; take them or leave them—*Winchester Cathedral* definitely leaves the quiet legacy still intact.



S
Puking & Crying
Suicide Squeeze

S are the reversed reflection or negative print of **Postal Service** with the duo of **Josh Wackerly** and **Jenn Ghetto** steering the runaway rollercoaster of songs crafted with female vocals, guitar-driven structures and electronic touches with results that are both intimate and brooding, while only sacrificing the oversaturated pop moments for something that lingers both beautiful and sour. Simple, thankfully underproduced and often stripped bare to show the bruises and scrapes, *Puking & Crying* is well worth your attention.

Workhouse
The End of the Pier
Devil in the Woods

Workhouse creates an instrumental world of organic soundscapes with more variety and style than you'd find in a dozen releases from a less skilled band. There are bits and pieces that run the gambit of shoegazer influences including nods to **My Bloody Valentine**, **Ride** and the **Cocteau Twins**. Proof that there is life beyond soundtracks and new age mysticism for instrumental music.

MODUS OPERANDI

by oneamyseven
oneamyseven@kommandzero.net

Displacer Arroyo
M-tronic 4.5/5

It has only been a little more than a year since Displacer made his mark on the IDM scene with *Moon Phase* and he is already back with his second masterpiece, *Arroyo*. Eleven original tracks feature beautiful soundscapes with delicate rhythms, making *Arroyo* a "must-have" for fans of *Beefcake*, *Lapsed* and *Gridlock*. "Transit" starts the hypnotic loops for the album and melts into "Down" and "Artificial Living", creating a feeling that the individual songs could be one long track. About halfway through, "Disconnected" comes on and from then each track becomes notably independent from the others. This kind of structure reminds me a lot of *Scorn*. I can listen to it over and over, but I cannot distinguish one track from another. Remixes from *O2 (Gridlock)*, *Flint Glass* and *Dither* complement the ambience with similar minimalism and textures. This Canadian act has proven to be a leader in the electronic music world.

Battery Cage World Wide Wasteland
Metropolis 4/5

In the midst of twisted and evolved Industrial genres, have you ever wondered what happened to Industrial? Battery Cage has some answers with their first release on *Metropolis*, *World Wide Wasteland*. The perfect blend of guitar and electronics unite to make a powerful Industrial album. It starts with "Anti-Angel" – a catchy song that you just know would kick some ass live. "Ecstasy" was the single released before *World Wide Wasteland*, and has already found its way to the dance floors. When I first heard "Statemachine" my thoughts turned to *Stromkern* – it just had that sound. So guess who I later discovered remixed "Statemachine"? Yep. *World Wide Wasteland* is an album that people will talk about. Industrial lovers, young and old, will find that Battery Cage hits the spot.

Why do all the good shows happen all at once? Well, I'm not going to complain. It's great that many of these acts think of us when planning their tour. The first in the fall show series is some hard beats and rhythm noise with *Terrorfakt* vs. *Manufactura* and Salt Lake City's own *Lapsed* on Friday, September 17 at Area 51. Get some rest the next day because on Sunday, Sept. 19, *Ministry* and *My Life with the Thrill Kill Kult* will be making a stop on the *Evildoer* tour at *The Velvet Lounge*. Some not-so-aggro live music will be available for family home evening on Monday, Sept. 20 at Area 51 with *Black Tape for a Blue Girl* and *Mona*. Two weeks later on Tuesday, October 5, *Icon of Coil* and *Circuit Surgeon* will be at Area 51 – a great reason to stay out late on a school night.

Beefcake Viande De Gateau Delikatessan Records 5/5

Viande De Gateau has got to be the biggest tease of this year. This 10" vinyl contains a mere four delicious tracks that are incredibly satisfying, but will leave you craving more. It begins with "gv-001-2003", super glitchy pops and break beats and lasts only four and a half minutes. Next on "gv-002-2003", distorted piano layers and symphonic melodies begin at a distance and merge together and bubble into soft beats of minimal bliss. Opening on side B is "gv-003-2003" with one of my favorite *Rachmaninoff* pieces where the German duo blend groovy break beats to this amazing classical song. And lastly, "gv-004-2003" is more down-tempo and synth, slightly reminiscent of *Boards of Canada*. *Viande De Gateau* is listed as "plate number 9" on *Delikatessan Records* – and perfectly fits the dish with small, but meaty proportions that only Beefcake could get away with.

Totakeke At the Train Station on a Saturday Evening Frozen Empire Media 5/5

Totakeke's *Frank Morkros* knows how to please an audience that craves beats and bass with blissfully dark atmospheres. Not even a year has passed since *Lament*, the first EP, showed us that Morkros' talent didn't stop at his other projects, *Synth-etik* and *Ativ*. Well-crafted and distinctive rhythms fall somewhere between drum-and-bass and IDM on the thirteen tracks of *At the Train Station on a Saturday Evening*. This album is one of the best works to touch my ears this year. I am kicking myself right now for missing his performance at the Providence Noise Festival last weekend. Favorite tracks are "Gothab", "Only Me" and "Chorale" – and really, there isn't a bad song here. *At the Train Station on a Saturday Evening* is listening and is accessible for any fan of electronic music.

Little Sap Dungeon Silent Entities DSBE/Backscatter 5/5

I just had a *Clock DVA* flashback. I remember learning that *Jeffrey Dahmer* would listen to *Clock DVA* while mutilating his victims. Yeah, *Little Sap Dungeon* would be the perfect soundtrack for a serial killer. These guys are among the finest of the harsh and dark, pissed-off caliber. *Silent Entities* is loaded with horrific sampling (Did I hear *Tetsuo: The Iron Man* in there?), and ranges from subdued growls and moans to static beats and hard percussion. Even the droning violin on "Goblin Corridor" gives me the chills. Scathing vocals and explosive beats combine to make "The Children Sleep". Among the nine tracks of *Silent Entities*, you will find the ingredients that nightmares are made of. After listening to "Deadpeak" I sense there has been a strong power-noise influence on this album. The hard beats fit perfect with the old industrial sounds and demonic vocals. Salt Lake is lucky to have talent from the mad minds of K.J. Cazier and A.E. Wilson lurking around here. *Little Sap Dungeon* could really make a killing doing soundtracks for horror movies.

By Keeper Drake the Pink
(AKA Dave Barratt)

WAS TED LIFE

"In Japan, 'crust' refers to a style of dress as well as a style of music, but it definitely does not imply the spare, changing, dirty/degenerate drug addicts we know as 'crust' in America. The Osaka crusties are excited about raw, noisy hardcore in the Antisect/Discharge/Scandinavian vein as well as the traditional Japanese hardcore greats.

Many Japanese bands have lyrics about struggling or fighting against something, but that something is usually not specified because for most Japanese punks, the struggle is an internal one. The punks must struggle against themselves to remain outside a society that leaves little room at the margins, compared to Europe or America. Here in America, punk bands always sing about struggling against society, but I find it quite interesting that the Japanese see this struggle to stay opposed, stay-punk, and stay independent as an internal struggle rather than an external one. For the Japanese, it's taboo to say that one is bored of punk rock because it implies a failure of the subject who is feeling this way, rather than a failure of the music or the scene. Perhaps if American punks

thought more along these lines, we'd have many more thirtysomething punks as I saw in Japan."

—Stuart, *Game of the Arseholes* zine #5

Few exemplify this dedication to DIY hardcore punk better than Hahn, Jhonio and Jacky of Japan's *Crust War Records*. All are veterans of a long-running Osaka crust band called *Cloum*. Jhonio has even said that if you don't have a record player, you're not punk, so every *Crust War* record is a vinyl-only release.



REALITY CRISIS

ZOE

From Hell

They've been described as "total Amebix-worshipping raw bikie metal punk," and all I'd have to add is, "with Slayer solos!" The recording is raw but really full. Zoe sounds like they're always on the verge of full-on thrash metal but constantly stick to straightforward drum beats and riffs instead of veering into blast-beats and speed-picking. What you get is extremely filthy, fast and metallic hardcore punk played with the utmost conviction.

EFFIGY

Grinding Metal Massacre

Side A starts with a somber intro that builds up to a plodding, heavy pace, just like Amebix. The main riff sounds a lot like Anticrest, so Effigy is still within crust-punk territory. Uh oh: the thrash metal riff just started. The singer sounds like he did time in Gorgona! There goes a blazing guitar solo! By Side B, Effigy sounds like Metallica if they had survived nuclear Armageddon and recorded "Ride the Lightning" on a tape deck with one microphone hanging from the ceiling of their fallout shelter while they were high on paint thinner. In other words, if you don't like this, you're clearly a poser who drives your mom's Audi to shows.

REALITY CRISIS

Who is Your Messiah?

This sounds a lot like Conflict when they used to write two-minute anthems instead of lengthy anarcho-epics. Of course, being a *Crust War* band, REALITY CRISIS turns the "crust" settings on their amps up to 11 and gouges ear drums with their Extreme Noise Terror-inspired screaming. Still, there's no Dark Angel on this record, just abrasive, memorable hardcore punk. *Crust War Records* can be reached at: *Crust War Overseas* P.O. Box 511/Whippany, NJ/07981-0511/*crust-waroverseas@earthlink.net*

SATAN goes back to SCHOOL!

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Schoolmate Zak Muffett: "Satan knows his metal- he even bought local death metal legends Malignant Inception's 'Black Death' - it's finally out; only \$12 at The ABYSS!!!"

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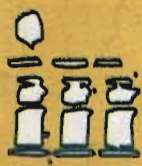
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By Commodore William the Mad
(AKA John Forgach)
forgash@slugmag.com

NUCLEAR BLAST

Stained is the debut from Finland's **Imperanon**. With an average age of 20, and considering this album is their debut, you'd expect to hear metal with training wheels, but that's not the case—not even close. This is ten tracks of highly-technical music that will make you sit up and listen from the beginning of the first song to the end of the last. While the comparisons to their fellow Finnish metalers **Children Of Bodem** will abound, this band has laid the ground-work to set themselves apart in the future. The guitar work, often complemented by keyboards, is the stand-out to an already outstanding musical offering. The guitarists of this band pull off every trick known to man and machine—sweeps, long complicated runs, etc. It seems like there's as much soloing going on as singing, and that's a good thing because the single downfall to this album is the horrible vocals. Other than some surprisingly strong, progressive metal vocals mixed into track 6 and female vocals on track 8, the singer uses a screechy death style that is almost totally devoid of any discernible range. It's a damn shame too, because the clean male vocals in track 6 fit this music perfectly. For the most part, the vocals monotonous tone gets highly annoying. Bad vocals and all, this is still a band to check out. The music that this band has to offer is worth the price alone.

I've never been a huge fan of **Malevolent Creation**, but they gained my instant respect about 8 years ago by playing in what I think was someone's work-shop after a Salt Lake venue with no license had to shut down their show with **Forbidden** at the last minute. I can't remember exactly what happened, but the band played on in a cramped setting with everyone gathered around. Unfortunately, **Forbidden** was a no-show for the impromptu performance. Then years later, while on tour with **Internal Bleeding**, there was trouble due to piss-poor planning of the tour manager. **Internal Bleeding** never showed, and even though they were a little late to arrive, **Malevolent Creation** played on.

Despite an ever-revolving line-up and situations that would rival, or at least remind you of something that could have happened in the movie *Spinal Tap*, sole original member and guitarist **Phil Fasciana** is the one that keeps this band playing on. With the exception of the drumming position, Phil kept everyone together from the last album, *The Will To Kill*. Vocalist **Kyle Symons** is back for a second round, replacing **Brett Hoffman** on the last album (Brett Hoffman—once in the band, then out of the band, then in jail, then in the band—currently out of the band). Phil's also joined by **Rob Barrett** on guitar (Once in the band, out of the band for six years, then back in the band), **Gordon Simms** on bass and even though he got the entire band arrested because he had three ounces of pot on him, **Dave Culross** is back in the band on drums. While this band never strays too far from the punishing, death metal style that they've been playing since the '80's, *Warcult* is **Malevolent** at their finest. The speed of their music is tempered by a serious groove, while the groove is kept in check by unadulterated brutality. There's a sense of urgency to the music this time around. It sounds as though the band has gotten all of the b.s. out of the way and are starting fresh. This is good.

METAL BLADE

It's so strange to hear rock music anymore. Metal, for the most part, has moved far into the extreme, while rock music has moved far into the corporate, "MTV"



The Forsaken

world. **Beyond the Embrace's** album *Insect Song* is a rock/metal hybrid, although they are much more metal than they are rock. The singer brings the rock element with a gruff, bluesy style of singing, while the music is pretty much planted in a classic metal sound, merging classic metal harmonies (**Iron Maiden** definitely comes to mind) with a more Swedish inspired approach. The singing and music, at times, meet in the middle with sort of a metalcore feel. I wish the guitarists would do more three-part harmony stuff and utilize all three guitarists. I'm sure having three guitarists works well live, but I think they should have used three distinct guitar parts more during the recording of *Insect Song*. Overall this is pretty good. My interest waned a few times throughout the album, but for the most part, this isn't bad.

CENTURY MEDIA

Canada's **Into Eternity** redefine and set new boundaries for progressive metal with their release, *Buried In Oblivion*. Layered vocals with a European flair are mixed with a very aggressive, almost death approach. The two styles work well together. Musically, this band plays with the same melodic/heavy mix as the vocals. The pace of this album just never quits. I waited for the album to drag at some point, but to my amazement, it kept rolling with an undeniable intensity from one song to another. **Chris Krall** was brought into the band as lead vocalist for the writing and recording of *Buried In Oblivion*. The vocals are equally as complex as the music, with all five members contributing to the vocal tracks. The results of the multiple vocal inputs are clean singing, rich harmonies and a variety of death vocal sounds.

