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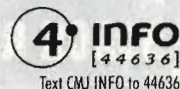
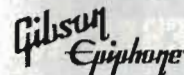
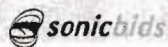
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Max Grundy is serious about his art. With a BA in Illustration from WSU and a MFA in Painting and Drawing from BYU, Grundy's design skills and paintwork are as sharp as an iceberg.

Grundy has participated in numerous group exhibitions, and has had four solo shows. Don't miss his fifth this month, at SLC's Unknown Gallery.

Grundy is currently teaching art and design at the Eagle Gate College but plans on traveling to LA this fall to pursue his art full-time.

Special Thanks to Max Grundy for his custom SLUG cover. For more information on Max and obtaining a piece of his work for your own collection, contact the Unknown Gallery 801-521-4721, www.unknowngallery.com. Read more about Grundy and his current show on page 42.

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Camilla Taylor has been diligently interviewing two local bands a month and writing a witty, charming doublette feature for SLUG's Localized column for a whopping two-and-a-half-years. She also writes CD reviews, features and art stories. Camilla is the only SLUG staffer who can pull off wearing vegan bondage wear with aplomb, although Shannon Froh might be a close contender. When not working

Contributor Limelight

for VeganErotica.com, Camilla spends her time being an artist, a local art activist, a fashion grande fiend and a much-admired Suicide Girl. Camilla's neon, weekly-changing coif sets the way for others to follow, and rumor has it that she has never worn the same vintage masterpiece twice.

SLUG Mag regretfully announces Camilla's departure from Salt Lake City as she will be relocating to Arizona later this month. Please attend her last Localized Sept. 9; all the bands were hand-picked by the lovely Ms. Taylor, herself.

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Dear Dickheads

Dear Dickheads, I don't have a cell phone, and my preferred means of communication is through e-mail. I check my e-mail throughout the day—usually once in the morning, afternoon and night—and am used to sorting through dozens of unwanted spam/advertisements. Their bold claims are pretty fucking funny; If I had a nickel for every e-mail I got about penis enlargement, I'd have a shit-load of nickels. The other day I received an e-mail from the LoFi Café with a subject line reading, "LO-FI NEWS: THE GREAT SALT AIR! And other stuff." Without hesitation, I opened the e-mail and actually found some news (namely Gang of Four's tour date). What I found in the middle of e-mail was a shameless and intellectually offensive promotion for Alternative Press and Revolver, two corporate titty-sucking magazines unworthy of lining the bottom of my hamster cage. That's right, hamsters. Bitches. Does whoever wrote this e-mail (which is riddled with grammatical errors) think that I'm stupid enough to fall for a line like, "do you want to be that guy who knows every up and coming band by name ... How would you like to be the most totally awesome hot dude at the next party ... Read ALTERNATIVE PRESS!!!" Give me a fucking break. Three explanation marks? Is that really necessary? The October issue of AP has fucking Fall Out Boy on the cover, and they're dressed in fucking construction outfits, hardhats and all. The e-mail then commands the reader to go the mags' website's (links included) and sign up for their newsletter. Fuck you LoFi café. Fuck you and your trendy, uninformed big-brother magazine. What kind of café doesn't serve food anyways? Here's a line for ya: "Do you want to be the the guy who knows about all the local shows, sub-culture and worthwhile national music acts? ... how would you like to be totally knee deep in 'tang at the next party? ... Read SLUG

Magazine!"

Oh yeah, the "newsletter" also suggests that the reader join the "fastest growing group on My Space." Fuck myspace. Myspace is like EHarmony.com for indie kids.

Go with God,
James H.

Dear James H.,

It is quite ironic that someone who sits around all day and checks their email is complaining about the state of grammar within mass emails AND about getting "tang" at a party. First and foremost, it is great to see that you are a reader of the high-end sort. Reading emails all day? Give me a break! You are writing to us to complain about penis enlargements and triple exclamation points and you subscribe to the Lo-Fi Café newsletter? What show did you go to get on that email newsletter? The Autumn to Ashes show? As I Lay Dying? (insert shitty emo band here)? You are definitely "that" jackass who corrects mispronounced words, hates split infinitives, and relishes proper grammatical expression—no matter what the intention.

While it is commendable that you shun "big brother titty-sucking" rags like Alternative Press, I don't think you are anywhere near the ideal person to comment about picking up ladies. I have this picture of you sitting behind your computer playing Worlds of Warcraft, Half-Life 2 (or whatever other time wasting virtual reality you revel in) and masturbating to farm-animal obscenities.

I guess what it comes down to is this: what are you doing spending your time behind a computer all day, anyway? What are you doing subscribing yourself to email lists you don't want to be on? If you had half a shred of forethought you would take the Big Mac from your mouth, put down the cordless mouse, and actually buy and see local things. Stop complaining and start doing something other over their, they're, and there.

SLUG

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SEXY HALLOWEEN COSTUMES COMING EVERY DAY

SLUG Magazine has been a part of my life for over five years now. In that time period I've had bizarre threatening letters (the most memorable of which discussed forcing me to consume my own appendages), I've said horrible and inflammatory things about people who I don't know very well, and met some of the bestest friends that I will ever hope to know. This is my last Localized before I move away from SLC and the first one that I booked myself. So, honestly, I have nothing mean or snide to say about these bands as they are incredible. Come on September 9th to the Urban Lounge to see **Agape**, **Godstar**, and **Kathy & I** and confess how you've always secretly had a crush on me.

By Camilla Taylor

camilla@veganerotica.com

Photos by
Ruby Claire
Johnson



Agape is:

Ryan Powers: Keyboards, programming, break-dancing, screaming incoherent swears and threats.

Despite all precautions taken on my part (heavy drinking, staying up late, and mingling with questionable company) I was in the hospital post surgery a recent Friday evening. Since hospital food is exactly what everyone has told you it is, awful and inedible, I recruited as many friends as I could to supply me with edible vegan food while invalid. Ryan Powers of Agape was one of those friends who rose to the task and brought me food from Bombay House for dinner and made embarrassing jokes about the nurses' sexuality. "Do you masturbate while watching the nurses underneath your little bed table there?" Ryan started playing the piano when he was six years old. He initially hated it and refused to practice his assigned pieces, and instead learned how to play videogame theme songs by ear. "Oh, come on. You don't just touch your clit a little bit? You know, just a little vag-rubbing?" We thought it would be clever and hilarious to do the interview while I was drugged up and in the hospital. I asked him if he had a medical fetish. "Only when I wrap my cock in your surgical gauze." At this point, we realized our mistake and decided to resume later.

"My medical fetish ceased to exist the second you got out of the hospital."

Agape has been described as "jerk ass noise core," and Ryan himself has been described as having the most "daring coiffure in Salt Lake City." His coiffure is indeed daring, and Agape is indeed loud. In a past interview, he told me that the more he likes the crowd and the venue, the louder he plays and the more feedback he involves in his playing. He recently released his second album and played with the theatrical and equally loud band, **Business Lady**, for his CD release party.

This is the first time that a band has been interviewed twice for Localized. "I certainly feel that I'm taking full advantage of *SLUG Magazine*. But I also think that there aren't any other bands that are worth listening too and who also haven't been covered yet. I don't

think that publicity is ever going to convince somebody to come to a show. The time is past when someone sees a flier with bands they have never heard of and goes to that show. Maybe in the Midwest where there is genuinely nothing else to do. There are so many subcultures and people want to be increasingly esoteric and have their own little niche." Agape played a house party at which the host flicked the lights on and off and demanded everyone dance or leave. A group of club of anorexic pubescent girls came to the party, and now consider themselves fans of Agape. When they go out together and drink ice water, I like to believe that they discuss the complexities of jerk-ass-noise-core.

www.boytour.net



Godstar is:

Xkot Toxik: Master of ceremonies
Hell: Dominion over the 72 spirits of the subatomic
JJ Falcon: Commands the phonic and atmospheric aethyrs
Baby Cyclops: Giver of the gifts of Kolob
Master Mahon: Master of the great secret
Horseflesh: Guardian and manipulator of the crossing
The Oracle: Keeper of the keys of Olblish
Can D Ass TNT: Generalissimo of the libidinous

Ostensibly, the members of Godstar are my friends and acquaintances, so they were to meet at my house for our interview. At the appointed hour, they all arrived wearing masks and equipped with a blindfold.

"The vortex, located at Ensign Peak, is atop the obelisk. Upon the obelisk's pinnacle is a plaque which reads 'Kolob.' It is here that our dimension and yours intersect. Tonight, you will have the unique opportunity to meet the members of Godstar. JJ Falcon was almost unable to break through the interdimensional barrier as he was battling a fleet of intergalactic dragons. But luckily, he was able to break away momentarily and pass through Ensign Peak." This was said by Xkot Toxik as I was blindfolded and led to the waiting vehicle. I have a friend who I don't see often anymore because everytime I call him, he's engaged in slaying mythical creatures online. "We were going to throw you in the trunk, but this way we can prepare you more

effectively for your upcoming experience." Every member of Godstar wears a lavish and detailed costume, which denotes either obsession or dedication for a band that will have performed a total of twice, and both times at an underground venue, by the time they play Localized. More than anything else, they want the experience of seeing their band live to be both memorable and disturbing.

We arrived at the mysterious destination and I immediately regretted wearing heels as I was led, still blindfolded, up a flight of stairs and directed to sit on a stool. Music started playing and Xkot, hooded and wearing a tophat, removed the blindfold. "Western medicine has failed you." Xkot intoned into a microphone through his black hood. "Only I, using my mystical skills of barbery, am able to excise the neck demon who torments you." With a giant butcher knife, he pantomimed sawing my neck and removed a tumor-snake with one eye and jagged teeth. Baby Cyclops waved her arms about behind him, motioning with muppet-like dexterity to emphasize the miniature performance. The music stops, and without saying much the members of Godstar, besides Xkot, remove their instruments and leave. Xkot is clearly the one in control of the trajectory of the band. They sound like an eighties glam rock band that joined a cult, with a heavy reliance on keyboards and distinct vocals, interlaced with sampled dialogue from cult classic movies.

"Our dimensional star systems are actually superimposed on the Great Eye of the Beehive. It is there that an intersection or an axis occurs between the two dimensions. Kolob, the first creation and our homeworld, is so distant that we must superimpose it upon another time line in order to travel to Salt Lake." The symbols from LDS garments are painted over his eyes, and various body parts dangle from his shirt. This entire production was staged for an audience of one: myself. What they do when they seriously perform is even more ornate and complex, involving miniature Baby Cyclopes, simulated sex with shoes and giant tongues, and a variety of other indescribably acts. **SLUG**

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Jennifer Lynn Galbraith 1984-2005

"I really am passionate about what I'm doing and I'm going to do it. The passion stems from the interest and love I have in what I'm doing; the knowledge I gain...I genuinely want to learn, to be open-minded. I want experience and peace." -Jen Galbraith

It's nearly impossible to capture the beauty that is Jen. In every smile, evident passion. In her eyes, determination. In her quick pace, tenacity. Unique brilliance in every statement.

"One is not born but rather becomes a woman."

-Simone de Beauvoir

Jen evolved into the loveliest of women: revolutionary, adventurous, studious, musically passionate, daring, inspiring and genuinely concerned for the welfare of animals and everything living. It was anticipated that shortly, she would be graduating in philosophy, backpacking in Argentina, writing, living among the Zapatistas in Cuba, speaking on feminism, volunteering around the world, touring as a musician and speaking several languages. She would be the next Evita, Che, Debord or Marx. Those who truly knew her aspire to be the next Jennifer Galbraith.

"There is so much knowledge in this world and I wish I could just gobble it all up and digest it as well....I NEED to enjoy life."

-Jen Galbraith

-Kimberly W. Pack



Ariel Singer 1987-2005

For those who never met Ariel Singer, I will attempt to sum up her life as I knew her. She was beautiful, intelligent and full of life. She never let her hardships get her down and always put others before herself. She had a passion for reading, being in the outdoors, music and cooking. She discovered a new talent as the singer for the Provo hardcore band Extraction Point, a band described as noise, but to a more skilled ear, bands such as Coalesce and Deadguy have been referenced. Having no experience didn't stop her at all. She quickly took hold of her position and executed it with great skill.

Ariel never had the chance to have lyrics written out for the music, but her compassion, her demand for equality and her ability to see life for what it should

John Blake Donner 1980-2005

Blake was not who I had intended on singing for Parallax. Branden Kennedy, Rick Brimhall and I had been jamming for a few weeks and we had gotten a song or two. We had an offer to open a show for Onekingdown and Diecast if we got a band rolling.

I remember calling Blake to get a hold of his friend Jeremy, but Blake wouldn't take 'no' for an answer. Little did I know that he would write some of the best lyrics I had ever read, nor did I think we would spend five of the best years of my life playing music together. When we started the band, Blake was organizing the Provo Food Not Bombs every Sunday. Blake was like the PR person for the band. When we made a flyer with George Bush getting fucked by John Kerry, and then put a picture of Gordon B. Hinckley over the genitals, Blake was the one who got harassed and punched by local straightedge Mormons.

Our goal together was to start a scene separate from all the fashion and tough-guy bullshit; we achieved it. Blake stressed lyrical substance more than anything, his biggest influence was a writer named Guy Debord, one of the French situationists. The book that influenced Blake the most, I think, was Society of the Spectacle.

His favorite shows were house shows, the type of shows where there was a discussion going on after a song was explained; there was no band- and-audience separation. He always said that punk rock is not a spectator sport. Through our shows and his lyrics, I think a lot of kids' eyes were opened.

"And although DIY hardcore is small, it exists. The tools



that are commonly used to measure success don't work with DIY ethic ... and when you try and measure success with those tools, you will feel like a failure. But that is one thing that I love about the DIY: if done right, it transcends the mainstream ... having one person relate to what I am trying to express is enough ... and oftentimes on this tour, many people related."

-Blake Donner

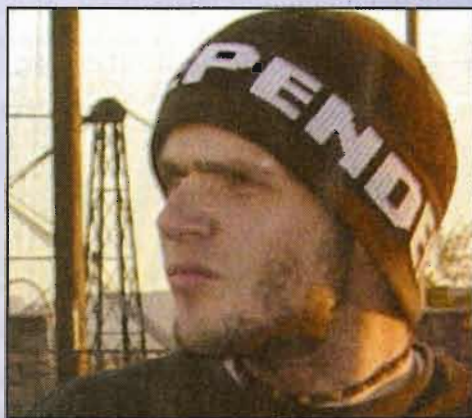
Blake will be missed. We will make punk a threat again!

Blake's final interview: www.wordsasweapons.com/parallax.htm

Blake's livejournal: www.livejournal.com/users/rioters

Parallax's debut full-length will be released Oct. 8th on Counter Intelligence records www.counterhq.com.

-Elliot Secrist



Keiran Scott McDonald 1977-2005

When his friends didn't return from that dark submerged cave, Scott knew what he must do. The decision had been made a long time ago: He would sacrifice himself for the needs of others. Without personal regard, he ventured into the cold dark water, never to return.

Keiran Scott McDonald was born July 27, 1977 in Belfast, Northern Ireland; his family immigrated to America later that year. I first met Scott over some fireworks 13 years ago, during a youth conference in California. Scott was passionate about politics and music. He was an avid hiker and swimmer and yearned to explore the majestic mountains around him. Scott always believed in taking personal responsibility. He was a cool operator, never getting angry or flustered. He enjoyed the simple things in life, shunning unnecessary modern conveniences.

