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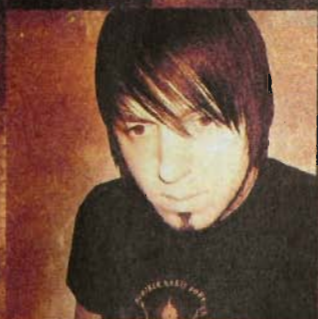
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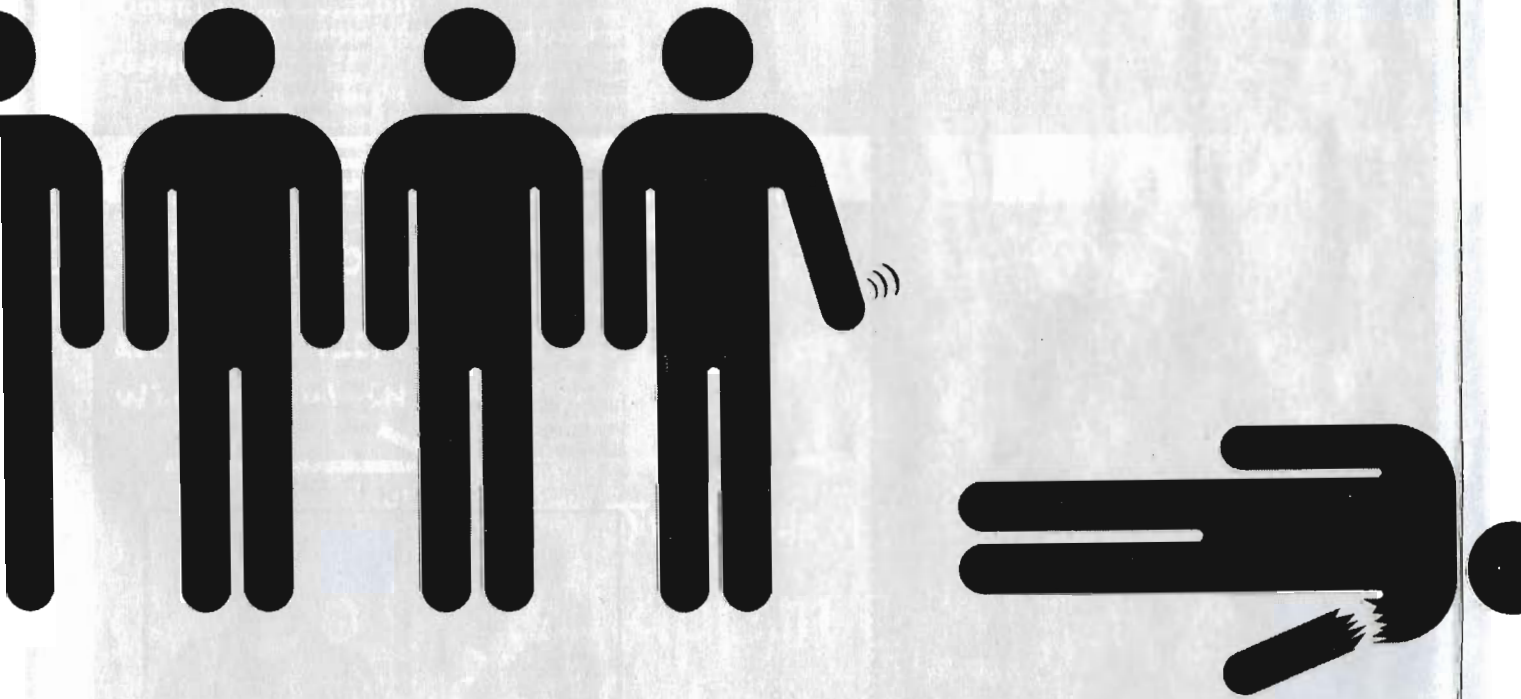
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Hi, I am Andrew Glassett and here are a few things you may or may not know about me. First off, I am an eligible bachelor that makes his own clothes. What does this mean for you? I don't waste money on frivolous things like "fashion" but instead create my own personal style for business and pleasure! When I am not writing for *SLUG Magazine* I create music and like to dance. Currently, I can be seen at Black Chandelier stitchin' and bitchin'. No fakin' or frontin', these facts are true blue through and through.



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dear dickheads,
i have a crush on erik w. lopez. is he single? what kind of girls does he like?
sincerely,
erik's secret admirer

Dear Erik's Secret Admirer,

Erik Lopez is single. He likes spring chickens with braces and lots of keychains on their Jansport backpacks. He especially likes girls that avoid capitalization when inquiring about personal relationships of SLUG staff members. Typically, but not always, Erik is charmed by ladies that choose e-mail addresses that reference mid 90s pop song reflections of mid-term abortions. However, Erik's love life operates under the credo: "Ain't no fun, if the homies can't have none." Therefore, Erik would love to learn all about you over some steak fries and strawberry shakes at Red Robin, but we must request and additional three ladies for Erik's three homies. To assist in selecting potential ladies for our quadruple date, let's assume that Andrew Jepsen likes Thomas Jefferson scholars with big boobs and bigger shoes. Bob Leavitt fancies botanists and Justin Thomas Burch can't get enough of girls with New York skyscraper posters in their bedrooms and platinum jewelry. Hopefully this is sufficient information for you to plan our first big night as an eightsome. Additionally, each month we will select our favorite request received at quadrupledateslugdudes@hotmail.com for a sultry eightsome. No fatties. We can hardly wait.

Do you have tons of ironic wit that is going to waste on drunks, fatties or your friends? Maybe even a chip on your shoulder that a Craigslist rant can't contain? Send us your letters: deardickheads@slugmag.com !

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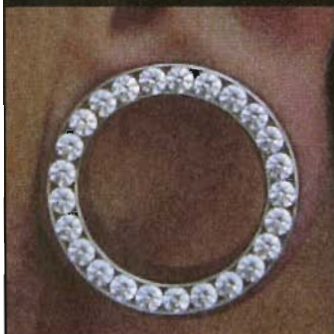
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LOCALIZED

DIFFERENT IS GOOD

by Shan Roridge Photos: Ruby Claire

This month's *Localized* will be different and I couldn't be more excited. Don't get me wrong, I love metal and hardcore but Jesus Christ, there's got to be something else going on in local music. Since it's April and everything is all springy and new and shit, let's check out something you can't see every other weekend in Salt Lake. **1H86335** (pronounced I Hate Bees) and **Nolens Volens** will play at the *Urban Lounge* (a private club for members) on Friday, April 14. The opening act will be **Lapsed** featuring **Non-Non**. These are not your bedroom musicians playing out for the first time. You should expect experimental, noisy, conceptual, electronic soundscapes. That's right, the same stuff that hipsters get boners for and sweet dudes just don't understand, ala **Black Dice**, **Wolf Eyes** and **Lightning Bolt**.

NOLENS
VOLENS



Andrew Glassett - guitar, drum machine, mixers.

Nolens Volens (a legal term that means willing or unwilling) came over to my humble abode for a pleasant little chat. Andrew brought with him a copy of the new album *ABC*. He said, "I'm really happy with it because of how loud it is" On the first listen, **Nolens Volens'** biggest influences (mostly the Rhode Island bands mentioned above) are clearly present but not obvious enough to deem him a hack. The more I listen to it, the more I notice that the music wanders off into its own defined territory. **Nolens Volens** is mostly electronic with an open door policy for additional band members, which keeps things interesting and fresh from show to show. "When I first started I really was trying to write songs. I was trying to sing and it just wasn't working out for me." By stripping the conventional idea of what a song is, **Nolens Volens** found his anti-singer-songwriter niche by combining drum machine, sampler, guitar and omnichord into a driving electronic treat.