Musically, founding members **Tim Roth** (guitar) and **Jim Austin** (drums) are joined by **Rob Doherty** (guitar) and **Scott Krall** (drums), all sounding as if they've been performing together for decades. While the music features heaviness that would rival some of the more extreme bands out there, at other times, such as the title track, the band uses nothing but acoustic guitars and a string section. The variety in the music isn't a hard transition—the band moves from one approach to another with seamless perfection.

One of the strongest metal albums of the year to date is **The Forsaken's** third release, *Traces Of The Past*. This band has taken the somewhat over-worked Swedish metal formula to the next level with an inventive mix of aggression and technical ability. While the obvious **At The Gates**, **The Haunted** and **The Crown** comparisons hold some amount of water, **The Forsaken's** infusion of their brand of melodic guitar harmony definitely sets them apart from their Swedish counterparts. While the guitarists use *Traces Of The Past* as their personal riff dumping ground, the music never sounds too busy or disjointed. Their very creative thrash/death style of play keeps the release moving along at a nice clip, while their less-than-subtle dual guitar grooves hold everything together. Awesome solos too!

The U.S. version of *Traces Of The Past* includes two **Metallica** covers ("Blackened" and "Creeping Death"), **Slayer's** "Spirit In Black", and **Grave's** "You'll Never See". The U.S. version also includes the previously unreleased track "Project: The New Breed 566".

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Wednesday-

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Thursday -

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Saturday -

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down: gothic, industrial, 80's

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Friday - \$3 kamikazees, \$2 test tube shots

Saturday - \$3 sex shooters, \$2 test tube shots

SAILING THE SALTY SEA WITH SATAN: An Interview with Le Force

By Shane Farver

If there is one local group that would have been pirates in their past lives, Le Force fits the mold, from drummer Jud Powell's chest tattoo of world maps to guitarist Erik Olsen's scruffy beard to guitarist Chris Evans nursing a hangover. Their music can inspire pillaging, plundering and most of all, drinking.

"We're pretty well renowned for being cut off," Powell says.

Le Force plays like they drink: hard and fast—consequences be damned. They're a shot of tequila rather than a wine cooler. I met up with the three band members on a front porch downtown to discuss their latest release, *Le Fortress*, on Wantage USA Records and their plans to sail the salty sea with Satan.

Le Force have set themselves apart from other Salt Lake bands by providing a primarily instrumental band with two guitarists and no bassist. The music is only occasionally peppered with Jud's manic screams. They let the blaring dual/duel guitars and pounding drums speak for themselves. The decision to become an instrumetal band was an easy one.

"None of us can sing very well," Olsen said.

"We're just sick of doing the same formula, like two guitars, a bass and a drummer," Powell said. "We're just trying to go about it a different way. It's like,

Powell said. "We're just trying to go about it a different funny, because like every show we play, everybody's

'Hey, if you guys are looking for a bass player, I want to play' or 'Are you looking for a singer?' It seems at every show, we get five guys trying to do that and we're like,

'Uh, it's cool. We're just trying to do our thing.'"

Doing their 'thing' is garnering some attention for Le Force. When they recorded *Le Fortress* in 2002, they were able to gain connections to Josh Vanek of aforementioned Wantage USA. Vanek liked what he heard and signed the band. Two years later, Wantage released *Le Fortress* and the band plans to record another full-length this September.

The new album is a crash course in malicious metal. The first track, "We May Belong to You, but Our Souls Belong to Satan" begins the onslaught of doom, but the music is capable of melting into sulky melancholy with "Sometimes Everybody Needs a Tissue."

"Two days before we went out [to record *Le Fortress*], we wrote ['Sometimes Everybody Needs a Tissue']," Powell said. "We always try to do something a little bit different, kind of step out of our own boundaries. Plus, it's so much like the emo wave. I think it kind of had a little bit to do with that too ... I'm kidding."

"It's OK to cry," Olsen added.

When Le Force plays live, you can expect some head-banging, someone throwing up the horns and some bitchin' guitar. Olsen only expects one thing from his audience.

"We just want them to feel the rock," he said.

Playing in Salt Lake has its downside, according to Le Force. They play often in their hometown, but putting shows together and making a little bit of cash can be difficult.

"The biggest issue is club owners not being fair with the groups, like letting people in for free or pinching money out of the door, shit like that," Powell said. "I mean, shit like that goes down everywhere, but ... It's so hard, too. There's a lot of clubs here now, but there's very few good clubs."

When a band plays metal, and plays it well, you can be assured Satan has a hand in it. Le Force didn't actually sell their souls per se, rather, they lost it in a gambling bet.

"That bastard!" Olsen said in referral to Satan.

With the devil at the helm, Le Force will be hoisting up the anchors and taking off on a tour in October. Powell has been busy filming their live shows for a DVD and the album they will be recording in September is estimated to be released this winter. They are also planning the release of a 7" in January that may be titled *Seven Inches of Pure Love*. The band is now capable of accomplishing all of this with backing from

Wantage USA and can expect a large distribution of their music and a larger fan base. Heave away, Le Force, heave away.



We Want the Airwaves Back!!!

PIRATE RADIO INSPIRATION

By Herb the Staggering Drunk (AKA Nate Martin)

I was assigned to write a piece about pirate radio for this month's issue so I contacted pirate radio's most infamous guru—Tecspectr. We made arrangements to meet, and later that week, he showed up at the SLUG office carrying an inconspicuous black shoulder bag. Tall and thin, an engineer by trade, I could tell right away that he was excited to get right down to business.

"Should we set it up?" he asked.

"Set what up?" I replied, not knowing what he was talking about.

"The radio station," he said.

"What?" I said, still confused, "Fuck yeah."

He went out to his car for what I was sure was going to be heavy equipment or maybe a laptop computer or something, but all he brought back was an eight-foot-long J-shaped antenna. He braced it in a potted plant and stuck it out the window, making sure not to touch the metal gutters. He ran a cable from there across the room to our coffee table on which he placed a small grey box, an eight-track mixer, a Diseman, a set of headphones and a microphone. He hooked the headphones, the mic and the Diseman to the mixer and plugged the mixer into the grey box, which he explained was a 4-watt PLL (phase lock loop) FM transmitter.

"That's it," he said. "We are now sitting at the controls of a pirate radio station."

Pirate radio is exactly what the name implies—it is unlicensed radio transmission. For example, Tecspectr broadcasts on 95.9 FM, which is technically owned by a butt rock station in Logan. When the Spectr is on the air, you can tune your radio to 95.9 FM and instead of hearing Whitesnake and Poison rotated around five minute commercial blocks, you hear radical sociopolitical commentary and half-hour blocks of songs that you would never normally hear on the radio—or whatever the hell else he feels like putting on. The equipment is cheap and the process is simple. The transmitter, which Tecspectr ordered online from London (www.nrgkits.com) and assembled himself, cost less than \$200; his mixer around \$100; and his antenna, which he assembled from copper pipe, around \$20. "Anybody can do this for under \$500," he says, "and it's not rocket science."

I talked to Tecspectr about pirate radio because he ran Black Ball Radio, an infamous and highly popular pirate Seattle station during 2000 to 2001 that broadcast 24-7 for a year.

"On July 4, 2000," he explained, "the Fourth of July Black Ball was held on the historic art-deco ferry Kalakala, which is dry-docked in Lake Union in downtown Seattle. The whole scene was there. Bad Religion heard that I was broadcasting Internet radio, which, at that time, was brand new technology, and contacted me about doing a live show from the Black Ball using the transmitter they and Pearl Jam had used to broadcast on tour. The show went well and the bands decided since they weren't using it, to give me their transmitter. Black Ball Radio was born, and it was huge."

We got the broadcast going at SLUG HQ and took a drive to see how far we

reached. We picked up a signal for seven blocks in each direction.

"Antenna placement is crucial; ours right now is terrible," he said. "If we had the antenna on the roof with a 20-foot mast, we'd hit downtown and the University [from Sugarhouse] easily."

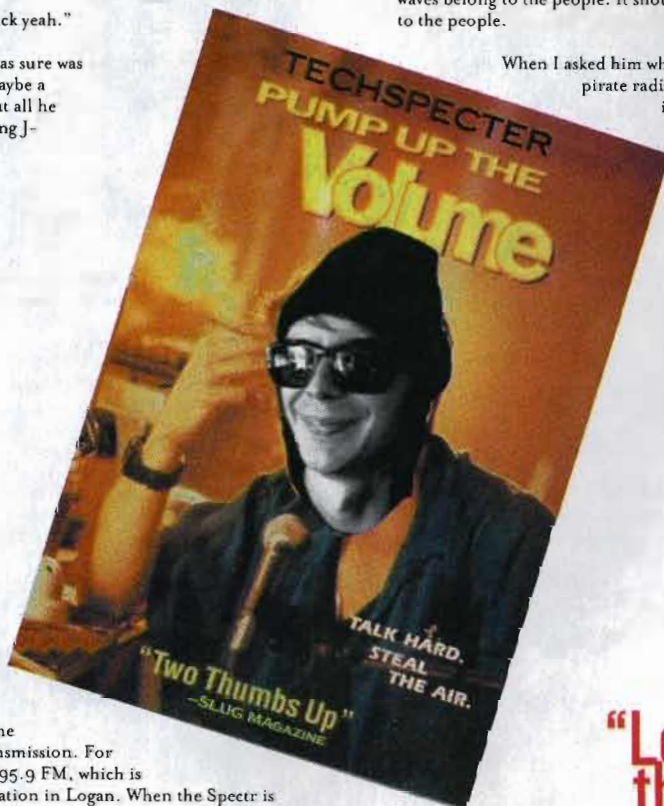
The reasons behind pirate radio are simple. Music and other forms of media affect our lives—mass media is mass culture transfer. The people in charge of virtually every facet of mass media are only concerned with lining their pockets. They irresponsibly transfer the most marketable and usually worst aspects of American culture to the masses. Pirate radio fights against that. The air and its waves belong to the people. It should not be "owned." Pirate radio brings power to the people.

When I asked him what advice he would give to someone starting a pirate radio station, Tecspectr told me, "Do it. Dig right in. But be careful. Know when to shut it off."

Also, run it yourself—pirate radio is not run by committee.

"The possibilities are very exciting right now. Guttenberg invented moveable type 400 years ago and only in the last 50 have we made a major advance in mass media—especially with the Internet in the last 10. Think of this: five punk rockers live in five different cities. Each one has a transmitter. Each one collects mp3s from local bands and puts them on an Internet radio station [which is, for now, virtually unregulated]. The five kids hook their computers to their transmitters and suddenly you can turn on the radio in each of those five cities and suddenly you're exposed to music you would have never otherwise heard."

When Tecspectr gets back on the mic, he petitions his listeners.



"Let's take back the airwaves."

I cannot stress how easy this is. Please go do it."

Listen for pirate radio on occasional Friday and Saturday nights on 95.9 FM. Check out www.slugmag.com and www.hektik.org for local Internet radio and www.shoutcast.com for Internet radio software.

PIRATE RADIO BRINGS POWER TO THE PEOPLE

Jon Silverfisherman

By Sir Paul (AKA MC Welk)

DVD PIRATE

Jon Lech Johnansen is from Norway, land of the Vikings. Like them, he is a pirate; unlike them, he has less than a thimble full of testosterone. Like the high school jocks who now bag (and teabag?) Maddox's groceries, old-school knuckleheads have gotten their comeuppance. The virtual ocean (and therefore the world) is now navigated by propellerheads, and DVD Jon's code-writing trifecta of 1) Allowing DVDs to be viewed on his Linux laptop; 2) Circumventing Apple iTunes' anti-copying technology; and 3) Only last month, cracking Apple's AirPort Express that broadcasts iTunes tracks to other stereo gear is the most impressive trilogy since *EvilDead*, *EvilDead 2*, and *Army of Darkness*. Needless to say, Jon is not the apple of Steve "Rim" Jobs' eye; nonetheless, he deserves his own pirate photo.

While "So Sue Me" is not quite as catchy as "The Best Page in the Universe," Jon's blog at www.nanocrew.net/blog contains quite a bit of useful information (read: code), as well as links to his trial for the DVD thing, for which he was acquitted. It seems that Europe's version of copyright control contains a loophole that is not included in the U.S.'s DMCA (Dumbasses Must Control Access) promoted by the RIAA (Rape and Incest Association of America). [Note: DMCA actually stands for the Digital Millennium Copyright Act and RIAA is the Recording Industry of America.] An interesting twist is that a "legitimate" company, Real Networks "hacked" into iTunes in order to make its songs playable on the iPod. Of course Apple is pissed because they were building a nice little monopoly.

In the conflict between open access and protecting corporations, guess which side the government is on? Taking a page from the Orwellian "War Is Peace" lexicon, the GOP-controlled Senate is trying to push through a bill called the "Pirate Act" that would give Hack Asscroft and the Justice Department the power to sue and "investigate" suspected copyright infringers. Wait a minute: they stole the term "Pirate" like they did "Patriot." Orrin "Booby" Hatch is leading the charge. Remember him? He's the genius who suggested the federal government "zap" or destroy the computers of file sharers.

When I was in college, I violated copyright law by recording every album I could get my hands on onto cassette. I even recorded movies off HBO onto the Betamax. But "The Man" didn't feel quite so threatened because of the tape's inferior quality and the obstacles to redistributing it widely. If I had the time, passion and bandwidth during the past couple of years, I imagine that I would be one of the 500 or so people prosecuted for copiously downloading music. I could even be a cellmate of Sabuj Pattanayek, a 21-year-old Duke U student who was sentenced to 41 months in federal prison for his role in pirating and sharing tons of software, games, music and movies through the "DrinkOrDie" warez group. Instead, I have only hundreds of cassettes melting in my car, collecting cat litter dust down in the basement or being unspooled by my three-year-old son.

