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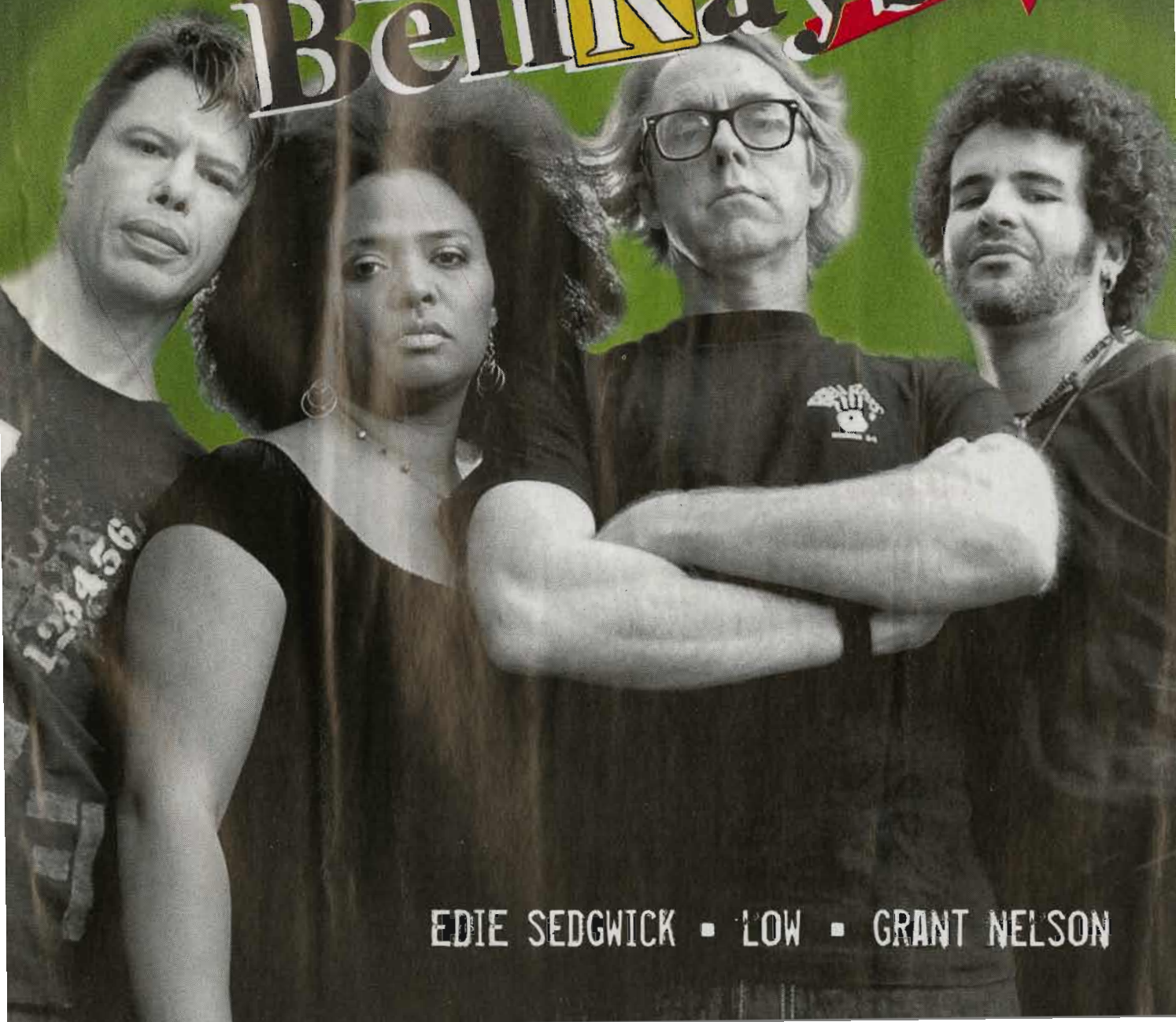
SALT LAKE UNDERGROUND

# SALT LAKE UNDERGROUND MAGAZINE

MARCH 05 2005  
VOL. 16 #195  
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## CONTRIBUTOR LIMELIGHT

**Chuck Berrett** is one of SLUG's most knowledgeable writers, bringing to the table his prodigious reservoir of metal know-how with his in-depth indie-rock sensibilities. Chuck also has one of the best bullshit detectors in the world: He can sniff out posers, wannabes, copycats and the insincere like a dog sniffing out buried trash from five miles away. Chuck then unflinchingly exposes said hypocrisy in his incisive writing. Chuck writes music for and plays in local bands



Fixed Bayonets and Union of the Snake and sports the coolest tattoos this side of the Nile. He has been writing for SLUG for close to three years, and next to MC Welk, Chuck is without a doubt SLUG's hottest male writer.





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# dear dick heads

how yall doin, guess what, if you dont know, im going to tell you. you people are very disappointing. you have supported terror, crime, murder, serial mureder, rape, date rape, drugs, and general hostility all your lives. its very disappointing. its like, you can get away with all that, and you still havent done anything really cool. not really. just a bunch of rabid sexualistic posers. let me tell ya. hows your little slice of the pie. you've promoted hostility in the community. youve destroyed family after family. why right now im writting yall this letter through a blaze of anthrax spread on my personal property by people like cammilla. son of a comando. the love of such is an empty love. the love of rape, is cannaball, its evil its a true sin. and its been thought that all sin leads too this place. ye have made up your minds to be so deterimnate, and that belongs to ye now. it is not too. please understand. we could all be having so much more fun, your magazine could be truly cool and radically excitring, but ye have made up your minds. so, what do ye suppose it is that honors liers, cheaters, thieves and criminals????? wont you have a thought. i know you know me, and im still here, i am only an honest man. i was thinking, because i care, perhaps slug mag would enjoy investing in our youths and alternative cultures future...????, like maybe a new article called... "the arrest of the month", see when people dont understand the tramma of the world and the difficulties of todays world and what all of us youth almost inevitably encounter, it makes it

easier for crime and disorderlies to prevail. ms taylor, aka ruki, if i were your father, i would cut your arm off and watch you eat it. son of a commando. fuck you. yours etc. -code

*Dear Crazy-Assed MotherFucker,*

Sorry to go negative right off the bat, but I just don't even know where to start with this big bag of dementia you sent me. I guess I will address your ramblings paragraph by Bat-Shit crazy paragraph.

First: I think it is a very brave stance for Angela Brown and all the other scumbags here at the magazine to take a position supporting terror, crime, murder, serial murder, rape, date rape, drugs and general hostility. I am most pleased with the fact that we have been very specific in our support of ALL types of Murder and Rape but mildly annoyed that incest, necrophelia and other sweet taboos have gone virtually ignored by the editorial staff. As to us being "rabid sexualistic posers", I am pretty sure most of us have had our shots (Except maybe those creepy Written In Blood dudes) and those last two words don't exist in the english language you dumbfuck.

Second: Our pie is just fine ass-hat, and some families deserve to be broken up. We are just practicing so we can break up the Hilton, Baldwin and Bush families. The last thing this world needs is any more of those

cockbites. To address the whole "Anthrax on my stuff" deal, stop letting Camilla in your house! You know how she gets with her biological weapons, she was raised by a commando for christs sake!! You sad silly assclown.

Lastly: I know there are more paragraphs but I am getting a fucking headache. I noticed that halfway through your letter you replaced "YOU" with "YE" and it hit me! This asshole isn't crazy! He is obviously a land-locked pirate who is losing his mind pining away for the sea, or perhaps a town crier that is frustrated by his lack of job opportunities. Nah, your most likely just some lonely guy who stuck a horse tranquilizer up his ass and decided to drop us a line. Thanks.

One last thing, it is fairly clear that you are very much in love with Our fair son of a commando Camilla. Well she doesn't love you. She thinks you're an asshole. So keep out of her bushes. I don't think there is a guy out there that has met Camilla and not had the whole "Ms. Taylor being fed her arm by her dad fantasy". Don't let it run your life. Get help. Oh, Fuck you too.

Love and Guts,  
YE OLDE DYCKHEAD.






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# LOCAL CD REVIEWS

## CD release parties for March By Rebecca Vernon

3/19 Thrashcorps CD Release- *The Whiskey*  
 3/25 Will Sartain CD Release- *Kilby*  
 3/26 Invisible Rays, Morelocks, Duel CD  
 Release Party- *Breuski's (O-Town)*  
 3/26 Will Sartain CD Release- *Urban Lounge*

Thrashcorps, the band formerly known as Absinthe, has been raging all over Europe for the last few months but will be returning to SLC in March for their release date (details above). SLUG tried their damndest to download their mp3s from the Thrashcorps site and their CDBaby.com site, but because our computers are as old as Dio, we couldn't do it successfully. As soon as we get a physical album, we'll review it, but in the meantime, check out tracks from their upcoming album here:

<http://www.cdbaby.com/thrashcorps>, <http://www.thrashcorpsband.com/music.html>.

Contact: [info@thrashcorpsband.com](mailto:info@thrashcorpsband.com)

### Almost Undone

*Sugar & Despair*

Combining the best of Evanescence and Kittie, Almost Undone present a choppy, chunky metal cocktail that's a little bit nu, a little bit jagged core (Crisis, Otep, Kittie). I never liked Evanescence, but Brenna White does a better job than Amy Lee or Morgan Lander combined, especially since Kittie has gone in that whole horrible metal-pop direction. The riffs are juicy and a bit avant garde (kind of recalling Crisis in the guitarwork as well), dripping with blood and precision, and the production really brings out strengths of the band. [www.almostundone.com](http://www.almostundone.com)

### Circuit Surgeon

*Circuit Surgeon*

Self-released

Circuit Surgeon = Skinny Puppy + Noise Unit + Twilight Transmissions + Download

Ever wondered what happened to Skinny Puppy? They broke up and reformed as Circuit Surgeon! OK, not really, but this disc sounds like it! This two-man industrial brain surgeon has so much going on in each song that there is something new every listen. Overall there is a very fluid motion to the whole disc—some of it is trance-style ambient with beats while other tracks are pure ambience. Very much combining *Too Dark Park/Last Rights*—era Skinny Puppy with the ambience of Download. this disc is a worthy addition to any industrial fan's collection, whether you're a "Puppy Person" or not. —The BUTCHER

Gaza

East

Exigent Records

Gaza = Soilent Green + Today Is The Day + Eyehategod + Pushing Up Daisies

Probably unfairly lumped in with many of the metalcore bands coming out these days, Gaza are unique and don't deserve such categorization.

Elements of raging, pissed hardcore are evident, but with a very kick-ass mix of supremely heavy bottom-end bass and razor-sharp, buzzing guitars, with black-metal-sounding tortured screams. Strange guitar harmonies and melodies hang out amidst all the ruckus. This very easily sounds like something from out of Birmingham back in the guitar-industrial/hardcore days.

—The BUTCHER

### Gigi Love

*Turning to Gold*

Gigi Love = Gina French + Lucinda Williams + Sheryl Crow

You know, it's always nice when people write old-fashioned handwritten notes. Thanks, Gigi. Bittersweet alt-country goes down smooth as warm buttered rum, or better yet, buttered rum Lifesavers. Everything on this album is so perfectly written, executed and produced that there's nothing left for me to make fun of. Gigi is touring Europe this spring and was featured on Mountain Dew's latest compilation. Dan Thomas from Tolchock Trio played drums on *Turning to Gold*, and I heard a crazy rumor that Bill Frost played some of the guitar parts. My favorite tracks are "Baja Blue," "Dali on Fire" and "Goodbye Arcata."

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

### Tragic Black

*The Six Premonitions*

Tragic Black = Cinema Strange + Crass

Sociopolitical death rock never tasted so good. Tragic Black is back with this six-song EP, recorded at Arrogant Hipster Studios, which is tighter, crisper and boasts more cohesive production than *Articulate Lacerations*. The songwriting has also progressed a lot; the guitar riffs seem chunkier, more intricate and interesting while the drum programming has become more complex and intense. Through pure passion, Tragic Black, in true punk fashion, appeal to your gut instinct and ability to think.

## Almost Undone



That sincerity is what sets them apart, and has given them their international underground cult status. Believe this: Tragic Black will continue to change the world. Look out for their interview in May's LOCALIZED column. [www.tragicblack.com](http://www.tragicblack.com)

### The Wolfs

*Lights Out +4*

PseudoRecordings

The Wolfs = Iggy & the Stooges + The Germs + The Red Eyed Legends

The Wolfs remind you of all the tough, grimy reasons you fell in love with rock n' roll and/or punk—and it didn't have anything to do with romance, money, status or fashion. "The Baroness" is my favorite track on this latest searing-hot proposition from the Wolfs; the backup choruses are charming, snotty, stirring; the opening guitar-riff-o'-tension will make you shake your ass; the thick, heavy choruses will make you tear off your clothes. "Outta Season" taps into messy, sing-along early L.A. punk. "Lights Out" is infectious; "Death Theme #2" is darkly and deeply disturbing like the inside of Nick Cave's head, and "Thirty-Four" is a nice, psychedelic outro ending on wind chimes. I (heart) The Wolfs.

[info@pseudorecordings.com](mailto:info@pseudorecordings.com)

### Yaotl Mictlan

*Self-titled demo*

Yaotl Mictlan = Mayhem + Mexico

Yaotl Mictlan deliver black metal with a primal, South American heart, what Rene Gomez, lead singer, calls "pre-Colombian metal." The opening track, "Decendiendo al Xibalba" starts with the sound of wood flutes, beads shaking, and what sounds like the deep yelling of an immense crowd. "El Gran Sacrificio de Quetzalcoatl" and "A Batalla Vamos" explodes into straight-up, balls-out black metal with ragged, harsh growling, lightning-fast guitar riffs, double-bass mayhem and blastbeats galore. Yaotl Mictlan tap into a primitive core of angst, sincerity and heritage. [mictlan@ibexthrone.com](http://mictlan@ibexthrone.com), [www.myspace.com/yaotlmictlan](http://www.myspace.com/yaotlmictlan)



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# Sultra

By Astara

Flowing, moving, energetic and delightful are adjectives I would use to describe Sultra's dancing. Her love of Middle Eastern dance is always apparent when she is onstage, as is her warm and passionate personality. She is a genuinely kind and caring person who can dip into

her emotional well and transmit her inner self to her audience.

Transplanted to Salt Lake City from San Diego, Sultra has been dancing since she was four years old, studying ballet, tap and jazz. She was and still is attracted to anything from the Middle East and as she was growing up, saw the *Nutcracker* many times just to watch the Arabian dance section.

"It was just in my blood. I loved the costumes and the music for as long as I can remember," she says.

But it wasn't until she saw **Thia** dance at the Grecian Gardens seven years ago that she became totally mesmerized and enchanted with the world of belly dancing.

"Thia totally blew me away that night," laughed Sultra. "I could hardly sit in my seat, I was so excited."

**"Improvisation lets the real essence of who you are emerge..."**

Thia saw how impressed and excited Sultra was that evening and came to her table to talk to her about belly dancing. Sultra had been home being a wife and a mother of two very special boys, had put on a little weight, and didn't think she was dance material anymore. Thia quickly corrected her thinking. Middle Eastern dancing is for women of all shapes, sizes and ages, and often the dance is more effective and definitive with a larger woman, and the more mature woman can often times emit emotional ranges more effectively than a young girl. Sultra immediately began studying with Thia shortly after that and has performed solos and danced with **Topaz**, **Ambrosia** and **Avatar** under the direction of Thia.

"I was so excited to be dancing because I thought I never would again. A whole new world and life opened up for me through belly dancing."

Sultra's dance style is a combination of all she has learned. Her favorite dancers are **Hadia**, for her emotional content; **Ansuya**, because of her incredible zil work; and **Nadia Gamal**, her all-time favorite of the early dancers. She is presently member of **Cartouche**, a folkloric troupe directed by **Tamar**. Her absolute favorite dance style is to improvise with a live band because it allows her to express her heart, soul and personality.

"Improvisation lets the real essence of who you are emerge. It isn't someone else's dance or choreography—it's just you, in the moment. Technique is important, but it isn't everything. You need to feel good about yourself and allow that to reach out to your audience."

Sultra will be performing in the **Belly Dance Spring Fest** on March 5. She can also be seen in **Thia's Virginia Show** in June, and the **Utah Belly Dance Festival** this August. She performs regularly at the Open Dance sessions held once a month at the Grecian Gardens.

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# City Swingin' with **GRANT NELSON**

by **Nick James**

**A**cross the drink and through the countryside, British native **Grant Nelson** can not only claim his rightful place as a patriarch of the house community, but this award-winning international DJ/producer has flourished along with wife (**Kate Ross**) as co-owners of the 10-year-old house music label *Swing City*. In a SLUG exclusive interview, you decide: proper Brit or **Brad Pitt** double?

**SLUG:** Who is Grant Nelson?

**GN:** I'm still working on that ... ha ha.

**SLUG:** Why did you start your career and why?

**GN:** I wanted to be an actor, but I have always had an unhealthy obsession with music.

Born a true **MacGyver**, as a child Mr. Nelson (much to his mum's horror) spent restless hours rigging his parents' stereo systems together to make cassette (reel-to-reel) tape edits of other people's records; thus, Mr. Nelson's first DJ extravaganza experience. Having formed his first band by 14 and received pay for DJ-Nig at 15, this funk/soul lover has grown into quite the madman behind the decks.

**SLUG:** What is your importance in the house music industry?

**GN:** Well, of course I'd love to think that without me it would fall apart ... ha-ha ... but this is not the case. Occasionally, I get told from people that I meet that I have inspired them to begin work in this industry ... why? I'm just me, doing what I love.

In the studio, this aforementioned love has propelled his musical activities. Aside from Nelson's own productions, **Negrocan's** dance-floor sensation "Cada Vez," which sold an exceptional two million copies worldwide, stands as a fine example of Nelson's remixing style. (Check it out: [www.swingcity.co.uk](http://www.swingcity.co.uk))

Grant boasts no formal training. Developing his ear for over two decades after receiving a Korg (mono/poly) for Christmas at age 14, this veteran on the keys claims over 200 productions and remixes.