Nolens Volens has a cult following in Illinois of all places but has a hard time fitting in locally. "It's really frustrating being in a band like this, because there's not really a venue for noise music or experimental music in Salt Lake City."

Over three active years, **Nolens Volens** has accumulated quite a catalogue of music and it's free! "I hate people paying for my music," insists **Nolens Volens**. "If anybody wants one, they can have one." They also dislike playing shows with a cover charge and seemed a little nervous about playing *Localized*. "I just don't know how interested anybody will be [in this sort of music at the *Urban Lounge*]." This music is full of patterns and noise that do not always lend itself to the short attention spans of the everyday audience. However, those audiences that meditate to sounds that most find offensive should be excited to see **Nolens Volens**. "I think music can be a pretty severe drug and there's too much music out there that is bad for people."

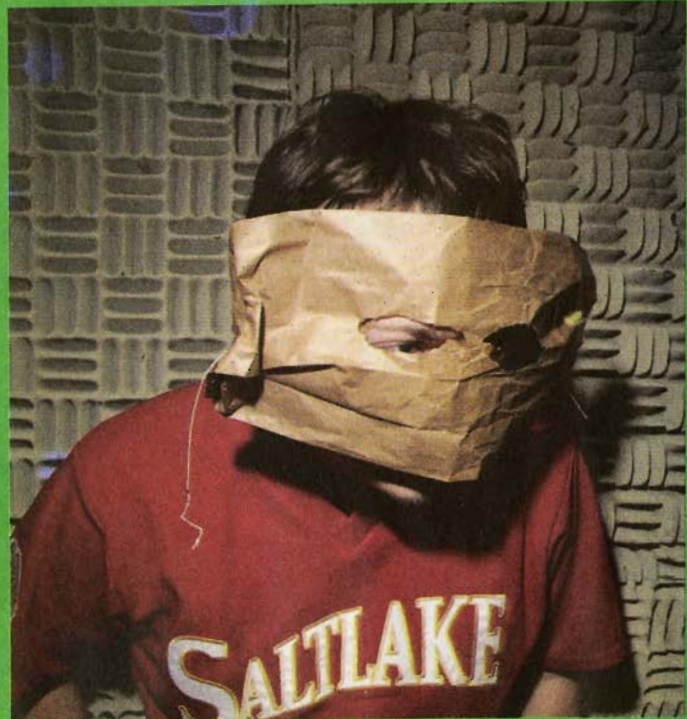
1H86335

(I HATE BEES)

1H86335 is as much a concept as it is a band. The idea is that music is nothing more than mathematics. Different notes create different frequencies. They create different fractions depending on what order they're played in. **1H86335** make electronic music generated from fractions and ratios fed through different computer programs. As luck would have it, my amazing interview footage was destroyed. How ironic that technology would end up fucking me in the ass. Oh well, live by technology, die by technology.

As far as the live show goes, I don't really know what to expect. **1H86335** is a computer, and was not very receptive to my questions. It did mention that every so often it emails a few select individuals the mathematical equations and these individuals do their best to bring the songs to life. These mystery men (or women) have only performed three times in as many years. Every performance is different so be sure not to miss it!

1H86335 will soon release a full-length album on Salt Lake label **Ex-Umbrella Records**. In the mean time you can check out the killer track "A Sudden Change in Gravity" on the **Ex-Umbrella** sampler "Advertisement no. 1." They might even bring some of the free samplers to the show.



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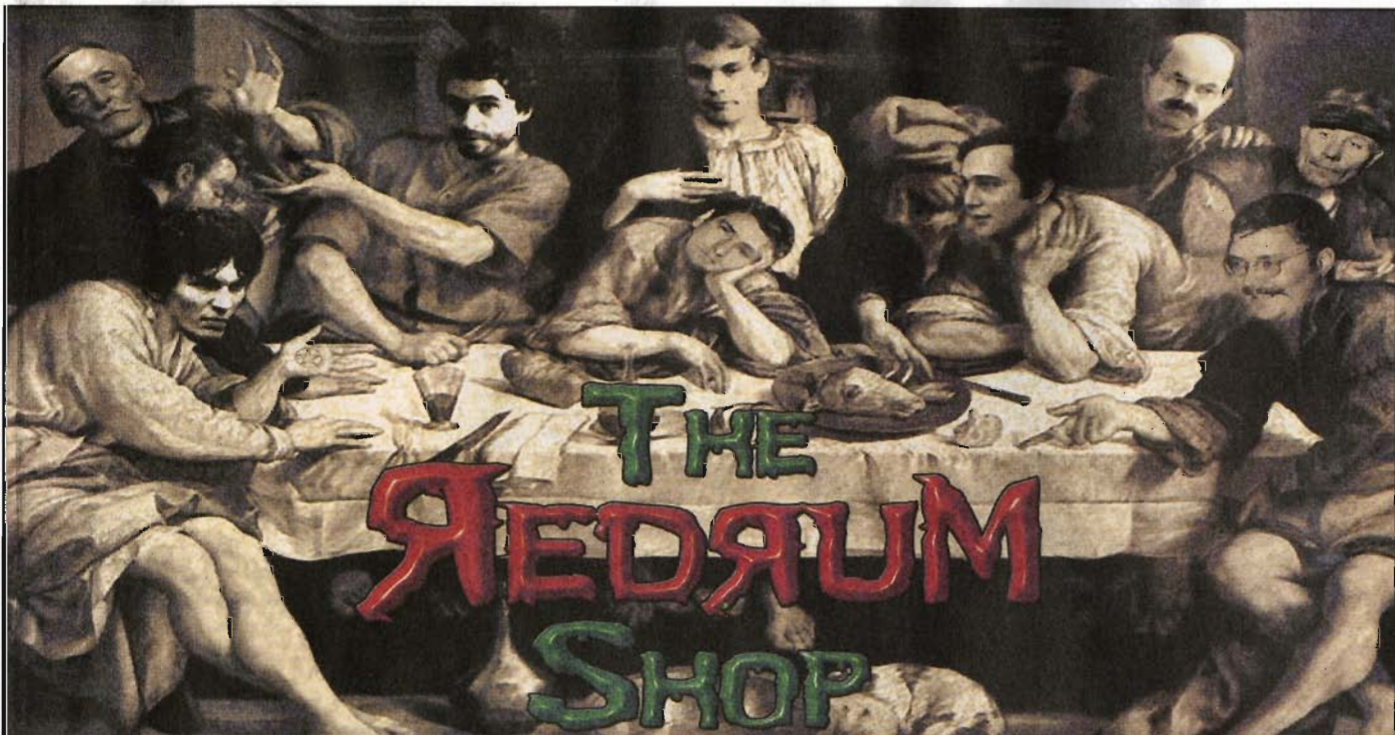
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Roger O'Donnell *The Truth in Me*

99x/10

Street: 05.16

Roger O'Donnell = Brian Eno eating at in an airport with Philip Glass, William Orbit a moog and a brown bag stolen from Hunter S. Thompson.