Speaking of my three-year-old son, he's a fan of this Australian musical group called The Wiggles. These guys aren't exactly hurting for cash as they've sold more than 10 million DVDs and videos in the U.S. alone. Sort of like a swishier version of The Monkees targeted at toddlers, they came here on tour last year and charged \$30 per ticket, full price for my two-year-old. Then they try to sell you vinyl backpacks assembled in Singapore sweatshops for 20 bucks! I almost have to pirate their material to balance things out, right? Speaking of pirates, one of the characters on The Wiggles is this gay blade ("butt pirate" would be too offensive) named Captain Feathersword, who can't stop tickling the boys or repeating the phrase "Blow Me Down," not that there's anything wrong with that.

There is wiggle room in these copyright issues because once media is purchased, the owner holds "fair usage rights." That is why DVD Jon got off—I mean, was acquitted—because he cracked the code to play DVDs on his own laptop, and then simply shared the open-source code. No intent to pirate and redistribute could be proven. The same can be said of iMusic: Why shouldn't consumers be able to play the songs on any software and any stereo that they choose? Apple allows a song to be copied five times after it has been purchased, but why shouldn't it be 50 and why should they have a monopoly? It's because they're paranoid about it being replicated 5,000 times and sold on Canal Street. So the corporations try to build a better mousetrap, but they're dealing with a rat, a piRATE.



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9/21 JIMMIE VAUGHAN **10/21 LES CLAYPOOL**
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Ponies In The Surf (Camille and Alexander McGregor)

A Demonstration

Early Morning Late Night

Ponies In The Surf = The Children's Hour + Suffjan Stevens (without his banjo) + Pink Martini
Alexander McGregor decided a few years ago that he wanted to make music his late Grandmother would have liked. Presumably, this excluded crunk-rap and grindcore. So, he and his sister (Camille) created their band **Ponies In The Surf**, using only vintage instruments and home recording techniques. The album is very sweet—enough to give you a stomachache at times. For fans of sappy acoustics and French café crooners, two people who mean it crafted this record for you. **Ponies In The Surf** are that walk through the attic when you find your favorite belongings as a child.

—Second Mute Honest Tongue



REVIEWS

Amps II Eleven

Self-Titled

Smog Veil Records

Amps II Eleven = Motorhead + Nashville Pussy + Speed Dealer + Kyuss (on wheels)

On a hot dusty road somewhere along a stretch of highway that leads to Las Vegas is the wreckage and carnage that is **Amps II Eleven**. No bullshit thrills and chills with heavy guitar licks and searing guitar solos that would make **The Nuge** freak out in envy. Gruff and menacing vocals rant and rave the venomous lyrics to songs like "Gas Ass or Grass," "Bourbon Sprawl," "My Life is Shit," "Blood Runs Black" and "State Road Strangler." The drums and bass alternate between full-on punkish slaps to stoner metal grooves. This is definitely built for the serious rockers who want their music loud, fast and hard. This band is guaranteed to piss off girlfriends and lovers but send your drunken friends into spastic fits of pure ecstasy. Shake your clenched fist at www.smogveil.com.

—Daxx the Magnificent

Anodyne

Lifetime Of Gray Skies

Level Plane Records

Anodyne = Mastodon + Converge + The Esoteric

The second release from **Anodyne** is a chaos of unbelievable percussion and relentless rhythm seizures. Only a trio, they manage to spread an epidemic of sound that is so full it will have five-piece bands reconsidering their power. I wasn't too fond of their muffled mixing and bass-heavy production though, and the lyrics are somewhat typical of most modern hardcore bands (cut and paste sentences, random lines of thought). But, their music wonderfully lives somewhere on that indefinable border where so many heavy bands are finding themselves these days. Tightrope walking between hardcore, metal and artsy sludge, **Anodyne** gets the job done for the callused ear.

—Second Mute Honest Tongue

Ultra Proteus

Coup D'Etat Entertainment

Approach = Charlie 2na + Humpty

Humpp + Snoop Dogg

At times I wear **Approach** took Charlie's place in **Ozomatli** or jacked **Jamiroquai's** musicians. It just doesn't sound like hip hop, or what I'm used to, at least. Nothing really seems to stand out, except the live musicians. The lyrics are ok; a little less emphasis on the hook and more on the verses would be nice. He has the talent to flip, and I'm sure he puts on one hell of a live show, but the disc doesn't do him justice. The remixes may be the only saving grace of this release. With help from the **Automator**, **OhNo** and the **Rondo Brothers**, **Approach** does manage to pull off a few punches before leaving.

—Cannibal Drake Ironman

Ashern and Blue Black of the Unspoken Heard

18 Months

Seven Heads Recordings

Ashern and Blue Black = The Roots + Blackstar + People Under The Stairs

48 Months is a compilation of recordings from 96–2000. I am glad they released this, seeing as I slept on these cats since the nineties. This is some good shit; organic hip hop at it's finest. The vocals are slick, educated poetics kicked between emcees like the mic was a soccer ball. With four tracks previously unreleased, one of them being a freestyle session with **Grap Luva**, **Sondia** and **Buggin** writes spokesman **J-Live**, this CD is great for old and new fans alike. The beats give you a real feel good vibe, as the emcees narrate an old school tale for those who remember what rockin' the mic is all about.

—Cannibal Drake Ironman

Askeleton

Angry Album or Psyche Songs

Goodnight Records

Askeleton = The Unicorn + Devo

Knol Tate is the mad genius behind everything that is **Askeleton**. That would consist of copyrights, the **Askeleton** website (www.askeleton.net) and of course, **Askeleton** itself, which is mostly **Knol Tate** and his computer. Tate punches out numbers and formulas to create a new science of pop electronica, creating a math breakdown consisting of random thoughts, acts and problems presented sporadically, but to timed beats and the punch of piano keys. Although **Knol** could have programmed the whole album the same way he programmed the drum beats, there are a few lines of organic reference to keep the listener pinned down long enough for a second reboot.

—Commodore Brown Tongue

Autopsy

Dead As Fuck

Necroharmonic

Autopsy = Necrophagia + Abscess + Carcass

Before there was **Cannibal Corpse**, there was **Carcass**—and even before them was the California death/thrash hybrid known as **Autopsy**. Back in the late 80s and early 90s, this band inspired many to do more than just mimic **Slayer**! Concentrating lyrically on the sickest things imaginable, **Autopsy's** lyrics were the first to go beyond the simple "I cut your flesh with my knife"—style gore lyrics, and say things like, "I cut you open, and shit in the wound"—now **THAT'S** **Autopsy**. Musically, they range from fast, thrashing death, to slow, dirge-like pieces, all with Chris's tortured, dissonant vocals screeching. This 19-track release, somewhat of an epitaph for the now defunct band, showcases their raw, live splendor and actually has a good quality sound. The members of **Autopsy** are still going, are now known as **Abscess** and also lend their talents to a few other bands, most notably **The Ravenous**.

—Black Morty Rackham

Blood Red Throne

Affiliated with the Suffering

Hammer Heart Records

Blood Red Throne = Decapitated + Bloodbath + Fleshcrawl

T'Chort, one-time bass player for Norway's mighty **Emperor**, has returned with a number of projects. One of them is the progressive metal band **Green Carnation**, while the other is this, the extreme brutal death metal band **Blood Red Throne**. With a previous full-length, *Monument of Death*, and a split album (out of print already?), *Affiliated with the Suffering* embarks upon the choppy waters of modern death metal with surgical skill and brute strength. Easily comparable to **Decapitated**, **BRT** showcases razor-sharp guitars, fast and relentless drumming and the ever-so-necessary deep death growls that made original death metal what it is today. There is enough going on here to keep the listener paying attention throughout the entire album but without sacrificing any brutality, no keyboards or female vocals, no incessant fretboard show-offs, just straight-ahead, to-the-point brutal death. If you want to get into death metal, consider this a good place to start.

—Black Morty Rackham

Bobby Bare Jr.'s Young Criminals'

Starvation League

From The End Of Your Leash

Bloodshot Records

Bobby Bare Jr. = Johnny Cash + John Prince + My Morning Jacket

Bobby Bare Jr. recorded and mixed this little ditty in the heart of country music, Nashville, Tenn. Whether by mistake or out of contempt, he didn't record a country album at all, but an album with a mix of blues, rock, gritty southern blues and a little country. The **Criminal Starvation League** is extensive in players, which include **Paul Niehaus** and **Deanna Varagona** of **Lambchop** fame, **Tony Crow** and **Duane Denison** from **The Jesus Lizard** and **Will Oldham** contributing vocals. If this album started out with "Visit Me in Music City," you would think the visual walkthrough of Nashville, Tenn., could find its way onto many country albums. "Let's Rock and Roll" is lifted from journal entries from touring around the country in a minivan. Notable favorites include "Valentine," "Your Favorite Hat" and the untitled closing track I like to call "Mother Fucker."

—Commodore Brown Tongue

The Compulsions

21 Powers Street EP

Self-Released

The Compulsions = Black Crowes + Lynyrd Skynyrd + Jet + The Strokes

Centered mainly around singer and guitar player **Rob Carlyle**, **The Compulsions** hail from New York City and are fleshed out by a group of revolving members. This four song EP from the band showcases some decent garage style rock with a lot of pop elements. The are some Blues stylings here that give the group an almost southern style sound.

However, while all these musical conditions would normally make a record rock like no other, **The Compulsions** just sound bland. Maybe it's the vocals of **Rob Carlyle** or the music that never really gets a real groove on. Perhaps on a full length, **The Compulsions** will write with more raw energy, but this EP just doesn't incite any stirring in the nether regions, if you know what I mean. Maybe **Carlyle** should take notes from the huge repertoire of garage and revival rock bands from New York City.

—Daxx the Magnificent

Dr. Shrinker

Grotesque Wedlock

Necroharmonic

Dr. Shrinker = Carcass + Napalm Death + Pungent Stench

I remember for years reading the name "Dr. Shrinker" in the "thank you" lists of bands such as **Napalm Death**, **Carcass**, **Nocturnus** and **Entombed**, among others. Imagine my surprise, over 10 years later, when a CD with everything they ever did is given to me by the bass player of the band (who now resides in Salt Lake City)! Hell yeah! All of the songs on *Grotesque Wedlock* are very comparable in style to early **Carcass**, the band showcasing that crustier, grindcore style of death metal that I so loved before the interference of Sweden and Florida. Low-tuned guitars and grinding bass are prevalent throughout the disc, though the band usually stays in more of a mid-tempo range. The vocals are reminiscent of **Jeff Walker** of grindcore-era **Carcass**. Pick this true piece of classic American death metal and grindcore history up now!

—Black Morty Rackham

Endicott

The Words in Ink Don't Lie

Equal Vision Records

Endicott = Coheed & Cambria + The Hope Conspiracy

I hate artsy bands that don't "limit themselves" by saying their music doesn't fall under any one genre. How dare you imply that nothing has influenced you or shaped the way you sound! For all intents and purposes I should hate up-state New York's **Endicott**—who fits in just fine on the **Equal Vision** roster with their ready-for-success commercial rock sound, neat-o arrangements, and quasi-progressive musical ideas—but as much as I want to, their music isn't half-bad. The story of *The Words in Ink Don't Lie* revolves around a kidnapping, told from three different perspectives (abductor, abductee and abductee's family). Although brimming with talent, cool ideas and a nice production sound, this one falls short due to its flailing, fashionable, forced vocals and half-fleshed-out feel (is this hardcore or commercial rock? Dork-friendly or swanky hipster fare?). But at least the album packaging is cool, and that's what counts, right? —Swashbuckler Robert



REVIEWS

I'll admit I was worried when I heard **Rise Against** was signing to **Geffen Records**. As it turns out, I had nothing to worry about. The band hasn't lost one inch of their former gusto. It's not so much what **Rise Against** does, but how they do it. **Vocals** from **Tim** start from the soul, travel through the gut and expel themselves in a raspy voice. It's apparent that he believes in every word he sings. The

melodic thrash of the music carries the message on wings of victory. Even their slowed-down love song, "Swing Life Away", rings with the utmost sincerity. **Siren Song of the Counter Culture** makes me believe in punk rock's future, and it makes me remember why I started listening to punk in the first place. —*Devil Dan*



Photo By: Lisa Johnson

Escaped got it right. Fast, hard, and to the damn point. With tear-your-head guitar work, duel vocals are pounded into your chest and ruses that you have to scream along at the top of your lungs, I don't see anyone could possibly listen to this swinging their arms violently and timing into walls. I don't know how band from Portland, Oregon rolled over all the best aspects of East coast deore and street punk, but they did it. It is the best new hardcore that I have heard in a long time.