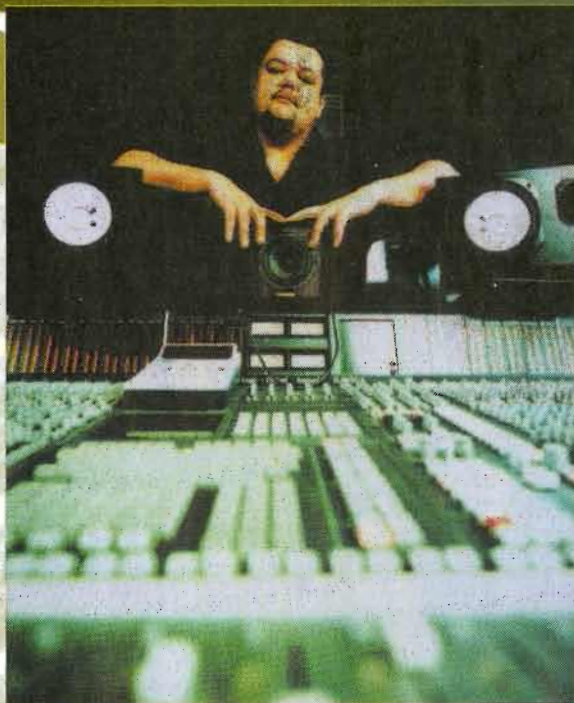
**SLUG:** How have instruments (like piano) aided you in production?

**GN:** Well ... it didn't really play a part in my DJ-ing, but in production it obviously helped, as I could play what I wanted to hear. Without realizing it, I started to mix the records in my DJ sets in key and still do to this day. What a freak!

**SLUG:** How would people recognize your music?

**GN:** I know I like my beats chunky, bass lines funky and keyboards jazzy. House is sometimes monotonous, sometimes intricate, sometimes dark and techy, sometimes light and sweet ... but always real.

As heard on *Key to the City* (a promotional CD for *Swing*



*City* 2003), the flow and rhythm of Mr. Nelson's DJ sets are indeed unforgettably calibrated. Soul, jazz, even Latin rhythms abound; the sounds of *Swing City* and her children, including **Negrocan**, **DJ Rupert**, **CeCe Rogers**, **Mankz**, **Aston Martinez**, **Morten Trust** and **Scientific Soul**, are all part of a larger picture, painting the world community with the finest in textures and color.

**SLUG:** What message do you want to share?

**GN:** Now more than ever it is important for all of us to be more positive without attitudes and thoughts. There are people out there trying to imprison the population of the world within a false sense of fear and panic, for their own agenda. All I can say to you is, look deep into your hearts; as the saying goes, "The truth will set you free!"

Upon ending the interview, Grant wanted to add, "I have enjoyed playing in the states in recent years and certain areas have a very exciting scene building, SLC being right at the top of that list ... a breath of fresh air. Traveling the world, playing to crowds from all walks of life ... every now and again a bunch of people capture my imagination and make me remember why it is I have dedicated my life to music. Big up—Salt Lake."

Check Out Grant Nelson live March 19  
@ W Lounge!



By Nate Martin

# Pastiche Panoply:

Jason Moyer of  
Edie  
Sedgwick

© hats

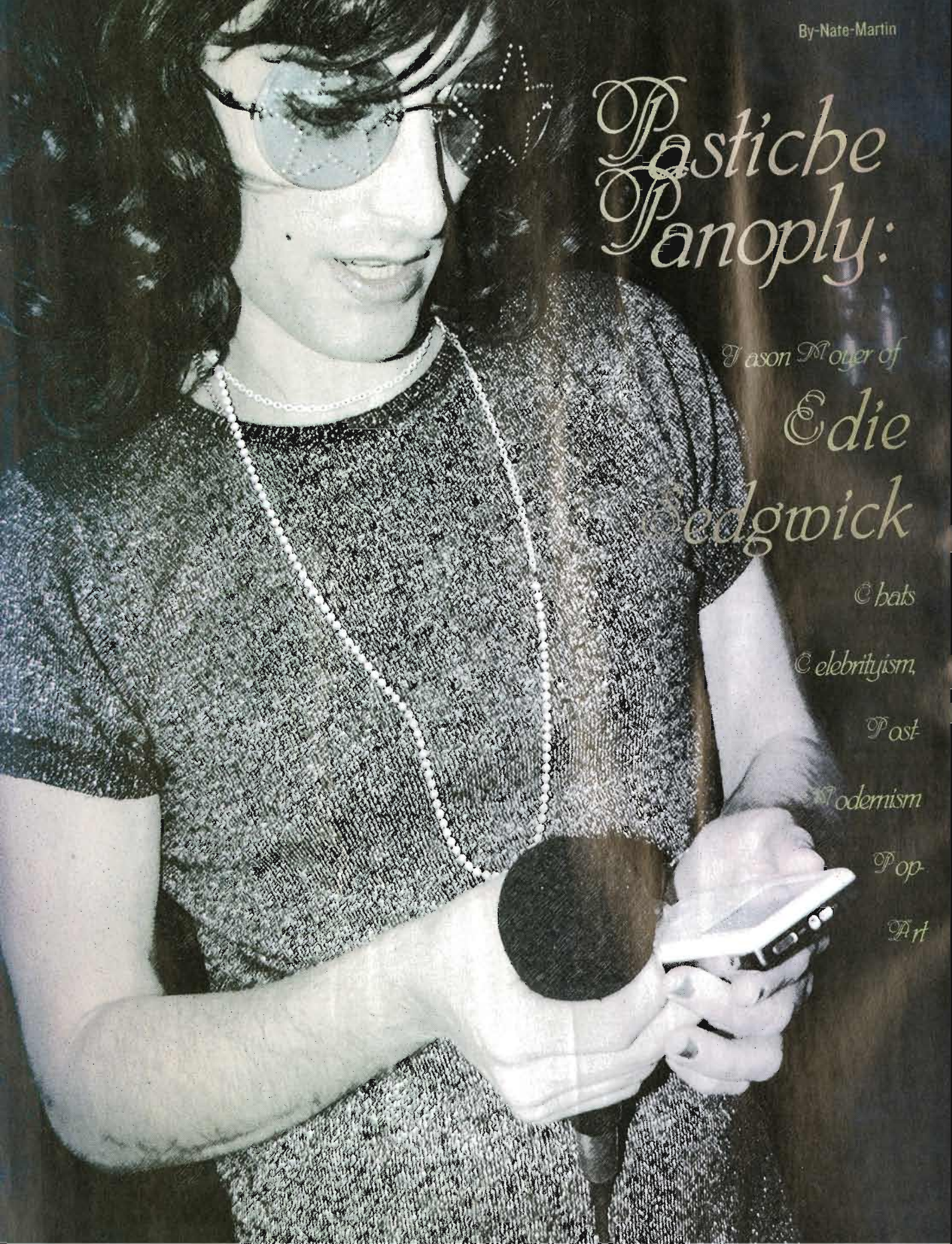
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"One day five years ago I was watching *America's Scariest Police Chases* and it was hosted by this insane sheriff from somewhere with really white teeth, this tough dude. And I thought, 'What if somebody wrote a novel from this dude's perspective? What would happen if someone did that and embodied this person?' And the ideas went from there. So I actually did write a novel, not about him but about **Meryl Streep**, but that's another story. I wanted to embody a famous person and write songs not about my own life, but about the trials and tribulations of **Molly Ringwald** and **Christopher Reeve**. I thought, 'Wouldn't that be something new and unexpected?' And it just kind of stuck. Then I thought that if I was going to embody a person I couldn't get onstage in cargo pants and a sweatshirt. I had to really do it and be the person. I went and got a dress and got a wig and got my shit together. You can't tap-dance with no tap-dancing shoes."

This straight-from-the-mouth explanation from Jason Moyer (of *Dischord* bands **El Guapo** and **Antelope**) explains the origins of his new project, which is the reincarnation of Warhol Girl of the Year 1965 Edie Sedgwick, into one-girl musical superstar form. That's his "Vaudevillian shtick." His mission is a bit more complex, and comments on the state of music in general.

"I started to wonder, 'What is the point of writing music?'" he told me. "I was in DC, where it's a political community with a lot of political music, and I would go to see bands who would be in your face about their politics. It's not that I like George Bush; it's just that I find anti-Bush songs dogmatic and uninteresting. At the same time, I felt my songs should be about something. I don't like instrumental bands or bands that are overly-ironic. So I thought, 'How can I tread this middle ground between postmodern irony and modernist dogmatic politicking?' And so I said, 'What I'll do is write serious songs about a particular subject. I'll write a song about feminism, but make it about **Lucy Liu**. I'll write a song about how **Martin Sheen** is the true cultural president of the United States, but it's about the West Wing.'"

*Her Love is Real...But She is Not* (Desoto), Edie's first solo album, comes out on March 21. It's a 40-minute electronic dance-party extravaganza, and with song titles like "Christian Slater," "Harrison Ford" and "Haley Joel Osment," the track listing reads like the cast credits of next year's summer blockbuster. I asked Jason how he picks the subjects for his songs. He said, "Certain things stick in my head. I was doing the whole drag act, so I got to thinking about **Jamie Lee Curtis** and the rumor that she was an hermaphrodite. I thought that would be interesting to talk about, so I wrote a song about her. Then I was writing songs about brothers and sisters and thought, 'What if I wrote a song about celebrity brothers and

sisters and the dilemma that I would face if I had to sleep with one of them but I couldn't decide which one because they're both really attractive?'

So I wrote a song about **Justine** and **Jason Bateman**.

"At the same time, the lyrics on this new album are serious. Some of them are pretty abstract, but when I sing about **Tom Hanks** I'm not saying, 'All right! *Bonfire of the Vanities*! All right! *Saving Private Ryan*!' I'm singing about Marx and economics and how it relates to *Castaway*."

Justin and I spoke about a central theme to his project—the idea of "celebrity," the phenomenon of people who we have never met occupying out time and minds. He says, "It's a fundamental issue in the age of the recorded image, whether that image is a musical image, a photographic image, a filmic image or a web image. There came a point around the turn of the last century, or even at the emergence of the written word, when, before then, we interacted with each other face to face, but once you have representations of actions, a sound on tape or an image on film, you look at that and say, 'Is that **Sean Penn** in *The Interpreter*, or is that Sean Penn that married **Madonna**? Or is that Sean Penn that's married to **Robin Wright Penn**?' There's also the Sean Penn that was in *I Am Sam*, there's also the Sean Penn that won an Oscar for *Mystic River*. Who is the real Sean Penn? It's all a world of signs and signifiers and that's all the world is. And to pinpoint 'This is Sean Penn' or 'That's Sean Penn' is impossible.

"That's the idea of celebrity, but it's also sort of a basis of human interaction. If you think about your interactions, your father or your mother or your brother, do you really know these people? What are they thinking about? I used to be a social worker, and I would go see my clients who had problems. And I would try, through this sort of bankrupt, broken medium of language, to get inside their head and help them and understand what their problem was, and say the right thing at the right time. And it's just impossible. You can't know them. You can't plug into their heads *Matrix*-style and help them. What you can do is kind of swipe at the problem like a kitten trying to swipe at a ball that's being pulled away from them. That doesn't really have anything to do with celebrities—that has to do with the world and the way we are. We can't read each other's minds. We can't consume each other's beings. With celebrities it's even worse. Of course I'm not going to know **Nicole Kidman** from the dress she wears on the red carpet, but I feel it's still productive to comment on the way she chooses to present herself, or the choices she chooses to make because she's a public figure, and for better or worse, she's part of our discourse. I mean, **Kim Jong Il** is, but Nicole Kidman is, too."

Of all the people he could've chosen to reincarnate, Justin's pick of vapid 60s It-girl Sedgwick is practically perfect, if nothing else as a vessel to remark upon the way in which both his subjects' onscreen personas and their other-world real-life antics burn their way into our

starstruck eyes through projectors and the pages of *People* magazine. Edie was a living piece of Warhol pop artwork—an ever-changing blank canvas upon which was painted whatever bit of pop culture Andy saw fit. In a way, we're all that canvas. Justin says, "Edie's story is a story of vacuousness and reflecting those around her. Nobody knows why she was famous. She and Andy Warhol would go to art openings and would be mobbed. I understand why Warhol would be mobbed but why would she be mobbed? Just because she's around. She's this empty figure, this mirror, reflecting the world around her. Our first album was called *First Reflections*—we're just going to reflect everyone we see and write a song about them. Everybody's got a story. I can write a song about anybody."

However heavy Justin's ideology might be, this thick soup of post/modernism, celebrity, signs and signifiers didn't quite hold the clout live on stage that it does on the page. "For awhile [in concert] I was using an iPod for my backing music," he says, "which was funny because it was a gimmick. But the shows started to seem a little bit empty. I would try to jump around and be crazy but it didn't really fill up the room. Some friends of mine were interested in making film and these songs that I've written lend themselves well to short videos. So these two guys cut about 16 short films that go with each song. Now I go on stage with a laptop and a video projector and I project these films behind me and I basically sing over a DVD. That way I can do my thing and enjoy the song and when I'm boring or the song's getting too long there's this visual stimulation that fills up the space.

"We worry that we might run into [copyright] trouble with the videos we shoot behind me live, but we don't sell them and they don't make anyone look really bad. I have a song about **Arnold Schwarzenegger** and in the video it cuts between him campaigning in California and then cuts from *The Terminator*, but it's not like we cut between him campaigning and then Hitler or anything."

If any part of this article has made you excited, then great for you and I and Edie and Justin. If the idea of a cross-dressing reincarnated cultural theorist isn't your piece of hair pie, then that's fine too. "It's funny because my other band [El Guapo] went to shoot a video and I talked to the makeup girl for 20 minutes about blush. I guess for most band dudes, that's not the same. And I'm excited about that. I don't want to be a band dude. I take pride in the fact that, for better or worse, a lot of people wouldn't do what I do. They'd think it's stupid or they'd think it's silly or they'd be uncomfortable with it. My shit might suck but at least I'm comfortable with it and that makes me feel good."

If you'll be in Austin for **SXSW**, Edie will be there. If not, check out [www.ediesedgwick.biz](http://www.ediesedgwick.biz) and *Her Love is Real...But She is Not*.



# localized

by Camilla Taylor

Photo by Russel Daniels

Localized this month is lovely and has a clean complexion. Localized talks to you in a whisper before tucking you in with a glass of water. Nate Padley and The Happies will play on the second Friday of March at the *Urban Lounge*, a private club for members only.

## Nate Padley

Nate Padley: Guitar and vocals

Will Sartain: Drums

Megan: Bass

Eliot Ferris: Cello

Is it just me, or is coffee getting to be absurdly expensive to drink outside of your own home? I got this impression when I met up with Nate Padley at Salt Lake Coffee Roasters one Saturday evening. Nate is one of the most energetic people I have had the pleasure of interviewing. He filled me in on any details even before I inquired about them.

Nate hands me a CD which I put into my bag so I won't forget it, but he has me pull it out of my bag countless times to point out different little aspects of it, like the lovely album art done by local artist Trent Call, or how the colors on this album are this way because it's the "Japanese album" (which just means that locally, the albums have slightly different colors).

"It's easier to get my CD in Japan than it is here. But it is available at *Orion's Music*," Nate tells me. "You'll hear the first 10 songs that I decided to put in a public place. Hopefully you'll hear something that doesn't sound too local, per se. It's a world we live in, not a city. I wanted to play for the world, not just my hometown. I wanted it to be big, to

sound big." Nate also tells me about his favorite parking lots. He shows me his second favorite parking lot, which is located southeast of the coffeeshop, but he won't tell me where his most favorite one is for fear of others finding out about it. He doesn't want his parking lot to get all gentrified.

"The album's pretty, that much I can tell you, and half of that at least is the artwork. *SLUG Magazine* says it looks as pretty as it sounds." Who am I to argue with the august Rebecca Vernon? Nate describes it as "personal." And it is painfully so, filled with sad piano music and self-effacing lyrics. "Quite honestly, it's about my feelings," says Nate.

Nate is working on a rock opera right now called *The Man Who Killed*. He told me what it is based on, but he asked me not to tell you. But he will play a song or two from it at Localized. [CDbaby.com](http://CDbaby.com) [Soundcorerecords.com](http://Soundcorerecords.com)



## The Happies

Miles Biddulph: Guitar

Ki: Guitar

Elledge IV: Drums and Keys

Linwood Biddulph: Keys and Drums

Nate Biddulph: Bass

To find The Happies, I went down a narrow and silent alleyway to a little house with few lights on inside. There, I found The Happies and we proceeded to have a muted conversation. The various Happies were so soft-spoken that often, the recorder didn't pick up their voices, despite there being no traffic outside and no music on inside.

"The 'Happies' are what you want in life," Miles explains in a monotone voice. "If there are two things you can have in life, 'happies' and 'saddies', then which would you prefer?" Miles was recently released from the hospital after being treated for a concussion which was a result of a tragic long-boarding incident.



Another soft-spoken boy points out that The Happies were meant to continue because Miles survived. The Happies were initially a recording project, but they started playing outside at bars and parties and discovered how much more enjoyable it is to play for people. They like people hearing their music so much that they sell their CDs for \$1 each, although they tell me they have given them away for pocket change or IOUs. *Meet the Happies* is beautiful. It sounds like a haunted video game.

Ki was once long-boarding through Liberty Park when he saw a band playing pretty music next to the Four Canyons fountain. He watched them for a bit before asking "Do you guys need a mandolin player/keyboardist/third guitarist?" but, Ki tells me, the musicians just smiled and continued playing. But eventually Ki ran into Miles again somewhere and effectively talked his way into the band. Linwood describes Ki and Miles them as the Paul and John of the band.

"We're really interested in melody, and we try to make out music about it," Miles drones. "The melody is a defining part of The Happies. The songs get stuck in your head. But you want them to be stuck in your head. I find myself singing them in the shower," Ki tells me. They offer me what they refer to as "Happies Stew," with the addendum that said stew is at least a week old, but I refrain from trying it. [Thehappies.net](http://Thehappies.net)



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# The Butcher's Block

Death Metal and Black Metal  
reviews by the Butcher Himself

Some people claim to listen to death metal—some say they like black metal. If you listen to Tool, Pantera or Slipknot, you are NOT listening to death metal. Cradle of Filth and Marilyn Manson are NOT black metal. Slayer is old news. Get over it. Stop pretending. You don't need to burn down a church to appreciate black metal; you don't need to dig up a grave or eat roadkill to appreciate death metal. If you shop at the mall for your music, you need serious help. Keep reading this magazine, with particular emphasis on this column. I want to help. Now that I cleared that up ... on to the first slab of DEATH ...

