

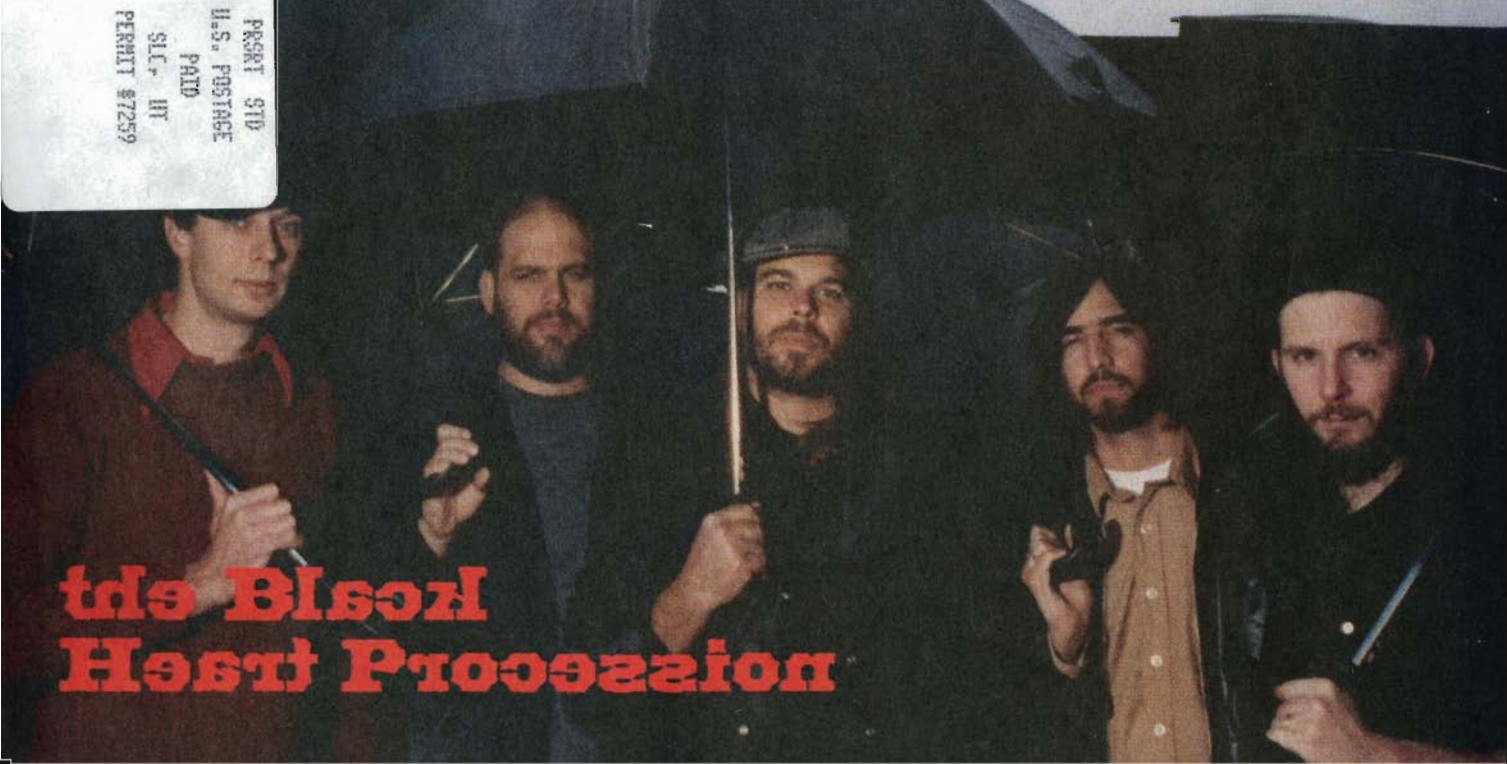
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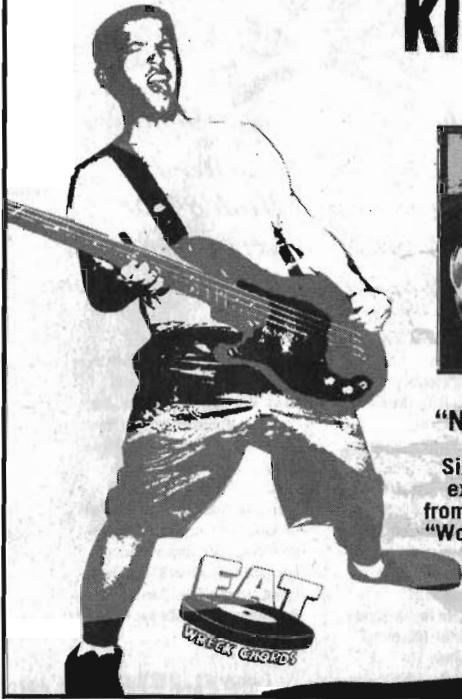
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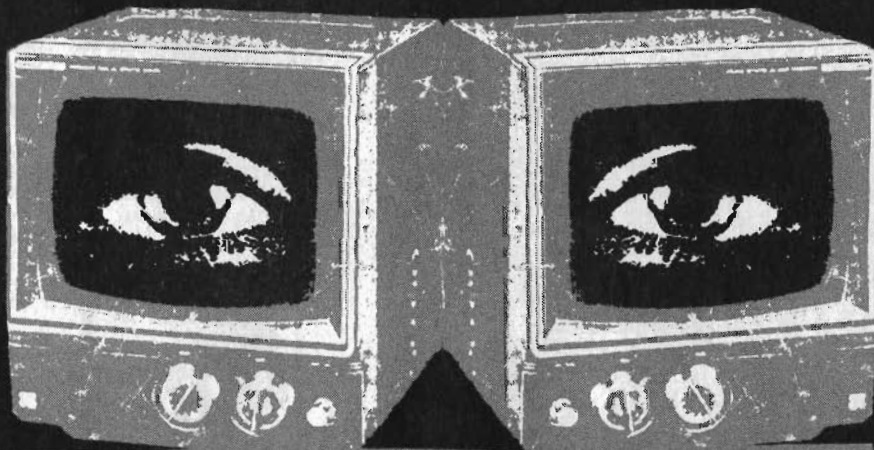
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Just admit it... SLUG Mag's
retractions from last issue.

Okay, we fucked up... again.

This is a public apology to Bikini Cuts on
behalf of SLUG Magazine and Mike Brown.
SLUG deeply regrets last month's printed
insults & never ment to imply that Bikini
Cuts' employees smoke crack. From the
bottom of our black hearts, SORRY! Please
forgive us.

SLUG Alumni: Jeff Fogt, Shannon Froh,
Camilla Taylor, Nate Martin, Mark Scheer-
ing, Tyler Froburn, MC Welk, Rachel
Thompson, Katie Maloney, Kevlar7,
William Athey, Brian Staker.

Contributor Limelight



Meghann Griggs

Account Executive/Special Events Coordinator

When Meghann isn't physically assaulting her friends with tableware
or attempting to "set them up" for a night with a total stranger, you
will find her busily planning the next SLUG event. She coordinates
large-scale monthly and annual events that tie in small, independent
businesses with burgeoning local subculture. Relying on her vast
knowledge of stamping, card-making, scrapbooking, text messaging
and Myspace.com, Meghann has helped coordinate dozens of SLUG
events including: This month's DBS II Release Party/17th Anniversary
Circus, SLUG's Summer of Death skate series, SLUG's 16th Anni-
versary Prom Party, SLUG's Sabbathon benefit concert and SLUG's
smash-hit burlesque float in SLC's 2005 Gay Pride parade. If you
haven't guessed by now, She's crafty.

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Dear DICK- HEADS

I read your last issue and thought of the old scene, the one I grew up in loving that introduced me to the underground in SLC. Especially I thought about how it introduced me to a number of open minded people who were accepting and did not adhere to bullshit stereotypes, especially concerning women, that seemed to slap me in the face in every other place I turned. Raunch Records, the Speedway and the Word were all places that women could go and experience punk rock music, a genre that tried to break down the sexist divisions between men and women. Sure there will always be fuckwads with small penises that still think they are the "superior sex," but overall punk was more welcoming to women than anything else, and there are parts of the scene today that are even more welcoming. Which brings me to my point. As I flipped through the last issue, I read the articles about the things that inspired me to be proud that I am a woman, but between each one I seemed to find a picture of an objectified girl selling some stupid product or bullshit club that jocks love to go to and reinforce bullshit gender stereotypes and fascist standards of what is "beautiful." SLUG is supposed to be open minded, but instead portrays a number of women whose images seem to be saying, "This is hot. This is what it takes to be beautiful. Look like us and you can be beautiful too." These are in the Ironclad, Blue Boutique and Trails ads. The only difference between these ads and the fucking Sports Illustrated swimsuit issue is that these girls have tattoos and piercings. We're allowing the scene to be commodified by skinny, plastic tit bullshit by sexist people who don't give a fuck about anything but making money, even at the cost of reinforcing stereotypes that work to remove all diversity from women's images and support the notion that women are to be drooled over, gawked at groped and have tattoo guns shoved up their asses.

-Marion Brown

Marion,

Look around you, wherever you are. Are there people who you think might read SLUG? Go ask them if they, or anyone they know, would accuse SLUG of being politically correct. You rant and rave about fascism, yet at the same time YOU'RE TELLING US WHAT TO DO. You think you know what is right and will tell anyone who will listen exactly HOW THINGS SHOULD BE DONE. You scream, "Be accepting and open-minded!" but you want everyone to agree with you. Doesn't that seem a bit fascist in itself? We'll start doing what you say as soon as you start doing what we say, which is go wrap your fat, hairy legs around the first random army-sergeant bull-dyke you can find and tell her to run her man-hating tongue (which spends most of its time spitting filthy epithets at people whose penises it secretly wishes to lick) over your worn-out clit until you mellow the fuck out. How's that for reinforcing stereotypes?



The advertisement features a woman in a white long-sleeved blouse, a dark vest with colorful buttons, and a long, tiered, fringed skirt with a colorful patch. She is surrounded by several birds: a blue and red parrot, a yellow and blue parrot, and a red and yellow cockatoo. The background is a dark, circular pattern with a central emblem of a chandelier. The text is arranged in a decorative, vintage style.

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8ctopus Records

By Rebecca Vernon

Eli Morrisson wanted the artwork from his new record label featured in this article instead of a big shot of his mug. That's typical Eli. Not a glory-monger. Eli's been involved in the Utah County and Salt Lake music scenes for at least a decade and a half, been in more bands than you can count on your fingers and possibly your toes, if you count side projects and noise one-offs, and he has one of the coolest record collections in Salt Lake. Eli is a loyal friend and a leader. He's a very hard worker. When and if Eli puts his mind to a project, you know it's going to be good. 8ctopus Records is one of those projects.

Eli started 8ctopus Records in order to release the projects that he knew wouldn't meet with insta-commercial success if launched on other labels — local and national — that he currently has connections with. In other words, 8ctopus Records is a boutique label of sorts, featuring rare, unreleased and newly mastered material from the Utah underground from the last 15 years or so. A lot of the material comes from a big wooden trunk that Eli carts around everytime he moves, full of recordings from all his projects and his friends' projects, some of which have never seen the light of day.

From the annals of the box and elsewhere, 8ctopus Records will initially release six albums, available the night of 8ctopus' record launch party on March 31 at Orion's Music. Each release will be \$5, just over cost, and are limited runs. I ask Eli if people want more, will he make more?

"I'm hoping friends out there who have copies of the CDs will burn them and copy the photos and

give them to their friends," he says. "When I run out, I'll go onto the next project instead of going back to make more old ones."

Here are the first six 8ctopus releases:

1. Vile Blue Shades demo tracks:

79 minutes of album demos recorded on their faithful 8-track, with five live songs. Ryan Jensen did the artwork.

2. Red Bennies Announcing demos:

Eli says there was a cool charm about the demos for this album, a certain intensity, which made releasing them a must. Production can make music sterile; these demos are positively unhygienic. The songs on the album are in the reverse order of the songs on *Announcing* and the colors are the reverse of the colors that appear on its artwork.

3. Bleed Yellow:

One of Eli's electronic collaboration projects from 10 years ago. He created a track, then had various friends add tracks. It was a low-tech project, originally on cassette. Now the entire album is reedited and remastered — "remassaged," says Eli. He put on a single one-man show for this project. The songs are each 8 to 10 minutes.

4. Polestar:

A "heavy metal" project, according to Eli, from also 10 or so years ago, featuring two basses and a timpani. Half the songs are from the studio and half are live.

5. Jealous EP:

"The heavy metal follow-up to Polestar," says Eli. It's a four-song EP of previously released studio tracks. Who's that on the cover?



aint for Suckers

6. Poster CD:

This is juicy and historical. The Poster CD features 350 show flyers and band posters from the last decade-and-a-half of the Utah underground. Flyers will help you revisit the past, but cover shows up to the present. Says Eli, "It makes a good slide show on your computer." He says he started with the smallest posters, but hasn't even gotten to the medium-sized and bigger ones yet. He tried to give credit to as many of the poster artists as he could remember and took out stuff from those whose art has become a substantial part of their living.

Eli's bringing a "trade box" to the record-launch release at *Orion's*. If you bring a cool CD and he likes it, you can trade for something out of his box, which will contain a few old *Ether* albums, a "hodgepodge of CDs from labels," *Merzbow* from *Extreme Records* (*Ether's* record label as well), *Red Bennies*, *Wolfs*, *Puri-Do* reissues, *The Rubes* and *Purr Bats*.

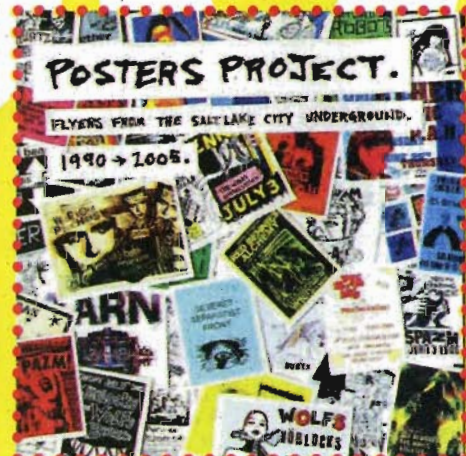
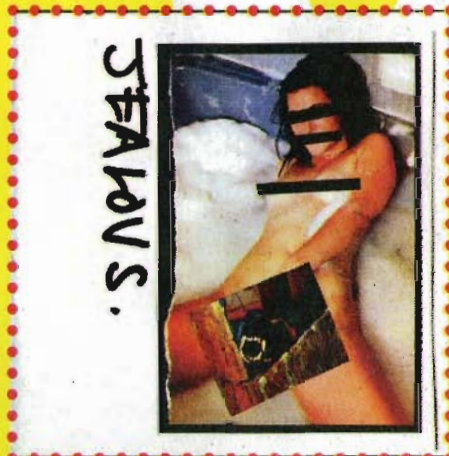
8ctopus Records is planning on releasing some experimental albums next; a series of utility albums, to be exact. 8ctopus has invited several musicians to prepare CDs that are to be used as a commodity, "like masking tape, that you use up and throw away," says Eli, instead of art. There are four planned: *the sleep utility* CD (to listen to while sleeping, commissioned to *Cory Bury's Kwiet* project); *the drugs utility* (self-explanatory, Riley is doing it under "Ether" title); *the sex utility* (self-explanatory, done by *Sons of the Atom* (*Madsen & Derek*) and *the humor utility* CD (to entertain yourself. It's a collection of *Dave Payne's* jokes along with *Charles Jenson*, run through a speech synthesizer so the jokes come out in a flat, robotic voice).

A few other releases planned are *The Blue Door*, the elusive side project of *Cory Bury*, *Eli* and *Jeremy Smith*, and *Eli vs. Brain*, with *Cory* assisting with the assembly. Eli is also making a compilation called *SLC Rules!* with tracks from the *Vile Blue Shades*, *Chinese Stars*, the *Horns*, the

Kites (a *Chopper* and *Scott Selfridge* project), *Blackhole*, *Red Bennies*, *Subrosa*, *Invisible Rays*, *Morlocks* and *The Wolfs*. Eli's planning to release 12 more titles over the next couple months, with plans to issue new stuff eventually, "home project stuff," he says.

You can find 8ctopus Records on the web at www.myspace.com/8ctopusrecords, which is constantly updated and where you can order buttons, badges, T-shirts and other miscellaneous stuff from a cornucopia of different local bands.

"This is just the tip of the iceberg," Eli promises.





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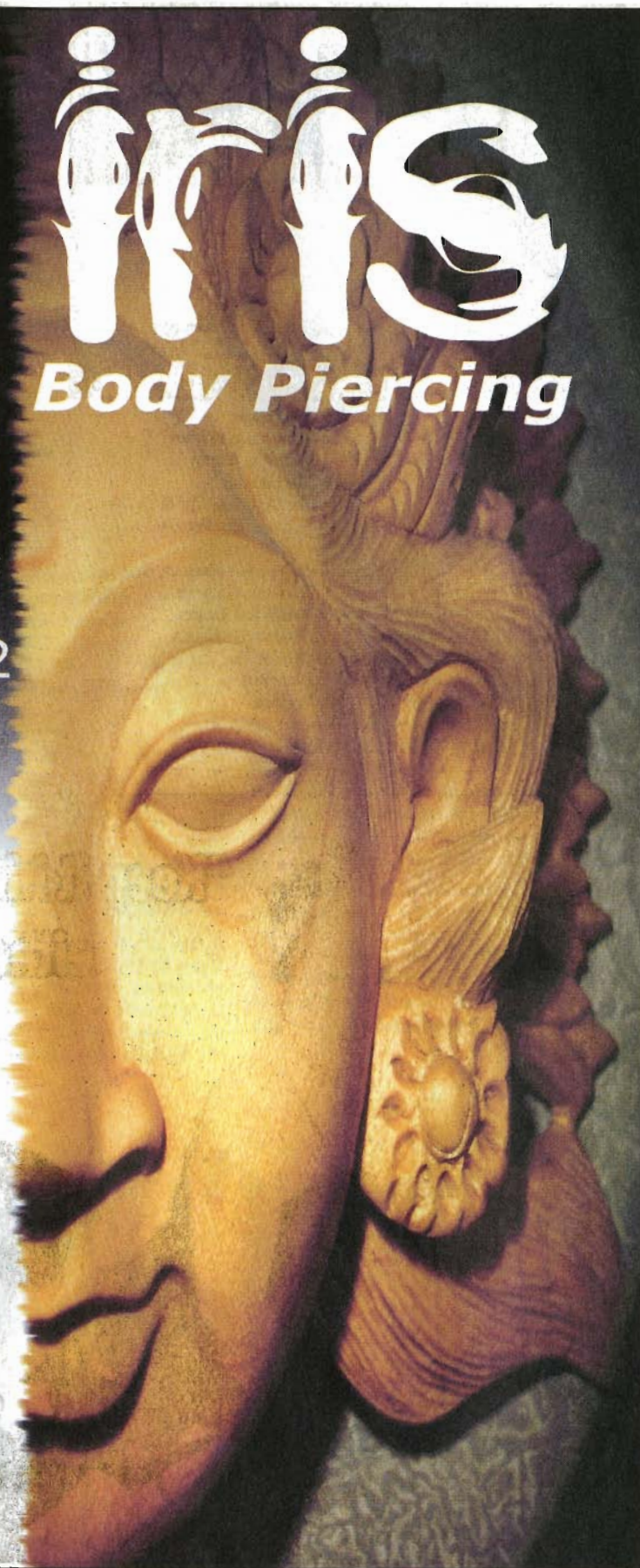
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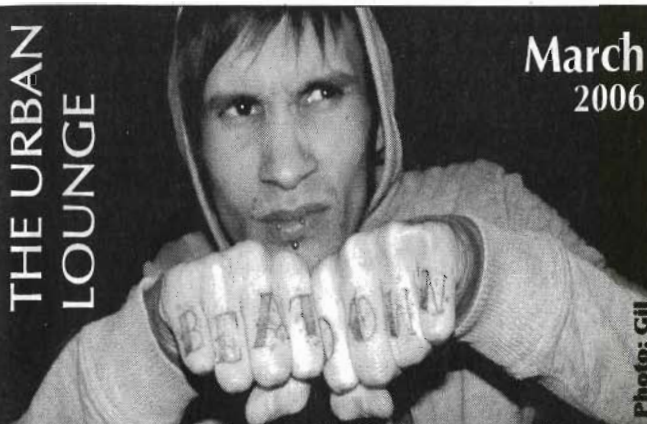


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| 8 - Cabaret Voltage | 18 Quadraphonic |
| 9 - Toichock Trio, Purr Bats,
The Cunted | 21 - The Dirtbombs, The Black Lips |
| 10 - SLUG Localized Feat.
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| 12 - The Gossip, Vile Blue Shades,
The Buttery Muffins | 25 - Wolfs, Red Bennies,
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| 14 - Central Noise, Take The Fall,
Zerrubeabel | 30 - Evolver, Our Time in Space,
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UTAH ART

The fine people here at SLUG, have been engaged in a heated debate with the Utah Historical Society. Their assertion is that the only true Utah art form is Mormon quilt-making. We beg to differ. To prove them wrong, we assembled a specialized team of the finest anthropologists, art historians and scientific minds, in hopes of gathering proof of any true Utah art form, other than quilts.

So armed with a compais, road map, camera, and other various scientific equipment, we all climbed into the SLUG Astro-Van and set out to find UTAH ART ...

DAY 1: THE TREE OF WHAT THE FUCK IS THAT?

By Andrew Jepsen

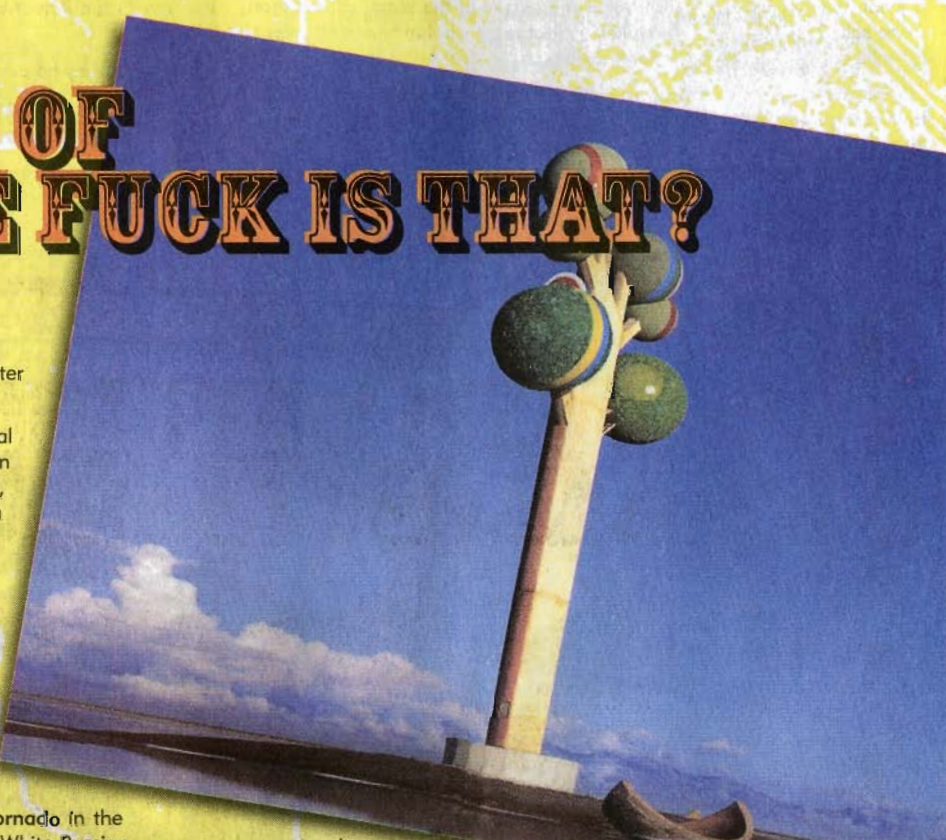
No one knows what the fuck it's called, even after its 20-year anniversary this January.

The Tree of Utah (Metaphor) is the actual bombastic title of the gigantic 87-foot tall, 225-ton sculpture 25 miles east of Wendover ... because, you know, we need to be told it's not literally a "tree of life."

I know you've seen it. It's an 87-foot concrete tree. You've probably never gotten out of your car to look at it closely, but at the very least, you've suddenly noticed the brilliantly-colored spheres atop the tree sprouting from the Salt Flats, like bubbles on soap.

When the tree appears (it's visible for 30 miles in all directions), most people simply say "what the fuck is that," (without a question mark) and keep driving, praying that Money Tornado in the Rainbow Casino will make sense after the fourth White Russian.