—*Captain Bartholomew the Yellow Arse*

There should be a thousand bands like **Fallout**. Not necessarily because there's anything extraordinary, actually, but one downfall is that they're sort of generic, but simply because their brand generic is a hundred times better than what is considered "typical" punk rock nowadays. You should be able to find a band like this in a bar every single night. Coming from Toronto, they're not really as cynical as they probably would be if they were filled with the angst allowed in most American punks, but they lack neither the sarcasm nor the political discontent necessary to be considered in the same vein as punk bands from the late seventies—all they lack is the originality. The **Fallout** is going to anybody's favorite band, but no one who likes punk is going to hate them. —*Herb the Staggering Drunk*

Thank your Irish saints, raise your innest pint to the cloudy sky and ringlingly sing the praises of the great ginging Molly! I realize that that is probably the most clichéd way possible to do in a FM review, but the band hasn't changed its style, so why change my recommendations? They're still playing the Irish folk/punk rock mix they always have, and they're playing just as well as always have. This album is a touch more folk and less punk than **Swagger** or **Broken Lullabies**, but fear not, young lads, there is still plenty of jig-moshing as had to **Within a Mile of Home**. On this you'll find many a song about the historical and modern plights of the Irish, an homage to **Johnny Cash**, a test of GWB and two, yes two, pirate-ntys, one of which is a tribute to **Joe**

Evans Foster
Instrumentals
MuSick Records
Evans Foster = **Los Straitjackets** + **The Ventures** + **The 5, 6, 7, 8's** + **Deister Komweher**
For those wondering, Foster is the incredibly talented lead singer and guitar player for the **Boss Martians**. Before the **Boss Martians** took a swing at garage, they had started out as a surf band. Apparently, Mister Foster still has one foot still in the surf music territory. The sheer guitar aptitude that is showcased on **Instrumentals** is jaw dropping to say the least. Tracks like "Venice, Late Night" lift listeners up with atmospheric, clean chords and sultry rhythms. "Hearse Full of Souls" rips with eerie guitar that will gain approval from **Tiger Army** fans. "Glass Packed & Fully Stacked" would make **Dick Dale** listeners grab their surf boards in masse. Don't get the impression that Foster is only doing surf songs, though. Garage instrumentals "Drag the Dragon" and "Mouthbreather" tell their own stories without lyrics. The new Kevlar7 theme song "I Want Some Sex" is worth the price of the disc. —*Dax the Magnificent*

Fripp & Eno
The Equatorial Stars
Opal Ltd. 2004
The Equatorial Stars = **No Pussyfooting** + **Evening Star** + 30 years
For you kids, **Brian Eno** is an original member of **Roxy Music** who went on to a stellar '70s solo career before producing many of the important bands of the '80s (e.g. **Devo**, **Talking Heads**, **U2**...). **Robert Fripp** is the progressive rock guitar god and leader of **King Crimson** who is currently the only member of **G3** whose surname doesn't end in a vowel (along with **Joe Satriani** and **Steve Vai**). Despite their impressive chops, **Fripp** and **Eno's** collaborations (starting with **No Pussyfooting** in 1973) are minimalist, ambient, sort of muzak for malcontents. Some have described it as "sonic wallpaper," but if it is wallpaper, what an interesting paisley pattern and, look, those shapes are starting to move; moreover, is that a bass in tracks 6 and 7? Calm down children. It's synthesized. Tape loops done on actual tape are dead. Long live tape loops! www.enoshop.co.uk —*Sir Paul*

Guided By Voices
Half Smiles of the Decomposed
Matador
Guided by Voices = **the Who** + **Circus Devils** + **King Shit** + **the Golden Boys**
After **Guided By Voices** breaks up, who will we have to write songs with the brash exuberance of **Robert Pollard's** "Sleep Over Jack," the visions of childlike innocence like "Second Spurt of Growth," the delicate self-deprecation of "Asphyxiated Circle," the elegant solipsism of "Window on My World," the mythological resonance of "Sons of Apollo," the rock energy of "Asia Minor," the wistful wisdom of "Huffman Rapinote Union Field," the chaotic unpredictability of "Girls of Wild Strawberries," or the grand drama and historical sweep of "Tour Guide at the Winston Churchill Museum?" Well, **Guided By Voices** may be dead after their farewell tour ends on New Year's Eve in Chicago (check out prices of sold-out shows on Ebay!), but Bobby Pop will continue cranking solo stuff, rest assured. He won't be around to give a "Salty Salute," but unlike **Richard Nixon**, he doesn't plan on resigning as President of Pop anytime soon. —*Thomas Drunk Tongue*

The Hong Kong
Rock the Faces
Etherdrag Records
The Hong Kong = **Stereolab** + **The Go-Gos** + **Blondie**
Singer **Catherine Culpepper's** presence on stage is so overwhelmingly blonde that the band rarely makes it past the comparison to **Blondie** or their modern counterparts, **The Sounds**. Now they don't sound exactly like **Blondie**; for the most part, **The Hong Kong** plays electro 60's garage pop—if there were such a thing. Culpepper's vocals are straight up **Deborah Harry**, which is neat idea—just like when **P.Diddy** rehashed **The Police**. The songwriting is simple and extremely danceable, and unfortunately, easily forgotten. Lacking any stylistic twist or distinguishing mark of any kind, the melodies vanish from your psyche minutes after listening leaving you alone and bored. —*Lacey Francis the Chaste*

Kill Radio
Raised On Whip Cream
Columbia Records
Kill Radio = **Anti-Flag** + **Incubus**
Hot on the heels of their debut EP, **Off With His Head**, released earlier this summer, comes **Raised On Whip Cream**, a crack about our generation being brought up on junk food, TV babysitters and disposable pop culture. The band, who played in **SLC** during the **Warped Tour** last July, specializes in heavy fast drums, bass and guitar, highlighted by yelling raspy over-the-top vocals, but none of that means shit. All that matters is what's being said, not how it's being said, so let's let the lyrics speak for themselves: "The informed citizen became un-American/for reading a book instead of watching television/Supporting peace and not the president/Rather die on the cross than for a fucking republican." Or how about: "They made radio for the music/Now people just make music for the radio... Just say 'no' to drugs/but watch TV all day." What the hell are these guys doing on **Columbia**? —*Swashbuckler Robert*

Lars Fredricksen and the Bastards
Viking
Hellcat
Lars Fredricksen and the Bastards = **Rancid** - **the Specials** + **Motorhead** + **GBH** + **Rose Tattoo**
I would really like to read a **Lars Fredricksen's** autobiography. I'd love to hear the stories behind the songs on both of

his solo project records. He's been stabbed and shot at. He's eaten from trashcans and he's rich and been poor. I think that's a life story worth reading. **Viking** is somewhat of a departure from the first record of straight-ahead street punk. This record has plenty of that too, but **Lars** and producer **Tim Armstrong** got a little more creative on tracks like "Mainlining Murder" a brutal **Motorhead** inspired murder ballad. The duet **Tim** and **Lars** do together, "My Life to live" (which also features **Rancid** band mate **Matt Freeman** on the mandolin) has them comparing their lives to a car crash. You can tell these guys enjoy making record together and that comes through in the music. —*Captain Bartholomew the Yellow Arse*

Leftover Crack
Fuck World Trade
Alternative Tentacles
Leftover Crack = **The Unseen** + **Against All Authority** + **Link 80** + horns
From all the way from the back of the food stamp line and straight outta mothafuckin' rehab, it's the good, the bad, and the **LEFTOVER CRACK!** After leaving **Hellcat Records** (and simultaneously trashing **Rancid** for being part of the "monopoly of greed"), **Leftover Crack** joined **Alternative Tentacles** and released the follow-up to **Mediocre Generica**. With a mixture of ska beats, straight-up punk rock and **Stiza's** voice, which occasionally sounds like **Dani** from **Cradle of Filth**, **Leftover Crack** sends a powerful yet catchy message about why American politics suck! Towards the end of the CD, the songs slow down and we are reminded that even crusty, mediating punks have feelings, too. Thanks to the non-censorship of **Alternative Tentacles**, **Leftover Crack** can express their message through the infamous picture of planes destroying the ultimate symbol for world trade. —*Bess the Short*

The Means
The Divine Right of...
Double Plus Good
The Means = **The Bronx** + **The Plot**
Sometimes spitting forth chunks of streamline rhythms, other times stair-stepping mathematically through looping chords, **The Means** have provided us with a diverse record that is both aggressive and exciting. The bulk of the songs on **The Divine Right of...** (minus a couple almost poppy numbers and a sleek, disturbing piano ballad) are pretty much par for the **Means'** professional-grade course. Call it squirrely and inventive or spastic and nerdy (though definitely dangerous), most of these songs are about as good as it gets nowadays. Sidenote: one of the songs, "Australians!" seems to be a direct attack on NYC's **Liars**. "Beautiful incurable big city boy/I'll bury you face down in America/Better get what you can from your girlfriend man/it could be a short ride otherwise/Yeah Yeah—Yeahs!" Maybe it's just a coincidence that **Liars'** Australian frontman **Angus Andrews** is dating **Yeah Yeah Yeahs** frontwoman

Twelve Tribes • Atreyu • From Autumn to Ashes • Shadows Fall • Bleeding Through • As I Lay Dying • etc. etc. etc.

Maybe if a hint of nu metal and hip hop applied to hardcore qualifies as "music that is NOT cookie cutter," then Twelve Tribes vocalist Adam Jackson may be right about his band standing out from other metalcore ensembles. However, those differences by themselves don't make an album that stands alone. For all the hype in the press release, *The Rebirth of Tragedy* is a big originality let down. Instead of sounding like nobody else, Twelve Tribes sounds a bit like everyone else. When it comes all down to it, it's still music that kids with giant holes in their ears can kick the shit out of each other to—and I've seen and heard it a thousand times before. —Devil Dan



REVIEWS

Midnight Movies

Self Titled
Emperor Norton Recordings
Midnight Movies • Stereolab (Lainesis Solier etc.) • Broadcast • Straylight
This debut from LA-based trio **Midnight Movies** is nothing short of brilliant. The record starts with 'Permission Tree'; a dark and lazy song that sounds like the threads of a long bout of loneliness or insomnia are ready to snap. Each track has a spacey, psychedelic sheet thrown over the naked vocals of singer/drummer Gena Oliver. There isn't an overbearing or unnecessary moment on the record—each song is skillfully crafted to fit right into your ear. They have been bludgeoned with constant Nico and Stereolab comparisons in their short two-year career, but the references are warranted. All comparisons aside, **Midnight Movies** hold their own with unique pop sensibility and dark brooding undercurrents of beauty. —Second Mate Honest Tongue

Non Phixion

The Future is Now • Platinum Edition
Uncle Howie Records
Non Phixion • Company Flow • Dead Prez
Originally released April 2002, this re-issue is a must-cop for any one who slept on it the first time. The debut album from the Brooklyn-bred clan, led by Necro's brother Ill Bill, definitely lived up to its name, and still does. Politics through the eyes of smoked out serial killers with skills or something like that. Bottom line, from one emcee to another, these kids are nice. The production is timeless. DJ Premier, Large Professor and Pete Rock are just a few of the heads making moves behind the boards while **The Beatnuts**, **Mf Doom** and **Al Tariq** all lend their shine on the mic. Now, here's where it gets large. Disc 2 is all beats! Mostly saved for vinyl, the instrumental disc is a perfect accessory for a classic album. *The Future is Now* is no different, especially if you like to freestyle and don't have tables. Thank you Uncle Howie. —Cannibal Drake Ironman

Pidgeon

From Gutter With Love
Absolutely Kosher Records 2004
Pidgeon • Poor man's Blonde Redhead • Pines screams
There are good elements about this Bay Area band, but they need to focus on making the most out of their melodies and ditch the non-sequiter death metal screaming. Lead vocalists Micah Foley and Valerie Iwamasa beg the BR comparisons, perhaps in part because she's Japanese. Actually, instead of being dynamically dissonant they harmonize à la **Black Francis** and **Kim Deal**, and the triple guitar attack of Foley, Iwamasa and Jonathan Tuite (aka "Stick") is at times quite masterful in alternating between thrashy minor chords and melodic major ones. The rhythm section is driving, but "screaming" and "yelling" should not be proudly listed on the album credits. Instead they should be abandoned in favor of

highlighting the vocals of Foley, who can actually sing, and Iwamasa, whose voice needn't be sullied by hardcore hollerin'. She's a miserable, innocent butterfly ready to come out of her chrysalis. —Sir Paul

The Pink Mountaintops

Debut
Jugjugugur Records 2004
The Pink Mountaintops • Tom Heppell
The **Pink Mountaintops** is the solo project of Stephen McBean of **Black Mountain** (formerly **Jerk With A Bomb**), who is from Vancouver where reefer is decriminalized and street performers are encouraged to perform. It shows. Much of his lyrical content on songs such as "Bad Boogie Ballin'", "I (fuck) Mountains" and "Sweet '69" is sexual in nature. Who knew? Musically, he alternates rudimentary beats on a few tracks with sparse Bonnie-Prince-Billy-esque guitars and percussion on others. Vocally, he seems to be channeling cheesy classic and pop rock vocalists of the 60s and 70s (David Crosby meets David Cassidy?). He does have a sense of humor, even if one has to be baked or in bed to get it. Unfortunately, his cover of **Joy Division's** "Atmosphere" falls flat as if it were tossed off a pink mountain and "Rock 'n' Roll Fantasy" is not a cover but his own composition. Bummer. —Sir Paul

Pistol Grip

Trust It All Down
BYO Records
Pistol Grip • Bouncing Souls • Ramones
Dear **Pistol Grip**, Please stop with your web of deceit! You're not from the punk scene of the 70s or 80s. You should be writing music about how girls suck. You should be writing meaningless, candy-coated, spoonful of sugar garbage. Instead, you write lyrics that actually inspire our young to think for themselves. You write music that someone with more than two brain cells can appreciate. In the new millennium, we encourage groupthink. Why must you insist on bringing back a sound that should have died in the late 70s? Please cease and desist this terrible combination of street punk flavor with a youthful glow or we may have to take down your operation. We also don't appreciate Stax asking how pedophile priests can sleep at night in the lyrics to "...For I Have Sinned". We'll be watching you. Sincerely,
The Thought Police —Devil Dan

Robotnicka

Starts En Vivo
Bloodlink Records
Robotnicka • Dren • Le Tigre • the collected writings of Phillip K. Dick
When I was a small child, all foreign languages seemed equally nonsensical and onomatopoeic. To rectify my confusion, I utilized Japanese as the linguistic signifier for all speech I couldn't understand. Now, once again, I am left in a wash of perplexity; **Robotnicka** makes French and Japanese

Perhaps all rapid-fire synth-pop constructions highlighting the perils of robot-vs.-robot warfare and the ironic fall of Western capitalism have already come from the technological powerhouse of the Eastern hemisphere. Perhaps the glam-babbling of lead kitsch queen **Cecile Goubet** seems more germane to the neon-lit streets of Tokyo than the cobblestones of Dijon. Regardless, **Robotnicka** has concocted an album that is as enjoyable as it is mysterious. Hence, I propose a new listening adage: what is lost in translation should later be found in your stereo. —Phil Yellow Stubble