## Funerus

### Festering Earth

#### Ibex Moon Records

The first demon to escape the gates this month is Funerus, a side project of Incantation mastermind John McEntee. Funerus play abysmal and turgid death metal, with the occasional outburst of speed. They usually keep things slow or mid-paced, though. This is a good example of what real, old-school death metal is like—there are no keyboards, female vocals, nonsensical lyrics about forests ... Songs titles such as "Festering Earth" and "Stagnant Seas" tip you off to what you're in for with these guys.

## Estuary

### To Exist and Endure

#### Ibex Moon Records

Also from back east is Estuary, with *To Exist and Endure*. This band started out as Estuary of Calamity, and had a more melodic beginning, adding keyboards and black metal vocals, among other effects. Now, they've stripped down their sound, ditched the pretty keys and sissy black metal vocals, shortened their name and released a punishing "rebirth" album! Listeners will be reminded of old Amorphis or Sinister upon first spin, and the guitars bring some serious Iron Maiden-style melodies to mind, but make no mistake; this disc will beat you down.

## Hell-Born Legacy of the Nephilim Conquer Records

Hell-Born is a band from Poland that sounds remarkably close in style to Japan's Hellchild. This album has



a definite thrash metal feel in the guitar playing, as well as the way the vocalist belts out the lyrics, but that's as close to thrash as this gets. The rest is pure death metal. I have to admit, the vocals really stand out on this with the way the singer enunciates certain words. The guitars are also interesting, which says a lot coming from me, since I fucking HATE fretboard gymnastics, i.e., wanky guitar-playing. Don't know what I mean? Check out Cannibal Corpse!

## Bloody Sign Vana Vigala Loits

#### Ibex Moon Records

Like their fellow death-metal countrymen Mercyleless and Phazm, Bloody Sign manage to combine the speed with guttural heaviness while keeping things interesting the whole way through the disc. You might say they come across as sounding like a slightly less sepulchral and less down-tuned version of Incantation. Fuck your "freedom fries," Bloody Sign want your death!

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# WASTED LIFE

By David Barratt

**Venomous Concept's** album *Retroactive Abortion* has received mediocre to poor reviews in magazines larger than SLUG. I doubt any writers from those magazines spent their youth in rural Utah County searching for anything weird or obnoxious to counterbalance daily threats from rabid hicks. I don't think anyone who looks for "pop sensibilities" could understand molten thrash made by spare **Melvins**, **Napalm Death** and **Brutal Truth** members.

Venomous Concept aims to make thrashing hardcore punk inspired by legends like **Discharge**, **Gauze** and **Poison Idea**. Much of the time their thrash is straightforward and authentic to the style of early 1980s hardcore. I can listen to generic thrash all day long and still enjoy it, but what I really like about Venomous Concept are the moments when traits from their "real" bands subconsciously creep in. The song "I Said It Before" has a riff that could've been lifted straight off **DRI's** first LP, but with **Kevin Sharp** (**Brutal Truth**) bellowing like only someone who's been listening to metal for decades. "Run Around" sounds like *Utopia Banished*-era **Napalm Death** but with punky drumming instead of **Napalm's** trademark

blastbeats. My personal favorite, "Braincrash," sounds like what the **Melvins** would sound like if the **Melvins** were sketchy metal dudes on crank instead of the nice but extremely weird people they really are.

These stubborn old farts are excellent musicians, but the lyrics are way generic and the album art looks like it was rushed through Photoshop. Cheesy skulls are much cooler when they're hand-drawn instead of copied off the Internet. Still, **Venomous Concept** play under-produced ugly thrash, and under-produced ugly thrash is what I eat, sleep and breathe. (*Ipecac Records/P.O. Box 1778/Orinda, CA/94653/www.ipecac.com*)



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# HEAD PHONES

AN ATLAS IN PREMIER HOUSE MUSIC

by Nick James

WMC! This month we feature two admirable labels in house music: *Defected* and *MN2S*. Both supreme in talent and both particular about their releases, these two innovators claim the fame on who's who in the global community. Also, check out [www.slugmag.com](http://www.slugmag.com) for exclusive features and previews of *1Trax* artist Masdafari and *Jellybean Soul* producer Mena Keys.  
—nickjames@slugmag.com

Joey Negro

*In The House*

Defected Records

What does Joey Negro, Akabu, Raven Maize, Sessomato, and the well-known Jakatta (Remixer of "American Dream" from movie *American Beauty*) have in common? These diverse dance-floor anthem originators share the same mind—Dave Lee. Releasing more hits than any other UK producer and remixer, Dave Lee (JN) is proud to claim soulful house as his passion. Having a reputation for his ingenuity, this latest mixed session by JN is another fine example of man with a purpose, a man not deprived of virtue. In a 3-CD set of funky, soulful, disco house, this master behind the decks presents fresh ideas with classic styles. Including tracks from Rasmus Faber, Martin Solveig, Blaze, Dimitri from Paris, and Kings of Tomorrow, to name a few—if you're lookin' for some right-down yummy flavors, skip a trip to the ice-cream parlor and check this latest "in the house" release.

[www.defected.com](http://www.defected.com), [www.zrecords.ltd.uk](http://www.zrecords.ltd.uk)

Joey Negro  
In the House



Milk n' 2 Sugars presents

*Ten Years of Our House*

(Jon Cutler & Hardsoul)

MN2S Records

Celebrating 10 years of house music and club nights, record label MN2S teams up with New York legend Jon Cutler and Dutch duo Hardsoul to present a unique 2-CD mixed sessions. Over a

10-year time-period, MN2S have created a management company, a DJ booking agency, two record labels (the other being *1Trax*) and host some of the most memorable house events in London. Disc one: The mind behind the club classic "It's Yours," Jon Cutler features a more sophisticated and soulful side of US-based house. It features artists such as Kenny Bobien, Kerri Chandler, Passionardor, DJ Oji and Una. Disc two: brothers DJ Roog and Greg (creators of the classic hit "Back Together") show their muscles in a funky and tougher edge of MN2S. Expect to hear tracks from Carousel, Scape, D&M Project, D'stephanie and two by the brothers themselves. Cheers to a match made in heaven.

(Thanks, Laura Kissel @ MN2S for your support.) [www.mn2s.com](http://www.mn2s.com)





# Possibly Impoverished but Never Really

## Poor Yorick Studios

### a Gallery Stroll Interview

By Martha Medusa

In *SLUG Magazine's* neverending search of the subversive, I felt it was necessary to investigate the history of underground art studio *Poor Yorick*.

*Poor Yorick* is located at 530 W. and 700 South. This studio space is a product of necessity, drive and vision. Founded by creative thinker and artist heavyweight **Brad Slaugh**, this man is so humble that he would prefer I feature the lesser-know artists that share this space; but for anyone that has spent much time in these studios, it's obvious that Slaugh is the man behind the curtain.

**SLUG:** Why the name "Poor Yorick"?

**Brad Slaugh:** It's in reference to *Hamlet*. There was a court jester named *Yorick* who was an old friend of *Hamlet's*. There is this graveyard scene where they dig up "poor Yorick." It's wickedly funny with tragedy versus comedy; it's really dark humor: like the final joke's on us. I was also reading this monstrous book titled the *Infinite Jest*.

**SLUG:** Is this the first studio space like this you've shared with other artists?

**BS:** No, I shared a space known as the *Marmalade Artist Studios*. It was a warehouse space on 400 North and 300 West. When ownership changed, I started looking for a new studio.

**SLUG:** How does *Poor Yorick* work as a studio for so many artists?

**BS:** We first acquired the main area of 9600 square feet, and then as time went on, we expanded into the adjacent area with another 3000 sq. ft.

My brother **Kirk Slaugh** and I started building what we call "boxes" to separate space out for different artists. I try to focus on the basics; natural light, heat if possible, and making everything affordable.

**SLUG:** Why an *Equinox Show* and how long has this been taking place?

**BS:** This is our 7th equinox show. I believe the first one was in the spring of 2002. The equinox is a great time of year when it's not too hot and not too cold. We try to use this time to collaborate on a project that would improve the space for everyone, whether we paint the walls or improve the lighting.

**SLUG:** What artists will be showing in this, the *Spring 2005 Equinox Show*?

**BS:** The participants for the *Spring Show* on March 18, 2005 will be, but not limited to, **Nikol Alderman**, **Joey Behrens**, **Lynn Oaks**, **Trent Call**, **John Dejong**, **Mark England**, **Elizabeth Grand**, **Ben Higbee**, **Blaine Hofeling**, **Bruce Johnson**, **Brian Kubarycz**, **Scott Ligon**, **Tessa Lindsay**, **Trevor Muhler**, **Tom Mulder**, **M'Lisa Paulsen**, **Sarah Pendleton**, **Matt Potter**, **Peder Singleton**, **Brad Slaugh**, **Tracy Strauss**, **Tent Thursby Alvey** and **Ben Webster**.

**SLUG:** So what's next for Brad Slaugh?

**BS:** My life has been really crazy lately. My next project is a trip for artists to Provence in the South of France that I'm coordinating with artist **Patty Kimball**. The artists will spend three weeks painting the scenery.

**SLUG:** Finally, where do you come up with the subject matter for your "salt of the earth" family portraits?

**BS:** Those subjects are actually my family, the real deal! Real people have a gritty beauty.

Visit the *Poor Yorick* communal artist center in March for *Gallery Stroll*, the third Friday of the month, March 18, 2005.



# books aloud

*The World's Embrace: Selected Poems*  
**Abdellatif Laabi**  
**City Lights Books**  
Every once in a while, you encounter an unfortunate soul who tries to sell you on literature's primary (only to the far right wingers) purpose—the conveyance of beauty. If said people possess any respect for world literature, they will find *Essential Rumi* on the Barnes and Noble bargain shelf, do some research and discover *The World's Embrace*. If very few of Moroccan poet **Abdellatif Laabi's** lines stand out, it's because these poems serve their purpose only when considered as cohesive statements regarding the nature of existence, suffering, renewal, etc. This approach is often synonymous with the effort to convey some aspect of the individual experience with anything less than brilliance, the poetry is often composed of overwhelmingly vague sentiment. I assumed a book of Moroccan poetry would possess something out of the literary ordinary (like **Mohammed Mrabet's** phantasmagoric folktales). Not to say there is nothing of value in Laabi's words (some sequences are sneakily enchanting), but the overall scope of the work and treatment of the subjects remains bland. —J. Thomas Burch, Esq.



*Walk on the Wild Side: Lou Reed,*

*The Stories Behind the Songs*

**Chris Roberts & Hal Leonard**

This is the quintessential rocker coffee table book. It's basically unbearable to read from cover to cover, but is delightful in snippets. *Walk on the Wild Side* is a play-by-play interpretation of literally everything Lou has done since leaving the *Velvet Underground* in 1970. After a current interview with the Man and some background flashes of Reed childhood and Velvet history, Chris Roberts plunges us into the bulk of the text—a descriptive commentary chronological breakdown of every song off of every album of Lou's solo career. The liner notes from *Metal Machine Music* could serve as an analogy for this book: "No one I know has listened to it all the way through, including myself. It is not meant to be. Start any place you like." Roberts's dense and telling observations pick apart the aspects of Lou's brilliance, and reflect them back upon his series of arrogant, childish, even stupid decisions, artistic or otherwise. Reed's work shines through in the end though, and any one page in *Walk on the Wild Side* is worth a read at any one time. The photojournal between the jackets is equally dazzling, for all of you literate rock fans who love looking at pictures. —Nate Martin



**Avant Rock: Experimental Music from the Beatles to Bjork**  
**Bill Martin**

**Open Court Publishing**

Bill Martin is a bass player and a philosophy professor at DePaul University who examines the "way out" music of the past 50 years and tries to put in theoretical frame-work using the thoughts of intellectual heavies such as *Derrida* and *Deleuze*. If you needed more proof that the music-obsessed are nerds, here it is. It is interesting, though, as he traces his timeline. He gives a nod to classical and jazz embodied by the likes of *Stravinsky* and *Ornette Coleman*, but he really gets excited when he talks about *John Cage* and his blurring of the line between music and noise. His other assertions include that *Yoko Ono* is cool (I agree) and that the *Beatles* kicked the door open of what rock 'n' roll could be. Of course the *Velvets* are there and *Hendrix* and he mentions punk, post-rock and postmodern stuff too, but he really gets excited when he pimps prog-rock in all its permutations. *King Crimson* and *CAN* are cool, of course, but he goes a little overboard when writing about *Yes*. In fact he wrote an entire book about them (*Music of Yes*). He does have cool ideas about what makes avant-garde geniuses like *Jim O'Rourke*, the fifth member of *Sonic Youth*, tick. But, this book was written a couple of years ago, so he lavishes on *Bjrk's* mediocre *Vespertine* when the more recent *Live Box* and *Medulla* would correlate more closely to his ideas. —MC Welk



# Glitter Gutter Trash

A *Psychotic Candyland* full of  
glam, glitz, trashy pop, new wave,  
no wave, post everything, retro  
futurisms and distorted beauty.

by ryan michael painter  
rien@davidbowie.com



## Augie March *Strange Bird* Spin Art

When Elbow's vocalist Guy Garvey sings the praises of Australia's Augie March, you can't help but feel like he's being narcissistic. It isn't that *Strange Bird* steals from Elbow as much as it implements the same mumbled vocals over a down-

tempo atmosphere that domi-

nates Elbow's recordings. While many might find this endearing, I find it rather bland. It works for Elbow; it doesn't have the same effect here. The truly bright moments on the album are when they inject a little bounce and come out swinging like *Clinic*. Maybe it comes across as campy, but at least it gives you reason to notice. Unfortunately, more often than not, they are content to mumble.

## The Static Age *Neon Nights Electric Lives* Tarantulas

Having toured with AFI, you might expect something with a little more of a punk rock kick from The Static Age, but I was pleasantly surprised to find that they're actually closer to Catherine Wheel than Davey Havok & Co. Not that you can't find the smallest similarities between AFI's mixture of punk-goth in *The Static Age*, but you can just as easily find guitar effects that are very reminiscent of A Flock of Seagulls (and somehow they didn't make the press sheet). Between the raspy voice, light synths, pulsing bass lines and reckless guitar, you could compare them to a The Cure/Joy Division/Psychedelic Furs/Gene Loves Jezebel cocktail. The only problem is that like much of the music that surrounded the previously mentioned bands, *Neon Nights Electric Lives* feels over-produced and completely without risk. I like it, but it doesn't demand anything else of me and ultimately it won't get anything more than that.

## Zirafa *Turnstyles* Risk the Rook

*Turnstyles* starts off nicely with breaking glass and electronics, somewhat reminiscent of what Depeche Mode did with "Blasphemous Rumor." The second track, "Lost," however, hints at something far more than interesting with its lighthearted piano giving way into distorted guitars and washed vocals. There is something slightly hip-hop

by way of jazz in the drums that seems to pull the loosest of threads together. It's sparse and beautiful, noisy and disjointed, but it works rather well. Then you hit track six and it all goes astray. The cheese jazz of "Flipcut [pt. 1]" is unbearable, so much so that even though the remaining tracks are better, the slightest hint of smooth jazz negates everything around it. Had it been a six- or seven-track EP, I would have been all the happier. As it is, I'm just reminded that some things are best left forgotten.

## Manic Street Preachers *The Holy Bible 10<sup>th</sup> Anniversary Edition* Epic

Generally speaking, the body tends to wash ashore, the mystery fades and eventually everyone forgets that there was a story associated with a particular piece of art. In the case of the Manic's *The Holy Bible*, the folklore of Richie Edwards and his untraceable disappearance lives on. This would prove to be the last evidence of Richie's bitter brilliance and regardless of what might have come before, it was here that he proved to be one of the most dangerously intelligent musicians the UK had seen since The Clash were taking Broadway. Only this time, America didn't bat an eye because Kurt Cobain was dead and nothing else in the foreseeable future mattered beyond that. Not that I can set myself up as an example; I didn't find them until Richie was far gone into the night and the band was back standing tall riding the slightly more optimistic, somewhat watered-down path. Still, none of this matters if the music isn't any good. Thankfully, it is. Not nearly as loud as you might expect, although a far cry from their hits that would follow (the album was overlooked for the "best of" compilation *Forever Delayed* save for the stormer "Faster"). Instead of sheer noise, the edge comes in the dissonant lyrics and the crumbling exterior. They were after all poised to implode from the very beginning; self-destructive, self-consumed, warped and gritty Britpop at its heartiest. Here in its 10th Anniversary form, we find the classic album (both the UK release and the alternate American mix) remastered with bonus BBC sessions and live versions along with a DVD capturing the band in a full masterstroke of arrogant swagger. Rock n' roll should always be this good. As for Richie, I like to think he escaped to where Kurt was trying to get to.

## The Angels of Light *Other People* Young God

Michael Gira (Swans) returns with an album that is familiar while remaining a departure from what you might expect. Gone are the grandiose epics and hypnotic peaks replaced by a starkness that finally allows a glimpse of the brilliance without the antics getting in the way. It is as if Johnny Cash recorded one last record about sex, death and God and left it to find its own way into the world. Acoustic guitar balanced out by strings and organs without the safety net of drums gives the album a warmth that suddenly seems missing from the darker but similar *Murder Ballads* of Nick Cave. Perhaps it is Gira's most approachable work, but don't let that deter you; just when you get comfortable, something dissonant gargles from below.

## Drop the Fear *Drop the Fear* [www.dropthefear.com](http://www.dropthefear.com)

The comparisons to the Cocteau Twins are going to be rampant even though they aren't exactly accurate. Neither the guitars nor the vocals are anywhere as layered or complex, but still there is something there that does recall the cascades and swirling tide that defined 4AD in the 80s. In fact, guitarist Robin Guthrie's post-Cocteau Twins Violet Indiana is a far better reference point. That is, unless you count the few tracks that are so painfully slow they feel like they are being played at half speed (and the vocals droning on don't help suggest otherwise). Still a solid album for the shoe gazers.