For most, the use of analog keyboards is an afterthought, a underscoring that has more to do with atmosphere than it does to actual musicianship. On *The Truth in Me* O'Donnell discards this lazy misconception and converts his custom Moog Voyager into a waterlogged symphony. It is a tricky album to review because inevitably there will be listeners who will expect something that sounds like the keyboard lines from *The Cure*, *Thompson Twins* or *Psychedelic Furs*. Others will be put off because it is at the core an experimental album that has more to do with minimalism, repetition and minor distortions in sound than it does with pop charts or anything on the radio. Some might even mistakingly disregard it as some dodgy new-age album. If this is new-age, it's the avant-garde end of the scale where *Yanni* and *Jim Brickman* dare not go. It's like trying to compare *Coltrane* to *Kenny G*, *George Bush* to *George Washington*; you'd never mistake one for the other. Nonetheless in all of this experimentation there are more "traditional" songs like "For the Truth in You," "This Grey Morning" and the nearly-a-pop-song "Treasure," where guest vocalist *Erin Lang* is given a chance to show why anticipation for her forthcoming album is building. Others looking for more experimentation than structure should be directed to lengthy tracks "He Sent You Angels" and "...And So I Closed My Eyes." Those determined to find traces of *The Cure* can look to "My Days," which recalls the exotic mood of *The Cure's* "Like Cockatoos" mixed with *Yaz's* "Tuesday" and impressively pulls it off. Call it psychedelic Moog-rock, the sort of thing *Future Sound of London* tried to pull off on their last album with limited success. In *The Truth in Me*, the less adventurous take caution; the rest of you, enjoy.

Erasure *Union Street*

Mute

Street: 04.18

Erasure = acoustic pop bliss

For some, the idea of a non-electronic Erasure album might seem not only contradictory, but also fundamentally flawed. After all, who would expect that beneath all that electronic bubbling there was actually a well-structured song that could be transposed to a more traditional acoustic-guitar based sound? Maybe you laughed at the videos where *Vince Clark* strummed away on his acoustic guitar. You strained to find any evidence of guitars in the music, but ultimately decided it was just easier to walk with a guitar than it would be to carry a keyboard around. Not only does *Union Street* throw the "only a pop band" notion on its ear, it does it by using less familiar songs, B-sides, album tracks and grossly ignored singles. *Union Park* recalls the experimental genius of *Erasure* and *I Say, I Say, I Say* where *Vince* and *Andy* proved critics wrong who dismissed the band as sugarc coated and insignificant. Hopefully, this time the fans will also recognize and appreciate their effort. Not a throwaway; this is full hearted and beautiful. (*Jeanne Wagner Theater*, 05.15)

Goldfrapp *Supernature*

Mute

Street: 03.07

Goldfrapp = Soft Cell + Saint Etienne + Kylie Minogue

Make no mistake, *Supernature* is a dance record, a sexy, brilliant romp-through-the-seedy-center-of-Paris-where-the-tourists-never-go dance record. While Goldfrapp's previous two releases may have been electronic wonderlands, they were never this focused on a sonic groove. Nearly every track pulses along like a soundtrack for a modern burlesque where the tease is played to soaring heights. *Alison Goldfrapp's* sultry, cool and sharp vocals swim perfectly through *Will Gregory's* distorted analog riffs and trash-disco production. "Let It Take You" and "Time Out From the World" are every bit as sexy as the club strutting "Ooh Lá Lá" or pop-perfect closing "Number 1," proving regardless of tempo, Goldfrapp smolder. It's practically flawless.



Fields of the Nephilim *Mourning Sun*

SPV

Street: 04.25

Fields of the Nephilim = Spaghetti-Western apocalyptic goth-rock

Having quickly dismissed *Fallen* as a collection of unfinished demos and the nail in the coffin that the original line-up might resurrect itself, *Carl McCoy's Mourning Sun* is the first official new album from the Nephilim in 15 years. It could easily be the biggest mistake of McCoy's career, revealing the cupboard bare and the genius that once was forever lost to abyss of its own creation. The Nephilim were nothing like anyone else and deserve the haunting legacy they've been granted. *Mourning Sun* could tarnish the ride into the sunset; thankfully, it doesn't. While at times it does sound like *Dawnrazor* attempting to match *Elizium* (four-minute songs being stretched into seven-minute epics), like McCoy trying to run when he should first learn to stand, it is far superior to the leaked tracks from *Fallen*. You could even accuse it as being Nephilim-by-the-numbers, but somehow the songs transcend their weaknesses. They don't pick up where they left off, but this is a recommendable return. One can't help but wonder how brilliant it could have been if the original line-up had been able to resolve their differences. It is something we'll unfortunately never know.

16 Horsepower *Hoarse (re-issue)*

Alternative Tentacles

Street: 01.06

16 Horsepower = Nick Cave + American + gypsies

Denver's 16 Horsepower are a thing of legend, as was this live release, *Hoarse*, which started out as a bootleg and turned into a limited release before moving on to a passionately sought-after collector's gem. Finally re-released, *Hoarse* shows the band as they were in 1998, a whirling of *Johnny Cash's* gods-be-damned and devil freak-show carnival riots. To be honest, I wasn't well acquainted, and upon listening to *Hoarse* I feel rather sheepish about it. Why? Because it's a fascinating genre-bending storm of passion that is as sharp as it is captivating. "Day of the Lords" is one of the finest Joy Division covers I've ever heard, capturing the atmosphere and impending chaos perfectly without completely duping the original. I'll definitely be tracking down another dose.

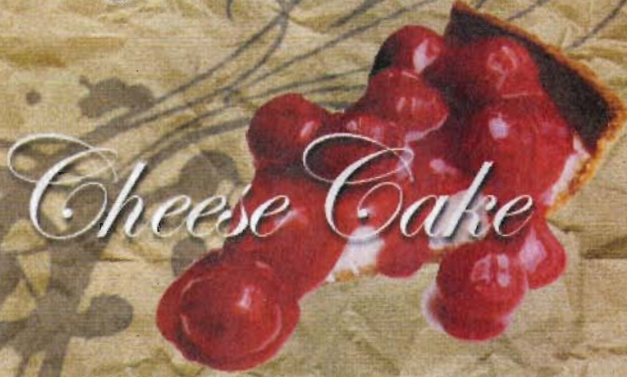
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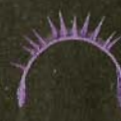


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MODUS OPERANDI:

A POST-APOCALYPTIC WRECKAGE OF ELECTRONIC DEBRIS AND INDUSTRIAL REMAINS FOR A RECONSTRUCTED WORLD.

By Amy Spencer

onecmyseven@kommcmdzero.net

It's warming up outside, which means the shows are starting to fill up the calendars.

This month's *Localized* is going to be exciting with 1h86335, Nolens Volens and nonnon/Lapsed on Friday, April 14 at *Urban Lounge*.

The legendary *Mentallo & The Fixer* will be making a stop at *Club Vegas* on Saturday, May 6. Dwayne and Gary Dassing have spent almost four years in silence and will precede the tour with a new EP, *Commandments for the Molecular Age*, Dwayne Dassing's side-project *Reign of Roses* will be opening along with the Ad Noiseam act Lapsed.

The show that we've known about for a year now, *Ministry and Revolting Cocks*, will be on Sunday, May 14 at *The Great Saltair*.