Sahara Hotnights

Kiss and Tell
RCA Records
Sahara Hotnights • The Runaways • The Go-Go's • The Cars • Pretenders
For the uninitiated, **Sahara Hotnights** hails from Sweden and have blended in well with other rockers from that area (**The Hives**, **Division of Laura Lee**, **The Flaming Sideburns**). Unlike their last album, *Jennie Bomb*, this major label debut glosses over most of the raw rock elements for a more refined pop sound. There are some abrasive moments, like on the tracks "Walk on the Wire" and "Nerves," but that's about it. The rest of the disc is full of poppy nuggets that either start slow and build to a punchy sound or are rock "ballads" that are engaging yet don't get the blood flowing. Current fans are either going to love or hate **Kiss and Tell**, but those who saw them play with the Hives know these new tracks do come out well live. Personally, I think **The Donnas** kick much more ass than the **Hotnights** and **Kiss and Tell** proves it. —Daxx the Magnificent

Sex Positions

Sex Positions
Deathwish
Sex Positions • The Locust • The W.P.P. • The Dillinger Escape Plan
If an art-core band were to be combined with the sound of a modern internet connection, you'd end up with **Sex Positions**. Rather than tow the line of any genre, this band takes a variety of styles from hardcore, to industrial, to metal and smashes them all together with a hammer of originality. They tinker with vocal modification, then add some digital slop to act as an adhesive for the whole album. The final product comes across as something no one can fully comprehend, but everyone can appreciate. With a snazzy name and snazzy cover art of day-glow fishnet stockings, how could **Sex Positions** play anything but snazzy music? —Devil Dan

Three Fine Lines

Self Titled
Licorice Tree Records
Three Fine Lines • Ramones • The Kingpins • The Greenbushes • The

So you say you want some fun pop music that does not suck? So you say you want some

you want to pogo in place like a demented Peanuts character at Christmas time? Well, then brothers and sisters have I got a hot trio for you. Musically, **Three Fine Lines** are best described as garage that is neither major league record mogul nor pretentious poser emo. While the guitar does not alternate much between its rough and raw punch it's the vocals of its player that will appeal to many a rocker. The production is somewhere in the mid-fi, guitar turned way up, bass ringing with the drums, vocals sounding distorted in the mix. It truly sounds like they are playing in their garage for their friends. Dig it at www.licoricetree.com. —Daxx the Magnificent

The Thermals

Fuckin' A
Sub Pop
The Thermals • The Strakes • Guided By Voices
Fuckin' A is right. Their last disc, *More Parts Per Million*, was timid compared to this ass-kicking record. Produced by Chris Walla and reportedly recorded in four days, **Fuckin' A** proves that **The Thermals** can make such strong statement in such a short time that it's no surprise they have only been around for two years and have achieved what other band spend a decade doing. *Fuckin' A* is 30 minutes long—10 for each member—with time to stop and smoke some weed, take some shots and punch you out with their own "No-Fi" approach to production. "History will show our progress is slow/When we win, we win in inches" is one of my favorite lines. The distortion is deep, the feedback is strong and the lyrics are to the point. I.e: "Don't give a fuck about what we say, as long as you keep time and keep mind." Amen.
—Commodore Brown Tongue

Various Artists

The Abyssinians and Friends • Tree of Satta Vol. 1
Blind & Fire
Tree of Satta Vol. 1 • Pines Mouth • etc.
Easily the most original album I've heard in a long time, here's the concept: in 1969, vocal trio **The Abyssinians** recorded a syncopated "roots" anthem called *Satta Massa Gana*. If any one song can claim the title "definitive reggae anthem," then it's "Satta Massa Gana," which describes a vision of paradise for the dispossessed African people (the title means "give thanks" in Ethiopia's Amharic language). To date, there have been 490 different songs (recorded by various artists, including the **Clash**) that utilize the "Satta Massa Gana" bassline, and 30 direct remakes. This first volume presents the original classic alongside 19 more versions which reveal the song in all its multi-faceted glory. Featuring 1970s cuts from **Big Youth**, **Prince Far I** and **Tommy McCook** alongside contemporary artists **Capleton**, **Luciano** and **Anthony B** and veterans like **Dean Fraser** and **Ernest Ranglin**, this album will please anyone with even a casual interest in reggae. —Swashbuckler Robert



REVIEWS

as it should be read, *Wantage USA's 21st Release Hits Omnibus*. The Missoula, Montana hipster label is celebrating their landmark(?) 21st album by issuing a double disc of what many would consider an all-star assemblage of some of the best and innovative underground rock acts today. **The Fucking Champs**, **Japanther**, **The Joggers**, **The International Playboys** and **SLC's** very own **Le Force** are some highlights among the 57 tracks.

In fact, in the liner notes, which include a description and opinion-highlighted tidbits about each of the bands on the comp, *Wantage* guru **Josh Vanek** calls **Le Force** "The sleeper stars of *Total Fest '03*." All in all, this album is great. It took me a very long time to write this review because I felt constantly inspired and had to release my own responses to these songs on my bass—none of which were as good as anything on this album. —*Herb the Staggering Drunk*



Photo By: Niki Payton

Various Artists

Rock Against Bush: Vol. 2

Fat Wreck Chords

RAB Vol 2 = Fat Wreck Comps + famous bands

This is *Fat Wreck Chords'* second release with the sole purpose of lessening GWB's chances of regaining the White House. That's the purpose of this record, and if the record high sales of *RAB Vol. 1* are any indication, it might just be doing its job. *Vol. 2* plays along the same lines as the first, showcasing both the best of Fat Wreck and a plethora of outside-label groups that are down for the cause. Big-name punkers **NOFX**, **Bad Religion**, **Flogging Molly** and the **Dropkick Murphys** are here, and bigger still with songs from **No Doubt**, **Green Day** and the **Foo Fighters**. Many of the songs are rare or previously unreleased, and, also like the first, there is a bonus DVD with documentaries and comedy stand-ups and spoofs, most hilariously by **Will Farrell**, who does a spot-on imitation of old Bushie at his ranch in Texas. —*Herb the Staggering Drunk*

The Wanted's

Let Go Afterglow

Self-released

The Wanted's = Wolf Colonel + Gary Wilson + Sean Na Na

Medford, Oregon's **Tommy Harrington** is a poet of solo-persona-under-the-flag-of-band-name claustrophobic angst ala **Sean Na Na** and his various incarnations like **Har Mar Superstar**. The line "I'm swimming in alternatives..." could refer as much to the sounds both present and past that he draws on with cheap keyboard effects and lo-fi recording techniques. "I use you... to break my fall/ It's true... but you never do" and other lyrics somehow make his obsessiveness endearing rather than creepy. His cover of **Lucinda Williams'** "Drunken Angel" is lucid where hers is intoxicated. Playing all the instruments makes him some kind of unsung truly indie music hero in a world in which there aren't many genuine ones left. This musical "Stray" is one that it's hard to imagine going without a label taking him into its home sometime soon.

—*Thomas Drunk Tongue*

Zeke

Til the Luan' End

Relapse Records

Zeke = Motorhead + Sabbath + bathtub full of meth

Zeke is a juggernaut of power, volume, and speed. Their albums are 30-minute (and 15 song) escapes into the rock void where no other band dares to go. There is none greater than the mighty Zeke when it comes to songwriting, guitar-playing and sheer metal badass. *Live'n' End* slows to an almost human pace and lets you hear that, when they're not going 140mph, they can hang with any, and I do mean any, of their rock predecessors. It is the *Master of Reality* for a new generation of burnt-out, fucked-up, slacker speed-freaks. They occasionally veer into **Motorhead's** territory with ballsy power anthems, but for the most part, they riff circles around most any band out there and then speed past them with a blaze of punk rock fire and fury. This album brought tears to my eyes, and then burned them out with starter fluid. Now that's rock! —*Cap'n Drunk Eye*

RYP Reviews

Sebastian Bach

Forever Wild DVD

Yale Rock Entertainment

It's wild! It's zany! It's too much metal for one hand! Join former **Skid Row** frontman **Sebastian Bach** as he drives a racecar with **Vince Neil**, practices shooting targets with the **Nuge** and stands in the middle of hungry alligators! Totally bitchin' dude! Watch as a plastic blonde bimbo with huge mammary glands wakes up Bach with a crazy (obviously fake) guitar solo! Check out **Sebastian Bach's** lesson on how to get along with your band! Watch live performances of **Sebastian Bach** playing in a yellow sequin suit alongside someone who looks like the bald eagle from the **Muppets**! Watch him drive a golf cart. For chrissakes! I can't keep up this charade! This DVD has more blow than Bach in his heyday! Watch it only after picking it up at a yard sale for a dollar and with a 12 pack close by! Rock on! Awesome! Gnarly! —*Devil Dan*

Various Artists

Hits Omnibus

Wantage USA

Belle & Sebastian

For Fans Only DVD

Matador

Belle & Sebastian often get dismissed as fey or 'twice' British pop, and not given their due as part of the grand tradition of British pop music, and even at times outright rock'n'roll. This cinema verite' look at the group is a stylishly appropriate accompaniment to their erudite 60s-ish sound. Interviews show the serendipity with which they, like seemingly all brilliant bands, got together and maintain the creative process amidst creative tensions. Videos for many favorite songs, including "If You're Feeling Sinister" and "The Boy With the Arab Strap" shed a light on their lines, and a cover of "The Kids Are Alright" leaves no doubt about their musical pedigree. Far from being strictly for the initiated, this collection may well bring new fans into the fold. —*Thomas Drunk Tongue*

Psychic TV

Black for DVD

Music Video Distributors

Black for chronicles the music of the seminal British rave/psychedelic combo that transcended both genres due to the flamboyance of its frontman **Genesis P-Orridge**, and his association with the pseudo/anti-cult **Thee Temple Ov Psychik Youth**, who revolted by, among other things, creative spelling and "sex magick." Concert footage back to 1988 depicts GP-O's 'modern primitive' phase complete with a plethora of 'body modification' and the 'psychik cross' logo, up to his glam get-up for his more rave-oriented period in 1991, shortly before the band broke up. Although his eccentricities tended to overshadow the music, their significance in several different styles cannot be overestimated. Acid-tinted visual effects make this perhaps the definitive document of the band. If you never were a fan, this will show you what all "thee" fuss was about. —*Thomas Drunk Tongue*

Bernie Williams

The Journey Within

Verve / Universal

Bernie Williams = the sound of the Marriott lobby + the sound of your bank's lobby + Pat Metheny Sometimes people engage themselves in projects so ridiculous and self-indulgent that a team of justifying voices must be called in to create any semblance of respectability. Such is the case with **New York Yankees** outfielder **Bernie Williams** and his (fallback) career in jazz. Though the packaging clearly lists track selections, the noted songs cannot be accessed without several minutes of inspirational claptrap. The apogee of lip service includes an introduction of Mr. Williams to the **Chicago House of Blues** and a spew by **Rudy Giuliani** about Bernie's impressive abilities off the field and explicit references to post-9-11 freedom finding. It seems that Mr. Mayor should have followed **Springsteen** instead, because this is obviously the soundtrack to someone ripping you off. Needless to say, NYC finally heard what Bernie was doing in his downtime and collectively shit its pants.

—*Phil Yellow Stubble*



REVIEWS

AVAILABLE ON THE END RECORDS



LILITU

The Delores Lesion

"Dreary, gothic-tinged atmospheres and lighter, more ethereal passages are cut throughout with short blasts of melodic dark/black metal to forge a sound that is European-influenced, but not blind mimicry. Brooding male vocals predominate, but black metal-inspired rasping occasionally offsets that balance to give the compositions a little more acerbic bite." - Terrorizer

AGE OF SILENCE

Acceleration

Featuring:

Lazare: (Borknagar, Solefald)

Eikind: (Khold, Tulus)

Hellhammer: (Mayhem, Emperor, Arcturus, Winds)

Andy Winter: (Winds)

Age of Silence is a venture involving renowned members of the Norwegian scene. Once again, a constellation of multi-talents have joined forces to create an unstoppable juggernaut that will surely leave its mark on the music world as something new, original and unique. This is something that's never been seen or heard before!