# NOISE OF EARTH

by amy spencer  
oneamysseven@kommandzero.net

## HANZEL UND GRETYL SCHEISSMESSIAH METROPOLIS

Years ago, I lived in Logan, where music stores were limited. In a desperate craving for new music, I went to Hastings, spotted a Hanzel Und Gretyl disc and decided to give it a shot. Got the CD home and skipped through the tracks and in less than an hour I was back in the store returning it. That was the first and only time I have done that. Expectations were pretty low for the latest HuG, *Scheissmessiah*, and the hardcore metal act didn't win me over this time (do they even own a keyboard?). Now I am contemplating how relevant this music is for a label like *Metropolis*. From time to time, I run into somebody who claims to be a huge fan of industrial and then they talk about *Rammstein*, *Marilyn Manson* and the likes. Metal fans call it industrial and the industrial connoisseurs reject it because it is metal. There are bands that are excellent live, but just don't translate well onto CD. Novelty acts like Hanzel und Gretyl and *Genitortures* are just that. If metal industrial rock is your thing, this might be fun. One track manages to break through the clutter—"Hellelujah," a cover of *Handel's Messiah* complete with choir, guitars and drums. It's like the metal Mo Tab choir.

## VENETIAN SNARES INFOLEPSY EP COREDUMP RECORDS

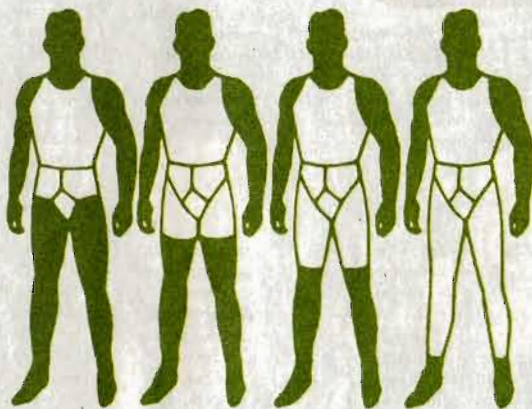
The Salt Lake label showcases more tasty treats with Venetian Snares' latest, *Infolepsy*. Many of you are going to remember the famous pinball machine song on Sesame Street about the number "12." Well, Mr. Funk has his own version of "Twelve" that takes your innocent childhood memories into a tunnel of hard, brutal bass while opening the EP teaser. Next, on "Where's Bill," you get stabbing hits while *Uma Thurman* screams, "Where's Bill?" You can really hear the bloodbath. "Americanized" continues with more savory stabs with a contrasting melody and features sampling of a madman raving about "communist gangster government" and "worldwide living death." The 21-minute short disc ends with the drilling tempo of "Punishing2004 ft. MC SKM." *Chocolate Wheelchair*, *Horse and Goat* and all the other weekly releases from the Canadian superstar have been fantastic; however, this is my favorite thing to come from Venetian Snares since the Doll trilogy.

## MAD EP WHEN I'M 6 AD NOISEAM

The *Ad Noiseam* label is doing what other labels haven't dared. Switching up typical IDM, noise, experimental, electronics and hip-hop while bridging a variety of genres and doing a phenomenal job with artists like Mad EP gives the label the leading edge on dull music trends. Mad EP is the solo work of Matthew Peters, an accomplished cellist and producer of classical music. *When I'm 6* has been a project Peters has held onto for several years and serves as an appetizer to the full-length that just came out, *Eating Movies*. If *When I'm 6* wasn't enough to satiate you, Jason Forrest (a.k.a. *Donna Summer*), *End* and *Mothboy* show off their exquisite remix stylings on the debut EP. If you are not yet convinced to pick up the entire *Ad Noiseam* discography at this point, you should at least consider picking up this gem.

## VIOLENT ENTITY MECHANIZED DIVISION BLACK RAIN

The coolest things about Violent Entity is how he manages to pull out original old-school industrial without sounding dated or dull. As the only U.S. artist on the *Black Rain* label, Damon Dullinger had his work cut out for him to match the quality of labelmates *Davantage* and *Feindflug*. Danceable EBM, minimal sampling and growling vocals are consistently pleasing on the 11 tracks of Dullinger's first album. Violent Entity has already gained popularity in the electronic/industrial music community. After spending months on the road as a live member of *Terrorfakt* and then later adding *Karloz M. of Manufactura* as an unofficial member, you are going to be hearing a lot of good things from Violent Entity. Favorites include "Embrace my hate," "Cold as Ice," and the Supreme Court remix of "Dark Reality." *Mechanized Division* is a refreshing break from the regular industrial club rotation and will leave listeners awaiting the next release.



## WINTERKÄLTE DISTURBANCE HANDS PRODUCTION

Winterkälte is one of the original rhythm noise acts that is still producing the finest in grating beats. Scratchy distortion and static screeching runs rampant on the 10 tracks of the German duo's third full-length release. "Solar Peace," "Eco Lateral Damage" and "Ban Depleted Uranium Weapons" indicate an environmentally charged political theme throughout. Winterkälte has always been therapeutic for homicidal days or for the times I need a boost in addition to caffeine. *Disturbance* is more of what Winterkälte does best and it's impossible to get enough of it.





# Soccer Dad and the People in your Neighborhood

By The Incredible  
Gadianton

I was cruising the west side of town around 10 p.m. singing to myself a twisted variation of *Operation Ivy's Knowledge*. See, my friend Jason and I invented this fun-for-the-whole-family game in which you take a song and change the lyrics around to make it a song about anal fisting. Anal fisting, to us, is pretty much the epitome of hilarity. So, instead of "All I know is that I don't know, all I know is that I don't know nothin'," I was singing (falsetto-style) "Grab the lube and fist my butthole, grab the lube and fist my butthole, honey." A 12-hour taxi-driving shift sometimes requires such frivolity.

So I get a call to The Raintree Apartments in Rose Park. Upon arrival, there isn't anybody in sight, so I park and decide to wait for three minutes. "Weeeeeeee're too tight to get inside, but with some lube the tightness will subside!!!" About 20 seconds before the allotted three minutes expired, and as I was about to shift to a butchered rendition of the Bee Gees' "How Deep is Your Love?" (use your imagination), out staggered a woman with a drunken, sideways shuffle. With a profound slur, she instructed me to take her to an address a mere five blocks away. Goddamn lazy humans.

We pull up to the house and she tells me to wait, that she'll be right back, that she "gots to do some spyin'." Oh, Jesus. I watch her stumble up to

a window and start peeking. Within seconds, a curtain opens to expose

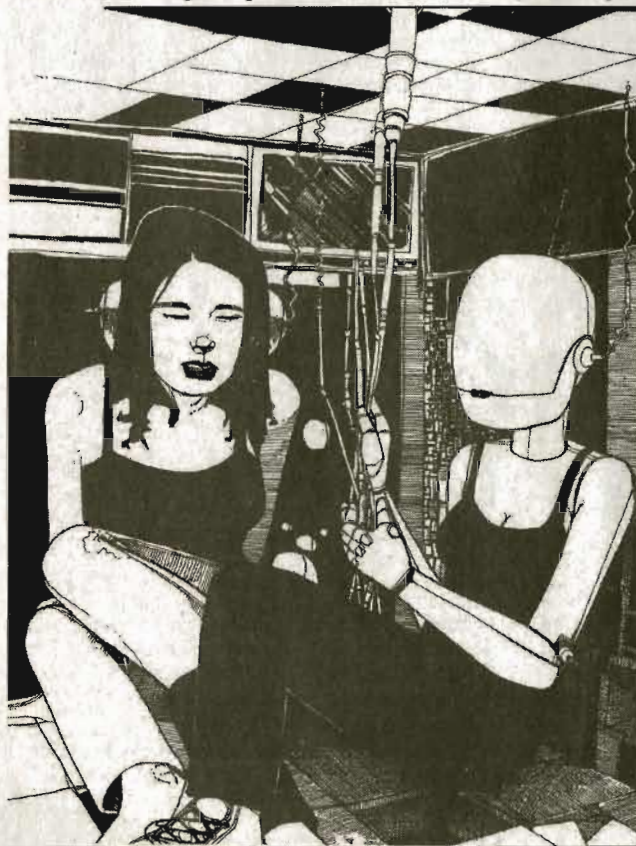
her nonsense and she runs back to the car as fast as the liquor will let her. The person in the window is obviously shouting obscenities, but I can't hear it. She tells me to step on it 'cause we have to go pick up her "real boyfriend" from work now (that last dude was just "some scrub"). As we pull up to her boyfriend's place of employment, she tells me that she has to go inside and get him, but that she'll give me a deposit to wait. She digs around in a monstrous plastic Family Dollar bag and promptly pulls out five rolls of pennies.

"Here ya go, honey," she says. "I'll be rights back. Doncha be goin' nowhere."

"No problem," I say.

I watch her walk into the building and then I just hit the gas—an old-fashioned, cruising-State-Street-on-a-Friday-night-'cause-I-totally-suck peel-out. Good times. I weigh the pennies in my left hand and try to come up with a good use for 'em. And then it hits me.

I turn left onto Fourth West, pass the Gateway, and turn right onto Second South. Sure enough, there's a gaggle of homeless people milling about the shelter. I drive by really slow, roll down the window, and huck the five rolls as hard as I can onto the asphalt—the clink/clank/shatter was glorious. And then, in true Pavlovian form, a real-life bum's-rush takes place. And as I watch the cars and the vagrants shout and honk at each other in the chaos in my rearview mirror; a lovely tune comes to my lips—not quite as high as **Andy Gibb**, but ...) "HOW DEEP IS YOUR FIST? ... How deep is your fist, how deep is your fist ... are you up to the elbow????"



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# How Low Can You Go.

By Ryan Shelton

## HIGH TIMES WITH ALAN SPARHAWK OF LOW

Moses spoke with G-d, George Bush held private council with Pope John Paul II, and I, your lowly SLUG writer, had the opportunity to meet with (in person) Alan Sparhawk of Low. OK, it's not my intention to deify Mr. Sparhawk, but let's just say, he's well-respected in my eyes.

Alan's other band, The Black Eyed Snakes, who, by the way, sound nothing at all like Low (check out our interview with them on the SLUG website, [www.slugmag.com](http://www.slugmag.com)), were here in January and I jumped at the chance (literally) to speak with Alan about Low's new album, *The Great Destroyer*, which was released on Sub Pop on Jan. 25. If you are familiar with Low's older material, *The Great Destroyer* might catch you a little off-guard—but in a good way. The new album is full of rich textures, loud, distorted choruses, and songs that when compared to older Low material, are downright aggressive and fast. Yes, that's right, the band that helped pioneer the "slow-core" genre of indie-rock have written some songs that you can tap your foot to.

Low's last album, *Trust*, marked the beginning of the subtle change in direction that *The Great Destroyer* embraces from the first song to the last.

"I DON'T KNOW IF THAT'S SPECIFICALLY THE NEW DIRECTION. GOING OUT ON A LIMB WAS DEFINITELY A POSITIVE EXPERIENCE, AND I THINK WE'RE GOING TO DO THAT MORE."

"This record definitely pushed the limits of our abilities," says Alan. "It's a new challenge." Alan noted that when Low was in the studio last year, the songs that were working the best were the "more aggressive and louder songs." When I asked him how he feels about Low's new sound, he reluctantly replied, "I don't know if that's specifically the new direction. Going out on a limb was definitely a positive experience, and I think we're going to do that more."

Low's music is extremely personal, and after 11 years, it should come as no surprise that Low's sound has evolved just as its members have.

"Everybody grows," says Alan. "From one year to the next, you're going to be a little different. Sometimes you really are a completely different person just two years later. The last couple of years have been the most intense in my life. I'm surprised as hell that we were able to pull off a record during that time—much less a record that I'm really happy with."

Alan and his wife, Mimi, who plays drums for Low, recently had their second child, which might explain the vehemence in Alan's life. Time, it seems, is the creative impetus behind Alan Sparhawk's music. "In the past, records have been a struggle—being short on time, everybody having different ideas—but on this record, we had enough time." And it shows. "After 11 years, you think, 'Well, we can do whatever we want. We've been doing this long enough.'"

This time around, Low had the opportunity to work with Dave Fridmann (Flaming Lips, Mercury Rev, Sparklehorse), who co-produced *The Great Destroyer* with the band. Traditionally, Low is known for having abundant open space in their music, which gives the trio immense harmonic berth to work with. Production on *The Great Destroyer*, however, gives the album sweeping layers of concinnities that fill every void and crack of the music in an avalanche of noise.

Alan confessed that Low has been talking to Fridmann for years about working together, and that until last year, their conversations remained fruitless. I asked Alan what it was like to work with Fridmann, to which he replied, "It was great. I've been a fan of his stuff for a long time. Wayne [Coyne] from the Flaming Lips suggested that we should work with him. He has definitely been on the short list of people we'd like to work with for the last few years."



*The Great Destroyer* marks the band's second label change. After spending seven years with Chicago-based Kranky, Sparhawk et al. decided *Sub Pop* was a better fit for them.

"Ever Since *Trust*, we've kind of been thinking that maybe we need a more appropriate situation for the records we were doing," says Sparhawk. "We've been getting busier and things have been growing." Last year, after 10 years of self-management, Low finally got a manager. Their new impresario started talking to different labels around the country. Alan rolled his eyes as he told me how a few "big" labels approached them, but as Alan described it, "It's very obvious that we're not a major label band." Halfway through recording *The Great Destroyer*, they were approached by *Sub Pop*, and decided that it was simply "the right step."

"No matter how much you think it's just about writing songs and doing your art, you still gotta figure out what the best way to do it is," says Alan. "It's like making toast. If you're going to make toast, why not use a knife and a toaster instead of an iron and your finger, or whatever. If you have the chance to use a knife, let's do it if it makes things easier, because really, what it's about is making toast."

Alan described the new material as being "really raw" live. "We like playing live, we like making records; the goal is to make them both as good as we can"—a goal that they have met with success for over 10 years. Low, who comes through Salt Lake on every tour, will be playing at the Velvet Room on Mar. 21.

To read about Sparhawk's blues project, The Black Eyed Snakes, go to [www.slugmag.com](http://www.slugmag.com)



# the BellRays

By Jared Saper

## Do Not Obey: The Bellrays Bust Boundaries with their One-of-a-Kind Rock n' Soul



When talked about in larger publications The BellRays usually get lumped in with the so-called "garage rock revival." Not only have The BellRays been playing their patented brand of maximum rock n' soul for much longer than that stupid tag has been floating around, but there is so much going on in their sound that that tag is superfluous. Not all of your run-of-the-mill "neo-garage" bands have guitarists that play guitar the way **Miles Davis** plays trumpet. Nor do they have singers who are able to belt out honest, gospel-inflected shouts over their band's loud rhythmic pulse. I sat down with the bass-player for this dynamic, California-based band, **Bob Vennum**, to discuss, among other things, the general lack of understanding for The Bellrays' sound amongst most mainstream journalists. Other members are drummer **Eric Allgood**, guitarist **Tony Fate** and singer **Lisa Kekaula**, who is currently on tour in Europe with the MC5.

**SLUG:** How did The BellRays come into existence?

**BV:** Lisa and I had another band that we'd been doing down here and it broke up and we wanted to do something that wasn't like that one. We started doing this and I was playing guitar at the time. We found a bass player and a drummer and just started gigging around.

**SLUG:** Once Tony came into the picture, your sound shifted a bit. Was that kind of a natural progression with him or was it decided?

**BV:** Tony and I have known each other for a long, long time. He had a band called **The Grey Spikes** and I would play bass for them when they needed it. We couldn't find a bass player that we wanted and then Tony was having problems with his band so we just said, "Let's do this." He had a recording that he had to get done for **The Grey Spikes** for some compilation, the "Nights In Venice" tune. He said, "Let's record it and we'll put it out as **The Grey Spikes**." We played it a couple times and we said, "This just sounds too good." I started playing bass and we kicked our bass player out.

**SLUG:** That was **The Saints** cover, right?

**BV:** Yeah.

**SLUG:** How did you guys end up hooking up with *Alternative Tentacles*?

**BV:** They've been fans for a long time. Tony knew Jello, not personally, but had

corresponded with him for years before he was in The BellRays. They kind of kept in touch. Then when we started playing out as The BellRays, we finally got to meet Jello. He comes out to all the shows in San Francisco and he'd wanted to put out a record for the longest time and this one was the first one where we've been able to hook up.

**SLUG:** Which was kind of weird: The new one was out for, what, a full year before it was available domestically, right? So what happened with that?

**BV:** We recorded a while ago and we were licensing stuff to a label in Europe called *Pop Tones/Telstar*. So we released it through them for everywhere but North America.

**SLUG:** Which is weird because you're a North American band.

**BV:** Yeah, but we recorded it and we had toured and sold it out of the van. We couldn't find anybody to put it out here, at least at the level that we wanted to. We wanted to get decent distribution and some kind of publicity and stuff behind it and we couldn't find anybody to do it. So, we put it out through *Pop Tones/Telstar* to see what would happen with it and *Telstar* ended up going out of business within months. The whole thing just kind of reverted back. So when we got back, we just said, how about *Alternative Tentacles*?

**SLUG:** I've been reading this book recently called *The Trouble with Music* by Mat Callahan. He delves into the subject of "anti-music" and pop stars who are completely soulless and manufactured and how there's a lack of soul in music today. It seems like you guys are the complete opposite. What's your take on "anti-music" or pop music? And how would you go about defining soul?

**BV:** Pop music, if you look at it—**Martha Reeves & the Vandellas** and **The Shirelles**—those were all manufactured pop bands. They didn't write their songs. They were hired to go record them and sing them out live. There was a core of people who were responsible for that. So **Britney Spears** and those kinds of people to me are completely capable of putting out a good record—it's more the machine and how obtrusive the machine is. If you just let them go out and sing their songs and do their records, that's

fine. I happen to like pop music. Some of it. There's obviously lots of crap. But that goes for rock music and everything. The world is full of the crap and is full of the good stuff. Soul to me is anything that's honest. It's not really trying to be anything other than it is. If all it's trying to be is a catchy pop song, well then, that's got soul. If it's a bluegrass banjo and acoustic guitar and they're just doing their thing, to me, that's soul music.

**Beethoven's** soul music.

**SLUG:** It seems to me that **Tom Waits** or, referring back to **The Saints**, have just as much soul as **Otis Redding** or **Wilson Pickett**.

**BV:** Yeah. And a lot of the misconceptions about what people do is they try to color-fy it and colorize it and say, "Black music is soul music" and it's not because the stuff that people associate with black soul music, probably 60 to 70 percent of it, was written by white people. You know, **Leeber & Stoller** were white guys. You've gotta really get around that and just be aware that soul music was a marketing gimmick. It just caught on, like rock n' roll.

**SLUG:** It's as if rock n' roll has taken a complete reverse or a step back. When it started out, it was blues-based, so obviously there was a heavy amount of black musicians playing what appeared to be rock n' roll. You know, **Chuck Berry** and **Bo Diddley** could be considered proto rock n' roll. But something seems to have happened where it is now a predominantly white male sport.