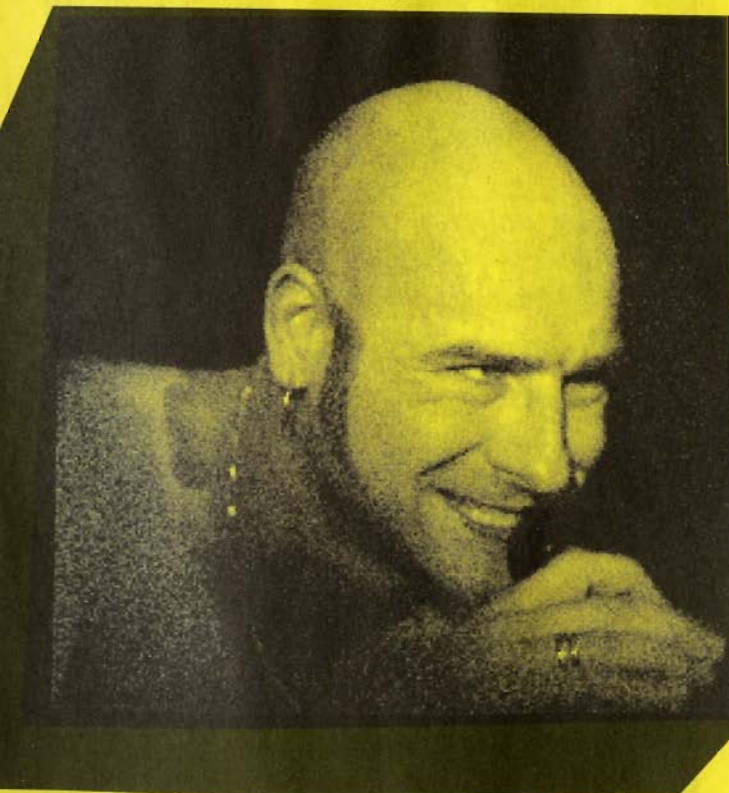
Synapscape/Asche *Scenes from A Galton's Walk*

Ant Zen

Street: 02.24

Synapscape/Asche = Bielfeld, Germany + power electronics maximus

In conjunction with the U.S. Spring tour, Asche and Synapscape crossed the seas to deliver this 13-track split disc of abrasive synths, blistering vocals and raw beats of distorted madness. Both acts are notorious for their top-notch mixture of rhythm noise and experimental electronics. The voltage switch flicks on and off in "What are you doing to whitenoise, baby?" amid static samples of distorted talking – the perfect intro for the album. Metallic clattering and stabbing on Synapscape's "Scrambling Daylight" and deep groovy bass on "Tragic Figures" are tracks I would put on a mix-tape to show off the talent of this duo. With six new tracks from Asche you can't go wrong, starting with "Babylon (Chaos)," an introduction of stringy static and wispy voices fluttering about the rolling beats. "Petunia" comes in gentle and breaks into wildly delicious crispy beats that couldn't hold up in a room with padded walls. These two ambassador acts of rhythm-noise put on an incredible show and this disc was the best souvenir to take back. *Scenes from A Galton's Walk* fashionably shows the impact of these two fine artists.



Snog *Crash Crash* (digital release only)

Metropolis Records

Street: 04.11

Snog = Prince + politics + acoustic guitar

The funk that you feel in the first minute of "Crash Crash" is going to take you back to the 80s. Remember when you were at a school dance and Prince came on and the boys in their pegged pants and the girls with their side ponytails did that cute dance that only 80s kids could do? With only six tracks, you feel like the kid who wants to keep on dancing after the music ends, but the lights come on and the chaperones usher you out. Four killer versions of "Crash Crash," "Turn on Your Brain vs. Acid Outburst 06" and an acoustic version of "King of Hate" are harmonious in the eclectic style of the one and only David Thruswell. Snog has always been a part of the scene, but more on the fringes because of his non-traditional take on industrial. His rockin' guitar on "King of Hate" is so far from being fitting anywhere in this genre, but his broad-based wackiness is what makes you want to pinch his cheeks and break-dance to "Crash Crash."

Covenant *Skyshaper*

Metropolis Records

Street: 03.07

Covenant = synth-pop + the future

Whether the music is your thing or not, Covenant can win you over with the pristine, stellar quality that draws out the polished synths and crisp vocals. The music is beautiful, but the structure on *Skyshaper* shows a weaker side of Covenant. The vocoder in "Ritual Noise", surprisingly, works. Each time I listen to "Pulse" I think of "Dead Stars" – it's really like they have done this before. Remember the guilty pleasure of "Wall of Sound"? This time it's called "Happy Man" – you'll hate it, you'll love it, you'll listen to it in secret. Two personal favorites are "Sweet & Salty" and "20 hZ", both catchy little numbers to make this disc a keeper. The 2004 album, *Northern Lights*, wasn't a real standout release for Covenant and *Skyshaper* is even more forgettable. The fans are going to be split on this one.

Amduscia *From Abuse to Apostasy*

Metropolis Records

Street: 04.11

Amduscia = The struggle and angst of growing up in Mexico City

So there are these guys from Mexico City who suffered from the "seemingly hopeless problems their entire lives" in a country with a high level of corruption. They have taken their anger as inspiration for making music. Isn't this the same story *Hocico* told us? Since 1999, Amduscia became a wonderful addition to the hate coming from the south of the border. Banging out punchy synths and melodic strings, Amduscia nails the opener, "Absolution," with sexy, hard-hitting electro. The first half of *From Abuse to Apostasy* races with fast BPMs then comes off the caffeine-high around "Shattered Mind," and this is where the album becomes enjoyable. The speed-electro that follows on "Freak Knowledge" and "Placeres Negros" is more palatable after taking a break on the beats. If Amduscia could take it down a few notches I would be a bigger fan. It's all about balance.

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GALLERY STROLL

By Mariah Mann Mellus

I'm a little bit of a partier; I plan my weekend events months in advance with the third Friday of the month always reserved for the Salt Lake Gallery Stroll. The anticipation of seeing new art, people and conversations, never knowing where it's going, it's makes my heart pound a little faster and harder every time. This month, the Stroll falls on Friday April 21st and Circle Lounge will host a Gallery Stroll wrap-up party. The wrap party offers a warm dry location to decompress and discuss the shows seen during the Gallery Stroll, and it provides a venue for up-and-coming artists to showcase their work all month long. This month the featured artist will be Xkot Toxsik (Scott Toxic). His show, "The Eye and Beehive Residents Gazer," will display the best and newest of Toxsik's work, giving you a sample of the Toxsik Experience.

Years of Gallery Strolls and interview protocol were pushed aside when I was phoned hours prior to meeting Toxsik and told I would need a secret password to gain entry to our meeting spot. This would be a good time to take along backup, but there was no time to rope anyone into it. As I climbed the steps I saw something stirring inside the living area. There were three men dressed up as mystical creatures, dancing around the room inside what I assumed to be ritualistic circle. My hosts were introduced as Bobby Cyclops, a pink four-armed creature carrying Cyclops' babies in its uterus, Master Mayhem, my tall, dark and grotesque friend with a dangling eyeball, and the Master of Ceremonies, Xkot Toxsik. The creatures are members of Toxsik's Band God Star, who were on SLUG's first Death by Salt CD and have played numerous private parties. Toxsik explained that the band and art started out separately, but the music influenced the art and the art influenced the music and it just seemed like a natural process to introduce the two worlds. This multi-talented artist had a few tricks up his sleeve so I shouldn't have been surprised when he revealed a series of Mormon tarot cards. Toxsik, with a great understanding for the creation of the world and his biblical figures, designed a complete breathtaking set, which can actually be used in tarot readings. His symbolism and quick wit are present in all of his work, including his endearing comic book characters. The characters are a perfect fit for the Circle Lounge; the Meat Monsters are brown and chunky creations, roaming the canvas, ready to clog and ooze at their prey while the petite Sushi Fairies flutter around with grace and beauty. It's worldly and metaphoric, scary yet cozy, and it's all the Xkot Toxsik Experience.

For more on Xkot Toxsik and the God Star Experience visit www.myspace.com/xkot or www.myspace.com/godstar and support local art!



