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issue #194

SLUG
MAGAZINE

8/12

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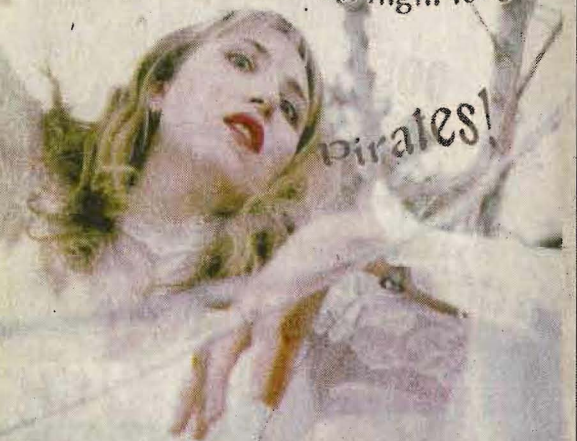
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About the cover: Bob Moss

Bob Moss designed and drew this month's cover in honor of SLUG's 15th Anniversary issue. Bob Moss is an underground folk hero and has released five solo CDs and is about to release his sixth, entitled *Bob Moss Plays Frank Sinatra on His Five String Banjo*. Bob became interested in the Brigham-Young-invented Deseret Alphabet (letters of which appear on the cover) while working at Sam Weller's bookstore in the 80s; it was there he acquired the two mid-1800s primers that contain the alphabet and learned it. Besides music and drawing, Bob Moss makes pottery and wall hangings and paints gourds. Moss appeared in the beatnik pop-culture art book, *Beatsville* (Oubé Gallery Press).

alongside such luminaries as Shag, Pizz, Mark Ryden and Frank Kozik. Check out his CDs on Soundcore Records: www.soundcorerecords.com, and catch his art at the Beeline Tea Room and the Blue Plate Café. Also, don't miss Bob Moss February Gallery Stroll exhibit at Salt Lake Underground Gallery, 351 W. Pierpont Ave Ste. 4B, on Feb. 18, 6-9 p.m.

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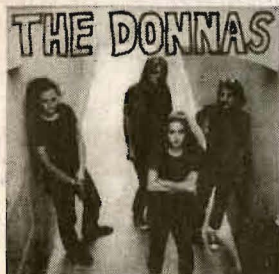
CONTRIBUTOR LIMELIGHT

Nate Martin started out as an intern at SLUG Magazine about three years ago and clawed his way up the magazine's not-so-corporate ladder, stepping on anyone he could and spitting in the face of his underlings until he obtained the lofty position of Reviews Editor. Nate Martin is a trickster miscreant, a "dangerous" potential felon, a dancing maniac and an English Major snob. He's also one of the best damn writers SLUG has ever had and has written three or four cover stories for us and numerous features to date (we've pretty much lost count). Nate enjoys pretentious free-form poetry, art rock, punk, and his old CD store job in his homeland of Wyoming. He hates goth rock and my band.

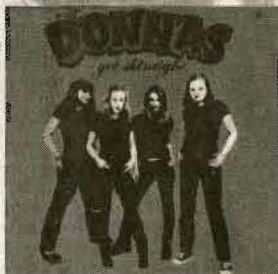
—Rebecca Vernon



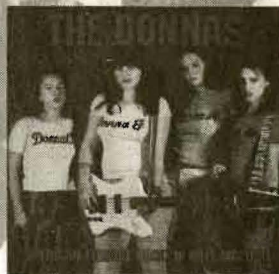
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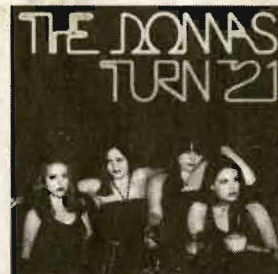
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FEBRUARY - MARCH 2005

DICKHEADS

DEAR

Dear Dickheads,

Just below the surface of the mormon dense fog that shrouds us all, is a Horrifying yet wonderful thing called Horror Punk/rock. although there are no 80 dollar haircuts, Capri pants, bullet belts or mullets, to be found there is something even better.. Monster masks and Fake Blood. Spider, Zombies ,ghouls and fiends O mY!... sweet, dont you think?... and what better place than slug to announce the take over. The "dye" has been cast. The morners rise tonite. all hail the days of ole Misfits..cramps and the Damned, in comes the new, The Abominations, diemonsterdie,Fuse and Left for Dead..We want Blood, and Rock! look out here we come!
-shane diablo worldhorrornetwork.com

Dear Shane,

How right you are; horror punk/rock is worthy of all the praise that can be heaped upon it. Too bad your grammar is so bad that I can barely understand what you're talking about.

Dear Dickheads,

HOW DARE YOU SIR!, sittin up their on your boly tuffet, talking down to me like.. some kinda talkin' downer does..Horror Punk is for the people!!! and by the way.. a "sector seven dungeon master level" is just that, for the Masters! you wouldn't be able to wrap yourself around the spells you require to even face someone as hell bent on destroying you as say, Gorthicon or perhaps Maldore.

You have managed to offend a hole heap of people with your remarks last month! Those that have a low I.Q. (you should have yours checked by he way) The Gothic community, which I hope hunt's you down and gets blood all over your pretty Pink dress. and Nerds, did you not learn anything from the movie?

AND the Gay commuinty as well... and I quote "You fags can play dress up all you want but leave me and anyone who can interest with other people without magic cards out of it." Roy!

and give you a tickle party.. now I know your just using the term "Fags" like da rappa M&M's Doo. but dont.. Horror Punk is for the Fags, the Nerds, the Goths, The D&D masters, the emo, the screamo and everyone else that wishes to be part of us... in this cliky litle town..it's alway's one or the other with you people. Not.this time Horror Punk is gonna give ya 2 slaps across the fuckin mouth ...cause we like ya!
-shane diablo worldhorrornetwork.com

Dear Shane (again),

Sigh. Clique is spelled "clique." Can you have your mother or your English major sister proofread your letters before submitting them? And could you cite the review you're referring to next time? I'd gladly—or, OK, not so gladly—look it up and respond to your letter if you'd just give me a pointer in the fog. And who or what the fuck is Maldore and Gorthicon? Don't pull that D&D, 38-year-old-virgin fantasy shit on me. Watching the unedited version of Lord of the Rings over Christmas break was quite enough, thanks.

Dear Dickheads,

ok your response to the dec issue 04 about the shitty tips in utah was utterly ignorant on your part.you did nothing but ridicule the questioner and didnt even attempt to answer WHY the cheap fucks in sle dont understand how to tip.maybe because everyone in the happy little mormon world is fine at their job they dont seem to feel the need to be compassionate to others like jesus taught. being a server in utah im thankfully in one of the two tourist towns in utah where i dont deal with the mainstream utahn and my tips are extremely well. but after working in sle first, i totally feel the pain of that poor college student trying to earn a living off of the cheap fucks who call themselves mormons in utah. god speed you cheap mormon monkeys.

-anon-

Dear Anonymous,

You cowardly prick. You don't even have the balls to sign your name. How dare you say we only ridicule people who write into us, you mother-raping, ape-fucking son of a bitch. You're probably still working tables at the Training Table at age 32, your first place of employment since age 16, when most people your age are making something out of their life or are at least working at Macaroni Grill. Yes, Mormons are cheap. So are most people. You should see the non-Mormons the world over who would put their best friend through the rinse cycle of a washing machine for a free movie pass. Don't whine to me. If you don't like seeing the stingy side of human nature, get a job where you don't have to depend on people's charity to keep yourself alive—like being a septic tank cleanser. Or get your damn associate's—the one you've been working on for 12 years—move out of your parent's basement, and get a life. And everyone else: Tin 20 percent or go fuck yourself.

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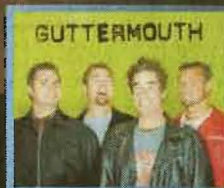


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Menace

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The ADONIS

Sat 12 - Masterbating Hearts

Tues 15 -
Urie Circle

Fri 18 - Gabriel /
John Lamonica / 9
Volt Halo

Sat 19 - The Rubes
/ Thee Elephant
Men

Tues 22 - Vadaath

Fri 25 - SLUG Action Sports Night
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APOSTLE / Glade

Sat 26 - Curtis Jensen Spoken Word
w/ LIVE BANDS



Photo: Dan Gorder

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LOCAL CD REVIEWS

by
**Rebecca
K. Vernon**

Late Night Sleep T.V.

Self-titled

Croakfrog Records

Late Night Sleep T.V. = Gary Numan + *Staring at the Sea* + Blondie + Rope or Bullets + Ladytron
Hot Paul Michael of Downers and Corleones fame is Late Night Sleep T.V., detouring from garage towards dance in this, his solo stuff. Was 80s post-punk with gothfabulous overtones ever this great? Not surprising: one of Paul's favorite bands is Pulp. "Run Don't Walk" is where everything heats up more; poppy but intense basslines pump up reedy synths, ambient static and playful vocals. It may not be 1982 anymore, but after listening to this, you'll wish it were. www.myspace.com/latenightsleeptv

I Am Electric

Thrush

Esoterik Musik

I Am Electric = These Arms are Snakes + Rye Coalition

Featuring former members of Form of Rocket and Pushing up Daisies, I Am Electric is like a dance-oriented Rye Coalition. The prickly guitar parts that sashay over you in all directions, not unlike New Transit's, backed by a strong rock spine, might be more melancholy than Rye Coalition's, but the vocal styles mixed with that guitar are definitely reminiscent. Poetry that's not obnoxious—a major accomplishment—pervades: song titles include "Becoming a Moth," "Emperor Lloyd Moffat is Alive" and "Vulpes Vulpes." www.iamelectric.com

My Band = Danzig +

Deep Purple + Motörhead

This is an awesome album musically; vocals sound like Jimi Hendrix + Lemmy, and the dirty guitarwork is a cross between classic rock and metal. Its major and fatal flaw is that almost every song sounds the same. I mean, *exactly* the same—tempo, chord changes, singing style, soloing, drumbeat. A few songs are slower and the riffs change within a one-to-two note range from track to track, but that's it. My Band could have great potential if they just expanded their songwriting. mybandrock1@aol.com

Twilight Transmissions

Self-titled

Nova One

Twilight Transmissions = 23 Extacy + Philip K. Dick
All-instrumental industrial annihilation brought to you by Chris Alvarado of 23 Extacy is all pleasure, no pain. Calculated repetition saturates the drone with sophistication. Everything on *TT* has been thought out as carefully as a Scrabble championship game, from its production to sound samples to ambient noisescape. Sometimes *Twilight Transmissions* surrounds you with primal swampland; reptilian insects droning in the humid, heavy air. Other times, you're wandering through the set of *Bladerunner*, steely androids clutching complex questions behind every corner. SLUG's Oneamysen designed the CD art. novaoneprod@hotmail.com

Violet Run

Trouver la Mort

Violet Run = The Cure + The Shroud + Love Spirals Downward

Violet Run skirts the fine line between sorrowful sincerity and fancy-pants whininess dangerously, but for the most part, are able to stick to the realm of the earnest. They're a bit over the top, but it's hard not to be when attempting the hot-juice tactic of mirroring the moods of a black heart sonically. Sombre lyrics and vocals build and fall in tempo and intensity with elaborate guitarwork and gorgeous, heartfelt drumming. Sad is the new happy, apparently.

www.violet-run.com —Nate Martin

I Am Electric

PHOTO: RUBY CLAIRE

IPX

Stay Tuned...

Sickboy Records

IPX = Taking Back Sunday + Saves the Day

IPX spin out a golden emo web that catches you in its glossy threads despite yourself. Watertight songwriting and early twenties angst juice up strong chord progressions. Pop-punk spread over emo vocals instantly makes a Popeye out of an Olive Oyl. The interesting time changes, as in "Dook Tak," has the power to captivate even the worst of ADD sufferers. *Sickboy* has been home to The Corleones, The Downers, Love/Misery, and is currently home to Glacial and IPX. Check 'em out: www.sickboyrecords.com, www.ipxrox.com

Royal Bliss

After the Chaos

Air Castle Records

Royal Bliss = Vertical Horizon + P.O.D.

For how many people can't stand Royal Bliss, they sure show up the hatahs with *After the Chaos*. Sure, Royal Bliss come from a surefire mainstream perspective, but how. This album has more catchy hooks than an 18th-century corset. "All in My Head" is packed with solid

songwriting, soaring backups and radio-ready anthems that stick in your head for hours. It's easy to write songs of mass appeal, but it's hard to write good songs of mass appeal. Royal Bliss have the latter down. www.royalbliss.com

Sound Lab

Eat Your Pets

Sound Lab = NIN + The Bad Plus + Cat Stevens

Sound Lab's experimental ambience was passable in the first three tracks, but really picks up in "Toy Box," where toy percussion, discordant, creepy guitar, maggot-mouling clicking sounds and beautiful cello blend together—a perfect soundtrack for falling asleep clutching your dead mother's hand on a rainy Thursday afternoon. Jazz and bleak folk meet in "Loner," and strolling, free-form jazz morphs into naughty disco and intense bullfight guitar in "Fidget." The originality works and everything's well-played. Sound Lab features members of Absinthe and The Wooden Slats.

My Band

Long Long Time

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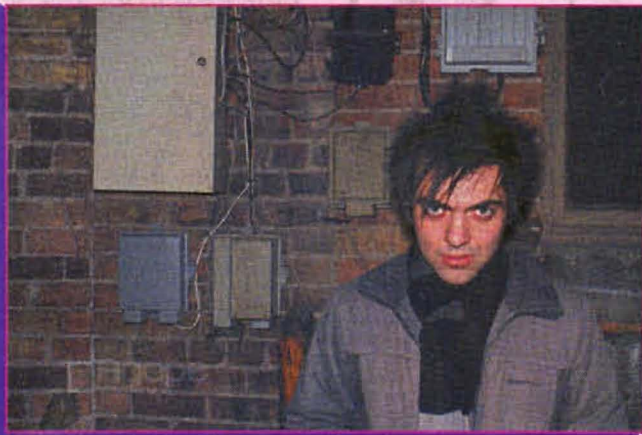
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Localized

By Camilla Taylor
Photos by Russel Daniels

For February, we at SLUG express our deep love for synthesizers. This love can be witnessed the second Friday of February (the 11th) at the *Urban Lounge*, a private club.



Agape

Ryan Powers: Everything plus breakdancing

For strange and unmentionable reasons, Ryan Powers and I met at the opening night of *Club Jaded* one Sunday evening for this interview; Special thanks to Jonathan for his hospitality.

Agape existed for some time as a group or at least a couple, although now there is only Ryan left standing. The bass player, Mike Wright, committed acts unmentionable in a family magazine with a groupie and left the band for fatherhood, leaving Ryan alone to carry on performing music that makes people's teeth hurt. The first time I saw an entire performance, there was so much feedback that my front teeth were throbbing with pain. I related this experience to Ryan, and evidently he ups the amount of feedback and painfully high noises in inverse relation to how much he likes the audience. The night that I saw him play, he liked the audience very much, he says, and so the screeching was kept to a minimum.

Unlike many other local bands I have seen who appear to be showing patience and endurance in the face of unmitigated adversity by standing perfectly still, Ryan moves around like a Ritalin-crazed prepubescent when he performs. He routinely runs in front of his intimidating array of equipment mid-song to perform awe-inspiring breakdancing. He does this, he tells me, because he wants people to dance and because he wants to dance, too. In a way, he is challenging all of us in the room to a dance-battle but sadly, few take him up on the implied offer. The first time you witness this, you will be shocked and potentially a little bit frightened, but soon you'll get used to it simply because it's a pretty awesome thing to see and because it looks like it could be painful and there are few things more fun to watch than the realizable phenomenon of someone hurting themselves.

At some point, all of our beer disappeared and Ryan and I challenged the goths who were milling about the dance floor to goth dance-battles. Pantomiming ripping out your still-beating heart definitely out-gothed even the most undead. After such an eerie evening, something sinister had to happen and as I listened back to the tape I made the night of the interview, I hear nothing besides distorted goth music and incoherent babbling.

Agape will be releasing their new limited edition album at an undisclosed time in March at an undisclosed location. How mysterious.

www.agape-technology.com



Late Night Sleep TV

Paul Burke: Vocals, keyboard, drum sequencer
Bryce Okubo: Vocals, keyboard

Tuesday evening they have pitcher specials for students at the *Desert Edge Pub and Brewery*, so Paul Burke suggested that we meet there after I suggested some beerless coffee shop.

"We've played in my basement, at *Monk's*, and house parties," Paul says. "We've only been together for a month, so we've only performed a few times." Paul had been writing the songs for years without any intention of performing them. They didn't fit well with his former band, *The Downers*, so he waited till now to play them. The name for the band was inspired by *Genesis P. Orridge*, the front man of bizarre bands *Throbbing Gristle* and *Psychic TV*.

Bryce sips in a timorous manner at his beer, and by the end of the night he has only had about half a glass. He explains that he doesn't have the enzyme which metabolizes alcohol, and many other Asians don't, either. I have no idea if this is true or not. Despite having only been together for a month, they already have a demo recorded, and they intend to bring a few of those to *Localized*, in addition to some new stuff. They have the ability to do this because they have a studio in their basement. It's OK to dance to *Late Night Sleep TV*, and they encourage you to do so. The lack of dancing is why they dislike playing in bars and prefer to play house parties and all-ages shows. The fear of losing your beer prevents so many people from dancing. "Watch *Footloose*," Paul exhorts hipsters.

They describe themselves as being "neo-dance pop," but their fan club years from now will describe them as among the first of the New Unusual movement. During this explanation, Bryce gets up to answer the first of many cell-phone calls, each call punctuated with a remark as to how very important this particular call is.

"All the new stuff is going to be me and Bryce," says Paul. "We've started a lot of new tracks. Instead of it just being me working on these songs solo, now it's going to be Bryce helping me out," Paul says. "What I like about *Late Night Sleep TV* is that I don't really strain my voice. It's lower and ... stranger; monotone."

latenightsleeptv@rock.com, www.myspace.com/latenightsleeptv

SLUG MAGAZINE

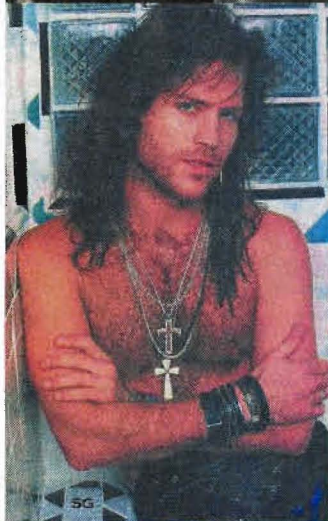
1. What was your first impression and/or encounter with SLUG Magazine?