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All Systems Fail
Self-titled 7" vinyl EP
Loderback Records

All Systems Fail = Discharge + Nausea + Chaos UK



Remember the good old days of punk, before the intervention of Hot Topic, AFI, Green Day, mall punks and other assorted corporate shit? Then you need to pick up this little vinyl beast! Metalcore? No! Emo? Fuck no! This is 100 percent angry, pissed-off crust punk! Think Discharge, Nausea, Sore Throat, Chaos UK. This 7" vinyl EP boasts five kick-ass tracks, my all-time favorite being "Arm Chair Generals"—fucking kills! This release is fairly limited, comes on clear vinyl and includes lyrics, stickers and a patch for your stinky, dirty old Levi jacket or leather! —Black Morty Rackham

DREW DANBURY

Drew Danbury
An Introduction to Sex Rock
Mother Clucker

Drew Danbury = Catcher in the Rye + Parker Sisters



One could swear that Drew Danbury's been having tea with local musician Paul Compton, swapping synth and cricket tips while demurely brushing crummet crumbs from his lips. The outstanding *An Introduction to Sex Rock*, mastered by Jeremy Smith, mixes eccentric indie electronica with piano, violin, recorder and sweetly self-deprecating lyrics about Her, recalling bits and pieces of Atom and His Package and I Am the World Trade Center. Song titles include "Closeminded is as Closeminded Does You Femi-Nazi Hypocrite" and "I Hope This Song is So Good It Reminds You of Wizards." www.drewdanbury.com —Admiral Grainne O'Malley the Pegleg

Deadvolt
Self-titled
As Dark As Light

Deadvolt = Maynard + (early) Korn



Deadvolt takes early, aggressive Flea bass, Tool moodiness, A Perfect Circle melodicism and just a tiny smudge of nu-metal to paint a canvas with a thick, brilliant whirlpool of midnight blue, royal purple, indigo, ebony and cobalt—i.e., blue, purple and black, like shallow bruises under all-too-mortal skin. All the members are highly accomplished musicians live; they've obviously been playing (and practicing) their instruments for years. The pristinely in-pitch, lucid, powerful vocals of Erik Gordon are phenomenal, best showcased in "In the Snow," capable of going from delicate emotional introspection to shrieking agony in five seconds flat. www.deadvolt.net —Admiral Grainne O'Malley the Pegleg

De la Vega
Innovation
Funk Factory Music

De la Vega = MTV cover band



A letter accompanying this album alerts those unaware in SLC that straight outta Idaho, De la Vega is coming our way. They note that their songs have been played on television quite a bit for shows like Blue Torch TV. Though most of their songs are rock-rapish like 311 or Incubus, there's also a flat-out reggae track, a reggae desperado love song and a spot-on Audioslave ripoff. If they had moved to SLC two years ago, X96 would have pissed their pants over them. www.dlvmusic.com —Herb the Staggering Drunk

Delicatto
Everyone Loves the Sun
Kitefishing Family

Delicatto = (My Bloody Valentine + Broken Social Scene) x synthpop

Creating a brand new sound in music is both difficult for artists and exciting for listeners. Piecing together a thousand tidbits of quirky randomness and melding them together to form a signature sound that is forever shifting and simultaneously streamlined is not nearly as difficult, but is still quite interesting. This is exactly what Delicatto has done. Synth-heaviness and vocals that sound like a new-wave Jello Biafra are the only steadfast constants on an album that swings from upbeat to mid-beat. Though you won't be able to catch them in concert any time soon, experience them in your own stereo with *Everyone Loves the Sun*. www.delicatto.com —Herb the Staggering Drunk

Discourse
Self-Titled

Discourse = Every Time I Die + My Morning Jacket + whatever



A band named Discourse and scenes of urban pandemonium on a jacket cover generally sway me to believe that the album I'm about to hear is probably going to be punk rock of some fashion—or at least something hardcore or possibly anti-establishment. My, how in this case, I was wrong. Discourse brings forth a putrid blend of wimpiness and power chords that, like many other bands in the same "melodic hardcore" genre, have slipped past the guards at the gates of the underground under the veil of mall-bought ethos and black eyeliner. What a pity for the kids. www.discourseband.com —Herb the Staggering Drunk

Dreno
Self-Titled

Dreno = God Forbid + Downset



When Dreno's got it, they got it. Unfortunately, they become confused every now and then and, apparently, due to a longing for originality in a saturated hardcore/metal market, stray from what they do best (ridiculously heavy riffs and guttural vocals) and incorporate things like spoken-word emo rhyming and Sarah McLachlan-style guest singers. Hopefully, they will realize one day that, if you're original, do something original, but there is nothing wrong with doing something that's already been done really, really well, as they do on most of this four-song demo. www.drenocide.com —Herb the Staggering Drunk

Gina French
Of Rapture

Gina French = Emmylou Harris + Robert Johnson + Dead Can Dance



Gina French has more soul than Al Green french-kissing Tina Turner. She is the only folk artist I know that takes the sexiest, dirtiest parts of the blues, rock and alt-country and mixes it with Middle Eastern scale progressions. She then lathers everything over with hedonistic amounts of Bill Frost slide guitar, growly, yowly vocals that wail and zing like the whine of cupid's deadly arrows, transcendent chord changes and heart-of-darkness acoustic strumming. Zithery Indian sounds color up "Of Rapture" and "Rings True," and old-time country flavors give "Spring's Angel" a nostalgically bittersweet edge. www.ginafrench.net —Admiral Grainne O'Malley the Pegleg

Reviews

The Furies Sunday Satellite Dumb Angels

The Furies = (Pavement + Lou Reed) x emo

The songs on *Sunday Satellite* are well thought-out, well produced and could serve as an accessory to a deep, deep depression. This minimalist, sad indie rock could either woo the right concert audience into a feeling of comfortable compassion or woo the wrong audience right to sleep. Vocalist Nick Bryson would do well to stay away from screaming and stick to his Malkmus-esque, intimate tone of singing. The instrumentals do well to complement the melancholy, interesting lyrics. This album bums me out, but not necessarily in a bad way. www.dumbangel.org —Herb the Staggering Drunk

Jupassa Attack of the Red Dinosaurs Kitefishing Family

Jupassa = Edward Scissorhands + Ray Bradbury

If Mogwai were approached about concocting the soundtrack for *The Nightmare Before Christmas Part II: Jack Gets Funky Fresh with Kwanzaa*, this is what they might come up with. Trip-hoppy electronica skips rope with quirky guitar breaks and odd futuristic rumblings, mutterings, creakings and croakings. Even *Spiders-era* Bowie appears from time to time in the spacey chord changes, intermittent guitar strumming and especially in the haunting, otherworldly vocals (note "Late Trips"). The suicide counsel of "Mash" is chillingly funny. Jupassa boasts members of *Delicatto*, so their sophistication, obliqueness and advanced songwriting should come as no surprise to the converted. www.delicatto.com —Admiral Grainne O'Malley the Pegleg

Less People, More Robots Self-Titled

LPMR = Fiona Apple + Weezer

My friend Melinda told me that robots are one of the three things in the entire world that scare her. The other two are children and monogamy. Go figure. Though some, like Melinda, would argue against having more robots in the world, you'll probably be hard-pressed to find anyone in the SLC area that thinks there should not be more bands like Less People, More Robots. They're mellow-core though certainly not mediocre, poppy and almost mournful without being emo. Hints of danger are scattered throughout the album, and they would be starkly original if the genre "college rock" didn't already exist. www.myspace.com —Herb the Staggering Drunk

NSPS Timeless Towns and Haunted Places Nutra Stick

NSPS = They Might Be Giants + Barenaked Ladies

NSPS might not be too bad of a band, if it weren't for the vocals. They're gruff, tongue-in-cheek and strained, not unlike Van Morrison's, but unlike Van Morrison's, they're painfully out of tune, making portions of this CD almost unlistenable. It's a shame, because as Ms. Angela Brown has pointed out to me countless times, with only a bit of training, most singers could learn how to sing almost flawlessly on pitch. The lyrics themselves are funny though, coating over eccentric pop songs in a very They Might Be Giants-type way. www.nsp.s.net —Admiral Grainne O'Malley the Pegleg

Pagan Dead Mors Janua Vit Δ Et Vita Janua Mortis Self-released

Pagan Dead = Misfits + Accused

When I first received a copy of Pagan Dead's debut album, I was a little leery, thinking, "Rockabilly? Next!" But after giving it a chance, I was instantly hooked! Relentless drumming by Jodie Hecate, demonic guitars by Jessie Demonio (no longer in the band) and the upright bass slapping and plucking from "Pagan" Patrick Muerto, all evilly complemented by his demonic vocals. Lyrically the band is very similar to the Misfits and Samhain, concerning themselves with Christians, witches and other devianity. The black-hearted humor and Halloweenish feel make this a must-have for anyone who sported a devilock in the late 80s. —Black Morty Blackham

Rope or Bullets Call In for What You Want

Rope or Bullets = Atom and His Package + Modern English

From the band that brought you "I Love Personality," the outright best song on the *Death By Salt* compilation, comes a six-song precursor to a full-length album. ROB, though not the rockin'est band in the scene (which isn't at all what they're going for), is probably the most intelligent and creative. So intelligent, in fact, that they have figured out how to write songs that invoke a myriad of emotions without being whiny and emo. Dual vocalists belt out heartfelt tunes with senses of humor and life and love over super-catchy electro-pop melodies that make you feel happy, but not in any sort of "ignorance is bliss" way. Brilliant. www.turgidrecords.com —Herb the Staggering Drunk

The Contingency Plan Self-titled demo (2002)

The Contingency Plan = Drive-Thru Records + sincerity

Oops ... this is what happens when you lose a band's press kit in your car's trunk for two years. This four-song demo is a neat, tight conglomeration of polished emo pop-punk with sharp production (Boho Digitalia), tight performance and grounded songwriting. They have the youthful, earnest angst of local rockers Nimh (R.I.P.), but with the mainstream appealability of say, The Used, without sounding exactly like them. Rosy-cheek'd love-lost forlorn hasn't yet been overtaken by later probable song topics like ennui, anger at the government and liver disease. www.thecontingencyplan.net —Admiral Grainne O'Malley the Pegleg

Two and a Half White Guys Self-titled Gringos Productions

Two and a Half White Guys = The Good, The Bad and The Ugly soundtrack + Aquabats + Bob Marley

Jazz-inflected ska calypso reggae jam bands aren't really my thing, but Two and a Half White Guys are good at what they do, and they probably sound better if you're high and in a grassy field at a huge stadium. They have a unique mixture going on and are at their best when they stick to slow burners like "This is the Last Time" and not party-down numbers, as in "Shot Down" and "The Thing." The Spanish-inflected "El Baile del Sluggo Loco" is one of the more bearable tracks. www.212whiteguys.iuma.com —Admiral Grainne O'Malley the Pegleg



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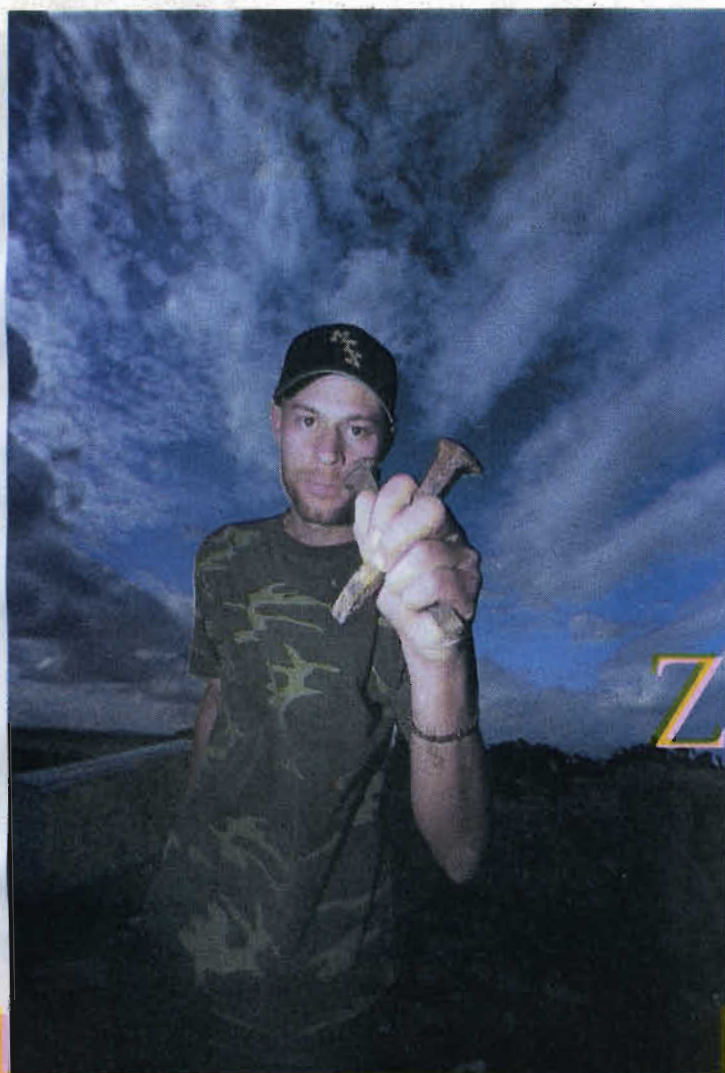
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- Fri. 17 Afro Omega, Andale
- Sun. 19 Pirate Pub Crawl w/ Pagan Love Gods

- Mon. 20 Reggae Lounge w/ DJ Rebel
- Tues. 21 World Crime League
- Thurs. 23 Waving at Strangers, Six Sided Box
- Mon. 27 Reggae Lounge w/ DJ Matlock
- Tues. 28 3 Steps Left
- Mon. 4 Reggae Lounge w/ DJ Rebel



Zen and the Art of Skateboarding

Words and Photos by Nate Milard
photomilard@slugmag.com

"With a calm, silent, hidden smile not unlike a healthy child's, the Buddha walked, wearing the cloak and setting his feet down like all his monks, according to a precise regulation." —Hermann Hesse —"Siddhartha"

In every community, every walk of life, every art form, there is a motivated soul, always one step ahead in action and thought. Some people follow and some people lead; Andy Pitts chooses to lead, inspire and never allow for stagnant, uncreative skateboarding. Some go as far as comparing him to the Buddha, skateboarding in the state of perfect enlightenment "according to precise regulation," and passing his knowledge and passion along to those that choose to surround him.



A RELAXED GAP TO BACKSIDE TAILSLIDE.

Andy's story begins in the rural outskirts of South Dakota, where he began teaching himself the ritual of skateboarding. If you watch him skate, you will realize that he taught himself well. He carries around a large bag of tricks, which he can execute with technical precision in a clam, and carefree manner. With his self-taught perfection of skateboarding under his sail, he captained his maiden ship to Salt Lake, where he has resided for many years and illuminated the minds of friends and fellow skaters alike. Upon moving to this land of raging hot summers he, along with other ripping local skaters, co-founded the original *Dirty Hessian* Videos, which over the past few years has become the *48* Videos. Since the birth of these videos, they have become a staple of Salt Lake City skateboarding media that every kid in town can look forward to in the fall.