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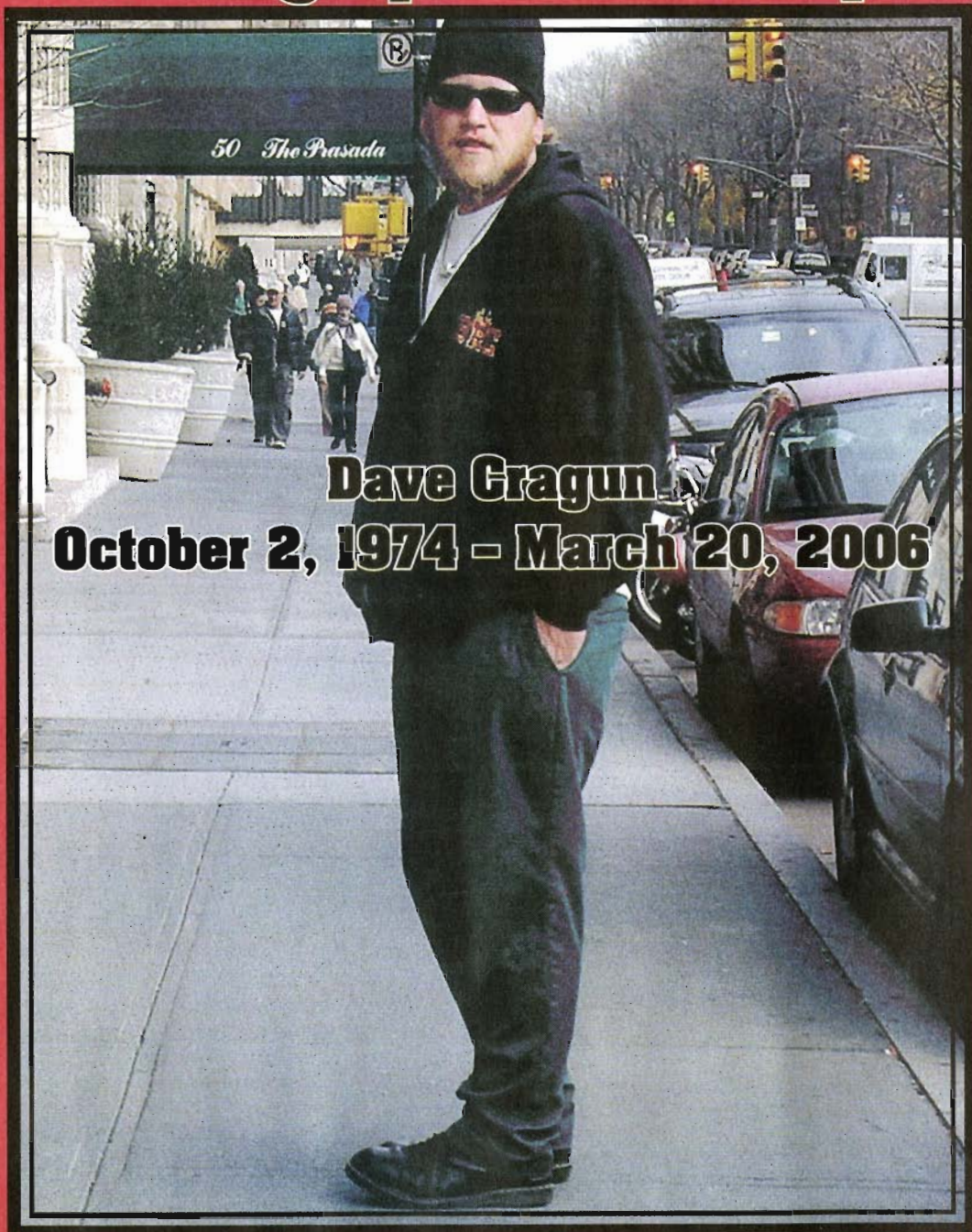
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Kraken was a crazy motherfuck. He was master of the choke slam, had a wicked sense of humor and a book all too often judged by its immense cover. He had a big heart, wild wit and a beautiful soul. He was Willow's dad, beloved brother, protector, bouncer. Dave loved PBR, Jameson, tears, tattoos, Burning

Man, long boarding, PUNK, oxblood Doc's, SBMC, Bandaloops, Speedway café and Universal Pitstop. Dave was a poet, liver, lover, dreamer and thinker.

We fuckin love you, man.

“East side straight out of Cottonwood” “Yeah, Yeah.”

“Always forward never straight” “Fuck all ya'll bitches”

“Bigger, longer, goes deeper” “Play something you know”

BELLOGRAPHY



Amina

Anyone can dance the dance. But if there is no emotion attached, all the artist does is move.

Although Amina is trained in many forms of Middle Eastern dance, I most admire and love her interpretation of the belly dancing style that came to America in the 1970s, which I call the "old style." The zils, the swords, the full and colorful costuming with scarves and head wraps epitomizes belly dancing for many of us in America. Amina's dancing is passionate, true, mature with an earthy quality and an essence of the mystery of the Middle East. Perhaps because she is half Armenian, Amina did not have to find her way to Middle Eastern dance. As a child she was immersed in the rhythms and movement of belly dancing, and she was known to break into a dance on the sidewalks of her neighborhood and perform for all the neighbors.

My family always danced at reunions, weddings, and birthdays. Everyone danced. We were always dancing.

Wanting a larger stage than her sidewalk, Amina became one of Zahira's students 12 years ago, and has been a member of the *Desert Orchid Dance Company*, under Zahira's direction, for the past four years.

Zahira is my mentor and my teacher. After 12 years, I am still learning new information from her about the dance. We perform the more traditional and authentic forms of Middle Eastern dance. The dances we do are the purest choreographies that we can present in the United States. We try to stay true to that.

Loving all forms of Dance Orientale, Amina has studied with other teachers, her favorites include Nourhan Sharif, Nadia Fouad, and Momo Kadous. She appreciates the movement that these teachers execute, the passion they embody, and how they move their audiences.

My passion is the sword dance, which is called Raks al sayef. This dance is a show of strength—feminine strength. To perform this dance, you must have an honest regard for the sword as a weapon and honor it in the movement of the dance.

Amina is presently taking a sabbatical from *Desert Orchid* and will be dancing with *Kashmir Dance Company*, learning *American Tribal*.

Utah is so wonderful because you can network with other dancers and there are opportunities to learn new things. Twelve years ago, we had a few dancers performing a limited variety of Dance Orientale. Today, we have many dancers sharing a wealth of knowledge and a large variety of styles. Very few people even knew Salt Lake had a belly dance community. Today, people like Ansuya are asking to come here and teach. The Wasatch Front has become a hub for Middle Eastern dance in all its forms, styles, and varieties.

Amina will be performing at *Cedars of Lebanon* 4/1, with *Kashmir* in Logan 4/21, the *Alexandra King* show an 4/28 at the *University Park Hotel*, *Tunisian workshop* 4/29, *Black Sheep Tribal Festival* in Sabastipal, California 5/18. Amina's website is <http://aminaslc.tripod.com>



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|-------------------|-------------------------|
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Richter Scale Rock: A Seismic Recap of SXSW

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



Petrology (or rock geology as it is commonly referred to) is the study not only of the composition of rocks but also about the processes that shaped them. No study of **SXSW's ROCK collection could be complete without a proper analysis of what **SLUG** set out to research—what categories of rock there are, how they came to be and the future of rock to come. The types of rock that occur in petrology easily translate into the **SXSW** experience and they are as follows:**

1 – **Metamorphic.** Metamorphic rock is formed when you expose any of the other rock types to pressure or heat (and in **SXSW**'s case, hype) than what it was originally subjected to. Examples of this include **Mogwai** and **Elf Power**, etc.