2. What is your favorite issue, article, or cover story, etc.?

3. What is your Favorite SLUG event?

4. Why does Utah need SLUG? What is the local importance of SLUG?

Boo Brad Wheeler



Bill Frost

SLUG is on the cusp. The big One-Six. Old enough to date. Uh, group-date, that is. Old enough to get into clubs with a fake I.D. and a whole lotta makeup (SLUG is a "she," after all). Old enough to drive. And old enough to drive men insane. Old enough to drink beer in Germany. Old enough to drink beer and hard alcohol in Spain and Italy. And to celebrate, we're putting together a special birthday party (see ad on page 2). Every Sweet 16 party needs guests and here at SLUG, we needed the following guests, faithful supporters and vets of the local music scene. Each answered four burning questions about their memories and impressions of SLUG, which are listed below. Read their equally burning answers which follow. Self-aggrandizement rules.

Bill Frost

Associate Editor, Salt Lake City Weekly and former SLUG hack, 1993-96:

1. I picked up the first issue with Fishbone on the cover at the Speedway Cafe. My impression was, "Not bad, but what this mag really needs is a hot brunette in charge."
2. One issue in the early 90s had Henry Rollins on the cover, and Gianni Ellefsen asked me, "Who the fuck is Henry Rollins?" I said, "Uh, from Black Flag? The Rollins Band? He's sort of a punk icon." Blank stare. Two years later, this guy was running SLUG. The irony never fails to crack me up.
3. Used to be the SLUG Queen Pageant, but you geniuses canceled that. Until you bring it back or establish an annual Helen Wolf Appreciation Weekend, I'll have to go with Localized.
4. Utah needs SLUG because a big chunk of the local culture's underbelly would otherwise be without a voice—in fact, it should be renamed SLUG, *Salt Lake Underbelly*. It's not like you're going to get in-depth skateboarding and bellydancing coverage in a Stepford rag like *Salt Lake Magazine*. Of local importance, I'd like to believe that SLUG will infuse more freethinking people interested in writing into the market, so we won't have to rely completely on talentless hacks like me in the future.

Phil Sherburne

Owner, Kilby Court

1. First encounter with SLUG was when I was in High School. I was a young kid that wanted to get involved, so I was allowed to deliver SLUGs for a while. As a nerdy high-school kid I felt important.
2. Helen Wolf was my favorite. So funny!
3. SLUG's Women in Rock Showcase. Two nights of really cool bands that were primarily made of girls, or guys that seemed like girls.
4. SLUG reaches the audience that all other papers try to reach, but never do. It is a fundamental part of the community, because it reflects the interests of the youth—at least the youth that are interesting anyway. The kids that don't read SLUG are probably pretty boring, but I can't say for sure because I don't know any ...

John Saltas

Founder, City Weekly

1. JR. Ruppel worked for me building ads and laying out our paper (*Private Eye* back then, now *City Weekly*) near the same time he started SLUG. He used our computer and the stuff in our office to put SLUG together for quite some time.
2. I've always liked the sass of SLUG. My favorite columnists were Helen Wolf, Lars, and JR's brother who wrote "Uncle Ezra."
3. Sabbathon.
4. SLUG is another voice and Utah needs more voices. Its role and place in this community cannot be dismissed.

Dan Nailen

Reporter, Arts, Entertainment & Culture Salt Lake Tribune

1. Sixteen years ago. I was a dorky high-school kid in Ogden who spent most weekends coming to Salt Lake City for shows at the *Speedway Cafe* or the *Painted Word*. I can't remember exactly what my first impression was, but it must have been pretty good since I still pick up SLUG every month.
2. The Riverbed Jed cover circa '93 or '94, based solely on the fact that my roommate at the time, the sexy/sweet Michael Hessling, was in the band and she wore my favorite western shirt for the cover photo. I still have a yellowed, deteriorating copy of it somewhere. And "Dear Dickheads" is always worth a chuckle, especially the editor's responses. And it's amusing for "old" guys like me to read letters from people bemoaning the lack of support for local music, just like we complained about it 16 years ago. 10 years ago. five years ago.
3. I got a job working security at the *Speedway* when I moved to Salt Lake City in 1989, and I volunteered to work the first couple of Sabbathons. I still have the T-shirt from Sabbathon '90 tucked in a box somewhere, which brings back many hazy, drunken but fond memories. Sadly, my other SLUG T-shirt from that era fell apart years ago. Like most of the bands.
4. SLUG's importance probably can't be measured, but I'm sure it gives people who often feel disenfranchised in our "pretty great state" the feeling that at least there is a voice out there shouting for them. Congrats on 16 years, SLUG. I know you're not old enough to buy a drink yet, but maybe I can slip you a beer in the parking lot.

Kyrbir

Local Music Vet (Puri-Do, Purrr Bats)

1. My first impression of SLUG was "Oooh, ah," when it first started when I was but a wee lad. Was living down in deepest darkest Utah Valley at the time, and was excited by the idea of a local music paper that covered cool stuff.
2. Favorite issue so far would probably be the *Legendary Pink Dots* issue. There are few mags would have the balls or sense of magic to put those guys on the cover.
3. Favorite SLUG event was when we (Purrr Bats) played Localized with the *Ursula Tree* and *Rope or Bullets*. That was such a fun show to play and I love those other bands.
4. Utah needs SLUG to expose people to things they wouldn't get exposed to otherwise. I'm glad and grateful that SLUG has been branching out and covering all sorts of things and more genres of music—even ones I don't care for.

Ben Dodds

Bassist, Form of Rocket

1. I remember seeing SLUG when it was an all black-and-white mag when I first moved to Salt Lake at Raunch Records around 1993. I just thought that it was cool that there was a local mag that covered punk rock and some bands that I was interested in.
2. I can't remember who wrote it or what the piece was called, but I remember reading a short story that you published by a guy who was contemplating the meaning of a taking a crap.
3. Localized maybe.
4. It's nice to have a magazine in town that covers underground music, locally and nationally. I would suggest that local music take more of a precedent in the magazine.

Dreu Damian

Lead vocalist, Her Candane

1. I don't think I can remember that far back, but I so do remember being "down as James Brown" that someone was putting time and attention into the local scene in a positive way.
2. I love the local spotlights and Localized articles.
3. *Death by Salt ... Localized ... Sabbathon ... etc.*
4. Cuz damn...I can't carry this scene all by myself!

Sweet Sixteen

Jeremy Cardenas

Local Music Vet

(Thunderfist, The Beaumonts, The Pimp Grenade, Poopie D and the SLC Allstars, The Killpatricks)

1. I met Angela Brown in 1998 and asked her about SLUG. She told me to come in and get a few CDs to review. Next thing I knew, I had interviewed the Supersuckers, Danzig and Steve Albini.
2. The one with the Mot'head interview. Lemmy was the coolest guy I have ever talked to in my life! Not only was his interview good, but I got to see my name next to Mot'head.
3. The SLUG Anniversary Parties are off the frickin' hook.
4. SLUG is representative of the seedy underbelly that makes SLC great. Whether it be Localized, Death by Salt, anniversary parties, snowboard events, or whatever, SLUG always finds the coolest local acts to involve.

Alicia Porter

Goth Scene Queen, Local Goth DJ Vet

2. I think it was an interview with The Damned a few years ago, shortly after 9-11. The inset was a comment by Patricia Morrison explaining that they decided to continue their tour because they refused to let the bastards get them down.
3. We had fun at Sabbathon, even though Redemption's backtracks got a bit soggy and they had to play acoustic.
4. It helps encourage a diverse community within the underground, which has become very compartmentalized over the years. SLUG gathers all those factions of the underground together into a stronger whole.

Bad Brad Wheeler

Booker, Brewski's, Local Music Vet

1. Discovering SLUG was like meeting that friend in junior high who showed you how to smoke pot, buy beer underage, and where to find your dad's nasty magazine collection.
 2. The one with T-Model Ford on the cover. That old dude is the epitome of underground music and culture. Punk music is no different then any other music in America in the fact that it comes from the blues just like everything else—jazz, funk, rock and roll, country. I thought the issue with T-Model Ford was not only awesome for exploring these connections between punk and blues but also for acknowledging the efforts of a 70+-year old man who has suffered all his life under brutal conditions of slavery and segregation only to rise above them through the power of music and its ability to transform situations into opportunities of expression and abstract thought. SLUG has always sought deep down inside to recognize art as well as artists no matter who or what they do.
 3. Damn those Old Sabbathons used to really kick it in the ass; those things seemed like they would go on for three days straight.
 4. It's the only place in Utah where you're gonna find a review of the Acid Mothers sitting next to a review of RL Burnside. SLUG allows artists to find their audience, as well as allow listeners to find artists. It has altered the cultural landscape in Utah permanently in a good way.
- I deeply miss Willam Athey's writings and wish he would return to his calling in

life which is to inform, educate, rant and rave about the current state of music in both Utah as well as on the national scene. Athey, if you're out there reading this, please return to your desk, and start writing some shit—we miss you and want you to come back.

Amber Jarvis

Local Music Vet

(Mouthbreather, Ambergris, Optimus Prime, Purr Bats)

1. I first heard about SLUG when I got stoned at JR Ruppel's house.
 2. I've enjoyed playing at SLUG Localized events with Purr Bats and Optimus Prime.
- Also, when I took SLUG's virginity, that was one of my favorite SLUG events.
3. The Mouthbreather issue—because they were so dangerous. There was a big, open mouth on the cover that was black and blue and white.
 4. SLUG is a great way to keep on top of the when and where of my favorite local bands and is a fun and affordable advertising venue for my business, Moxie.

Leia Bell

Local Artist

1. I had just moved to Salt Lake from Tennessee in 1997 and I saw SLUG at a coffeeshop. I was excited to see such a bold underground publication in a seemingly conservative town.
2. The Kilby Court cover story, of course! I love Richard Visick's cartoon versions of Phil and the Kilby dogs (Lucky and Cade)
3. I had a lot of fun at the 13th Anniversary party—I went around taking pictures of the crowd just for fun and drank a bunch of gin & tonics ... I haven't been to many other events because finding a babysitter isn't so easy.
4. Seeing and reading about Utah's counterculture is refreshing when you've just been cut off by an SUV with a Bush/Cheney bumper sticker.

Marguerite Kasale

Owner, Grunts & Postures

1. When I first moved to Salt Lake from Philadelphia 13 years ago, I really didn't know anyone outside of my hippie roommates, and didn't know where to go to listen to music. SLUG was a good place to start.
2. I always look forward to reading Localized and Dear Dickheads, and I miss reading "What's Up With George" ... I have a little routine to the way I read SLUG, and usually the cover stories are usually more like dessert to what I have already read.
3. This is a toss-up between Sabbathon and the release of the Death by Salt CD. Sabbathon is always a lot of fun, and my little boys LOVE it.
4. Utah needs SLUG to let people know what is going on right under their own noses ... SLUG supports local artists and musicians by informing and often inspiring its artful readers on what is interesting and happening in our fair little city. What would we do without the SLUG calendar??!!

Michelle Christiansen

Manager, Blue Boutique

1. Hanging out at Raunch. Young and punk rock, looking for fun.
2. They're all great. How do you pick?
3. The SLUG Queen contest was always entertaining.
4. It's awesome to read about local events and not have it tainted with religious or corporate views.

Leia Bell

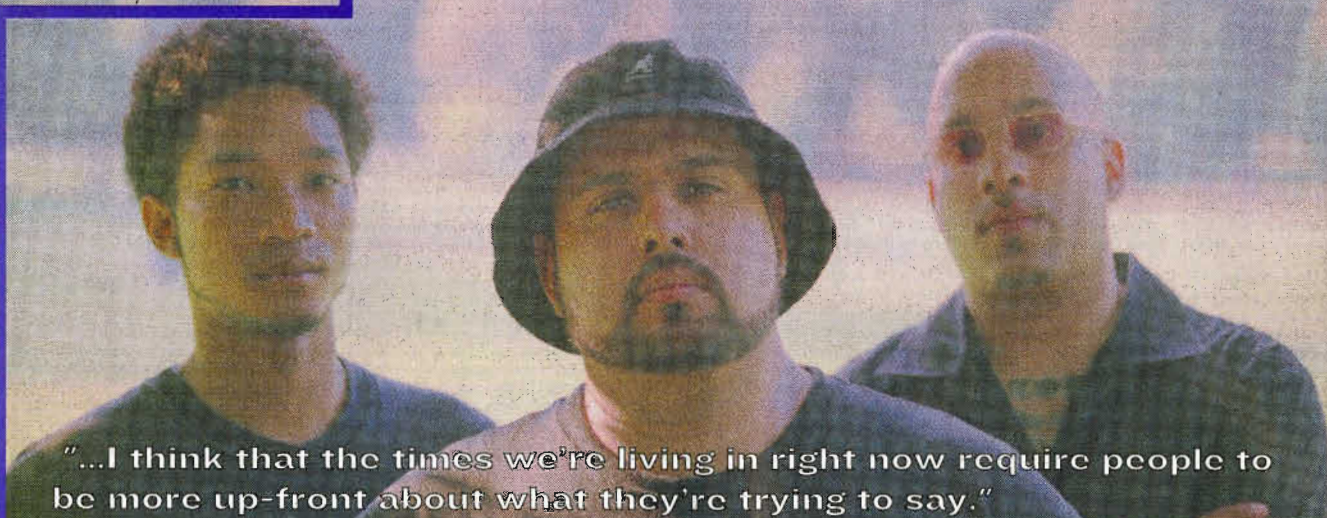
Marguerite Kasale

Phil Sherburne



hip hop intelligence and genre-bending relevance: an interview with dalek

by Nate Martin



"...I think that the times we're living in right now require people to be more up-front about what they're trying to say."

Before kicking off this interview shit I did what any respectable music journalist would do before conducting a hip hop interview—I got hyped and mad fresh listening to Ludacris and Nelly on 92.1 FM. I got Dalek on the phone (the emcee of the NJ group of the same name) and asked him where all the Alize and bitches were on his new album because I couldn't find them.

"You gonna be looking long and hard if you wanna find that shit," he replied. Indeed. *Absence* (Ipecac), the group's third full-length release since 1997 and second on that label, is about as far from radio-hop as you'll find.

We waxed a bit of hip hop history, how and why the genre has changed over time, and I asked him to explain a line from his new song "Culture for Dollars": "If you remember hip hop, nigga 'nuff respect," and why hip hop is something to remember, as if it's a thing of the past.

"For the people who hip hop was their daily butter, rice and beans, the stuff we grew on—those people will know what I mean. I watched hip-hop grow from its infancy to its near-demise to what it is now as a corporate entity. Today's commercialized stuff has more in common with Britney Spears and Christina Aguilera than it does with Public Enemy or KRS-1 or Afrika Bambaataa. So, if you remember hip hop then you remember what it was like when it was the voice of an angry, marginalized, disenfranchised people."

The simple fact of a hip hop act signed to Mike Patton's Ipecac label is something noteworthy in itself, although Dalek seems far from out-of-place alongside Isis, the Melvins and Tomahawk. He says, "The common thread between all the bands on Ipecac is that everyone truly believes in the music that they're making. You don't have anyone on there that's America's Top Model that decided to put a record out—no gimmicks or bullshit products like that. What we have is straight-up musicians."

The most sonically striking aspect of *Absence* is the blatant industrial influence—beats more like metallic friction than anything making you want to smile and shake your tail feather. I asked Dalek about his relationship to industrial music including a recent collaboration with Faust (only available online and in Europe). "I've always been a huge Faust fan. I'm into a lot of the Krautrock stuff because of Afrika Bambaataa and his samples of

Kraftwerk and Can on *Planet Rock*. I think My Bloody Valentine is one of the most influential bands as to why we sound the way we sound. I've just always kept an open ear—I've been a big fan of Sonic Youth, John Zorn (the Naked City stuff). I'm just a big fan of music. There's only two types of music to me—good and bad. I don't waste my time trying to figure out exactly where everything fits."

This open type of attitude is very important to the survival of true hip hop, which is dependant on artists' abilities to twist existing sounds into something their own. Nothing more than a simple drumbeat is needed to make a hip hop track—the creative possibilities beyond that are limitless, yet today's mainstream sounds are more cookie-cutter than ever. Dalek says, "It wasn't until you had MTV and BET telling people, 'this is hip hop. This is how you're supposed to dress and act. If you're not like this then you're not hip hop,' that people became so closed-minded and put up walls around themselves. What you end up with is musical cannibalism. If all you listen to is hip-hop, and hip-hop is a sample-based music, then you're going to be sampling hip-hop. How long can that last?" Every sample on *Absence* is fresh meat. Every sound is perfectly new. Who would have guessed that men holding onto this concept would produce one of the most exciting, innovative and outright ill records of the last decade?

Lyrically, the voice over the madness of the music of *Absence* is intelligent and angry, poetic and inspired—an account of what is wrong with the world when things are very wrong with the world: "Things have always been fucked up but they're more fucked up now than they have been in a long time. Whereas on our other releases the lyrics were more abstract and varied, this one is pretty up in your face. I think that the times we're living in right now require people to be more up-front about what they're trying to say."

Art is a message and a means of conveying it—the more exciting the means, the more potent the message will seem. *Absence* is in stores this month. See what I mean for yourself.

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FEB. 2005

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Sat.Feb.5 Hoodroopone,
Elephante

Tues.Feb.8 Rising Lion *

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Thurs.Feb.10 Sonefed

Fri.Feb.11 SLUG Localized
w/Agape, Late Night Sleep TV

Sat.Feb.12 Tea Leaf Green *

Tues.Feb.15 The Legendary
Shack Shakers *

Wed.Feb.16 Sun Cloud

Thurs.Feb.17 Benefit Concert for

Lilly Fairy w/Elephante, Shave
Deeply, DJ Vortex, Jon E. Hooks

Fri.Feb.18 Mindstate, Da Verse

Sat.Feb.19 Redd Tape, Tolchock
Trlo

Sun.Feb.20 Global Funk *

Tues.Feb.22 Joe Chisolm's Great
Big Thing

Thurs.Feb.24 Tallgunner

Fri.Feb.25 Mr Woople, Shaky
Trade

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PREVIEW OF HOUSE MUSIC FROM AROUND THE WORLD,

During Sundance/Slamdance we were honored to have David Morales (Jan. 25) grace us for the viewing of *"Liquid Vinyl"*, and a performance at the 608 Gallery in Park City. In February, don't miss Jay-J Feb. 12 (*W Lounge*), Deepswing (Eric Wikman), Feb. 19 (*W Lounge*). Also, check out Soulheaven now online www.soulheaven.us or on KRCL 90 (www.krcl.org). nickjames@slugmag.com

To Preview

"No Info"

SLUGmag

(NOTE: Importantly, there are some amazing tracks that sometimes have too much information about them, but are worth mentioning and previewing—two must-have releases: Hott 22 ft. Octahvia's "Ain't No Love" (*Gossip Records*) and Yves Larock's "Zookey" (*Map Dance*)—both wicked tracks due for release this month).

Soul Khula ft. Miss Identity

"Fire" (NNY/Groove Junkies mixes)

Undo/Gossip

After their success with "Saturday Night," the South African artist Soul Khula produces another follow-up hit, "Fire." In a soulful laid-back house style, this number is a perfect track for the beginning of your club night. On the NNY side, this rough-and-tough remix is peak timing with kind regard to the soulful elements of the original. On GJs side, shit ... ain't nothing like the Morehouse boys doing their thing and featuring extra love-action by Solara! Go and order it from your local record store!!! www.gossiprecords.com (Thanks Katie G.)