**BV:** Yeah. Somehow. If you look at **KISS** and you look at **Parliament**, what's the difference? They're doing the same thing. The music sounds different. But ...





**SLUG:** They were both theatrical.

**BV:** Yeah. Somehow one became for white people and one became for black people and I don't understand it. Again, I think it's more of a marketing thing. The record companies of the day just kind of figured, "This is the way we're going to sell this," or "We can sell X amount by doing it this way," and it just became that.

**SLUG:** The 70s seemed to be the large turning point where everything started to veer off and separate even more than it had prior—that's when disco and rock music became completely separate. Whereas before, with R&B and rock n' roll, there were a lot of similarities. And then within the '70s, rock n' roll became rock music and had the amalgam and so it became uncool for white people to listen to black music; kind of reverting back to before the '60s even.

**BV:** Yeah, again, I don't know why. I grew up in a predominantly white environment and my dad was a big blues freak so I always listened to **T-Bone Walker** and **Blind Lemon Jefferson** and those kind of guys. He always had all these blues albums around. And the stuff I was into, **The Beatles** and the hard rock, if you look at the songwriters, you see **Bo Diddley** and those kind of guys and you think, "Oh, I'll go check these guys out." I just never codified it as black or white or anything. It was just like, "This shit rocks or this shit doesn't."

**SLUG:** And it seems you guys have received some very mixed reviews for that. You've gotten some flak from *Gilman St.* for being too bluesy to play a punk venue. And you've also received mad props for bringing jazz and soul and punk and blues all together. How do you deal with such strongly mixed reviews?

**BV:** I think I'm probably the only one in the band who really reads a lot of the press. Lisa and Tony just stopped. They used to but it became a source of contention. I think I'm the only one who can just read it and kind of laugh or whatever, and I can kind of filter through the people who understand what we're doing. But it's not like we're operating



on some high plain or anything. But they either understand what we're doing or they don't; they either like what we're doing or they don't, or any combination of those four things. That's typically how I filter through them. I take exception when people aren't correct about things.

**SLUG:** For instance?

**BV:** Well, it's kind of obvious when some people don't listen to it. They looked at the album cover and they said, "Oh, look at that, an Oriental drummer and a black singer, these guys must be some kind of **World Beat/Tracy Chapman-meets-Yo-Yo Ma**, or something. And they come up

with these insane things just because they've looked at it or they happen to hear part of one song. And that's what gets to me, but everybody's entitled to their opinion. I really don't care. Even if somebody says we're awful, I still say, go see the show and make up your own mind. If somebody tells you we're great, go make up your own mind, don't take somebody else's word for it.

With that, I thank Bob and company. Be sure to catch **The BellRays** when they storm through the City of Salt April 2 at **Ego's** and check out their latest album, *The Red, White & Black*, on *Alternative Tentacles*.



## Tragic Happenings in This Foul Year of the Cock, 2005



By Mike Abramovitz

Rest in peace,  
Hunter Stockton  
Thompson,  
1937-2005.

Woody Creek, Colorado, 02/20/05—I turned on the news today and saw that Hunter S. Thompson had died, apparently from a self-inflicted gunshot wound. My first reaction was that it couldn't be true. I thought it must be some kind of publicity stunt: why would HST kill himself? Hunter was a piece of history: he saw everything go down. He was the reason that shit happened. After reading any of his books, it becomes obvious that he saw what was really going on. There was no bullshit; he saw things for what they really were. Hunter had talked about "the death of the American Dream," but he was the American Dream. He lived freely and spoke freely. He saw things that were wrong and talked about them, even when the "wrong" things were things he had done. His words were the truth, sometimes hilarious, sometimes inspiring, and sometimes a guilty pleasure in this age of

chickenshit, politically correct cowards who are afraid of really speaking their minds.

From sports to politics to drugs and everything in between, the things Hunter has thought, seen and done are on a level all their own. So unless you're afraid of profanity and reality, or your ADD is so bad you're unable to sit and read a book, go get anything you can find that he's made.

The loss of Hunter S. Thompson is a great one, and also marks the end of an era. But he was one of the first ... and there are, I'm sure, many free-thinking journalists, druggies, hippies, drop-outs and punks who will continue to say what they feel is right, and not let those who "think" they're in charge of us forget that they only have power as long as we let them have it.

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# CD Reviews

## A Frames

Black Forest

Sub Pop

A Frames = Wire + Karate Party + X (Aussie) + Joy Division

Cold. Mechanical. Robotic. These are not words typically associated with punk rock. But such is the case with the A Frames, soon to be a household name as they've recently signed with *Sub Pop*. In the tradition of *Sonic Youth*, the A Frames are one of those rare bands that are able to balance aggression with subtlety and nuance effortlessly. The bleak lyrics about progress, technology and isolation are merely spoken over the discordant guitars and the loud crash-boom-pow of the rhythm section. *Black Forest*, their third album, combines the dark, futuristic landscape of their first album with the aggressive garage-pop of their second, making this their best release yet. This is the sound of the future, the sound of the past and the sound of the now colliding as one. —Jared Soper

## Akron/Family

Self Titled

Young God Records

Akron/Family = Devandra Banhart + The Books - excitement

Michael Gira's *Young God Records* has definitely slipped its eerie foot into the door of folk music's re-birth. Gira's *Angels Of Light* and *Young God*'s poster boy Banhart are wrecking the boundaries of minimal acoustic music everyday, but this release from four men known as *Akron/Family* comes short of what one may expect from *Young God* artists. There is no sense in trying to deny their ample talent, as they are great musicians with a nearly perfect understanding of tone and technique; but the songs lack the punch that folk music requires to be vital. There are about 20 seconds of each lengthy track that really display the beautiful melodies and musicianship these guys are obviously capable of; the rest of the music just lures the listener into begging for change. Each sluggish song is laced with expected noise and electronic chaos for a few seconds to break up the monotony, but even those brief interludes pale in comparison to their labelmates. Good for fans of slow slacker minimalism, but bad for listeners with a pallet of variation. —Chuck Berrett

## Dave Alvin

Ashgrove

Yep Roc Records

Dave Alvin = Willie Nelson + T-Model Ford + Bob Dylan + Ray Willie Hubbard Blues is good, but only if it's true to its roots and does not sound like hippie bullshit. That is why Mister Alvin deserves a lot of attention for his interpretation of



Bars

Introducing...

Equal Vision Records

Bars = The Stooges + Slapshot

that wonderful musical genre. Dave Alvin, who has played in the legendary *Blasters*, took over guitar duty for *X* after Billy Zoom left. With those kind of credits behind him, one has to approach this disc with a lot of respect and awe. However, the expectations of the before-mentioned bands need to be left at the door. Alvin focuses on traditional honky-tonk/rockabilly as well as the folk-blues hybrid with this strong disc. One of the greatest guitarists of our generation, Dave lets his axework explode with satisfactory results. Over this raucous electric sound, Dave lets his sultry baritone voice lull the listener with his epic tales of the working man's sagas of a hard life. See Alvin live on March 4 and 5 at the University of Utah when he brings his amazing live set to town for all the true music lovers of the City of Salt. —Kevlar7

## Ass-End Offend

Character Assassins

Poisoned Candy

AEO = Nerve Agents + F-Minus (their first record)

These Montana boys are a refreshing surprise. So much of hardcore punk has been done over and over again, but *A.E.O.* put their own spins on classic formulas to create a ruthless punk rock record. The usual lyrics about shitty jobs and teenage disgust are done with a great perspective. The arrangement and production may be a little sloppy, but work great with what this band is all about. You have to give these guys credit for just being from Missoula, Mont., and creating a good punk record. I've been to Missoula and trust me, these guys pulling this off is just short of a miracle. Whatever lame excuse you have for not putting out your record, it can't be as hard to overcome as living in Montana. —James Orme

## Beep Beep

Business Casual

Saddle Creek

Beep Beep = Suck Suck

Beep Beep has one of the best vocalists I have heard. His energetic yelps and sassy phrases are reminiscent of *GoGoGo Airheart*, and this almost makes up for the fact that the entire band sucks really bad. In a purely objective sense of course, they do not know how to play their instruments, and all the studio magic in the world can't hide the fact that they cannot put together a song. And although they are from Omaha, they sound nothing like their neighbors and labelmates *The Faint*. The entire album reeks of disparity for something interesting and just falls up short again and again. On top of sucking, their name is exceedingly inappropriate with their curious lack of electronica (besides the obvious post-production phoned-in-shitwater they try to pass for electronic music in between songs). Beep beep suck suck, a lot. —seven5zeroryan

Claiming alumni from Boston hardcore anti-heroes *Ten Yard Fight*, *American*

*Nightmare* and *The Hope Conspiracy*, Bars were born to carry the torch of Bean-town's youth-crew legacy into the new millennium. But somewhere along the line, the torch lit a fuse soaked in punk rock n' roll swagger and set off the countdown for something completely different. Absent are the 50-sweaty-guys-packed-in-a-10-X-10-recording-booth back-up vocals, two-step inciting breakdowns and ideological spoken-word segments of past outfits and in their place stand punk sing-a-longs and good old rock n' roll riffing.

Introducing...beats the hell out of pissed-punk-rock ("Type Face Love Letter"), no-questions-asked hardcore ("Up To My Neck") and confederate stoner-metal ("Tocutter"), all without missing a note of each face-melting blues solo. Bars play rock n' roll for those who feel rock n' roll died long ago. —Dan Fletcher



# CD Reviews

## Bellafea

Family Tree

## Pidgeon English

Bellafea = Sleater-Kinney + Bronwyn + Cat Power

Whoever knew that minimal hand claps, toe taps and a muted female voice with alto backups could give you the kind of chills you might feel upon realizing a tornado is heading straight for your mobile home park ("Be Still and Know")? Quiet, controlled power underlies the two-piece of Bellafea even when the music's real loud.

Pounding, raw electric guitar melts into whispery feedback before snapping back into the final explosion at the end of "Tara." One naked guitar riff repeats over and over on two strings with deceitful control while that first female voice, hushed by oppression, talks of skeletons in closets: "Oh father your thick hands are no match for my quick legs/Oh mother your sweet gospel will never save what is happening here" ("Family Tree"). An overall tone of femi-melancholy indie-rock is delicately heartbreaking, elegant in its lo-fi-ness, folk-driven sometimes, punk-dyed sometimes, minimal and oh-so-effective.

—Rebecca Vernon

## Michael Columbia

These Are Colored Bars

## Galapagos4

Michael Columbia = Herbie Hancock + Trans Am + Spinal Tap (jazz fusion period)

This is the music that you'll hear on the elevator in 50 years. An almost exclusively instrumental album heavy on the keyboards and the sax, *These Are Colored Bars* is a strange little release, indeed—experimental, temperamental and pretty groovy, sort of. Because it gets slightly monotonous when it falls in love with a specific hook for too long, this album sounded tons better after I smoked a bowl. This is music to zone out to, to stare out the window to and it rambles along at its own pace with occasional rapids and periodic pools of stagnation. It's definitely not for everybody, and it's definitely not for nobody. Know what I'm sayin'? —Jesus Harold

## Dead to Fall

Villainy & Virtue

## Victory Records

Dead To Fall = As I Lay Dying + Atreyu + Every other band that has tried to rewrite At The Gates' Slaughter of the Soul and failed miserably

Europe is a continent rich in medieval legend, folkloric tradition and mysterious ritual. Fittingly, it is also home to the world's most preeminent metal magistrates. Detroit is a bleak metropolis of smog, auto plants that produce smog, and automobiles that produce smog. Fittingly, metal mockeries like Dead to Fall call Detroit home. Virtue is nowhere to be found in the Dead's sophomore outing, *Virtue and Villainy*, but the villainy is rich. Record opener "Torn Self" tears a page straight from the Gothenburg metal spell book, sounding equal parts In Flames, At The Gates and Carcass, while zero



## The Comas

Conductor

Yep Roc Records

The Comas = Weezer + The Shins

parts original. The same can be said for "Bastard Set of Dreams," "Stand Your Ground," the title track "Villainy & Virtue," and, well, the other 20 minutes of blatant riff ripping-off. Many a mascara-streaked scenester would praise this record for "bringing the mosh." The world won't hear that here, though. Hell no. That would be trite and Dead to Fall need no help in pulling that off. —Dan Fletcher

## David Dondero

Live At The Hemlock

## Future Farmer Records

David Dondero = Neil Young + Paul Westerberg + Tom Heint

Imagine if Elliot Smith was a happy go-lucky guy who actually had a sarcastic and witty sense of humor. Now take that image of mister Smith and put speed in his mouth. Furthermore, give him a guitar with a minimalist sound to it and only a drummer to back him up. That is what comes to mind when listening to David Dondero, an excellent disc that showcases his very entertaining songwriting and compositions. Usually I stay away from folk-type records because they are boring and mediocre, but Dondero uses a lot of Midwestern influences (honky-tonk and rockabilly) in his sound which propels the songs into a very upbeat and rocking sound. There is magic in Dondero's lyrics which keeps a listener engaged, especially when hearing the hilarious banter from Dondero in between songs. In a musical world where whiney 18-year-olds rule the radio waves, it's especially refreshing to hear a talented musician not wallowing in his own miserable bullshit. Pick up this highly recommended disc of guerilla folk rock at finer record stores. —Kevlar7

## Silver

White Diary

## Bad Afro Music

Silver = Turbonegro (obviously so) + New York Dolls + Pink Grease

Scandinavian band Silver is the latest addition to *Bad Afro Records*, one of the labels that're pushing revival rock to the masses. All the key elements that make rock n' roll so great are in place in *White Diary*: Snotty lyrics that are sung between an off-key growl and a sarcastic spit; grinding guitars that alternate between glam rock sounds to riff-heavy 70s metal-punk à la *Motörhead*. However, listening to this record all the way through, it's very evident who these guys are trying to emulate, from their gender-bending look to the vocal delivery: *Turbonegro*. While trying to sound like *Turbonegro* is not really a bad thing, I just find myself wanting to listen to *Scandinavian Leather* instead. Silver needs to add their own identity to their sound. —Kevlar7

Apparently, Andy Herod of the Comas dated Michelle Williams from teen drama *Dawson's Creek*—it was all over the press sheets and reviews that I read. Conductor is about their breakup, and it's a dreamy, melancholy album. My favorite track is "Moonrainbow," a song in which you can feel Herod's pain from being dumped—but it's not emo. "Tonight On the WB" reminded me of early Weezer (specifically "The Sweater Song"), and the entire album has a muffled mix of sadness and animosity. "Invisible Drugs" is a great track with fuzzed-out heavy guitars and spaced-out lyrics; "Slow death blues/you got one thing right/icy hammers ring on sunshine/pink balloons as big as mountains/levitate the sound of summer." Still, there is an innocence about this record that is immediately likeable and warm, and while *Conductor* is not a masterpiece, the Comas are definitely capable of something amazing. —Jamila Roehrig



# CD Reviews

## Emok

Shove Your Head Into The Ground And Feed it to the Earth

## Wrong Records

Emok = Shellac + System Of A Down + Rye Coalition

I wasn't completely enthralled with the actual music on this record, but the lyrics and subject matter hit like an anvil from a 40-floor drop. **Emok** is a three-piece power group who hail from Israel, and use the music of their homeland as a backdrop to the raw, grinding rock they've adopted in the states. The recording is raw and reminiscent of early 90s Chicago-based punk bands like **Shellac** and the driving slur of **The Jesus Lizard**. It does lack catchiness, but they speak in such experienced and passionate ways of American and world politics that it's understandable. Bass-heavy distortion, hard-hitting drums and high-end guitar crunch puts the listener back into a time in the 90s when punk and metal were crossing paths on a stripped-down level of sludge. Each track drives hard and slow while temperamental vocals wash over the thunder in drunken growls and melodies. If **Helmet** were to go out drinking with **Tomahawk** and Israeli Army deserters, this would be the soundtrack to their night of mayhem. —Chuck Berrett

## Enemy You

Stories Never Told

## Red Scare Records

Enemy You = Bad Religion + Screeching Weasel + The Briefs + Descendents

This is damn solid punk rock. There is some sheen, but mostly it's dirty, true-to-form, well, punk. Fast, melodic (but not pretty or cute), smart, well-written, under-three-minute songs dealing with politics, bitches and silly humans make this album a pleasant listen for anybody completely depressed about the state of punk rock these days. It's neither corporate nor pseudo-"street." It just is what it is. And it's a lovely little "fuck you" to the homogenized wasteland that **West Coast** punk has become. However, if you truly do believe that punk is beyond dead, this album ain't gonna change your mind. It's good and all, but .... —Jesus Harold

## The Falcon

God Don't Make No Trash: Up your Ass with Broken Glass

## Red Scare

The Falcon = Really Fucking Annoying x (Leftover Crack + The Queers + Screeching Weasel + The Explosion + Good Charlotte)

When you title an album "God Don't Make no Trash," maybe your album shouldn't suck more than Las Vegas hookers. The Falcon combines crappy pop punk with some of the worst vocals I've ever heard. Brendan Kelly sounds like **Stza** of **Leftover Crack** plus a fucking annoying version of **Joe Queer** mixed with **Ben Weasel** and the inflections that the lead singer of **The Explosion** uses. The music sounds like any status-quo pop-punk band that graces the MTV screen (happy **Good Charlotte**), but the lyrics hold as much depth as **Paris Hilton**. Like many bands that find their way through my stereo, the band itself isn't necessarily bad; the guitar riffs are upbeat and interesting, but goddamnit, that Brendan Kelly really should just overdose on pills for a while and not sing. Replace him with any other semi-intelligent person, and **The Falcon** might not piss me off.