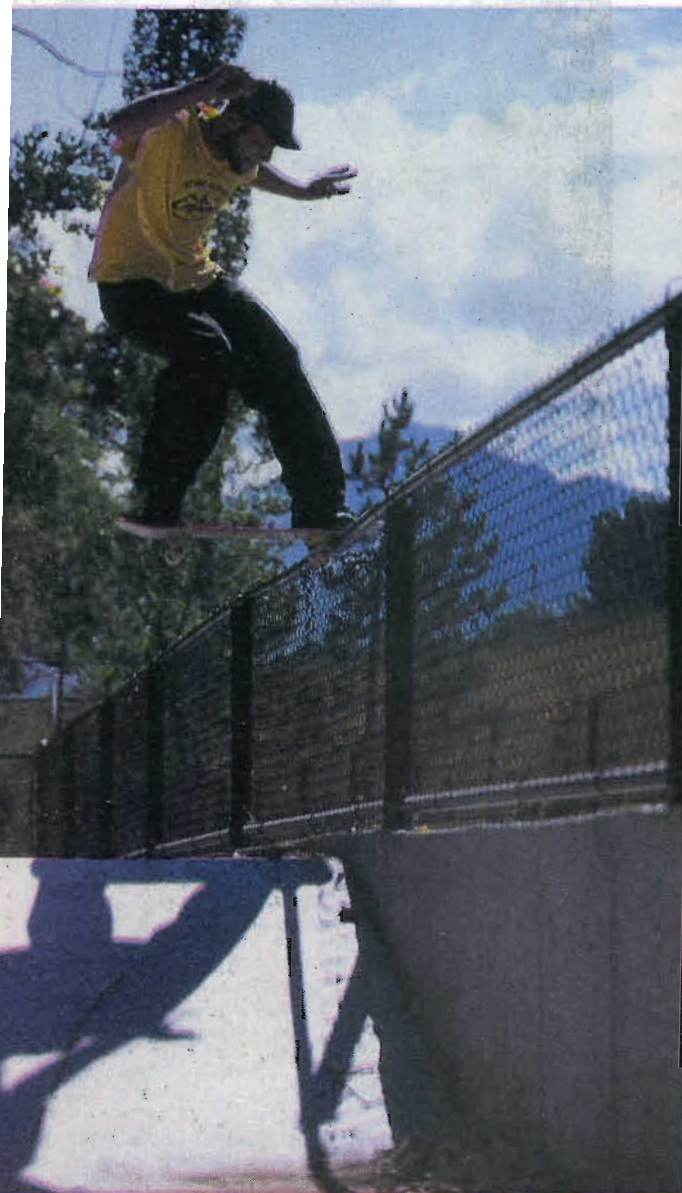
Skateboarding, as well as anything in life, can become stagnant with old, over-skated spots and tricks. **Captain Bondo**, a nickname Andy took upon attributable to him fixing everything with Bondo, will always have something new and fresh in his entourage. Whether it is a new spot in the most random address in the valley, making an unskateable spot skateable, or motivating his friends to build an entire indoor skate park for the cold winter months, Let's not forget to mention that his humble ability on a skateboard will amaze anyone in his presence with. Andy's humility exceeded his talent a few years back when he turned down a professional spot on the **5boro** team in order to let the younger **Aaron Suski** take the position. In takes quite a man to pass up such an opportunity, which many would sell their souls for.



ANDY CALMLY SNEAKS A BOARDSLIDE OFF THIS BENCH AND IN BETWEEN THE PHONE BOOTH.

Image, fame, and money, the motivators for which skateboarding has become: whatever the case maybe, it doesn't affect Andy. He cares more about what tricks his friends are doing than what the tricks are happening in the skate media. He skates because he loves it, and will keep skating for that soul reason. Many people as they get older fade away from their childhood passions. Age, career, or any other social pressures will ever keep him from his youthful adventures of skateboarding. Throughout the year Andy motivates his friends to go on road trips purely to skateboard and film for the upcoming video. Every trip that I have gone on has been filled with nothing but skating and good times. However, along with every great trip comes the occasional disappointment: nowhere to sleep, somewhere one would rather not sleep, car troubles, injuries, and so on. Andy once slept in the rocket box atop the roof of his car in Seattle. At about six in the morning he opened the box to a startled and extremely confused elderly man out for his morning walk.

At presstime, Andy and Mike Hays are in New York City skateboarding, and hanging out with the coveted 48 filmer, Aaron Ohrt. Mike Hays, who called me from New York, seems to disagree with all the gibberish I have just spit your way telling me "even though he [Andy] doesn't think it, he is as lost as all of us." Find out for yourself about the Zen master of skateboarding, Andy Pitts.

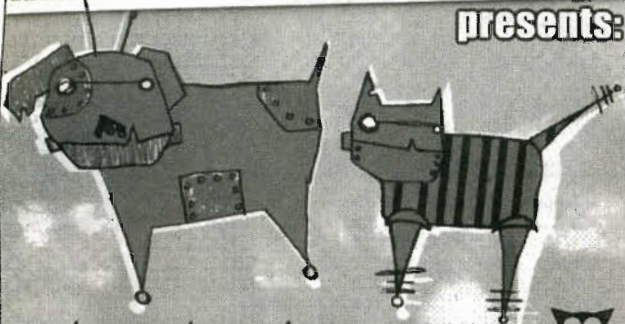


SMOOTH FRONTSIDE NOSESLIDE



ANDY FINDS HIS WAY CLOSER TO GOD WITH THIS WALLIE.

WONKAVISION presents:



kittykatdirtnap

I am a robot, I am talking like a robot, I am a robot

Kitty Kat Dirt Nap

"I Am A Robot, I Am Talking Like A Robot, I Am A Robot"
Described as "...carebears with uzi's, declaring war on Weezer island!" KittyKat DirtNap hail from Philadelphia. With Male & Female melodies over infectious synth pop the Dirtnap will have you singing and dancing along after first listen. \$10ppd.



also available:

Zolof The Rock & Roll Destroyer

"S/T" (re-issue)

Available now, the long awaited repress of the first Zolof Record featuring Anthony Green from Saosin & Circa Survive on Vocals. Power Pop in it's purest form! Male/Female Vocals! New Artwork! Brought to you by the fine folks at Law of Inertia and Wonkavision Records. \$10ppd.

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Mark your calendar for September 19 for *International Talk Like a Pirate Day*. www.talklikeapirate.com For myself and most of you out there this will be a first to speak of. Let it continue to be a tradition with us mates.

Peep the pic of the **Red Bull Inland Wake Skate Session** held on Aug. 30th at the Gallivan Center. **Kampus** team rider **Clint Tompkins** slides up a wet, slippery piece of lumber while a couple of hotties check out his...mad steez. Fellow riders **Lief Erkkila** and champ **Phillip Bassino** were also on hand. Check out **Alliance Magazine's** January issue for full coverage of wake skating in Utah's lakes, ponds and ice rinks.

The "Sturgis of skateboarding" passed through the boarders of our fair state last month. **Thrasher Magazine** hosted their yearly scavenger hunt where they had to find an unskated pool in Utah, besides the Ogden pool. Every member of the hunt had to get a trick (even the cameraman) before declaring victory and collecting the booty. Look in **Thrasher** for the *King of the Road* photo featuring Utah coverage.

September 4: **Binary Skatepark** is hosting the **SLUG Summer Of Death Finals**. The top five winners from the last three contests (Park City, Jordan, Ogden) will compete. The overall winner of the series will be blinging with a new watch from **Nixon** and enough swag to last the winter through. 12577 S 265 W. If you get lost call 495-0992. Live music from **The Rubes**.

The following Monday after the contest is the ever-popular Labor Day. We are so worked as Americans we found it necessary to make a holiday for sitting around watching *American Idol*, wondering why all the liquor stores are closed.

The weekend of September 17 has plenty to wet the appetite. As crispness falls into the air and the jackets are coming out of the closets, the snowboarding community is releasing the latest movies in the sport. Several made history here in the mountains while others made history in our streets and on our cities rails. Here is a break down of the places to catch the latest flicks hosted by **MILO**. New site up and running www.milosport.com

Mackdaw's Chulksmack and Defective Films:
Positron
September 16th @ 5PM and 7PM
Jordan Commons (9400 S State)

Milosport and Bonfire: *Afterlame and Moment of Truth*
September 17th @ 5PM and 7PM
Jordan Commons (9400 S State)

Mikey LeBlanc and Kids Know Productions:
Love/Hate and Positron
Saturday, September 18th @ 5PM and 7PM
The Gateway Theatres (165 S Rio Grande St.)

After the premiers on Sept. 17 **Gibby Haynes** and **the Problems** live at Urban Lounge, brought to you by Alex Woodruff and Mike Sartian. Gibby is the former lead singer of **The Butthole Surfers** and is sure to entertain.

Finally, **The Pixies** will be playing a sold-out show at Kingsbury Hall on September 28 after reuniting earlier this year. They're on the verge of releasing new material as a group and after seeing their reunion show at Coachella, I hope you have not slept through a chance to buy tickets. I'm sure you'll have a dedication and salute to Palace of the Brine. Briny Deep indeed.

For more information on the scene and what is going on check out SLUG Magazine's updated site. www.slugmag.com Comments or concerns contact Commodore Brown Tongue at josh@slugmag.com.



SLUG Mag's Summer of Death Skate Series Ogden Results:

Top 5

Beginner:

1. Brandon Aguayo
2. Alex Wankier
3. Chase Herrera
4. Max Bradshaw
5. Derek Hooker

Intermediate:

1. Mike Zanelli
2. Tyson Bowerbank
3. Temkye Feragen
4. Colton Woods
5. Dave Legarra Jr.

Advanced

1. Jeremiah from Ogden
2. Sam Hubble
3. Levi Faust
4. Lance Harris
5. Landon Gidson

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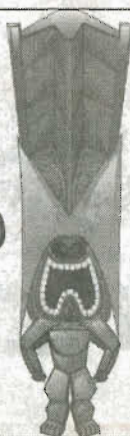
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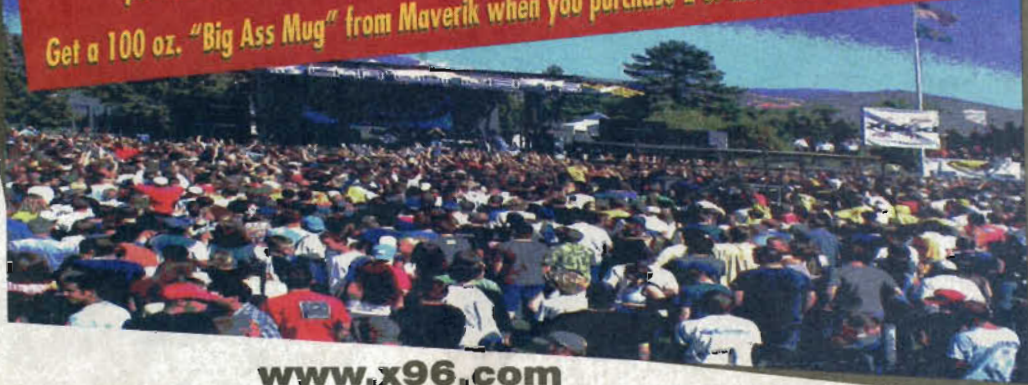
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DAILY CALENDAR

SUBMISSIONS FOR THE SLUG CALENDAR ARE DUE BY THE 1ST OF THE MONTH. FAX TO 487.1359 OR EMAIL DICKHEADS@SLUGMAG.COM.