If, however, you decide "what the hell, a giant concrete tree might transcend me," and decide to stop, you'll notice that your presence is not exactly encouraged. There's no parking lot, no booth, no brochures, no pop machines and sure as hell no toilets, which has given the tree a distinct urinary taint from SoBe-saturated college students. All you can see is the tree and three bits of ofal on the ground, which are said to represent the shedding of leaves in the fall. Should you read the little plaque on the base of the tree, you'll



notice it says "The Tree of Utah (Metaphor) by Karl Momen - Completed January 1986 'A hymn to our universe, whose glory and dimension is beyond all myth and imagination.' - Karl Momen." This replaced the original plaque that was stolen. No one knows why.

So, what the fuck? Avoiding the obvious pun on Momen and Mormon,

why is this behemoth sculpture here? Well, first off, let's talk about Karl Momen. He was born in 1934 in Iran, near the Russian border, and started painting when he was seven. He also got commissioned to paint six-foot tall portraits of Stalin and once did a twelve-foot tall portrait of the Shah of Iran, so that's pretty cool, I guess. Later, he began to study under Max Ernst, who helped father surrealism and abstract expressionism. Joan Miró also worked with Max Ernst, which would explain why *Metaphor* looks like it somehow tumbled out of a Miró painting and landed in the middle of the desert.

So one day Momen is traveling to Reno (no, I don't know why. Why does anyone go to Reno? Hookers? Poorly lit buffets? He's a surrealist, I don't know) and gets a vision: "There I saw, off in the distance, this image of a gigantic tree with big round spheres resembling planets."

So there's intentionalism.

Within four years, Momen had built the giant tropical tree at a cost of more than one million dollars from his own pocket. Momen unveiled the sculpture before Governor Bangerter and the Swedish Minister of Labor. It's like a damn sitcom.

Utahns immediately investigated the mouth of their gift horse and weren't thrown into an orgy of appreciation. The piece was just as ridiculed then as it is now. Not that this is really surprising. Everyone who drives past it for the first time wonders what the hell they've just seen. We're so mean to art. Momen then donated his million-dollar construction to the state of Utah and moved back to Sweden.

But here we have it. No doubt a piece of Utah landscape that is irrevocable a part of the Salt Flats. It's likely that the absence of any landscape nearby is what inspired Momen. What better represents of the blank canvas than white salt in all directions, unbroken? What artist wouldn't want to seize a 90-mile canvas? It's an artist's wet dream.

But there's more than vanity at work here. Momen *did* sign his name twice, for Christ's sake, and no doubt figured that his empty landscape would be empty for longer than he'd be alive. As one tourist remarked, "As dumb as

it is, *Metaphor* is the only thing for hours worth photographing." I doubt Momen though the site would be invaded with tourists (although I don't know who could have guessed that hordes of Germans would visit the tree every year. Momen was Iranian and a Swedish citizen).

When seen in conjunction with the two other large land art pieces near Salt Lake City, Robert Smithson's *Spiral Jetty* and Nancy Holt's *Sun Tunnels*, things get a little clearer, since all the colors seen on the tree are formed by coating the concrete with naturally occurring rocks and minerals found in Utah. Utah artists apparently love Momen for *Metaphor*. Both BYU and the U of U are listed as major collectors of his art.

One way *Metaphor* differs from both *Spiral Jetty* and *Sun Tunnels* is that you simply can't avoid the tree. There's no way you won't see it driving to Wendover. It is easily accessible, but no one actually wants to go see it. There are constant pilgrimages to both *Spiral Jetty* and *Sun Tunnels*, but I've never heard of anyone (except me, so I could write this with a vague idea of fidelity) driving out just to see the tree. Some people, I'm guessing, would argue that it doesn't incorporate the actual landscape as much as the other two, but that's idiotic. There's no damn way this tree would be nearly as impressive if it were in the middle of *The Gallivan Center*. The land may take a back seat to the art, but you can't remove the tree from its context - the entire Salt Flats. If anything, the tree expresses the sheer enormity of the Bonneville Salt Flats better than anything else.

Momen created something that's absolutely ridiculous and magnificent at the same time. Hell, I've heard it described as "an experiment in environmental comedy," but there's never been a laugh that wasn't mixed with awe. Momen created a sense of scale on the Salt Flats, where we (that is, the Germans) can compare ourselves to the tree, and then compare the tree to the flats. Maybe calling the spheres planets isn't so ridiculous after all.

You can see why no one appreciates it at this link:

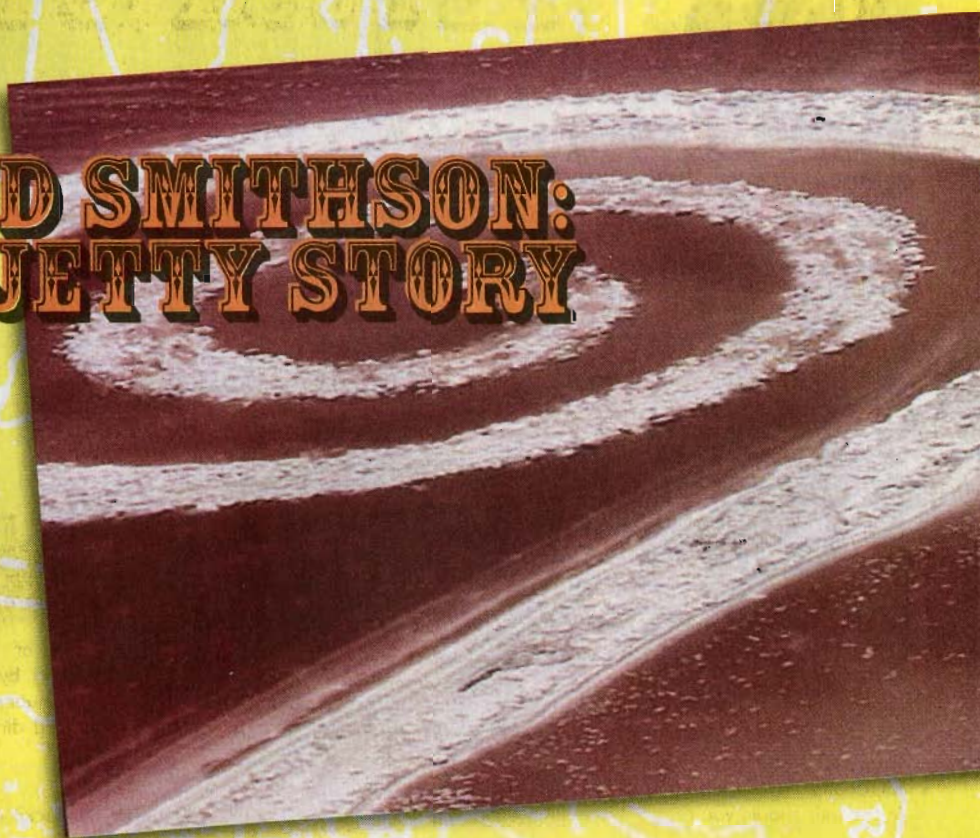
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DAY 2: MASON AND SMITHSON: A SPIRAL JETTY STORY

By Erik "earth work" Lopez
erik@slugmag.com

What do Robert Smithson, 6,500 tons of basalt and earth and some salt in a lake have in common? The *Spiral Jetty*, of course! Completed over a span of six days using some dump trucks and a front-loader among other "artistic tools," the *Jetty* stands as one of Utah's largest "lasting" legacies (next to Karl Momen's *Tree of Utah*). On a good day, when the water level is below 4,000 feet, you can see the salt-encrusted weariness of the basalt and earth mix that starts at Rozel Point in the Gunnison Bay and slowly coils inward three times on itself. This is a small glimpse of a man and his earth art.

Smithson chose the Great Salt Lake and the surrounding areas for his art not only for its unique



color, a red or pink due to algae and brine in the high salinity water, but also for its unique mythology and sense of history. One such myth concerns the lake's connection to the Pacific Ocean. The notion that the lake must be connected to the Pacific Ocean by a subterranean channel at the head of which a huge whirlpool threatened the safety of lake craft was not dispelled until the 1870s. Also, not too far from the *Jetty* there is an abandoned sea-salt extracting plant. The ground around it is littered with discarded machinery, dead birds and amazing industrial debris. The environment around and leading up to the *Jetty* plays a key role in experiencing and interacting with what has now become known as one of the most famous pieces of "land art."

Theoretically, Robert Smithson drew heavily from the idea of entropy. Entropy for Smithson is not so much a slow and steady disordered decline, but instead a much more positive decay. Ideally, the *Jetty* will stand not just as a monument that will disappear after decades of dormancy, but instead will cause us to forget the future in an active display of fighting against dynamism or change that typifies the struggle for art's legitimacy. Instead, Smithson is rooting for, and achieving, what **Dan Flavin** calls an "inactive history" – that the earth will return to its same state after a period of being marked. By using natural instead artificial material, Smithson's work straddles the line between a past and present, a presence and absence. One way that this works itself out can be seen most readily in the way the *Jetty*, for long stretches of time, is underwater and unable to be seen, but at the same time it is one of the only things, artwork or otherwise, than can constantly be seen from space. All the while it continues to be whittled away by its own ponderous historical weight.

One aspect of this ponderous historical weight is the odd contradiction between the 1960s museum politics, the largesse of his estate after he died and his intended theoretical underpinnings for his project. In 1999, the DIA foundation was bestowed with, and what could have as its necessary corollary in the businesses and organizations who "adopt-a-highway," the *Spiral Jetty*. One of their proposed plans was to take care and possibly

restore the *Jetty* as it went into a state of "disuse and abuse." Smithson's own vision for his project was to explicitly take it out of the museum and give art back to the people. The idea was to open the gallery up to a "site specific" work, with its own vocabulary and its own ethos. Instead, the work is now threatened to be subsumed under a different and wholly alien authority.

But the story of Smithson and his *Jetty* does not end with these fragments. Sadly and tragically, Smithson's story ended when he died in a plane crash to Texas in 1973. His wife, **Nancy Holt**, whose only claim to fame besides her mastery of social reclusiveness is her *Sun Tunnels*, survives him. Her *Tunnels* seem to be a wild and wacky call to the wild, as she tries to join her deceased husband into the annals of land-art history by contributing four concrete tubes that show the solstices and equinoxes when the sun lines up with them. Not very exciting, considering the four-hour drive it takes to see it and the little pay-off outside of the solar alignment.

When Smithson first saw the future site of his *Spiral Jetty*, he made these remarks: "As I looked at the site, it reverberated out to the horizons only to suggest an immobile cyclone while flickering light made the whole landscape appear to quake. A dormant earthquake spread across the fluttering stillness, into a spinning sensation without movement." Essentially, the *Jetty* becomes "a visible analog for the Second Law of Thermodynamics, which extrapolates the range of entropy by telling us energy is more easily lost than obtained, and that in the ultimate future the whole universe will burn out and be transformed into an all-encompassing sameness." To end, I will quote one **Martin Gayford** who makes this wonderful insight (and I will let you, dear reader, decipher its many layers): "[The] *Spiral Jetty* is the Great White Whale of American art." So be it, for she is vast and rare.

For more information on the *Spiral Jetty* and how to get there, visit www.spiraljetty.org

DAY 3: SMITHSON HAD A WIFEY?: WHY NO ONE CARES ABOUT THE SUN TUNNELS

By Guantanamo J

With exception of neo-druids that flock to this remote plot of land twice a year for a taste of celestial harmony, **Nancy Holt's** *Sun Tunnels* are typically brushed aside (or at best, footnoted) by the buses of bizarrely coiffed enthusiasts of all-things-misplaced-basalt that flock to Northern Utah. So it should have come as no surprise to me that myriad searches requesting history and analysis of Nancy Holt's *Sun Tunnels* offered little beyond links to her deceased husband's (**Robert Smithson**) *Spiral Jetty*.

Let's succinctly break down what everyone is missing: a near four-hour drive time from Salt Lake and four immense concrete pipes (each 18 feet long with an eight-foot internal diameter) in an "open X" pattern. Constructed in 1976, each pipe possesses a unique pattern of 7-10-inch diameter holes as representation of four constellations: Draco, Perseus, Columbia and Capricorn. The open ends of the pipes are aligned

with the horizon so as to meet the ascending and descending sun of each solstice (the event patronized by the aforementioned neo-druids).

Now, let's say you're hoofing around West Wendover's *Peppermill*. The Heinekens are warm. *Larry's Lobster Mania* is rubbing you the wrong way. You have a Ford Explorer, a full tank of gas and nine hours to kill. Last

time you were faced with this opportunity, you chose Nevada's strip-mall variant on trusted Salt Lake smut house *Southern Exposure*. Much to your chagrin, you spent 40 dollars on three Bud Lights and saw zero titties. This time around, you know better. You drive 30 miles west on I-80, another considerable handful northeast back into Utah on Highway 30, through the quasi-ghost town of Lucin (bullet-riddled historical marker and all) and (holy hell!) you discover the remains of an alien petroleum pipeline! Or the dilapidated playground of indigenous Brobdingnagians! Petrified carpet? Deus ex machina? No ma'am, it's art!

Wondering what to do now? The possibilities are something approaching a distant synonym of endless. If you brought some friends along, why not pose with the SUV for a few spread-eagle intertunnel photos and play a rousing game of cops and robbers? Did you bring a table and a checkered tablecloth too? Show **McCluskey** and ol' collarneck who runs this town. Or maybe you just want to reflect upon the desolate environment like a professional blogger? Set your mental iPod to **Peter Gabriel** and count the stars.

Here lies the problem. Unless you happen to be there when shit aligns (or simply unemployed and lost on a solstice), you must simply reflect upon banal items, unceremoniously placed, in a desolate landscape and struggle to draw something from their interaction. Unlike other earthworks such as **Michael Heizer's City**, an ongoing project that seeks to assemble a Mayan-like earthen temple complex in the remote Nevadan desert, or even the *Spiral Jetty*, the *Sun Tunnels* lack the large-scale landscape manipulation that people seem to care about when it comes to land and environmental art. Smithsonian took a lot of rocks off a hillside and put them in the water. Heizer cut enormous gashes in a pair of buttes (*Double Negative*). Holt

plunked some cement tubes in the dirt. It seems arbitrary and inharmonious with the landscape. It is an unnecessary addition where the landscape demands artful reinterpretation. It is not earthwork; it is sculpture *in situ* in a site that means very little.

Though Holt's work has experienced increased interest in the past few years, primarily as result of marital and artistic relation to Captain Jetty, we also might care on a more regular basis if the piece was slave to the environment, i.e. disappeared every once in a while. It probably would have behooved Ms. Holt to erect the tunnels atop a Hollywood-sized fault so as they could fall to the center of the earth, churn within rivers of lava and resurface unscathed 20 years later, 1700 miles from Box Elder County. An alternating pattern of mudslides and flashfloods would have been another fine option. As it is, no one is in any hurry to get to the *Sun Tunnels*, seeing as how cement cemented to the ground is universally known for its steadfastness and, for the sake of this piece, aesthetic longevity. Oil on canvas it is not.

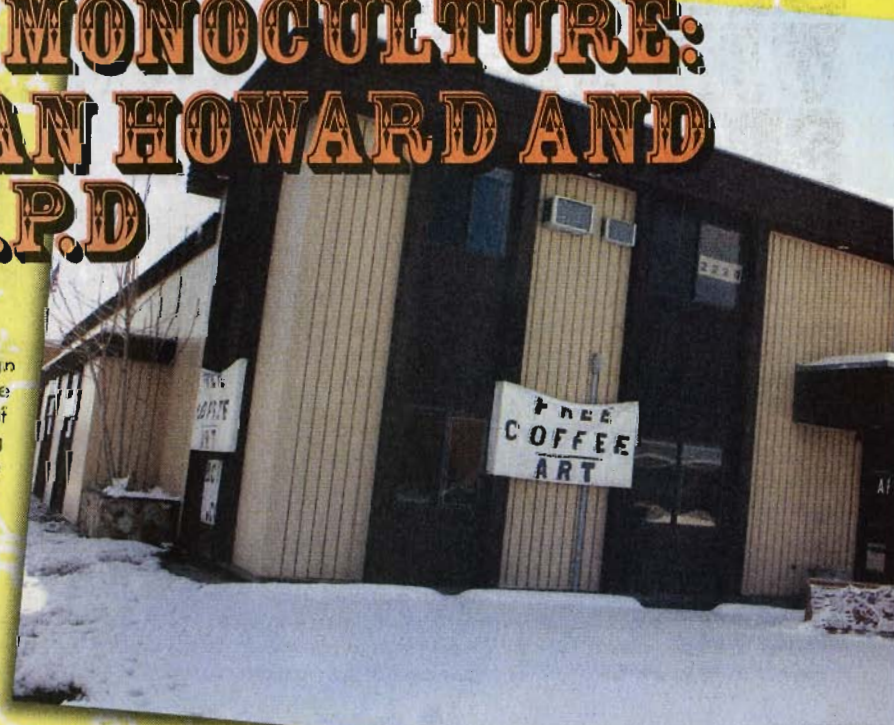
Saving oddities for last, the property came up for sale on eBay in early 2004, though Holt has owned the land on which the tunnels rest since 1973. After the story met the red-hot pages of the *Deseret News*, Holt quickly dispelled all rumors that the piece was for sale and a belligerent entrepreneur stepped forward. **Angela Madsen**, a fine addition to the voluminous catalog of deceptive eBay sellers, stated in an e-mail that the tunnels were "very close" to her property and she might need to have the area surveyed. This probably never happened. The story never resurfaced and the *Sun Tunnels* probably won't move an inch for the next 8,000 years.

DAY 4: GET OFF YOUR ASS AND DEFEND YOURSELF FROM THE IMPENDING MONOCULTURE: ROBERT EVAN HOWARD AND THE A.C.L.E.P.D

By Tyler Ford

At one point or another you've driven by the cryptic sign adorning the brown building on the west side of State Street at 2220 South: "Free Coffee Art." I asked a few of my friends what the hell it meant. "I'll bet it's chic clothing or something, like 'we're so hip that we can't even advertise directly,'" one friend said. I thought it was a ridiculously massive "art" collection consisting of napkins that had coffee spilled on them in "really interesting" patterns, and that if one of the pieces struck you in some way, you could take it free of charge.

For 35 years, Howard has been the driving force behind the A.C.L.E.P.D. – The Artisans and Collector's Lodge and the Environmental Projects Division. The A.C.L.



half is concerned with promoting the arts, and to protect the freedom of speech – the built-in hidden agenda of all artistic endeavors. The E.P.D. does what it says.

By joining the A.C.L., which comes at no cost, the artist garners himself/herself a free workspace in a 6-acre facility dedicated to the creation of art. The second part of this sweet deal is that the artist is able to sell work on site, and the A.C.L. takes no commission. He'll even teach you how to paint or sculpt for free. The artist is entitled to the space and its perks "as long as there's no kiddie porn or they're not peddling drug paraphernalia," says Howard.

"Whatever will promote the arts is what I'm interested in," he said, "I'm not going to want to fund *Star Wars*, but I want them to know that the space is here and they can basically use it for whatever they want." If you're an artist, and you're not working for a lack of workspace, put on a thick coat and take the bus down to 2220 S. State Street.

SLUG: Was there a defining moment or experience in your life that made you decide to start A.C.L.?

Robert Evan Howard: I just got to a point where I decided to do what I wanted to do. There was no car accident or anything – I just got tired of not being able to see what was going on around me.

SLUG: What have been your biggest successes?

REH: Encouraging other people to get involved in art and environmental projects. Getting people to participate is a pretty hard thing to do because they have their own lives.

SLUG: ...and your biggest failures?

REH: Not getting enough people involved.

SLUG: Why is it so important that the artist is un-impeded by the county, the state, etc., in making art?

REH: Every time somebody denies an artist access to the public, it's not just the artist that's being cheated, it's also the public that's being cheated ... but there's a creative, positive way of making things better and that's the approach you have to take.

SLUG: In your opinion, why are these governing bodies making it so difficult for artists to thrive here?

REH: They want a monoculture. You have the city council, which is basically Mormon – although it doesn't matter that they're Mormon or that they subscribe to any religion, but that they've all decided what they're going to do, and they won't change the status quo. Any time you base your life on a fairy tale, the endgame is not good. Our city council isn't going to do anything other than what will benefit the church. They don't need to generate revenue for the city, because of the tithing; they don't contribute anything and they suppress everyone around them. When you restrict people more and more it only creates tension ... they'll only hate you. Art makes people think for themselves.

SLUG: Why does the general public even need art, what does it do for them?

REH: Art is a tool; the more tools you have, the more you can build. Someone can teach you how to count to 10, but then what do you do with the numbers? Without an imagination you're not going to figure out how to fly to the moon.

SLUG: What inspired the "Free Coffee Art" sign?

REH: I thought it would get people to come in.

SLUG: So, you do have coffee?

REH: In the warmer months, I'm out there (points to large room that serves as gallery), and I have the coffee pot on the counter. So, people can come in and pour their own coffee and look at the art. We get some weird people in here.

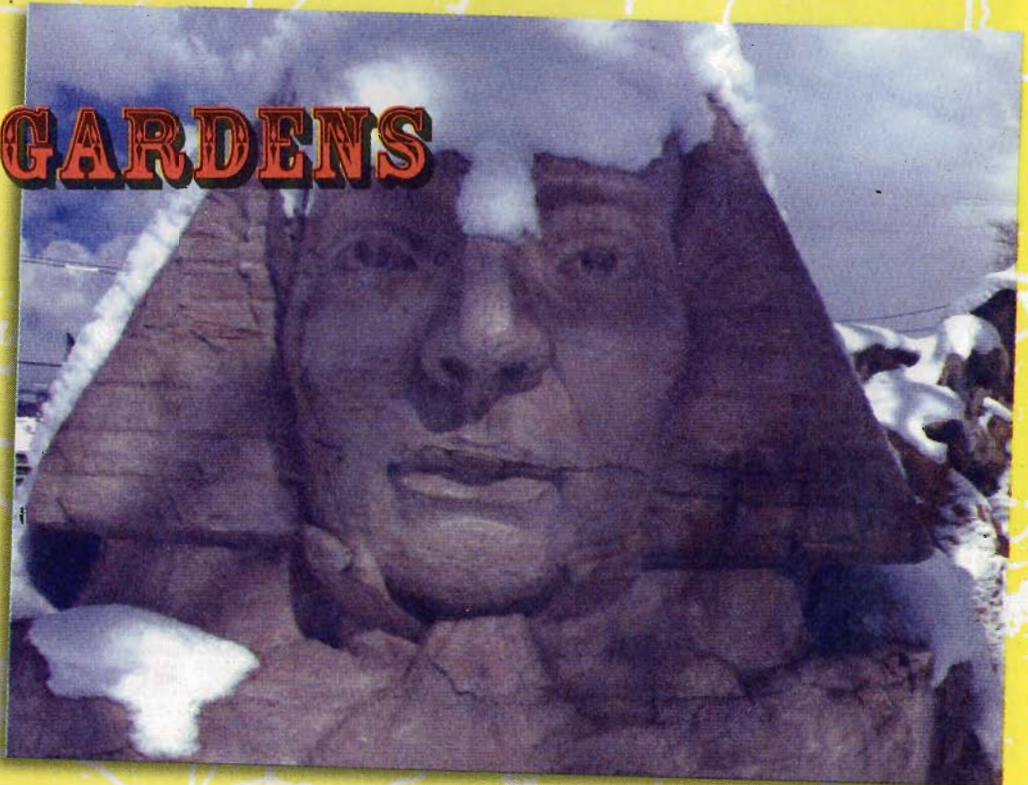
Howard says he doesn't know what kind of impact he's had on the Utah's art scene, which is funny because in certain ways he's propping it up single-handedly. Yes, there are plenty of galleries and exhibits featuring Utah artists, but Howard is providing a fail-safe starting point for those looking for a way up from the bottom. You can find out more about Free Coffee Art at www.aclepd.com.

DAY 5: GILGAL GARDENS

By Robert Leavitt

Like all unique places in our city, Gilgal Sculpture Garden is inconspicuous and mostly unknown to Salt Lake's residents. Although it is but a stone's throw away from an LDS ward house, a short jaunt from a shopping center and a hopped fence from Chuck-A-Rama, Gilgal remains the secret garden of the Utah art scene.

Gilgal Sculpture Garden is the creation of masonry contractor and LDS bishop Thomas B. Child Jr. Much like my own uncle's short-lived and poorly conceived "Kentucky Bluegrass Casino," Child began the project in his own backyard in 1945.