Scott served a LDS mission in Little Rock, Arkansas. This was a watershed moment in his life. Scott took the gospel to heart and truly loved the people he served. This love would extend to all those around him.

"Loyalty and devotion lead to bravery. Bravery leads to the spirit of self-sacrifice. The spirit of self-sacrifice creates trust in the power of love."

-Morihei Ueshiba

Thank you Scott, I couldn't ask for a better friend.

-Clint Davies

To justify that I was here
NO, my actions will retain my soul
Long after my remains have gone cold
Shells are formed by the mundane....
.... LIVE TO FILL EXISTENCE!!

Ariel had a theory on how we lived our lives: That we lived them as a long dream; that we were never truly awake unless we were conscience of ourselves in an exact moment. On the morning of August 18, 2005, Ariel finally awoke from the dream of life. She no longer struggled and had found her balance in life. She left this world doing what she loved, being outdoors with friends. She will be remembered by many people, and will leave a lasting imprint on their hearts.

-Chris Manor



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WHAT PUNK SHOULD BE



By Katie Maloney
katie@slugmag.com

Every blue moon or so, I meet somebody who truly amazes me. This person can be extremely intelligent or unusually funny. When I picked up the phone to call Adi, the bassist from The New York Rel-X, I was not suspecting I'd meet one of these people. Adi welcomed the conversation and lead it brilliantly through her thoughts on punk, the scene and her passion for it and making music. Needless to say, I found a new respect for The New York Rel-X and the way punk should be.

SLUG: How did the New York Rel-X get together?

Adi: Erika [the lead singer] was a good friend of mine way before the band; she used to be in **Banner of Hope**, and John Kray [NY Rel-X, **Krays**] was my boyfriend at the time.

SLUG: So you started out dating a member of the band? That seems like a dangerous road to go down because if you two break up, **traditionally, the band breaks up.**

Adi: True, but John and I are now really good friends. We started the band together and we write all the songs together. We didn't work out as a couple, but after six years, it's hard to give up that deep of a connection. I know he respects me and I love him to death, and after a year of us being broken up, the band is doing really well.

SLUG: How is the New York scene?

Adi: It's hard these days because punk is really in decline here. The hipster scene got really big. It's sucked like 75 percent of the punks out of New York. See, I like bands like **The Strokes** and **The Killers**, but I don't believe that because I like it, I need to change who I am, change everything I believe in, or ditch friends just because they're punk rock.

SLUG: Yeah, **that's happening in Salt Lake, too.**

Adi: Yeah, it's happening everywhere—it's pretty disgusting. Look, I'm not all decked out like I used to be—with my mohawk and all. I'm lazy [laughs], but the thing is, I never stop loving what I love. The worst is people who were Rel-X fans and friends of mine used to come to every show just to support me even if they didn't like the set—now they don't. If you decide you're not into the Rel-X, that's fine, you're still my friend. But luckily, the NY scene is picking up again and that's why it amazed me that so many people showed up to our **CBGB** show, which goes to show we do have a loyal following. I don't know when it happened, but it rocks. We love what we do. **We talk about things that we love.**

We ... what's the word I'm looking for?

NEW YORK REL X

Passion?

Adi: Yeah, we're very passionate. You can tell when a band is passionate; I don't know how anybody else feels, but I know how I feel about my music and I know how much I love it. Whether we get huge or we don't, it means nothing to me, because **I have my songs that'll live on after I'm gone.** I'm making something that nobody can take away from me. Not everybody is not going to like the Rel-X, but that's alright, 'cause as long as I like it, that's good enough, and as long as some other people like it too [laughs], that's good enough.

SLUG: So you're playing on the Wasted Festival (better known as Holidays in the Sun); how is that?

Adi: This is our fifth year on the Wasted Festival. The first year was really funny because **nobody knew who the hell we were;** they just knew John from the **Krays**. We drew maybe 30 people [laughs]—whereas now, we play on the main stage and the audience is packed all the way to the back. I can't believe it! The best band we've played with is **The Adicts**—no question—they're amazing. It's weird becoming best friends with your idols. There are so many bands I could name [I loved playing with], like **Antidote** from Holland, **Wednesday Night Heroes** from Canada, **Midnight Creeps** from Providence. The list goes on ...

SLUG: What is your reaction when you get negative album reviews?

Adi: Well, not everybody can love your band, and you can't win them all, and even if you did win 'em all, it wouldn't be that great. If they repeatedly told you you're perfect, you wouldn't get any better. You need to be criticized. You always want to get better; you always want to write better songs.

Sold Out of Love

is now in stores, and even if you don't pick it up, rest assured that although punk is in decline, it's just losing its excess baggage and returning once more to the bones and guts of what punk really is and what it should be. **SLUG**



An Interview with Eric Johnson of Fruit Bats

I heard that Eric from Fruit Bats moved to Seattle in March. Makes sense, seeing how his band now has two albums out on **Sub Pop**, but I quickly learned that he's actually living in Tacoma.

"Dude, is Hilltop (a neighborhood in Tacoma notorious for ending up on episodes of Cops) still scary?" I ask.

"Not really, not compared to the west side of Chicago, which is where I spent pretty much the last ten years," says Johnson. "Yeah man, I think that this place is destined to be like Brooklyn or Oakland. And the rent is so much cheaper ..."

Fruit Bats formed around 1999 and just released their third album, *Spelled in Bones*, which has garnered rave reviews from all sorts of indie rags and even some major publications, most notably, *Rolling Stone*. They've been compared to *The Shins* and even to *The Velvet Underground*. They definitely do play ridiculously beautiful and melodic music, so the comparisons aren't completely unwarranted.

"Are you sort of getting used to getting interviewed and having people know who you are or is it still kind of shocking?"

"You know, it's been such a gradual thing and I think that I've had adequate time to adjust as I've gotten more recognition, but yeah, it's still weird," explains Johnson. "I mean, take this conversation, for instance—we're both cool people and we're having this completely one-sided conversation and I'm talking about myself."

There is a section on the official Fruit Bats website that contains a list of jobs that Eric thinks he might be doing if he wasn't making music. A couple of these are competitive eater and erotic Sci-fi writer.

"Do you still have a day job?" I ask.

"I do odd jobs," Johnson admits. "I work as a photography assistant or on film sets as a production assistant. I also do craft services on sets—that's the most fun, that's what I do the most."

"Wait, did you just say that that's the most fun?"

"Yeah, I sit around and make mini sandwiches and then I take them around. I'm like the cocktail waitress/snack bar/bartender," says Johnson.

"Can you wear what you want?"

"Oh yeah, and the money is actually really good," explains Johnson. "I make a little money off of Fruit Bats, mostly from licensing from our songs being on TV shows."

"What shows have you been on?"

"We were on *Six Feet Under*," says Johnson.

To this I reply, "Excellent."

Johnson continues, "And we were on a show that got canceled after a few episodes called *LAX*."

I can't contain my excitement; "With **Heather Locklear**!"

"Yeah totally, and my only stipulation was that they had to play our song in a scene with Heather," Johnson says.

Incredulously, I ask, "That was your stipulation."

"Yeah, it was kind of a half-joking situation, but our song was totally in a scene with her," Johnson explains. "I was in love with her when I was twelve."

"Like **TJ Hooker**-style or **Dynasty**?" I ask.

"Mmmm, from TJ until she was with **Tommy**

Lee. And then she was with—" Johnson starts.

"**Richie Sambora**—they're totally married," I interject. "And, apparently, Richie has a large penis too."

Eric laughs, "Wow, so Heather knows how to pick 'em—Two for two."

Eric Johnson is renowned for being a bit of a dictator inasmuch as he writes all of the songs for Fruit Bats. He has also overseen a lot of personnel changes in the band's short history.

"Can you ever envision a time when you would have more of a collaborative effort with Fruit Bats?" I ask.

"I don't know," Johnson replies. "I've never done it before. On *Mouthfuls* [Fruit Bats' second album], **Gillian** [Johnson's girlfriend] wrote these really specific parts on a couple of songs, so I gave her songwriting credits. But, for the most part, I wrote the whole thing."

"How was it being in a band with your girlfriend?"

"It was totally fun," Johnson admits. "We wanted to make it big and it was fun and we didn't have a dramatic break-up or anything. Totally fun ... we're still really good friends."

I listened to the new album incessantly for twenty-four hours leading up to the interview and I noticed that my mood definitely brightened, even though nothing that spectacular had happened in my life. I figured it must be the music.

"So, in listening to the new album, I seemed to pick up this vibe that you're telling everybody that everything's going to be cool, that there is weirdness, but that everything is going to be ok, I say. "It seemed like you really just wanted to make people feel better. Does that make any sense?"

"That's exactly it, actually," Johnson confirms. "You're one of the first people to suggest that. I couldn't have said it better myself."

The Fruit Bats will be playing at *Kilby Court* on September 7. Come and let Eric and the boys make you feel better. **SLUG**

Wed., 9/7
The Fruit Bats w/
Rouge Waves
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7:30 pm



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Loquat

It's Yours to Keep
Jackpine Social Club
Street: 05.31

Loquat = The Sundays + The Cardigans + Mandalay

Having already stirred up plenty of positive attention from their trilogy of EP releases, San Francisco's Loquat deliver their debut full-length with beautiful results. There's more than just a touch of The Sundays in Kylee Swenson's vocal and Earl Otsuka's guitar, and while some might discredit their adept musicianship because of the similarities, I prefer to embrace the album on its own merits. When compared to The Sundays' efforts, *It's Yours to Keep* is given a warmer production, a tighter headspace with keyboards, filling in what empty space remains behind the guitar, bass and drums which in turn limits the vocal dynamic by smoothing it out; the choruses just don't explode like they did on The Sundays' best recordings. I feel rather guilty for extending the comparison this far; Loquat are pleasingly talented and deserve the opportunity to stand on their own without being pigeonholed as a clone. Still, I can't help but find myself waiting for the emotional burst that never comes.

Stellastarr*

Harmonies for the Haunted
RCA

Street: 09.13

Stellastarr* = Interpol + Echo & The Bunnymen

One of the more impressive releases from the past couple years was Stellastarr's self titled debut. Despite the fantastic rumors and a fan base that included **Placebo** and **Iggy & the Stooges**, it seemed to take me forever to finally sit back and give it a listen; I was instantly hooked. I'm a sucker for guitars all jangled in chorus and delay. The climaxes were fantastic (take that as you will); the hysteria was infectious; the vocals though a bit theatrical worked; especially when the female backing vocal added a strange, yet warm, dynamic. Ah, but then there is always living up to the past. You can't just live off the fumes of one solid album (unless you're the **Violent Femmes**, I suppose). Fear abated. *Harmonies* is a fantastic follow-up. The hysteria has been pulled back a bit in the vocal and they aren't as apt to punch the distortion pedal but the guitars still chime perfectly. "Love and Longing" even has a **U2** guitar bit that bounces around like *The Unforgettable Fire* album played 3 times too fast or **Fields of the Nephilim** if they were on uppers. My only complaint is that it ends so quickly. Guess I'll just have to listen to it again...

New Buffalo

The Last Beautiful Day
Arts & Crafts
Street: 08.23

New Buffalo = Ivy + Jem + Jane Siberry + Bjork -insanity

Gutter crash

from the broken mind of ryan michael pointer
rien@davidbowie.com

Heralded as one of the best albums released in Australia in 2004, *The Last Beautiful Day* strolls along without demanding your attention, but you're constantly aware of it and you can't help but feel a little bit better for the company. What's even more engaging is that on close inspection, it's far more experimental than you'd expect from an album that at first seems to be your standard female vocal with layered electronics and organic instrumentation. Clearly there is some brilliance in **Sally Seltmann**, and Arts & Crafts were wise to sign her as their first non-Canadian artist (she also happens to be the wife of **The Avalanches'** **Darren Seltmann**). **Beth Orton** even pops in for a cameo, as does **Dirty Three** drummer **Jim White**.

The Dandy Warhols

Odditorium or Warlords of Mars
Capitol

Street: 09.13

The Dandys = Sex, Drugs & Debauchery + Britpop - Brit

With their banana-labeled jaunt into **Duran Duran's** pants behind them, the Dandys pick up their guitars to remind us why they're the best bunch of bohemians rock'n'roll has to offer. Mission not quite accomplished. *Odditorium* really isn't a far cry from the *Monkey House* recordings which had a sort of kitsch charm. Instead of the brilliant wit and fuzzed out guitars that punctured the notion that the Brits were the best at Britpop, *Odditorium* comes off half-hearted, like a band trying to be what's expected of them. Sure it hints at brilliance with a ridiculous take on how The Dandys invented Rock'n'Roll, their mutated take on country music with "The New Country", multiple 9 minute epics that buzz along without becoming boring, and oddly enough Taylor-Taylor pulls off sounding like **Gary Numan** on "A Loan Tonight." For your average band, that's pretty impressive. They're anything but average and they'd be the first to tell you. This time, however, it seems they're rushing for the after-party. All in all, the Dandys can still claim they've never released a bad album; it's just been awhile since they released a really good one.

Morcheeba

The Antidote

Echo

Street: 09.27

Morcheeba = Dido - Rollo + Your Mother's 70's 8-Tracks

Once upon a time I held **Ross** and **Paul Godfrey** and vocalist **Skye Edwards** in the same esteem as **Portishead** and **Massive Attack**. *Who Can You Trust* was an ambitious debut and *Big Calm* was an even better sophomore release. Then the collapse known as *Fragments of Freedom* came along. My faith would never recover, and neither have they. *Charango* was *Fragments of Freedom* done better, wiser, tighter but it was clear that the old magic was gone. Now with *The Antidote* we find Edwards replaced by **Daisy Martey** and the result is a 70s influenced romp through the happy-hour sugar-coating of contemporary adult radio. It isn't incredibly horrible; it's just horrendously mediocre. Well, actually the title track is horrible, incredibly horrible. **SLUG**





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OPERANDI

by amy spencer
oneamysever@kommandzero.net

Many Congratulations are in order to *Das Bunker* in LA for celebrating their 9th Anniversary in October (the 20th – 24th). The Bunker that knows how to throw a show is having a 3-day festival with the mother-load of beats including **Converter**, **Psyclon 9**, **Terrorfakt**, **Manufactura**, **E-Craft**, **Mono No Aware**, **Tactical Sekt**, **Icon of Coil**, **Hecate**, **Savak**, **Zymosis** and more to be announced. I know lots of you folks travel to shows, and missing this will probably ruin your life.

Skinny Puppy photo by Kelly Badger from SLC show



Skinny Puppy
The Greater Wrong of the Right Live
SPV USA
September 27
Skinny Puppy = Ogre + cEvin Key + the spirit of Dwayne Goettel

Concert videos don't do much for the gal who wants a live experience and a killer band to do it, but when Skinny Puppy does anything you can't ignore it. The live shows were phenomenal and the live aspect of the DVD reflects that energy with old favorites such as "God's Gift Maggot," and "The Choke," as well as the obvious *Greater Wrong of the Right* material. I'm sure every show had the same costumes and effects from the green-goo spew and the mud-and-white-powder-covered Ogre. I'll never forget the Salt Lake show with the security guard standing front-and-center getting covered like he was on a Nickelodeon kids' show and his security buddies on the side just laughing at him. It must be a nice shower that Ogre has after each show. Bonuses like the "Pro-test" hidden video and the "Information Warfare" documentary produced by live guitarist **William Morrison** show how Puppy is still a political act with a message. Stage footage from the *Too Dark Park* tour and *Last Rights* tour are nice, but simply too short. The real treat on the DVD is the footage from the emaciated dogs on the road in Europe in 1988 when Dwayne Goettel was still alive. It's nice that he is a constant part of the memory of the legendary act. Maybe **INXS** should take note.