2 – **Igneous.** This type of rock is too hot to handle and occurs when latent bands boil-up from a particular scene, then dually explodes in a cataclysmic spectacle and fiery inferno. This includes the likes of **P.O.S.**, **Gang of Four**, etc.

3 – **Sedimentary.** Sedimentary rock is formed by the deposit of organic material, pre-existing rock or chemical reactions in other rocks followed by compaction of the particulate matter and cementation. A prime example of this "home grown" rock is **SLC**'s very own, **Tolchock Trio**.

While the rock types listed may seem "rigid" (no pun intended) they transform into one another and don't form the stable labels that are easily associated with them. **SLUG** had four days to identify the most salient aspects of our **SXSW** trip. There was more than enough to do, see and hear. The following is a mere fragment of the mineral matter found in our 2006 trip to Austin.

We set up base camp in Ben's (some guy we meet off of *craigslist*) apartment in his spare bedroom. No rock analyzing trip would be complete without the proper accoutrements of rest: one air mattress complete with little kids transportation-print, including but not limited to- trains, cars and airplanes. Next to it was another air mattress with oh-so-sexy tiger stripes. But Ben didn't stop there! He provided our intrepid Texas explorers with a full "breakfast bar" (by breakfast bar, I mean a rickety table with fake fruit and flowers as decorations) which included generic brand cerealbars, vanilla wafers, tea and some stale crackers. It is nice to know that we wouldn't be left high and dry when we needed a little energy boost after stumbling home at 4 a.m. following a long night of drinking.

On my first day of the dig, my first fortunate run-in was with some sedimentary samples at a local showcase not far off 6th Street. **Tolchock Trio** performed a blazing hat stew of classic **TT** tracks with a dollop of newer musical curiosities. While the crowd may not have been the densely packed parking lot **Tolchock** would have wished for, it was nice to see the local favorites topple the town in their first performance. On a whimsical side note, I think the screaming

metol band that could be heard in between songs and pauses helped the set along. Not a bad first find for my first day in the field.

The next rock *SLUG* was able to study in full form was the transformative build-up of Mogwai. Ludic in its sense of style and overcome with a sense of detrital formation, Mogwai's set could be considered the poppier smoothed out edge of *My Bloody Valentine's Loveless*. The punch and attack of such a steady group ended my first night at SXSW but the Mogwai experience doesn't end there. **Ryan Michael Painter** details the organic roots not only of Mogwai's new album, *Mr. Beast*, but goes on to show the originary evolution of Mogwai with lead singer **Barry Burns**. Painter is no fool when it comes to knowing his own rock lineage and Burns may be more "rock action" than Painter can handle.

As you can see, my rock-weary friends, the first leg of our trip uncovered rare gems. Day two was to prove just as exciting. I started, stayed and stopped my days with an incredibly explosive *Table of the Elements* showcase. *Table of the Elements* is an avant-garde label that was started by **Jeff Hunt** in 1995. The label releases music from modern rock n' roll's early progenitors of the form as well as those that have experimented and expanded it. Some of these early specimens included the incredible **Arnold Dreyblatt**, whose minimalist fame rests on his harmonic investigations using a hammered-type bowing technique set on his modified bass. Other highlights of the showcase included **Rhys Chatham**, **San Augustin** (whose improvisational explorations fucking destroyed; with no thanks to our enfant-terrible **Thurston Moore** and his clickity-clank-clank noise overthrow) and the heavy hitting blues numbers of **Jonathan Kane**. While I single out a few moments here to report on, the whole showcase kicked out the proverbial jam. I won't let the whole rock report run away from me but instead let fellow rock professor **Dan Thomas** expertly lay down his analysis from the ground up (towards heaven) as he gives his favorite shows, experiences and recollections of a job well done. Did I mention that not only did such greats as mentioned above play, but that other amazing people such as **Chris** and **Heather** from **Elf Power** and photographer extraordinaire **Brennan Cavanaugh** were also in attendance? Probably not, as I just stated it. Oh well ... onward and upwards to **Dan Thomas's** alternate and quite satisfying version of the SXSW expedition.

The third day saw a continuation of our forward momentum as we scoped a new and different, but just as exciting wave of bands. We saw **Elf Power** again, this time in an incarnation that included the whole band played a renegade party-in-the-streets set. *Chunklet Magazine*, a humor rag that started out of Georgia sometime in the golden year emotional rock ala 1992, put on and sponsored what was quite literally a block party. Four tents were set in front of boutique clothing, record and book stores like *Sound on Sound Records* and *Monkey Wrench Books* in which bands like **Rye Coalition** and **Big Bear** played. What is great about this set-up was two-fold: a) if you didn't like the music that was playing at one tent, grab your Lone Star beer and run across the street to another tent to listen to a different band b) using principle "a" you could sample a variety of bands while still listening to the one you came to see. It was definitely no small event. Amidst all the clamber and claw of such a performance I was able to see **Chris** from **Elf Power** again after their set and go over last night's experience with him. But the big bang was yet to come as an interview with **Andrew Rieger** was conducted post-SXSW. If you thought the diversity of bands at this *Chunklet* party was huge, the

different sounds, influences and hometown charm are another story. **Rieger** tells tales of other hobbies, crazy cults in Athens, GA and the transmogrified sounds of their new album, *Back to the Web*, coming out April 25th.

Later on that night **P.O.S.** took the stage and as **Dan Thomas** has already reported, it was "honest, witty, intelligent and fun." **P.O.S.** were not the only other rappers in attendance at this year's SXSW. Even though I wasn't able to see them, **Ghostface Killah**, **Raekwon**, **RZA** and other members of the **Wu-Tang Clan** supposedly put on a shiz-ow. But what else were you supposed to expect out of Wu-Tang? Flip neck haircuts and Brit-pop suits? For those that don't know **P.O.S.** made a pit stop in Salt Lake City (pre-SXSW) where **Lance Saunders** was able to catch up with him and talk about how he went from shit to skillz in zero to 60.

The final day of the music conference not only lent itself to a glorious end but also to shared experiences between the two sides of the North American continent. This day saw the final performance of **Tolchock Trio** in an early show for the **RippyFish** showcase. Amidst dancing and drinking whisky, we were able to catch up with our Canadian friends **Johnny** and **Kay** and hang out with former Salt Lake City babe and ex-COSM member **Wendy J.** Two hours of whiskey drinking, one banana-phone-chain and a sushi dinner later, we ended up at the **URB Magazine** private party in which **Gang of Four** was invited to play on the third story of a parking lot to close not only the evening, but the festival as well.

The various levels of the parking structure were turned into band hospitality, VIP lounge and concert stage in a stunning display of vertical planning. The opening band was pretty shitty disco and ironically enough just another New York toss off. After wandering the parking structure stories and capturing a beautiful glimpse of Austin's great musical venue expanse, **Gang of Four** arrived. I quickly rushed to the front, bumped into **Nardwaar** and got pummeled by the raucous sound of direct action. I was not the only one who ended getting pummeled that night ... It was an astonishing sight to see: **Jon King** writhing around the stage possessed with a holy ghost while **Dave Allen** and **Andy Gill** blasted their guitars interspersed with smirks and grimaces. **Hugo Burnham** railed away an intense and furious heat crash, cymbal, BOOM!

What you may not know at this point is that our illustrious editor, **Angela Brown**, met **David Allen**, bassist of **Gang of Four**, when her flight not only got delayed but also got rerouted to San Antonio. While waiting in line to rent a car, she met **Dave** who graciously offered to share his car and drive from San Antonio to Austin. This not only sprouted a great friendship but also led to our own **Andrew Glassett** scoring an interview with **Allen** in which they discuss **Gang of Four's** legacy and future, the business mind of **Allen** and the state of music conferences like SXSW.