Child gathered large rocks and boulders throughout the state for his work, enlisting the help of local sculptors. Through his work, Child turned his backyard into a sanctuary and his own personal testament to both his trade and his faith. Before his death in 1963, Child completed 12 large stone sculptures and engraved over 70 rocks with passages from poems and scriptures.

Although *Gilgal* is an expression of Child's beliefs as a Latter-Day Saint, do not be afraid, timid apostate readership. There are no statues of church leaders pointing at you and making you feel bad for buying that **Nine Inch Nails** record. Thomas B. Child Jr. was much more of a visionary than **Mohonri Young**. For example, *Gilgal's* most well-known work is a sphinx with the face of **Joseph Smith**. While it does contain the visage of the LDS founder and prophet, the whimsical nature of the sphinx makes the piece open to interpretation. The ambiguity of *Gilgal* allows the gardens to fill a unique, artistic niche in the LDS art world. For most, LDS art is highly sentimentalized "inspirational" dreck. *Gilgal*, however, is never preachy. Instead, it is an example of what could be considered high art, for it is both a quest and an exploration. Thus, the subject matter and folk art craftsmanship give the garden a sense of serenity and meditation, making the garden a great place for quiet reflection or the ideal venue for a picnic of discounted **Twinkies** (which can be purchased next door).

In addition to the Joseph Smith sphinx, other notable sculptures include the scattered limbs of a dismembered giant, the **Angel Moroni**, a large stone arch and a monument to the trade of masonry that includes a Child's own self-portrait. In the corner of the gardens lies a large purple rock that was to be carved into a large globe. Child, however, died before this particular piece could be completed and the sculpture rests in its unfinished state.

After Child's death, the gardens almost disappeared. In the following years, *Gilgal* fell into neglect; the plant life became overgrown and many sculptures were damaged or stolen by vandals. When the property went up for sale during the 1980s, a group of Canadian real estate investors

almost converted *Gilgal* into condominiums. However, concerned citizens with a desire to preserve the park (**The Friends of Gilgal Garden**) enlisted the help of investors to purchase the land. *Gilgal Sculpture Garden* is now a public park.

Since then, *Gilgal Sculpture Garden* has been a must-see destination for lovers of Utah Exotica. Given the somewhat hidden locale and the mysterious nature of the sculptures, it is hard not to feel a sense of discovery upon first walking into the garden. It is this quality that makes *Gilgal* deserving of being the only identified "visionary art environment" in Utah. Like other similar environments such as **Watts Towers** in Los Angeles or the **Palais Ideal** in Paris, *Gilgal* is an example of what happens when a man overcomes both his own lack of formal training and convention to express his own personal or spiritual conviction.

Gilgal, like many of these other visionary art environments, is not only a magnet for sightseers but also one that is in danger of being destroyed. As any Google image search reveals, the garden has become the place where out-of-towners take a snapshot of themselves sitting in the lap of the Joseph Smith sphinx. It is analogous to all of those photos people take in Pisa, where with some amateur trick photography, tourists can look like they are supporting the *Leaning Tower*. However, unlike the *Leaning Tower*, the sculptures at *Gilgal* are fragile. So, sorry to ruin your blog entry, hippie dude from Colorado, but climbing on the statues is not only in bad taste, it's also prohibited. Currently, **The Friends of Gilgal Garden** now act as curators of the park, and with the help of the **Utah Master Gardeners**, efforts are underway to restore *Gilgal Sculpture Garden* to the condition Child had when he was alive.

Gilgal Sculpture Garden is located at 749 East and 500 South, northeast of Trolley Square. *Gilgal Sculpture Garden* is open daily. Visit online at www.gilgalgarden.org.

DAY 6: MISSION ACCOMPLISHED

SNAP! Our team of highly motivated brainiacs brought back all the proof needed to rub in the smug faces of that know-it-all historic society.

Once back at **SLUG HQ**, we decided to reward ourselves for all of our hard work, with a relaxing evening of quilting.

DAY 7: WE REST



THE REDRUM SHOP



In the short time we have been open, we have been called scary, terrorists; murderers, Satanists, posers and the anti-Christ.

Oh yeah, a deaf kid signed that we were EVIL.

Thanks for all of the compliments!

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www.myspace.com/redrumshop



Localized

THIS DECADE THE COLOR IS BLACK

Hello, my name is **Shan Roridge**. I am thrilled to be your new *Localized* provider. This month's headliners will both be fresh off of a West Coast tour (featuring sets at L.A.'s *Murder Fest*) just in time to kick in your balls and/or vagina at *Localized!* *Localized* will be held the second Friday of the month, Friday, March 10th at 9:30pm at the *Urban Lounge*, which, incidentally enough, is a private club for members. This month's *Localized* will include *Gaza*, *Michigan* and opens *Loiter Cognition*.

MICHIGAN



Mike – banjo • Fausto – washburn washboard • Josh – lights, camera, action! • Marla – dog • Kory – accordion • Dan – poop machine

Localized photographer extraordinaire **Ruby Claire** and I both had to work in an hour. We met an energetic crew at *Positively 4th Street*, but in the interest of time, the interview was conducted in a white van, driven by **Dan Rose**, on the way to the photo location.

Michigan features seasoned local vets from *Juniper Complex*, *Hi-Fi Massacre* and, most importantly, *Sprinkler Head*. They've been racking their current lineup since June '05. 'Accordion' to Kory, *Michigan*'s sound evolved "from all the different backgrounds that we come from [so] you get this really weird, creative, progressive, hardcore-ish, post-hardcore sounding type of music." One rule dominates the *Michigan* philosophy: no one can tell anyone else what to do.

When asked about the name, Fausto claimed "I was sleeping at Mike's, woke up and said 'Michigan' because it was fast and ready." I wonder if there is a band in the state of Michigan called Utah?

Michigan loves to get loose, but don't think that they are a one-dimensional party posse. Kory writes serious lyrics about "the fall of man" and the fucked-up state of the world. "It seems to be that everything is falling apart, if not by war then by natural disaster. The big tear in the country about who supports Bush and who doesn't or who supports war and who doesn't is what's going to cause the big problems and bring chaos." The music is the only thing that gets these boys out of bed in the morning.

"That's why we're still doing it, and that's why we'll be doing it when we're 50 years old," Kory said.

Fun Facts:

- There is a Mexican in the band who likes fatties – all the time.
- Tour = naked swimming + naked van wrestling + naked jumping/falling off things.
- Out Soon! A tour demo recorded by **Josh Asher** from *The New Transit Direction*.

GAZA

Although they started out in an emotional vein, *Gaza* has been bleeding gnarly, ugly riffage for the past two years. "Metal, right now, sounds like 'chug-chug, scream,'" lamented Jon, "We sound like a hive of pissed off bees." At their show, expect random mid-song detuning, not candlelit stages and emotional outcries.

I met the *Gaza* fellows at *Salt Lake Coffee Break*, but it was too loud, like bees in heat (that's much sexier). So we moved next door to *Arby's* where we were visited by the "*Arby's* messiah." His beard was filled with wisdom of past decades and their appropriate colors. Do you know what last decade's color was? Purple.

Gaza members spent time in *Day of Less* and *Loiter Cognition*, as well as many other local acts. They are not afraid to change the line up: Jon, who used to play bass, switched to full-time vocalist. Now Chris slings the bass around town. When on one of their West Coast tours, "#1 roddie" Greg Holister holds down the low end.

Gaza tends to keep their aggression inside the noise. Jon commented, "We don't really hang out with the violent kids when it comes to heavy music. Metal kids think that we're all Straight-Edge, and Straight-Edge kids think that we're all metal-heads." *Gaza* is pretty Swiss when it comes to the clash between metal scenes.

The *Gaza* songwriting process starts off with pure comedy. "If we're all laughing at (the riff), that usually means it's going to be a song," said Sticklord. When a riff is funny enough, it will get a name. From there, the band will elaborate upon the riff until the laughter has worn off, into a more serious, kick-ass song.

These guys were fucking funny! Some band names that didn't make the cut include: "Un-James Worthy," "Molestoral," "Karl Malony," "Ovum Bloopster" and "You're Like Michael Jordan on The Guitar, But With A Football." Awesome!

Fun Facts:

- Two members' members are uncircumcized.
- Mike and I each paid two dollars for a big soda. Mine was way bigger! He got ripped off.
- "A Colosso," Casey informed me, "is when people whip their penis' together at such a great velocity that they meld and become a much greater dick than either of the com-bone-ants."



Jon Parkin – vox/ Mike Snyder's best friend • Chris Clement – bass • Luke Sorenson – guitar • Mike Mason – guitar • Casey Hansen – sticklord • Greg Holister – #1 roddie

Local CD REVIEWS

By Cindi Robinson



The Rodeo Boys

Flex

Recorded: Jeremy Smith

The Rodeo Boys = 3 Mile Pilot-ish vocals + a down-to-earth version of Modest Mouse + Air + Captin' Kirk

Flex sounds quite different from the Rodeo Boys' prior release, and the progression is fabulous. The boys still keep in tune with their "don't give a fuck" unpretentious attitude, yet expand their disposition into a more emo, jazz/funk, lo-fi, *Barbarella* world rather than the straight-forward country-rock of the past. This newfound world is glorious, with thick vast valleys of delicious Rhodes licks, mountains of layered energetic majestic riffs, rollin' hills of sweet-to-steep beats, an expansive sky spotted with lush clouds of atmospheric Air-style ambiance, and overflowing lakes of crisp, salty, refreshingly clever lyrics. *Flex* keeps on getting better and better the more I experience it. I especially dig "I Don't Feel So Good," which wails with climaxing solid energy, and "Steam Team," which is a perfect getting-busy song, encompassing rap-style vocals that flow with the beat, enduring spacey sample sprinkles and token porno-bass bumps. Yes! Thanks to this collaboration of Rodeo Boys meets Jeremy Smith, I've added *Flex* to my map. www.therodeoboys.com

Delicatto

A Preview of Dying

Recorded: Camden Chamberlain at Kitefishing Studios

Delicatto = The Breakfast Club + Jeremy Chatelain + Roger Waters

I've been waiting to hear something personal from this local recording prodigy, and it's finally here. Camden Chamberlain is an amazing composer and arranger of circus/gypsy style songs that seem heavily inspired by Queens of the Stoneage, David Bowie, Radiohead, Roger Waters and possibly Billy Joel. Equally talented as engineer to his own musical enterprise, Camden arises as a fresh taste to the scene with potentially as epic a presence as QOTSA (especially if QOTSA were new wave). *A Preview of Dying* kicks ass, with a flood of local talent that helps to weave one through this multi-dimensional, expressive, imaginative creation by adding inspired tidbits of skill, wisdom and know-how to concrete songwriting. What a man! What a great index of artistic faculty! What a record! If you dig Radiohead/Bjork-style samples, early art-house Bowie, humble *Piano Man* songwriting, QOTSA energy/sass and Roger Waters-esque delirious vocal brashness, then you'll dig on *Delicatto*. www.kitefishingstudio.com

The Wolfs

S/T

Recorded: Jeremy Smith, Andy Patterson, James Perry, Sean McCarthy, Dave Payne, Terrance DH

The Wolfs = reverb + sex, drugs and rock n' roll

Pseudo Recordings

The best thing about this release is if I wanted more than three or four Wolfs songs given to me at a time, I now have them. 16 songs, in fact, and 13 of these have been pre-released over the past five or so years in an adorable mini-disc thrillergy. Collectors beware! This trilogy's extended version has a fresh look and three new tracks previously un-revealed on disc. We've got new hits "Doctor Death," "Tell Me All Your Secrets," and "Shades of Grey." All three new additions are just as drippy, dancey, naughty, *Dr. Who*, lo-fi, boss-sexy and trash as the rest, but 20 percent more fashionably raw. The commendable layout, painted by local coarse artist Sri Whipple, is by far tits-beyond-tits. Sri dished out his sweet ass for this release, and it should be collected purely based on having his cover art. As for the record, if you want new Wolfs, you get three. I'm into it but would rather have nine new songs. www.pseudorecordings.com

Junta Deville

For Your Consideration

Recorded: Junta Deville

Junta Deville = reverb-laden late-80s porno - desire to get off + John Lovitz in the *Wedding Singer* - desire to get off

Sorry for reviewing Junta Deville within this month's above-par local recordings, because Junta isn't among them. Junta come off shockingly below-par, cradling a smash of bad Clash bites, some Bowie, Pixies, late-80s mod shit and a little Red Hot Chili Peppers (who equally abuse the punk/funk craze and the wah pedal). This release has been recorded way too brassy, lo-fi and reverb-heavy, making it tonally all over the place and agitating to the ear. I had to turn down my stereo just to hear the band under the shrill, shrieking-eel buzz. I respect Junta being a politically driven band, but the crappy porn vibe ain't delivering their message well. It's like John Lovitz's character from the movie *The Wedding Singer* trying to spread citizen-justice manifestos through his bump-n-grind moves and sweaty lyrical delivery. It's not working for me. What hurts worst is that the song "Cent Com ii" clearly bites Pompeian Pink Floyd. They bite Floyd hard and I just can't let it slide. Respect the cause, not the soundtrack. juntadeville@hotmail.com

Yaotl Mictlan

S/T

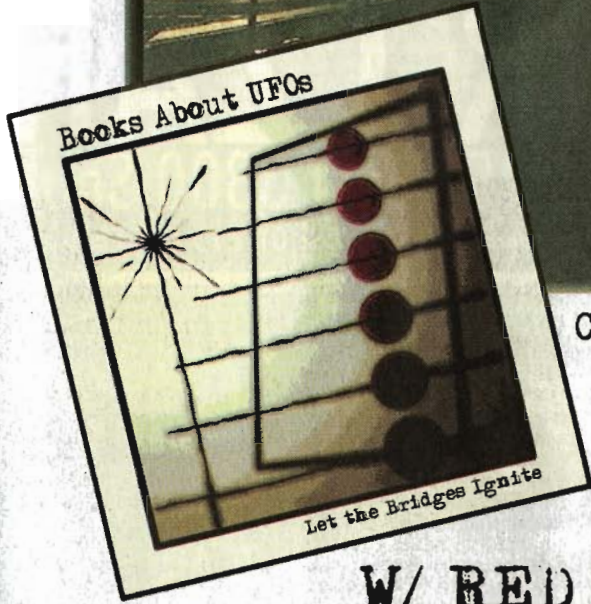
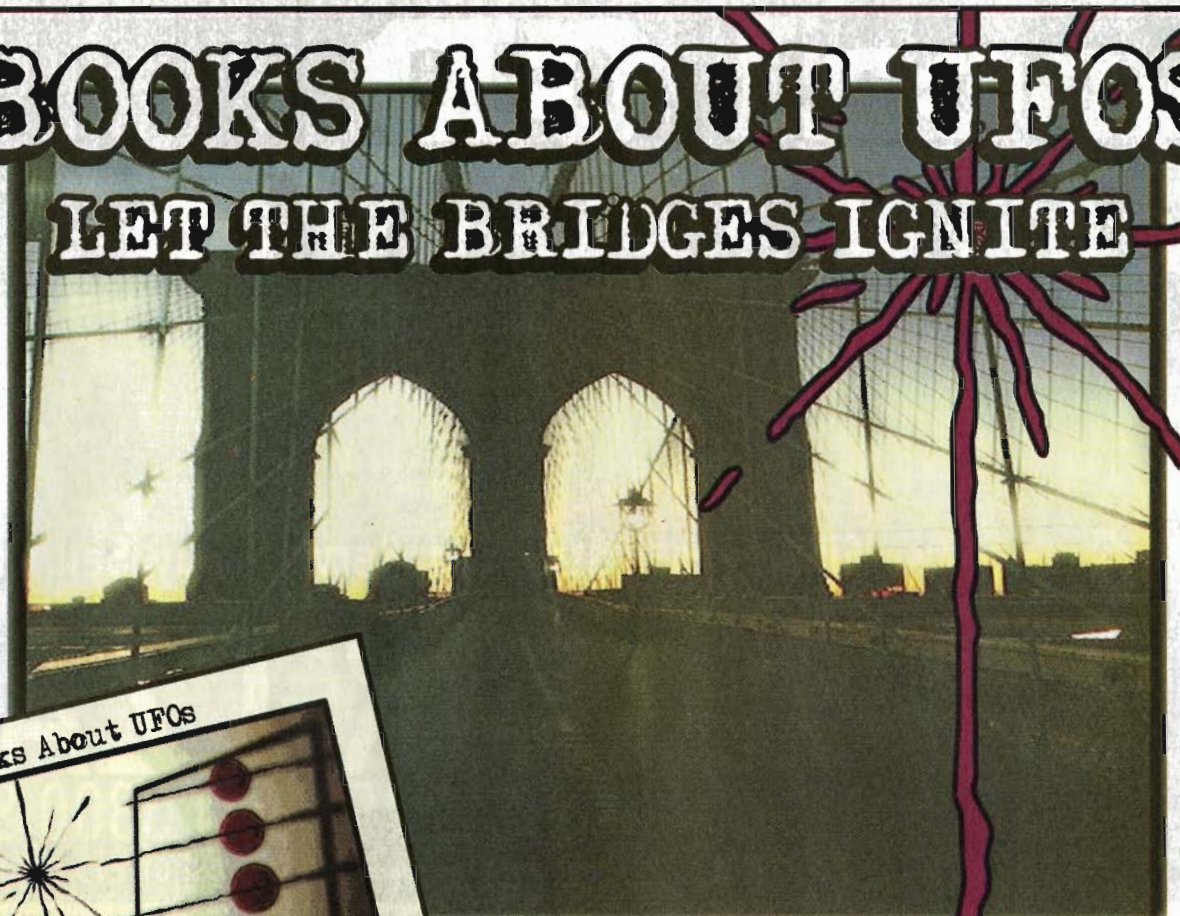
Recorded: Andy Patterson

Yaotl Mictlan = early At The Gates + tribal + Abnigotian + Canderio's mix

In spite of knowing that this recording hasn't been mixed or finished, I'll let them know what I'm thinking, so maybe they'll finish soon. Yaotl Mictlan have their hearts in the right place and exude lovin'-it energy. That spirit puts the band ahead of the pack instantly, because spirit translates. The vocals are my favorite spice, as they tear through the battery of death speed-metal wank with clear, raw gr-throat tones that could stand alone. Props. The band, however, are missing out on dynamics and definition in their individual songwriting. There are 13 tracks of the some poignant hefty-metal riffs, but not a solid poignant hefty-metal song. The sloppy performance adds to the lack of writing definition, playing as though they are figuring out structure in the studio. A small example is track four, my favorite generic song of the batch, which rips all over the place and cluelessly ends on a lame fadeout. Get crafty and tight, guys. The Spanish guitar diddles are tasty, and the tribal incantations are charming, but not fluid or mature. The drums desperately need re-mixing because they currently sound crummy. They've got bass tone but no attack or clarity. Guitars need to blast in magnitude and volume because, hell, this is metal. Find a solid direction, practice and release a three-song slaughtering EP praving Yaotl Mictlan is magnificent.

BOOKS ABOUT UFOS

LET THE BRIDGES IGNITE



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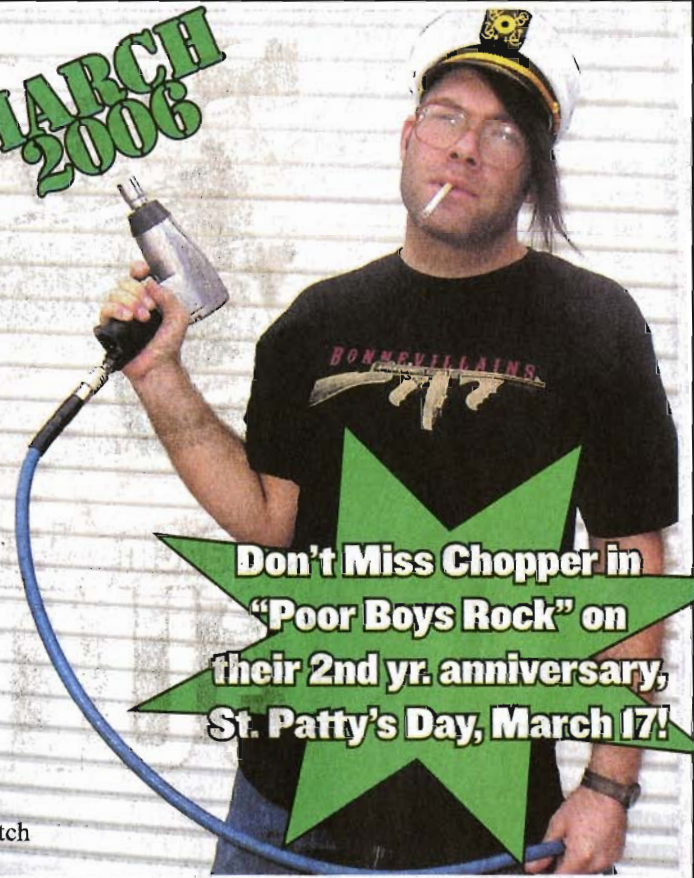
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From the broken mind of ryan michael painter rien@davidbowie.com

What if the apocalypse came and you didn't even notice? Consider that rather than taking in Christmas sales, (no matter how slumping the numbers might be, it is still the most profitable time of year) **Media Play** called it quits and went into liquidation. While one might be tempted to raise a fist in victory at the recent closing of yet another major retail chain, as if it were some victory for the little guy, perhaps we should consider the implications. When 50 or so stores close that had the average volume of 100,000 CD's that means that 5,000,000 CD's are taken off the market. Last time I checked 5,000,000 £D's was enough to keep a handful of brilliant, yet unprofitable, bands above water and able to tour. If the rich can't make money off of music, how are the poor ever going to survive?

Beth Orton

Comfort of Strangers

Astralwerks

Street: 02.07

Beth Orton = jazz + pop + folk - easy listening

Beth Orton tells really lousy jokes in-person and has a vulgar mouth that you never hear on her albums. Other than that, she's unmistakably brilliant. *Comfort of Strangers* is the most recent example. I'd draw a comparison to **Joni Mitchell's** best work, the exploration of life, love, loss and all the light and darkness waded through in the process, but none of you listen to **Joni Mitchell** because she's a folk singer and she isn't **Bob Dylan**. Instead I'll simply say that her quality control is infinitely better than her friend and once-collaborator **Ryan Adams**, who had the tendency to talk too much and say too little. She's 10 times the writer that **Jack Johnson** is, probably twice the surfer as well. She transcends genres, having dallied with the likes of **William Orbit**, the **Chemical Brothers**, **Ben Watt** and **Johnny Marr** to name the bare minimum. *Comfort of Strangers* is Orton's least-produced release, with nothing to hide behind; the arrangements are sparse. While for many this reveals limitations, Orton delivers subtle hooks, emotional confessions and the occasional bit of wry humor that rivals the gravel mouth banter of **Tom Waits**. There isn't the runaway hit per se, "Shadow of Doubt," "Conceiving" or "Countenance" could prove me wrong; the album strength is that there isn't a lulling moment. The end is as good as the start. Typical for a Beth Orton album but atypical for the times we're in.

She Wants Revenge

She Wants Revenge

Flawless/Geffen

Street: 01.31

She Wants Revenge = post-punk + new wave disco

In *She Wants Revenge* we find another band jumping on the post-punk revolution, smearing the line between **Joy Division** and middle-period **New Order** as if the late 70s and mid-80s happened at simultaneously. They're all about the party, the disco



and the sex-instead-of-intimacy revolution, which makes them the perfect hipster crush and highly unlikely to achieve **Ian Curtis'** vulnerability. I was excited for this release, having seen *She Wants Revenge* steal the night from **Bloc Party's** *Silent Alarm*, I'm somewhat disappointed in the final product. Lost is the emotional involvement (perhaps I imagined it) and the lyrics roll around and pop up as less than sincere. The music's alright, nothing nearly as sweeping as **The Killers** or **Interpol** at their finest moments. "Sister," "Out of Control" "Red Flags & Long Nights" and "Broken Promises for Broken Hearts" will no doubt get their share of play, and justifiably so. The rest is good, but unhinged by the feeling that it's all so temporary.

Low

Tonight the Monkeys Die

Chairkickers' Music

Street: 02.07

Low = slowcore dream-team goes to the disco

Originally released on iTunes in September, this fantastic EP finally sees a proper release via Low's in-house label. Typically speaking, an EP made up of six different versions of one song (that song being "Monkey" from their previous release *The Great Destroyer*) can get a bit monotonous, and inevitably half of it comes across as fodder. With *Tonight the Monkeys Die*, Low throws that theory on its ear. Following the obligatory album version is a guitar-layered version by **Fog**, which smoothes the edges and adds a certain dream-pop atmosphere. **Stephin Merritt** puts on his **Future Bible Heroes** hat and provides a nice mid-tempo mix laced with a touch of electronics, as does **The Count**, while **Bob Mould** twists the track into a surprisingly faithful club mix. Most surprising is the hip-hop reworking by **Crew Jones**, using vocal samples from the original mix but restructuring the majority of the vocal into a quick-paced rap. It might sound like blasphemy but it works extremely well. An unexpectedly brilliant album.