Conjure One
Extraordinary Ways
Netzwerk America
August 30
Conjure One = Delerium – Bill Leeb

The word 'pretty' is one I refrain from using in this column, but when **Rhys Fulber's** second Conjure One disc is accompanied by **Poe** and other girly-girls singing, I can't think of any other word to use. Melodic pretty stuff with girl vocals is not something I would give a chance, not even with the talented Fulber writing the music; however, when *Extraordinary Ways* shuffles through the iPod and suddenly I'm singing along in my best **Sarah McLaughlin** voice with **Chemda**, it's hard to deny that I enjoy this on some level. Beautifully composed music comes secondary to the dominant vocals and is a successful experiment for the musician known for his work with **Frontline Assembly** and **Fear Factory**. Have these guys become burnt out on Industrial or are they just getting older and this is going to be the adult contemporary for the listener formerly known as a rivet-head?

Stephen James Knight
Everyone is beautiful to Someone
Reduced Phat/Thought Bludgeon
August 5
Stephen James Knight = Edgery – violence + emotion

With Edgery, the side project of Stephen James Knight, you get torn-up beats getting mashed into a bloody pulp. To contrast, the latest project of Knight's takes a visceral tone with intelligible melodies to ride the wave of subtle percussion in eleven compelling tracks. Headphones are a necessity to feel the impact of tracks like "Lighter Days" and "Good Star" while "Glass Craft" and "Good Star" melt into the background of what you see when your eyes are closed. Edgery spent two years digging into his emotive core to pull out this dreamy tour-de-force and his effort really shows. To make sure you don't get too comfortable listening to *Everyone is Beautiful* ... Knight throws in two Edgery remixes showing off how different the two projects are. This very personal outtake abandons the madness of Hyde and reveals his pleasing Dr. Jekyll.

Terrorfakt
Cold Steel Remixes
Metropolis Records
August 23
Terrorfakt = Terror EBM + lots of remixes

Power Noise elitists will call it EBM and the EBM fans think it's too harsh, so when yet another new genre called "Terror EBM" shows up, I can't help but think Terrorfakt has inspired it. *Cold Steel Remixes* gives ten gut-punching beats of the already hard material plus five throbbing new tracks. The **Cervello Elettronico** remix of "Achtung!" starts the disc with abrasive pounding. **Pneumatic Detatch** breaks out of the mold of the repetitive nature and brings dark melodies on "Arsenal," then it slows down for two tracks with luscious down-tempo from **Totakeke** and **Displacer**. Other remixers like **Synth-Etik**, **E-Craft** and **Re Agent** return "Zero" and "Arsenal" to the dance floor even harder than the way they found it. The new track "Black Hood's in Brooklyn (Pneumatic Detatch vs. Terrorfakt)" pauses from the steady rhythms with multiple tempos and hollow drones. "Corrupt" and "God of Killers" are fast favorites that challenge you not to move. When *Cold Steel World* was released, the label had a hard time keeping it in stock, and it's inevitable that the *Cold Steel Remixes* will sell fast as well. **SLUG**



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ABC

09.01
w/ the Echoing Green

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09.02
w/ Kaotic, Gussolini

The Jon Butler Trio

09.07
w/ Tristin Prettyman

Andy Zipf

09.22
w/ TBA

Architecture in Helsinki

09.26
w/ TBA

The Girlfriend Experience

09.27
w/ TBA

Idlewild

09.28
w/ Inara George

10.03 Dark Star Orchestra **NEW!!**
10.11 The Alkaholiks, aka 'the liks' **NEW!!**
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10.19 Melissa Ferrick **NEW!!**

11.10 Detroit Cobras, Reigning Sound
11.11 **NEW!!**
11.14 Spoon, American Music Club **NEW!!**
11.15 Scott Biram **NEW!!**
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True Tales of an SLC Cabbie

Episode #7: Free Jaegermeister

By The Incredulous Gadianton

vicdic66@hotmail.com

The Outdoor Retailer Convention is the biggest convention to come to Salt Lake City annually, and the cabbies speak of it with a reverence, probably not unlike that of rural bumpkins speaking of the circus. I mean, the money is truly ungodly—the first official night of the convention (Thursday), I took home roughly three hundred dollars cash money. Not only that, but the patrons were generally drunk, friendly and just happy to be here; good vibes all around as twenty to thirty thousand (estimates vary) people all networked and tried to get into the very exclusive, very private **Black Eyed Peas** show upstairs at *Port O' Call*, among other events. Yep, I was actually looking forward to going to work on Friday night.

I got to headquarters around three in the afternoon and quickly learned that the car that I had signed up for, #46, had broken down during the day shift—bad, bad news considering that all available cabs had been spoken for on the sign-up sheet. I was going to have to wait, perhaps hours, to see if I could get into

something via cancellation. I slouched into a shoddy chair in the lobby and began reading a book I had checked out earlier in the day, *Killing Yourself to*

I bobbed and weaved out the door and found a nice patch of dirt

couldn't pull the trigger. What a pussy.

The Red Bennies were toward the end of their set when we stumbled into *Burt's*. I hadn't seen them in nearly six months, which is the longest I've gone without seeing them since 1994. They sounded magnificent, of course. As I swayed like an old tree on the side of the stage and rocked out slightly, my old friend Joel came up and said hi. He took me to the bar and bought me a shot and informed me that his band, **Broke**, had just been signed to **Maverick Records** and that he was celebrating. I was genuinely happy for him. Joel is cool. And after that shot he bought me, and over the course of our conversation, I started to really fade out and I could feel myself turning into 'that guy'. Starmy started to play and they sounded awesome, but I had to get out. I was going to spew.

I didn't find Rob, but Raemie and I decided to walk to *Denny's*. I don't remember the walk there, but I do remember sitting at our table and trying to keep the spins at bay. I ordered my buffalo chicken strips and put my chin to the table. I think Raemie might have been making fun of me. She's good at that and I actually like it when she does. Right when the food showed up, I reached my end.

"Dude, I'm going to go take a nap out back. Here's a twenty. Find me when you're done."

"Ok," Raemie said, thinking I was crazy.

I bobbed and weaved out the door and found a nice patch of dirt next to some bushes behind a fence. It looked nice enough. I decided to just lie down for a second...

"Hey, you can't sleep here," the voice said as it yanked me out of dreamland.

The flashlight in my face was disconcerting enough, but then the realization that a security guard was waking me up behind *Denny's* was truly a rude fucking awakening. I stood up, apologized and began walking. I checked my phone—three in the morning, eight missed calls. Jesus; a two hour nap behind *Denny's*—what a dork. As I walked home, I felt waves of abstract happiness radiating me. I could've been mugged, beaten, raped, arrested and/or killed. And none of it happened because of luck. Or maybe the universe still thinks I'm cool. Whatever the reason, it felt good to know that I can still pull off irresponsible shenanigans and get off scott-fucking-free. Life was good. I called my voicemail and



Live by **Chuck Klosterman**

(he's that guy who wrote *Sex, Drugs and Cocoa Puffs* and I was the first one to get his new book at the library). "I am a patient boy...I'll wait, I'll wait, I'll wait, I'll wait..." As I read about Chuck's journey across America to visit the various sites where various rock stars had met their untimely demises, I could feel my feet getting rather itchy. Yeah, fuck waiting. I got up and bolted, but I figured that I had better go out and have three hundred dollars worth of fun if I was going to have any fun at all.

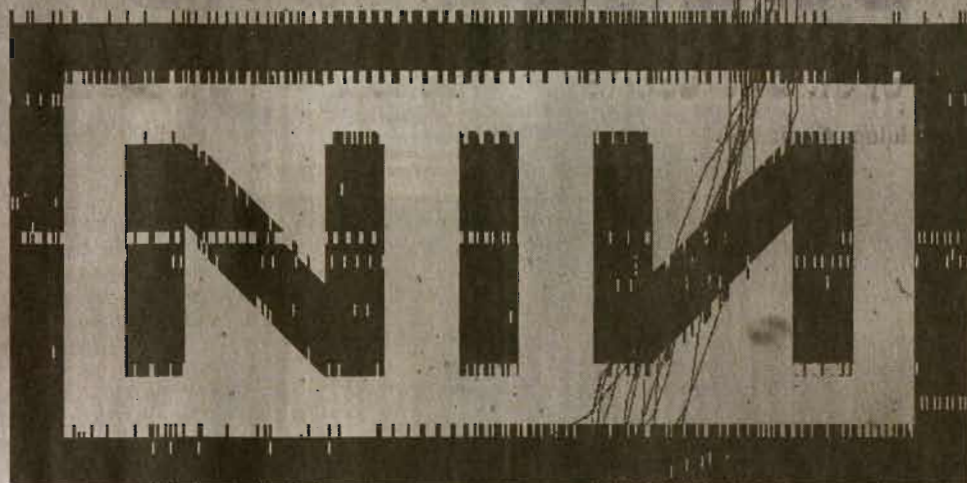
I made it to my friend Raemie's house and we had some...um...beer. Yeah, beer, that's it. With cotton in our mouths, we decided to go to the liquor store—**Jack Daniel's** and a sensibly priced bottle of cabernet sauvignon. After a few shots of whiskey and a couple of episodes of *Sex in the City* (Season Three), we called a cab and went to *The Urban Lounge*. It was **Localized** and **SLUG** had a two-hundred dollar tab. Free Jaegermeister!!!! I sat in the corner with Raemie and Rob and I was totally swimming. The first band, **AODL**, was merely a boy with an amp and lots of noise. It was excruciating. Plus I've been listening to a buttload of **Godspeed, You Black Emperor** and their various side projects lately, so perhaps I just wasn't in the mood. The three of us decided to go to *Burt's* to see **The Red Bennies** and **Starmy** instead.

I should mention that we walked there. I should also mention that I did a brief calculation of how much fun I was having and I decided that I needed to step it up. I mean, I was drunk and all, but nothing crazy had happened yet. I debated various acts of vandalism along the way, but



scorified at the oncoming hangover. And the city was quiet, quiet, quiet.





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Danava, The Red Bennies

Saturday, September 3
Wolfs, The Bloody Hollies, Vile Blue
Shades

Monday, September 5
Club Bullocks

Wednesday, September 7

Our Time In Space, Rotten Musi-
cians

Friday, September 9
SLUG Localized: Agape, Godstar,
Kathy and I

Saturday, September 10
The Druggist, Ryan Boud

Monday, September 12
Alasdair Roberts, The Wooden
Wand, The Vanishing Voice

Tuesday, September 13
Club Bullocks

Wednesday, September 14
Junius, Dark White

Friday, September 16
Pleasure Thieves, Form of Rocket,
Fi Fi Murmur

Saturday, September 17
Cosm

Tuesday, September 20
Club Bullocks

Friday, September 23
Local H, Stormy

Saturday, September 24
Mindstate

Tuesday, September 27
Black Dice, Blood on the Wall

Friday, September 30
Tolchock Trio, Mushman

Photo: Don K.

The Butcher



Well, Ozzfest got canceled due to "scheduling conflicts". obviously, "live for metal" isn't the case anymore. Apparently, the old washed up bands and the new shitty ones just SUCK too badly to be able to play their individual half-hour sets, two days in a row. How could we all expect more from them? I mean, we only paid \$80-\$100+ for tickets, right?

Death Metal Reviews
written by The Butcher Himself
ir.sutekh.shr@iuno.com

Exmortem

Nihilistic Contentment

Wicked World Records

Exmortem = Decapitated + Blood
Red Throne + Bloodbath

Exmortem is yet another entry in a newly-forming, long line of bands that are taking the pummeling brutality of Suffocation and adding the sharp precision of newer bands like Blood Red Throne and Decapitated to their sound. While this isn't their first album, it does indeed blow all the others away. This band isn't doing anything groundbreaking, but for some reason I was compelled to continue listening. It made me realize I was jaded to death metal, but even though a band like this isn't doing anything new, they can still catch one's interest.

Carrian Crawler

Rot Crumble Collapse

Rawker Records

Carrian Crawler = Agoraphobic
Nosebleed + Anal Cunt + Cephalic
Carnage + Anal Blast

Named after a heinous D&D beast, this Colorado band screams forth with all the rage and fury of any self respecting gore/noise/grind-core band. With surprisingly long songs for a band of this genre, this is a pretty quality release. If you're into the chaotic sounds of Anal Blast, Agoraphobic Nosebleed and other grinding chaos, this is worth checking out because it's a rotting head and shoulders above many of their peers out there.

Pain

Dancing with the Dead

Megarock Records

Pain = The Kovenant + Deathstars
+ Rammstein

Kamelot

The Black Halo

SPV Europe

Kamelot = Jag Panzer +
Hammerfall + Edguy

Why am I reviewing one of those sissy European power-metal bands? Because the guy from Dimmu Borgir sings on the opening track! Yeah! No, really... I'm out of stuff to review, so read on. From the beginning, this was just ... okay. Then came the obligatory "power" ballad. Ick. Then an actual good song, then another run of the mill riff and wait-fest. Nothing new, nothing great, but nothing horribly shitty. If you're looking to get into power metal, this is as good a place as any, as most power metal tends to sound very formulaic. One good thing: no songs or artwork concerning dragons or swords, despite the band name. **SLUG**

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with DJ REVEREND 23
\$3 VODKA TONICS

THURSDAYS: 80'S METAL VIDEOS

Sep 15: DRY KILL LOGIC w/ Minus One

FRIDAYS LIVE & LOUD

\$3 CHERRY BOMBS \$2 WHISKEY SHOTS

Sep 2: DENOTS with
The Red Line & Until She Bleeds
Sep 9: HATEPIECE with
Shred Betty & Meat
Sep 16: PAGAN/DEAD w/ Incendiant
& Yaotl Mictlan
Sep 23: SEPERATION OF SELF with
Post Riot & Pazatzu
Sep 30: GARY HOEY

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From New York To Salt Lake, Madball Travels the Legacy Highway

by James Orme

James@slugmag.

Hard, fast, heavy, and mean, **Madball** is the truest form of New York hardcore, and hardcore in general. They hold absolutely nothing back and although their records are devastatingly excellent, it's their live show that has made them the legendary band that they are today. For the past 15 years they've been making hardcore music and that has only made this band more resolute to elevate themselves and the entire hardcore scene.

I had a conversation with lead singer **Freddy Cricien** who was just a 12-year-old kid when his older brother **Roger Miret** (**Agnostic Front**) brought him up on stage to sing. Since then, Freddy has been creating his own legacy in hardcore music.

"Just being around it from an early age got me into hardcore. My brother Roger got me involved and he'd bring me on stage to sing with them. There were a few years that I grew away from it when I was 14-15, and then when I was 17 we decided to do another 7-inch because I was only 12 when we did the first one, *Ball of Destruction*. I'd have to say the second time around, the second 7-inch, was when I decided to roll with it, and as the years have gone on I've become more grateful for the opportunity, and more focused and passionate about the band."