The Funk Ensemble

"Skunk"

Purple Tracks

From the label that has brought you KOT—"So Alive" (*Purple Tracks*) and the infamous Michelle Weeks "The Light" (*Purple Music*) comes the latest installment of funk and gospel. Produced by Dario Dattis (the man behind Inaya Day's "Freedom" PM026), this Saturday-night church-floor-filler will keep your crowd in an ass-shaken groove. Featuring the vocals of Spensane (from *Soul Power of Basement Boys Records*) and remix duty designated to Jamie Lewis, you cannot miss this record, due for release Jan. 14! www.purplemusic.ch



Tanja Dankner

"Will I Ever"

Purple Music

Originally produced in 2000 by famous TV German/Turkish showman Stefan Raab (www.tvtotal.de), who is known for his composing, acting, producing and TV appearances, this new release from Purple Music is blowin' up the speakers. Now in a downright groovy manner, PM's Jamie Lewis takes this bumpin' lover to a whole new level.

Featuring the vocals of Swiss female artist Tanja Dankner, "Will I Ever" is the latest example of another classic track remixed on Purple Music with style and flair. Due for release Feb. 4th.

M.O.D.

"Cocktail Chant"

Purple Tracks

After much success with their release of "Dance Avec Moi" (*Device Records*) and the more recent recommended remix of "He is the Joy" by Donna Allen (*Soulfulic*), Juan Sunshine and Staffan Thorsell (MOD), are back at it again with their four-piece group, heading production on this funky house release. High-class jazzy groove "Cocktail Chant" is an all-night player. Including club and dub mixes, I say both should be played throughout the night. Due for release Feb. 18—Purple Music continues to release some of the best tracks this year! www.purplemusic.ch

by
Nick
James

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GALLERY STROLL

by Mariah Mann Mellus

Apparatus: Function: noun. Inflected Form(s): plural -tus-es or -tus
Etymology: Latin, from *apparare* to prepare, from *ad-* + *parare* I a. a set of materials or equipment designed for a particular use b. a group of anatomical or cytological parts functioning together c. an instrument or appliance designed for a specific operation
 2. the functional processes by means of which a systematized activity is carried out: as
 a. the machinery of government b. the organization of a political party or an underground movement.

This systematized activity, the underground movement if you will, is also the title of the upcoming print exchange and show spearheaded by local printmakers **Camilla Taylor, Russel Daniels and Trent Call**. I was recently told you have to make money off your art in order to be called an artist (yeah, whatever), so we'll just call them *Print Pushers*!

SLUG: Camilla, when you announced the theme **Apparatus**, what kind of reaction did you receive from the printmakers?

Camilla Taylor: One artist; someone you wouldn't expect, said oh, apparatus, you mean like a dildo, right?

SLUG: Do you think this show will take on a more sexual undertone than some of the past exchanges?

CT: I think *The Citizen*, *Misplaced* and *Decay* shows were all really political; all about politics or death, so I think everyone just wanted to make it about sex now.

Trent Call: It's because that's what we're all after.

CT: I try to think of a theme that allows me to make something depressing; I couldn't do a show on interpersonal cooperation, or fairies.

SLUG: Being that this show is not up yet and most of the work is in a conceptual state, what one word could each of you offer to provide some insight to our readers on what to expect of this show?

Print Pushers: Megalomania, Cranium, Hook, Intensive Dental Reconstructive Surgery, Homo erectus, Imagination and Transformation.

Well, there you have it, come check out the deranged view of 20 of Salt Lake's finest printmakers. *The Apparatus* show is one evening and one evening only! Gallery Stroll night, Feb. 18th from 6-9p.m. @ **Chris Creyt's studio**, 335 W. Pierpont Ave. (240 S.)

Also, check out the newly opened *SaltLakeUnderGround Gallery* at 351 W. Pierpont Ste. 4B, featuring works by **Bob Moss** on display Gallery Stroll night only. For more information, call 801.487.9221



books aloud

Let the Fury Have the Hour:

The Punk Rock Politics of Joe Strummer

By **Antinio D' Ambrosi**

Nation Books

www.nationbooks.org

I still remember turning on the TV after coming home from work to hear that **Joe Strummer** had died. I couldn't believe that he could be gone just like that. I couldn't sleep that night, so I watched the memorial documentaries they played on VH1 all night. Soon after,

The Clash were inducted into the Rock n' Roll Hall of Fame. With all of this talk, I wondered, "How will history remember Joe Strummer?" This book gets to the heart of that question. While attempts to define him are futile, this book avoids that task completely and lets you judge for yourself. From interviews from the early Clash days to **Billy Bragg** and **Chuck D (Public Enemy)** explaining Joe's impact upon them. *Let the Fury Have the Hour* presents Joe the way he was—the rebel, the musician, the poet and the punk. The Clash will live on forever, and it was inevitable that books be written about "the only band that matters" and its members. However, I don't think any one of them has explored Joe Strummer as effectively as this one. —James Orme



Talking Heads: Once In A Lifetime

The Story Behind Every Song

By **Ian Gittins**

Carlton Books

www.carltonbooks.co.uk

To understand one of the most eccentric bands in the history of modern music is a challenging feat. Thanks to brave authors like **Ian Gittins**, I'm beginning to do just that. As the title suggest, *Once In A Lifetime* explores the people, the places, and most interestingly, the stories behind every **Talking Heads** song—79 album tracks and 13 B-sides and rarities, to be exact. It should be noted that this book is not a biography and only contains a brief summary of the band's formation and a frustratingly abridged account of their 1991 break-up. Although highly informative, *Once In A Lifetime's* limitations restrict it to the point of being no more than a supplementary guide for Talking Heads fanatics, whereas for the casual Talking Heads fan, it may be a better idea to start with an in-depth biography first, such as *Fa Fa Fa Fa Fa: The Adventures of Talking Heads in the Twentieth Century*, by David Bowman. With over 80 black-and-white and color photographs and an ample supply of interesting stories, *Once In A Lifetime* will whet the appetites of music geeks and snobs alike, especially those who like to impress each other—and themselves—with trivial and obscure musical facts (you know who you are): i.e., do you know the name of David Byrne's first child? —Ryan Shelton



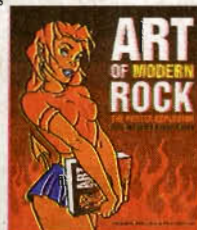
The Art of Modern Rock

By **Paul Grushkin and Dennis King**

Chronicle Books

www.chroniclebooks.com

Guided by the premise that music (at least in the recorded age) and visual art are inextricably linked, *The Art of Modern Rock* provides readers a captivating compendium to the world of poster art. Featuring an array of artists ranging from heavy hitters like **Frank Kozik** to local printmaking chanteuse **Leia Bell**, anyone interested in the overlap of music world politics and DIY visual production can justify the purchase of this pricey coffee-table behemoth. According to the authors, the rise of the CD and digital-music sharing permanently downgraded the role of album cover art. Therefore, these posters serve as both response to that phenomenon and documents of a new, organic form of artistic ingenuity. Yet, as one would expect with such a product, the text takes a back seat. The authors' assertions, as well as the artist's biographies and statements, are too often tucked away in the margins, overshadowed by bold imagery. Despite the sometimes aggravating all-over pastiche of the book's layout, this collection does far more to legitimize this subcultural genre than the archetypal late-night coffeshop bulletin board. —J. Thomas Burch, Esq.





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wasted life

by David Barratt

I love New York hardcore, but I hate the XXL basketball jerseys, track suits and gold chains. I love thick-neck hardcore with gnarly breakdowns, but I'm so bored of bands where the singer slowly yells "muuuthafuuucka!" in his best hard-ass voice right before the mosh part during songs about the mean streets, the crew and shit. That's like, so Biohazard, dude ...

I think the Cro-Mags and Warzone have about five decent songs between the both of them, but trying to act like tough skinheads from New York while simultaneously pushing the Krishna/Christian lifestyle is confusing and annoying (not to mention their overuse of wailing cheesy metal solos).

Why even bother listening to the eight millionth NYHC and that perfectly fits the stereotype of the NYHC band when Wrecking Crew did everything they did but twice as good, even though they weren't even from the Lower East Side?



Wrecking Crew

While the Cro-Mags and Warzone marched full-on into bad metal territory, Wrecking Crew stuck to fast, tough hardcore with totally moshable breakdowns. While a lot of NYHC bands had lyrics of questionable intelligence, Wrecking Crew's were pointed and angry, but well-penned, too.

Hardcore that's thuggish but not moronic sounds like an oxymoron, but Wrecking Crew made it possible. The 1987-1991 semi-discography has their demo, EPs and live songs. Sadly, it does not include their excellent "Balance of Power" LP because Roadrunner Records owns that, but it's still worth having. Or if you'd rather, I can show up at your house with a pile of Hare Krishna leaflets and a baseball bat, muuuthafuuucka! (Bridge 9 Records / 35 Congress St. / Salem, MA / 01970 / www.bridge9.com)



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imposter: one who engages in deception under an assumed name or identity

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SPY HOP PRODUCTIONS

Gitter Trash Gutter

Attrition
Dante's Kitchen
Invisible

Vs.

Amateur God
Around the Corners of Our Minds
Black Rain

Perhaps it isn't a fair fight, but it's on anyway. Attrition's **Martin Bowes** and whatever cohorts he decides to bring along have been making dark electronic music since long before anyone thought up the phrase "dark wave." Amateur God? Really, I haven't a clue. They're from Slovenia and someone wants me to believe that they sound like a **Nine Inch Nails/Bjork** hybrid. But that's not the point. Essentially the two albums are alike; minimal electronics with supplemental instruments for flair and a combination of male and female vocals. Neither are likely to be played in clubs outside of Germany or possibly the occasional daring Goth DJ who's bent on introducing something new. Of the two, Amateur God takes more risks and inevitably falls short more often. Attrition sticks with the sound they've been cultivating for years and succeed in creating a cohesive album. Who wins? Attrition's use of live strings and the more distinct female vocals do, even if Martin has done little to change the gravel of his vocal and the sparseness of the music. So I guess I'll look past the soft-core **Die Form** cover of *Dante's Kitchen* and enjoy it as it bumps along. Although, ideally I'd like to see Martin take on the challenge of creating an album that sounds nothing like those that came before. Attrition will play with **Violet Run** at the *Urban Lounge* Feb. 4th.

The Local Division
Pure Electric Light E.P.
Aeronaut Records

Singer **Ian Christian** and guitarist **Mati** met at a **Mark Gardener (Ride)** show. The only problem was that Ian lived in the UK and Mati was from Los Angeles. Regardless, they've released this rather interesting EP. The first two

tracks lift the early heavy strumming from the **Bunnymen's Will Sergeant** and marry them to **The Stone Roses** and it works rather well. It is, however, the following two tracks that really catch my attention. Take that bounce that kept the first **Interpol** album rolling forward underneath the thick atmosphere and give it a more conventional vocal (yes I realize that, in a strange way, takes as much away from the sound as it might add), and you've got a fair idea of what **The Local Division** sounds like. Hopefully the distance won't keep them from releasing a proper full-length.

yourcodenameis:milo
All Roads to Fault E.P.
Beggars Banquet

You can now officially add **My Bloody Valentine** to the list of over-used (and more often than not misused) stack of vernacular that lazy journalists are spewing out these days in an attempt at teasing the world into believing that soon we'll stop waiting for **Kevin Shields** to quit teasing with collaborations and soundtracks because we'll have (insert band name here). Oh well, such is the risk you run when you actually read the press sheets. Despite the initial disappointment, it must be said that **ycni:m** have in fact taken the same formula that the last **The Used** seemed to be stretching for... only **The Used** failed and **ycni:m** didn't. Where **The Used** sold their black soul for a more accessible sugar-punk radio sound, losing most of their venom in the process, **ycni:m** aim for the trophy of British **Fugazi** (no, they aren't that good yet): let the pretense lay, the music should speak for itself. Does it work? I suppose so. I did after all listen to the whole thing a few times over even though I was, and forever will be, reminded that I'm still waiting for that **Kevin Shields** album.

By **Ryan Michael Painter**

Patrick Wolf
Wind in the Wires
Tomlab

One moment you're visiting the exotic world of **Marc Almond's** cabaret, the next you're **The Divine Comedy** channeling **Morrissey** at a piano bar, then you're somewhere else and nowhere the same. There are acoustic guitars, strings, electronic grooves, beats and a whole heap of dramatics. Most artists would be content on establishing one sound and pushing it to the point of exhaustion before trying anything new. Patrick Wolf apparently has a small attention span. Fortunately, he has the talent to keep it, for the most part, interesting. Sure, it slows a bit towards the middle and the electroclash that bursts out of "Jacobs Ladder" into "Tristan" seems completely out of place, but overall the album works when it really has no right doing so. This is what I wanted **Rufus Wainwright** to sound like—Patrick Wolf would be worth all that hype.

modus operandi

by amy spencer oneamysseven@kommandzero.net

If you are anything like me, you plan your vacations around concerts and festivals. As I was debating which "vacation" would best suit me this year, I decided to make a list and share it for your nomadic benefit. February 12-13, the first festival for **Decibelio**, takes place in Madrid, Spain. The fest includes **Needle Sharing**, **Squaremeter**, **Proyecto Mirage** and more. **Hands Records** showcase their labeled artists at **Form of Hands**, April 29-30 in Zweckel, Germany. **Wave Gotik Treffen**, the largest of the festivals, mixes gothic and industrial for four days in Leipzig, Germany (May 13-16). If you don't have a passport, August 12-14 is the weekend to spend in Rhode Island for the **Providence Noise Festival**—the largest industrial festival in the U.S. with acts like **Terrorfakt**, **Displacer** and even **Lapsed** this year. **Saturation Bombing III** is set to take place over Labor Day weekend this year in Toronto, Canada. Last year was fantastic and I tentatively plan to go again. Finally, the famous **Maschinenfest** in Germany takes place the first weekend in October. More festivals and events will pop up as time goes on, but for now, it's time to pencil-in and plan. One could spend a fortune traveling for festivals in addition to traveling for the tours that don't make it to Salt Lake.

Special Event for February: **NekROLLmantik**, a gothic and industrial skating event, is getting down on Sunday, Feb. 13 from 6-9 p.m. at the Skatin' Station (212 W. 1300 S.). You surely won't want to miss this.

RA RAOUL LOVES YOU CORE DUMP RECORDS

You wanna know how much Raoul loves you? Just listen to this and you will be instantly smitten and begging to have Ra's babies. The French artist Raoul Sinier is already known for his illustrations and movies—add to that his chopped-up, tripped-out masterpiece and you'll be hooked. Hints of hip-hop and noisy scratchy sounds run rampant throughout the 16 tracks. Groovy bass scrapes and smashes to begin the love profession of Raoul. "Ev.Panic" takes beautifully distorted, cut-up vocals mixed with funky piano to make it a favorite. "Love to Fall Apparts [sic]" drops the tempo with a steady bassline and slowed-down male moaning for vocals, all with a bit of jazz saxophone added in. Other favorites include the chocolatey, addictive "Fudge Brownie Brain," the brutally blended melodies of "violent badger" and the rearranged vocal treat on "Petit Gilet." With so much new music getting buried under the clutter, Ra offers a garden-fresh sound that will continue to gain notoriety for a long time. Who would have guessed a Salt Lake-based label put this out? **Core Dump Records**, amongst other local talent, gives me faith that this city has got it goin' on, yo.

POWDER PUSSY SIX WAYS FROM SUNDAY PFLICHTKAUF

"This is a pussy blowout!" The collaborative efforts of **Ah-Cama Sotz** and **This Morn' Omina** is as impressive as the solo work from their individual projects. **Six Ways from Sunday** is where Pow[d]er Pussy converts anybody reluctant to listen to rhythm noise into a devoted fan. Twelve tracks of accessible beats, minimal vocals and sampling and blistering, pounding bass makes a good alternative to coffee. "Cryogenicpussylover" has been noted on many DJs' playlists (not just in industrial clubs, either). It starts with a man yelling out the different types of pussy cat-calls and instantly reminds me of **Lords of Acid's** "Rough Sex"—but better. Mika's (This Morn' Omina) tribal beats stand out at some points alternating with Herman's (Ah-Cama Sotz) rolling rhythms, but always merge back to the pussy for original explosions. **Six Ways from Sunday** is an album that fits every mood, from background music at work to pounding on the headphones when you want to go on a power-walk.



COMBICHRIST SEX, DROGEN UND INDUSTRIAL OUT OF LINE

Andy Lapuega (Icon of Coil) had to balance out the deliciously happy pop music at some point. With **Combichrist**, he takes on harsh rhythms like he would take on his worst enemy. The EP starts with "Blut Royal," a blood bath of pounding beats sans vocals. The assault continues in the style of **Aslan Faction** and **Suicide Commando** on "Tractor" and the previously unreleased "Anatomy" and "Sex, Drogen Und Industrial." I think there is something wrong with my CD—I have three versions of this song and there are only two listed.

The first seems to be the original and it is just yummy. Excited for the remix, I am quickly disappointed by what is labeled as the "Soman Remix"—but I don't think this is **Soman**. Instead of the robotic, programmed vocals chanting, "Sex, Drogen Und Industri"—a phone-sex operator says in her breathy, dirty voice, "Sex...Drugs...and Industrial." It's really trashy! The remix is great, but the cheesiness nearly destroys it. The following, unlisted remix (Soman?) is where it's at. Good stuff. Once again, I faced my pet peeve of 61 four-second tracks just so they can get to track 69 for that hidden track from a live show. This EP really is killer, and is just a warm-up for **Everybody Hates You**—out in March.

SEGEANT SAWTOOTH MESCALINE WWW.NEGATIVE3.COM

Here is a musician who knows how to shake up industrial stereotypes and rearrange familiar electronic sounds with a fresh approach. **Sergeant Sawtooth** is the latest project of **Rob Robinson**, who is known for his work with **Kevorkian Death Cycle** and **Böl**. **Mescaline** skillfully bridges glitchy textures, ambient drones and clicky electronics into a cohesive work. Crackling and strings set the tone on "Psilocybin 1" then melt into static sweeps on "Soma." With each track, your mind is taken on a trip though abrasive snaps and delicate movements. The last thing I expected to hear on **Mescaline** was vocals, but after listening to the robotic lyrics of "Years," I am convinced that it's a crucial element contributing to the diversity and emotional impact he makes. "Mescaline" is a favorite with its flowing synths and stripped-down crunchy hits. A synthpop remix of "Years (SubImage flies out of Butte, MT mix)" by **SubImage** seems unusual, yet comes as no surprise as not one genre can be identified. Add to that two more remixes with funny titles and you have completed a journey that is fit to be a soundtrack for a beautiful film with complementary visuals.