Natalie Rose Lebrecht

Imaging Weather

Unlabeled

Street: "coming soon"

Natalie Rose Lebrecht = 3 oz. of **Kate Bush** + **diamonda galas** - screaming shrieks + vaudeville

Imaging Weather is the first proper solo release from the main woman behind the avant-garde **Greenpot Bluepot**. It's a collection of theatrical songs centered on a vocal that often sounds like it is coming from a disembodied soul, caught between a séance and heaven, as it swoops from high pitches to lower registers. The effect is often eerie, sometimes a bit over the top (hard to say how much is camp and how much is circumstance), but generally entertaining. Their limited orchestration, often a guitar, accordion or a toy piano with a hint of keyboards that, in my overactive imagination, suggests a traveling freak carnival artistically directed by **David Lynch** (not too far removed from the recordings of **Julee Cruise** that **Lynch** produced for *Twin Peaks*).



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Modus Operandi:

A post-apocalyptic wreckage of electronic debris and industrial remains for a reconstructed world.

By Amy Spencer
onecmyseven@kommcndzero.net

In recent weeks, I have dropped in a few trendy public places and heard an obscene amount of covers of old classics from Depeche Mode, Talking Heads and the like. The plagiaristic trend of Hollywood movies has been trickling contamination into music. It's one thing to do like Apogygma Berzerk by sampling sounds, beats and lines from U2, but it's evident that, for many artists, levels of creativity are lacking and efforts to make something earth shattering are merely ripped-off attempts. Now you get crap like covers of The Police's "Every Breathe You Take," and "It's My Life" by Gwen Stefani.

What does this have to do with industrial music? Well, it's happening everywhere. Musicians are doing far more than just sampling a catchy hook, but doing something that has been done. Or what about the band that does the same song 18 times and releases them all in three albums? The listener/consumer may be deaf and blind to it, and marketing will turn anyone into a sucker. It's a waste when a musician wants to sound like another band rather than feeling the inspiration. Anyone remember Kode IV? They were the sample masters with 95 percent of their sounds coming from different sources, but assembling it into something innovative. It sends me to pick up something that is "new" but really nothing more than a Xerox copy of their favorite act. Let's keep it real, yo.

Ready for something positive now? A couple of *Metropolis* acts will be stopping in our fine city this month. *Electric Six*, famous for the hit "Gay Bar," will be at *The Urban Lounge* on Friday, March 17. *Psyclon 9*, famous for wicked, stompy terror-EBM,0 will rip it up at *Dive Bar & Grill* on Tuesday, March 21.

Covenant

Ritual Noise

Metropolis

Street: 01.20

Covenant = three Swedes + synths + computers

It takes a few listens, but "Ritual Noise" is the hottest future-pop track in quite some time. The six-track teaser to "Skyshaper" (out in March) exercises the perfect balance in dance-floor filler and soothing melodic B-sides. The four mixes of "Ritual Noise" are very Covenant, with crisp, rolling synth lines, clean vocals and the addition of vocoder. "The Island" is a dark, subtle track with thunder-backed beats and minimalism engulfed by vocals. The same goes for "XRDS," with the emphasis placed on vocals. The way Covenant creates, perfects and polishes each track is brilliant.

Cesium_137

Intelligent Design

Metropolis

Street: 02.21

Cesium_137 = Assemblage 23 + run-of-the-mill synth-pop

There is a fine line between light-and-fun synth-pop and so-hoppy-you-wont-to-jam-a-pencil-in-your-ear synthpop, and Cesium_137 is teetering over that line with *Intelligent Design*. Like many acts that start strong in the EBM arena, Cesium_137 have developed a reputation of quality EBM, but have succumbed to the supply-and-demand needs of the fans and the quality isn't there anymore. The misleading single, "Hollow," was a digital-only preview to this album with remixes from *System Syn* and *Dubok*. One track to check out is "Phoenix," where mixes of catchy synths and male and female vocals stand out amidst the pappy mess. In general, the synth-pop and EBM worlds are dying for a breakthrough, and nobody has come close yet. If you disagree, PLEASE shoot me an email and let me know what I should be listening to.

Savant Garde

Mother Brain

Dungeon Recordings

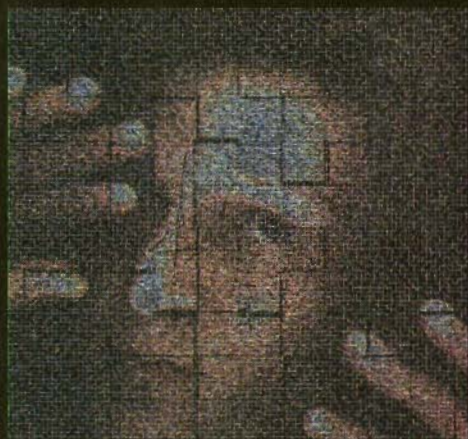
Street: 02.07

Savant Garde = Merzbow + Contagious Orgasm - Japan

Savant Garde squeals, whistles and spews the sounds common to the craziness that is Japanese. *Mother Brain* is an eclectic hybrid of samples and sound effects that

range from soft beats and accessible noise to ear-grating squeaks that may leave an open wound. If I didn't know this was on the label run by the Salt Lake label that brought you *Little Sap Dungeon*, I would have guessed this came out of a country where people drive on the opposite side of the road. Whispery vocals on "The Nast in F#" and drizzling rhythms on "Ergot Texturing Convulsion" keep randomness alive and compelling on *Mother Brain*. 12 tracks, with

mostly Italian titles, scream diversity and spontaneity, keeping it interesting, but also making it hard to listen to in one sitting. Noise like this seems to work fabulously in a live environment, but not so much on recordings. Regardless, *Savant Garde* is an act that will have a cult following with collective discs like *Mother Brain*.



Feindflug

Volk und Arme

Black Rain

Street: 10.25

Feindflug = recycled Feindflug

The conversation went something like this (read in a German accent): "Banane, for next album we will play harsh, militant drum and synthesizer, like former Feindflug album." "Wunderbar, Felix!" says Banane, "Let's do it with World War II theme. Maybe some German samples from war." 14 tracks later, we have *Volk und Arme*, their third full-length, complete with punchy expected stuff. *Volk und Arme* starts strong, but loses the momentum somewhere in track three or four. The intro, "Einmarsch," blows away the harsh stuff with a slow melody that I can honestly say invites thoughts of *Depeche Mode's* instrumental work. If you are here for the harsh stuff, hit up "Standgericht" or "Atherkrieg." Feindflug is a one-trick pony, and the least they can do is change it up a bit, add some vocals, swap out the synths for a guitar or sample *Bladerunner* like everyone else. As Feindflug is notorius for saying, "Use your brain and think about it."

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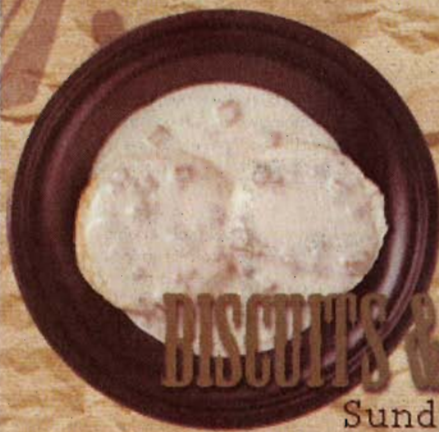
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Gallery Stroll

This month's Gallery Stroll: The Future of Salt Lake Art Studios

By Mariah Mann Mellus mariah@slugmag.com

Our Hero struggles to find solid ground, fighting for the small space he has to call his own. The faceless men creep in closer and closer until the lone man can't take it anymore. It's fight-or-flight time. He cannot protect his fold if he doesn't live to see another day, so he retreats in this battle, looking for new territory to call his own. He searches high and low, finally coming to a place he and his mates can be at peace, only to realize the cheap land he's been sold is on Mars.

This may seem like a dream or a screenplay, but it's reality for Brad Slaugh and his *Poor Yorrick Studios* mates. The rumors of a forced move began a few weeks ago, but Slaugh has been fighting to keep this building and its occupants together for years. Slaugh, not a building manager by profession, fell into this position many years ago when he shared a studio space with 14 other artists, known then as the *Marmalade Studios* on 300 West and 400 North. After five years, the owner wanted to quadruple the rent. Collectively, the tenants decided to move to what has since been known as *Poor Yorrick Studios*, located at 530 West 700 South. For years the new studio has flourished, gathering upwards of 28 independent artists. Their signature events were the spring and fall equinox shows, with art and bands playing until the wee hours of the morning.

Slaugh (being new to this landlord position) was unaware of things like triple net. Triple net, for all of us who have had our utilities paid, means that by leasing the building you sign on to pay all expenses accrued with the building: water, power, heat, insurance and taxes. When the lease came up this year, the owners of the building saw the rise in real estate costs downtown and upped the ante. One of the reasons *Poor Yorrick* has remained a coveted space and essential to local artists is the cheap rent. A studio space downtown can run \$500 to \$800 a month. Slaugh, being aware that most artists are, in fact, struggling to make ends meet, set rent at \$280 a month for the larger studios. Salt Lake is a growing metropolitan area, but the cash flow for art is limited in comparison to coastal cities. In a city where people cap their art purchases in the \$300 range, one can see why cheap studio rent is essential. Sitting down with Slaugh he confides, "It's not the wealthy who buy my paintings, it's fellow artists." It's amazing to me that people who make just above the poverty level still want to infuse their community with cash. This solidifies my theory that the Salt Lake underground has more heart than larger cities, quite possibly because we have to survive!

True to form, we will not let our communities fall by the wayside, and *Poor Yorrick* will live to fight another fight. They may buy their own building in the future, but for now we will throw them a big good-bye bash. *Poor Yorrick Studios* will be open

to the public on Friday, March 10th from 6-10 p.m., a week before their normal equinox *Gallery Stroll* in hopes that the public, artists and gallery owners can join in the celebration of what *Poor Yorrick* is and what it has meant to Salt Lake.

If you value the art community in Salt Lake and want to see the local *Gallery Stroll* stay fun and fresh, attend the art openings, buy locally and pick your politicians wisely. Be weary of those faceless men who charge you double and then take it away anyway.



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Astara

Photo by Arthur Roberg

I celebrate my 58th birthday this month. And, at the risk of sounding egotistical, I wanted to write about Utah's Middle Eastern dance community and myself.

I was born and raised in Utah. My mother said that I started dancing before I could walk, but my actual memories of taking classes start at age five. I started with tap dancing, then ballet, modern and folk dancing. I was and still am madly in love with ballet, and I studied the dance for many years. After I had my daughter, I gave up performing and just danced around the house.

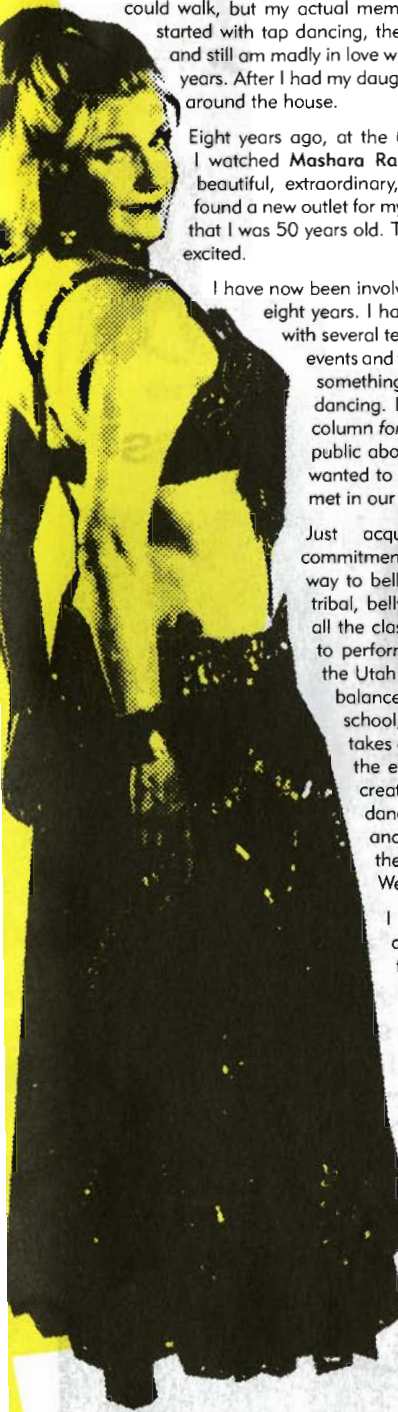
Eight years ago, at the *Utah Belly Dance Festival at Liberty Park*, I watched *Mashara Rabia* dance. It changed my life. She was beautiful, extraordinary, and she wasn't in her twenties. I had found a new outlet for my dancing soul, and it didn't seem to matter that I was 50 years old. This was a dance for all women. I was very excited.

I have now been involved in the Utah belly-dance community for eight years. I have danced in a couple of troupes, studied with several teachers in the area, danced at festivals and events and taken workshops. Three years ago, I wanted something else to keep me enthusiastic about belly dancing. I decided to start writing the *Bellyography* column for *SLUG Magazine*. I wanted to educate the public about who belly dancers really are, and I also wanted to celebrate the amazing women that I have met in our dance community.

Just acquiring belly-dancing technique takes commitment. It isn't easy, and there isn't just one way to belly dance – there is gypsy fusion, folkloric, tribal, belly pop and cabaret. Wow! Then there are all the classes, rehearsals and expenditures in order to perform for about five minutes! The women of the Utah belly-dance community do all of this, and balance full-time and part-time jobs, families, school, and taking care of a home. Belly dancing takes a lot of energy, and we are seldom paid for the effort. We are a diverse group with diverse creativity. I believe we bring to America's belly-dancing something vibrant, refreshing, colorful and artistic. Utah is becoming well known for the high-caliber dancing that we do here. Well done, everyone!

I hope to continue highlighting various dancers in our belly-dancing community for a while longer. I hope everyone keeps reading and enjoying what I write, because I do. I am going on my third year of *Bellyography*. I love talking to the dancers and hearing their stories. I feel honored every time a dancer agrees to do an interview with me. I am truly in awe of the talent and creativity in this community, and it is this effort and energy that keep belly-dancing alive and well in Utah. Keep rolling those bellies, and taking those classes, and whirling around the stage. I love it.

I will be dancing at *Spring Fest* and *Thia's Fire and Ice Show* in June. See you there.



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BLACK HEART PROCESSION

If You Can't Rock the Boat, Sink the Fucker:
an Interview with BHP's Pall Jenkins.



By Ryan Shelton

Ryan.Shelton@utah.edu



I've always liked darker things," explains Black Heart Procession front man **Pall Jenkins**. "So, if people want to say we're some 'goth' band, then have it. It doesn't bother me."

Aside from being lead vocalist and guitarist for one of modern music's most beautifully depressing bands, Pall Jenkins is also the artist behind the band's eye-catching album art. Using simple colors and dark inks, Jenkins recreates the vivid imagery presented in his music.

The Black Heart Procession was born in San Diego in 1997 when Jenkins and **Tobias Nathaniel** took a break from their first band, **Three Mile Pilot**, and started writing under the BHP alias. While Jenkins and Nathaniel have remained the core songwriting duo for each record and tour, they have recruited friends to join them along the way. BHP record in their hometown in their own studio, **Stereo Disguise Recording Laboratories**, which in combination with the freedom of producing their own record, it gives them time to experiment and move at their own pace.

The Black Heart Procession's fifth studio record, **The Spell**, is set to be released in early May on **Touch and Go Records**. Jenkins spoke with *SLUG* about his band's newest release, his album art, the state of the world and the addition of **The Album Leaf's Jimmy LaValle** on bass.

SLUG: The album is named *The Spell*, the lyrics are full of references of being trapped in a web, and the album art includes images of hypnotizing circles and zombies. What is the inspiration behind such a theme?

Pall Jenkins: It was kind of this overall feeling that I was getting when I was working with the lyrics and the songs ... the feeling of everybody being under a spell, being captured in a daze ... it seemed like a little thread running through all the songs, so it was a good way to sum up the whole record – it seemed appropriate. The imagery I feel in the words love and war ... [come close] to [explaining] the feeling of helplessness. It's been a crazy time in this world and I feel a lot of the lyrics tie into the current state of things.

SLUG: Black Heart's first three albums were named after the order in which they were released: *One*, *Two*, and *Three*. The last two albums, however, have had more conventional names. Why?

PJ: Initially, we never intended to be a band that was going to make tons of records. I like names of records and the numerical thing is cool too. We still put in the numbers. *Amore Del Tropico* had a "four" on it somewhere and the new record has a "five" on it somewhere.

SLUG: Your music and your album art have an undeniable connection; does one inspire the other?

PJ: Art and music go hand in hand – imagery is so powerful in music. With art, you can give a lot to the final song or record. I usually wait till right after we are done with each record and make the artwork with the music in my mind. Also, artwork on a record is always an excuse to break out the art supplies and have some fun. It's a little bit stressful too, because you want to make everybody happy ... My mother is an artist. She's the lady on the cover of our first record. I've been doing art ever since I was young – she's always inspired me. She's a really amazing artist.

SLUG: There seems to be a bird theme in a lot of your art; do birds have a special meaning to you?

PJ: Maybe they're just easy to draw ... I was doing all these naked girls for this record, and we really wanted that as the cover – and it is the cover of the vinyl – but I was drawing too many naked girls. It was like "boobs, boobs, boobs galore!" It was ridiculous. I had this idea of these zombie girls. So I started playing with the idea of other things under a spell and tied birds in with everything being under the spell for the artwork. I guess I like birds ... I'm a big fan of penguins, although I don't draw penguins very often.

SLUG: Any new band members since Black Heart's last release?

PJ: Jimmy LaValle is an old friend. We were going through different bass players last year while touring, and Jimmy wanted to play bass, so he came along with us on the road. When it came time for us to write a record we said, "Hey, play some bass on these songs." Jimmy can't make it out as much [on tour] because he's in the middle of mixing his new record. He'll pop in and out with another couple of friends that play bass.

The Album Leaf's violinist **Matt Resovich** appears on *The Spell*, along with **Modest Mouse's** drummer **Joe Plummer**. Both musicians played on 2002's *Amore Del Tropico* as well.

SLUG: What was the recording process like for *The Spell*?

PJ: This record is more of a live band record. Not "live sounding," but live in the writing process. All of our parts were written together, rather than in an overdub situation. That adds a kind of energy there. I think our first three records were more similar to each other than our last two. I think we're pushing new ground ... We had 20 or so ideas that got whittled down to 11 [that got recorded for the album.]

Since the release of *Amore Del Tropico*, Jenkins' bandmate and writing



partner Tobias got married and moved to Portland, forcing the two to make 14-hour drives to work on new material. However, this separation seemed to bring the two (musically speaking) closer together. Songs like "GPS" and "Tangled" have more energy and cohesiveness than any earlier material I'm familiar with. The combination of the live band chemistry, the faster tempos and their newfound love of distorted guitars give *The Spell* a richness and depth that will leave the listener in awe.

SLUG: Where do you find inspiration for your music?

PJ: Things in life affect you and you kind of don't have a choice. The main reason I make music is for that feeling of making something – accomplishment. [...] When you get your record and you're looking at the artwork and all the music that you worked hard on ... that feeling of accomplishment is a really satisfying feeling as an artist or as a person. It's like getting your check after being out at sea for six months. The people that enjoy the music ... are really nice too. I'm thankful to make records and have them come out. I'm excited to keep making records; this is just a stop along the way to pick up more passengers.

SLUG: Do you get tired of people assuming that you must be depressed because your music sounds melancholy?

PJ: A little bit. I think we're all that way at times. It's a very human thing. I feel like we touch on the darker things, but also within all of our records there are lighter elements. It's a kind of journey. When people latch on to the dark stuff, I think it's because we give a little bit more of that, and that's what we like ... imagery and paintings that are darker, movies that are darker, books that are darker ... to me, these things are more interesting and fun, but not in a depressing sort of way.

SLUG: Do you approach songwriting as someone telling a story or as someone narrating his or her own life experience?

PJ: A mixture of both. You start with some idea, maybe something that relates to you, or maybe something that doesn't and you make it relate to you. Or, you start with something that's true and you kind of build this little story around it. Sometimes lyrics to me are just little snippets of thoughts and ideas. I think that as long as you can convey some sort of imagery or message, then I think you've done your job. I try to be relaxed about them [the lyrics] and not worry about them too much. As you get into making more records and songs you experiment with things.

SLUG: The noise of the saw produces very eerie noises and gives your music a signature sound. How did you get into playing the saw? Is it hard?

PJ: I think it comes from curiosity, from being a kid watching *Casper the Friendly Ghost* and liking funny sounds ... hearing that things are possible. Anything that makes a kind of sound, I get curious about. I heard that you could play a saw. I started on hardware saws until I found a real musical saw by *Stradivarius*. It's kind of like riding a bike ... once you get on it, you can kind of steer it wherever you want. Playing a song verbatim is very tricky ... some people can play *Bach* pieces. I can play along with people. I can play melodies and harmonies, but some people are insane. I'm more about crafting things. It's fun.

For those of you who are curious, you can make a saw "sing" by either striking it with a mallet or running a bow across it as you bend the saw into different shapes, thereby changing the notes.

SLUG: Over the course of five albums, you've written five songs about a character you call "The Waiter." Who is he/she?

PJ: On the first record we wrote this song called "The Waiter," and when the second record came along we decided to put part two on it. It became this little story that started developing within each record. It's just a story of a guy waiting through all of our records ... waiting in different ways. Each time we approach the song we ask ourselves, "Where is he going now? What is he doing now?" We hope to do an EP at some point that will have all the "Waiters" together on one record.

SLUG: Your style of art would make for some amazing graphic novel or animation work. Have you ever experimented in those fields?

PJ: No, people always want me to do tattoos for them, but I tell them, "Only free-hand ..." [Pall laughs].