—Katie Maloney



## Four Volts Triple Your Workforce Kanine Records

FV = Sonic Youth + The Smoking Popes

Photo: Paul Clayben

## Mark Farina

Mushroom Jazz 5

## Om Records

It is my pleasure to introduce the latest installment from the series that not only changed my life but the way the world distinguishes the juxtaposition between jazz and hip-hop—**Mushroom Jazz 5**. Presented by award-winning DJ/producer Mark Farina, it holds the nostalgic sounds of Om and MF's signature styles. Including a brand new bumper by Farina himself titled "Cali Spaces," **Mj5** is a blend of funky hip-hop with down-tempo and neo soul, all mixed together to bring you the finest in blunted beats. Due for release March 22, keep a lookout for Mark Farina starting his **Mjazz World Tour**, also kicking off in March! [www.om-records.com](http://www.om-records.com) —Nick James

## Hella

Church Gone Wild/Chirpin Hard

## Suicide Squeeze

Hella = Rhys Chatham "Guitar Trio" + a less.boring more expressive Ghosts and Vodka

Taking a hint from **Outkast's** 2003 album **Speakerboxxx/The Love Below**, **Hella** guitarist Spencer Seim and drummer Zach Hill ride fractured rhythms on this 2xCD set. Each member takes one CD and creates a juicy spastic love platter all their own. On **Church Gone Wild**, Seim makes a complex avant-garde noise rock composition. Split between 12 "movements," this piece not only includes Spencer's signature technical guitar skill but also vocals! **Chirpin Hard**, while not completely dissimilar from Siem's side, is definitely the better of the two. It is subtler in its direction and shows Zach Hill maturing in his drumming technique—less spasms and more controlled bursts of energy. The band itself has tried different takes on their experimental noise ensembles with each successive CD (some working and some not) but this 2xCD exploration takes the cake. —Erik Lopez

## Supagroup

Rules

## Foodchain Records

Supagroup = Supersuckers (rock stuff) + The Datsuns + The Last Vegas + AC/DC This album is absolutely fucking awesome!! Straight-ahead kick-ass 70s-inspired rock n' roll. Headbangers will rejoice with what is probably the best party album of the new year. This maximum revival rock is not for wimps; musically it will blow holes in your speakers with its powercord-heavy licks and boogie-driven rhythms. Expect no sensitive wussy lamenting; the lyrics are about drinking ("Hot Times"), fucking ("Ready To Go"), doing drugs ("Let's Go Get Wasted"), despicable social behavior ("Bastard"), and having a monumental opinion of one's own greatness ("Ruling (Is Its Own Reward)"). **Rules** comes out on May 10 and I expect all of those who trust my musical opinion to be standing in line at the musical store, cash in hand, and a big shit-eating grin on your mug. —Kevlar7

This album makes me happy in a Bukowski sort of way—there's nothing really cheerful about it but it makes me smile nevertheless thinking of all the bland prettiness you can put into a song. **Triple Your Workforce** is like **London Calling** in the respect that every song sounds completely different but they all somehow retain a cohesive vein so as not to come across as scatterbrained. Most lay atop a simple, pounding backbeat; the guitars can be fuzzy or dainty and the vocals are loud-nearly-monotone but spiced with that little sarcastic accent perfected by the likes of **Jesse Michaels** and other East Bay groups in the early 90s before **Green Day** ruined it for everyone. This is what the majority of punk bands would sound like if **Nirvana** had never existed, and that would have been a good thing. —Nate Martin



# CD Reviews

**Kerbloki**  
Poisonous Plants  
Lucid Records

**Kerbloki** = Beastie Boys + Paul Barman + upset baby  
Kerbloki is supposedly receiving "rave reviews nationwide and climbing the charts on college radio" (press sheet). That might be because they thrive off their cunning proficiency to make fun of underground rap that sometimes seems too weighty. Kerbloki is M.J. and J.B. They seem pleasant at first listen, but after a closer examination, they become irritating. The beginning line on the album states, "Thank you, eat a dick/ whether I get mine, tell me where do I sign," proving that *Poisonous Plants* would be a more solemn album without vocals. The compositions sound great, however. Most of the music seems mechanically synthesized, but still deserves a golden star for originality. So if you are used to listening to *Beastie Boys* vinyls (a cappella) at the highest, bloodcurdling, ear-piercing, mind-melting volume, then you might be down with Kerbloki. If not, you'll need Advil and a mute button. —Lance Saunders

**Lagwagon**  
Live in a Dive  
Fat Wreck Chords  
Lagwagon = NOFX recycled guitar riffs + Less Than Jake

The *Live in a Dive* series usually rocks, and Lagwagon's new release is no exception. Lagwagon is the type of band I always associated with asshole punks who don't take themselves seriously. It's not that they aren't intelligent, it's that they are lazy fuckholes and not ashamed of it. Example: "A few years ago and some months we put out an album/Then we put out another one/This song's off of that one, yeah." Fast NOFX-type punk rock, a dedication to Rob Halford, and a claim to be the best reggae band in the world, Lagwagon's live CD is full of poppy yet quality punk. Joey Cape has a particularly good sense of how to incorporate lyrics into the music. So many bands have either good vocals or good music, but Lagwagon finds a balance between the two, plus, their signature sexy red-headed girl with glasses and braces makes the CD even more attractive. —Katie Maloney

**The Letters Organize**  
Dead Rhythm Machine  
Nitro Records  
The Letters Organize = Early Refused + The Bronx + JR Ewing

The Letters Organize owes a lot to Refused. But Refused owes a lot to *Minor Threat*, who owe a lot to *The Stooges*, all the way down to *Chuck Berry*, who owes a lot to African tribal poly-rhythms. The point is: The Letters play good, old-fashioned rock n' roll for this generation. Blurring the lines between punk and hardcore with a few shot of roots rock and a punch-drunk romanticism, *Dead Rhythm Machine* is the sonic equivalent of a drunken, back-alley brawl. "Dressed up in Gatwick" throws the first punch with its *Bad Brains*-esque shout-to-scream build-ups while "There's Room For One More" breaks things up to a swiny *Stray Cats*-strut. The Letters take occasional scratches from *The Blood Brothers'* nails-to-the-chalkboard sass ("Perfection"), but not enough to cause permanent damage. *Dead Rhythm Machine's* straightforward, stripped-naked rock n' roll shows signs of the past, but will assuredly have others owing a lot to The Letters Organize in the future. —Dan Fletcher

Munly & the Lee  
Lewis Harlots = Slim  
Cessna's Auto Club  
No easy comparison  
+ elements of  
country,  
symphony,  
gypsy and  
folk  
**Munly & the Lee Lewis Harlots**  
Self-Titled

**Maroon**  
Endorsed by Hate  
Abacus

**Maroon** = Hatebreed + Poison Idea + Biohazard  
Maroon is a paint-by-numbers hardcore band. Nothing new here, not even anything really superior to any other hardcore band out there. Some deep ominous notes follow with some harsh metal guitar, throw in some random hardcore clichéd vocals and kick up some double-bass pedal drumming, repeat 11 times and you have Maroon's *Endorsed by Hate*. Song titles like "Watch it All Come Down" and "At the Gates of Demise" just scream "tired." I don't know what else to say other than, yawn! —James Orme

**Mystechs**  
죽인다  
Omega Point Records

**Mystechs** = Bobby Conn (if he were a 12-year-old with *Down's Syndrome*) + Ween (if they spent all their time doing whip-its)  
It always seems sad when terrible bands achieve any claim to career longevity ("you mean there's a new *Counting Crows* record!?" ) and it doesn't help when acts of merit slip through the cracks, wallow in obscurity for an album and 2 EPs and call it quits. So I implore: why, in the name of Lord Jesus must a band as sophomoric, trite and tactless as Chicago's *Mystechs* have six records? It seems these blowhards enjoy touting themselves as the 21st-century Zappa and Beefheart. Unfortunately, *Mystechs'* chosen elders were insightful, talented, witty and hilarious, but also in touch with sociopolitical issues (all things that *Mystechs* fail to convey). With pathetic Photoshopped work gracing the covers (fake mustaches and aviators are not funny, douche) and \$5 Casio beats guiding the failed rhyming, not even *Mystechs'* mothers (they can't possibly have girlfriends) could enjoy these tracks. —J. Thomas Burch, Esq.

**Norma Jean**  
O God, The Aftermath  
Solid State Records  
Norma Jean = Dillinger Escape Plan + Coalesce + really tight pants

Tight pants equal trite riffs. This fact was set in stone by America's fashion-conscious metalcore scene, but Norma Jean's *O God, the Aftermath* etches it deep into tech-metal as well. From the first dissonant squeals of "Murderotica: An Avalanche in D Minor" to the gutter-tuned bends of "Charactarantula: Talking to you and the Intake of Glass," the ghosts of fallen noisecore greats *Coalesce* haunt *The Aftermath's* sonic soul. Norma fights back on the 10-minute opus "Disconnectie: The Faithful Vampire" as it spills ominous melodies over an apocalyptic landscape of *Neurosis* sludge and *Isis* ambience; shedding light on a potentially brighter future (brighter in a blinding hellfire sort of way). The aftermath of this experimentation reveals a band quickly growing out of their cursed hip-hugging jeans and into a pair of spacious, sludge-

Munly has released a record that is both musically original and stunning, to say the least. For the uninitiated to the musical genius that is Munly, he has released numerous solo discs as well as being co-writer/front sideman for *Slim Cessna's Auto Club*, a band that also deserves a lot of attention. This latest solo disc features collaborations between traditional honky-tonk country and a string quartet made up of violin and cello. Described as "thinking-man's country," Munly writes dark stories of salvation and redemption preceded by heart-wrenching falls from grace. Mister Munly's vocal delivery fluctuates between low bass and high soprano that is intoxicating and seductive. Several times through the listening of this record, I would just stop and stare into space, contemplating and soaking up the amazing sounds coming out of my speakers. Every one of my loyal readers should give this a listen because you will be blown away.  
—Kewlar7





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# CD Reviews

## Of Montreal

The Sunlandic Twins

Polyvinyl Records

Of Montreal = Brian Wilson + T. Rex

I used to think Kevin Barnes' voice was annoying. Now here I sit, declaring that Of Montreal's seventh album, *The Sunlandic Twins*, may possibly be one of my favorite albums of all time. Recorded partially in Norway, there are 70s rock and 80s dance beats amid their usual psychedelic shenanigans. The first track, "Requiem for O.M.M. 2" sounds like Todd Rundgren's early band Nazz, and "I Was Never Young" proves that not only do Of Montreal kick ass, they have conquered that ass into submission. "Wraith Pinned to the Mist and Other Games" sounds like it was written and sung by Marc Bolan but backed up by robotic 80s beats and sunny guitars. "The Party's Crashing Us" is a glittering pop piece, a perfect love song for all you ironic hipsters. "We made love like a pair of black wizards"... there must be something in the Norwegian air. You buy now!

—Jamila Roehrig

## The Paper Chase

God Bless Your Black Heart

Kill Rock Stars

The Paper Chase = Bright Eyes + Les Savy Fav + Tom Waits + Ween

The dissonance on this album is a brand all its own, achieved with eerie and sometimes carnival-esque piano and string arrangements. That's only half of it, though. The guitars and drums sway and rock beautifully on-key in gaudy song structures that are two parts pop song and on part abject chaos. The sum result is like a car crash on mass milligrams of Oxycontin, like self destructing with a total sense of calm. It's all very unnerving, yet oddly comforting. Yeah, weird. And totally original. This is a band birthed for the benefit of a bipolar world—warm like breast milk, and cold like W's now defunct soul. —Jesus Harold

## Julius Papp

Heartbeat, Vol. 2

Loveslap Recordings

Following up the success of *Heartbeat Vol. 1*, mixed by DJ legend David Harness, this latest installment of San Francisco-based label *Loveslap* is guaranteed gold. Compiled by *Neo Disco* founder Julius Papp, this is a dedicated veteran of house music and one of the three residents of famous *Foundation Parties*. *HB2* is a look at the hottest tracks to be released, including artists Marlon D., Passionador, Blaze, Louis Benedetti and Audiowhores. Also, it features a remix by Julius himself: "Papps PM vocal mix" of Deborah Bond. Due for release: March 8. [www.loveslap.com](http://www.loveslap.com) —Nick James

## Pilot Scott Tracy

Any City

Alternative Tentacles

Pilot Scott Tracy = Network + The Cramps + Sleater-Kinney + The Cars

Ex-Causey Way members dish out some seriously rad neo-new wave/punk rock/electro-pop here. You could conceivably dance to it, emot to it while wearing all black, and/or make out to it. This album indulges in both emotional darkness and celebratory sing-alongs, and dueling male-female vocals spread themselves over



the guitar/synth melodies with weird-poignant lyrics and ultra-cool hooks. It's a brave new world these days—the melding consummation of punk rock and new wave. All those years of hating each other really built up the sufficient tension for some mind-blowing, mix-genre, make-up sex that sounds like this. And we're all better off because of it. —Jesus Harold

## River City Rebels

Hate To Be Loved

Victory Records

River City Rebels = Murder City Devils + New York Dolls + Chuck Berry + Porn Movies + Rocket From The Crypt

Once in awhile I am proven wrong in regards to my musical opinion: case in point, River City Rebels. When I first heard about the band and saw what they were about, I quickly dismissed them as a poser wannabe rock n' roll band. However, after hearing this stellar snotty disc by the Rebels, I have to put my foot in mouth. These guys are the real deal. Lyrics about having a vain personality, hatred for romantic love, drinking and dirty sex are what the band is all about. Taking the best cues of rebellious energy from 70s rock n' roll and punk, *Hate to Be Loved* is mixed with filthy guitar licks, sleazy bass, pounding drums, peppered over with street-gutter brass horns. This disc is an excellent intro for all the young punk kids and self-proclaimed clueless rebels who have no clue as to the huge wave rising from the underground that is revival rock. —Keular7

## Rocket Science

Eternal Holiday

Modular Records

Rocket Science = The Cars + The Downers + Red Planet + Elvis Costello and the Attractions

For the life of me, I can't understand why someone at the SLUG HQ told me that this album was not very good, because it's actually pretty good. The band hails from Australia and was produced by Jim Diamond of Detroit-famed garage rock band The Dirtbombs. Now, while Rocket Science sounds nothing like Mister Diamond's band, *Eternal Holiday* does sound like the quirky 70s pop rock and even traces of early 80s new wave that was on MTV back when it was good. While some of the songs, like "We the People" and "Connect Me" fall flat and are kind of annoying, there are, however, many tracks, like "Dressed to Kill," "Sex Call," and "See the Sun" that feel raw and energetic as hell. Many of the kick-ass songs have a wild organ punching through the grinding rock riffs, boogie bass and danceable slaps of the drums. While this may be a little too poppy for heavy rock n' rollers, it is a fun little nugget of rock that brings in some quirkiness without sounding cheesy or pretentious. —Keular7

As the rock movement grows, some bands are digging into another form of 70s rock that has nearly been forgotten: glam. S'cool Girls dive into full force into this mainly British movement with the release of this six-song, short-but-sweet EP. Infectious rock melodies gets the fist in the air and the ass grooving to the sing-along anthems while the singer spews forth tales of trashy parties and fast girls. For those rock purists out there, this is a must to listen to; for the casual listener, give the cookie-cutter music a rest and find out about past music being reinvented by new bands today. —Keular7



# CD Reviews

Sasquatch  
Self-titled

Small Stone

Sasquatch = Fu Manchu + Lynryd Skynyrd

All apologies—the Skynyrd bit is in there because of the vocals. Sasquatch take the satisfying, tight, crunchy riffs and trad song structure of classic stoner rock—with an emphasis on the rock—and beef it up with extra-big, gritty, cock-n'-bull amp machismo, bulldozing your eardrums until all that's left is tender pink gore. Ragged chainsaw guitar and bass making smooth waves of cool in "Money Man" will have headbangers and non-headbangers alike thrashing. If you feel like life has given you about all you can take, I dare you to blast "Believe It" while cruising on the road to Las Vegas, past the Salt Flats, through the pale desert, through the canyons crushed out of the mountains with dynamite, and you, with a \$10 bill in your pocket ready to burn on the nickel slots. Guaranteed, all your problems will be left far, far behind. —Rebecca Vernon

Shamelady

The Winter Days Were Nights

Rotten Records

Shamelady = Black Sabbath + Today is the Day + copious opiates

Overcast skies, post-grunge withdrawal and Starbucks culture can make the Northwest a pretty bleak place; granted, the fact that it's a pretty bleak place that harvests even bleaker music doesn't help. Portland's Shamelady embrace its austere surroundings and channel each and every drop of the region's espresso-soaked despair into *The Winter Days Were Nights*: a collection of heavier-than-thou sludge suicide notes that leave all possessions to *Today is the Day*. "Blood of our Tears" pits the technical chaos of *Deadguy* against Will Haven's demonic noise, but polishes the two with a lush poeticism that shines brightest on the self-mutilating "I Know What It's Like." Shamelady's stains of sonic masochism and self-loathing prove that these up-northerners were born in the aforementioned, sludge-soaked overalls that *Norma Jean* pray to one day, inherit. —Dan Fletcher

Silver

White Diary

Bad Afro Music

Silver = Turbonegro (obviously so) + New York Dolls + Pink Grease

Scandinavian band Silver is the latest addition to *Bad Afro Records*, one of the labels that're pushing revival rock to the masses. All the key elements that make rock n' roll so great are in place in *White Diary*: Snotty lyrics that are sung between an off-key growl and a sarcastic spit; grinding guitars that alternate between glam rock sounds to riff-heavy 70s metal-punk. It's *Motörhead*. However, listening to this record all the way through, it's very evident that these guys are trying to emulate, from their gender-bending look to the vocal delivery: *Turbonegro*. While trying to sound like *Turbonegro* is not really a bad thing, I just find myself wanting to listen to *Scandinavian Leather* instead. Silver needs to add their own identity to their sound. —Kevlar7

Snow Machine

Self-Titled

Daemon Records

Snow Machine = Nick Drake + early Elton John

Listening to *Snow Machine*'s debut self-titled album is as bittersweet as becoming friends with the girl/boyfriend of the person you like—crushing your hopes, but in a not-altogether-horrible way. It's depressingly pleasant. Katharine McElroy's vocals sound like Elliott Smith after a long night strung out on estrogen, and the tunes themselves are smooth piano pop songs from down ol' Ben Folds way. "Marlboro Man" is perhaps the most sorrowful song out of the group; the story of someone becoming ignorant to the bastard-ness of her cheatin' lover, and the sonic guitars are quite a welcome surprise in the middle of "Camel Lights." The whole album sounds familiar and comforting, making it perfect for driving around alone trying to sort out the mysteries of life. Or for sitting at home and filing your taxes. Whatever. It's just a really good bundle of songs. —Janila Roehrig

Soilwork

Stabbing the Drama

Nuclear Blast

Soilwork = In Flames + Machine Head + Linkin Park

A study should be done to measure the amount of iron present in the blood of the Scandinavian population, because it is clear that heavy fucking metal courses through their sunlight-depraved veins. Sweden's bastard sons, Soilwork, have built a reputation on channeling this caustic lifeblood into their cold, black hearts, yielding tremors of Gothenburg melodic metal majesty. Sadly, *Stabbing the Drama* has contracted a terminal case of anemia, leaving this vital fluid watered-down and contaminated by nauseating n-metal parasites. "Distance" is sure to incite bouts of *Linkin Park*-olepsy, complete with riffs so strung-out of clichés that they hit about as hard as a bottle of Ambien. Swedish heredity does its best to fight back as "Blind Eye Halo" and "Stalemate" shout the war cry of *Slaughter of the Soul*-era *At The*

## Thunderbirds Are Now!



Gates, but it's just not enough to save Soilwork's sonic soul. Let us pray that this infection does not become an outbreak, because without Sweden, metal is doomed.