Phew! Between running around, meeting people, seeing shows and gathering interviews, SXSW arduous inspection of the many types of rock is finally over. There were over 1200 official SXSW bands, lectures, panels and private parties that peppered and spiced this four-day extravaganza. While it differs markedly from other such festivals like *The Big Ass Show* and *Coachella* not only in days but also in sheer volume, it is nice to know that solid rock is the foundation our music scene is built upon.

Five SXSW Minutes with Ian McCulloch

By Erik Lopez and AHB



SLUG: Have you seen the film *Donnie Darko*?

Ian McCulloch: Yeah.

SLUG: What did you think about the *Echo and the Bunnymen* song ["the Killing Moon"] being used as the prologue for the film?

IM: You know, actually, **Drew Barrymore** is a big fan [of *Echo* and the *Bunnymen*]. We got paid a fuck load for it, and he based the film on it! I am pissed about that. When it happened I thought "nice one ... base the film kind of around the meaning of the song — pre-destiny and the current time-shifted things. *Echo* and the *Bunnymen* aren't even featured in the fuckin' film!

SLUG: Do you feel you should have received writing credit for the dialogue ... that they too your song and appropriated it for the film?

IM: Kind of. I wanted his film to be something more and it made me think he wasn't doing justice. A director's cut came out and instead of putting "the Killing Moon" at the beginning he put it in the middle of the film and he opened with an *INXS* song and I was like "this song is stupid" and the rights about the film and how he used "the Killing Moon" ... it was a great use of the song. I mean it was sunrise, it was the *Killing Moon* and I thought it was clever. I am interested in gaining a magical beginning and that director's cut starts out with that *INXS* song ... what can you do ... It wasn't like *Duchamp* painting a mustache on the *Mona Lisa*, it was like *Da Vinci* painting a mustache on the *Mona Lisa*. As viewed the story and the film it blew me away ... the conclusion was great but it has a sense of *Desperate Housewives* in a weird way but the girls aren't as good.

SLUG: Have you ever talked to **Drew Barrymore** about how you feel?

IM: No, I would like to and I like **Drew Barrymore**, she's gone through a lot and she's royalty and a name ... she has gone through a lot ... I like that ... she seems like a nice person but ...

SLUG: Ten or fifteen years previous you had another prolific song ["Bring on the Dancing Horses"] in the movie *Pretty in Pink* in that soundtrack ...

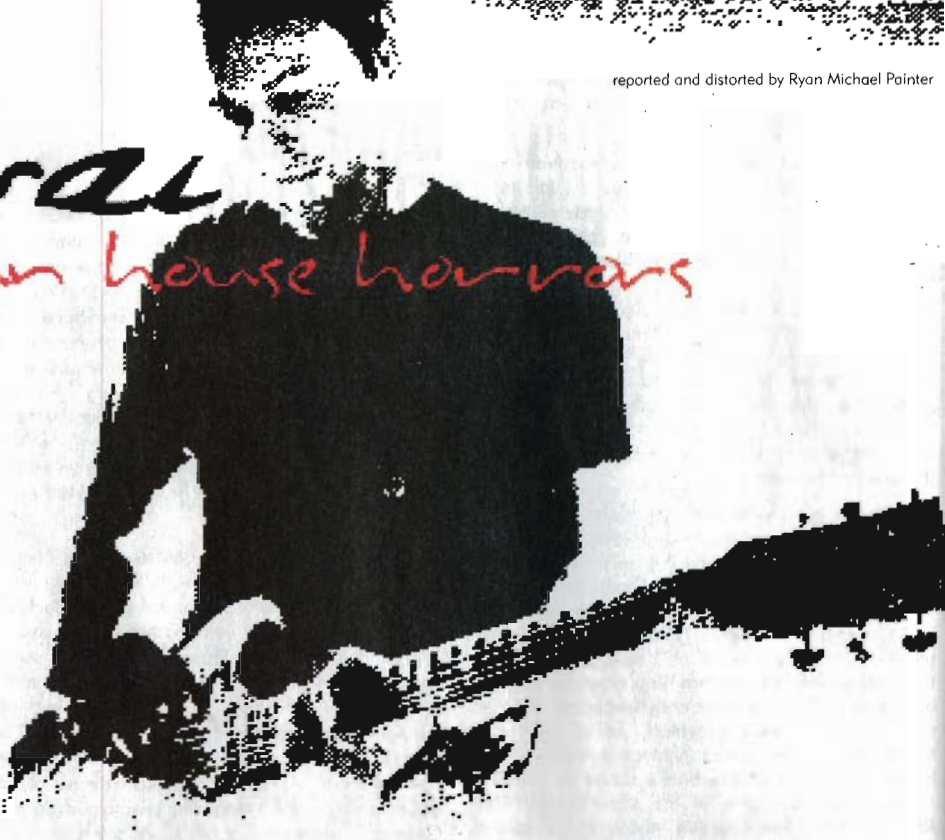
IM: I didn't like the movie ... I thought it sucked.

At this point **Ian McCulloch** dons on a lobster bib and moves three chairs over in order to eat some oysters. He remarks that he doesn't want to eat in front of us to which the PR person asks us to leave him because "it is a British thing." **Ian** relates that he is happy to finish the interview directly after dinner, to which his publicist again retorts, "Ian, they got everything they needed. They're done."

This was not entirely the case, but we said our goodbyes anyway and with a cordial smile, we set out to find our next SXSW adventure.

mogwai

fun house horrors



somewhere in Glasgow, Scotland (regrettably south of Loch Ness), deep within Mogwai's recently constructed recording studio called *The Castle of Doom*, Barry Burns, guitarist, pianist, vocalist, and involuntary spokesperson picks up the telephone.

Mogwai is just wrapping up the final touches on *Mr. Beast*, a score commissioned for a documentary about the French soccer star Zinedine Zidane, the highest paid soccer player in the world. I ask how they took to the challenge of completing the score in only a week and a half. Mogwai is famous for taking six months to complete a single track.

Barry Burns: With *Happy Songs for Happy People* we learned to work with deadlines. A soundtrack was something we were interested in doing for a long time.

SLUG: How did you come across this opportunity?

BB: The director must have heard our tape.

Later I dug around and learned that one of the directors for the film, Douglas Gordon, is also from Glasgow and is far more versed in Mogwai's music than Barry lets on. The Glasgow community is infamous for its artistic inbreeding, a practice that is considered a sizable advantage in most cases.

BB: Everyone knows everyone, but they're not always willing to help. We're not into fads.

Come to think of it, how did Mogwai ever become successful? This is a question that Barry and the other band members can't easily answer. They formed in 1995 just as Shoegaze was giving way to the full fledged beast known as Brit-Pop. By the time they released an album in 1997, no one with a similar sound was left standing.

BB: Even though I wasn't there in the beginning, I've heard it so many times that I can tell [Mogwai] started off sounding like someone else but developed into their own thing. We were given a chance. God knows why. We're either lucky or very talented. I'm surprised each and every day that I get to do this [for a living]. I'm happy to do it.

SLUG: How do people react when they realize that Mogwai aren't miserable?

BB: French people get upset when they find out we're happy people.