For more information on Pall and the Black Heart Procession go to www.blackheartprocession.com

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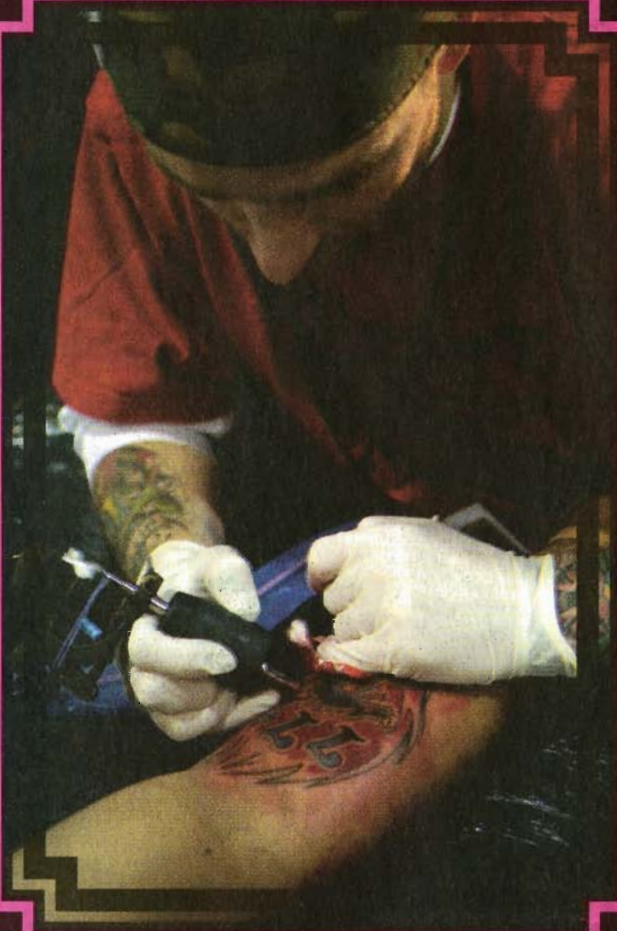
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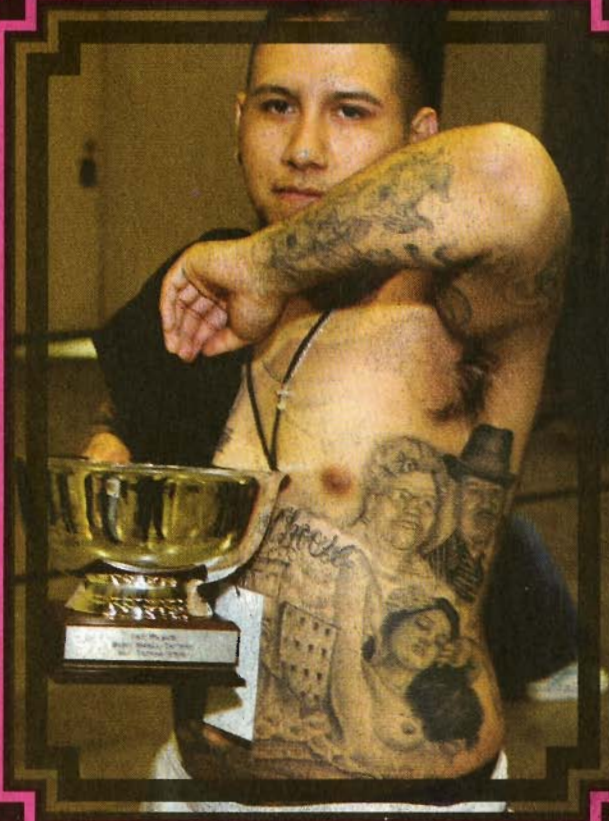
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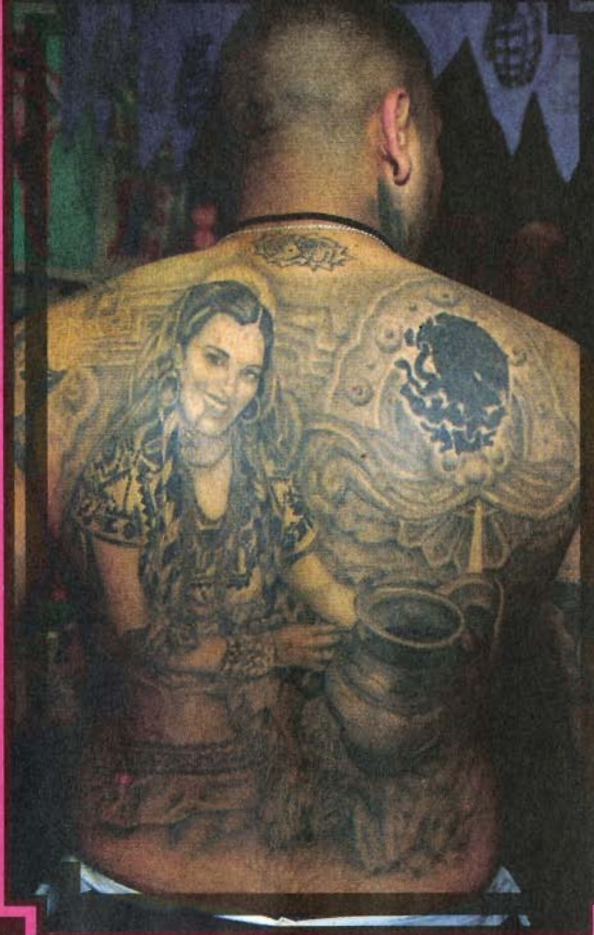
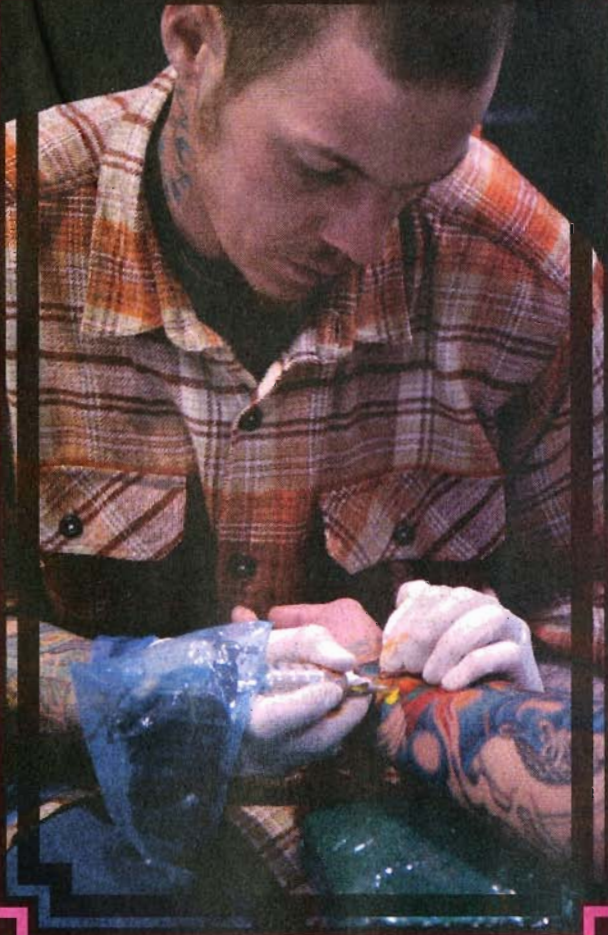




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Mental Health

b

- Mar 4th Action Action (Victory) Something for Rockets**
Remember The Tragedy X Marks A Film In The Ballroom
 - Mar 7th A Thorn For Every Heart Hit The Lights**
Boys Like Girls Keating Lightning In Alaska
 - Mar 9th Voodoo Glow Skulls (Victory)**
Phenomenonauts Super Hero Jase
 - Mar 13th Set Your Goals (Eulogy)**
Dispute More To Pride TBA
 - Mar 15th Black My Heart (Eulogy)**
Burn In Silence To Pure To Die Cassius TBA
 - Mar 21st Dead To Fall (Victory) TBA**
 - Mar 22nd Sherwood (Sidecho) Tokyo Rose (Sidecho)**
The Fold (Tooth And Nail) Alfred
 - Mar 28th Bloody Sunday (Facedown)**
War Of Ages (Strikefirst) Flea The Seen (Facedown) TBA
 - Mar 29th On The Last Day Stallins War**
Fall From Grace TBA
 - Mar 31th Showbread (Tooth And Nail/Solid State)**
Versus The Mirror (Equal Vision) Royden TBA
 - Apr 1st Six Feet Under (Metalblades) Sworn Enemy**
Job For A Cowboy Animosity Thine Eyes Bleed Clifton
 - Apr 12th Kittie The Warriors (Eulogy) Calico System (Eulogy)**
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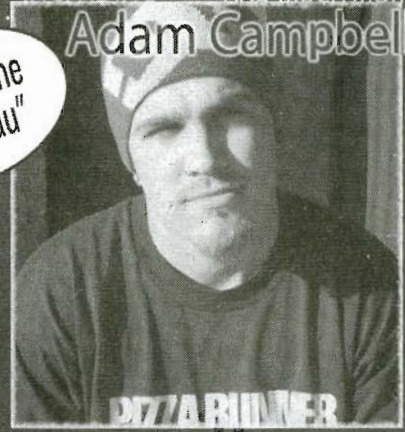
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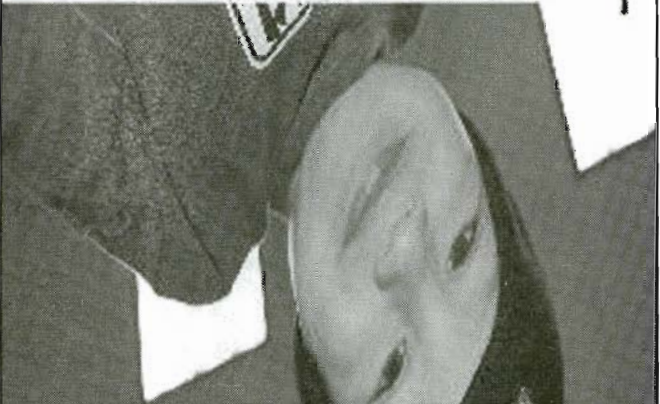
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Culture Contraption: SPEAKING EASY WITH Tony Conrad

By Erik Lopez

Tony Conrad is a man of many hats; as a musician, he made significant strides in the minimalist movement of the 1960s by pioneering the use of drone (in contrast to more well known musical minimalists such as Terry Riley and Steve Reich), as well as working with such a diverse cast of characters such as John Cale, Jack Smith and Lou Reed. In the cinematic trade, he is a pioneering structuralist filmmaker with a seminal movie, *The Flicker* (1966). Currently, Conrad teaches media studies at SUNY in Buffalo, NY. Conrad's major (and recommended releases) include *Outside the Dream Syndicate with Faust*, *Four Violins* and *Inside the Dream Syndicate, vol. 1: Day of Niagara*.

SLUG: What made you want to teach?

TC: Like a lot of young people today I wanted to get the kind of training to land a good job. When I wound up in computers and computer programming in the 1960s, I found it was really corporate and boring. I tried some kind of electronic engineering, and the next thing we did was starting to send parts to the war zone [during Vietnam]. I couldn't do that and that ruled it out for me. When I had a chance to teach, I didn't know what to do because I hadn't prepared myself to be a teacher, but I knew I could be a human being and that I could prevent people from being exposed to much BS. If I didn't know enough to teach, I could prevent the wrong stuff from being dripped into people's ears like poison. After all, I might be able to do some social good in the world. I think teaching is very constructive. I think for young people today, there are such big questions in the world that they need to think about the high point of their lives instead of the first jump off the diving board. It's a long swim. If you think about the first point you jump off and when you get out of the middle, you need to grab onto someone who will pull you along. Usually, that means you wind up marching or swimming to the beat of a corporate drummer.

SLUG: How do you feel about file-sharing and about places like *ubu.com* – do you feel it is important that this stuff be distributed for free? Does it harm the artist or other distribution networks?

TC: I started off making [music and art] and then pulling out of music and art because I felt it was too professional. It was too professionalized. When I found the underground movie scene, no one was paying attention and there was no money. It was outside, at the time, of any corporate interest and that there was a public for any of this stuff was incredible. Today it is a little different. At that time it was really outsider stuff ... but now we have the Internet and file-sharing going on, and so everything comes back and comes back into focus in a very

interesting way. Some person, like me or you, who is a little off-the-beaten-track thinks "OK, let's see what's weird out there." For instance, I type in "sex" on Google and I get completely screwed by all the spam that is coming in. That is not what I am after. I want something really weird and interesting and adventurous and exciting. Pretty soon, someone goes to *ubu.com* or some other site where there is wild and crazy music or film going on, and they find they are actually part of the scene ...

SLUG: Are you looking forward to playing the *Table of the Elements* SXSW Showcase [March 16th] with Rhys Chatham?

TC: There are a couple of the people on the tour who I have worked with before. For example, Rhys Chatham is a guy who has had such an impact on the history of music; he is barely recognized – it's incredible. Rhys was the guy who brought minimalist music to guitar rock. He has made an enormous impact on all kinds of people in the classical field, in the pop field, in the avant-garde field – all across the board. Most of the people who are most heavily influenced and affected by Rhys's music don't even know about him because he is so modest and he moved to Paris, France. Zeena Parkins is another person who is fabulous. She was one of the first people on board TOE and also one of their first releases. She was a revelation to me, and I met her at one of the first festivals they [TOE] did. She blew me away. She is an electric harp player, which doesn't tell you anything. You think [she must be an] angel, but when you see her perform, you realize that this is no angel – this is a phenomenon in motion. She bends and vibrates that harp into something that builds a kind of architecture of sound that is so dense and so unbelievably wrapped up in the curly cues of her imagination and her body, that it is almost difficult to understand what relationship it has to the harp at all.

SLUG: What new things do you have planned that are coming up? I know you are releasing *Glissandro* on TOE ... is there anything else new?

TC: I have so much stuff in the bag I would like to make available that I can't tell you what is going to come up next. I have a short piece on a private concert recording that is coming out on a festival release for the TUNE festival in Holland at the beginning of April. I am also doing some other kinds of stuff – I will be showing in the Whitney Museum's biannual show. That is completely different – film as art.

To find out more about Tony Conrad and what he is up to, go to www.tonyconrad.com



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CD REVIEWS

Akimbo

Forging Steel And Laying Stone

Alternative Tentacles

Release Date: 01.24

Akimbo = Breather Resist – the structure + Her Candane – the fun + too many time changes!

After eight years, I thought musicians would have discovered the importance of songwriting, but I was wrong. Akimbo bring the heavy riffs, good guitar and vocal tones, but no groove. Well, I guess they can get down for about 20 seconds here and there before they change the timing and try to get "technical" with it. C'mon, this is their fifth record and it just continues to devalue anything they did in the past. When the first riff hits, you get excited, and then five seconds later the next one hits and then seven seconds later and so on ... These guys must write songs for the ultimate pay-off of having someone come up and say, "Dude you rule at guitar, how do you remember all of that stuff?" They should be asking, "Dude, how does it feel to use music the way most guys use big trucks and steroids?" The only pay-off here is if you're in the band.

–Chuck Berrett

August Burns Red

Thrill Seeker

Tooth & Nail

Street: 11.08.05

ABR= something on Tooth & Nail – the wussiness of something on Tooth & Nail. There were a lot of things that initially scared me about this album. After seeing pictures of the band, I thought I had been redirected to a high school debate team's homepage. Polo shirts? Well-combed hair? Who knew? Also being that Tooth and Nail releases can be a little preachy and generic, it wasn't exactly the first label I'd go to for ballsy, intelligent hardcore. I'm always wondering if there will ever be a band to save this label from itself. Insert August Burns Red here! Picture the heavier parts of Every Time I Die's vocals mixed with the more tech-savvy musical aspects of bands like The Chariot. The best thing about them is that there are absolutely no wussy, emo harmonies ruining the continuity of the album. They may not be doing anything inventive or original, but for a band composed of 18-21 year olds, I must say ... I'm impressed! With the cynicism of "Your Little Suburbia is in Ruins" and the epic early-Dillinger Escape Planesque "The Seventh Trumpet," theirs is the sound of a band that's been around the hardcore/metal circuit for quite some time. They've caught some major

attention straight out of the gate; here's hoping they can keep it for the rest of their run. –Jesiko Medici

Belle and Sebastian

The Life Pursuit

Matador Records

Street: 02.07

Belle and Sebastian = The Kinks + Arthur Lee + Sly and the Family Stone



Produced by Tony Hoffer (who produced Air, Supergrass and Beck's *Midnite Vultures*) and full of horns, hand claps and double-entendres, Belle and Sebastian's seventh album *The Life Pursuit* is a continuation and improvement upon the direction they started going with 2003's *Dear Catastrophe Waitress*, turning that previous effort into a transitional piece. This is the first time I've heard Belle and Sebastian throw psychedelic soul into their music – "Song for Sunshine" – and they've tightened up their 1960s concept-album sound. They've caught some sort of from-beyond-the-grave Marc Bolan boogie fever that many B&S purists seem to scoff at, preferring their 1996 *If You're Feeling Sinister*-era shy, pretty baroque pop. Sure, *The Life Pursuit* may be more accessible to the mainstream, but it proves B&S have the chops to bust out with irrepressible buoyancy and funky, pappy songs deserving of your attention – and who could believe they've been keeping that Peter Frampton-style guitar solo under wraps for so long? –Jamila Roehrig

BITTER:SWEET

The Mating Game

Quango Music

Street 03.07

BITTER:SWEET = Esthero + Black Box Recorder + Zero 7 + Moloko + Sneaker Pimps + Portishead + Late Goldfrapp + a slew of other trip-hop

It's a problem when promotional information is all about the

serendipitous story of the album's creation (Moloko's story is better anyway) instead of the music. BITTER:SWEET's (where do they get off using a colon like that anyway?) debut album has soulful R&B, funky instrumental work and a sense of humor. Really, though, that's all it's got. I could put about 15 more bands in that equation and I would be so right. And all those bands are better, were released first and are less poppy. Yeah, I know, three strikes. But this album has a playfulness that's more genuine than Black Box Recorder's gentle humor, and that kittenish flipping-of-hair comes through. So, basically, if you want one more band in the ever-expanding canon of chick trip-hop, check it out. If you've already got two of the above bands, though, you'll just be bored.

–A to the J to the Jepsen

Bullet For My Valentine

The Poison

Trustkill

Street: 02.14

Bullet For My Valentine = Killswitch Engage + As I Lay Dying + Caliban + Atreyu

Never judge a book by its cover. The band's name may suggest some wimpy screamo band., but this record dishes a slap-in-the-face, full of aggression. Incorporating the leads into the meaty riffs, shows-up many of the post-hardcore bands of today. Hook, line and sinker, BFMV reel the listener in, making for a catch of the day. Predictably, the record came out on Valentine's Day – yeah, that wasn't planned. All emo-ness aside, the clean and gruff vocals mix well, complementing each other. A band may have a name that suggests one thing, but the music portrays something entirely different. –Byrer Wharton

Catacombs

In The Depths Of R'Lyeh

Moribund

Street: 02.21

Catacombs = skepticism + My Dying Bride

Are you afraid of the dark? Then stay out of the catacombs. The band's sole creator, Xathagorra Mlandroth (say that five times fast), has been dabbling in music for a while with his band Hierophant. One thing is for sure, if you are in a good mood, don't pop this sucker in or it will drain the life force right out of you. It's steamroller slow, with Cookie Monster vocals echoing like some sad demon stuck in hell. One can easily get lost in the dark realm of this netherworld, seeking out some light only to be drowned out by more

darkness. This isn't everyone's cup of tea. Extreme doom-metal isn't the most accessible form of metal, but those who enjoy wallowing in their own self-pity and hatred will fall further into the murkiness that this music has to offer. –Byrer Wharton

Coulier

Vibin'

Street: 02.07

Stickfigure/Poopduty

Coulier = Terra Melos + The Mars Volta – a fucking clue

I am the first guy to love any release that requires a respectable IQ to listen to. I love the antics of artists such as Mike Patton, Captain Beefheart and Zappa – and yes, their work has been considered complexly bizarre. This record is also complex and strange in that "kid who dressed weird in high school to get attention" way, but it has no core. There are impressive guitar leads – even dueling leads – and a great deal of promising ideas, but they are all bastardized by the simple rule of making something listenable. This record is not a composition, nor is it cohesive whatsoever. This record is metal riffs played in jazz timing, blindsided by electro funk, sodomized by quirky vocal interjections, and all-around molested by talented musicians who can write music, but can't write songs. When I saw the layout; I was sure I was going to love this, but the back might as well be nothing but the cover in this case. –Chuck Berrett

Crime In Stereo

The Troubled Stateside

Nitra Records

Street: 04.18

Crime in Stereo = Silent Majority + Lifetime + NYC + Pop - Crappiness

If all the mall-punk kids listened to Lifetime, Silent Majority, Dag Nasty and Grey Area, they'd be listening to Crime in Stereo instead of that drivell on the radio. Imagine if the melding of pop-punk and hardcore didn't suck. Crime in Stereo did that, and they've produced a fine album. It's not quite up to par with *The Contract* or *Explosives and the Will to Use Them*, but it'll still be a kick in the pants to a genre that went stale about six years ago. Crime in Stereo's guitar lines are complex, weaving in and out, and they're not as hurried this time. Being a little more developed, they allow the listener more of a chance to grasp onto the melody lines. The slower songs on the record are the weak points – not because they're slow, but because they

CD REVIEWS

sound more run-of-the-mill than the rest of the material. All in all a fine effort, and a good debut on Nitro after the move from Blackout. —Peter Fryer

Drawn and Quartered

Hail Infernal Darkness

Moribund

Street: 01.31

Drawn and Quartered = Morbid Angel + Immolation + Deeds of Flesh

Death metal can be a touchy genre, especially now that bands are a dime a dozen. What has come out as of late usually turns into a Morbid Angel tribute. Drawn and Quartered have been around for over 10 years, so they can say they've been around the block. Alas, Drawn and Quartered follow the standard routine, playing mid-paced death metal, with guttural vocals and tar-thick riffing and the occasional solo bursting forth. I hate to knock a band's bio, but when you are using the fact that the band is "evil," as a selling point, you know you're getting desperate. —Bryer Wharton

Eastern Youth

365 - step blues

Five One Inc.

Street: 03.21.06

Eastern Youth = Get Up Kids + Jimmy Eat World + Against Me! (in Japanese)

Eastern Youth have accomplished more than most struggling, hardworking bands here in the United States. They have toured with the late, great At the Drive-In, Jimmy Eat World and Cursive, (they released a split CD with them). They also released their own U.S. debut album, *What Can You See From Your Place*, in 2003 — and they don't even sing in English. Formed in Japan in 1988, Eastern Youth have paid their dues by releasing powerful albums and becoming a force to be reckoned with at home; they are also quickly becoming something to keep an eye on here in the U.S. The fact that they don't sing a single word in English amazingly doesn't affect the quality of their music in the slightest. Each song on *365 - step blues* has a different feel and the vocals, sung in Japanese, slap your curiosity around, making you wonder what it is you don't understand that sounds so interesting and enticing. It leaves you thinking that maybe you'd rather not know, because being ignorant never sounded so good. —Jeremy C. Wilkins

Emergency Broadcast System

S/T EP

Coastal Ghost Records

Street: 03.01

Emergency Broadcast System = Fugazi + New Order

The first three tracks on this EP are standard and frankly forgettable indie rock songs; it's not that they aren't solid tunes, but that they are just indistinguishable from the legions of other acts out there. The first songs, "The Countess," doesn't convince you that this new band is a standout, but by the second half of the album they seem to pick up momentum and develop a few fine ideas. The fourth track, "The Stones They Throw," builds from a simple melodic guitar line that reaches a *Do Make Say Think* crescendo. From here on out, the songs have much more guts and individuality. Apart from the guitar sounds that you're used to, they also utilize the harmonic, high-end delay style that U2's *The Edge* invented in the 80s. It's only in the last few minutes of the album that they manage to get where they should have been from the beginning. —Spencer Jenkins

A Global Threat

Where the Sun Never Sets

BYO Records

Street: 02.07

A Global Threat = The Boils + The Unseen + Clit 45

After listening to this album I seriously thought about ripping my A Global Threat patch off my jacket and burning the damned thing. The songs on this album are as stagnant as the water that flooded New Orleans. *Where the Sun Never Sets* isn't nearly as fast as their previous releases and the screechy vocals found on *What the Fuck Will Change* have been replaced with a much deeper and blander set. The only decent song on the album is "The Running Man." If A Global Threat are going to keep releasing such mediocre albums, maybe it is time for them to retire. Count me out of the AGT crew. —Jeanette Moses

Ghostigital

In Cod We Trust

Ipecac Recordings

Street: 03.07

Ghostigital = Dalek + KUKL + Legendary Pink Dots + not as good as you'd like

Let's do this in second person: You put this in your CD player and you hear rhythmic static. You think, okay, noise influence. The first track is a little scary.