Madball started out as a side project of Agnostic Front's, releasing early 7s and opening up for A.F. Once Freddy was old enough, he took control of the band and set out on his own course to make something more of Madball. After brother Roger left the band, bassist Hoya joined, and they began working on their first full-length record *Set It Off*. Soon word got out around the NY hardcore scene and Madball took their place amongst the renowned hardcore groups of that close, tight-knit scene.

"Believe it or not there is still that closeness in the scene. I remember way back in the day, I met all these guys my brother was hanging around with like **Ray Beeze** (Agnostic Front, **Warzone**) and of course **Vinnie [Stigma]** (Agnostic Front, Madball). These guys all lived together and you can't get any closer than that; You'll never have those exact same moments again, but there's still people that are involved in bands and the scene that are pretty close. There's a sense of family, and there's definitely respect there. You know how they say that no matter where you go, New York pizza can't be duplicated? It's that New York vibe, it's in the air, it's in the streets, there's just a different vibe here in New York. This city is a Mecca for music."

Madball's furious live shows and constant touring brings them fans all over the world. Fans of hardcore, punk and metal alike appreciate and respect what Madball is doing.

"Maybe it's the way we carry ourselves. Our music is straight up New York hardcore, but it's got a groove to it you can bob your head to. We're not elitist. A lot of people can relate to the stuff we talk about. Even if they're not street kids, they can still get something out of it. We're all pretty open individuals, and maybe they can get that vibe from us. We're pretty sincere about what we do, and maybe people respect that aspect of it."

After releasing five full-length records, touring the globe, and many stressful situations, Madball called it quits. This left Freddy and Hoya to work on a collaboration with **Toby Morse** (**H2O**) called **Hazen St.** After almost three years had passed and clarity set in, the members of Madball decided to resume the band with fresh attitudes and perspectives.

"At the time it was a break-up. We had a lot of personal issues, and it was just a combination of things that made us decide to end it for the time. We weren't sure if we'd ever get back together to do it again. We let circumstances around us dictate our decisions for our career and we've never been ones to do that. It's not like we lost passion for it, it wasn't for lack of passion. We felt like Madball hadn't reached its full potential, and so that's what brought us back, and so far it's been going good. We want to take [Madball] places we've never been. We want to elevate the band as much as we can."

With those goals in mind; Madball released the *New York Hardcore EP* which announced their return as the kings of hardcore, and then created their newest and most exciting full-length record to date. *Legacy* takes listeners by the throat and pounds them with heavy riffs, thunderous drumming and, of course, Freddy's growling vocals.

"The record is fresher; I mean, the last record we did was in 2000. It's where we are now. It's a new chapter in our lives; every album is like that. This is where we stand personally and as a band. The music, the lyrics, the entire vibe of the record reflects that. I think there are things on the record that tell those stories."

Madball has strength and tenacity. They can't be stopped. It's rough, it's mean, it's honest. If you have any doubts to the contrary, get a copy of *Legacy* and they'll set you straight. Make sure to be *In the Venue* the night of the 15th to see Madball destroy the place. **SLUG**





Aint Never Easy:

It was a surprisingly pleasant spring afternoon as **Peter Hayes** took to wandering the streets of Salt Lake City. Caught between sound check and doors, and while many fans had already started to line up, he walked, unnoticed, away from the venue. I watched him for a few minutes as he banged on his acoustic guitar, the harmonica wired to his shoulder occasionally breathing in and out like a **Tom Waits** vocal. I considered stopping him for a chat, but sometimes you simply can't bother a man when he's straightening out keys and chords. Later I would ask him if he was working on his solo record; after all, this was the guitarist for Black Rebel Motorcycle Club, the band who had pulled the dead heart out of their **Jesus & Mary Chain** records and revitalized buzz-saw rock n' roll.

"No, not a solo album," he laughed.

Bassist **Robert** (then **Turner**, now **Levon Been** – because a lot can happen in a year-and-a-half) was grimacing as he looked down at the full summer schedule they'd committed to. He was trying to find a gap where the touring paused just long enough to log a handful

of days in a studio.

Perhaps none of this seems atypical; the crowd that night seemed acutely unaware and the band wasn't about to say anything, but BRMC were entering dark times. They just didn't realize how dark it would get before the end.

"It's always been dark; it just got worse." I can hear the London traffic passing by as Robert stands outside the aptly named venue *The Garage*. Over the next few days, the band is celebrating the release of their third LP, *Howl*, with a handful of small concerts and an in-store appearance before playing several festivals where many of the new songs will receive their live debut.

"The songs were written a little bit here and there," explains Robert. "It's taken a long time to learn the complex piano parts because they were added on the fly."

He talks with me for 20 or so minutes, then has a two-minute break

before he's asked to repeat himself (although hopefully, for my sake, not verbatim) in another interview with another journalist.

"It's funny; I've tried to put all the big things into one day. The album, the show, and it's my birthday."

"Is this a day you thought would never come?" I ask.

He pauses, takes a deep breath and responds, "This is turning into an epic interview. Did I ever think I wouldn't see 27?" he ponders.

Just as they were pulling into Salt Lake a year-and-a-half of months ago, their relationship with **Virgin Records** had been severed. The UK press, in typical fashion, turned negative on the band once hailed as "Saviors of Rock n' Roll." They had no tour support. Any studio time was going to have to be paid for out of their own pockets. Only days later, their appearance at the **Coachella Festival** disintegrated in technical difficulties, forcing the band into an impromptu acoustic set. **Lollapalooza** and a summer's worth of gigs were canceled soon after. Two months later, in Edinburgh, Scotland, drummer **Nick Jago** quit the band in the middle of their European festival tour. Speculation was that Peter might be writing a solo record after all.

"There were a few times when I thought ..." Robert pauses, and reconsiders. "No, I had some kind of blind optimism. I never really looked at the numbers. I was pushing to make this album. I never thought that it wouldn't happen."

"I couldn't think about anything but the music. I didn't know what the future was. When in doubt, the music guides you. It was dark times; we each had our own burdens to go through. We were caught at the bottom of the whirlpool and didn't know what to cling to."

"So was getting this album released some kind of victory?" I ask.

I feel like I've just poked at a bruise.

Howl is a distinctly different album; during the writing and recording sessions it was referred to as their *Americana LP*. The makeshift title would prove to be a tight fit. While many will reference **Bruce Springsteen's Nebraska** in their descriptions, it should be pointed out that *Howl* is not strictly an acoustic record. Only "Complicated Situation," a song that popped up in live shows regularly, with its harmonica, guitar and vocal distinctly recalls *Nebraska*. *Howl* is a gospel album pulled from the feedback and left bare with its emotions raw and beautiful-ugly.

Robert insists that while it may seem like a departure, these songs were always there. It wasn't a designed gimmick, they just didn't know where else to go after *Take Them On, On Your Own*. Many of the songs had existed for years—they just didn't fit on the previous releases.

With a new record deal with **Echo** in the UK and **RCA** for the rest of the world, a plethora of positive to exceptional reviews that often include variations on the phrase "their best songs yet," and comparisons to the **Beatles**, the **Rolling Stones**, **Led Zeppelin**, **The Band**, **Bob Dylan** and **Spiritualized**, you might be tempted to be more than just a little optimistic. Then again, they've also misquoted lyrics in the process, and one particular British magazine gave the album a pleasant review and then panned the first single, "Ain't No Easy Way," as rubbish.

"What do you think of the positive and then negative press that you've been given in the UK, now that they seem to be warming up to you again?" I ask.

"[Both negative and positive press] gets the word out a little bit more," Roberts explains. "Not to be 'too cool,' but I really don't care anymore. I've got my own opinion of things. It's nice that they're writing, but you can't get caught up in the British press—they're like hyperactive toddlers. They either love things or hate things too much. To make them think

Through the Eye of the Whirlpool with BRMC's Robert Levon Been

By Ryan Michael Painter
rien@davidbowie.com

He laughs, "I've never thought of it as a victory. It's what we're supposed to do; we're supposed to write songs."

"Me and Peter got to a place where we wanted to do it—to find joy in the music. We had to start over again. [*Howl*] was a selfish album to make. I'm still not sure what I make of it but we had no choice, we just had to do it. We never wanted to learn the lessons this way but I wouldn't go back to change it."

Nick would eventually rejoin with Peter and Robert in the studio and complete the album they had started months before.

"I always thought Nick would come back," I add. "From the little bits you sent out on the web site, there seemed to be an undercurrent of hope."

"I don't know," Robert says. "I wasn't sure that the three of us ... I wasn't sure what the future would be."

and feel, even if it is in a bad way, is [enough]."

"How important is this album for BRMC?"

"There was a quote, you've probably seen it, about how I didn't want it to do well," Robert says. "It was taken out of context ... What I was really saying is if the album does really well, people will expect the next album to be more of the same. If it does really poorly and the next album is rock n' roll, everyone will say we've just gone back to making music everyone else likes. You can't win with great success or failure."

He adds, "We've already started writing for the next album and it's more raw rock n' roll."

Funny, I thought that *Howl* was pretty raw.

Black Rebel Motorcycle Club play **Club Sound 9/16/05** with former **Ride** frontman **Mark Gardener** (if that doesn't optimize the phrase "very special guest" I don't know what does) opening. **STILL**

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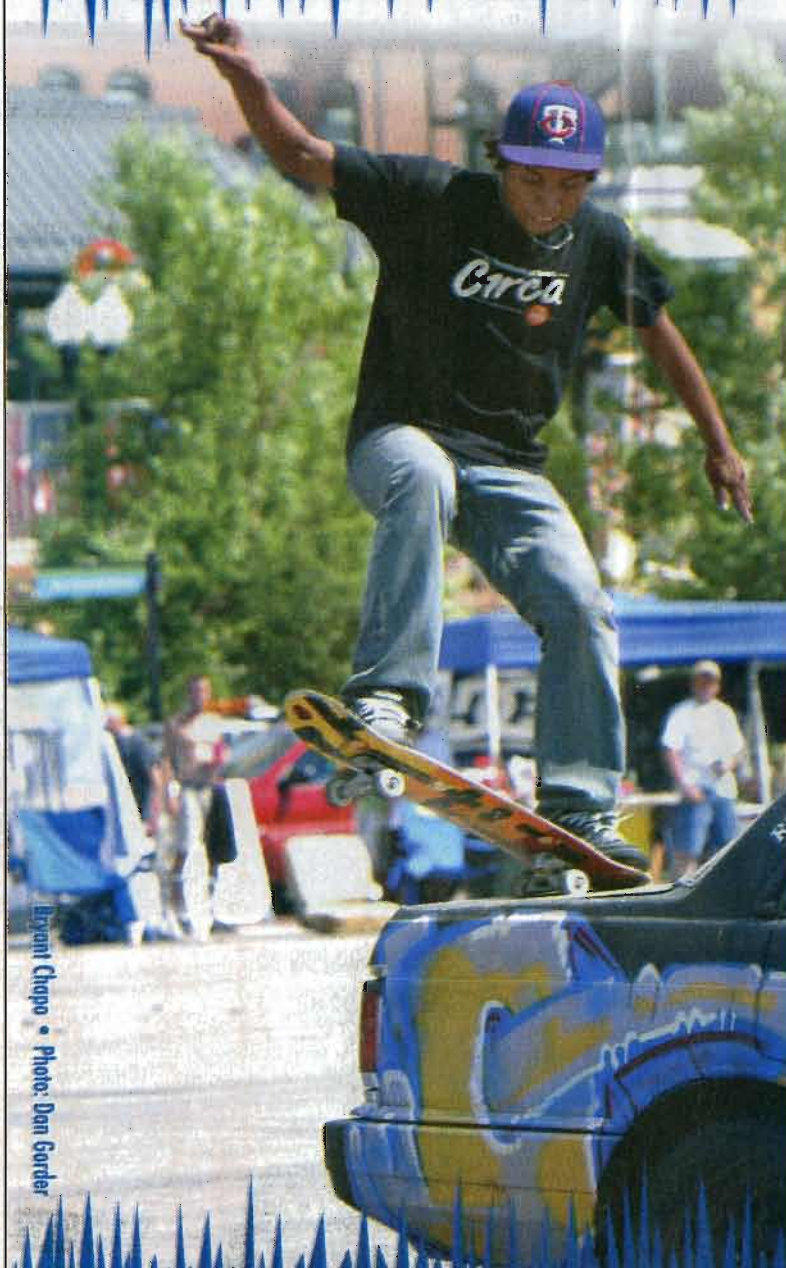
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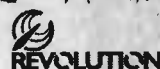


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The Adicts

27

SOS Records

Street: 06.01

The Adicts = Lower Class Brats + Clockwork Orange + A Circus Side Show

This album does exactly what any good Adicts album should - it makes you want to dance your ass off, drink yourself stupid and party until six o'clock in the morning. It's no "Best Of" album but it's still packed full of ass-shaking goodness. This record is a re-issue of the original, which was released in 1992 on **Cleopatra Records**. It contains a few classics that every Adicts fan knows, like "Angel" and "Love Sucks," but the other 19 tracks provide the listener with new material that they wouldn't hear if they only owned a greatest-hits album. The Adicts make fun music about having a good time. The lyrics are catchy, the beats are fast and poppy, and, most importantly, it's easy to dance to. The album contains three bonus tracks that weren't found on the original pressing, including "Just Wanna Dance With You," which is one of their best tracks. —*Jeanette Moses*

Antimatter

Planetary Confinement

The End Records

Street: 07.26

Antimatter = acoustic music to die for (literally)

Antimatter is one of the most beautiful-sounding depressing bands around—call it "acoustic doom," if you will. This time around for **Mick Moss and Duncan Patterson** (ex-Anathema), the group has changed up its sound a bit. Gone are the electronic portions prevalent on previous releases *Savior* and *Lights Out*. In exchange, we get a more organic sound with unsynthesized drums that follow in the footsteps of the **Portishead** feel of past records. Acoustic guitars and piano flow in a symbiotic relationship with Mick Moss' talented, but oh-so-depressing vocals. Tracks featuring female vocals lighten the release up, though things still move at a slow, sad pace. This record is not going to lighten up your day, but it is the best Antimatter album to date. Doomy as it may be, it is still a heavenly bit of music. Unfortunately, this album will be the last with Duncan Patterson, who has moved on to his solo work, **Ion**. —*Bryer Wharton*

Balzac

Out of the Grave and Into the Dark

Misfit Records

Street: 08.01

Balzac = Misfits (mid-90s version) + Ministry + Guns and Wankers

These Japanese boys were actually able to set aside their Misfits hero-worship long enough to create an exciting, fairly original, dark and intense record. These 22 tracks are harsh, brutal and well produced. With speed-metal guitar and charging rhythms, thick accents and songs in Japanese that are difficult to understand, the lead and back-up vocals draw you right into each song. Previously they've only been known for emulating the greatest horror-punk band in the world, but a record like this shows they have the potential to be their own kind of horror show.