—Dan Fletcher

Sole

Live From Rome

Anticon Records

Sole = John Lennon + Sage (makeshift patriot era) + Noam Chomsky

So I heard Sole moved to Spain, got married and still continued to polish his inimical distortion of satirical morals. Dan...you were correct. *Live From Rome*, produced and recorded in California and Spain, is more scattered with massive hooks and more diverse lyrics than his last albums. Budging from critical declarations to ridiculous and cynical statements, Sole has noticeably transformed. It seems that the immature and somewhat trapped Sole on his last release, *Selling Live Water*, has turned into a man with intercontinental options. *Live From Rome* is a whole lot of under-the-belt verbal jabs primarily made intriguing by the beats laid down by *Controller 7*, *Odd Nosdam* and *Alias*; an uncommon mixture of the compelling and the extraordinary. Tim, you're still my favorite Anticon artist. —Lance Saunders

The Stella Link

Mystic Jaguar. ATTACK!!!!

Ascetic Records

The Stella Link = Cap'n Jazz + Season to Risk + Chin Up Chin Up + My Bloody Valentine (using clean channels)

Math rock with a healthy pinch of shoegazer sensibility, *The Stella Link* drones sadly at times and crashes around with frustration at others. You can hear the Midwestern flat-land desperation in the pleading vocals and the guitars manage to convey some richly depressing vibes throughout. The rocking moments tend to be more powerful than the plodding stuff, but an overall tone of sadness and yearning is captured pretty well. There's sparseness here, too—kind of like driving across North Dakota into an oncoming summer thunderstorm in the late afternoon on a cross-country car trip. Yep, this is music for lonely boys and girls all across the land. —Jesus Harold

Strapping Young Lad

Alien

Century Media

Strapping Young Lad = Devin Townsend's Maniacal

Genius + Death + Steve Vai + Jeffrey Dahmer

Devin Townsend may or may not be absolutely fucking mental (cough, MAY, cough), but there is no questioning the sheer insanity of his demented wunderkind, *Strapping Young Lad*. Raised on black metal's macabre aesthetics, prog-rock mathematics and good old sadomasochistic delight, this little tide was born into a serial-killer training camp. Thank God, or more likely, Satan, that SYL is a band, not an actual child, and that they are free to raise maniacal metal hell whenever they feel necessary. *Alien*, the band's first fully collaborative effort, sees the past works of each member—which include *Steve Vai*, *Dark Angel*, *Death*, *Testament*, and *Front Line Assembly*—taking up arms to steal the soul of metal back from those who seek to destroy it. "We live for this shit," explains Townsend. "It was never about spandex, eyeliner, wigs and ironic Dokken shirts." Nuff said. —Dan Fletcher

Thunderbirds Are Now! claim in their press sheet that the problem with music today is that there's "Way too much fashion, not enough action." While I can imagine the band that recorded the 20-minute apaz/noise-punk TANI! debut *Doctor, Lawyer, Indian Chief* following this ethos, I feel like I'm better-looking every time I listen to *Justamustache*. Not that there's anything wrong with this, but I miss the Tyranids-ish soiled vocal distortion and bodily-uninterpretable rhythms they wielded on *DLIC*. Now more danceable and trimmed (sonic haircut), they retain many of their bleeps and cowbells and much of their awesomeness and speed, but have simply come out of the basement (the band equivalent to admitting you're gay). This would account for the fact I (incorrectly) swore they had a new girl backup singer. Mustaches are mad hot. —Nate Martin



# CD Reviews

## Summer At Shatter Creek

All The Answers

Badman Recording Company

Summer At Shatter Creek = Damien Rice + Grandaddy + The love-child of Elliot Smith & Jeff Buckley

Craig Gurwich is Summer at Shatter Creek. What's the deal with singer/songwriters with musical monikers other than their own names? Perhaps it's because Gurwich, like so many one-man bands before him, insisted on playing every instrument on his album. Anti-social musicianship can yield some pretty horrible results. *All The Answers*, however is an exception. With his latest release, Gurwich has joined the ranks of I-Can-Do-It-Myselfers! such as Mark Linkous and Vincent Gallo. Although it doesn't break the *I'm-so-sad-it-hurts* format that has become commonplace in today's folk/pop genre, this record does a better job than most at convincing the listener that pity is the ultimate compliment. From intense, euphonious vocal harmonies to simple and effective guitar melodies, *All The Answers* is the best postpartum depression record I've heard in a long time. Grab a pint of ice cream and a picture of yourself when you were young and thin and let out a good cry. I did. —Ryan Shelton

## Total Chaos

Freedom Kills

SOS records

Total Chaos = The Exploited + the Virus + Defiance

Total Chaos is punk as fuck. These boys have been wearing blue spikes and metal studs long before you could pick any of it up at the mall. With *Freedom Kills*, Total Chaos explores George Bush's real intentions of global domination that will eventually lead to global destruction. Pictures of "W" as Nazi and other post-apocalyptic imagery hearkens back to that 2nd- and 3rd-wave of British punk that was probably the best. They're not all political tracks, and songs like "Attitude" and "Another Boot Party" are good old punk tunes that are just to be enjoyed. It's strange now to think that Total Chaos was once on *Epitaph* with bands like The Offspring and Bad Religion. —James Orme

## Various Artists

Alone in the Dark: Music From and Inspired by the Original Motion Picture

Nuclear Blast Records

Alone in the Dark = Metal Mayhem + Alien-esque Monsters + Christian Slater

Black metal can be scary; demonic music about satanic rituals, burning churches and sacrificing live animals, played by menacing Norwegians in corpse paint, donning spiked gauntlets and S&M gear. But beneath the gimp mask, corpse paint is still make-up and those menacing Norwegians likely still live in their parents' basements and perform Satanic rituals exclusively on their comic books. The Alone in the Dark soundtrack is chockfull of basement-dwelling, D&D devotees (Dimmu Borgir and Cradle of Filth stand out), but it's those who stray from the path of eternal damnation that shine. Mastodon's *Moby Dick*-mused "Blood and Thunder" stands out from its surrounding tales of dragons & wizards while hardcore-kids-turned-prog-metal-mathematicians Dillinger Escape Plan thoroughly confuse with their patented equations of metalcore-calculus. Ultimately this soundtrack seems scary but much like an apocalyptic horror film starring Tara Reid and that guy from *Cleaning the Cube*, is anything but. —Dan Fletcher

## Various Artists

Independent Sweden

Fork Series

Independent Sweden = Saddle Creek + Domino + GSL

Did you know that in Sweden, the government gives regular subsidies to its musicians and artists so they don't have to work? But it always made me wonder how you would prove you're a musician in Sweden? Because wouldn't everyone want to try to pass themselves off as one so they wouldn't have to work? Anyway, this group of 20 Swedish artists is of course good, as almost all material from Sweden is. The first part's in the soft indie-folk/art-rock vein, you know, the kind with a splash of alt-country, and the second part's dance, art-rock and weird electronica experimental. And they all sing in English... weird. Sounds of *Saddle Creek*, John Mayer, The Rapture and come through. Ane Brun's "Humming One of Your Songs," with her soulful, Tracy Chapman/Billie Holiday voice, is one of the best tracks. —Rebecca Vernon

## Various Artists

Volume II: LA's Rising Scene

Intravenous Records

LA's Rising Scene = The Jesus & Mary Chain + Smashing Pumpkins + The Beatles

*Intravenous Records* hopes to defy trendy pretty-boy posing and dole out the real quality bands that comprise L.A.'s underground city. However, this is only a tiny, biased segment (psychedelia/shoegazer/90s alt-rock/U.K. pop) of a sprawling scene with hundreds of genres. Several of the 14 bands *Intravenous Records* hand-picked are honestly great: Kristin King's naughty velvet rocker "Heart Beat Love Cocoon," with shreds of Sonic Youth and Joan Jett; Minutes Till Midnight's worthy Stone Roses-soundalike "No Compromise"; Helen Stellar's big, fat shoegazer number "The Opening Credits;" and Sky Parade's mind-blowing BRMC anthem "Losing Control" (the best track on the album). However, none of the 14 are doing anything new or adding onto old ideas. Unless there's a wholesale national resurgence of interest in the era of 90s rock, most of the bands on this CD are going to be hard-pressed to launch their "career" beyond the boundaries of their city. —Rebecca Vernon

## Piers Whyte

Self-Titled

Ache Records



Zao

The Funeral of God  
Ferret Music

Zao = Carcass + Failure + Jesus

## Piers Whyte = Matmos + Laminar + a touch of Merzbow

Let's assume there is a man named Piers Whyte. Let's assume that Mr. Whyte traveled from British Columbia to Cuba with some type of recording device. Let's assume this CD to be a selection of those tapes. This is all anyone seems to know (or is willing to tell) about this project. However, I can inform you that this is one of the most enchanting pieces of field recording I have come across. Much of the album's first eight tracks are dominated by blips, scratches, hums and drones that always seem to approach normative musical motifs only to drift into new soundscapes. The final track, "Pioggia Viola," is an absolute masterpiece of fortuitous audio. Though it seems "manipulated" to an extent greater than necessary mastering, the track swoons with the organic sound of a festival (or something else marvelous) and drowns in noisy clutter and tape hiss. Lovely! —J. Thomas Burch, Esq.

## DVD Review

The Exploited

Beat 'Em All

Dream Catcher

This DVD was recorded in 2003 at a metal festival (in Poland?!?!?)—The Exploited played an awesome show but got horrible feedback from their Polish audience. They played a venue the size of two *In the Venues* but with an applause that wouldn't even compare to a softcore emo show held at *Kilby Court*. I'd say this 23-year-old punk band deserves a little more! They've paved the way for hardcore punk throughout the world and all they get is maybe 10 people singing along to "Sex & Violence"? Besides the idiots in Poland and the overuse of lighting, The Exploited played an awesome set, including some of their classics such as "Punk's Not Dead," "Troops of Tomorrow," and my personal favorite, "Alternative." The other sad part of this DVD was when Wattie tried to let the audience sing by offering them the mic, but wasn't able to reach the kids because they were five feet away due to the blockades (poor Wattie). Though the audience was non-receptive, The Exploited put on an excellent show, and for those who missed them when their van failed to function at Total Chaos, this is an excellent compensation. —Katie Maloney

## Pepper Live

Volcom Entertainment

I was never fond of the name Pepper, but fell in love with them after the first time I saw them. An unusual lineup, including Cuttermouth and the Toasters, threw me into a state of nirvana when I heard the similar riffs to the ever-superior Sublime. Pepper, directly out of Hawaii, have been touring for the last few years, and this DVD was filmed in Hollywood, Calif. One can tell the excitement of the band members while they are playing, interacting with the audience, and occasionally, making asses of themselves. They've put together their set in a way that literally flows just like the smooth reggae beats they imitate and the rolling of the waves from their island of Hawaii. Pepper sounds incredibly close to Sublime, but, as one should know, one cannot imitate God. Their efforts are well heard, and by the size and participation of their audience,

Outside of Nordic black-metallers burning churches and sacrificing live animals, religion and heavy metal have historically kept their distance. Metalcore missionaries Zao have, since their christening, been the exception to this standard. The band's latest testament, *The Funeral of God*, resurrects their mosh-metal spirit, but now torments it with an otherworldly aura of spaced-out melody. "Truly, Truly This is the End" embodies this new direction as it careens from verses of classic Zao dissonance to refrains easily mistaken for Jupiter-era Cave-In. Sadly, as *Funeral of God* ventures into the cosmos, it jettisons the Zao we've all grown to love. Absent are the demonic-while-not-actually-demonic breakdowns of *Where Blood and Fire Bring Rest* and the dare-we-say tribal rhythms of the *Self-Titled* record. In their place stands a new Zao—a different Zao, a more mature Zao—but not a bad Zao. —Dan Fletcher



# KATCH UP

with this month's Action Sport events...

BY JOSH SCHEUERAAN  
PHOTOS: DAN GORDER

First of all, I would like to thank everyone who attended the 2005 SLUG Games Junk Show competition last month at Brighton Ski Resort. The sold-out event (sorry if you didn't make it in) was held on Mt. Millicent with new Junk Style obstacles that were created the day of the contest courtesy of RedBull.

The winners of the first Junk Show were:

Skier Open

- 1—Bryan Rosstiter
- 2—Ian Wade
- 3—Kevin Wilson

Skier 18+

- 1—Jordan Overman
- 2—Nick Panos
- 3—Justin Nelson

Skier 17—

- 1—Thayne Rich
- 2—Spencer Linsley
- 3—Rich Frogg

Women's Open

- 1—Helen Wade
- 2—Yulin Wu
- 3—Olivia Benson

Women's 17—

- 1—Alicia Trujillo
- 2—Maggie Taylor
- 3—Brianna Leaver

Men's Open

- 1—Steven Bell
- 2—Ben Gustafson
- 3—Nick Lund

Men's 18+

- 1—Brian Wright
- 2—Nick Cummings
- 3—Tim Stewart

Men's 17—

- 1—Blaze Kotsonburk
- 2—Nicholas Hueher
- 3—Drew Brighton

March 12-13—Park City Mountain Resort will be hosting the 3rd World Superpipe at the Eagle Superpipe March 12-13. This year's cash prize will be a staggering \$90,000 to be distributed among the ripping snowboard and ski princes

and princesses. Some of the best riders in the world will be competing this year: standouts include the podium dismantler Antti Autti who stormed X-Games last month with back-to-back 1080s, last year's winner Keir Dillon Danny Kass and more. If you watched the X-Games skier halfpipe, you'll notice Simon Dumont way over head with some of the biggest air in history as well as local Park City All Star Tanner Hall trying to keep the money in Utah.

The World Superpipe Snowboard Championships will go down Saturday, March 12. The Men's Skier Contest will follow on Sunday, March 13. The event is free to the public and will feature live music, demo and sponsor village and beer garden. Telecasts of the World Superpipe Contest will air on NBC and its affiliate stations. [www.parkcitymountain.com](http://www.parkcitymountain.com).

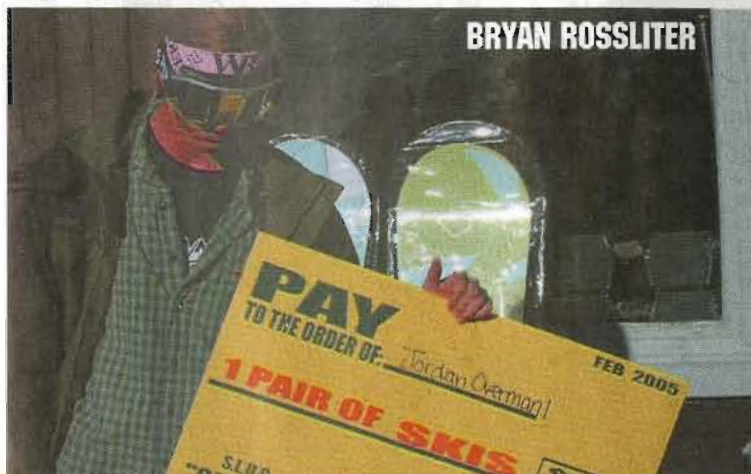
March 19—Park City Mountain Resort will be hosting The SLUG Games, which will make its first appearance with the Cammy Potter Memorial Slopestyle contest. Cammy Potter was a snowboard instructor at PCMR and local resident. This will be a slopestyle format held in the Pick-N-Shovel Park located next to the Eagle Superpipe. A portion of event proceeds will be donated to the Cammy Potter Fund which will be helping future athletes on the Park City Snowboard Team attend summer camps to improve their riding. Register the day of the contest between 8-9 a.m. Call 801-487-9221 for more information.

March 24-27—Jeep King of the Mountain NASTAR National Championships Park City Mountain Resort will host the 2005 Jeep King of the Mountain NASTAR National Championships for three days of competition. To qualify, you must be ranked in the top three in your age & gender category in your division at any participating Jeep King of the Mountain NASTAR resort as of Feb. 22. Hit the slopes today for your chance to win a National Title! Location: Eagle Race Arena, PayDay. Visit [www.nastar.com](http://www.nastar.com) for more details.

March 25—Canyons Spring Concert Series: The Dirty Dozen Brass Band

The only reason I'm offering this information is Modest Mouse collaborated with them on their latest CD, *Good News For People Who Love Bad News*, and they are from the south. Concert 3-5 p.m. at The Canyons Resort Village. Free concerts in the resort village. Enjoy a day of sun and fun skiing and riding The Canyons, and then kick back in the Village to live music. [www.thecanyons.com](http://www.thecanyons.com).

If you have an event you'd like listed, please contact me [josh@slugmag.com](mailto:josh@slugmag.com).