You're honest with yourself, you can admit that your eyebrows get a little heavy. The frantic, sampled vocals, high pitched and groting, make you worried. Then the hip-hop rhymes drop in, which sound pretty alright. Second track: Woit, the vocals aren't sampled, they're just irritating throughout the whole album. You realize that this album sounds like a mash-up at its worst. It's heavy, slow, methodic hip-hop thrown onto a noise album. The noise album's great, the hip-hop's good; but shit, you think, they just don't work together. You wish — oh, you wish — Ghostigital had just made one disc instead of two. You sigh, find disquiet and disappointment in your chest, write this and put on Dolek. —A Jimmy J

Glissandro 70

S/T

Constellation

Street Date: 03.07

Glissandro 70 = classic minimalist composers + The Microphones + the evolution of Constellation

The Constellation label is responsible for possibly the most wandering, messy (yet addictive) post-rock music known to man. But they're also heavier on the non-complacent artist than business types, so it's no surprise to hear someone like Glissandro 70 on the roster. While the tenuous duo (Sandro Perri of Palma Polpo and Craig Dunsmuir of Guitarkestra) do visit strange territories, they focus their work on largely pulse-oriented and pastoral explorations. Single guitar notes are lovingly tweaked (digitally) and layered alongside birdcalls; Amazonian war cries make friends with shakers, detuned cello drones and quasi-funk riffs; Perri and Dunsmuir turn chants (credited as "inspired by" Talking Heads and Juan Atkins tracks) into rhythmic beds over which they serve echoing wah-wah notes and bubbling electronics. For the closer, "End West," they snatch elements from the previous pieces for a 13-minute finale, something one might call "boot-stomping" or "trancey," or any number of lazy descriptions. As oddball as all this seems, the result is a very tasteful, gorgeous, listenable disc full of nooks and crannies you won't catch until 30 listens in. Yes, that is a guarantee that you won't tire of it for at least that long. —Dave Madden

Good Clean Fun

Between Christian Rock and a Hard Place

Equal Vision Records

Street: 01.24

Good Clean Fun = the anti-Jars of Clay

The appeal of Good Clean Fun has always resided in their humor, not in their musical chops. Little has changed musically for the band in the last few years. For those unfamiliar, here's a crash course: DC Straight-Edge vegan band whose entire purpose is paying homage to bonds of yore and putting the "ho" back in hardcore. Unfortunately, much has changed in the world in the last few years since GCF's last release, and their relevance to the scene, the world, and politics is somehow off. With the Middle East in total upheaval and an administration that shamelessly admits to illegal activity, GCF has bigger topics to tackle than those found in old tracks like "Sweet Tooth" and "Who Shares Wins." "Drug War" really sums up the new mentality with the line "You know it's bad when the straight-edge kid is the one saying legalize." Things are far from black and white these days, and consciousness is moving past simple scene critiques. It's not nostalgia for a simpler, funnier Good Clean Fun that I'm really after, but of a simpler funnier time, period, where bands like Good Clean Fun are more at home. —Peter Fryer

Gram Rabbit

Cultivation

Stinky Records

Street Date: 04.18

Gram Rabbit = Starlight Mints + Stone Temple Pilots + H.R. Pufnstuf + Hannah Marcus + Gorilla Sleepytime Museum

Just because you are attractive and female does not mean that producing 'cute' electro-pop that reads like a psychedelic children's book is anything but shit in a blender. I could probably go on and on about how they used interesting noises and instruments to create bullshit soundscapes or something along those lines, but I am not going to do that. *Cultivation* falls underneath the 'who cares' category of art — music created on a very personal level that is a muddy mess of chlamydia-infested whore poetry. Learn a thing or two about writing (and songwriting) before entering the studio, you out-of-touch assholes. Maybe if everyone just ignores this band they will go away. —Ryan Powers

Gregor Samsa

55:12

The Kora Records

Release Date: 03.07

Gregor Samsa = Low + Red Sparrows + Carissa's Weird

Gregor Samsa makes music to dream to. It's hard to say whether these would be sweet dreams or terrifying nightmares, but there is a hazy fog which rolls over their songs that I've only experienced in sleep. Much like experimental giants Mogwai, Gregor Samsa lures the listener in with lush, off-kilter beauty, only to abuse him with overpowering blows of amplified whispers. From Richmond, Virginia, Gregor Samsa are a four piece, multi-layered force full of male/female vocal dynamics and perfectly chaotic strings. Fans of *Godspeed You Black Emperor* epic style and confused sadness will find sanctuary in this full-length follow-up to their two previous EPs. —Chuck Berrett

Guajiro

Guajiro EP

Achola/Long Beach Records

Street: 03.06

Guajiro = the Spanish language + The Ramones – genuineness

According to the promotional sticker on the front of Guajiro's EP, they have successfully "put Latin fervor and '77 spirit back into punk music." Come on, was there ever Latin fervor in punk music? And putting the '77 spirit back into punk music? That's a pretty hefty statement to be making. I don't recall any punk from the 1977-era throwing out songs in Spanish and "Espanglish," as it termed by Guajiro when they sing both Spanish and English. Maybe there was some sort of punk revolution in Spanish-speaking countries back in '77 and I've just never heard about it because I'm an ignorant Coucasion. Regardless of Spanish punk and the '77 spirit, this EP is somewhere between the radio-friendly, pseudo-punk Guajiro claims not to be and the music that plays in *Beto's 24/7*. The songs sung strictly in Spanish aren't nearly as ridiculous as the others, but they don't have the attitude Guajiro claims. When listening to the *Guajiro EP*, it is hard to take it seriously and to not laugh out loud. There may be some kind of Latin fervor going on, but there isn't any '77 spirit. —Jeremy C. Wilkins

Hacavitz

Venganza

Moribund

Street: 01.31

Hacavitz = Incantation + Immolation + Krisiun

Do you crave brutal death-metal that doesn't suck? Look no further, Hacavitz has come to lay claim. Speed is the game, no mid-paced tunes here – just straight-up blasting. The raw production only adds to the band's cult status.

Enduring line-up change after line-up change, the group finally found a happy meeting of musicians and set forth to record *Venganza*. Words like "uncompromising," "devastating" and "slaughtering" can describe what Hacavitz has to offer. This is sure to be an acclaimed death-metal release. Music fans who don't listen to the genre much can still get drawn into the raw, harsh emotion the band displays. —Bryer Wharton

Hell is For Heroes

Transmit Disrupt

Epitaph/Burning Heart Records

Street: 02.21

Hell is For Heroes = Radiohead + Thursday

Thankfully, Hell is For Heroes signed a worldwide record deal with Burning Heart Records to make *Transmit Disrupt* available to the United States – not just to the folks in the UK. On the front and back cover of *Transmit Disrupt* is a picture of smothering fog and tree-laden hills in black and white with an overwhelming gray hue and same kind of transmitting tower, barely visible, on the far-off hills. The cover art appropriately depicts the dark, somber mood and complexity of the album. To get all Hell is For Heroes has to offer on their second release, it takes some contemplative listening and being able to lie down, close your eyes and let it all sink in. From slow beats and soft, stomach-churning vocals, too loud guitars and chaotic noise with screaming, this album is a real treat. —Jeremy C. Wilkins

I Love You But I've Chosen Darkness

Fear is On Our Side

Secretly Canadian

Street: 03.07

I Love You But I've Chosen Darkness = dark-phase New Order (and all of their influences) + Interpol

Can a band with a name like I Love You But I've Chosen Darkness really stand the test of time? Can you say ILYBICD? That's a mouthful, but the music is gosh-darn catchy, and it builds in the essence of all those who praise the glorious new wave of Joy Division, The Cure and maybe even some shoegaze, *o la My Bloody Valentine*. They are also on Secretly Canadian, the label that brought us such wonderful Midwestern rock as The Impossible Shapes and *Swearing at Motorists*. This rock is moody and atmospheric; you know what you are getting into the second you put it in your CD player. If these guys were from New York, they might be Interpol. But they're from Austin, Texas, second coolest city in the U.S., so they know how the slow slurring of guitars blends into the sun, or some crap like that. Luckily, they like synthesizers as much as the rest of the world, and they use them, but not in the I-grew-up-on-Yes-

in-the-80s way. It's more in the Depeche Mode-rocks-and-you-know-it-way.

—Judy Nelson

Ironbound NYC

With a Brick

Thorp Records

Street: 01.24

Ironbound = Sick of It All + Agnostic Front + Cro Mags

It's nice of this band to let everyone know where they're from; I guess if it were Ironbound SLC, it wouldn't have the same concept. All cheesiness aside, the record is a good throwback to the old-school NYC hardcore sound. There are positives and negatives on this album. The style of old-school NYC hardcore that the band plays is true to its predecessors, but the band tries way too hard at being what they are by playing the NYC theme to death. Fans of older Sick of It All will most likely dig this record; technically, it could be called a side project of the band, since it includes two members. —Bryer Wharton

Kataklysm

In the Arms of Devastation

Nuclear Blast

Street: 02.24

Kataklysm = the northern hyper-blast. Curious as to what the northern hyper-blast is? Well, it's a term the Canadian band has stuck to for quite a while. Does it mean their brand of death-metal is different from the others? Yes and no. The group has been a staple in the death-metal scene for years, consistently putting out decent records. *In the Arms of Devastation* sees the band in a more dynamic state than usual. That means more solos, varied riffing, tempo changes and a modification of the standard blast-beat. Kataklysm may not exercise any experimentation, but damned if they don't continue to lay some serious ass. —Bryer Wharton

Krisiun

AssassiNation

Century Media

Street: 02.21

Krisiun = death-metal from the bowels of Brazil

Brazil has a knack for producing some great metal bands, Krisiun being one of them. From the early days of raw, relentless speed to newer groove-intermittent yet still-fast death metal, the band has been pushing pure gold (minus one stinker, *Ageless Venomous*, a production mistake that ruined the whole record). *AssassiNation* marks a mixture of the band's style from their amazing technicality and speed to contagion and indulgence in sonic excess. Fortunately, I had the chance to see the band live a while back, an equally insane band onstage as on record. Imagine cramming your cranium into a blender set on puree and you have an idea of what Krisiun can do. —Bryer Wharton

Last Laugh

No Regrets

Suburban Noize Records

Street: 02.21

Last Laugh = Unwritten Law + Ten Foot Pole + early No Use For a Name + Pennywise + Rise Against

On *No Regrets*, Last Laugh's sophomore attempt, they wanted to mix the 90s California skate-punk sound with their own. This wasn't a good idea. I once got paid to drink a mixture of water, ketchup and pepper and when I wasn't looking a friend poured an entire salt shaker into the glass. For the next 45 minutes I threw up, followed by uncontrollable dry-heaving. With this in mind, I'm not sure why Last Laugh tried to bring back the 90s skate-punk sound and tried to make it their own by adding in some Rise Against-type screaming. The 90s skate-punk sound wasn't ever that good anyway, and that's why we now refer to it by using a time period; because it's over. Pennywise will put out a record here and there, but we all know that scene is hanging on by a pinky finger that should be stepped on to ensure its ends. It's hard to listen to Last Laugh's identity crisis on this album; they're not sure whether they want to sound like Pennywise or Rise Against or Unwritten Law. Listening to *No Regrets* doesn't feel as bad as continuous throwing up and dry-heaving, but it doesn't feel good either. —Jeremy C. Wilkins

The Lawrence Arms

Oh! Calcutta!

Fat Wreck Chords

Street: 03.07

The Lawrence Arms = 30footFALL + Against Me! + a hint of Axl Rose

The Lawrence Arms have really outdone themselves with *Oh! Calcutta!* Song after song, my eardrums were screaming to hear more and hear it at irresponsibly high decibel levels. Listening to TLA at home, in the car or on the iPod gives the same feeling of intensity as seeing your favorite band live. As of November 27 of last year, TLA played their 756th show, so they've had a few practice runs to get to where they are with *Oh! Calcutta!*, their third release with Fat Wreck Chords and fifth release overall. The blended vocals of Brenden and Chris work together like pico de galla on a *Beto's burrito*, satisfying that 2 a.m. craving. 12 songs in 33.9 minutes are enough, but a few more wouldn't have hurt. Aside from their music, TLA's strong opinions of politics and contempt for President Bush have given them publicity from *The Daily Show* with Jon Stewart this past year, and their speaking out against the *Van's Warped Tour* (while touring with it) got them booted off the tour. Listen up, because these outspoken Chicago natives have something to say and demand to be heard.

—Jeremy C. Wilkins

The Loved Ones

Keep Your Heart

Fat Wreck Chords

Street: 02.21

The Loved Ones = One Hit Wonder + Bruce Springsteen going punk

Question: What do you get when you combine vocals and guitar from The Curse, boss from Kid Dynamite and drums from Trial By Fire? Answer: The Loved Ones. Dave Hause, Michael Cotterman and Mike Sneringer all shared the some record label (Jade Tree, where they also released their first EP) while in post bands and already knew each other, making it easy for them to form The Loved Ones. The band, still in its infancy, was able to get out on the road and play with the likes of The Bouncing Souls, Hot Water Music and Alkaline Trio. If you're a fan of the band members' prior bands, don't buy *Keep Your Heart* expecting it to sound like post efforts. They seem to have gone down the same path traveled by many, using a simple recipe of punk chords, drum beats and throaty vocals to help them along. There's nothing remarkable on this album; they're not breaking the sound barrier, curing cancer or solving world hunger, but there's something about *Keep Your Heart* that sucks me in like a black hole. Maybe they are just damn fine music chefs and know how to follow a successful recipe; whatever they're doing, it works. —Jeremy C. Wilkins

Machinemade God

The Infinity Complex

Metal Blade

Street: 03.21

Machinemade God = Lamb of God + Scars of Tomorrow + dull and uninspired

It is no question that *The Infinity Complex* is this German group's debut album. Lacking originality and playing skills that don't quite measure up, Machinemade God descend into the depths of hardcore. Lacking emotion and heart, it seems the group is running the gauntlet of what many other bands are doing. There may be some nice breakdowns and whatnot, but ultimately it won't save the band. How these copycat bands keep getting signed ... who knows? Metal Blade has had a knack for signing crappy hardcore and metal-core bands, jumping on the bondwagon a bit too late. —Bryer Wharton

Magiccada

Everyone is Everyone

Public Guilt

Street: 02.28

Magiccada = Polmo Polpo + field recording + moaning

There is that great Talking Heads number ("Nothing but Flowers") about nature's mimesis of culture and technology ("once there were parking lots; now it's a peaceful oasis"). If the middle stages of that fictional

process, the rapid growth of vines and shooting of springs catalyzing the snapping and stretching of rebar and concrete, were lacking a 68-minute CD accompaniment, they are no longer. Christopher White, the Atlanta-based artist behind *Magiccada*, effectively juxtaposes an overall tectonic sensibility with multifarious emotive cadences. This is music that works best at its slowest and it stays there for the most part. Dreadfully, the vocal contributions are nothing short of obnoxious, though they are few and far between. Along similar lines, "I Demand My Fucking Cloud," described by the artist as the best non-sequitur to yell out a car window, is stupid. The album survives, but why let talk spoil good art? —Guantonomo J

MONO

You Are There

Temporary Residence Ltd.

Street: 4.11.06

MONO = Do Say Make Think + Explosions in the Sky + Mogwai

Quiet part. Loud part. Repeat. Add some pretentious song titles and no singing. Yep, MONO is post-rock all right. And although post-rock is awfully formulaic nowadays, MONO keep it fresh with some nice Steve Albini production and the fact that they're all Japanese (that makes all music a little better, no?). Also, one of the band members is named Yodo. I shit you not. I'm sure all of this context will make this CD neat fuck music for people who subscribe to Adbusters, but regardless, it really does rock. —Bob Leavitt

No Trigger

Canyoneer

Nitro Records

Street: 03.27

No Trigger = Minor Threat + Lifetime
Musical genres have become so diluted nowadays (a little post-punk-metal-screamo-polka-core anyone?) that a return to roots is in order. Enter No Trigger. The straight-ahead rhythm of *Canyoneer* bulldozes ahead with technical guitars backing cat-o-nine-tails vocals that whip your ass into shape while pushing aside all the filler. The music begs no questions, the talent speaks for itself. No namby-pamby songs here folks, these guys mean business. —Shane Farver

The Ocean

Aeolian

Metal Blade

Street: 03.07

The Ocean = Old Man Gloom + Neurosis + Converge + Coalesce + Breach

Avast ye mateys, sail this sea for one hell of a ride! By the end you will be puking your brains out from the brush waves of sound. This is one release this year that must be listened to. Mixing the best of many bands, yet still staying original, *Aeolian* is the heavier of a

twin release, *Fluxion*, both of which were recorded from January 2004 to July 2005. It's crushing, yet sneaks in melodies when least expected. *Aeolian* prepares to blow some eardrums right out of the water. Making things even better, the record features a slew of guest appearances including Tomas Hallbom of Breach, Nate Newton of Converge and ex-Coalesce vocalist Sean Ingram, all talented vocalists in their respected fields. —Bryer Wharton

One Dead Three Wounded

Paint the Town

1x1 Music

Street: 01.24

One Dead Three Wounded = Turmoil + Darkest Hour = At the Gates

Technically, *Paint the Town* is not a new release. The record is getting the re-release treatment by 1x1 Music, due to the lack of promotion and availability of the record from their prior label.

The Philly quintet has come up with an inventive form of metal-core, which, for the most part, is entertaining. The music isn't breakdown based, like many hardcore and metal-core acts. It's on the brink of lead-worthy metal, but with hardcore and a Southern edge tinting the release. Also incorporated is a strong melodic death-metal sound. According to vocalist Tim Zahodski, the band's live show is stronger than the music on CD. "You can never recreate the same feeling," Zahodski said. "A recording will never compare to the emotions that come off live." —Bryer Wharton

Picket Line

Chapter: End

Self-released

Street: 05.02

Picket Line = Tool + screamo

Picket Line has perfected the art of the "drive-by," and is ready to do as many drive-bys as needed to get people to listen to them. Their venue-on-wheels is a trailer which converts into a stage by dropping down the sides like a secret passage from *Indiana Jones*. On top of the trailer is a stage floor and there are two 32" plasma monitors on either side of the stage. Sadly, I can't recommend *Chapter: End*, Picket Line's debut release, even though there are a few stand-out songs, like "Mid-Air Narcolepsy" and "S.L.E.E.P." At first, I found myself impressed with the soothing vocals laced with shrieking, vocal-chord straining screams and the soft-at-times, hard-at-times instrumentals. However, when given a closer listen a few days later, I was not nearly as stoked. All I could hear was Maynard James Keenan and Tool with a screamo twist, not too surprising considering producers Kale Holmes and Sylvia Massy Shivy have worked with Tool. With a few more listens I did start to hear more individuality and began to like *Chapter: End* for what it is: a first album. So while I can't say go out and

buy this album, try not to miss a drive-by-performance. —Jeremy C. Wilkins

P.O.S

Audition

Rhymesayers Entertainment

Street: 01.31

P.O.S = Doomtree + Baxter + Cardinal Sinners

On first listen, you'd like to pigeon-hole this album, wouldn't you? Well, you shouldn't. P.O.S is something of a hybrid between punk rock and hip-hop, but it's so much more than that. Some tracks are downbeat and ethereal, horrific and intense, effortless and canny, with political punch lines that are "murky at best." However, as experimentally grobbag as this record seems, it is also filled with enough substance to go around the table. P.O.S's (a.k.a. Pissed Off Steph, Piece Of Shit, Promise Of Stress, and other colorful names) music is different from anything else on the Rhymesayers label, and compelling enough to carve its own way into your face and leave it in ribbons, because frankly, that's all they want to do. With an exuberance of other MCs/vocal percussionists like Slug of Atmosphere, Greg Attonito of Bouncing Souls and Craig Finn of The Hold Steady, *Audition* gets to come back to my ears for another listen. —Lance Saunders

Psychic Paramount

The Franco-Italian Tour

Public Guilt

Street: 02.28

Psychic Paramount = Laddio Blocko + Khanate + Acid Mothers Temple + Vibracathedral Orchestra

Pitchfork Media blandly states that "these guys know what they're doing." Sure, Pitchfork, sure. That's easy enough. But if you really listened to them you could make many more animated metaphors that would have the chance to get used on a press sheet, such as "if my cock could drum, if Jamie Lee Curtis' clit could play bass and if Astor Piazzola could shred like a goblin with herpes — that would be the insanelly dusted and dangerous sound of..." But in all honesty, this release mixes the killer cocktail (set on destroy) rock of Circle blended with the wobbly anticipation of (insert noise bond) to create a dirty and derogatory potion of unpredictability. I give this release 8.4 pitchforks out of 10. —Erik Lopez

The Radio Beats

Ready To Shake

Big Neck Records

Street: 12.27.05

Radio Beats = Teengenerate + Devil Dogs

What you've got here is your basic, no-frills, three-chord, lo-fi, move-the-furniture-out-on-the-lawn, party-down, drunken hip-shake garage-trash. There's nothing entirely new or innovative about it, but there doesn't

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always have to be. It's not going to start a revolution, that's not what the Radio Beats are out to do. *Ready To Shake*, in all its 90s generic-isms, is a fun record and sometimes that's all that really matters. The Devil Dogs are on obvious reference point and the fact that Steve Baise from said 90s luminaries recorded this sucker only adds to that. The guitars are totally in-the-red with the fuzz notched up all the way, the rhythm section is tight, and the vocals are pushed back into the mix, giving the recording that live-in-a-stinky-low-ceiling-basement feel that makes me all warm inside. Shit, I can practically smell the beer. —Jared T. Soper

Remembering Never

God Save Us

Ferret Records

Street: 02.21

Remembering Never = metalcore act 101 + political consciousness



Metal, hardcore, punk and metal-core acts are adept at recycling; it's what keeps these genres alive. The appeal of these styles of music lies in familiar textures, themes, progressions, time changes, etc. You can see breakdowns, double-time parts and lyrical content coming from a mile away. It's the reason they've managed to stay around for such a long time — there is little risk in understanding most bands of these genres. Remembering Never is politically charged metal-core. There doesn't have to be much more of a review. The production quality of this CD is top notch, and the lyrics are decent, describing varying topics like war, racism, vegetarianism and gay marriage. The time breakdowns get repetitive after awhile, but originality doesn't seem to be the goal of Remembering Never. Gone are most of the singing parts from previous releases, but they are peppered throughout the CD adds moments of interest. *God Save Us* is not a musically interesting record, but its positive messages, filtered through a negative outlook, are its redeeming quality. If you need something to shower-mash to in the morning, this would do the trick.

—Peter Fryer

The Robocop Kraus

They Think They Are The Robocop Kraus

Epitaph

Street: 02.21

The Robocop Kraus = The B52s + The Talking Heads + Zom Zoms

I find this album frustrating — on the verge of something interesting — occasionally capturing the nuances of bands such as No-Fi Soul Rebellion or LCD Soundsystem, but mostly sucking the listener in only to break their heart with indistinguishable tracks and the least catchy hooks since Sir-Mix-A-Lot's B-sides. Sure, it's got sassy parts, vibrato beepy parts, and even some Talking Heads-ish parts — but it isn't solid. The B52s-style vocals (you know, that annoying guy) aren't helping too much; and the repetitive, formulaic songwriting style led me to believe the CD had already played twice, when it was still on track seven. Unfortunately, as this is the fourth album from this group, I don't see them progressing much further. Maybe they used to be good. —Ryan Powers

Shoplifting

Body Stories

Kill Rock Stars

Street: 03.21

Shoplifting = Porno for Pyros + Chromatics + Subdivision

Another all-star band of sorts, the members of Shoplifting do not stray too far from their roots (Soiled Doves, Chromatics, The Gossip). Abstract staccato guitar carries a dischordant rhythm behind a haunting chorus of chants and screaming, creating a sound similar to the latest Chromatics release. Excruciatingly more dynamic and interesting than 99 percent of other new music, its similarities to other projects can be overlooked; *Body Stories* creates an authentically unique atmosphere set somewhere between obelisks of reverb and cannibalistic rhythms. Most importantly, this effect is achieved using a simple arrangement of instruments — relying on innovation rather than technology. How novel. —Ryan Powers

The Sounds

Dying to Say This to You

New Line Records

Street Date: 04.15

The Sounds = Blondie + Britney Spears + Hot Hot Heat + The Faint



Dying to Say This to You is excitingly vanilla in tone, and I don't mean the fancy vanilla with the little black specks, I mean the boring white vanilla that comes freezer-burnt in one-gallon tubs. Don't get me wrong, the album isn't entirely inedible; the production is flawless and the lead vocals are sexy (despite the Mickey Mouse Club-meets-Wham! lyrics). The Sounds are branded as an exceedingly pretentious band, perhaps because they can do everything wrong (cheesy pop-punk structures, awful lyrics, boring everything else) and still produce moderate dance music, something that every dance club needs. When else are you supposed to go to the bathroom, buy a drink or perhaps ditch that drunk girl drooling pussy snot all over your new jeans? —Ryan Powers

Sparks

Hello Young Lovers

In The Red

Street: 03.13

Sparks = Queen + Irving Berlin + The Beatles circa *The White Album*

"All I do now is dick around," spouts Russell Mael in the opening of this quirky pop masterpiece. And dick around they do, on 10 tracks of brilliant left-field tales of picking up chicks by using metaphors, being waterproof and more. *Hello Young Lovers* marks the Mael brothers' twentieth album and the first for L.A. garage-punk forerunners In The Red. In their ever-relentless, under-documented quest to keep pop music interesting, they decided to abandon the rulebook entirely. In recording the album, Sparks locked themselves and their touring band (which now includes Steve McDonald of the legendary Red Kross on bass) in their L.A. studio for a few months, shut themselves off from outside influences and essentially created in a vacuum. Containing moments of melodious beauty, complete with strings and Ron Mael's distinct piano-plunking as well as times of balls-out dissonance, this album hints at the Sparks of old but as a whole is

an entirely new creature. So, does it work? Shit yeah! Few bands these days are turning rock 'n' roll on its head as distinctly as these guys, not to mention any band that has been together for more than 30 years. This is the smartest record of the year! —Jared T. Soper

Terrestrial Tones

Dead Drunk

Paw Tracks

Street: 02.02

Terrestrial Tones = Black Dice + Animal Collective

I know that equation up there is pretty literal. You saw that and said, "Terrestrial Tones is just Dave Portner (Avey Tare of Animal Collective) and Eric Copeland (of Black Dice). That equation is worthless." I say, "Hey, man! That's exactly what this sounds like. It has all the cantankerous electro clomp of *Broken Ear Record* and the forgotten spaz of *Here Comes the Indian*. It is, literally and figuratively, a meeting of minds." Then you say, "Why are you quoting yourself in a review?" I will become uncomfortable and thrust the copy of *Dead Drunk* I'm holding at your chest and scurry away, not to be seen for a fortnight. Later that evening you will listen to that bizarrely acquired CD and say, "He was right." —Guantanamo