- Friday, Sept. 3**
 The Burbs, Pagan Love Gods— *Burbs*
 Gerald Music, On Vixen— *Egos*
 Wolf Colonel, Tony Lake, Will Sartain,
 The Rabbits, The Brobeks— *Kilby*
 Lonestar Fire and Ice— *Kings English*
 Crenshaw— *Muse Music*
 Muse of Bedlam, Violet Run— *Sugarbeats*
 Chubby Bun, Bronco,
 Touchdown Eagle— *Todds*
 Furthermore, The Numbs,
 DJ Shanty— *Urban Lounge*
 Stone Blood, Slitch— *Vegas*
- Saturday, Sept. 4**
SLUG Summer of Death
 Skate Series Finals— *Binary Skatepark*
 The Hurtz, The Debonairs,
 The Morlocks— *Burbs*
 Mama, JW Blackout, Silent Sevens— *Egos*
 Finch, Recover, Counterfit— *In the Venue*
 Volition, Ayin, Suiol— *Kilby*
 Blackalicious— *Suede*
 Jessica Something Jewish, Murrieta,
 Not So Forever— *Todds*
 Arsonic, The Rubes— *Urban Lounge*
 Blues on First— *Zanzibar*
- Sunday, Sept. 5**
 Sweatin Willy— *Burbs*
 Edgar s Mule, The Silent Sevens— *Egos*
 Dan Weldon, Brad Wheeler— *Iron Horse*
 Cryptobiotic— *Lo Fi*
 Chris McFarland— *Orions*
 No Star Jazz Trio— *Sugarbeats*
- Monday, Sept. 6**
 DJ Curtis Strange— *Burbs*
 Kiss Army Tribute Band— *Egos*
 Guster— *In the Venue*
 Dane Goddman, Andrew Garrard,
 Spencer Cox, Masturbating Heart— *Kilby*
- Tuesday, Sept. 7**
 Mark May— *Brewskies*
 Daisy Wrecked It— *Burbs*
 Junior Reid— *Crazy Goat*
 John Butler Trio— *Egos*
 Autopilot Off, Home Grown,
 Less than Jake— *In the Venue*
 Blindsight, The Kick, Mewithoutyou— *Lo Fi*
 Love is Rod— *Sound*
 Seraphim— *Sugarbeats*
 Love is Rod— *Sound*
- Wednesday, Sept. 8**
 Pagan Love Gods— *Burbs*
 AOL— *Egos*
 Matt the Electrician, The High Strung— *Halo*
 Scary Kids Scaring Kids, Take the Fall,
 Not Quite Bernadet— *Kilby*
 American Generals— *Lo Fi*
 The Trademark— *Muse Music*
 Ron Maestas Presents— *Sugarbeats*
 Cobra Commander— *Urban Lounge*
 Dance Party Gone Bad w/
 DJ Ryan Powers— *Vegas*
- Thursday, Sept. 9**
 Uncovered: The Whole Truth About the
 Iraq War— *Coffee Under the Bridge*
 Josh Todd, Stereo 360, Six-Sided Box— *Egos*
 KRCL 9/11 Retrospective— *Sugarbeats*
 The Album— *Urban Lounge*
- Friday, Sept. 10**
 The Wolfs, Starmy— *Burbs*
 3 Inch Max, Magstatic,
 Spanky Van Dyke— *Egos*
 Engine Down, In Camera,
 These ArmsAre Snakes— *Lo Fi*
 Le Force— *Monks*
 IPX, Fail to Follow— *Starry Nights*
 Dickey Bets— *Suede*
- SLUG Localized w/Theta Naught,**
 Less People More Robots— *Urban Lounge*
 Grand Opening— *Utah Center for the Arts*
- Saturday, Sept. 11**
 Los Rojos, Thunderfist,
 Desperately Waiting— *Burbs*
 Dollyrots, Bung Sugar Bang— *Crazy Goat*
 Purdymouth CD Release— *Egos*
 Chubby Bun, Bronco,
 The City Sleeps, The Howl,
 The Glacial, El Tao— *Kilby*
 DulceSky EP Release— *Lo Fi*
 TSOL— *Sound*
 The Adonis, AM Feed, Dafine Line— *Todds*
 Debbie Graham Band, Afio Omega,
 Raining Jane— *Urban Lounge*
- Sunday, Sept. 12**
 Sweatin Willy— *Burbs*
 Joan Osborne— *Red Butte*
 No Star Jazz Trio— *Sugarbeats*
- Monday, Sept. 13**
 DJ Curtis Strange— *Burbs*
 Sikkema, Theta Naught, Six Parts Seven,
 State and Stereo— *Kilby*
 Facing New York— *Lo Fi*
- Tuesday, Sept. 14**
 General Confusion— *Burbs*
 The Mercy Kiss, IPX,
 Less People More Robots— *Lo Fi*
 Three Steps Left— *Monks*
 Seraphim— *Sugarbeats*
 Cabaret Voltage— *Urban Lounge*
- Wednesday, Sept. 15**
 Seraphim— *Burbs*
 Doug Stanhope— *Egos*
 Matt Haimovitz— *Kilby*
 Helios UK— *Sound*
 Alpha Blondy— *Suede*
 Ron Maestas Presents— *Sugarbeats*
 Lehi Oldies Rock 'n Roll Car Show—
 Thanksgiving Point
 Mindstate— *Urban Lounge*
 Dance Party Gone Bad w/
 DJ Ryan Powers— *Vegas*
 Alpha Blondy— *Velvet Room*
- Thursday, Sept. 16**
 Other Pocket, Iota, The Chicklets— *Burbs*
 Fix Byonets, Coyote Hoods, Vicrola— *Egos*
 The Only Children, The Catch,
 United States of Electronics— *Kilby*
 Strike Anywhere, Vice Dolls,
 Day of Less, Take the Fall— *Lo Fi*
 SLAJ— *Monks*
 Alternate Ending— *Starry Night*
 Elefante, Lauren Cook— *Urban Lounge*
 Medicine Circus, Super So Far— *Sound*
- Friday, Sept. 17**
 Puny: New Works by
 Fletcher Booth— *Art Access Gallery*
 Terrorfakt, Manufactura— *Area 51*
 The Obliterates, Plague, Ibex Throne— *Burbs*
 Punk Rock Karioke— *Egos*
 Four Story Drop, Until Further Notice,
 Chasing Yesterday, March Illness,
 I am Electric— *Kilby*
 Head Automatica— *Lo Fi*
 Afro Omega, Andale— *Monks*
 Salt Town Greasers, Colossal— *Sugarbeats*
 Less People More Robots,
 Books About UFOs— *Todds*
 DeathCab for Cutie, Rocky Votolato— *U of U*
 Gibby Haynes & His Problem,
 Lot Six— *Urban Lounge*
 Flesh Peddler— *Vegas*
 The Circle Jerks, GBH— *Velvet Room*
- Saturday, Sept. 18**
 The Body— *Burbs*
 Love = Death— *The Circuit*
 Countdown to Life, Brazil, Emry,
 From First to Last, Name Taken— *Kilby*
 Gatsbys American Dream, Acceptance,
 The Snake The Cross The Crown— *Lo Fi*
 The Conversation— *Sugarbeats*
 Brad s Cancer Benefit— *Todds*
 The Wolfs, From the Ash— *Urban Lounge*
 Weird Al Yankovic— *UT State Fairgrounds*
 Larger than Life— *Velvet Room*
- Sunday, Sept. 19**
HAPPY TALK LIKE A PIRATE DAY!!!
SLUG Pirate Pub Crawl—*Todds, Burbs,*
Piper Down, Monks, Urban Lounge, Vegas
 Sweatin Willy— *Burbs*
 Nonpoint, Skindred, Occidiz— *Lo Fi*
 Pagan Love Gods— *Monks*
 No Star Jazz Trio— *Sugarbeats*
 After Last Goodbye— *UT St. Fairgrounds*
 Salt City Bandits— *Urban Lounge*
 My Life With The Thrill Kill Kult, Ministry,
 Hanzel Und Gretel— *Velvet Room*
- Monday, Sept. 20**
 Black Tape For A Blue Girl— *Area 51*
 DJ Curtis Strange— *Burbs*
 Gomez— *In the Venue*
 Further Seems Forever, The Kicks,
 Brandon, Moments in Grace,
 Rockin Jake Band— *Sound*
- Tuesday, Sept. 21**
 Oxido— *Burbs*
 Robert Walter s 20th Congress— *Egos*
 Neva Dinova, Good Life, 89 Cubs— *Kilby*
 Scissor Sisters— *Liquid Joes*
 World Crime League— *Monks*
 Seraphim— *Sugarbeats*
 Layne— *Urban Lounge*
 Jimmy Vaughan— *Velvet Room*
- Wednesday, Sept. 22**
 Waving at Strangers— *Burbs*
 Sleepytime Gorilla Museum, Xebec— *Egos*
 The Fury— *Lo Fi*
 Cowboy Mouth— *Port O Call*
 Helios UK— *Sound*
 Ron Maestas Presents— *Sugarbeats*
 Cobra Commander— *Urban Lounge*
 Dance Party Gone Bad w/
 DJ Ryan Powers— *Vegas*
- Thursday, Sept. 23**
 The Day After, The Coming On,
 Kite Eating Trees— *Kilby*
 Patti Rothberg— *Mo Diggitys*
 Waving at Strangers, Six-Sided Box— *Monks*
 Le Force, Rifle Street Music,
 The Breaks— *Urban Lounge*
 Limited Liability Tax— *Lo Fi*
- Friday, Sept. 24**
 Unsound Mind, Vomit, Beyond Flesh— *Burbs*
 Mike Watt & The Secondmen— *Egos*
 I Can Lick Any SOB in the House,
 Hells Belles— *Liquid Joes*
 Haste The Day, Martyr AD— *Lo Fi*
 Timonium— *Sugarbeats*
SLUG SK8 Party w/ Edgar s Mule— *Todds*
 Jake Rockswell, Pakman— *Urban Lounge*
 Box Dog, Adjacent to Nothing— *Vegas*
 A Flock of Seagulls— *Velvet Room*
- Saturday, Sept. 25**
 Supersuckers— *Egos*
 Saturday Looks Good to Me, Erin Haley,
 The Gunshy, The Sunshine Fix,
 James Egan— *Kilby*
 I Can Lick Any SOB in the House,
 Hells Belles— *Liquid Joes*
 Lord Behert— *Lo Fi*
- Le Force, IPX,**
 Daisy Wrecked It— *Starry Nights*
 Dane and the Death Machine— *Sugarbeats*
 Craving Lovely, I Up, Levi Sterling— *Todds*
 Stormy, Hoodoo Pone.
 AM Feed— *Urban Lounge*
 Hoobastank, Sum 41, Lit, Lost Prophets,
 Letter Kills, Snow Patrol, Goldfinger,
 Story of the Year— *Utah State Fairpark*
 Concrete Blonde— *Velvet Room*
- Sunday, Sept. 26**
 Lil Bit, Customatics, Sweatin Willy— *Burbs*
 No Star Jazz Trio— *Sugarbeats*
- Monday, Sept. 27**
 DJ Curtis Strange— *Burbs*
 KRCL Blues Goat— *Egos*
 John Vanderslice, Will Johnson,
 Robbers on High Street— *Kilby*
 The Audible Campaign, In Passing— *Lo Fi*
 The Slackers, Story Changes— *Velvet Room*
- Tuesday, Sept. 28**
 Fu Manchu— *Crazy Goat*
 Honey Tongue— *Crazy Horse*
 Fat Soul— *Egos*
 Muse, The Secret Machines— *In the Venue*
 The Pixies, The Thrills— *Kingsbury Hall*
 Plot To Blow Up The Eiffel Tower,
 Tub Ring— *Lo Fi*
 Three Steps Left— *Monks*
 California Guitar Trio, Peter Rowan,
 Tony Rico— *Port O Call*
 Viva Vox— *Sugarbeats*
- Wednesday, Sept. 29**
 Pagan Love Gods— *Burbs*
 Eye of the Potato, Adonis,
 Edgars Mule— *Egos*
 Senses Fail, The Blood,
 Emanuel, Underoath— *Lo Fi*
 Helios UK— *Sound*
 Ron Maestas Presents— *Sugarbeats*
 Dance Party Gone Bad w/
 DJ Ryan Powers— *Vegas*
 Capleton, Cocoa Tan— *Velvet Room*
- Thursday, Sept. 30**
 Viva Voce, Mendoza Line, Vista Four,
 Jessica Something Jewish— *Kilby*
 Mad— *Lo Fi*
- Friday, Oct. 1**
 Indigo Girls— *Kingsbury*
 Clarity Process— *Lo Fi*
 Glacial— *Todds*
 Spit CD Release Party— *Vegas*
- Saturday, Oct. 2**
 Die Monster Die, Thunderfist,
 800 Octane— *Burbs*
 Jesse Dayton— *Gallivan*
 Jedi Mind Tricks, 7L & Esoteric,
 Outerspace— *Lo Fi*
 Dead Science— *Sugarbeats*
 Rigidly Rainin Toe Tappers— *Todds*
 Bo Diddley, Johnnie Johnson— *Velvet Room*
- Sunday, Oct. 3**
 Voodoo Glow Skull, Pistol Grip, IPX— *Lo Fi*
 No Star Jazz Trio— *Sugarbeats*
- Monday, Oct. 4**
 The Coffin Lids— *Burbs*
 Bayside, Hawthorne Heights,
 Lola Ray, Mea— *In the Venue*
 Casualties, Lower Class Brats— *Lo Fi*
 Rye Coalition, The Kinison,
 Your Enemies Friends— *Sound*
- Tuesday, Oct. 5**
 Icon of Coil— *Area 51*
 Lil Bit, Customatics— *Burbs*
 Seraphim— *Sugarbeats*
 Pick Up the New SLUG— *Any Place Cool!*

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09.02 **Limbeck**
Melee
Sleep Station

IN THE VENUE
7:00 PM

09.04 **Finch**
Recover
Counterfit

IN THE VENUE
6:30 PM

09.17 **Circle Jerks**
GBH

VELVET ROOM
8:00 PM

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

VELVET ROOM
8:00 PM

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

IN THE VENUE
7:00 PM

09.24 **Mike Watt**

EGOS
8:00 PM

10.04 **Mest**
Hawthorne Heights, Bayside

IN THE VENUE
7:00 PM

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♥ Kilby Court Calendar for September 2004 ♥

01-A Wilhem screen
THE KINISON
Kill Radio

03-WOLF COLONEL
Tony Lake
Will Sortain
The Rabbits
The Brabeks

04-Volition
Ayx
Suld

06-Dane Goodman
Andrew Gernard
Spencer Cox
Masterbating Heart

08-scary Kids Scaring Kids
Take the Fall
Not Quite Bernadet

10--at Lo-Fi Café
(Lix @ graywhale & 2xtix.com)
ENGINE DOWN
THESE ARMS ARE SNAKES
In Camera

11-THE CITY SLEEPS
The Howl
The Glacial
El Toro

13-sikkema
Theta Naught
SIX PARTS SEVEN
State and Stereo

15-MATT HAIMOVITZ
(World renowned Cello player)

16-THE ONLY CHILDREN
(members of the Anniversary)
United States of Electronica
The Catch

17-Four story Drop
Until Further Notice
Chasing Yesterday
March Illness
I am Electric

18-(Lix @ graywhale & 2xtix.com)
Countdown to Life
Name Taken
From First to Last
Bræll
Emery

21-(Lix @ graywhale & 2xtix.com)
THE GOOD LIFE
(Feat. Tim Kasher of Cursive)
NEVA DINOVA
The 89 Cubs

23-The Day After
The Coming On
Kite Eating Tree

25-SATURDAY LOOKS GOOD
Erin Holey TO ME
THE GUNSHY
THE SUNSHINE PIX
James Egan

27-(Lix @ graywhale & 2xtix.com)
JOHN VANDERSLICE
Will Johnson of Centro-matic
Robbers on High Street

30-VIVA VOCE
MENDOZA LINE
Vista Four
Jessica Something Jewish

And in OCTOBER...
01-the M's, 06-Her Space Holiday,
07-Low Flying Ouis & Helio
Sequence, 14-Blood Brothers,
20-Vaux, 23-Mirah, 24-Dagnelli,
25-The Advantage, 27-Armer
for Sleep... etc. gagaga!



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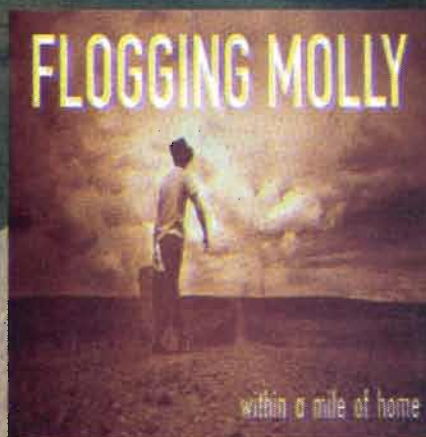
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