# THE JUNK SHOW

SATURDAY, FEB. 26



Photo: Dan Gorder

Directed By:  
**SLUG**  
Magazine



PHOTO: TIM J. ROBERTS





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Mother's Coconut  
Pregnancies

Sat. 5 The United  
States of Electronica,  
I am Electric,  
Lazer Gold

\* Tues. 8 Jay Nash,  
Paper Sun

Wed. 9 Ted Dancin',  
The Vile Blue Shades  
Thurs. 10 Bonytail,  
Loren Cook

Fri. 11 SLUG Localized w/  
Michael Daniels, Nate Padley,  
The Happies

Sat. 12 Le Force, The Wolfs,  
The International Playboys  
Mon. 14 Chinatown

Tues. 15 Club Bullocks  
Wed. 16 Conspiracy Freak,  
Ghosterners, DJ Burner, w/spe-  
cial dance performance by  
Papillon and Singefire Troupe

\* Fri. 18 Phate, Edgar's Mule  
Sat. 19 Purr Bats (2 sets, one  
old and one new), Tolchock

Trio, Manvill  
Sun. 20 Spleen

Tues. 22 Sun Cloud

Wed. 23 Cabaret Voltage

Thurs. 24 Less People More  
Robots, Six Sided Box  
Fri. 25 Afro Omega, Natural  
Roots

Sat. 26 The Tremula (redd  
tape) Magstatic CD Release  
Tues. 29 Yard Dogs (San  
Francisco Burlesque)

Wed. 30 Spanky Van Dyke  
Thurs. 31 Diesto, Long Arm,  
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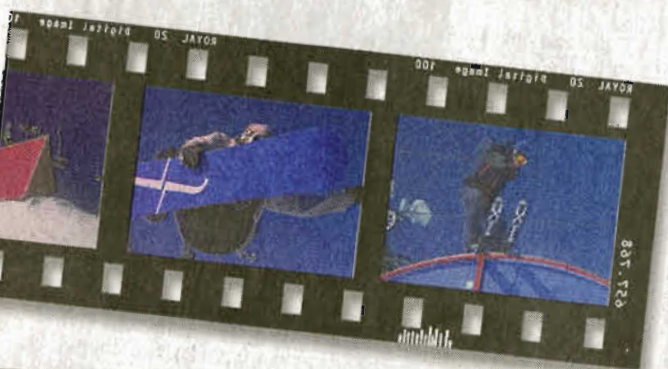
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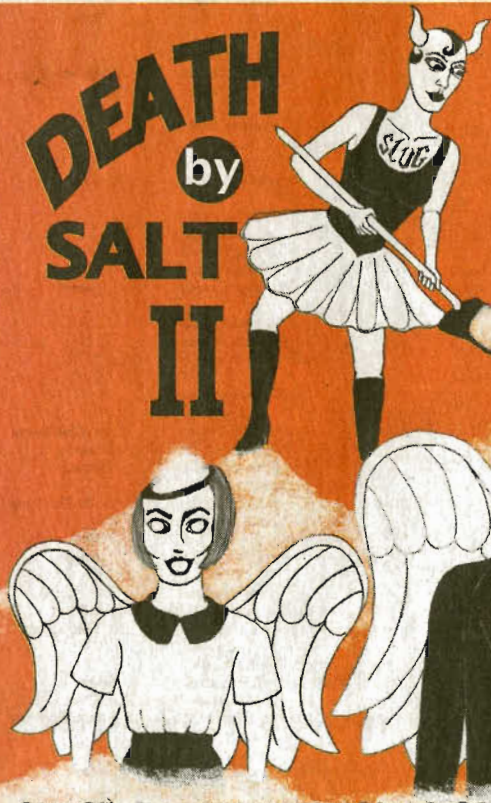
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## DEATH by SALT II



**2005 CALL FOR SUBMISSIONS!!!!**

*It's Back*

## LOCAL BANDS!!!!

**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. Track 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](mailto:deathbysalt@slugmag.com)

**CHECK OUT WWW.SLUGMAG.COM UNDER "DEATH BY SALT" TO SEE WHAT THE  
NATIONAL MEDIA HAS BEEN SAYING ABOUT THE FIRST DEATH BY SALT COMPILATION.**



# THE DAILY CALENDAR

Submissions are due by the 25th of the previous month. E-mail us: [dailyc@slugmag.com](mailto:dailyc@slugmag.com)

## Friday March 4

Hoodroopone- *Egos*  
Tuna Helpers, Stiletto, The Breaks- *Burt's*  
Vista Four, Catherine Cowells, Erin Haley, Whiskey's Wake- *Kilby*  
The Enemy Within, Art of Kanly, Clifton- *Lo-Fi*  
Cass McCombs, Mason Jennings, Modest Mouse- *In The Venue*  
The Album- *Todd's*  
Carlos Washington and Friends of Gravity, Mother's Coconut  
Pregnancies- *Urban Lounge*  
Bethany Joy Lenz, Jessica Harp, Michelle Branch, Tyler Hilton,  
The Wreckers- *Kingsbury Hall @ U of U*  
Dave Alvin- *University of Utah*  
Riverhead, Violet Run- *Halo*  
The Body & Wet City Rockers- *Monks*  
Remedy Motel- *Hog Hollow Pub*  
Zero to None, Lightning in Alaska, ECS, Lifter, 4 Story Drop- *Circuit*

## Saturday March 5

Mad Calibre- *Bourbon St. Bar*  
Smackwater, Pagan Love Gods- *Burt's*  
Signal Path- *DVS*  
Theta Naught, Ashes of Fall- *Sugarbeats*  
Kal Corp Xen- *Todd's*  
Clifton, Clarity Process, Coretta Scott- *Wingstaff*  
SLC Showcase # 3: Murieta, The Brobecks, Incameta,  
Tolchock Trio, Gaza- *Kilby*  
Cryptobiotic, Denots, MTBA, Sindlor- *Whiskey*  
Dave Alvin- *University of Utah*  
United State of Electronica, I Am Electric, Laser Gold- *Urban Lounge*  
Cass McCombs, Mason Jennings, Modest Mouse- *In The Venue*  
Before Today, Halfway Home, Yesterdays Rising, Willem  
Defoe, Autumn Rhodes- *Lo-Fi*  
Broke, The Trademark, Abbey Normal, Return to Sender- *Lehi High Auditorium*  
Katagory V. Antix- *The Palms Club*  
Spring Belly Dance Fest- *State Fairground*

## Sunday March 6

SLUG Sweet Sixteen Party: Rodeo Boys, DJ Curtis Strange,  
Dance Party Gone Bad, The Local Imposters,  
Screamadelica- *Area 51*  
Sweatin Willy and the Utah County Swillers- *Burt's*  
Tommy Wright- *Monks*  
Rev. Horton Heat, Supersuckers,  
I Can Lick Any Sonofabitch in the House- *Shaggy's*

## Monday March 7

Dexter Danger, For the Moment, Rated Hero- *Kilby Court*  
DJ Curtis Strange- *Burt's*

## Tuesday March 8

Calcorpxen- *Burt's*  
Carti- *The Circuit* (Midvale)  
The Weather Underground- *Todd's*  
Bradbury Press- *Egos*  
OK Go, State Radio- *Club Sound*  
Pat Metheny Group- *Kingsbury Hall @ University of Utah*  
Jay Nash, Paper Sun- *Urban Lounge*

## Wednesday March 9

Edgar's Mule- *Burt's*  
Armor for Sleep, Recover, Say Anything, Chase Pagan- *Kilby*  
Goldfinger, City Sleeps, theSTART- *Lo-Fi*  
Ted Dancin' The Vile Blue Shades- *Urban Lounge*  
NirDeth, Anubis, Uncomfortable Silence- *UYSC*

## Thursday March 10

Lyrics Born, Libretto- *Egos*  
Brandtson, Number One Fan, Sherwood, Dosage, Ayrton,  
Suburban Legends- *Lo-Fi*  
Viva Voce, Gift Anon, Fix Bayonets- *Kilby*  
Spork, Violet Run- *Monks*  
Bonytail, Loren Cook- *Urban Lounge*

## Friday March 11

Mother Hips- *Egos*  
The Can Kickers, Red Top Wolverine- *Sugarbeats*  
Young Dubliners- *The Velvet Room*  
Even Lower, Less People More Robots, Siva- *Burt's*  
These Arms are Snakes, Big Business, Shane, and Juliet,  
Idiot Pilot- *Lo-Fi*  
Maxfield, Hello Amsterdam, Dolorean- *Kilby*  
SLUG Localized w/ Nate Padley, The Happies,  
Michael Daniels- *Urban Lounge*

Deadlocked CD release party- *Provo Arts Centre*  
Salt City Bandits- *Monks*

## Saturday March 12

Elephante- *Todd's*  
Mother Hips- *Egos*  
Iberis, The Happies- *Sugarbeats*  
Tegan and Sara, The Dirty Bops, Debi Graham- *Lo-Fi*  
Duran Duran- *Delta Center*  
P.D. Meatwhistle's Birthday Horror Bash: Die Monster Die,  
Swamp Donkeys, Thunderfist, Iota- *Burt's*  
Wolf Colonel, The Tremula/ Redd Tape, I am Electric,  
Paper Cranes- *Kilby*  
Le Force, The Wolfs, The International Playboys- *Urban Lounge*

## Sunday March 13

Sweatin Willie and the Utah County Swillers- *Burt's*  
Still Life Projector, Murieta, Five Minute Ride, Correta Scott- *Lo-Fi*  
Private Radio- *Monks*  
Mother Hips- *Egos*

## Monday March 14

Eric McFadden Trio- *Egos*  
DJ Curtis Strange- *Burt's*  
Chinatown- *Urban Lounge*

## Tuesday March 15

Comfortable For You, The Yearbook, I Am Electric,  
Detail Of Speech, Longarm- *Lo-Fi*  
Echocast- *Calvary Chapel*  
Guilt By Association- *Egos*  
Little Feat- *Port O Call*  
Washington Generals- *Burt's*  
Club Bullocks- *Urban Lounge*

## Wednesday March 16

Fuck the Informer, General Confusion- *Burt's*  
Chubby Bunny, The Good Bites, Low Keys, Meg and Dia- *Kilby*  
Conspiracy Freak, Ghostmeters, DJ Burner; dance  
performance by Papillon, Siingefire Troupe- *Urban Lounge*

## Thursday March 17

Irish karaoke- *Burt's*  
Catch 22, Spitalfield, Don't Look Down, Lost City Angels- *Lo-Fi*  
QOTSA Listening Party w/Punk Rock Karaoke- *Egos*  
St. Patty's Day: Bad Luck Blues Band- *Monks*

## Friday March 18

Vadaath- *Todd's*  
The Body- *Burt's*  
Red Fun Radar, Forever My First, Never Tried Stopping- *Lo-Fi*  
Cowboys Aren't Indians, Rope or Bullets, Buttery Muffins,  
The Brobecks- *Kilby*  
Carti- *Ironie Ashes* (Provo)  
The Stove, Daniel Nuzman exhibit- *Unknown Gallery*  
The Breaks- *Monks*  
Phate, Edgars Mule- *Urban Lounge*

## Saturday March 19

Carrot Top- *E Center*  
Ben Stokes, Slowdance Regret, Eliza Wren- *Sugarbeats*  
Joseph Arthur- *Spice Cafe*  
The Dirty Birds, The Rodeo Boys- *Burt's*  
Hip Hop Show: Porn Theater Ushers- *Kilby*  
Madi Calibre- *Todd's*  
Thrashcorps CD Release- *The Whiskey*  
Purr Bats, Tolchock Trio, Manvill- *Urban Lounge*

## Sunday March 20

Sweatin Willie and the Utah County Swillers- *Burt's*  
Atreya, Unearth, Scars of Tomorrow, Her Candane- *Lo-Fi*  
DJ Chops- *Monks*  
Elvis Costello, Tift Merritt- *Kingsbury Hall*  
Spleen- *Urban Lounge*

## Monday March 21

DJ Curtis Strange- *Burt's*  
Elevation (U2 Tribute Band)- *Egos*  
Low- *The Velvet Room*  
The Dead Science, Dirt Gambler- *Kilby*

## Tuesday March 22

Racket, All Systems Fail- *Burt's*

## Ben Lee- *Lo-Fi*

Sun Cloud- *Urban Lounge*

## Wednesday March 23

Porn, Carti, Red Bennies, Form Of Rocket- *Burt's*  
Cabaret Voltage- *Urban Lounge*

## Thursday March 24

Silver Sunshine- *Kilby*  
80s Night sponsored by Black Chandelier & SLUG- *Club Vortex*  
Brothers Past- *Egos*  
Acid King, Drunk Horse, The Horns, Portal- *Burt's*  
Authority Zero, Living in Question- *The Velvet Room*  
Less People More Robots, Six Sided Box- *Urban Lounge*

## Friday March 25

SLUG Magazine Action Sports Night Sponsored by Surface  
w/Adonis- *Todd's*  
Mickey and the Motorcars- *Egos*  
The Yearbook, Pasty, OH- *Sugarbeats*  
Die Like Me, Farsighted, Heather, Kaddisfly, Ayin- *Lo-Fi*  
Pagan Love Gods, Medicine Circus- *Burt's*  
Will Sartain CD Release, Tolchock Trio- *Kilby*  
Afro Omega- *Monks*  
Rope or Bullets- *Harry Os*  
Afro Omega, Natural Roots- *Urban Lounge*

## Saturday March 26

Black Chandelier Circus Party- *Black Chandelier*  
The Breaks, In Camera- *Todd's*  
All Female Comedy Improv- *Sugarbeats*  
Gift of Gab (of Blackilicious), Latif- *Egos*  
Feed the Monkey, Autro, Under the Radar- *Burt's*  
7 Seconds, The Briggs, Voice In The Wire, Stolen Marches- *Lo-Fi*  
Nik Fricas and the Head Gates, My Way My Love- *Kilby*  
The Tremula (redd tape), Magstatie CD Release- *Urban Lounge*

## Sunday March 27

The Utah County Swillers, 7 Shot Screamers, Turbo AC s- *Burt's*  
Sand & the Sissy's- *Monks*  
Love = Death, Have That Girl Killed, Xmarks, My New Life- *Lo-Fi Caf*

## Monday March 28

Chris Daarte Group- *Egos*  
DJ Curtis Strange- *Burt's*  
The Decembrists, Okkervil River- *Lo-Fi*

## Tuesday, March 29

Wayne Hancock- *Egos*  
Juke Joint 45's, Reno Divorce- *Burt's*  
The Sights, Tolchock Trio, The Furies- *Todd's*  
Yard Dogs (San Fran barlesque)- *Urban Lounge*

## Wednesday, March 30

Murdock, Meat- *Burt's*  
Spanky Van Dyke- *Urban Lounge*

## Thursday, March 31

Diesto, Longarm- *Burt's*  
ABK, Blaze Ya Dead Homie, Esham, Jumpsteady- *Club Sound*  
The Conversation with Locals- *Sugarbeats*  
Zao, Juliana Theory, Open Hand, Sinal Beach,  
The Takeover UK- *Lo-Fi*  
Esham, ABK, Jumpsteady, Blaze Ya Dead Homie- *In The Venue*  
Tanglewood- *Monks*  
The End of the World, Luke Temple- *Kilby*  
Diesto, Longarm, When I Died- *Urban Lounge*

## Friday, April 1

Pick Up the New SLUG Anyplace Cool  
Iron Maiden, The Doors, Megadeth, Lisa Loeb, Tina Turner- *Lo-Fi*  
Fix Bayonets- *Todd's*  
Moot Davis, Pete Anderson- *Piper Down*  
Bill Engvall- *Kingsbury Hall @ U of U*  
Fall Out Boy, Gyn Class Heroes, Midtown, The Academy Is - *In The Venue*  
Pants and Labor- *Kilby*  
Tuna Helpers, Stiletto, The Break- *Burt's*  
Savior Glover- *Capital Theatre*  
Zero to None, Rated Hero, Alfred, Alternate Ending- *Murray Theatre*





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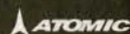
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SUNDAY, MARCH 13  
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## Kilby Court Calendar

March 2005

03-skies over Berlin,  
Lightning in Alaska,  
Blue Judas,  
14 days from  
Forever, Until  
Further Notice  
\$6 6pm

04-Erin Haley, Vista Four,  
Catherine Cowles, Whiskey  
Wake \$5 7:30pm

05-SLC showcase #3  
\$6 7pm

07-Dexter Danger, For the  
Moment, Rated Hero  
\$6 6pm

09-Armor for Sleep, Recover,  
Say Anything, Chase Pagan  
\$10 7pm

10-Viva Voce, Gift Anon,  
Fix Bayonets \$6 7pm

11-Delorean, Maxfield,  
Hello Amsterdam  
\$6 7pm

12-Wolf Colonel, The Tremula  
(Redd Tape), I am Electric,  
Paper Cranes \$6 7pm

16-Low Keys, Meg and Dia,  
The Good Bites, Chubby Bunny  
\$5 7:30pm

18-The Brobecks, Buttery Muffins,  
Rope or Bullets, Cowboys Aren't  
Indians \$5 7:30pm

19-Hip Hop show  
w/ Porn Theatre Ushers & t.b.a.  
\$12 7:30pm

21-The Dead Science, Dirt  
Gambler \$6 7:30pm

24-The Silver Sunshine & t.b.a.  
\$6 7:30pm

25-Will Sartain CD Release,  
Tolchuck Trio, etc.  
\$5 7:30pm

26-Nik Frietas & the Head Gates,  
My Way My Love \$6 7:30pm

31-The End of the World,  
Luke Temple, t.b.a. \$6 7pm

### Coming Soon in April

01-Parts & Labor

04-Down to Earth  
approach

06-Doris Henson

19-Sole, Dosh,  
Pedestrian

May 18-why?



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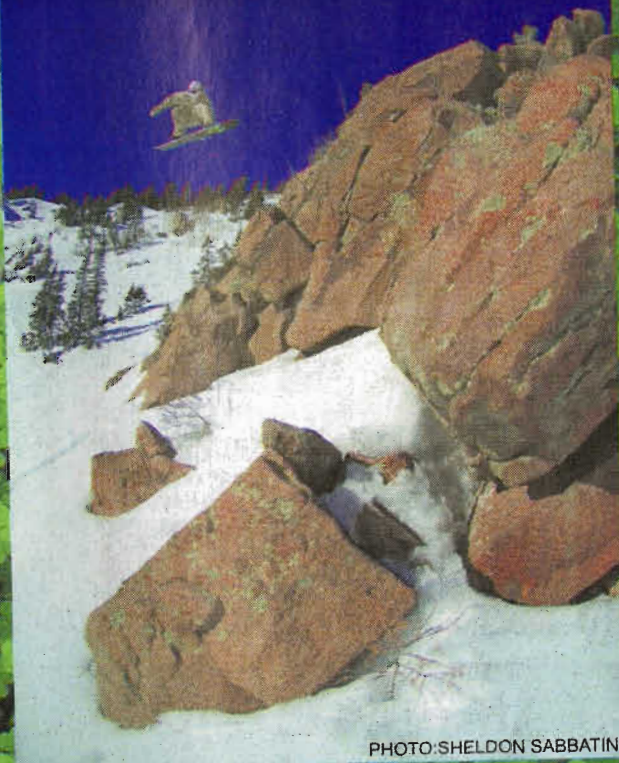


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PHAZM - Hate At First Seed

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CHRIS CAFFERY - Faces

YYRK00N - Occult Medicine

LILITU - Delores Lesion

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