THE BUTCHER'S BLOCK

BLACK METAL REVIEWS BY THE BUTCHER HIMSELF

Carpathian Forest

We're Going to Hollywood for This DVD

Seasons of Mist

Carpathian Forest = Satyricon + Dark Throne + Bethlehem + Dissection

From Norway, Carpathian Forest play black metal. Not interested yet? What about seeing them live? Still not interested? What about the nude dancers they have come out on stage during every show? I knew it- you perverts. Keep reading. Don't sell this band short, because this is in my opinion (which is fact, of course) the BEST black metal band ever. Yes, you read that right. Fast, despondent, dark- the way it should be. Now, you get to see it all on DVD. This is a loaded disc, featuring lengthy live concerts, interviews, videos and loads of bonus features. Not only is their music worth it, this dvd is worth it. It's not often black metal bands let people peer into their lives like this, so take advantage while you can.

Mortician

Re-Animated Dead Flesh

Mortician Records

Mortician = Do you really need this? Okay- Cannibal Corpse + Napalm Death + Incantation

The seventh album from the Relapse Records-professed "World's Heaviest Band" is unleashed upon the world! Imagine tuning your guitar so low it sounds like a low-tuned bass, and your bass tuning is so low, you can barely hear the fuzz from the distortion. Now turn that drum machine up to almost full speed, and you've got Mortician. Oh, and did I mention the lowest, most "throaty" vocals ever? These guys are proof that you don't need change to be successful. Just keep doing what you do, and be the best at it. This album is crushingly heavy, and of course includes all of the trademark gore lyrics and horror movie samples you have come to



Carpathian Forest

expect. A brutal and savage piece of death metal, not for the timid. Just turn this up and watch all the Cradle kids and progressive metal fans run screaming...

God Dethroned

Lair of the White Worm
Metal Blade

God Dethroned = Behemoth + Krisiun + Hate Eternal + Seance

From the Netherlands, God Dethroned have been at it for over ten years now. Their first album, *Christhunt*, was released if I remember correctly in 1992, and received some minimal praise in the newly burgeoning death metal underground, but that was about it. The band called it quits, but here they are, back with their sixth album, on the "prestigious" Metal Blade Records, no less. There's nothing especially new happening, but the technicality and precision are there, but not too overbearing- it's still very quick and very punishing to listen to. The beginning track "Nihilism" will grab you and pull you in before you know what's happening, and you won't be released until the end. This is yet another good example of heavy Dutch death metal, brutal and uncompromising, as death metal so often is.

Children of Bodom

Trashed, + Lost and Strung Out

Century Media Records

Children of Bodom = Blood Stained Child, Slayer, Nevermore, Dimmu Borgir
There's no denying how popular this band has become. These sissies are so popular now, I'm probably transgressing some dark code of death metal that I've forgotten by even having them in this section... This ep marks the fifth release and it sounds exactly like their previous efforts- a definite sign that they know they have hit a good thing. There are two new tracks, and two covers (Alice Cooper, Andrew W.K. [who?]) I never thought that there would be a band associated with death metal that would wear fishnet shirts and eyeliner, or that I would see girls squealing at them as if a pre-pedophile Michael Jackson was in the band photo! I never thought to see a band associated with death metal that also... Wait, there's nothing death metal about these guys... Could it be the group Europe, back for a second try? Or could it be...

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WITH THE RALPH DUFFY ORCHESTRA

FEB. 27TH. BURTS*

FEB. 28TH ABO'S *
(IN PROGRESS)



A PRIVATE CLUB

ALL SYSTEMS FAIL

TALK Violence.

Vegetarianism, Vindication

By The BUTCHER



In a world of people that think a bowl cut and a wardrobe from Hot Topic is what punk is all about, the true essence of what the punk movement originally set out to achieve has been lost. Or has it? Not according to Salt Lake City's hardcore punkerust entity **All Systems Fail**. SLUG talked to **Travis** (bass, vocals), **Jorge** (vocals), **Dave** (guitars, vocals), **Keisuke** (guitars) and **Rich** (drums) for this exclusive SLUG Magazine interview.

SLUG: First, give me a brief history of ASF. When did the band form?

Travis: We've been playing for a while ...

Rich: We've been together for two years now.

Dave: Travis and I started playing, then we found Jorge a couple months after that and Keisuke a couple months ago.

SLUG: Can you tell me some of the bands you guys play in/have played in?

Dave: Travis' old bands **N.S.C.** and **We All Fall Down** were as good as any punk band I've heard, and Rich's old band **Aus Rotten** is legendary!

Dave: Me and Keisuke were in a grindcore band when we went to SUU. We only played a couple shows; it was called **Abomination**.

Travis: Jorge has played in a few bands down in Mexico.

SLUG: Let's talk about your inspirations—bands, things that piss you off?

Dave: Definitely the **Crass Records** bands **Nausea**...

Rich: The UK punk.

Travis: Finnish and Swedish hardcore and **Nausea**.

Dave: Obviously the Bush Administration makes us mad ...

SLUG: What about the current state of the world? Bush has been reelected, we're at war, probably targeting Iran next and so on...

Dave: As much as the Bush Administration is full of shit, would it have been any different with Kerry? It seems like anyone who runs for president has got to be enough of a puppet for Pepsi, Coke and Wal-Mart. We definitely wanted to see Bush defeated, but Kerry's just the lesser of two evils. I would say it's entirely possible that the election was fixed. The Diebold Company that supplied the voting machines are staunch Republicans.

Travis: I think America will fall apart before we can do too much damage. We don't have the money anymore or the moral superiority that we always say we have. People will have to live without a TV in every room, a hundred thousand-square foot house in the hills ...

Dave: A Hummer with gold wheels ... (laughter). Sooner or later, we're gonna have to live like the rest of the world.

Rich: I think the rest of the world is catching up to us.

SLUG: Do you feel punk is dead?

Dave: No!

Travis: I don't know, I think in the states to some degree.

Rich: It's not dead. It's really big here in Utah if you're into bands like **Anti-Flag**, **Suicide Machine**, etc. Go to a show and there's a

hundred kids there, but if you go to see a DIY band from another country that's playing, you can't get 30 kids to come out.

Travis: Back in the 80s a lot of bands played together and everybody enjoyed the music and the shows. I know bands now that would be horrified if they got called "punk"!

SLUG: So do you think kids these days can learn about what punk really is?

Rich: Maybe not all of them, but if we played a show the size of **AFI** and 10 kids walked away liking it, I'd enjoy it even more, because of what we introduced them to.

SLUG: So what about straight-edgers and militant vegans?

Dave: We agree with their views on animal rights.

Rich: I don't think there's anything wrong with the propaganda, but if you're gonna beat someone up for it, that's wrong. I've been vegetarian for 18 years, but I wouldn't beat anyone up for it.

Travis: I think we all support that, without the violence.

SLUG: What are the plans for the future for All Systems Fail? Ozzfest, maybe?

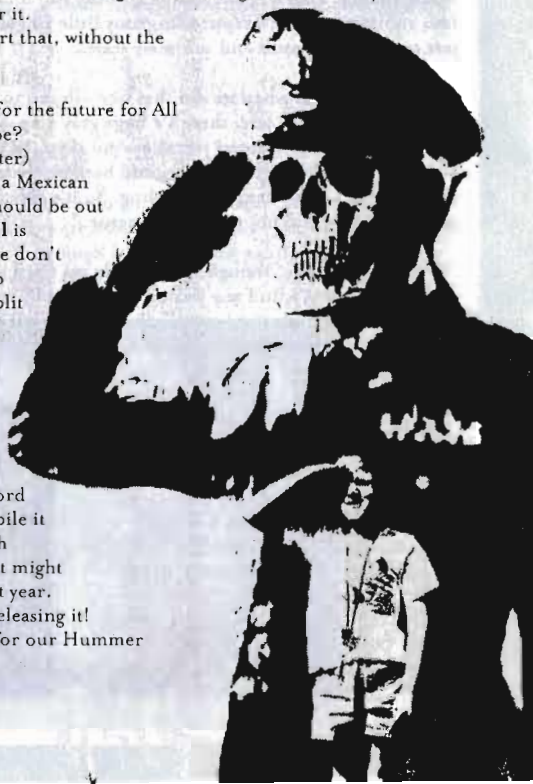
Everyone: Ozzfest? (Laughter)

Jorge: I'm releasing a 7" by a Mexican band called **Fantasma**, it should be out in January. **All Systems Fail** is recording in January, but we don't know what we're going to do with those songs; maybe a split 7".

Rich: Then we're going to Europe in May with a band from Pittsburgh that has former members of my old band **Aus Rotten**. We'll be doing 17 shows.

Travis: Eventually we'll record enough stuff that we'll compile it all onto a CD; make it worth people's money to buy. That might end up happening later next year.

Dave: Yeah, we'll keep re-releasing it! How else are we gonna pay for our Hummer with the gold wheels?



Making your Punk Scene a Parisian Monument: An Interview w/ The Plot to Blow Up the Eiffel Tower

By Nate Martin

*We bared our teeth through lipstick smears
And clenched our fists like a gang of queers
When they arched their backs and threw us hisses
We touched ourselves and blew them kisses ...*

"I just remember getting to the Lo-Fi Café and seeing a lot of tough dudes around and two boring tough dude bands playing and then getting on and doing what we usually do, which is spazz out and throw spit around. [Lead singer] Brandon [Welchez] provokes the crowd, usually in a sexy, weird, gross but awesome way. Some of those guys didn't take too well to it. We finished the set and I packed up my guitar and Brandon came up to me real close and said, 'We're gonna die. Do you have my back?' I said 'Yeah, of course.' And then right as we got offstage, four or five guys came over and got in Brandon's face and backed him into a corner."

This was an account given to me by guitarist Chuck Rowell of the first show The Plot to Blow Up the Eiffel Tower ever played in Salt Lake. I was at the show—it was great. Four scrawny art school kids from San Diego taunting, sneering and spitting at a crowd comprised mostly of thuggish, burly hardcore kids—there to see the opening act—and playing tunes from their debut full-length, *Dissertation, Honey* (2004), the album to which they account for the words "jazz punk" emblazoned on their bony, white asses.

Their second LP, *Love in the Fascist Brothel*, comes out this month on *ThreeOneG/Revelation*. It might not be what you've been expecting.

Dissertation was like nothing you'd heard (except for maybe *The Minutemen*... kind of—like I said, nothing you'd heard). It was fast, snotty punk that wrapped its grimy little fingers around free-jazz saxophone sounds and untimely scales.

"It was easy for us, when we did that first album, to replicate jazz," says Chuck. "In free jazz, there's a huge gray area—you're either super good or you're super terrible. And if you're super terrible it kind of sounds like you're super good because there's no professionalism. It's just what you're feeling. So it's easy for us to be skronking away and not making any sense."

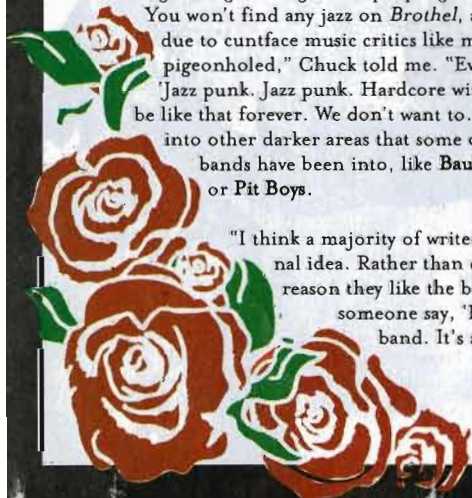
Things change, though, and people get tired of the old ways. You won't find any jazz on *Brothel*, and credit is largely due to cuntface music critics like myself. "We were totally pigeonholed," Chuck told me. "Every interview was like, 'Jazz punk. Jazz punk. Hardcore with... jazz!' We couldn't be like that forever. We don't want to. We wanted to move into other darker areas that some of our other favorite bands have been into, like *Bauhaus* or *Birthday Party* or *Pit Boys*."

"I think a majority of writers don't have an original idea. Rather than developing the real reason they like the band, they just hear someone say, 'Hey, check out this band. It's a jazz-punk band.'"

Punk and jazz. Check it out.' It's the accepted term—"This is jazz punk. This is what it is." There is absolutely no jazz on the new album. There's a saxophone that sounds really weird and it leads the songs sometimes, but no jazz. I still see it in the CD reviews we've gotten for the new album, though."



I asked Chuck if *Brothel* was a big Fuck You to those guilty of christening them the American jazz-punk all-star band. "That's exactly what it is. The whole thing about the whole album was supposed to be a, 'Take a look at how the punk scene is and take a look at how the political climate is.' It was supposed to be shocking and a complete departure from anything we've done. We were on the road six months out of last year and we played lots of shows where we would go balls-out and, whether we were wearing Nazi uniforms or not, kids would run for the hills. They would back up and get offended and then we'd hear about it in e-mails, on message boards—'You can't do this,' 'You can't do that,' 'Why do they do that?' 'Fuck them.' This album is a backlash. And I think it's because people saw us completely different with *Dissertation*—they saw smiley guys who wanted to meld jazz and punk and be cool and jam. It's not that way anymore."



*You can mark us as heretic prize
You can glare at us in despise
You can scowl our way while crucified
We'll only laugh and spit in your eye...*

"The tough dudes were yelling at Brandon to go outside and saying how they were going to kill him and Brandon was kind of being witty but ultimately scared shitless," says Chuck. "Then one of them swung and hit our drummer Brian in the face and he fell down and covered his head. A fight broke out that had nothing to do with our argument, which was really weird. It was just a lot of people in one little area up by the merch tables. Luckily [Lo-Fi manager] Jimmy [the Tooth] and some of the bouncers broke it up and divided everybody and we had to sit behind the merch tables for the rest of the night."

True originality only comes from living naked in an empty box with no windows. Only then are you free from the outside influences you unconsciously imitate. Fortunately, something resembling true originality appears when one views the ways of the present world as stagnant, dishonest and naïve. People become angry. People want something new. People scream until they're heard. This is the sort of thing that happened in the late 70s when punk rock's first absurd buds began to blossom—it was a complete departure from *anything* (for all intents and purposes) that had been done before. This sort of thing is happening now.



Chuck and I spoke of this, and he stressed that those goddamned kids these days have points of reference too close to the present ("A lot of kids are holding up a band like *Orchid* like it's their *Sex Pistols*"). I said it's better to have no point of reference and fuck imitation and idol worship, and a bunch of other pretentious, stupid shit like I always say, and he said, "I do understand that but I think that kids not knowing that there were these other bands around that had that same spirit and vigor is a bummer. Bands, when they start, should set out to destroy everything that came before and ignore it. But with three decades [of punk music], you can't ignore it. And you should definitely know about it and listen to it. *Crass* did stuff that has still never been done or outdone. Kids should see and understand that and listen to it more because they had a lot of great things to say and they did a lot of crazy things with their music, not even just what *Steve Ignorant* was ranting on about."

Says Chuck, "The problem with punk and hardcore these days is that it's just bands repeating the same album over and over, and every review is like, 'Great hardcore! Great hardcore! Once again, another great hardcore record!' Bands aren't treating every album as a cornerstone in the lineage of their band. They're treating it like, 'Dude, let's go in and record some more tracks. We've been writing the same song now for like, five years.' But kids like it. Kids like when bands scream and have their breakdowns and then there's the quiet parts and then they get loud again. I just think that 95 percent of the bands in the punk and hardcore scene just repeat the same album over and over. Unfortunately the kids are OK with it and it just keeps going on and on. Someone develops a sound and it gets repeated and you get down to the lowest common denominator and that's all anyone wants to do is play that same sound over and over and over."

*Last time these Mormons tried to kill us
We made it out with the wit of our jokes
Last time these Mormons tried to kill us
We made it out by the spit in our throats. (SLC Hunks)*

"The show kind of went the way we wanted it to go," says Chuck. "We want to provoke people. We don't want to get hurt, but there's an achievement in provoking somebody so much that they can't just lay back and laugh at us for being as silly as we act sometimes. At the time of it, though, we were scared."

"It's a bummer that we could've all gotten beat up or our van destroyed or something, but at the same time that was crazy—it was awesome! We totally escaped this fucked-up situation and provoked them the way we wanted to. We provoked the right people because they're the people we don't even want to like us. It's the same way when our tires get slashed or when we get shit thrown at us. We give the crowd what they give us. Most of our West Coast shows are love-fests. Kids are onstage dancing and singing along. We don't say, 'Fuck you we hate your city.' We embrace that. Clothes get taken off and fun happens. But when we play and there's a negative reaction or there's no reaction, rather than going about it as if nothing happened we're going to make something out of it."

Love in the Fascist Brothel is in stores this month. It includes the track "SLC Hunks." xoxoxox



JUNK CITY

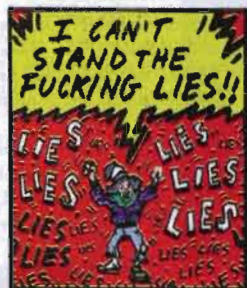


#1

Tales from the beehive...



Christmas left the city of salt with a shrug of GOOD riddance.



We all returned to the COLD, blessed hum of ZION.