—*James Orme*

...Bender

Self Titled

Satellite/TV Records

Street: 09.13

...Bender = Nick Cave and the Bad Seeds + Mazzy Star + Mojave 3

...Bender is a side project of one member of Nick Cave and the Bad Seeds. While some, if not most, side projects succumb to the tainted touch of previous bands the person was involved with, this album seems to use those influence(s) to its advantage. Maintaining the haunted emanations of the Bad Seeds, the vocal languidity of Mazzy Star and the easy ramblings and feel-good country sunshine of Mojave 3, ...Bender provides an otherworldly listening experience. What gives this album an edge over the struggle between its influences and its own sound is the balance of melodic sparseness and experimentation recalled in a yearning of better times, fragmented personalities and a host of other "(dis) orders." To further augment this, there is a switch between male/female vocals as well as intercalary tracks,



some of which are up to a minute in length. Spooky and heavy, ...Bender's first release is strong and raises hope that subsequent releases will get better after this initial offering. For those who like a gothic, experimental edge that mixes stratified vocals with intense markers of depression, this is a must-have. —*Erik Lopez*

Black Dice

Broken Ear Record

DFA/Astralwerks

Street: 09.05

Black Dice = you know'em and you love'em + break dancing + psychological breaking points - drugs

Wayfaring synth sailors, AHOO! You have heard the likes of **DJ Keoki** and now found **Moonshine Records** and their brand of dance music dull; you have listened to chill out music and are now thoroughly frozen; you have waited patiently for the next big dance disaster, and here it is...Yes, friends, it's true! The new Black Dice album is fantastic and this time they tackle dance music, making it more dense and intense! Using the combined powers of DFA and Astralwerks, *Broken Ear Record* is the untidy swivel of an office chair. What sets this album apart from other gyrating-hips-oriented music is that it isn't explicitly for bump-and-grind as it is other noise-oriented hiccups of dance. Consider it a denizen of convoluted sounds, call and response and marching tempos. Crawling and croaking, vexing, and at times hypnotic, the new byproduct of years of waste that is Black Dice have culminated into a thinking man's long-trip dance music. Finally, for all those who drive around foreign towns at midnight, for those who need equally neurotic music that doesn't make you feel good, for those with sensory overload, your new album has arrived (*Urban Lounge:09.27*). —*Erik Lopez*

Brakes

Give Blood

Rough Trade

Street:09.13

Brakes = (Modest Mouse - talent) + Mortal Kombat action sequence

Give Blood made me want to give vomit into a paper sack, fold it up neatly, wrap it in shiny foil and send it to whomever decided that the groups **British Sea Power** and **Electric Soft Parade** (both actually quite listenable groups in their own right) should get together and form a "super-group" of pretty damn un-epic proportions. British alt-indie groups seem to have an undying love for country music tunes and albums beleaguered with forced "kooky" quips. A 10-second track where they scream "Cheney, stop being such a dick!" does not come off as a cool political statement to muster up the masses, so much as a juvenile lambasting to induce trouser-tenting in phony "alterna-liberal" dudes. —*Jamila Roehrig*

Broken Spindles

Inside/Absent

Saddle Creek

Street: 08.23

Broken Spindles = Headphones + The 6ths (Magnetic Fields) + Joy Division

This bare bones, lo-fi set of electronic songs by **Joel Peterson** (bass player from **The Faint**) shows us that bass players are people, too, and they can be just as creative as the rest of the band. Even though he shows taste with his laptop collec-

The Brian Jonestown Massacre

We Are the Radio EP

Tee Pee Records

Street: 07.19

BJM = The Rolling Stones + Spacemen 3

According to **Antone Newcombe**, BJM progenitor and megalomaniac, his music should be listened to, not talked about. Sorry, Antone; I love listening to music, but talking about it is my job. *We Are the Radio* features female vocalist and "co-writer," **Sarabeth Tuceck**, who sings on three of the five songs. Tuceck's vocals are refreshing in the historically male-dominant band. Props to Antone for stepping aside and letting someone else have the mic. The opening track, "Never Become Emotionally Attached to Man, Woman, Beast or Child" sounds like old school BJM: strong, rhythmic strumming, jangly guitar accompaniments and simple, repetitive vocal harmonies. "Telefellow 5 vs. Amplification," a keyboard-based, noise lullaby hints at Antone's continued musical predilection for pushing boundaries. Whereas most EPs serve as pre-full-length teasers, *We Are the Radio* stands firmly on its own without the need to lean on a future release for support.

—*Ryan Shelton*



Dr. Israel
Inna City Pressure
Roir Records
Street: 8.16.05
Dr. Israel = Massive
Attack + Fugees + Run
DMC + Roni Size + Black
Sabbath

Dr. Israel ran up his experience points by grouping with NYC's "illbient" party (which included the likes of DJ Spooky, WE, Sub Dub, Techno Animal, et al.). Dr. Israel is a surgeon of the first rate. He skillfully sutures together such apparently disparaging and incompatible genres as dub, reggae, hip-hop, and heavy metal to make a Frankenstein rolling with life. In Deleuzian terms, the Doctor reterritorializes not only the contested genre of "world music" but the idea of genre itself. One apex of this approach is track six in which he recombines Rancid's "Copper" (off the album *Life Won't Wait*) into a dancehall/hip-hop composition. What makes this version so amazing is not only the Doctor's creative grasp of the genres he is blending but his use of primary sources: Rancid themselves! Creating more waves than a level-five Black Mage tempest spell, Dr. Israel is sure to charge outrageous amounts of time for music well spent.

— Erik Andrew Lopez 1

tion of heeps and beats, my favorite cut is "Burn My Body," which is the most guitar-heavy track on the disc. "Please Don't Remember This" is a brilliantly angry tune with a 90s techno beat and poignant lyrics about the dark side of love. This album wasn't meant to be a "get happy and dance" kind of disc, but I found myself doing the robot more than once while listening to it. — Alfred Quinn

Concombre Zombi
Daylight Comes
Psychobilly*US / Hairball 8
Street: 07.26

Concombre Zombi = Demented Are Go + Anti Nowhere
League + Hayride to Hell

An extremely aggressive psychobilly band, Concombre Zombi keeps things intense without falling into the trap of being just another punk band with a stand-up bass. While songs like "Hellhounds" and "Buried Alive" will leave blisters in your ears, they do slow it down enough on "Haunted Hear" to keep from killing you with this record. Rumbling rhythms and gravel-throated vocals are just a few charming qualities that any fan of psychobilly, punkabilly, or George A. Romero movies will love about this record. —James Orme

Crosstide
Life As A Spectator
Slowdance Records
Street: 09.20

Crosstide = (U2 - Bono) + (Smashing Pumpkins - Billy Corgan)

Having made waves a few years ago with the release of their self-titled EP produced by R. Walt (Pete Dinklage, Liz Phair), and soaking up years of music knowledge in the Pacific Northwest, Crosstide is reaping the time spent in solitude. These high school friends have recorded their first full-length in the deep, rain-soaked woods of Washington State at "the cabin". The first track, "Searchlights," finds a very subtle approach, like a lone voice through a transistor radio. Soon, the band combines their background knowledge to create "(You Should) Sleep," and "Opposite Day," are sure "hits". Bret Vogel lingers between rocking out and complexity. His haunting, almost longing voice hits a note that resonates long after you stop listening. —Josh Scheuerman

Death Cab for Cutie
Plans
Atlantic Records
Street: 08.30

Death Cab for Cutie = Built to Spill + American Football + This Busy Monster + Sunny Day Real Estate

Death Cab for Cutie is very much akin to an awkward-yet-lovable boy just waiting to grow up. In this instance, it is important to think of Tony Danza from the cute and quirky show *Who's the Boss*. Tony fumbles his way through life in a house overrun by his mother Angela, his kids, and his wife.

It intrigues you in the beginning as you are introduced to the characters and how they interact and perform together. Later on, you start to see them mature and grow. Finally, you grow attached - and even sympathetic - to what is occurring and you're hooked. To my great chagrin, though, people have summarily dismissed Tony and the gang as old-hat and unappealing. The same could be said for the circles that I, myself, run around in. Needless to say, this is not the case, and it is a fine addition to a maturing output. No more the awkward and meek children they once were, Death Cab's voice has stopped cracking, their beard is growing in fuller, and the pimples that once outlined a greasy face have gave way to an enchanting set of pop songs that continue to display their appeal to the heart. — Erik Andrew Lopez 1

The Evil Queens
First It Boils, Then It Spills
Addison Records
Street: 9.13

The Evil Queens = Fu Manchu + The Jesus Lizard + Queens Of The Stone Age + Kyuss

This band rocks hard and takes no prisoners with their over-the-top 70s southern style, heavy revival-rock. The only complaint I have is that the band needs more guitar solos integrated into their thunderous and propulsive music. The singer has an amazing Lynrd Skynrd-type vocal style that is both powerful and soulfully passionate. The Evil Queens can definitely hold their own with many of the great rock bands out there today. Moreover, with the masterful and skillful recording of this disc—their third—it is made quite clear that these guys are dead serious in shredding any pretension that most wannabe emo-hessians have. This is definitely not a disc for the weak of ears, because there are no lyrics taken from a thirteen-year-old's Trapper Keeper. This is skull-crushing rock that is stunning and dynamic in its attempts to branch out within the revival-rock scene while still keeping its roots intact. Without a doubt, this is a wicked disc that will absolutely blow people away and make them convert to the new sound of the underground very quickly. —Kevlar7

Federation X
Rally Day
Estrus Records
Street: 07.12

Federation X = Karp + Mountain + aviator shades & mustaches
 This sounds like a Coors commercial. A couple of good ol' boys driving around in a perfectly restored Dodge Charger with the crunching "plow-core" of Federation X blasting out of the speakers. The Man is constantly on their ass but these guys are "real men," so buxom blondes flourish like wheat on a farm for these guys. I'll assume that their uncle probably runs moonshine in his spare time. ...Oh, wait that's the *Dukes Of Hazzard*! Oops! In any event, the fourth record from Bellingham, Washington's Federation X is yet another boring attempt at the same old placid 70s rock music formula brought to you by the fine folks at Estrus Records. The bloated riffs slither like molasses out of their Sunn amplifiers with the drummer bashing along behind them—all captured beautifully by the crisp production. So if you've worn out the grooves on your Foghat and James Gang records, pick up the new Federation X. And tap the Rockies! —Jared Soper

Fine China
Jaws of Life
Common Wall Media
Street: 09.13

Fine China = South + Shins + American Eagle playlist
 Rock bands have invariably been limited in terms of what defines rock music: all the big chords have been rearranged to no end, guitar solos have been exhausted and enough ironic disco tracks have been adorned with hi-hats and 4/4 rhythm. Where to go next? Well, if you ask Fine China, backwards seems the only way. The lead singer sounds as if he's spent a lifetime sobbing softly into a pillow full of rocks, and the band executes excessive clichés straight from the sunny shores of Interpol Island. Don't be too surprised if you see this album on little Jimmy's Christmas list, but what would you expect in an era where so-called independent music can sit comfortably next to *Destiny's Child* on *Now That's What I Call Music 122*? —Jamila Roehrig

CD Reviews

Iron Maiden
The Essential Iron Maiden
 Sanctuary Records
 Street: 07.12

Iron Maiden = It's fucking Iron Maiden.

If you're purchasing this album as your only reference to Iron Maiden's legacy, you're robbing them and yourself of the acknowledgment of what they really are: Gods. *The Essential Iron Maiden* brings you two discs of 27 songs, beginning with their latest singles, "Pashendale" and "Rainmaker" and ending with the classic Iron Maiden. Yes, it includes "The Trooper" and "The Number of the Beast," but own not this CD as your single reference to Maiden, nor your "Run to the Hills" shirt you bought at Hot Topic. Own it as part of a collection of some of the best metal ever made. Acknowledge them not for their logo or their status, but as the musicians, performers and people they are. Acknowledge their leadership in the toddler years of the N.W.B.H.M. and their longevity and loyalty to their fans and metal. Bringing people like you, who are reading this review and people like me, who shit over this band, together for the love of Iron Maiden. —Katie Maloney

Misfits Meet the Nutley Brass
Fiend Club Lounge
 Misfits Records
 Street Date: 06.28

Misfits Meet the Nutley Brass = Misfits + Frank Sinatra
 This album is absolute genius. Leave it to Sam Elwitt to come up with something even scarier than what the worm-infested brains of the original Misfits dreamed up. This is the lowdown: You've got your Misfits classics such as "Last Caress," "Astro Zombies," "Angelfuck" etc ... but played lounge-style. No, your ears are not playing tricks on you when you hear a sitar in "Where Eagles Dare." *Fiend Club Lounge* is almost gleeful, for Christ's sakes. It conjures up images of Danzig sliding down a rainbow and landing in a pool of cumulus clouds. Don't take this album seriously, take it for what it's meant to be—ridiculously funny. —Shane Farver

Ennio Morricone
Crime and Dissonance
 Ipecac Records
 Street: 09.06

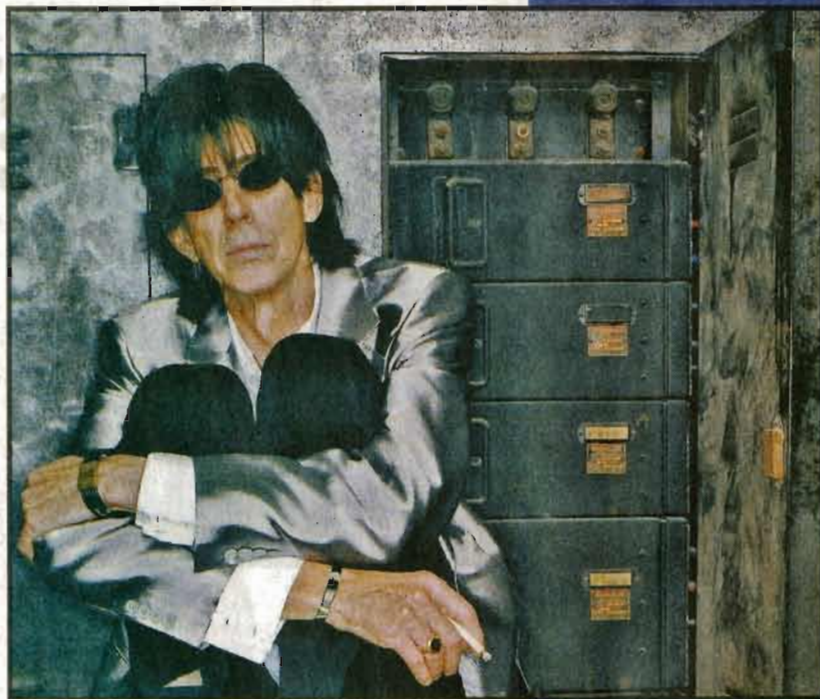
Ennio Morricone = Spaghetti Western + Banyan + Sly and the Family Stone

Italian film composer Ennio Morricone has scored over 500 films since the mid-20th century ranging from classics such as 1966's *The Good The Bad and The Ugly*, to his latest project, *Lenin*, which begins filming in 2006. Morricone is known for his unorthodox approach to film scoring. The opening track, "Giorno Di Notte," from the 1971 film, *Una Lucertola Con La Pelle Di Donna*, is a funky jazz-rock-fusion masterpiece that you might expect to hear in an old school Blackploitation film, rather than an Italian film about a woman suspected of murdering her neighbor. But don't let the funk confuse you; Morricone is capable of scoring some of the most beautiful symphonic and orchestral pieces you'll ever hear i.e., 1990's *Cinema Paradiso*. This double-disc collection is an absolute necessity for film fanatics, but may be a somewhat limited introduction for first time Morricone listeners, as it only highlights the maestro's more avant-garde music, circa mid-60s to mid-70s.