The Television Personalities

My Dark Places

Damino Records

Street: 3.7.06

Television Personalities = Syd Barrett + Wesley Willis + Pavement

Dan Treacy, singer/songwriter of the Television Personalities, has spent the last eight years dealing with mental illness, homelessness, drug addiction and a prison sentence. Who would've thought that the man that introduced irony to punk, invented the genre of twee, and recorded several must-have records would have a life mirroring that of Ol' Dirty Bastard? Yet, unlike ODB, the TVPs comeback record does not make you wish for a relapse. For this is no charity album from a once-great musician—this is simply a very good record. The TVPs were always simultaneously too ironic to embarrass themselves and too real to be quickly glossed over. And after nearly a decade of inactivity, Treacy's songwriting is still great: the perfect blend of humor, darkness and pop cheekiness that has always made the TVPs both sad and a lot of fun. —Bob Leavitt

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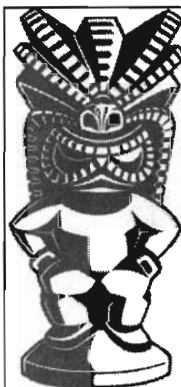
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Friday March 3rd - Art of Kanly

Saturday March 4th - Rune

Sunday March 11th - Millicent
w/ Only Begotten Son

Friday March 17th - Mothercity

Saturday March 18 - Corner Pocket,
Amber Alert

Saturday March 25th - In Camera,
I Am the Ocean, Her Candane

CD REVIEWS

Test Icicles

For Screening Purposes Only

Domino
Street: 02.02

Test Icicles = Blood Brothers + any hair metal band + anything out of the UK in the past year + a dash of old-school hip hop



Let's get this out of the way – Test Icicles are England's hot new band this week. It's possible you won't even know who they are because, like, the UK is soooooo mega-hip that unless you subscribe to *NME*, you're simply not "in" enough to understand. Get with the times and off my MySpace buddy list, geek! Look at their ironic t-shirts! Their skintight pants! The Test Icicles experience isn't as bad as that statement would imply. The reviews I've caught of this album put it in the "so inventive it doesn't fit in with any genre" category. I assume none of those people have heard of the Blood Brothers, because that's clearly where their majority of vocal inspiration comes from. There is a little of everything on this album: spazzy guitars, abrupt tempo shifts, 80s-era guitar solos, silly *Beastie Boys*-esque raps. It's clear that all three members of the band have hugely diverse influences – I'm just hoping that rather than throwing everything against the wall and hoping something sticks, they can sift through their ingredients to pull out the ones that mix together a bit nicer. It should be interesting to see where they go from here, if anywhere. –*Jesika Medici*

Tractor Sex Fatality

Black Magic, White Pussy

Big Neck Records
Street: 01.30

Tractor Sex Fatality = (Scratch Acid + Monoshock)/ the square root of the 21st Century

On their second album (which, oddly enough, was recorded before their first) Seattle's Tractor Sex Fatality definitely bring the noise. While they often get comparisons to the glory days of the Amphetamine Reptile label's dirge and thump, TSF are much more maniacal and manage to bring in a whole new

arsenal, which includes bits of the Pussy Galore/Swans school of bang-on-anything-you-can-find-for-percussion, and the psychedelic rama-lama-fuzz-fuzz-fuzz of the *Debris*. There's not a single AmRep band that I can think of that was this scary. "What about Lubricated Goat?" you say. No, they were just silly. "Cows?" you ask. Well they certainly were crazy, but theirs was basically a "bouncing-off-the-walls-of-my-padded-cell-because-I-haven't-taken-my-meds-in-four-days" crazy, this is more of a "nobody-knows-I'm-out-of-my-cage-and-I-just-ate-a-live-chicken-because-the-appetite-suppressants-didn't-work-and-now-I'm-looking-your-way-'cause-I'm-still-hungry" kind of crazy. You've been warned. –*Jared T. Soper*

Various Artists

Invite Them Up

Comedy Central Records
Street: 12.06.05

Invite Them Up = every Premium Blend episode distilled into tall-boy format

Comedy is a lot like poetry. 90 percent of it is awful. So it seems, just based on the odds alone, that if you have a 3xCD plus a DVD package of comedy, most of it will absolutely be worthless. No exception here, folks. While this collection does have some great "dripping buckets of hot cum" thanks to the comic stylings of the *Dailies*, some well-timed awkward hilarity by *Stella* member David Woin and a great bit by *The Forgetbuddies* among other things, it still suffers from a certain self-indulgent attitude that stand-up comedy seems to breed. A little word to the wise here: if you do decide to do stand-up comedy after hearing this CD, make sure not to dry-hump a wooden chair for five minutes to demonstrate to the audience a sexual position you just found out about 10 minutes before you got upon stage. –*Erik Lopez*

Various Artists

Songs For Kids of All Ages— See You on the Moon!

Paper Bag Records
Street: 03.21

S.F.K.A.A = LOW + Red House Painters + Apostle of Hustle

Remember that for-kids record from the early 90s with that song about chicken lips and lizard hips? Well, *See You on the Moon* is nothing like that. Finally, someone made a record for "kids" that isn't full of archaic nursery rhymes and biblical parables set to melody. Moreover, this compilation

has the cross-generational appeal that its predecessors lacked. Don't get me wrong, Alan Sparhawk of LOW singing about the social pitfalls of having lice isn't exactly an educational song, but it sure is funny. Conversely, *Glissando 70's* "Voices are Your Best Friend" reminds us that it's okay to feel sad, scream when we're angry and ask for help when we're confused, all without sounding like a nerdy high school guidance counselor. *Broken Social Scene* managed to take the stoner appeal out of "Puff the Magic Dragon" and turn it into melancholic lullaby, which, albeit an appropriate move is slightly disappointing. Damn, Puff was one righteous dragon. –*Ryan Shelton*

Various Artists

Soul Sides Vol. 1

Zealous Records
Street: 03.21

Soul Sides = West-Coast soul and R&B + Motown Friends + the Internet

It looks like block is once again the new black, and I don't mean for clothing. Oliver Wang, with the help of his incredible mp3 blog soul-sides.com, has taken rare and out-of-print soul cuts and put them on a soul-slicing disc. Picture a chocolate cake made out of the finest ingredients which include but are not limited to Amedei Porcelleana, the world's most expensive chocolate, sprinkled with chunks of rare Chuoo chocolate and finally cover it in edible 24-karat gold. That kind of cake is what this disc is – the best of the best. This disc will make you rich in soul. –*Erik Lopez*

xBishopx

Suicide Party

Ferret Records
Street: 01.10

xBishopx = Garilla Biscuits + H2O

Taken from the xBishopx Production notes:

Cue double bass pedal & speedy hardcore riff.

Cue mosh parts.

"Who's on the lyrics?"

"I've got it. How about some ill shit about being Straight-Edge and being part of the scene? Oh yeah, and fuck fakes."

Two minutes later.

"That's a wrap!"

Cue some dudes chillin' at the local record shop.

"These guys sound sorta like Terror but more moshy. They're way into being edge too."

"Do bands still put Xs by their name? I didn't think anyone had done that since '98. But I'll be damned, that artwork's pretty good."

"Cartoony artwork for a cartoony band."

"Well, it's better than listening to bands whining about their girlfriends or 'impending darkness and shit.' Yeah, I could probably floorpunch or windmill to this and then kick some poor joe in the face. I might even stage-dive for a sing-along."

"If it were '98 these guys would be lost, but not everyone's doing this these days. It's sort of catchy, and it's pretty easy to sing along to this ... rhyming couplets are sweet."

"Yeah, I'll give it a listen. Plus there's a song where the only lyric is 'go fuck yourself.'"

"That's pretty punk."

"Ehh, I won't listen to it in a month, but I can rock it for now." –*Peter Fryer*

Why?

Rubber Traits EP/Video

Anticon Records
Street: 02.28

Why = Hymies Basement + Reaching Quiet + Mutated Conditions

With *Sandollars*, *Early Whitney*, and now *Rubber Traits*, Why? Can now legitimately be self-proclaimed as the Anticon EP king. This Extended Play recording was a great excuse to materialize new and/or unreleased songs. I was undoubtedly impressed by the hidden A-side tracks habituated by the new *Yoni Collective*. "Pick Fights" is all about how fun one might have living consciously in this embryonic and overgrowing society. Then we have "Dumb Hummer," which pesters the idea of the camo-fashion statements that your eyes might be assaulted with daily. The CD also features a priceless, flub-cheesy video for "Rubber Traits" directed by Ravi Zupa, who has worked with *Themselves* and *Sole* in the past (check out *The No Music of Aiff's*). The video intensifies the song, giving it an extra jolt of energy. From a naked *Yoni Wolf*, to cut-and-paste Pug dogs, to Cocker Spaniels with human mouths, the video stands out on its own. Check it out just for the video, but be careful, you might get dizzy. –*Lance Saunders*

DVD REVIEWS

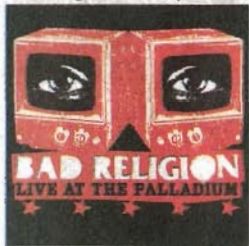
Bad Religion

Live at the Palladium

Epitaph

Street Date: 03.07

Bad Religion = Pennywise + Circle Jerks



They're getting up there in their years, but damn, these guys rock. No, not the Rolling Stones, you wiener – Bad Religion. *Live at the Palladium* is two shows' worth of rocking out with the punk stalwarts in Hollywood. If your mommy wouldn't let you see them the last time they came to Salt Lake, now's your chance. Lead singer Greg Graffin is there to guide you with hand gestures, just in case you're not sure what the word "fecundity" means in lyrics to "I Want to Conquer the World." There are oodles of material from *The Empire Strikes First* as well as older releases. Tim from *Rise Against* busts some rhymes on "Let Them Eat War" and interviews between live songs give some background on the band. Bad Religion has always stood by the belief that if you're going to be entertained, you may as well learn something. Fecundity means fertility, by the way. –Shane Farver

Syd Barrett - Under Review

Chrome Dreams Video

Street: 2.21.06

Syd Barrett = Pink Floyd + Creativity - sanity

The problem with music criticism today, is that many writers write about themselves. This is understandable, 'cause all critics wanted to be rock stars. They settled on being record critics. So, often reviews aren't really about the music but instead it's about ME, ME, ME!

This problem used to just be a music criticism problem, but over the past couple of years it has become a music documentary problem as well. The recent documentary *Jandek On Corwood* is a good example of this. What could have been an interesting film turned into a freak show of funny looking record nerds talkin' their jive-ass record nerd "theories".

Syd Barrett is no exception, however, it does warn the viewer with the subtitle "An Independent Critical Analysis". This, in plain language means, "we will only show you brief clips of amazing footage and then talk over the music." So for someone who is interested in learning more about Syd Barrett, this is a great Ken Burns-ish introduction to a great, influential psychedelic musician who fronted Pink Floyd's during their most creative era. However, for a record nerd like myself, this film is just a bunch of dweebs ruining what could be an awesome collection of Syd Barrett footage. Good thing iFilm and YouTube exist. But I'm skirting the real issue: why the fuck wasn't I in this movie?

–Bob Leavitt

The Small Faces

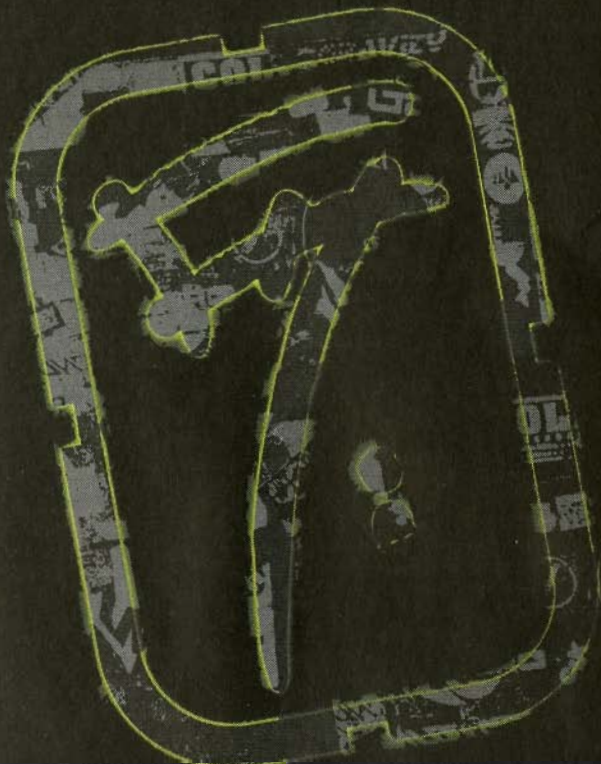
Under Review (DVD)

Street: 01.24

Small Faces = Booker T & The MGs + The Who

For those familiar with the London mod scene of the 1960s, this DVD offers no new information, but for others it is a good, basic overview of the pill-popping, rhythm-and-blues obsessed youth culture of the time. The Small Faces were possibly the most underrated (at least in the States) of the popular British mod bands, featuring the late Steve Marriott's (later of Humble Pie) brilliantly soulful vocals. They had a short-lived musical career from 1965 to 1968, but as this film shows, they accelerated creatively in ways that their contemporaries (The Beatles, The Kinks and The Who) didn't. Showcasing each of the band's singles, from early mod shaker "What'cha Gonna Do About It," to drug-influenced pop hits "Here Comes the Nice," and "Itchycoo Park," the DVD also spends some time discussing The Small Faces' phenomenal, bizarre, psychedelic concept album *Ogden's Nut Gone Flake* (complete with *A Clockwork Orange*-style spoken narrative), highlighting how the band had evolved from previous albums. The most entertaining thing about *Under Review* is seeing rare footage of the band's performances and their strange, homemade music videos (were those fast-motion, "band-goofer'-around-on-the-beach" shots mandatory for 1960s bands?), which reveal the ultimately kooky British lads who were The Small Faces. –Jamila Roehrig

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AT Brighton

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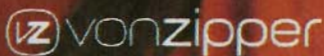
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Junk Show winner- Bode Merrill (Men's Open 1st Place) Photo: Bob Plumb



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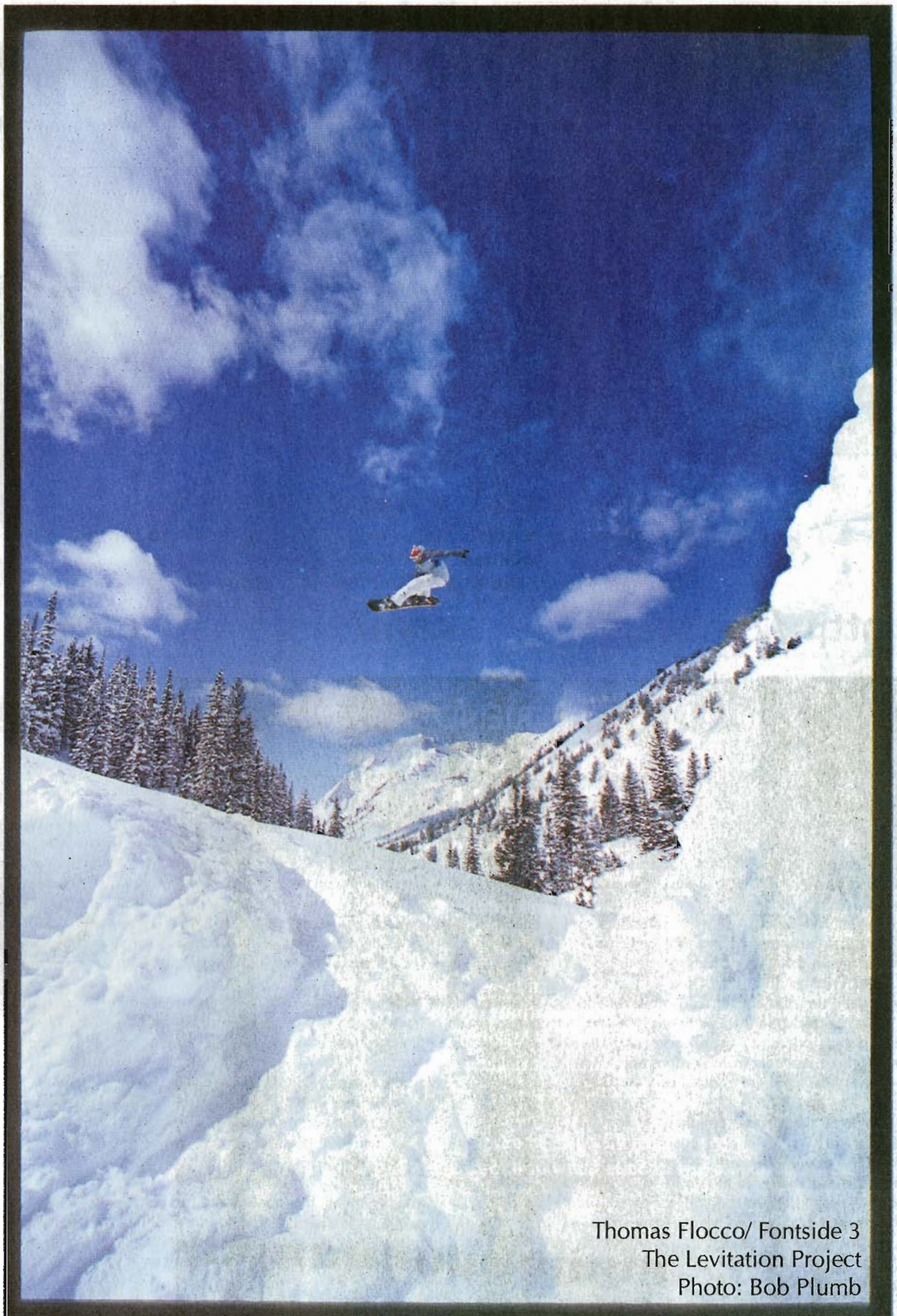
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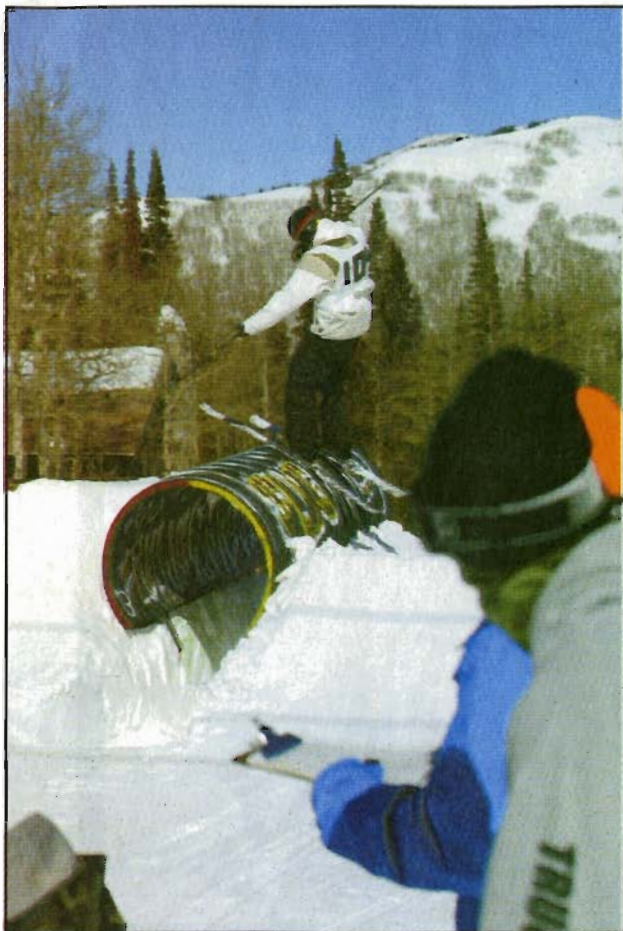
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Thomas Flocco/ Fontside 3
The Levitation Project
Photo: Bob Plumb



Snow Pirates: A Report from the Plank

Words by Method Man
Photos by Bob Plumb

What do wooden booters, an aluminum quarter pipe, a picnic table, tires, a pig trough and shooting the tube have in common? The *Junk Show*. From the minds of *SLUG Magazine* and the **KAB (Kick Ass Builders)**, with sponsorship from **Brighton Park Crew** and **Red Bull** came the most creative jib-contest known to shredders. Imagine taking a trip to the junkyard, picking up a bunch of shit, towing it to the mountain and setting it up for all the snow "gangstazz" to get their jib on. Contestants showed up by the hundreds to prove that they had the skills to go with their matching outfits. **Jared Winkler** and **Steve Duke** set up a flawless course with endless possibilities. On a course like this, where you show up and think, "what the fuck? This looks gnarly!" – you get creative. With hundreds in cash prizes, an **Ogio** backpack filled with other goods, **Dragon** goggles, outerwear from **Sessions** and a new **Nitro** shred-stick as prizes, everyone had a lot to drool over.

The highlight of the course definitely had to be the quarter-pipe aluminum fence. Many attempted, but only a few were able to conquer it. With endless possibilities, riders stepped to the plate to throw down the steeziest run possible. In the end, only a select few of the riders decided to approach the course with their own style and creativity. If you are wondering who these people were, look no further than the podium. Some standout tricks included hitting the side of the pig's trough, shooting the tube, Bode Merrill's 270 on 270 off the wooden booter, and a somersault over the fence for \$40 cash, put up by the contest announcers, **Brandon Flores** and **Jason Martin**.

In a world where it is so cool to be "gangster," I have to give mad props to the man who has tight-ass white jeans, pirate hair and an attitude to match. I don't know this person's name but I know he kills it. He personally won the contest in my mind for his creativity and outfit. For the women, **Alicia Trujillo** stood out, looking oh-so-fine in her full-piece zebra get up. It just so happens she had the skills to match the looks because she took 1st for the women's open. I just hope she rides for a shop so she can buy a new outfit with the prize money.

Now, all you kids out there that didn't quite make it in the top 10, I have some friendly advice for you: stop doing the same fucking tricks as everybody else on the same features, over and over and over again. Nobody likes to watch a group of clones because, seriously, if I had to watch one more person tail-tap that tube I was going to puke. A contest like this is set up for you to bring your creativity to the table. 90 percent of you fell flat on your face in this aspect of the contest. Come up with your own shit, because you will never get anywhere without having your own style.

Thanks to all the contestants for participating. Big ups to all the sponsors, and especially Brighton Park Crew for all their help with this contest. See you next contest, same time, same place on March 11th for slopestyle and April 1st for the expression session.