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by Jason Jones

CD REVIEWS

Acheron

Rebirth: Metamorphosing into Godhood

Black Lotus

Acheron = Incantation + Rotting Christ + Necromantia

Disbanded for years now, the title of this album spells it out—Acheron is back! Lead vocalist/bassist Vincent Crowley lends credibility to the bands' "Laveyan" Satanic lyrics, as he was at one time a high priest of The Church of Satan. Add to that the pummeling, mid-paced death metal the band is known for (and the brutal cover art of a nude woman giving birth to a devil baby, surrounded by Satanists), and you've got the perfect Satanic metal package. Some of the keyboard and female vocal effects are still present on the tracks "Xomaly" and "The Kindred," though they're not as prevalent as the original versions heard on the band's first new release, 2003's *Xomaly* EP. It seems the band is focusing more on sheer brutality now, which is a good thing. —*The BUTCHER*

Ammi

Laodicea

Common Cloud Records

Ammi = The Fold + Chin Up Chin Up + Interpol

Well-meaning and well ... nice. I suppose that if so many bands today weren't peddling this kind of aiming-for-the-prettiest pretty music, I'd be more impressed with Ammi. See, the guitars are sparse and spacious. The drums range from softness to frustration and are creatively tight. The vocals and lyrics are poetic and ... um ... (dammit) pretty. PRETTY!!! There just isn't enough of an edge here. But at the same time, it totally doesn't manage to suck. I guess this album is kind of like your fourth favorite hoodie that you only wear on laundry day. And it's not like you're embarrassed to be seen in it, but it's not like you'd wear it on a big weekend night out, either. —*Jesus Harold*

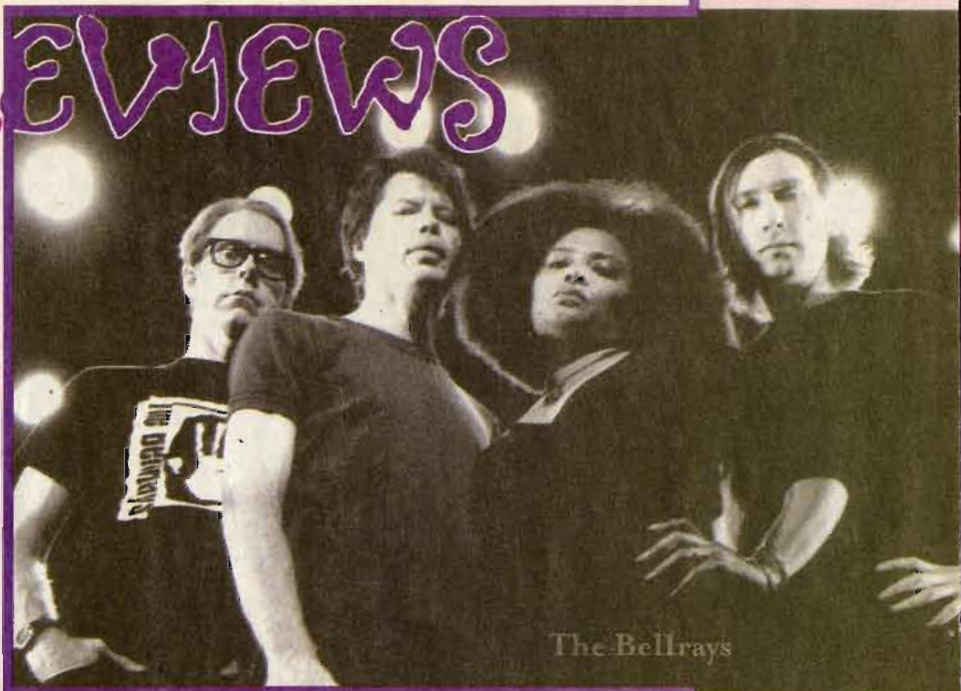
Antler

Self-Titled

Tortuga

Antler = Drive-By Truckers — originality

The best thing I can say about this album is that it doesn't suck—well, not entirely. Their chops are all right; the production is decent; I don't have any qualms about a "southern rock" band coming from Boston; however, something is missing ... integrity, perhaps? I guess the members of Antler used to play in metal bands until they decided to be carpet-baggers and gravitate the success of such critical darlings



as the Drive-By Truckers. A few metal licks can still be heard, and the lyrics of the good-love-gone-bad, bad-love-gone-good songs are uniformly atrocious and sometimes sung in metal vocè. When I was in college in the South there was a restaurant called Biscuit King that was a front for drugs. So we called it "Biscuit Crank." Antler should have saved us all the trouble and called themselves "Crankers of Leon-North." I'd rather listen to the Dixie Dregs any day. —*MC Welk*

Asunder

A Clarion Call

Life is Abuse

Asunder = Bathory + Cathedral

Asunder, from Oakland, Calif., thankfully know that being nerdishly techy doesn't necessarily have no place in sludge/doom metal; but it's always secondary to doom's royal spells of gloom, the superiority of decay and the triumph of death. Asunder pick up where Cathedral's old-school doom leaves off. *A Clarion Call* was recorded by Billy Anderson (Melvins, Sleep, EyeHateGod, High on Fire, Cathedral, Fantömas, Bottom, Acid King, Alabama Thunderpussy, etc. etc.) and you can tell. Three crushing tracks, each over 12 minutes long, sound like they were recorded in a huge warehouse ... or the searing-hot belly of Mount Doom!! The tracks are interwoven with cello, cranium-smashing drums, snarling guitars and what sounds like at least five basses (there are, actually, two). Viking tones pervade in the epic chord structure dirges and sub-level chanting, but do not overwhelm. First *Unpersons*, now Asunder. *Life is Abuse* may be my new favorite record label. www.lifeisabuse.com

—*Rebecca Vernon*

Aya

Strange Flower

Naked Music

Aya = India Arie + Blue Six

Strange Flower was born at the intersection of "rare talent, personal vision and artistic freedom," and how true is that? British-born singer/songwriter Aya teams up with Naked Music NYC guru Jay Denes (a.k.a. Blue Six) for another epic release that will forever imprint our memory of music and culture. Having exposure to such music as Chinese opera, Nick Drake and Patrice Rushen at an early age, this album is Aya's journey and experience exactly as she envisioned it. Being the voice of the classic hit "Sweeter Love" (featured on Blue Six's *Beautiful Tomorrow*), Aya has worked with Lenny Kravitz and Stuart Matthewman (Sade guitarist). From the neo-soul of "Slippin'" to the funky "Uptown" and the passionate "Sean," Aya knows style, sounds and some great tunes. www.naked-music.com

—*Nick James*

The Bellrays

Red, White & Black

Alternative Tentacles/

Vital Gesture Records

The Bellrays = MC5 +

Ike & Tina + Big

Brother & the Holding Company + The Saints

If you've ever wondered why there are all these punk bands playing soul now, blame The Bellrays. This powerhouse has been going for over 10 years and just gets better with every subsequent release. Singer Lisa Kekaula has vocal chords to rival even the best gospel shouters and guitarist Tony Fate definitely subscribes to the Stooges school of crank-your-guitars-to-11. It might be of note that when I first heard The Bellrays ("Fire On the Moon," from 2000's *Grand Fury*), that I thought it might be some long-lost recording of Aretha fronting Black Flag. While I admit that that particular concoction might sound a bit unlikely, this is the real deal. There is no contrived Jet-style posturing here whatsoever. Just pure and simple rock n' roll. —*Jared Soper*

CD REVIEWS

Blanket Music

Cultural Norms

Hush Records

Blanket Music = Belle and Sebastian + Donovan + Motown

Portland's Blanket Music must be huge Belle and Sebastian fans. In fact, while listening to their album, at times, it's hard not to mistake them for Belle and Sebastian, with singer Chad Crouch sounding creepily similar to Stuart Murdoch. Their songs are gently sweeping lullabies with intelligent and interesting lyrics; songs about dollar stores, gay marriage, obesity, filesharing, Iraq and their dissatisfaction with an anonymous critic in a witty, biting gentle tone ("You Shouldn't Have Said That"). However, the album falls a little flat because it meanders along at the same mediocre pace throughout; Blanket Music haven't yet acquired the variety that Belle and Sebastian put forth in their albums. Cultural Norms is eclectic, harnessing sounds of Motown, soul and baroque pop, and is a nice little cosy album to curl up to, but it starts to get repetitive. The lyrics are great, but the music might make you a little drowsy. —Jamila Roehrig

Coulier

Cool.Cooler.Coulier

Stick Figure Records

Coulier = Lightning Bolt + Iron Maiden + Hella + Joe Satriani

Nearly vocal-less, these three fellas from Athens (Georgia, duh) duel their guitars over tight yet all-over-the-place drums. And the result is positively rawking—sometimes in that maddening, spastic way that the kids are so enamored with these days (you know, seemingly without rhyme and/or reason), and sometimes in a way that reeks of virtuosity mixed with guitar lessons and/or crystal meth. With names of songs like *Noah Gets His Swerve On* and *So, This is Your First Time With a Dude?* these guys obviously have a rabid sense of humor, too. Oh, and they throw in a dash of Satan just to make sure that it's assuredly cool. I mean Coulier. —Jesus Harold

Coyote

Insides

Birdman Recording Group

Coyote = Kittens for Christian + Fiona Apple + Three Dog Night

Channeling the jagged post-punk spirit of The Birthday Party with the scattered schizo dance beats and vocals of modern music moguls The Blood Brothers makes for nice ghosts. An older psychedelic bleakness via The Doors spices up "Half the Time," rounded out by firm melodic surrender, raggedy guitars that'll scratch your skin and ravage you with tetanus, and intense chord changes that evoke drag racing, horror movies and mass riots. Demented carnival falls right in line with the 'Party and Morrison in "Moon City," and additionally, its keys, guitar and exotic screech horn recall The



Photo credit: Daniel Conigan

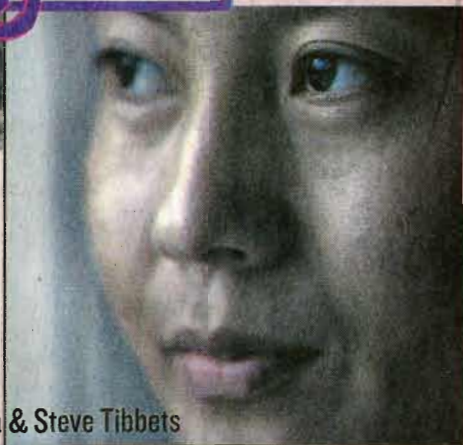


Photo credit: Frank Schmidt

Chöying Drolma & Steve Tibbets

Black Sun Ensemble. "Sharing Your Soul With the Group" is already one of the best songs of 2005; it's moody, jazzy piano line of perfect vulnerability would be ideal for *Twin Peaks* background music, or better yet, Jennifer Connelly's sultry club singing in *Dark City*. —Rebecca Vernon

Franklin Delano

Like A Smoking Gun In Front Of Me

File 13 Records

Franklin Delano = Mark Lanegan + X + Tom Waits

This album has a lot more to offer than your average acoustic release. Hailing from Spain, this four-piece formed in 2002 and have used their practice time wisely, putting together a package that is dark, strange and demented. Its ambience has electric sounds that seem to be hiding in the corners waiting to jump out at you. Entrancing and hypnotic, *Smoking Gun* is complemented by dual vocals that seem to creep from somewhere down below. The entire album has a "ghost-town" appeal—all in all, a very enjoyable and addicting, mellow and unsettling, and lyrically bizarre album, to say the least. It will set your mood down a few notches. Worthy of a spin in anyone's CD player. —Speedy

The Fleshies

Gung Ho

Life is Abuse

The Fleshies = Victims Family + Phantom Limbs + Toys that Kill + Cheap Beer + 7&7

Gung Ho is a collection of this Oakland band's singles, compilation tracks, B-sides and rarities all jammed into one digitally charged punk rock riot. The sound is raw, obnoxious and best of all, completely spastic. I had the pleasure of seeing this band play their home turf, *The Stork Club*, in Oakland, and the best thing about that night (aside from the indescribably delicious one free beer the bartender gives each member of the band) was seeing the ape-shit explosion of noise that came from the Fleshies. If you don't fall in love with such songs as "I Just Took the Most Punk Rock Shit of my life" and "Sexiest Man Alive," then you just ain't hearing it right, man. —Jeremy Cardenas

The Freak Accident

Self-titled

Alternative Tentacles

The Freak Accident = Victims Family – the victims

Whatever happened to Victims Family, the great San Francisco thinking-man's punk trio? I guess after nearly 20 years together they sort of called it quits, although they did play an anniversary show in December. Meanwhile, frontman Ralph Spight has evolved a side project called The Freak Accident that features, gasp, great songwriting with, get this, mature lyrics. We all get old eventually, I guess. Don't get me wrong, this album is great. The first track, "Ex-Wife," sounds like an edgier (and straighter) Bob Mould and is followed by a few other great takes on exes and "freaks." There's a piano and electric version of the same song, "You're the Reason," that actually works and "Never Going Back to Petaluma" is like a spoken-word enhanced sonic circus. Guest appearances by the Rhythm Pigs' Ed Ivey and Eric McFadden, who plays with P-Funk, add to the punk pedigree. This record rules. —MC Welk

Chöying Drolma & Steve Tibbets

Selwa

Six Degrees Travel

Series 2004

Chöying Drolma + Steve Tibbets = Tibetan Buddhist nun + sonic nerd

Finally some sonic wallpaper to surround my meditations while I'm doing yoga! (yeah, right). Seriously, "selwa" (pronounced *gal ba*) means 1) luminous clarity, 2) bright, clear, cognizant, awake, distinct or 3) to visualize. When you visualize Tibet, do you see your Sherpa getting further and further ahead of you as you begin to freeze to death short of the summit? (Wait, that's Nepal). Or do you see the Tuvan throat singers with their big pipes, or the Dalai Lama getting jiggy with Mike D? Well, now you can add a badass Buddhist nun, who seems like she "sings with four lungs" (Steve's words, not mine). With Tibbets' atmospheric guitar and sound loops (think ambient Eno) and sparse percussion by Marc Anderson, this is truly an album that can transport you to a different place, even if it is only to the Golden Braid or to the offices of the *Catalyst*. —MC Welk



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CD REVIEWS

Gaelle

Transient

Naked Music

Gaelle = Toni Braxton (but way better)

The highly anticipated debut album *Transient* by Gaelle has arrived! Produced by Eric Stamile (*Speakeasy*) and Gaelle Addison, this album is one of the most beautifully orchestrated movements to be released on *Naked Music*. A mix of R&B flavors with *Speakeasy* styles (remixed Aquanote's "True Love"), it's lavish with lush and intoxicating melodies and moods. Gaelle is the voice of *Wamdue Projects'* UK No. 1 "King of My Castle" and *Ananda Projects'* "Cascades of Colour"—both popular, classic tunes. (Also, check your local record stores for "Give it Back," just released on 12" from *Naked Music*)
www.naked-music.com —Nick James

Graves

Yes Yes O.K. O.K.

Hush

Graves = Elliott Smith + Sun Kil Moon

Graves fall somewhere in between *Red House Painters* and *Magnetic Fields* speed-wise and feel-wise; they're not quite as mucous-slow as RHP and not quite as chipper as the *Fields*. Although they delve a little into *Magnetic Fields'* elegant ennui, they avoid their self-deprecating humor and stick more to RHP's spare solemnity. Graves is a wonderfully minimal creation of acoustic guitar, simple horns, wispy female backup vocals and subdued keys—it's an album, in short, where quiet finger-snapping is not intrusive. However, one can't help feeling that, if not directly ripping off their predecessors, they at least aren't trying too hard to deviate from their path. "End Love" is the best track. —Rebecca Vernon

Jarvis Humby

Assume the Position It's...

Hard Soul Records

Jarvis Humby = Nuggets + early Who — originality

I expected great things from Jarvis Humby. British lads? Check. Obsession with 1960s mod-R&B sounds? Check. Overuse of the Hammond Organ? Check. I pressed play and the first track, "We Say Yeah," began. Instantly, they failed me. It's not that Jarvis Humby lack energy or talent, but their sound and style are clichéd and unoriginal. Half this album reminded me of a tired *Mooney Suzuki*-ish attempt at the already played-out 60s garage rock "revival" sound. A few tracks are interesting; "99 Steps to the Sun" sounds like *Oasis* fronting *Santana*; "Man With the X-Ray Eyes" mixes old mod sounds with a fresher Britpop approach that works well, and a few instrumental tracks add psychedelic and surf-beat flourishes. Their messy cover of



the *Sparkles'* 60s song "Ain't No Friend of Mine" is a letdown (especially compared with the original). In the end, I feel "Assume the Position It's..." is probably most appropriate played waiting in line for the Austin Powers ride at the State Fair. —Janila Roehrig

I Am Kloot

Self Titled

Echo Records

I Am Kloot = Lou Reed + The Verve (pre-that one song) + David Bowie + Sparklehorse + Leonard Cohen

This is one of the better albums, nay, one of the best albums so far of our half-decade-old new millennium. Perfectly constructed songs that could form a splendid trifecta with coffee and cigarettes. Or a superfecta, if you throw in overcast skies. This album feels like it was made with the agony and wisdom of contemplation, with the weight from heaps of street wanderings. From start to finish, this album can inflict tingling on any given extremity. The album cover is the simplest black and white with solely the band name and song titles in bold letters—because the music needs no stinking cover art, see? Seriously, you must go get it now. Yes, now. It's poo-your-pants good. —Jesus Harold

Jerome's Dream

Completed 1997-2001

Alone Records

Jerome's Dream = Drive Like Jehu + Boredoms + 1000 Dying Rats

This is a complete discography from Connecticut's own perveyors of noise and chaos, a full collection of out-of-print material. There is nothing ambient about this band. Imagine an avalanche of noise, and you're in the way. Noisy and dischordant, *Jerome's Dream* is topped with vocals that range from psychosis to complete insanity. This 2-CD set contains 42 tracks. It is abrasive yet pleasing to the ears, the guitars are phenomenal and the beats are relentless. It's altogether brutal. A definite must for any fan of noise. —Speedy

DJ JS-I

Audio Technician

Bomb Hip Hop Records

DJ JS-I = Dj Honda + Scott La Rock + DJ Mills

Audio Technician, his new album on *Bomb Hip-Hop*, is a hodgepodge of past achievements, previously unreleased tracks that sound like leftovers and a couple of highlights. For what it's worth, the aptly titled "New Level" is one of the more interesting tracks. While he may not be a born rapper, he successfully translates his DJ ego to rhyme form. It's hard to understand why JS-I thinks it is necessary to follow up the latter at such short notice, especially with an album that can only be described as lackluster. JS-I is certainly well advised to get from behind the turntable and get into production and put his name on real songs. He just needs to turn his craft and knowledge into an appealing musical form. He may have done it before, but fails on *Audio Technician*. —Lanceford

The Havoc

Road Warrior EP

Punkcore Records

The Havoc = The Casualties + The Virus + Action

This 16-minute, 1-second CD crams as much street punk into one EP that is barely healthy. The songs sound like they could be written and sung by any other band on *Punkcore*. Now don't get me wrong, I love *Punkcore Records*, and *The Havoc* are pretty nice guys, but if there was one word to describe this EP, it would be generic. With an interesting guitar that you have no choice but to follow, the band holds substance, but the vocals, drums and bass all bring the band back down to bland street punk. This is a great album to put on when pissed, and *The Havoc* are obviously a great way to produce a thriving pit, but one cannot sit down and enjoy the intricacy of the band because there simply isn't any. For the type of music they produce, this EP isn't bad, but I am still waiting for something new to kick my ass when it comes to street punk.
—Katie Maloney

CD REVIEWS

Kill Your Idols

From Companionship to Competition

Side One Dummy

Kill Your Idols = The Casualties + Leftover Crack + Strife + Sick of It All
Kill Your Idols brings you punk that runs parallel to street punk but resides along its own hardcore road. The lead singer sounds like the offspring of Bones of **The Lower Class Brats**, a non-Mexican Jorge from the Casualties, and Freddy Cricien of **Madball**. The muted guitar resembles that of **The Last Resort** during the breakdowns, and their lyrics confront the issue of Hot Topic punks: "This is my way of life, not something you can buy." After thrashing, fast hardcore punk, a great part of the CD is their twist on the **Dire Straits** song "Money for Nothin'" in the title song: "Don't want my/Don't want my/Don't want my MTV." **Kill Your Idols** is the type of band that would convince you to spit on an old lady but would discourage the overuse of mohawks and studs—a traditional hardcore approach for this type of punk. —Katie Maloney

M83

Before the Dawn Heals Us

Mute Records

M83 = Mogwai + Spiritualized + Polmo Polpo

Ever dreamt of touring the country's byways in a handsome automobile with a top speed of 800 miles per hour? For those pining to exist within a postmodern montage, I have your road-trip soundtrack. With *Before the Dawn Heals Us*, **Anthony Gonzales**, M83's sole brainchild, has expanded his swirling sound to incorporate a number of synth pads, strings and choral vocals. To the chagrin of some, these additions propel the record into the realm of neo-prog. Yet, how is one to have fun in a synchronized, light-infused montage without a little angelic keyboard action? Besides, all of those feedback-heavy long-form guitar/violin pieces are for overdone montages. However, Gonzales's compositions are never cheesy or bubbly either (the haunting "Car Chase Terror" and the discordant apex of "Fields, Shorelines and Hunters" are proof of that). Simply put, this is simultaneously the most arresting and comforting album of the new year. —J. Thomas Burch, Esq.