Mike Patton (Tomahawk/Fantomas/Mr. Bungle/Faith No More), a long time fan and admirer of Morricone, compiled this 30-song aural biography of one of the greatest theatrical composers of all time. —Ryan Shelton

Princess Superstar
My Machine
 K7!

Princess Superstar = Miss Kitten + Outkast (at their most conceptual) + the aesthetic of Fischerspooner
 I thought electroclash died years ago. Adult puts out one 7-inch a year and everyone else seems to have given up (but let's assume it's still alive in some NYC club that was cool four years ago when Edward Furlong showed up and did some blow off a black girl's ass). Though this 77-minute, 25-track dancehall behemoth represents an overdue coda for this gasping genre, the result is nothing short of stun-



ning. Here's the premise: it's 2080, Princess Superstar is the only celebrity remaining on Earth and she controls all forms of media with the help of 10,000 clones - but a grassroots revolt looms on the horizon. The story is told via hilariously self-indulgent raps and ominous interludes. The beats are relatively fresh throughout, assisted greatly by a dark, droning sensibility. However, the people dancing in your living room will just think it's a "rad party album" (which it is). —Foreman Mailer

Radiant Republic of Texas
Lightning Always Strikes Something
 Satan Rides Shotgun Recordings
 Street: 08.22

Radiant Republic of Texas = Shellac + US Maple + Sebadoh
 The Radiant Republic of Texas' hard-hitting, dense, chaotic new release, *Lightning Always Strikes Something*, contains all the variables of a great indie rock album: the irony of the lyrics, biting tones of the guitars, and experimentation. This is the first full-length release from this Denver, CO group who recorded the disc at Steve Albini's *Electrical Audio* in Chicago. Each song is great, not always an easy listen, but always wonderfully disturbing. Oddly enough, the most disturbing track is about Manute Bol, the 7'7" professional basketball player from Sudan. The song spews irony as it states: "I hope you own a hand-tailored suit with vertical stripes (they go well with platform shoes)." It is easy to say that *Lightning Always Strikes Something* is a throwback to great indie-rock. —Alfred Quinn

Sonic Youth
Goo - Deluxe Edition
 Geffen Records
 Street: 09.12

Sonic Youth = OMG...do I even need to describe who they are? If you don't know who they are, go get yourself to the library and read Michael Azzarad's chapter on them in his seminal book *Our Band Could Be Your Life*. "I stole my sister's boyfriend. It was all a whirlwind, heat, and flash. Within a week we killed my parents and hit the road." On June 26, 1990, Sonic Youth released the album *Goo*, which not only broke them out into the mainstream, but bridged the gap between grunge sensibility and the avant-garde. Now, 15 years later, *Deluxe Edition* has reissued this tremendous album in a delightful double disc. Other artists they have reissued over the years have included Cream, the Velvet Underground, Rick James, etc. *Deluxe Edition* CDs are like the Criterion DVD of the CD (Contin. on pg. 33)

Ric Ocasek
Nextday
 Inverse/Sanctuary
 Street: 09/27

Ric Ocasek = The Cars - Benjamin Orr + riff redux Candy-O by The Cars was one of my favorite albums when I was a teen, and not only because of the frisky redhead in see-through on the hood on the cover. The late Benjamin Orr was always my favorite Car because of his naughty devil-may-care stare—lolipop in mouth. Plus, I resented Ric Ocasek for being with Paulina Porizkova in perhaps the grossest example of ugly-rock-stars-get-hot-women (rivaled only by Serge Gainsbourg and Brigitte Bardot/Jane Birkin). So I've always viewed Ocasek as the McCartney to Orr's Lennon. But it's an unfair comparison, as his new album is pretty cool. Several tracks feature pretty heavy riffs, others stray dangerously close to cheesy synthpop; a few of the quieter ones are reminiscent of solo Stan Ridgeway—a good thing. Overall, one can't deny his talent as a performer/composer/producer. Hell, he's even produced *Le Tigre*, so I guess he hasn't mellowed with age. —MC Well

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 9:00PM WHISKY

SATURDAY September 10th
 1:00PM HOLLOW CITY
 4:00PM BUFFALO BOY
 7:00PM WHISKY
 9:00PM UNIFORM

SUNDAY September 11th
 1:00PM WHISKY
 4:00PM UNIFORM
 7:00PM LILI'S APRON
 9:00PM HOLLOW CITY

MONDAY September 12th
 1:00PM FUSE
 4:00PM BUFFALO BOY
 7:00PM LILI'S APRON
 9:00PM KABALA

TUESDAY September 13th
 1:00PM KABALA
 4:00PM DAUGHTER OF KELTOUM
 7:00PM BUFFALO BOY
 9:00PM TODAY AND TOMORROW

WEDNESDAY September 14th
 1:00PM WHAT'S A HUMAN ANYWAY?
 4:00PM FUSE
 7:00PM TODAY AND TOMORROW
 9:00PM DAUGHTER OF KELTOUM

THURSDAY September 15th
 1:00PM DAUGHTER OF KELTOUM
 4:00PM TODAY AND TOMORROW
 7:00PM FUSE
 9:00PM WHAT'S A HUMAN ANYWAY?

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FRIDAY September 9th
 5:00PM DAUGHTER OF
 KELTOUM

SATURDAY September 10th
 5:00PM WHAT'S A HUMAN
 ANYWAY?

SUNDAY September 11th
 7:00PM KABALA

SUNDAY September 18th
 7:00PM WHISKY

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THURSDAY September 15th
 6:00PM KABALA
 8:00PM WHISKY

WEDNESDAY September 21st
 6:00PM TODAY AND
 TOMORROW

WEDNESDAY September 28th
 6:00PM FUSE
 8:00PM WHAT'S A HUMAN
 ANYWAY?

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Plaintiff,

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CRAZY GOAT SALOON,
Defendant.

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(under the shadow of the
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Yellow Swans
Bring the Neon War Home
 Narnack Records
 Street: 8.10
Yellow Swans = Boredoms + Wolf Eyes + something oddly danceable

Have you ever been to a show where 80 percent of the audience stood around with their fingers in their ears while **Erik Lopez** and some other weirdo did the A-Town Stomp directly in front of the speakers? You heard some kid say, "This, like, doesn't even sound like music. Those guys are just jumping around and making noise." It may as well have been a Yellow Swans show. For your sake, I hope you didn't fuck up and do the aforementioned things because you'd have missed a great party in noiseland. You know what? I don't trust you! You are totally lying! You wore cargo shorts and an ugly faux-vintage shirt featuring a faux-surfboard shop and whispered, "This is gay," to your stupid friend wearing the same stupid clothes. You should really be more like Erik Lopez.

—Foreman Mailer

(Contin. from pg. 30) world—remastered, double disc, sometimes an essay or two, etc. The reissue includes outtakes, b-sides, demos of the entire album, rehearsal tapes, a Goo-era interview as well as previously unreleased tracks from the Goo sessions. But aside from all the goodies the actual album itself is remastered in 24-bit capacity and sounds infinitely more listenable, cleaner and clearer than its original release. The only downside to this incredible collection is the price. If you have the money to plunk down for this beauty, I suggest you do so. Your friends will think you're cool. — **Erik Lopez**

Suicide Machines
War Profiteering Is Killing Us All
 SideOneDummy
 Street Date: 08.09
Suicide Machines = Operation Ivy + Sick of It All

Who knew that a ska band could be so angry? The title track sounds more like a New York hardcore show than skankable riffs. It soon becomes more apparent that the Suicide Machines are the same deep down, although maybe a bit angry at the recent turn of national events. As in the beginning of the band's career, *War Profiteering Is Killing Us All* pulls together punk and ska with hardcore influences to form one hell of a joy ride. *Destruction by Definition* is still the band's crown jewel, but this album is some added "bling-bling." Forgive me for using that phrase. — **Shane Farver**

Viva K
Self-Titled
 Stinky Records
 Street: 09.17
Viva K = Killing Joke + Girls Against Boys + PJ Harvey + Gram Rabbit

Probably one of the most compelling and engaging bands I've heard in a long time, the four-piece Viva K is a drum machine accented with driving guitars, funk induced bass, eastern sitar and tabla, and all propelled by an amazing vocalist whose voice is both haunting and beautiful. Singer **Ween Callas** takes her voice to schizophrenic highs and powerful breathy lows, bringing the music to an almost ethereal psychedelic level. The press kit compares her vocal delivery to that of, "a female Perry Farrell," which I agree with. Musically, the band fluxes between western, fiery guitar slashers and eastern spirituality cleansers. This ingenious mix leaves the listener in a deep trance while trying to digest the layered depth of their music. Produced by **Eli Janney**, Viva K has those elements of Janney's band, the legendary Girls Against Boys, which consists of a perfect bridge between rock and dance music. I seriously doubt that anyone who listens to this disc could deny that musically, it's light years beyond what anybody else is doing today. This is, without a doubt, one of the greatest discs of this year. — **Kevlar7**

Why?
Elephant Eyelash
 Anticon Records
 Street: 08.16

Why? = Restiform bodies + Hiymes Basement + Electric Birds
 Just when you thought your ears had gone rotten, Why? drops

CD Reviews

an *Elephant Eyelash* to medicate your auditory canal. For those of you who thought of Why? as the solo "band dork" reading bizarre poetry over **Odd Nosdam** beats into a 4-track...well, times have changed. Why? is actually a fully functional quartet fronted by **Yoni Wolf** himself. *Elephant Eyelash* melds indie-hop, folk, sour-pop and mental rock into a twisted smirk in the mirror of music. The album starts off very fresh and progresses with a discharge of creativity. Most of the songs fall somewhere in between shy, poetic, irritable, loudmouthed or soft to the touch while Wolf overlays prominent lyrical ingenuity around harmonies flowing through a reservoir of instruments. From singing "Birthdays," to finding "Sand Dollars," *Elephant Eyelash* reveals act two in the Why? book of boney handwriting, chiseled noises and word-bubble verses that suffocate any assumptions you might have. — **Lance Saunders**

A Wilhelm Scream
Ruiner

Nitro Records

Street Date: 08.16

A Wilhelm Scream = Strung Out + Marathon

If you would like to mix punk with metal and do it right, pay attention to the likes of A Wilhelm Scream. Finally, a band exists that can balance technical punk rock like a ball on a seal's nose. *Ruiner* follows the road that was so graciously laid out by *Strung Out* years ago. But A Wilhelm Scream cuts a different path with a bit more metal and a slightly softer touch. This album's only weak point is that it occasionally deviates into screamo schlock. Keep out of that mess, boys. You're better than that. — **Shane Farver**

Yip Yip
Pro-Twelve Thinker
 SAF Records

Street Date: 05.20

Yip Yip = Autechre + White Mice + I Am Spoonbender + Arcane Device

Instrumental noise terrorists, Yip Yip's poppy sounding moniker is simply a disguise for the thick bleep-ridden soundscape that emerges from this, their debut release on Strictly Amateur Film Records. Somewhere between a malfunctioning NES and a circuit-bent drum machine, the sound is more atmospheric than rock, with a complete abandonment of vocals and traditional song structures. However, this album lacks the technicality of other electro noise outfits, i.e. **Kid 606** and Autechre, as well as the raw feel of noise rock bands like White Mice or **Fuzz**. Yip Yip presents a simple stripped-down arrangement of loops and beats that, while processed and overdriven to all hell, leaves me wanting more. I have a feeling that live, Yip Yip would deliver exactly that, but it is just lost in the translation. — **Ryan Powers**

DVD Review

Style Wars
Directed by Tony Silver
 Public Art Films
 Street: 08.23

For most, white middle-class suburban kids, hip-hop has meaning only in relation to Snoop Dog, Dr. Dre and Eminem. The majority of them don't realize that its genesis is within bigger cultural milieu that included b-boys, MCs, graffiti and old school rap stars like **Grandmaster Flash**, **Rammellzee** vs. **K-Rob**, **Trouble Funk**, etc. With the release of Tony Silver's *Style Wars* in a nicely packaged two disc DVD package, the wait is over for a glimpse into the visual culture that sprung from the nascent genesis of the hip-hop scene in the late 70s and early 80s. This documentary focuses on New York in 1982, where graffiti was in full swing. Included are interviews with prominent visual linguists (such as **Seen**, **Dez**, **Crash** and **Iz the Wiz**) who spray-painted the subways and city walls with their artistic individuality overlaid with early rap music. Enjoyable and entertaining, **KRS-One** submits this comment to the stunning documentary: "If you want to know what hip-hop is really about, see a film called *Style Wars*." The DVD includes extra interviews, another disc of artist's galleries, guest interviews, as well as music from **Def Jux** artists such as **El-P**, **RJD2**, **Aesop Rock** and more! — **Lance Saunders** **STAR**

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hey,
answer. Killing yourself is. www.drcyclopsrecords.net, www.diemonsterdie.net

The Rattails Present The Loyal One.Two..Three...

TRPTL = Cat Stevens + Rilo Kiley + Agnes
Poetry + Touchdown Eagle

These ex-AM Feed members have made a 15-song album with plenty of beauty to spare. The acoustic guitars, drums and keyboards lean heavily on sometimes thick, sometimes delicate, melody and the vocals (mostly male, some female) tend to fall primarily on the soft and fragile side of pretty. Dalliances into realms of the thespian-esque permeate the lyrical content in that reaching, yearning, trying-to-pin-down-the-infinite sort of a way. The sum whole makes this album feel like a confession—very naked, very sincere. It can make the listener feel a bit uneasy—kind of like when that red-headed overweight girl in the velvet dress absolutely must read you her newest poem. But then, surprisingly, her newest poem is actually pretty fucking good. —Jesus Harold

Redemption Home

Redemption = Rosetta Stone + The Church + The Cult

The first track on *Home*, "Times Like These" is a goth-rock heartwarmer to gently pull you into the netherworld that is Redemption, but the real darkness of their power kicks in with the hard guitar strokes of "Disillusion." Redemption is like the *Sandman* brought to life: edgy, mysterious; not black and white but grey, aloof and cold—yet strangely warm and comforting. Don't ask how Neil Gaiman did it, and don't ask Miah how he does it. With every word, Redemption's music gives you this weird hope where there was none. Excellent production, magnificent orchestral arrangements and gutsy instrument variation, like cool bongo drums on "Absolution," are sure to launch patient-leather sex-fiends Redemption onto even more recognition in the international goth world. www.redemptiononline.com

mean?
Zoloft
refills
aren't
that
expensive,
guys. And
suicide isn't the

This Dying Need Disconcerting Divine

This Dying Need = early Front 242 + Pretty Hate Machine

This Dying Need might turn off non-industrialists, but for those with initiated palettes, they'll come off as decent at their brand of old-school industrial beats and undressed synths with mainstreamish dark pop structure. At moments, their sound resembles a more polished, less whiny *Pretty Hate Machine*, because of those accessible song structures, but at their heart they recall the first attempts of most of the initial Wax Trax artists—raw, stripped-down, not too fussy, with angstful lyrics of frustration, alienation and anger. Lots of atmosphere pervades set by quiet violin synths and piano. www.thisdyingneed.com

Hellbound Saints Demo

Self Released

Hellbound Saints = The Klingonz + Cramps + Nekromantix

While I will always believe that the Hellbound Saints are best experienced live, with all the blood, nudity, and animal parts you can handle, they've put together a tight demo that displays their ability to blend rockabilly flair with punk rock intensity. Three psychobilly tracks and one instrumental with someone's girlfriend complaining about a pig head at one of their shows are exciting and strange. While a little weak in the recording it's not hard to imagine how great these guys would sound with a larger budget. These boys from Provo have garnered a lot of support in Happy Valley. I hope this is just a taste of thing to come from the Hellbound Saints. —James Orme **SLABG**