BRIGHTON



Contest March 11th
Slug Games "Slope Style"



Contest March 7th
Helly Hansen "Shop Battle"
(Team Event)



Contest March 25th
Tree Mag's "Slope Style Circus"



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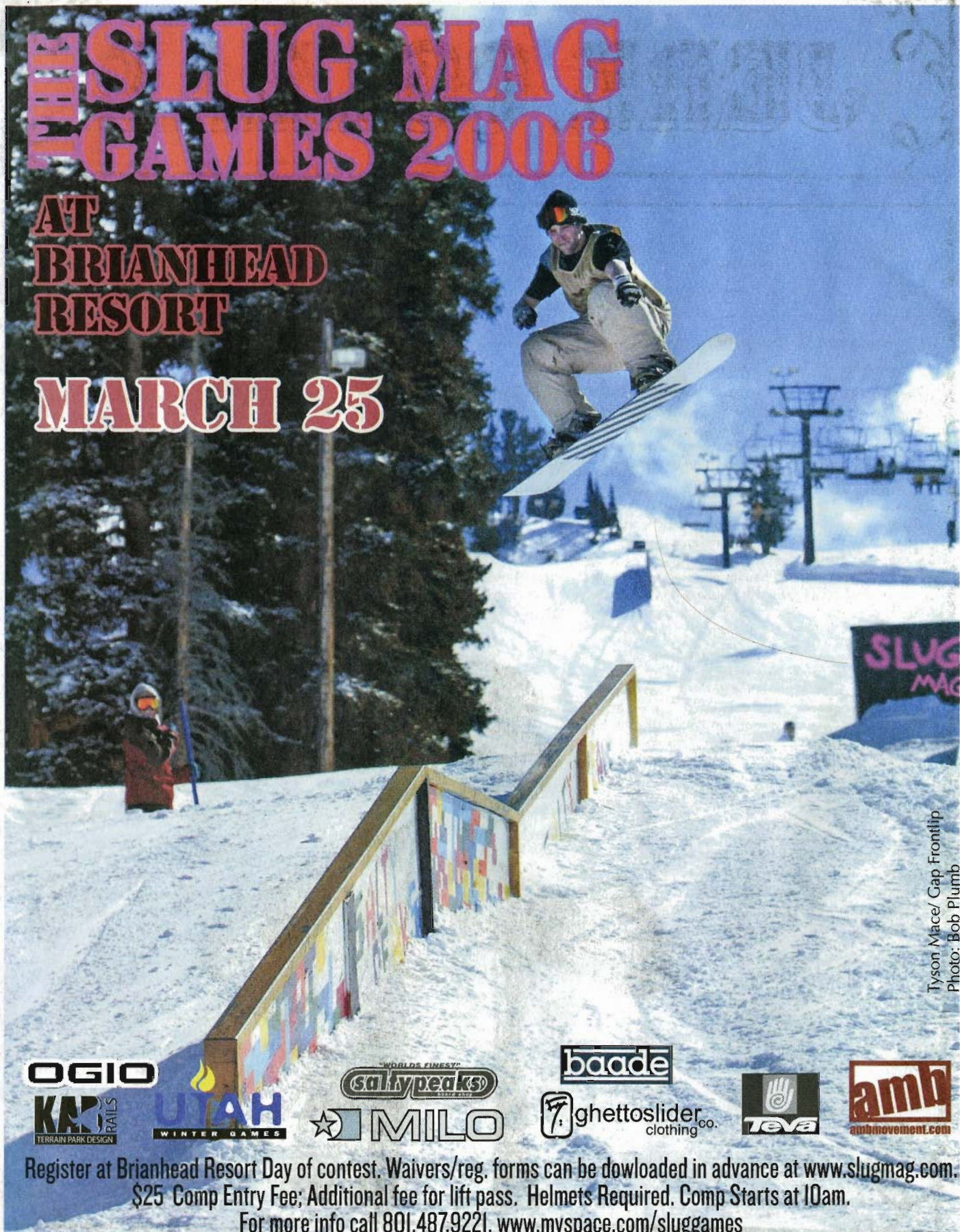
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THE SLUG MAG GAMES 2006

AT
BRIANHEAD
RESORT

MARCH 25



Tyson Mace / Cap Frontlip
Photo: Bob Plumb

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JERK COLLAR

By Mike Brown mikebrown048@hotmail.com

The other day I was trying to write a poem called "Yo, Dude, Your Collar is Messed Up." It went like this:

Once it was meant to hold down a tie,

It now represents one fucking sweet guy,

Obviously a statement but what does it tell?

Defying a button-up's how you rebel?

Then I got stumped. My creative menstrual flow cycle just got clogged with a writer's block tampon. I thought this poem was going to be awesome. Then all of a sudden, nothing seemed to rhyme as I ran out of quarters for any sort of poetic meter. I found myself getting angrier than I already was at dudes who wear the jerk collar.

You know what I'm talking about. It's this not-too-new little fashion trend where young men flip their collars up around their necks. It's usually accompanied with an equally shitty haircut, like that half-assed attempt at a Mohawk thing commonly referred to as a faux-hawk. Don't try to tell me that these dudes' necks are already so thick that the shirt collar naturally bent into this form. That can't be true. There has to be a reason. And it's not because they are trying to cover up hickeys or some shit like that. The kind of dude that wears a jerk collar would love to show off some tramp stamps now and then.

Then I started thinking. Maybe the reason I couldn't finish the poem was due to my lack of understanding the jerk collar. It's really hard to write about shit you don't understand. But unraveling this mystery could prove more complicated than the *Da Vinci Code*, and I'm putting this shit on the same level as the Big Bang theory. It's mostly because at this very moment, I'm more concerned with why dudes are fucking up their shirts in this manner than I am about the origins of man himself.

I started trying to dissect the personality one might have that would inspire them to do such a thing to such a nice shirt. The only person in history I could think of that did the jerk collar who I actually liked was **The Fonz**. The Fonz is the only man that can pull it off. And most of the dudes in the jerk-collar Mafia are far from Fonz on the cool meter. But then again, is anyone else even that close? I mean, Fonzy's cooler than an **Otter-Pop** shoved up a polar bear's ass.

If the Fonz were to see you he'd show you some class,

By riding his chopper all over your ass,

(Whoa, the more I write about this shit, the more the poem is coming together! Radical!)

Your brain's kind of tiny, your neck's kind of thick,

Your stupid-ass collar makes you look like a dick.

Another big concern I have about the jerk collar – how far is this shit going to go and where will it end? I have a bad feeling that collars will travel down the same road that trucks have gone down. You know, the bigger the truck, the smaller the wiener sort of thing? I bet collars start getting bigger and bigger. So big in fact, that the little buttonholes will be able to attach to the top of the ear. Shirt manufacturers will have to start reinforcing their gigantic collars with chicken wire or something in order to prop them up in a crumpled chaotic manor.

I can see it now, some 5-foot, 3-inch steroid freak jumping down from his lifted Chevy, only to glide gracefully upon the wings of his massive collar right into the front of the line at *Port O' Call*. What a majestic sight to behold. Is that a flock of sky carp I see? No! It's a gaggle of jerk-collars soaring in a V formation!

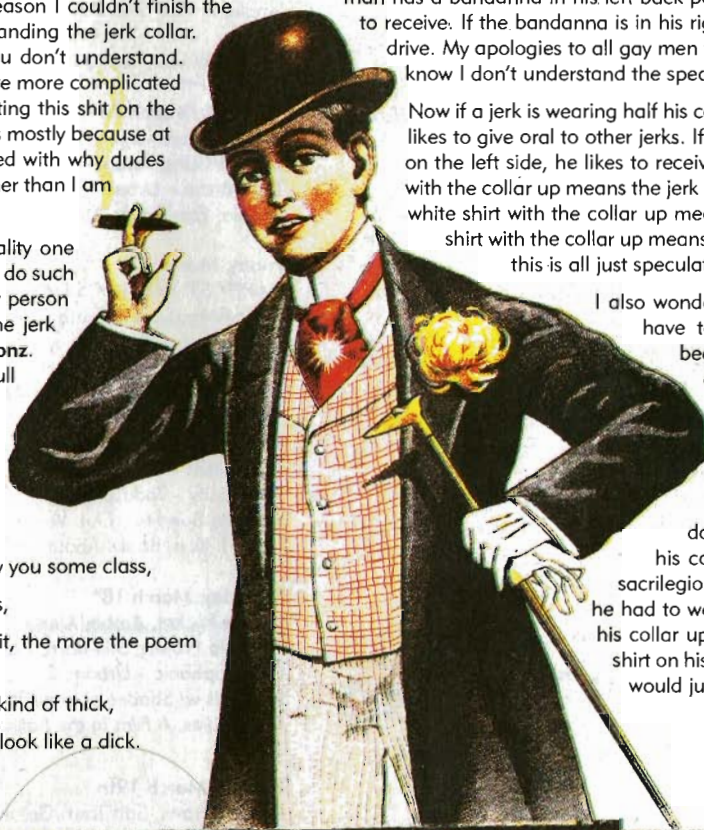
Get back in your truck and leave me alone,

Your pillow's for biting, you jerk-collar clone,

After all this pondering on such a trivial thing as a collar, there is still a great possibility that I still don't understand this shit at all. Maybe this whole jerk-collar thing is just the same as the gay man's handkerchief code. I don't know the exact specifics of the handkerchief code, but the purpose of it is simple. It helps gay men weed out, so to speak, who to pick up on at a gay club. How? Well, for instance, if a gay man has a bandanna in his left back pocket, it may mean he likes to receive. If the bandanna is in his right back pocket, he likes to drive. My apologies to all gay men who use the code because I know I don't understand the specifics at all.

Now if a jerk is wearing half his collar up on the right side, he likes to give oral to other jerks. If a jerk has half his collar up on the left side, he likes to receive oral. A brown or tan shirt with the collar up means the jerk likes to take it up the butt. A white shirt with the collar up means he likes facials. A black shirt with the collar up means all of the above. Of course, this is all just speculation.

I also wonder what jerks do when they have to go to church. I haven't been to church in a while so I don't know. I know that for a fact you have to wear a collared, button-up shirt to a Mormon sermon or they won't let you into the 10-percent club. So what does the jerk do? Does he flip his collar up in church or is that sacrilegious? What would Jesus do if he had to wear a collar? If Jesus flipped his collar up too fast he might snag his shirt on his thorny crown, so I bet Jesus would just let his collar chill.



MARCH DAIL

Friday, March 3rd

SLUG's 17th Anniversary Party feat. the release of *Death By Salt III!* | Am Electric, Andle, The Horns, Form of Rocket and Blue Lotus Dance collective - EGO's

The Birthday Massacre - *Avalon Theatre*
Reverend Horton Heat - *The Depot*
Dead Rif to Drag, Rifle Street Music, Hate Cheri - *Burt's*
The New Cocktails w/ Nichole Madison - *Zanzibar*
Phono listening party - *Todd's*
The Addonas, Starmy, The JV All Stars - *Urban*

Saturday, March 4th

SLUG's 17th Anniversary Party feat. the release of *Death By Salt III!* | Agape, Tolchok Trio, The Vile Blue Shades - *In the Venue* - Early Show!

Something for Rockets - *Club Boom Va*
30 Seconds to Mars, Aiden, Emanuel - *Avalon Theatre*
Voxtro, the Awkward Fashion, Theodore Music, We Be Few - *Kilby*
Rune - *Todd's*
Conspiracy Freak - *Urban*
Scream'n' Condors, Fuck the Informer, Los Rojos - *Burt's*
The Owls, Shurman - *Ego's*
Soggy Bone - *Tony's*

Sunday, March 5th

Scotch Greens, Rolling Blackouts, Salt City Bandits - *Club Avalon*

Monday, March 6th

Green Carnation, Beyond the Embrace - *Club Vegas*
T-Broussard and the Zydeco Steppers - *Pat's BBQ*
Dead Pets, Knuckledraggers, Trash Models - *Burts*

Tuesday, March 7th

A Thorn For Every Heart, Hit the Lights, Boys Like Girls, Keating - *Club Boom Va*
Marigold, the Twilight Collective - *Kilby*
The Thieves - *Burt's*

Wednesday, March 8th

Hangar 18, Innerstance., Beatbox, Rotten Musicians - *Kilby*
MC LMNO - *In the Venue*
Junta-Deville, 4000 Old - *Burt's*
Cabaret Voltage - *Urban*

Thursday, March 9th

Isaac Hayes - *The Depot*
Voodoo Glow Skulls, The Phenomenauts - *Club Boom Va*
Hans Olson, Legendary Porch Pounders - *Peery's Egyptian Theater*
Tolchock Trio, Purr Bats, The Cunted - *Urban*
Against the Season, Seamus, Good Question - *Kilby*

Friday, March 10th

SLUG Localized featuring Gaza, Michigan, Loiter Cognition - *Urban*

Unwritten Law - *The Depot*
Exene Cervenka and the Original Sinners - *In the Venue*
Get Set Go, Victory Within, Close to Home, Stole Your Woman - *Kilby*
Fry Sause - *Ego's*
Cartl, A.K. Charlies, Invisible Rays - *Kamikaze's*
Starmy - *Burts*

Saturday, March 11

SLUG Games (slopestyle) - *Brighton Resort*

Young Dubliners - *The Depot*
Millicent, Only Begotten Son - *Todd's*
The Juanitas, Red Bennies, The Morlocks - *Burt's*
Band of Horses, Slender Means, Seve vs. Evan - *Kilby*
John Flanders & Double Helix - *Zanzibar*
Shriners Hospital Benefit & Masquerade Bail - *Ego's*
Rune, Zero - *Urban*
4,000 Old - *Tony's*

Sunday, March 12th

The Gossip, Vile Blue Shades, Tremula, The Buttery Muffins - *Urban*

Monday, March 13

The Academy Is, Panic! at the Disco, Acceptance, Hellogoodbye - *In the Venue*
United States of Electronica, the Nethers, Velella Velella, the Pale Pacific - *Kilby*
P.O.S (Rhymesayers) - *In the Venue*

Tuesday, March 14th

Manville, All Systems Fail, Beneath Red Rock - *Burt's*
Painted Saints, What People?, Urban Gray, Nathan's Chainsaw - *Kilby*
Central Nerve, Take the Fall, zerrubeabel - *Urban*

Wednesday, March 15th

Smoke or Fire, The Casualties, The Unseen, The AKAs, Anti-Flag - *In the Venue*
Ghetto Athlete, Young Fletch - *Urban*

Thursday, March 16th

Lyrics Bourne - *Ego's*
Sons of Guns, Adapt - *Burt's*
Ted Dancin - *Urban*
Adeitia, Erin Haley, Amy Conrad, St. John & the Orphans - *Kilby*

Friday, March 17th

HAPPY ST. PATRICK'S DAY!
Tiger Army, Love=Death - *In the Venue*
Every Move a Picture, Electric 6, Starmy - *Urban*
Polarized Mind, Girls Rise with Heat, Neon Trees, the Hotness - *Kilby*
St. Punktrick's Day Karaoke - *Ego's*
The Irish Brothers, Utah County Swillers, BadGrass - *Burt's*
Red Rock Trio - *Zanzibar*
Trance4rm - *W Lounge*
Mothercity - *Todd's*
Salt City Bandits - *Club Vegas*
Cartl, F-Kon, Books About UFO's, The Heaters - *The Crawl Space*

Saturday, March 18th

Corner Pocket, Amber Alert - *Todd's*
Miranda Project, Still-Born, Cave of Roses - *Burt's*
Quadraphonic - *Urban*
Synthesis w/ Shades of Gray - *Tony's*
The Andies, A Film In the Ballroom, Adam Blair, Franklin Delano - *Kilby*

Sunday, March 19th

Brutally Frank, Salt Town Greasers, Grudge City Ghouls - *Burt's*

Y CALENDAR

Monday, March 20th

Beth Orton – *In the Venue*
Funeral for a Friend, Scary Kids Scaring Kids, Bleed the Dream, Paramore – *Avalon Theatre*

Tuesday, March 21st

The Hellacopters, Taylor Hawkins and the CoattailRiders, Nebula – *In the Venue*
The Dirtbombs, The Black Lips, Int'l Playboys – *Urban*
Dead to Fall – *Club Boom Va*

Wednesday, March 22nd

The Velvet Teen, the Ex-Boyfriends, Johnny Tightlips – *Kilby*
Sherwood, Tokyo Rose, Socratic, The Milan Conference – *Club Boom Va*
These Green Eyes, The Higher – *Captains Quarters*

Thursday, March 23rd

Subhumans, A Global Threat, Endless Struggle, All Systems Fail – *Club Sound*
45 Grave, DieMonsterDie, Left for Dead – *Burt's*
Arhthmatik, 2Mex, Kers, Xololaxinxo – *Urban*

The Black Dahlia Murder, The Red Chord, Agony Scene – *Club Ice*
Moot Davis, Pete Anderson (of Dwight Yokumi) – *Ego's*
Controlling the Famous, Derby, the Pale Pacific – *Kilby*

Friday, March 24th

MXPX, Her Candane – *In the Venue*
MXPX in-store appearance- *Big E's*
Hopewell (ex Mercury Rev), The Pleasure Thieves, Kid Theodore – *Urban*
The Black Swans, Lion & Circle Paws, the Nate Rose Group, X Marks – *Kilby*
J.W. Blackout – *Burt's*
Jesse Dayton – *Ego's*
Beneath Red Rock, The Miranda Project, Still-Born – *Todd's*

Saturday, March 25th

SLUG Games (slopestyle) – *Brian Head Resort*
Thursday, Minus the Bear, The Number 12 Looks Like You, We're All Broken – *In The Venue*
In Camera, I Am The Ocean, Her Candane – *Todd's*
Pink Mountaintops, Two Gallants, the Band of Annuals – *Kilby*
D.R.I., Subzero – *Burt's*
Ben Thunderblood, Sayom, After the Party – *Sun Tunnels*
Cart! – *The Whiskey*
The Wolves, Red Bennies, Will Sartain Players – *Urban*
Lorin Cook- *Tony's*

Sunday, March 26^h

Poison the Well, The Fall of Troy, Horse the Band, Criteria – *Avalon Theatre*

Monday, March 27th

The Double, Mazarin, Talk Demonic, Airliner – *Kilby*

Tuesday, March 28th

The Spunks, GitoGito Hustler – *Burt's*

Wednesday, March 29th

Gospel, Racebannon, Her Candane – *Burt's*

Thursday, March 30th

Impaler, DieMonsterDie, Cold Colours, Unsound Mind – *Burt's*
Broken Teeth – *Club Vegas*
Evolver, Our Time in Space, Purr Bats – *Urban*

Friday, March 31st

James Blunt, Sierra Swan – *The Depot*
Clumsy Lovers – *Ego's*
Gogol Bordello, Zox – *Club Suede*
Salty Rootz – *Burt's*
Showbread, Versus the Mirror – *Club Boom Va*
Guster – *McKay Event Center*
An Albatross, Cart! – *Kilby*
Still Remains, If Hope Dies, Nodes of Ranvier, Demiricious, Maqsood – *Avalon Theatre*
Legendary Porch Pounders – *Zanzibar*
8topus' record launch party – *Orion's*
Deadbeatz – *Urban*

Saturday, April 1

SLUG Games (expression session) – *Brighton Resort*
Sworn Enemy, Six Feet Under, Animosity – *Club Boom Va*
Irving, Jana Hunter, Sikemma – *Kilby*
Rocky Votolato – *Velour*
Taking Back Sunday – *In the Venue*
Books About UFOs CD release w/ Rubes, Red Bennies – *Urban*

Sunday, April 2nd

Sunday dinner – your grandma's house

Monday, April 3rd

Zion i, Knowitalls, Blue Collar Theory – *Urban*
Emery, Anberlin, Far-Less, The Classic Crime, Jonezetta – *Avalon Theatre*
Matt & Kim, Meneguar – *Kilby*

Tuesday, April 4

Midwest Dilemma, Matt Pless – *Kilby*

Wednesday, April 5

Dance Party – *W lounge*
Ludo, Holden, Paris Green – *Kilby*

Thursday, April 6

The Cops – *Kilby*

Friday, April 7

Pick up the new SLUG- *Anyplace cool!*

Submissions for the daily calendar are due by the 25th of the previous month. E-mail us: jesika@slugmag.com. Fax us: 801.487.1359. Call us: 801.487.9221 Myspace us: myspace.com/slugmag. If you don't send it, we can't list it.

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SATURDAY, MARCH 11 SNOWBOARDING COMPETITION

10:30 AM - 11:30 AM **WOMEN'S COMPETITION - 12 WOMEN, 3 RUNS**
12:30 PM - 2:00 PM **MEN'S COMPETITION - 16 MEN, 3 RUNS**

SUNDAY, MARCH 12 SKIING COMPETITION

12 NOON - 2:00 PM **MEN'S COMPETITION - 16 MEN, 3 RUNS**

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Kilby Court Calendar March '06



- 03- The Wolfs, Purr Bats, Details of Speech, Throwing Randy \$6
- 04- Voxtrot, The Awkward Fashion, Theodore Music, We Be Few \$6/\$7
- 07- Marigold, The Twilight Collective \$6
- 08- Hangar 18 (Def Jux), Innerstance. Beatbox, Rotten Musicians \$6/\$7
- 09- Against the Season, Seamus, Good Question \$6
- 10- Get Set Go, Victory Within, Close To Home, Stole Your Woman \$6
- 11- Band of Horses, Slender Means, Seve vs. Evan
- 13- United States of Electronica, The Nethers, Veella Veella, The Pale Pacific \$6/\$7
- 14- Painted Saints, What People?, Urban Gray, Nathan's Chainsaw
- 16- Adeita, Erin Haley, Amy Conrad, St. John & the Orphans
- 17- Polarized Mind, Girls Rise with Heat, Neon Trees, The Hotness \$6
- 18- The Andies, A Film In the Ballroom, Adam Blair, Franklin Delano \$6
- 22- The Velvet Teen, The Exboyfriends, Johnny Tightlips \$7/\$8
- 23- Controlling the Famous, Derby, The Pale Pacific \$7
- 24- The Black Swans, Lion & Circle Paws, The Nate Rose Group, X Marks \$6
- 25- Pink Mountaintops, Two Gallants, The Band of Annuals \$7/\$8
- 27- The Double, Mazarin, Talk Demonic, Airliner \$7/\$8
- 31- An Albatross \$6

APRIL 2006

- 01- Irving, Jana Hunter, Sikemma
- 03- Matt & Kim, Meneguar
- 04- Midwest Dilemma, Matt Pless
- 05- Ludo, Holden, Paris Green
- 06- The Cops

Kilby Court is all ages 741 South 330 West More info: www.kilbycourt.com



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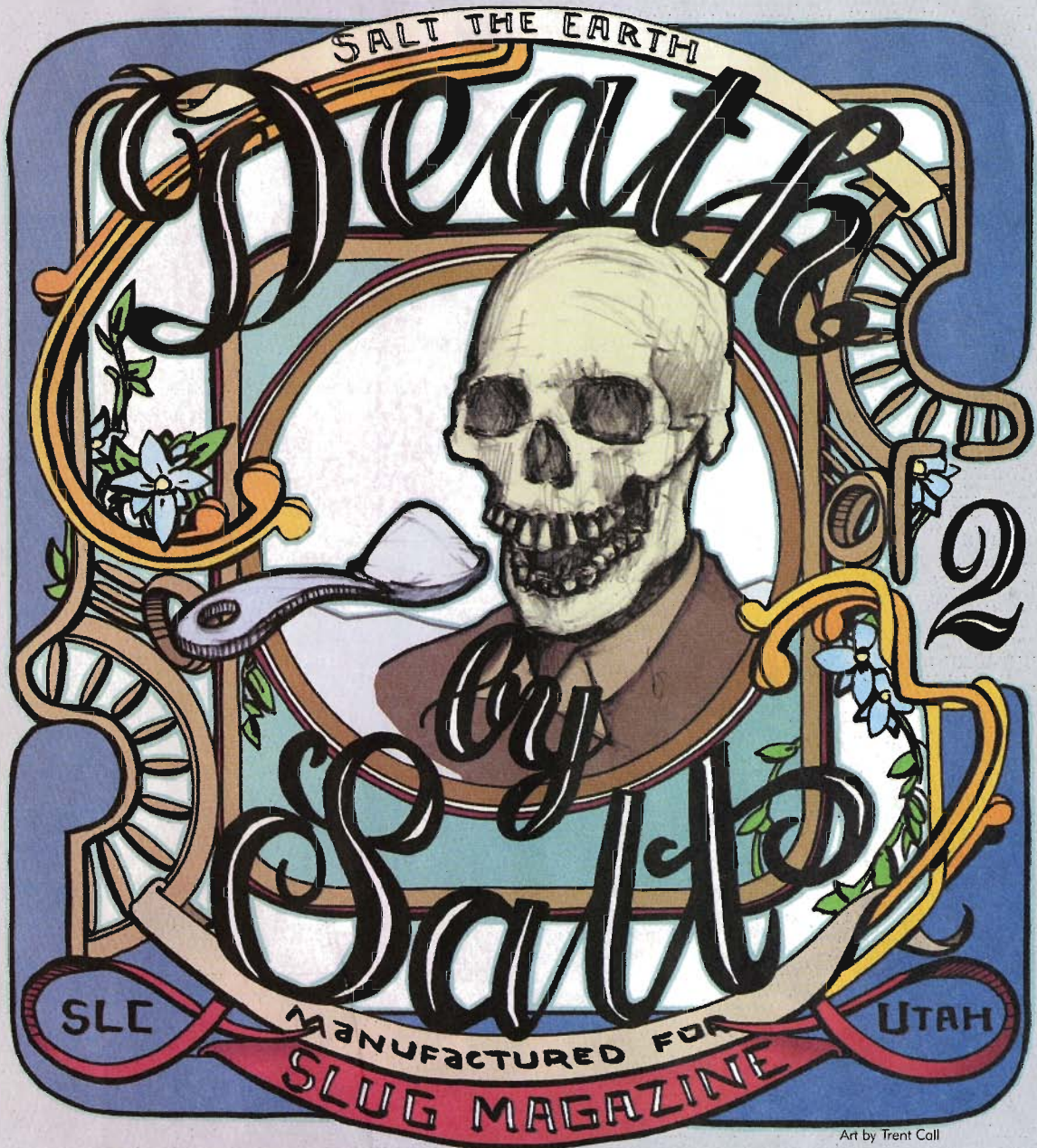
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