Maximo Park

Apply Some Pressure

Warp Records

Maximo Park = Manic Street Preachers + Franz Ferdinand

Someone pulled some strings. There is



no reason such bland Brit faux-post-rock MTV2 fodder should be released by **Warp Records**, the powerhouse of leftfield electronica. As the commercial interest in independent rock proliferates, a handful of bands like **Maximo Park** will doubtless "rock" for 10 minutes and evaporate into the cold-night discount bin. I simply can't imagine anyone saying, "I love **Maximo Park**" or "have you heard the new **M-Park** record?" Though it isn't a terrible EP, the guitar work sounds like a **Joy Division** cover band and the vocals like a **Duran Duran** cover band. Like **The Killers** and all the other bands popping up on TV at 2 a.m., **Maximo Park** offer proof that indie rock is dying (or dead/or never meant anything in the first place). The ironic irrelevance is killing me! —J. Thomas Burch, Esq.

Roger Miret and the Disasters

1984

Hellcat

Roger Miret and the Disasters = Peter & The Test Tube Babies + The Business

It hasn't been long since the Disasters' first album and now comes their second. The Disasters' sound is developed from British Oi and street punk akin to **Cock Sparrer** and **Sham 69** (and they sound nothing like **Agnostic Front**.) The only difference I've sensed between 1984 and their first album is that the newer songs could be catchier. The music is about having fun and not-taking-shit-from-no-one. They've got songs about fighting, drinking, breaking glass, fast cars fast women and New York City. This is real street greaser music (not for posers) from a guy who knows a thing or two about '32 Fords. www.rumblersnyc.com —Monkey012

Mommy and Daddy

Fighting Style Killer Panda

Kanine

Mommy and Daddy = ESPN Jock Jams + The Strokes + The B-52s

A married couple performing their own brand of off-the-path electronic rock under the moniker "Mommy and Daddy" sounds like a terrible idea. Fortunately, this NYC twosome goes above and beyond the call of duty and creates an exciting interbreed of retro-garage rock and **ESPN Jock Jams**. And whether or not you are a fan of **C&C Music Factory**, you will agree this integration is actually done well. Despite its brevity, *Fighting Style Killer Panda* has a very strong sound, basic danceable rock with on-key melodic vocals that break the trend of monotone sassy vox that seem to dominate modern electroclash in bands like **Le Tigre**, **A Luna Red** or **Gravy Train**. "Confession" is by far their strongest track, utilizing a simple mix of styles that is effective and catchy yet original. Lucky for us, the band is well aware of their strengths and includes a dance remix of "Confession" on their EP. —seven5zer0ryan

Low

The Great Destroyer

Sub Pop

Low = Codeine + Ida + Sappington

Low fans rejoice! Your favorite Duluthians have done it again. By "it," I'm referring to the release of yet another groundbreaking record—their seventh, to be exact. I've had a one-sided love affair with Low for several years now, and as a result, have developed my own musical theory to describe them:

Euphonic Darwinism.

That is, over the past 11 years, Low has changed and evolved—and continues to do so—into a more complex and effective musical beast. Indeed, the strongest do survive and if Low continues on this path, they may very well be on their way to immortality. The Great Destroyer picks up exactly where 2002's *Trust* left off. Low has slowly made the transition into more of a "pop" realm, thanks to more standardized song structures, faster tempos and yes, Low fans, distortion. Their best album yet?

Absofuckinlutely.

(*The Velvet Room*: 3.21)

—Ryan Shelton

CD REVIEWS

My Way My Love
Hypnotic Suggestion: 01

File 13 Records

My Way My Love = Kill Me Tomorrow + Arab on Radar + The Melvins

Hailing from Japan, My Way My Love is a refreshing take on underground rock, their only weaknesses being their complete inability to stick to a cohesive sound, and sounding like American underground rock circa 1995 (think *Hose*, *Got.Cable* or *Men's Recovery Project*). However, they tend to master the sound they take on, whether it is the *Black Dice*-style electronic noise of "A Girlfriend" or the *Three One G* sound of "Super Fresh!" Thick with samples and the occasional "engrish" phrase, My Way My Love occupies all available frequencies. This can be somewhat overwhelming at times with copious amounts of feedback and white noise. Rock bands from Japan tend to get away with whatever they want, seemingly uninhibited by the pretentious music journalists found in America.

—seven5zeroryan

Nac One
Natural Reaction

Bomb Hip Hop Records

Nac One = Cool James + Suakrates + Nas

Nac One is apparently a graf artist/emcee hailing from the Bay Area, an area blushing with an abundance of talent. Having honed his craft for a number of years performing with a host of top-shelf artists with top-shelf/ East Coast beats, *Natural Reaction* is Nac One's virgin attempt at forging a dent in an underground rap scene that seems to be nearing saturation. In all earnestness, Nac One is a decent emcee. Intelligent and outspoken, his rapid-fire delivery is technically polished and structurally, his rhymes hold their own. However, I found Nac One stumbling over syllables, punctuating his flow with awkward pauses and littering his album with unimaginative punch lines and barking on top of somewhat symphonic samples with a drum line laced into it. A fun listen if digested as a sporadic, superficial digestion; a more thorough and extended listen reveals flaws that render the record a haplessly frustrating experience. —Lanceferd

Necro
The Prefix for Death

Psycho Logical Records)

Necro = Body Count + Ice Kube + Brutal Truth + Obituary

The irony with this CD is that its author, a rapper known as "Necro," states that



Red Sparrows

today's "rap rock" bands are silly, and he is setting out to show the world how metal and rap should be combined. Explain then the presence of Slipknot members (possibly the worst "rap rockers" ever) on here! But, having said that, one must acknowledge the presence of members of *Brutal Truth*, *Nuclear Assault*, *Voivod* and *Obituary* on this disc! Certain songs have a nice bed of brutal and heavy "Obituary-meets-Carcass" riffing, with Necro rapping over it, while other tracks are pure rap. Necro hits the nail on the head when he lets John Tardy of *Obituary* do most of the vocals; Necro's rap sounds OK mixed in, but too much rap and the metal guys are gonna run, and vice versa ... This doesn't suck terribly, but it isn't the best thing I've heard, either. —The BUTCHER

The Nuns

Triple Silence Limited

New York Vampires

The Nuns = Sisters Of Mercy + Bauhaus + Skinny Puppy

Very few bands convey sex through music like *The Nuns*. And they do it very well. This is the first release from this band in quite some time. Appropriately titled, this album breaks through gothic barriers worldwide. It's a masterpiece of metal, techno, punk and bondage, whether from the POV of the dominatrix or the servant. As evil as it is pleasing to the ears, darkness is ever-present in every song. Listening to this is like being dragged through a wasteland of evil and sex—provocative, sensual, and mean. For those of you that are familiar with "4 Days In A Motel Room," you will not be disappointed. Personally, my favorite tracks are "Whore" and "Under My Heels," two songs that stand out on this album like dark spires. Their DVD was slated for release in January. Word from a very good source tells me that a lot of money was put into this recording, and it shows. Pick it up. —Speedy

Red Sparrows

At The Soundless Dawn

Neurot Recordings

Red Sparrows = Isis + Sonic Youth (Evol era) + Bauhaus + Goblin

Red Sparrows is a supergroup of sorts; it consists of Bryant Clifford Meyer (Isis), Jeff Caxide (Isis), Josh Graham (Neurosis visuals), Greg Burns (Temporary Residence and Halifax Pier), and Dana Berkowitz (from Converge offshoot *The Signal*). While you may be expecting epic heaviness with softly building intros, this band (which is not just a side project) comes at you abruptly with instrumental movements in melody. The distortion pedals are rarely touched and vocals are quietly set in the background with lyricless tones as an accompanying instrument. The entire record consists of seven songs which are arranged by title into a paragraph. There are some expected atmospheric noise interludes spliced between each song, but when the song actually comes in, it is direct. There is a perpetually falling anvil of a chorus of guitars counteracting with one another's melodies and a crying lap steel over all of them. While the album is beautiful and complex, it never falls into the pretentious territory of avant garde or prog rock; it simply plays as the soundtrack to whatever may be on your mind. —Chuck Berrett

CD REVIEWS

Damien Rice

B-Sides

Warner Bros.

Damien Rice = Bob Dylan + Mark Gardner (solo acoustic)

Damien Rice digs deep into the true folk spirit that inundated America in the 1960s and which left it changed forever. Disillusionment mixed with the gritty truth feels good in the ears. At times, Damien Rice recalls *Bright Eyes'* poetry and passion sans annoying vocals. *B-Sides* includes seven tracks previously unreleased in the U.S., and is a good supplement to Rice's 2003 debut, *O*. For how good Rice is in his lo-fi, darkly-hued, indie-folk way, it's still hard to believe *Rolling Stone* declared him among "10 Artists to Watch" in 2003, and that *Blender*, *Entertainment Weekly* and *People* called *O* one of the best albums of 2003. How Rice is different and better than the thousands of other excellent indie-folk artists out there is uncertain, although he is very good. "Woman Like a Man" and "Moody Mooday," with its disconsolate acoustic guitar and female back-ups, are my favorite tracks. —Rebecca Vernon

Routineers

Self-Titled

Dischord Records/Sammich Records

Routineers = The Thermals + Slant 6 + Embrace

The Routineers are from Wash., D.C., but sound as if they could just as easily be from Olympia. Which makes sense because those two scenes collaborated a lot in the 90s (*K Records*, *The Fakes*, *Make Up*). They share the same raw exuberance as many of the early *Kill Rock Star* bands but have the same artsy post-rock spirit of their *Dischord* labelmates. The thoughtful, provocative lyrics come courtesy of the trade-off male and female vocals shouted over the loud, cymbal-heavy drumming and sparse but warm guitar and bass. *Routineers* contains 11 songs that are short, simple and to the point, much akin to the best bedroom punk your next-door neighbors used to bash out. Unlike your next-door neighbors, these guys are actually established. Oh, and judging by the lyric sheet, they read books, too. —Jared Soper

Rum Runner

Association

Long Shot Records

Rum Runner = Flogging Molly + Stiff Little Fingers

With bands like the *Dropkick Murphys* and *Flogging Molly* tearing it up with

their own style of Celtic folk punk, there were bound to be others. Luckily, bands like *Rum Runner* understand that they can take the idea and run with it. They keep it pretty simple as just a three-piece switching from guitar to banjo every now and again. They have a lot of *Oil* sensibility with their working class themes. They even bring in some Delta blues flavor, which shows they know their working-class music. *Rum Runner* finishes this record off with a more than appropriate *Pogues* cover, "Streams of Whiskey," which they pull off nicely. There are bound to be imitators that will try the whole Celtic punk thing, but *Rum Runner* have proven to be the real thing. —James Orme

Sage Francis

A Healthy Distrust

Epitaph

Sage Francis = Atmosphere + Eyedea and Abilities

Nothing new lyrically here for Sage (solo from the *Non-Prophecs*, though *Joe Beats* lends an occasional hand), which is just fine. Politics, chicks and badmouthing drug addicts are laid out with just about the sickest, clever and tightest rhymespeak abilities existing today. The beats vary in quality and interestingness, sometimes even resembling (gasp!) rock guitar riffs. Anyone who knows Mr. Francis, though, knows it's all about the words. *A Healthy Distrust* is not a testament quite in the way *Personal Journals* was, but seems much more personally focused than most of his albums of late. "Gunz Yo" is a highlight: "Straight to the grill like a homophobic rapper/unaware of the graphic nature of phallic symbols./Tragically ironic, sucking off each other's gats and pistols." *Billboard* magazine hails that, "Sage ... may not be a household name yet, but it may only be a matter of time." Yeah, too bad he's like, 40. —Nate Martin

Toilet Boys

Michael Halsband



Toilet Boys

The Early Years

Morpheus Records

Toilet Boys = New York

Dolls + Hedwig & the Angry Inch

—Johnny Thunders

The great thing about punk is that it has no boundaries. Take the song "Karma Chameleon" by *Culture Club*. I can't think of one thing punk about the song. It is pure sugar-pop madness. The Toilet Boys take this song, turn up the Marshalls, kick out the NY attitude, and bam! Punk. Right off, you may well fall in love with the KISS-ish "Paul Stanley was a Lady," which combines a few stolen riffs and some clever lyrics to make a wonderful anthem that bridges the stadium rock world and the world of piss-smelling dive bars. Setting aside some of the poorly recorded live tracks (included for posterity is my guess) this is a fun jaunt into the NY scene that we all dream of seeing some day. —Jeremy Cardenas

Yrkoon
Occult Medicine

Osmose Productions

Yrkoon = Decapitated + Vader +
Suffocation + Into Eternity

This band takes brutal death metal to a different level. It's evident in everything, from the layout and photos in the album to the very sound of the music. At first, the typical **Suffocation** or **Decapitated** style of slick, technical death metal bombards the listener's ears. About halfway through the album, the vocalist starts doing some attempted clean falsetto (i.e., high) vocals, which doesn't necessarily blend well with this band's style of music. This formula works for **Into Eternity**, and promises to be the next "big thing" in death metal to keep it different, but ... it just doesn't work well with this style of death metal. I do believe, however, that this band (and others) will shake the flaws out of this virtually new plan for death metal, and possibly in another album (or two), they will have perfected what they were trying to do here. —*The BUTCHER*

Anti-Flag
Death of a Nation
A-F Records

Death of a Nation throws you from your cozy couch by the open fire to the hard and brutal yet unified pit of an Anti-Flag show. I stress the word unity because, for anyone not familiar with Anti-Flag, much of their show is dedicated to educating the crowd (with a bias) and reinforcing the idea of "strength in numbers." At first, *Death of a Nation*'s unproduced recording from the live show kind of pissed me off, but then I realized that this DVD is what the concert actually sounds like: all the voices singing along (even that dumb asshole who sings off key and after-the-fact), kids jumping on stage and singing into the mic with Justin Sane, etc. Whether you've seen Anti-Flag once or over 10 times, this DVD captures the better parts of all their live shows and puts it together so that you can sit in the sweat-less comfort of your own home while still staying politically active and punk. —*Katie Maloney*

The Berzerker
The Principles and Practices of The Berzerker DVD
Earache Records

The Berzerker = Napalm Death + Carcass + Brutal
Truth + Skinny Puppy

I thought The Berzerker were guys from Napalm Death and Brutal Truth, but that is not the case. That was an easy mistake, as their music is probably the fastest grindcore around these days. The twist here is that The Berzerker use electronically modified drums, giving the music a seriously distortion-laden, industrial sound, while keeping to their metal roots. Think Napalm Death or Carcass, with even faster drums played through a distortion pedal. We get to see the making of complicated albums such as these firsthand on this DVD as well as an hour-long concert,

DVD REVIEWS

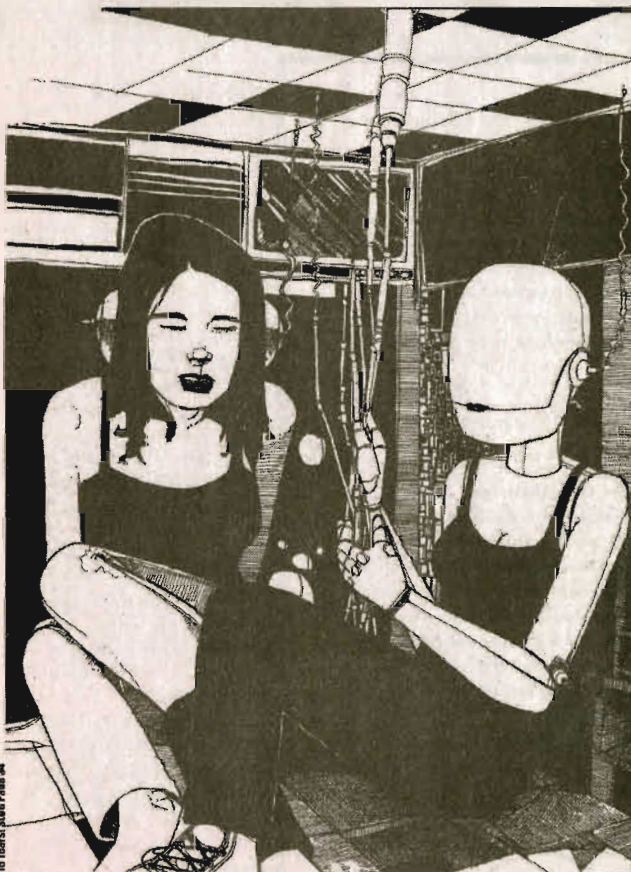
interviews and live bootleg footage as well! As for their identity, The Berzerker wear monster masks on stage, making them look brutal as well as sound brutal, unlike Slipknot. Under the masks, the band members are actually mild-mannered Australian blokes, evident on the lengthy interviews and documentaries on this loaded DVD. —*The BUTCHER*

Everybody in, Nobody Out
Rock a Mole Productions

www.rockamole.com

www.rockrap.com

This eight-minute VHS documentary, produced by Rock A Mole Productions in association with *Rock & Rap Confidential*, hits on one of the greatest problems facing musicians (and the greater population) today: healthcare. The film documents a rally that took place Oct. 2004 in L.A. among nurses whose desire to unionize was rejected by their employing hospital, and others in need of adequate healthcare. Eighty percent of members of unions like AFTRA (American Federation of Television and Radio Artists) do not qualify for healthcare. One thousand show benefits are held weekly around the nation in order to help musicians with medical bills. Although desire to change the system was strong at the rally, much more needs to be done. Browse through www.aftra.com's links section and for a specific solution, www.justhealthcare.org (my personal favorite), to see how certain groups are trying to fight this growing problem. —*Rebecca Vernon*



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2.6 DJ Justin Godina

2.10 Salty Roots

2.11 Starmy & Red Bennies

2.13 13th Apostle

2.17 Force of Habit

2.18 The Wolfs & On Vibrato

2.20 JW Blackout

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It's quite possible you may have grown up believing that tattoos were the brand of an individual on the outskirts of society. Perhaps you figured they were the mark of a sailor, biker or outlaw. But in some cultures, one's tattoos demands a great level of respect. It may represent a level of chiefhood, religious rank or the mark of a warrior. In today's world, the sight of tattoos among celebrities, parents, young adults, professionals, etc. aren't shocking at all. Whether it's a beautiful young actress such as Angelina Jolie, a late-night talk show host like Jay Leno or an infamous popstar like Britney Spears, tattoos are commonplace in almost every home around the world.

Salt Lake City saw its first International Tattoo Convention last year. For the Salt Lake Valley, it was historical to have such a vast amount of artists, clients and collectors from around the world in the city. Utah has always had a great deal of knowledgeable tattoo artists and studios, but the idea of an organized convention celebrating the very industry itself was a completely new idea.

This year, Lost Art Tattoo is putting on the Second Annual SLC International Tattoo Convention from Friday, Feb. 18 to Sunday, Feb. 20 at the Salt Palace Convention Center. International artists as varied as Horizaru Tattoo Art from Tokyo and Borneo Headhunters from Malaysia will be in attendance. Many North American artists such as Megan Hoogland, Dave Fox, Jeff Zuck and Kate Hellenbrand will also be gracing us with their various styles, knowledge and expertise. Of course, local Salt Lake heroes like Big Deluxe Tattoo, Lost Art Tattoo, A.S.I. Tattoo and Good Times Tattoo will be in full representation.