Nolens Volens

I'm Sad Your Living

Nolens Volens = Cloud Cult + The Child Who Was a Keyhole

Tribal atmospheric drumming melts into NYC *Ghosts and Flowers* Sonic Youth wavering guitar-picking, bright as a daisy growing between a crack in a disgusting city street in the opening track, "Jon Bytheway is Actually Satan"—upon first listen, you know you've encountered one of them bands that, like, aren't afraid to try out new things and stuff. (Jon Bytheway—isn't he that goofy youth fireside/EFY speaker? I think yes). Hard industrial beats dominate "Bleepo" laid underneath ordinary-sounding voice samples. Crunchy drum sample beats make out with bells and piano melody lines with acoustic guitar 7th-chord sounds filling in the background on "Election Day" (my favorite track). I also like "Deaf Ears." It's so nice and sad. Nolens Volens have nothing to prove and nothing to lose. That's a power position if I ever heard a one. www.myspace.com/nolensvolens

King Tree

Chasing Ghosts

King Tree = Gin Blossoms + Blues Traveler + Bruce Hornsby & The Range

Oh my gosh! Sevenstringbassfreak is a member of King Tree! When they signed up to *Violet Run's* Myspace page, we were like, who the hell is this? But added him anyway because we wanted to have more than 23 friends. It's coming together now. King Tree sound like emo produced by thirtysomethings for thirtysomethings, which I'd venture to say, it is. It's pleasing radio pop with an alternative bent, tons of guitar-picking and pretty-good countryish vocals, like Garth Brooks or Kenny Rogers singing over Provo-ites Clover or Styx or Live or The Wallflowers or something. Clear? (Hint: Don't ever say, "I'm better off without you anyway." That fox-and-grapes shit is so transparent.) www.myspace.com/kingtree

Die Monster Die

Only the Dead Will Survive

Dr. Cyclops Records

Die Monster Die = Misfits + Slipknot

It's another Die Monster Die release, and nothing is different from previous releases, but it's still good. For those not aware of DMD, they are heavily Misfits-influenced with a straight-ahead rock sound and an obsession with zombies, death, B-horror movies, masks, blood and Satan. Song titles from *Only the Dead ...* are: "Rock N' Roll Super Monster," "Bleeding Wrist of Destiny" and "Feast of the Living Dead." Actually, there is only one song title that refers to zombies, but there are seven that are directly or indirectly related to suicide. What could this

Hellbound Saints



Some shit that happened on a skateboard update list.

1. Someone saw Sam Plumb at the U dressed like a Jock.

2. Someone put a hit out on broadie hammers.

About time.

3. Will there be another Summer of Death?

4. Chris Yourgalite is back in town and will be breaking Salty Peaks decks by the time you read this.

5. Broadie predicts that skateboarding will never be uncool again, but longboarding is still kind of gay.

6. Was Holland Redds 4 4 kickflip in That other magazine really just an Ollie?

7. Do straight edge kids skateboard anymore?

Someone let me know.

8. E mail

broadie with your dirt at brodiehammers@slugmag.com





Park Buetler/ FS Indy

Photo: Bob Plumb

LIL' BUDDIES!

By Mike Brown

Mikebrown048@hotmail.com

The skateboarding explosion in the early 2000s has brought with it many pros and cons. On one side of the coin, a legitimate professional skateboarder can now be paid what he's worth. On the shit side of this coin...well, there are numerous things on the shit side of this coin. Each topic is worthy of an article, but for now I'll try to keep the focus on just one ramification of skateboarding's somewhat newfound popularity: the Lil' Buddy.

First allow me to define just what exactly the Lil' Buddy is; the Lil' Buddy is any pre-pubescent rolling around mindlessly at any skate park seemingly trying to disturb any form of recreational enjoyment that a skateboarder might accomplish. The Lil' Buddy is usually wearing a crooked bicycle helmet, full pads, accompanied by a \$15 Wal-Mart skateboard, although he/she is not necessarily limited to this uniform. Many times Lil' Buddies will be on rollerblades, or even scooters.

Sometimes Lil' Buddies will congregate and travel in herds. Although this is devastating to skate park etiquette, it is somewhat uncommon, seeing as most Lil' Buddies have very few friends.

Another phenomenal aspect of the Lil' Buddy is his poor communication skills. Usually when one asks the Lil' Buddy to move away from a certain obstacle one is trying to skate, he will actually move towards, or on, thus mentioned obstacle. Fascinating! Perhaps there is a secret language all its own that only Lil' Buddies can understand. It might be a backwards-language of sorts.

It seems that the only language that Lil' Buddies can understand is the universal language of pain. Sometimes, whether accidental or not, the only efficient way to let a Lil' Buddy know that he is in your way is to run him the fuck over.

That last statement may sound cruel. One might be thinking that they could just go to the skate park and run over any little kid in their line of sight. This is very untrue. A Lil' Ripper will not face the pain-filled consequences that the Lil' Buddy must endure. And a Lil' Ripper, by

definition, is just that, a Lil' Ripper: A small pre-pubescent who already grasps the concepts of skate-park etiquette and is quite efficient at staying the fuck out of the way.

Sometimes a Lil' Buddy will evolve into a Lil' Ripper, although it is rare. Usually the Lil' Buddy evolves into a Big Buddy and trades in his rollerblades and piece of shit skateboard for a BMX bike, thus enhancing his ability to get in the way of obstacles at the skate park. Big Buddies are just as annoying and hurt more when you run them over because BMX bikes have those stupid pegs on them. Please just finish your paper routes and stay out of the skate-park. You'll make more money and everyone will be happier in the long run.

Hopefully you now have a clear definition of the Lil' Buddy. But a few questions remain; where did they come from and why are they here?

Whether you are a Creationist or a Darwinist, this question has no clear answers. Creationists believe that when God and Jesus created the skate park on the seventh day while they were resting, they created the Lil' Buddy and used the leftover concrete for his brain. This might

explain the natural gravitational pull Lil' Buddies have towards the funnest obstacles in the skate park.

However, most Darwinists believe the Lil' Buddy evolved naturally. Spawning from a neo-soccer-mom's wretched pussy, he was spoon-fed Tony Hawk's Pro Skater as soon as his thumbs were big enough to wrap around an X-Box controller. From there, the Lil' Buddy convinced his overprotective mother to get him a skateboard. And after the Lil' Buddy's mom saw skateboarding on ESPN, she decided she could live vicariously through this activity seeing how it's now on par with other sports I hate, like football and baseball (But not basketball, I fucking love Basketball).

I considered interviewing a Lil' Buddy while doing research for this article, but after identifying the above-mentioned communication skills of a Lil' Buddy, I knew an interview would be counter-productive. If I asked him who his favorite skater was, he would just reply, "Tony Hawk!" or, "BAM! I love BAM! His MTV show is so funny!" If I asked a Lil' Buddy what his favorite trick was, he'd surely

say something ridiculous like, "The kickflip 900 stailfish!" or some other trick easily maneuvered by a video game character but far from the boundaries of real-life skating.

The biggest reason why I decided not to interview a Lil' Buddy was that I was deathly afraid that he would mistake my communicating with him for friendship, thus forcing me to always talk to him every time I'm at the skate park. I like kids and all, but I don't really go to the skate park to kick it with ten-year-olds. Guys who do that are just fucking creepy.

In conclusion, I'd like to state that I think that Lil' Buddies are mostly direct effects of bad, awful parenting. You'd have to be a bad parent to let your kid play tag in the middle of a 12-foot bowl; letting your child ride rampant on a wobbly scooter through a crowded street course is like teaching them how to throw a Frisbee across I-15. It's just a matter of time before someone gets smacked. Lil' Buddies also make me wish that I had Child Welfare Services number on speed dial. Because to me, Lil' Buddy syndrome is child abuse. **SLUG**



Slud Books

Book reviews for the SLUG reader w/ a library card who actually uses it.

Big Star: *The Short Life,*

Painful Death, And Unexpected Resurrection of Power Pop

Rob Jovanovic

Chicago Review Press

www.ipgbook.com

What do artists as disparate as **Teenage Fanclub**, **The Replacements**, **Jeff Buckley**, **R.E.M.** and **The Bangles** have in common? They all share a mutual love for cult icons, Big Star. As does writer Rob Jovanovic, whose self-proclaimed reason for becoming a writer was to share the winding story of his favorite band with the world, and be the first to do so. Ten years and four books later, he has succeeded. Big Star's legacy, much like that of **The Velvet Underground**, will live on via word-of-mouth from dedicated fans who stumbled onto their records from friends or die-hard music journalists, not by any of their cherished radio hits or chart-toppers, because, like **The Velvet Underground**, they had none. (The closest they would ever come would be **Cheap Trick's** reviving of "In The Street" as the theme song for *That 70s Show*). Jovanovic chronicles almost every Big Star-related occurrence he could dig up, from Alex Chilton's time spent with the **Box Tops**, his production work with **The Cramps**, his short stint with **Tav Falco's Panther Burns** and all of the girl trouble and drug problems in between. (Although, he did omit Chilton's producing **The Gories'** second album, but that's a minor complaint and not a hindrance). *Big Star* is littered with exemplary amounts of band drama, including fights, an ever evolving line-up and eventually, the unexpected death of singer/songwriter/guitarist **Chris Bell**. As much as the book might sound like a drama-filled soap opera, in reality it is an account of how four people were able to overcome their inner-tension and churn out three brilliantly diverse albums of beautiful, yet skewed power-pop. -Jared Soper

Collected Short Fiction

Marianne Hauser

Fiction Collective Two Press

<http://fc2.org>

The fiction of Marianne Hauser comes at a time when she has outlived most of her contemporaries (**Anais Nin** and **Henry Miller** come to mind when talking about her work). In the introduction to her collected short fiction, Hauser reminisces about what it means to be 90 years old, and it isn't a finality of any means but a continuation of life, love, and sex- basically the tenets of her earlier years.

With a lucid, uncomfortable and sometimes awkward eye toward human foibles, weaknesses and exploitativeness, Hauser criss-crosses the intimacies of the human experience. While reading story after story within her lovely and languid prose, one gets a sense of displaced sensuality for her characters. It is as if they know, they are only human and that no one is an antagonist or a protagonist, but just tied together as humans living in a humanistic world. One would be hard pressed to find a more down-to-earth, surprisingly lovely and almost subaltern truth elsewhere within the written word. Intimate and bold, rich and dreamy, it is well worth its weight in gold. - Erik Lopez

Nothing Feels Good: *Punk Rock, Teenagers, and Emo*

Andy Greenwald
St. Martin's Griffin
The history of the emo movement has finally been documented. After attending a **Dashboard Confessional** show at the world-famous **CBGBs** in New York in 2001, Andy Greenwald saw dollar signs and started writing a book about the genre. His account starts at the birth of hardcore and straightedge with **Minor Threat** and continues to the sold-out stadiums and large groupie ensembles of **Jimmy Eat World**. As I read the book I thought, "How can this guy link the underground archetype **Ian MacKaye** to the sold-out bullshit which is squeezed between **50 Cent** videos on today's **MTV**?" Greenwald had me convinced that he was going to pull it off when he spent the first 63 pages giving an incredibly insightful history of the rise and fall of the early 80s Washington D.C. hardcore scene. His persuasive writings had me looking up bands that I hadn't heard of before, like **Rites of Spring** and **Texas is the Reason**. He continued mapping out the progression of emo through bands like **Jawbreaker** and **Sunny Day Real Estate**. He even dedicated an entire chapter to **Weezer's Pinkerton** album, which he hails as the most important "emo" album of the 90s. However, after the Weezer chapter, the book took on a fanzine tone as he drooled over **Jimmy Eat World** and **Dashboard Confessional**. He overanalyzed their lyrics and did his best to ensure that he and **Chris Carrabba** would continue to be friends after the book was published. I really enjoyed 85 percent of this book and the only time I got pissed was when he ripped on **Pavement** for their abstract lyrics. Come on Andy, does every band need to cry when they sing?

- Alfred Quinn SLUG



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bellyography

by Astara

Christel



Missing from the Salt Lake Middle Eastern Dance scene for awhile, Christel is back and "looking good!"

Christel is a rare being - a Salt Lake native. She has dabbled in hip-hop, salsa, swing and jazz, but her true loves are music and art. It was the music of the Middle East that enchanted and seduced her. When she saw her first belly dance performance in 1999, she was mesmerized by the hypnotic music and then by the sensuous movement.

"Music is the heartbeat of dance," Christel explained. "Hearing Oriental music and then embracing it captured my heart. I fell in love with this beautiful form. It is art in motion."

Christel's Oriental dance journey started with taking classes from Kismet, where Isis was her teacher. Later, Christel joined Midnight Mirage, and she danced with them for four years. Then an opportunity to travel and teach English in China came her way. She lived in Wuxi, near Shanghai, on the coast of China. While there, she studied Tai Chi and feels that she became a much stronger and more aware dancer through this discipline.

While in China, Christel and Isis communicated over the Internet regularly and made plans to start their own company when Christel came back to the United States, and La Mystique Dance Company was born! La Mystique's intention is to bring back the more classic oriental dance style of the 40s and 50s...a vintage type of choreography that is more feminine and elegant. Christel is the co-founder and co-director of La Mystique Dance Company. They debuted at Spring Fest this year and also came in second for Ensemble of the Year at Wiggles of the West.

Christel has studied with some of the most famous American Oriental dance superstars in the United States, such as Jillina and Suhaila Salimpour. Her favorite is Jillina, who, Christel says, has grace and elegance, keeping the art form true, but adding her own flair. Jillina is also very knowledgeable about Middle Eastern culture. Christel also loves Fahiem, and thinks she is a "wonder woman," great fun, and has phenomenal stage presence.

This "youngster" is a tall package of talent and has her own powerful stage presence. I loved watching her dance with Midnight Mirage, and I will enjoy her in La Mystique Dance Company. For someone so young, she has an assurance and delight that will spill over the stage on to the audience. She brings incredible depth and charm to her performances.

"I was born to perform," she smiles. "I love the stage. I think the dancers in Utah represent the true beauty and diversity of this art form. I see everyone working harder and raising the bar on our performance levels. There is so much variety and still so much room to add our own individuality to the dance. It is very exciting."

To find out where La Mystique and Christel are performing or to ask about oriental dance classes go to www.lamystiquedance.com or email her at lamystiquedance@hotmail.com. **SLUG**

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9.2 STARMY (rockers)

9.4 BOOMSTICK (surf rockers)

9.8 ENDLAND (rock)

9.9 BLOSWICK & MINDSTATE (hip hop)

9.11 PARKIURST & REASONTOREBEL (pop/punk)

9.15 MEDICINE CIRCUS (rock)

9.16 THE WOLVES (rockers)

9.18 THE MOGGS & DRAGON (rock)

9.22 REK-CENTER ALLSTARS (hip hop)

9.23 THE BREAKS, THE RUBES AND THE
GINGER-BREAD PATRIOTS (rockin rollers)

9.25 BOOMSTICK (surf rockers)

9.29 LORIN COOK

9.30 DEADBEATS (hip hop)

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Gallery Stroll

By Mariah Mann Mellus
Mariah@slugmag.com

A guide for the culturally deprived and socially impaired Salt Lake urbanite

Not that I thought that you'd forget, but after a few cocktails, anyone I know would ask me for the billionth time, "When is Gallery Stroll?" I remind them again, as is my civic duty, that Gallery Stroll is the third Friday of the month; you know, around the time your cable bill is due. Take a moment to scribble down the date in your calendar or carry around your SLUG (as you should) to remind yourself of every cool event that is taking place here in Salt Lake City.