For those of you who have tattoos and enjoy them, this will be an experience to take in different styles, artists and inspirations from people you may already admire or have never even heard of. For those of you who may be interested in eventually getting a tattoo someday, the opportunity to share ideas and collect knowledge from the dozens of professionals on hand will be as much information as anyone could ask for.

One artist who will be in attendance is Kate Hellenbrand from Shanghai Kate's in Buffalo, N.Y. Kate began tattooing in 1972, and has worked alongside such tattoo legends as Sailor Jerry Collins, Ed Hardy and Jack Rudy. She has owned and worked in shops all over the U.S. (including Utah) in her 33 years of tattooing. These statistics may only impress one with a deeper knowledge of the tattoo industry, but Kate has also appeared on *The Today Show*, *Prime Time Access*, *Travel Channel*, *Discovery Channel* and *TBS* as a result of her respected career and work. She recently appeared on *The Tonight Show* with Jay Leno in January 2005; she has tattooed Howard Stern; and she appeared as a feature panelist at the International Women's Leadership Conference at Columbia University. She is a two-time best-selling novelist and true professional.

Credentials such as these may not be expected by many who still believe that tattoo art is strictly for misfits and social deviants. The fact stands, however, that these are talented, serious, knowledgeable people. There is a great level of hygienic, technical and fine arts education that is demanded of anyone who

intends to succeed whatsoever in the industry. Most tattoo studios are so sanitary you could walk through with a white glove and still come out glowing. This convention is important for that reason as well, because many people may have reservations about the health issues that surround getting a tattoo. This will give any potential tattoo collector a sea of wise staff to swim through in search of reassurance and understanding of the procedures needed to ensure your safety and health while being tattooed.

Another great aspect of the convention is that of fine arts. Yes, tattoo artists do more than mark one's flesh; they are artists in every way, after all. There will be an overwhelming amount of paintings, clothing and random vendors to send you home with original artwork that you don't necessarily have to wear on your body forever.

The Borneo Headhunters were the first tattoo studio in Malaysia to provide world-class professional tattooing service. For the Iban community, tattooing connected the living to the spiritual world and marked a man's success as a hunter and warrior. They are masters at conventional electric machine tattooing and traditional methods as well and have received a great deal of awards and praise for both. Their presence at last year's SLC Convention was greatly talked about, and we are very fortunate to have them back.

If you believe your tattoos are worthy of international recognition, there will be contests in various categories. Winners may take home \$100 and trophies for first and second place. There is a \$10 entry fee and your tattoo(s) must be completely healed (with the exception of "Tattoo Of The Day"). Yes, there will be people tattooing in the convention center for all to see. Each day will have a separate itinerary for which categories will be judged by the artist panel.

Entry into the convention is \$15 dollars per day (which runs approximately eight hours daily) or \$30 for all three days. Purchasing is available at Lost Art Tattoo (348 S. State St. in Salt Lake) or online at www.24tix.com. A listing of all artists and events can be found online at www.slcattattoo.com. Read the interview with Kate Hellenbrand online at www.slugmag.com.



Forearm work tattooed by Kate Hellenbrand

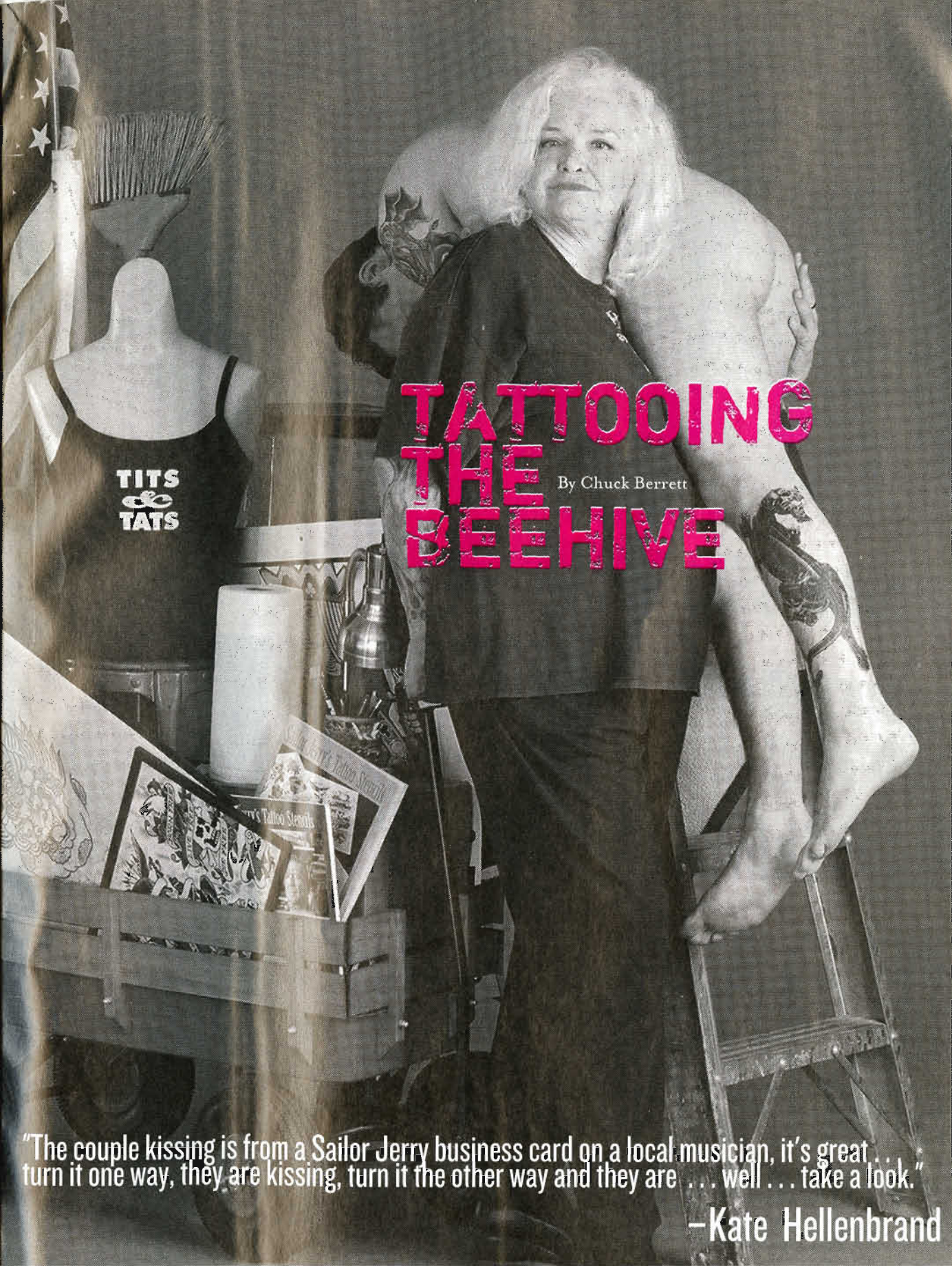
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TATTOOING THE BEEHIVE

By Chuck Berrett

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—Kate Hellenbrand

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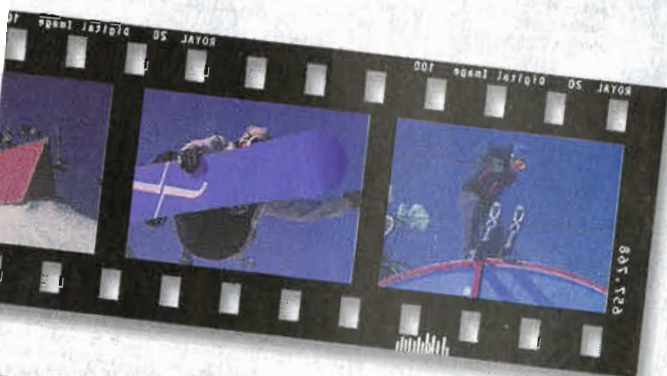
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Katchup

By Josh Scheuerman josh@slugmag.com

The 2004-2005 season has already surpassed the highest avalanche death total since keeping track in 1951. The heavy snow conditions for the months of December and January were prone to natural and unnatural slides triggered in the backcountry. This week, January 31-February 6 is **Backcountry Awareness Week**, whose purpose is to familiarize the general public with safety in the snow, whether it be on skis, snowboard, split board or snowshoes. "Know Before You Go" is the motto and educational tool used when dealing with the elements and their potential hazards. The Utah Avalanche Center is partnering with Snowbird Ski Resort and will be hosting a fund raising dinner at The Cliff Lodge Ballroom on Friday, February 4 - Speakers include David Breashears (climber and IMAX cinematographer), Apa Sherpa (world holder 14 Everest Summits) and Lhakpa Rita (World Famous Climber). Silent Auction for the night and full day events for Saturday and Sunday.

Thanks to Benny and Milosport for hosting two avalanche classes last month in Orem and Park City. Speakers from the **Utah Avalanche Forecast Center**, Cameron Carpenter (local snowboarder), Brett "Cowboy" Kobernick (Split Board Inventor) and appearances by local pro snowboarders.

February 5 - Winterfest at Park City Mountain Resort - Freestyle Snowmobile Exhibition, live music, BBQ and Amstel Light Beer Garden. All activities are free to the public and will take place at the base of the skiway (near the First Time lift). Freestyle Snowmobile Exhibition featuring Slednecks riders at 3:30-4:30 pm, International Pedigree Stage Stop Sled Dog Race at 6:00 pm-7:30 pm, Fireworks in the Eagle Race arena at approximately 8:00 pm

February 12 - Vertical Express MS Fundraiser - Solitude Ski Resort - Chances are you or someone you know is one of the 400,000 Americans affected by multiple sclerosis (MS). I know I am. The Heuga Center, a charity MS organization based in Edwards, Colorado has announced that on Saturday, February 12, 2005, 22 resorts nationwide are holding the Vertical Express for MS event. To participate, individuals or teams can register in advance of the event at www.verticalexpress.org, or on-site Saturday, February 12, at Solitude Ski Resort. Everyone who skis or rides, or has a vested interest in supporting programming for people living with MS and their families is invited to take part in the event. Participants can expect a full day of celebration, including interactive activities, après parties and prizes. All donations are welcome; those of \$100 or more will get you a lift ticket and event gifts. For more information or to register for the Vertical Express for MS, visit www.verticalexpress.org. To learn more about The Heuga Center, visit www.heuga.org, or call 1-888-DO-IT-4MS.

February 12 - OP Girls Learn To Ride Clinic - Park City Mountain Resort and Brian Head Resort - There have already been a few female-only Learn to Ride clinics and there are a few coming in the months ahead, so stay tuned. The clinics are designed for girls that have little or no experience with snowboarding and include equipment rental, lift ticket, instruction and surprises.

- Cost: \$62
- * 2 hour beginners snowboard lesson
 - * Lift ticket for lower mountain
 - * Snowboard & boot rental
 - * Op Girls Learn To Ride gift bag
 - * A donation to Boarding For Breast Cancer

www.opgirlslearntride.com

February 12 - Volcom Stone's Peanut Butter and Rail Jam - Park City Mountain Resort - Think about all those nights laid out watching Transformers eating Peanut Butter Sandwiches as a kid. Re-live all those special moments at the year's best free contest. With two divisions, -16 or +17 and only 30 participants per division, it's a sure sell out. Located on the Pick-N-Shovel Park at 10:00. Check out www.volcom.com for more information and news from the stone.

February 12 - The Canyons Rail Jam - The Canyons will be putting on a rail jam, a wild event that will test the abilities of both skiers and boarders. Contestants will be judged on their every move, trick, grab or rail slide. The Canyons Rail Jam will be held in the SoBe Terrain Park, located off the Sun Peak Express (formerly known as Snow Canyon Express)

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February 8 - Brian Head
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February 19 - Annual Presidents Day Weekend Fireworks & Torchlight Parade - Brian Head
Celebrate all the old presidents who weren't idiots with our famous pyrotechnic party, starting after dark at Giant Steps Lodge

February 4-5 - Powder Mountain Resort - Special Olympics Alpine Races - Powder Mountain will host the Special Olympics Alpine Races at the Sundown Lift area.

February 12 - Powder Mountain Resort - Powder Mountain will be one of four resorts hosting competitions for the Wasatch Freeride Tour. The Terrain Park at the Sundown Lift will be the only site on the tour offering a nighttime contest. Registration for the competition is \$25. For more information on the Wasatch Freeride Tour, call 1-801-541-3317

February 19 - The Winter Jam - Powder Mountain - The Winter Jam is held at the Hidden Lake half pipe and is open to anyone with a Powder Mountain lift pass. All ages and all abilities are invited to try out their skills on the half pipe. Burton and Blindsight are donating prizes for participants. Music by Sallad Productions, barbecue and snowskate demos round out the festival.

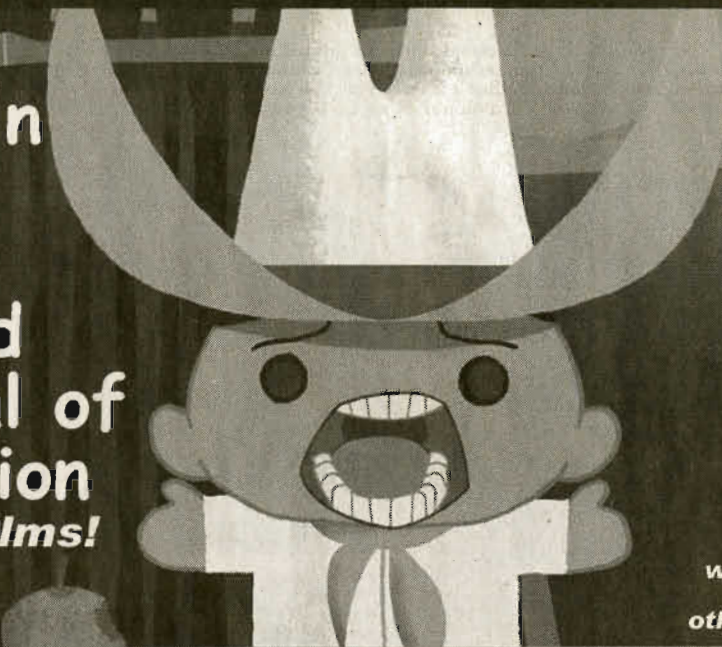
February 26 - The Junk Show - Brighton Ski Resort - The first in the SLUG Games Series will take place on Mt. Millicent at Brighton, UT. Inspired by Mack Dawg's yearly photo shoot at Mammoth, this year we are opening the junkyard to the public with one-of-a-kind rails that will appear the day of the contest. This contest will push competitors to be inventive to win out the prizes in a jam format. Register the day of the contest at the Millicent Chalet at 8-9 am. Cost is \$25 with season pass and \$35 w/ out. More information at www.slugmag.com

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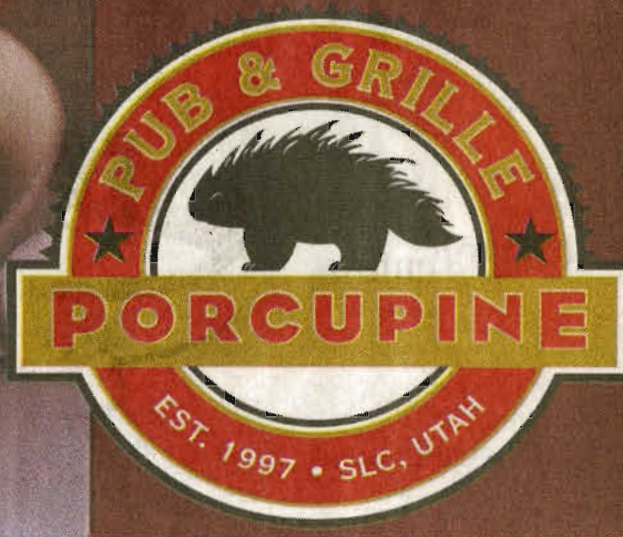
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By Astara

LINDA LINDA LINDA LINDA

Linda Linda means beautiful, beautiful. Often called "Utah's Best Kept Secret," I believe the secret is out.

A self-proclaimed military brat, Linda Linda's formative years were spent in several locations, but landed in San Diego for her teen years. It was during a visit to a Renaissance Faire in California that she saw her first belly dancers and became entranced with the movement and the music. Always wanting to be a dancer, she studied African, ballet, modern and jazz, but it was belly dancing that claimed her passion.

"I thought belly dancing was a whole new vocabulary of movement. It looked like so much fun!" she says.

In 1993, Linda Linda moved to Salt Lake City and watched the dancers at the Utah Belly Dance Festival. It was then that she became totally inspired and motivated to begin learning the mystical art of belly dancing.

"I had no desire or thoughts of performing. I just wanted to take the classes and have fun," Linda Linda explained. "I was on stage in six months."

Linda Linda has studied with Kismet, Zahira and Thia, but it was her training with Thia that pushed her to the forefront of her artistic development.

"Thia called me one night and asked me if I wanted to dance at the Grecian Gardens," she says. "I ended up dancing at the Grecian two nights a week,

two shows a night for eight years. I honed my skills there, dancing to live music.

"As far as dancers that have impressed me, I love Aziza's clean technique and free, expressive flow and energy. But it is truly Thia that has inspired, motivated and supported me these past 10 years."



Linda Linda was a member of Thia's Night Jewels troupe, and for the past six years, has taught a beginning adult class for Thia's Egyptian Dance Center, and recently started a children's class.

"I am not hooked on any particular style," Linda says. "I work on Egyptian, but I like the challenge of balancing technique and the beauty of expression. I don't want to ever be predictable."

Linda Linda, like her name, is a very beautiful person, inside and out. I most enjoy her performances when she is dancing with live musicians such as Kairo by Night or Desert Wind. She seems comfortable and free to express herself totally through the movement. Linda Linda has that psychic sense of communication with the musicians and anticipates and knows what to do and when. Almost shy off the stage, she is anything but shy on the stage. Her sensual essence emerges as she dances, and is engaging and entertaining.

"I learned to dance to live music. I am at home there," she says. "It frees me from the torment of having to decide what music to use. I just get to dance."

Linda Linda will be performing at Belly Dance Spring Fest on Saturday, March 5, and also at the Grecian Gardens, Thia's June show, and the Utah Belly Dance Festival. For more information on these events, go to www.bellydancingbythia.com

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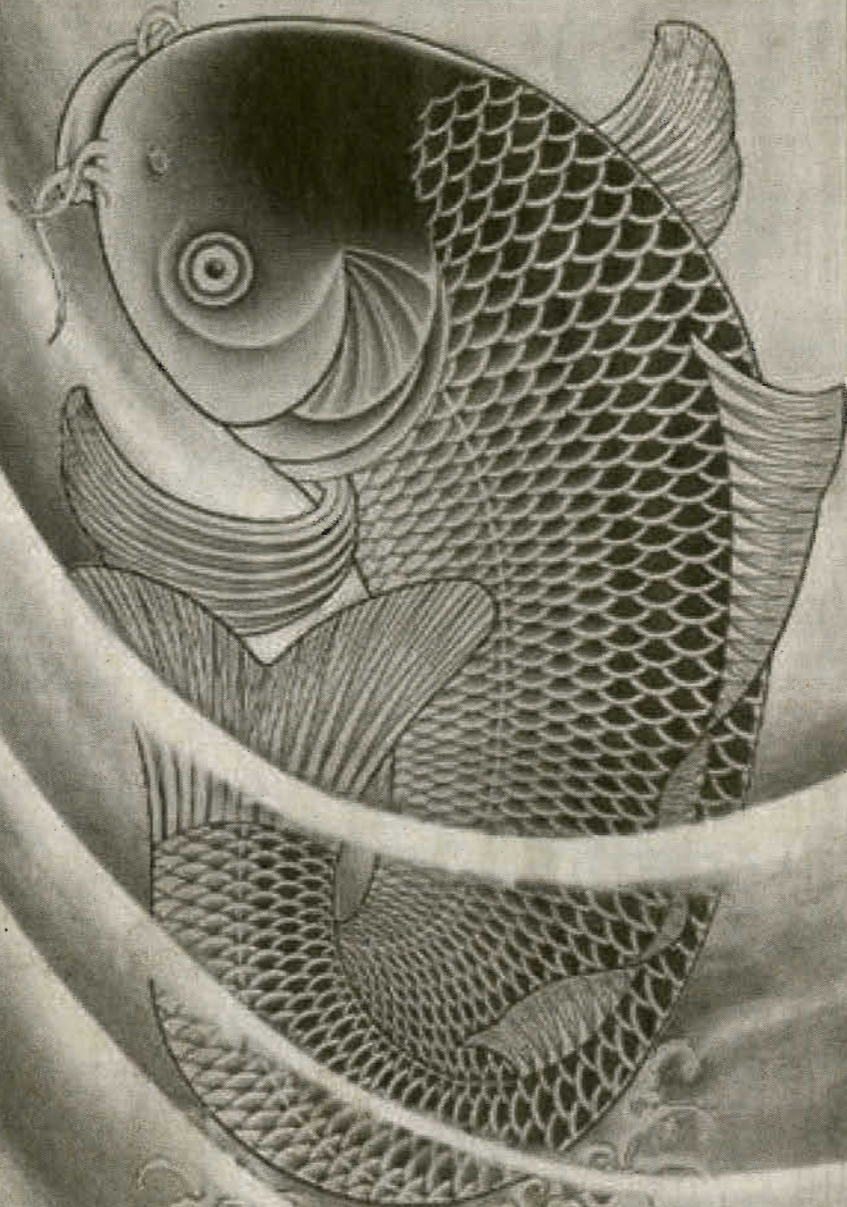
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The SLUG DAILY CALENDAR

Thursday, February 3

Vinyl—Egos

Roby Kap and the Oxy Cotton Pickers—*Kokomo*
Fuck the Informer—*Monks*
The Breaks, The Adonis, Eliza Payne—*Urban Lounge*
Melissa Pace—*Zanzibar*

Friday, February 4

Our Time In Space—*Burt's*

Erin Haley, The Happies, Whiskey Wake—*Kilby*
Sindalor, Occidis, Luchador—*Lo-Fi*

DJ Aspect, Blowski, Mindstate—*Monks*

Corky Siegel's Traveling Chamber Blues Show—*Peery's Egyptian Theatre*

The Clarity Process—*Starry Night*

2 Live Crew—*Suede*

John Luviere—*Sugarbeats*

Spanky's B-Day w/Never Never, Portals—*Todds*

Blue Lotus: Mirage in Winter—*Totems*

Attrition, Violet Run—*Urban Lounge*

Lapsed, DJ Amy7, DJ Je—*W Lounge*

Mrs. Carter—*Zanzibar*

Saturday, February 5

Los Rojos, Bloodworm, Even Lower, Thunderfist—*Burt's*

Clumsy Lovers—*DY8*

Hollow, Almost Undone, Rifle Street Music—*Egos*

Gallagher—*E Center*

God Tube, Warbler, Buttery Muffins, 7 Year Rabbit Cycle—*Kilby*

Her Candane, Lorene Drive, Clarity Process,

Kill the Last Hour, Correta Scott—*Lo-Fi Caf*

Tony Presly, Shades of Grey—*Sugarbeats*

Less People More Robots, The Brobecks, IOTA—*Todds*

Hoodroopone, Elephant—*Urban Lounge*

Sunday, February 6

The Utah County Swillers—*Burt's*

Necrophacis, Malignant Inception, The Obliterate Plague—*Lo-Fi*

DJ Justin Godina—*Monks*

Monday, February 7

DJ Curtis Strange—*Burt's*

Suffocation, Behemoth, Beyond the Flesh,

Cattle Decapitation, Devilsinside—*Lo-Fi*

Matisyahhu, Hasidic Reggae—*Velvet Room*

Tuesday, February 8

Guttermouth, F-Loder, ADD—*Velvet Room*

Matchbook Romance, Motion City Soundtrack,

From First To Last, The Matches—*Lo-Fi*

TiFi Merrit, Tres Chicac—*Liquid Jo's, Borders (afternoon)*

Quell the Beast, Stick Figure Menace—*Todds*

Rising Lion—*Urban Lounge*

Wednesday, February 9

Fuck the Informer, General Confusion—*Burt's*

The Sophomore Year, Bensin, Blue Judas,

When it Rains, Asher Grey—*Lo-Fi*

Holloh, Almost Undone, Send No Flowers—*Kilby Court*

Hairy Apes BMX—*Egos*

Craig Karges—*Westminster College*

Jinga-Boa—*Urban Lounge*

Thursday, February 10

Social Distortion, Street Dogs, Backyard Babies—*In The Venue*

Adore, Cowboys Aren't Indians, The Rubes, Maxfield—*Kilby*

Salty Roots—*Monks*

Stonedf—*Urban Lounge*

Friday, February 11

Pagan Love Gods w/Lauren Cook—*Burt's*

Purdy Mouth, Salty Frogs—*Egos*

The Utah County Swillers—*Halo*

Something Corporate, Armor for Sleep, Straightly Run,

The Academy 1s—*In the Venue*

Robbed CD Release w/The Year Book, Moon Horse,

Uzi and Ari—*Kilby Court*

The Snake The Cross The Crown, Shance,

Waking Ashland—*Lo-Fi*

Starry, Red Bennies—*Monks*

Craig Karges—*SLCC*

Joel Taylor—*Sugarbeats*

Todds 5th Anniversary Party w/The Rodeo Boys,

The Adonis—*Todds*

SLUG Localized w/Agape,

Late Night Sleep TV—*Urban Lounge*

Saturday, February 12

P.D. Meatwhistle's Birthday Horror Bash: Die Monster Die,

Left for Dead, The Abominations—*Burt's*

Hello Amsterdam—*Egos*

Marc Broussard, David Ryan Harris—*Kilby Court*

The Secret Machines, Moving Units, Autolux—*Lo-Fi*

The Del McCoury Band—*Delta Center*

Christine Kane—*IAMA*

Jane Thatcher and the Third Wheels, The Furries—*Sugarbeats*

Masturbating Hearts—*Todds*

Tea Leaf Green—*Urban Lounge*

Sunday, February 13

The Utah County Swillers—*Burt's*

The Wilders, Open Road, Chris Hillman & Herb—*Delta Center*

Colour, Easley—*Lo-Fi*

The 13th Apostle—*Monks*

Monday, February 14

DJ Curtis Strange—*Burt's*

Return To Sender, Tolchock Trio, In Camera, TNTD—*Kilby*

Joyce Cooling—*Kingsbury Hall*

Tuesday, February 15

Racket, All Systems Fail—*Burt's*

Paper Cranes, Aquil, Jessica Something Jewish—*Kilby*

A Thorn for Every Heart, Hidden In Plain View,

Hellogoodbye, Punchline—*Lo-Fi*

Urie Circle—*Todds*

The Legendary Shack Shakers—*Urban Lounge*

Hank Williams III and Assjack,

Hazard County Girls—*Velvet Room*

Wednesday, February 16

Abyssmal Abatoire, Nine Volt Halo—*Burt's*

Hairy Apes BMX—*Egos*

Silent I, Last Response, Rifle Street Music,

Bleed Without Reason, Fourteen Days From Forever—*Kilby*

Rise Against, Tsunami Bomb, Alexsonfire, Only Crime—*Lo-Fi*

Utah Phillips—*Rose Wagner*

Sun Cloud—*Urban Lounge*

Thursday, February 17

Colin Mochrie & Brad Sherwood—*AbraVanel Hall*

Beep Beep, Polysics, Vile Blue Shades—*Kilby*

The Amazing Alston Acrobatic Duo and Traveling

Indi-Rock Puppet Show, Darci Cash—*Lo-Fi*

Force of Habit—*Monks*

Benefit concert for Lilly Fairy: Elephantine, Shave Deeply,

DJ Vortex, Jon E. Hooks—*Urban Lounge*

Friday, February 18

Gallery Fucking Stroll, Mariah xxxoxoxo

Stolen Marches, Skint—*Burt's*

Less People More Robots, On Vibrato,

The Brobecks, I am Electric—*Kilby*

Big D and the Kid's Table, River City Rebels,

The Phenomenauts—*Lo-Fi*

The Wolls, On Vibrato—*Monks*

Bob Moss Exhibit—*SaltLakeUnderGround Gallery*

SLC Tattoo Convention—*Salt Palace*

The Curbs, Clarity—*Sugarbeats*

Gabriel, John Lamonica, 9 Volt Halo—*Todds*

Mindstate, Da Verse—*Urban Lounge*

Saturday, February 19

Dame Darcy—*Black Chandelier*

Rodeo Boys, JW Blackout—*Burt's*

Drew Danbury CD Release w/Chris Bjorn,

Murietta, The Annuals—*Kilby*

Entombed, Crowbar, Pro-Pain, The Mighty Nimbus—*Lo-Fi*

SLC Tattoo Convention—*Salt Palace*

Never Tried Stopping, Basic Accomplishment—*Sugarbeats*

The Rubes, The Elephant Men—*Todds*

Redd Tape, Tolchock Trio—*Urban Lounge*

Bettie Serveert—*The Velvet Room*

Drenalin, LSD, Minton, Payface—*Whiskey*

Sunday, February 20

The Utah County Swillers, Salt City Greasers—*Burt's*

Marauder, Hoods, Blacklisted,

Agents of Man, Hatepiece—*The Circuit*

Duane Peters and the Exploding Fuck Dolls, The Weirdos,

The Lowdowns, Angel City Outcasts, Skint, Thunderfist—*Lo-Fi*

JW Blackout—*Monks*

SLC Tattoo Convention—*Salt Palace*

Global Funk—*Urban Lounge*

Monday, February 21

Electric Eel Shock, The Thieves, Tolchock Trio—*Lo-Fi*

Mr. Josiah, Subtle, Dept. of Eagles—*Kilby*

Unseen, Pistol Grip, Brain Failure, Ramallah—*Club Sound*

Tuesday, February 22

Acoustic Night w/Jamie Jamison—*Burt's*

The Comas, The Vietnam—*Kilby*

Habib Koite & Barnada—*Kingsbury Hall*

3 Inches of Blood, Crisis, Clifton—*Lo-Fi*

Sam Bush—*Port O' Call*

Vadaath—*Todds*

Joe Chisholm's Great Big Thing—*Urban Lounge*

Wednesday, February 23

Bullets and Octane—*Burt's*

Ex Models, The Howl, Smashy Smashy,

Bang Bang You're Dead—*Kilby*

Sage Francis, Soliloquists Of Sound, Jared Paul—*Lo-Fi*

Eighteen Visions, Emery, Misery Signals,

Remembering Never—*Wigstaff's*

Thursday, February 24

High On Fire, Art of Kany, Kylesa—*Burt's*

Acceptance, KillRadio, Over It, Veda, LAO—*Lo-Fi*

DJ 2606, DJ PK—*Monks*

Tailgunner—*Urban Lounge*

Friday, February 25

The Utah County Swillers—*ABGs*

Sons of Guns, Die Monster Die, Left for Dead,

Salt City Bandits—*Burt's*

Limbeck, Steel Train, Larusso, 3% Hero—*Kilby Court*

Letter Kills, Squad Five—*O, Stutterfly—Lo-Fi*

The Body CD Release w/DaVerse—*Monks*

Kate Macleod and The Pancakes—*Sugarbeats*

SLUG Action Sports Night w/Fuck the Informer,

The 13th Apostle, Glade—*Todds*

Mr. Woopie, Shakey Trade—*Urban Lounge*

Saturday, February 26

Unsound Mind, Beyond This Flesh,

Oxide Republica, Daisy Reck Tit—*Burt's*

3 Doors Down—*Delta Center*

Jerry Joseph & The Jackmormons—*Ego's*

Tragic Black—*Kilby*

Sugarcult, Hawthorne Heights, AnBerlin,

Head Automatica, Plain White T's—*Lo-Fi*

Curtis Jensen Spoken Word w/live bands—*Todds*

The Body CD Release w/Starmy, Sixsidedbox—*Urban Lounge*

Sunday, February 27

The Utah County Swillers—*Burt's*

Jerry Joseph & The Jackmormons—*Ego's*

Hot Hot Heat, Louis XIV—*In the Venue*

Jinga-Boa—*Monks*

Monday, February 28

DJ Curtis Strange—*Burt's*

Bear Vs Shark, Circa Survive, Have that Girl Killed,

Ayrton, Gatsby's American Dream—*Lo-Fi*

Tinsley Ellis—*Ego's*

Tuesday, March 1

DeVotchKa—*Egos*

Blood Brothers, Chinese Stars, The Mean Reds—*Lo-Fi*

Jimmy Cliff—*Velvet Room*

Wednesday, March 2

Stop being such a cunt

Friday, March 4

Tuna Helpers, Stiletto, The Breaks—*Burt's*

Modest Mouse, Cass McCombs—*In the Venue*

The Enemy With in, Art of Kany, Clifton—*Lo-Fi*

Dave Alvin—*University of Utah*

SUBMISSIONS ARE DUE

BY THE 25TH OF EACH MONTH

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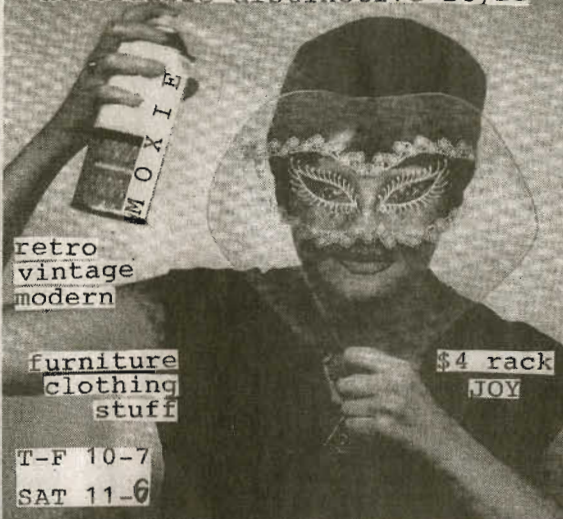


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Submit tracks now for a chance to appear on
Death by Salt II: A SLUG Magazine Compilation!

The Rules:

1. Local bands and musicians only.
2. Tracks must be previously unreleased and not suck. I know this will be hard for some, but this compilation will be heard by record labels and the national media. After we release DBSII you can put your tracks on other albums, but material released during the deliberation period will automatically be cut from the comp. (Remixes and live versions of released songs are OK to submit.) SLUG does not own the copyright to any songs submitted; you maintain your ownership.
3. Song must be under five minutes.
4. Song must be submitted on CDR, with band name, song title, contact info, bio and photo.
5. Only one song per project.
6. Sorry- no cover songs.

Deadline: March 31, 2005

Mail to/drop off at: Attn: Death by Salt II,
351 W. Pierpont Ave. Ste. 4B, SLC, UT 84101
For more details, call 801-487-9221 or e-mail
deathbysalt@slugmag.com

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Amplifiers: AER, Ampeg, Bad Cat, Bogner, Bruno, Crate, Fender, Gallien-Krueger, Krank, Marshall, Matchless, Mesa-Boogie, Orange, Rocktron, SWR, Trace-Elliott, Tech 21, VHT, Victoria, Vox

Accessories: Bartolini, Boss, Danelectro, Digitech, DOD, EBS, EMG, Ernie Ball, Elixir, Rocktron, Seymour Duncan, DiMarzio, Tech 21, Voodoo Lab, Zoom, and tons more!



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February Kilby Court Calendar



01 - NO MOTIV, the Contingency Plan
Le Meu Le Purr, the Shape
\$8 @ 6:00 pm

02 - THE THERMALS, Victrola,
Low Keys \$6 @ 7:30 pm

04 - Erin Haley, The Happies,
Whiskey Wake \$5/7:30

05 - 7 YEAR RABBIT CYCLE
(mbrs of Xiu Xiu & Deerhoof)
God Tube, Warbler, Buttery
Muffins \$6 @ 7:30 pm

09 - Send no Flowers,
Almost Undone, Holloh
\$5 @ 7:30 pm

10 - Andore, Cowboys
aren't Indians, the
Rubes, Maxfield
\$5 @ 7:30 pm

11 - The Yearbook, Moon Horses,
Uzi & Ari, Robbed CD Release
\$5 @ 7:00 pm

12 - MARC BROUSSARD, DAVID RYAN
HARRIS, t.b.a. \$8 adv./\$10 door
show starts @ 7:30 pm

14 - Valentines Extravaganza
Return to Sender, Tolchuck
Trio, In Camera, TNTD
\$5 @ 6:30 pm

15 - PAPER CRANES, AQUI,
Jessica Something Jewish
\$6 @ 7:30 pm

16 - Bleed w/o Reason, Fourteen Days
from Forever, Last Response,
Silent I, Rifle Street Music \$5/6 pm

17 - BEEP BEEP, POLYSICS, Vile
Blue Shades \$8 @ 7:30 pm

18 - Less People more Robots,
On Vibrato, I am Electric,
The Brobeks \$5 7:30 pm

19 - Chris Bjorn, Murieta,
the Annuals, Drew Danbury
CD Release \$5 7:30 pm

21 - MC JOSIAH, THE DEPT.
OF EAGLES, SUBTLE
\$8 @ 7:30 pm

22 - The Vietnam, The Comas
\$6 @ 7:30 pm

23 - Bang Bang You're Dead,
The Howl, Smashy Smashy,
EX MODELS \$6 7:30

25 - LIMBECK, 3% Hero,
Larusso, Steel Train
\$8 adv./\$10 door 7:00 pm

26 - GOTH NIGHT!
with Tragic Black et al.
\$6 @ 7:00 pm

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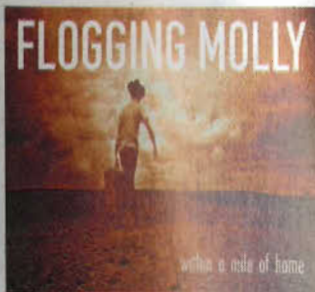


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