Max Grundy

is the hottest name on the street these days; from prints to t-shirts. His work is popping up everywhere. If you have yet to see his stuff, you've been in a hole and

deserve to stay there. O.K., I'll give you a break, maybe you have seen his work. Maybe you were a bit confused. Grundy's art is reminiscent of World-War-II-era Russian propaganda; his style embodies an era of fear and distrust.

Grundy studied art at Weber State University for his B.F.A. and received his Master's at Brigham Young University. Max's study of propaganda throughout art history and its effects on human behavior drew him to his latest project. Grundy states: "News, as well as advertising, seems to exploit human being's desire for shock value. When an image is found to create a sense of alarm, the media powers begin to exploit it. They magnify and exaggerate an image or idea so it multiplies again and again until it has become an uncontrollable, almost demonic entity." The



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release of Grundy's recent work was sparked by the fear experienced living in a post-9/11 society. Grundy hopes that by "creating sensationalized, dramatized, and exaggerated scenarios of the reality that the media creates," he can help "release the anxiety that has been placed on the average person and de-construct the media instilled myths."

The show is provocative and timely; the work, original. Yet

the fears are sadly familiar. Who would have thought a gas mask would still invoke the same fear experienced nearly 50 years ago? Max Grundy's recent collection will be on display at **Unknown Gallery** located at 353 West 200 South from **September 16th to October 15th**. For more information on Max Grundy and other Unknown Gallery artists visit www.UNKgallery.com.

For more Gallery Picks visit www.slugmag.com **SLUG**



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Friday, September 2

Hella, Airliner, Remember the Tragedy-
Kilby
Glass Candy, Channing Cope, Danava,
The Red Bennies- *Urban*
Murdock, The Mass, Thunderfist- *Burt's*

Our Time in Space- *Todd's*
Synthpop Festival- *Red Lion Hotel*
The Heaters, Starmy- *Monk's*
Rotten Musicians, Spork, Less Than
Never- *Ego's*
Out Time in Spce, Never Never, The
Silence- *Todd's*
El Salvador- *Spice*
Sly Boogy- *Velvet Room*
Harry Lee and the Back Alley Blues
Band- *UofU*

Saturday, September 3

Synthpop Festival- *Red Lion Hotel*
Dope, Mushroomhead, Nocturn- *Lo-Fi*
Rock and Roll Soldiers, The Lady Killers,
The Adonis- *Burt's*
Wolfs, The Bloody Hollies, Vile Blue
Shades- *Urban*
Mad Calibre, Medicine Circus- *Todd's*
Local Show- *Kilby*
Stacy Kidd, XL- *W*
Blues on First- *Zanzibar*
Mr Lucky Blues Band- *Lazy Daze*

Sunday, September 4

Boomstick- *Monk's*

Monday, September 5

Club Bullocks- *Urban*
Harry Lee and the Back Alley Blues
Band- *Zanzibar*

Tuesday, September 6

The Hunns, The Black Halo's, Angel City
Outcasts, The Hollow Points, SKR- *Lo-Fi*
Coreyoake's Birthday Bash featuring
Throwing Randy with Left For Dead and
The Screamin' Condors- *Burt's*
Tori Amos, The Ditty Bops- *Usana*
Monologue, 6s & 7s- *Todd's*
Maurice John Vaughn- *Brewski's*

Wednesday, September 7

Blackalicious- *Club Suede*
Rogue Wave, Chad VanGaalen,
Fruit Bats- *Kilby*
Danko Jones, Iota, Dead Rif to Drag-
Liquid Joe's
Jonny Lang Acoustic- *Red Butte*
John Butler Trio, Tristin Prettyman- *Velvet*
Room
Our Time In Space, Rotten Musicians-
Urban
Jinga-Boa with Gabriel Edgar- *Burt's*

Thursday, September 8

Built Like Alaska, David Dondero, Glacial,
Fleet Streak- *Kilby*
Endland- *Monk's*
Canned Heat- *Star Bar*

Friday, September 9

Global Film Initiative Film Festival
(begins)- *Broadway/UofU*
The American Plague- *Burt's*
The Smokin' Joe Kubek Band- *Gallivan*
Don McLean- *Utah State Fair*

Meat, Spit, Shredbette- *Club Vegas*
SLUG Localized: Agape, Godstar, Kathy
and I- *Urban*
Model Down, When it Rains, Dark
Light- *Todd's*
Local Show- *Kilby*
Bloswick & Mindstate- *Monk's*
Rebecca Guevara- *Ken Sanders*
American Plague, Die Monster Die and
Even Lower- *Burt's*

Saturday, September 10

Ether Orchestra- *Todd's*
The Druggist, Ryan Boud- *Urban*
Studebaker John & The Hawks, WC
Clark- *Gallivan*
Minus The Bear, These Arms Are Snakes,
Thunderbirds Are Now- *In the Venue*
Audio Adrenaline- *Utah State Fair*
Cold Fusion, Model Down, When It Rains,
Fail to Follow- *Kilby*
Osiris, Idiocracy- *Club Halo*
Vile Blue Shades, The Wolfs- *Burt's*
Gregor "Doc Loco"- *Steamers*
National Talk Like a Pirate Day

Sunday, September 11

SLUG MAG'S PIRATE PUB PARTY:
SHIPWRECKED!- *ROOM 32*
Byzantine, God Dethroned, Hell Within,
Lilitu, Nightrage, Thine Eyes Bleed-
Combat Academy
Dark New Day, Seether, Crossfade- *Utah*
State Fair
Parkhurst, Reasonorebel- *Monk's*

Monday, September 12

Interpol, The Double- *Kingsbury Hall*
Western Underground- *Utah State Fair*
The Most, Tolchock Trio, Kathryn Cowles,
Erin Haley- *Burt's*
Alasdair Roberts, The Wooden Wand, The
Vanishing Voice- *Urban*
Mindless Self Indulgence, Suicide
City- *Lo-Fi*
The Return of The Voodoo Organist - *Burt's*

Tuesday, September 13

The Vibrators, Charlie Don't Surf, Salt City
Bandits- *Burt's*
Scary Kids Scaring Kids, Lorene Drive,
Sunday Driver, Small Towns Burn A Little
Slower, The New Transit Direction, The
Midnight Sky- *Lo-Fi*
Mofro- *Ego's*
Club Bullocks- *Urban*
6s & 7s- *Todd's*

Wednesday, September 14

Streetlight Manifesto, Bedouin
Soundclash, Whole Wheat Bread, Top
Of The Playground, Side Dish, Streetlight
Manifesto- *Lo-Fi*
Bloodjin, Swarm of the Lotus, Masqood-
Club Boom Va
Hoobastank- *Utah State Fair*
Sikkema, Kamyar- *Kilby*
Junius, Dark White- *Urban*

Thursday, September 15

COSM, 8bit peoples, Underknowns-
Urban
Madball, The Unseen, A Global Threat,
Misery Signals- *In the Venue*
Adrian and The Sickness, Stiletto, Almost
Undone- *Burt's*
Aqualung, The Perishers, Tracy Bonham-

Lo-Fi
Styx, REO Speedwagon- *Utah State Fair*
Day and Age, Cursed of the Carousel
Pony, Middle Distance, Paper Cranes-
Kilby
Medicine Circus- *Monk's*

Friday, September 16

SLUG Action Sports Night w/ Heaters,
The Rubes, Books About UFOs- *Todd's*-
Sponsored by 50/50
Ben Kwellner- *Redfest*
Black Rebel Motorcycle Club, Mark
Gardener- *Club Sound*
Dierks Bentley- *Utah State Fair*
Ion, Dissonance, The Red Death,
Summer's End, Through The Eyes Of- *Club*
Boom Va
The Heaters, Books About UFOs, The
Rubes- *Todd's*
Pleasure Thieves, Form of Rocket, Fi Fi
Murmur- *Urban*
Our Time In Space, 76 Charger, Bullets
and Octane, Broke- *Burt's*
Tracy and the Plastics, Kleveland, Rope or
Bullets- *Kilby*
The Wolves- *Monk's*

Saturday, September 17

Skint, All Systems Fail, Le Fray, Endless
Struggle- *Lo-Fi*
Unsound Mind, Art Of Kanly and Kal
Corps Xen- *Burt's*
Alaska, Pearls and Brass, Glacial- *Kilby*
Cosm- *Urban*
CARTI- *Todd's*
John Butler Trio, Tristin Prettyman- *Velvet*
Room

Sunday, September 18

Moggs, Dragon, Agape- *Monk's*

Monday, September 19

Acceptance, Cartel, The Receiving End of
Sirens, Augustana, Panic At The Disco- *Lo-Fi*
Even Lower and Siva- *Burt's*

Tuesday, September 20

Lij bukem- *Club W*
Sharon Jones And The Dap-Kings-
Shaggy's
Club Bullocks- *Urban*
6s & 7s- *Todd's*
Muddy River Nightmare Band, Left For
Dead and Fuck The Informer- *Burt's*

Wednesday, September 21

Green Day, Jimmy Eat World- *Delta*
Center
The Sixfifteens, The Heaters, Dark White,
The John Whites- *Kilby*
Salty Roots - *Burt's*

Thursday, September 22

Andy Zipf, The Brobecks, The Rattails-
Velvet Room
The Queers, The Independents,
DieMonsterDie, Left For Dead- *Lo-Fi*
Rex Center Allstars- *Monk's*

Friday, September 23

Local H, Starmy- *Urban*
From Autumn To Ashes, Armor For Sleep,
Emanuel, Biology- *Lo-Fi*
Lyrics Born, Pigeon John- *Ego's*

DJ Jester, Grand Buffet, The Filipino
Fist- *Kilby Court*
Dramarama- *Velvet*
Nova, The Diary- *Todd's*
The Breaks, The Rubes and the Ginger
Bread Patriots- *Monk's*
Big John Bates with The Utah County
Swillers- *Burt's*

Saturday, September 24

Dixie Music- *Dixie State College*
Rodney Carrington- *Kingsbury Hall*
The Bravery, Story Of The Year- *Utah*
State Fair
Jamison Parker, Waking Ashland, An
Angle, Larusso- *Kilby*
Mindstate, Bloswick, Sam Eye Am- *Urban*
The Wolfs, Black Hole- *Todd's*
The Swamp Donkeys with Iota- *Burt's*

Sunday, September 25

The Visible Men- *Burt's*
Purr Bats, Barbez- *Kilby*
Black & White Party - *Room 32*
Boomstick- *Monk's*

Monday, September 26

Two Gallants, Holy Ghost Revival- *Kilby*
Court
"The Divided State" DVD release party,
Vile Blue Shades, Utah County Swillers,
Horns- *Urban*
Architecture in Helsinki- *Velvet Room*

Tuesday, September 27

Dr. Know, Thunderfist- *Burt's*
The Girlfriend Experience, Last Response-
Velvet Room
Swords, Talk Demonic, The National-
Kilby
Dr. Know, Thunderfist- *Burt's*
John Scofield- *Port O' Call*
Black Dice, Blood on the Wall- *Urban*
6s & 7s- *Todd's*

Wednesday, September 28

John Wilkes Booze- *Kilby*
Street Dogs, The Bouncing Souls, The
Loved Ones- *In the Venue*
The Sons Of Guns- *Burt's*
Idlewild, Inara George- *Velvet Room*
Bad Jacks Salt Lake CD release party-
Burt's

Thursday, September 29

Global Film Initiative Film Festival (ends)-
Broadway/UofU
Quem Queritis, Weirido Begeirido, Theta
Naught, Taught Me- *Kilby*
Lorin Cook- *Monk's*

Friday, September 30

Every Time I Die, High On Fire, The
Chariot, The Red Chord- *Lo-Fi*
Twistid- *In the Venue*
Tolchock Trio, Mushman- *Urban*
Union of the Snake, Crephiny- *Todd's*
School of Rock-AC/DC Show- *Circuit*
Pick up the new SLUG- Anyplace Cool
Local Show- *Kilby*
Deadbeats- *Monk's*
Barndoggs Fucking Birthday...featur-
ing:Form Of Rocket and New Transit
Direction-*Burt's*

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Kilby Court Calendar

September

thur 9/1	Meg and Dia, Joel Taylor, Jordan Booth, AWAKE AND ALERT, LYDIA	6:00
	RETRIBUTION GOSPEL CHOIR featuring Alan Sparhawk of Low and Mark Kozelic of Sun Kil Moon/Red House Painters, NO WAIT WAIT, Ether Orchestra	9:00
fri 9/2	HELLA, Airliner, Remember the Tragedy	7:30
sat 9/3	local show	7:30
sun 9/4	no show	
mon 9/5	no show	
tue 9/6	no show	
wed 9/7	SUB POP RECORDS NIGHT! FEATURING ROGUE WAVE, FRUIT BATS AND CHAD VAN GALEN	7:30
thur 9/8	BUILT LIKE ALASKA, DAVID DONDERO, Glacial, Fleet Streak	7:30
fri 9/9	local show	7:30
sat 9/10	COLD FUSION, MODEL DOWN, When It Rains, Fall To Follow	7:30
sun 9/11	no show	
mon 9/12	THE MOST, Kathryn Cowles, Tolchock Trio, Erin Haley	7:30
tue 9/13	no show	
wed 9/14	Slkema, Kamyar	7:30
thur 9/15	DAY AND AGE, THE CURSE OF THE CAROUSEL PONY	7:30
fri 9/16	TRACY AND THE PLASTICS, KLEVELAND, Rope or Bullets	7:30
sat 9/17	ALASKA, PEARLS AND BRASS, Glacial	7:30
sun 9/18	no show	
mon 9/19	no show	

tue 9/20	no show	
wed 9/21	THE SIXFTEENS, Dark White, the John Whites, the Heaters	7:30
thur 9/22	local show	7:30
fri 9/23	GRAND BUFFET, DJ JESTER THE FILIPINO FIST	7:30
sat 9/24	JAMISON PARKER, WAKING ASHLAND, AN ANGLE, Larusso	7:30
sun 9/25	no show	
mon 9/26	TWO GALLANTS, HOLY GHOST REVIVAL	7:30
tue 9/27	SWORDS, THE NATIONAL, TALK DEMONIC	7:30
wed 9/28	JOHN WILKES BOOZE	7:30
thur 9/29	QUEM QUERITUS, WIERDO BEGIERDO, Theta Naught, Taught Me	7:30
fri 9/30	local show	7:30
sat 10/1	The Brobecks, InCamera, THE PLUS ONES	7:30
sun 10/2	no show	
mon 10/3	JOHN VANDERSLICE, THE DOUBLE, Spanky Van Dyke	
tue 10/4	SOUTHERLY, SOME BY SEA, Palomino	
wed 10/5	Taught Me CD release show	
fri 10/7	TERRA NAOMI, Erin Haley	
sat 10/8	MAKE BELIEVE, BIRD SHOW, Cowboy's Aren't Indians, Paper Cranes	



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