With their previous release, *Happy Songs for Happy People*, Mogwai embarked on a tour that would last nearly a year and a half. For part of the tour they headlined shows but also included a long stint with The Cure's touring festival *Curiosa*. Despite the opportunity to tour with one of their favorite bands, the tour was draining. I mention that I saw them three times: Denver, Salt Lake and Phoenix. He pauses, tries to remember something about the shows but concludes that each location blended into the next. During that tour the band decided they missed the louder rock elements featured on their earlier albums. Although they liked *Happy Songs for Happy People*, there was a concerted effort to turn things up a bit.

BB: We missed [the noise] from the old songs and wanted to write some new ones. We still try to be different with every album, whether you hear that or not.

Rather than returning to America to record *Mr. Beast*, the band decided that they would rather remain in Glasgow near their friends and family. As a result they pieced together their own studio, *The Castle of Doom*. I must confess that when I heard about this place I had images of equipment piled up around a three bedroom flat (vocals in the bathroom, drums in the kitchen).

BB: Some American singer, Clark or something from American Idol wanted to use the studio last week to record a b-side. But we were using it, so she couldn't.

SLUG: Kelly Clarkson?

BB: Yeah.

Mr. Beast is a beautiful monster; noisy in bits and delicate in others. It is the sonic marriage of the old and the new. While this may be somewhat disappointing for the fans who were hoping for hysteria over melody, I'm taken by the band's ability to swing from one extreme to another and still hold to pop elements. Barry is unwilling to admit that the whispered vocals stashed here and there seem more confident than on previous albums.

BB: We can't sing. We try our best. Stuart tried but it wasn't as good [as the instrumentals]. Bringing in a singer now would just seem apologetic.

SLUG: How important is it for people to like the new record?

BB: It's important that people like the records. It enables us to make the next one. You're afraid that people won't like it, that you won't get a second chance. We already made a dodgy record in *Rock Action*. We've been incredibly lucky to have had eight years. This album will give us another two.

SLUG: You don't like *Rock Action*? Is that the general consensus in the band?

BB: They don't like the first record either. I do, but that's probably because I didn't play on it.

Apparently I came on board the Mogwai wagon at their low point; I remember hearing *Rock Action* for the first time and thinking that it was brilliant. Granted I've come to prefer *Come On Die Young* but *Rock Action* is still a solid record. I jokingly suggest a horn section for the next tour like *Spiritualized* has been known to tout around.

BB: I don't like *Spiritualized*. I think they're terrible. I don't know anyone else who likes them.

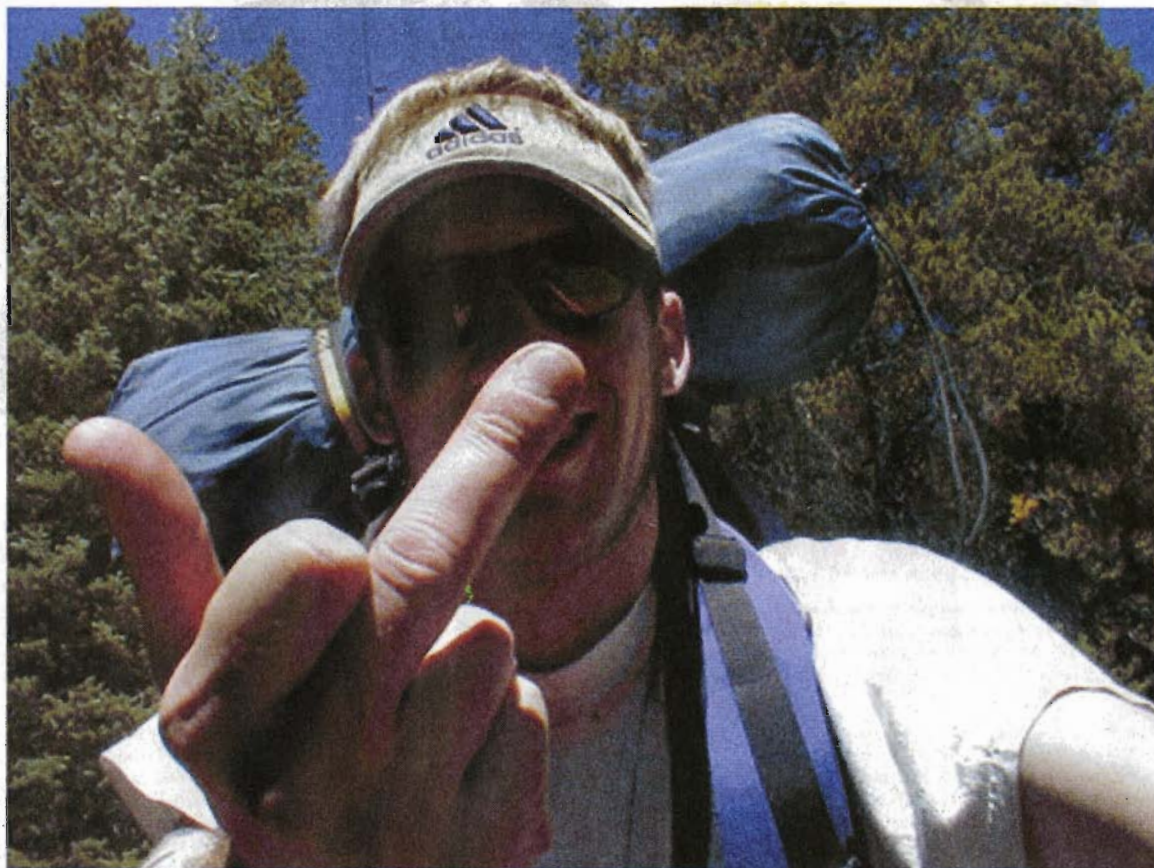
I decide not to tell him about my *Spiritualized* collection, or the time I talked to Jason Spaceman about avant-garde jazz.

SLUG: Any more bands you'd like to slag off?

BB: You can go to the website for that.

Mogwai make their triumphant return to Utah on May 2, at the *Depot*, following their appearance at the *Cochella Festival*.

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Tolchock Trio's ascension to a higher state of musical enjoyment



By Dan Thomas Photos: Oliver Lewis

The South By Southwest music festival in Austin, Tx. is a music-lover's heaven. You're offered a thousand virgin bands, plus a few hundred seasoned whores — I mean, bands — for good measure. Everything is served up on a tattooed, leather platter and it is futile to resist the infinite temptations. I wasn't too shocked to see the street preachers right in the thick of the debauchery. They were doing their God-fearing duty by informing us sinners that 6th Street was in fact our very own highway to hell. **Oliver Lewis**, our bass player/singer in **Tolchock Trio**, approached one of them. "I told him we were already in heaven," he said.

Tolchock Trio bottled against some of SLC's finest talent in the *City Weekly's Showdown* to SXSW contest back in January. We won the grand prize — a free trip to Austin and a slot to play at the *SXSW Media Sponsor Band Showcase* hosted by the *City Weekly* and 37 other weeklies from around the nation. Many thanks to CW and the great care they gave us. Also, Utah-based **RippyFish Records** showed some Utah love and invited Tolchock to play their tent-day-party, which had three times as many people as our bar show.

Some people may have expected us to go down there and repreZent Salt Lake City and our fine music scene. And while we were definitely the only group from Utah (we checked), we just went down to have a good time. We knew two things for certain: our showcase was literally one in a thousand (about 1,400 official SXSW shows over four days, not counting private parties) and we weren't coming home with a record contract. But we did see an opportunity outside of the band. We're all involved with our guitarist **Chad Murphy's** label, **Exumbrella Records**. The label is still too small and too broke to be legitimately represented at SXSW, but as long as we were in Austin there was promotional whoring to be done!

We put together some Exumbrello schwag bags in our hotel room. What's a glitzy festival without schwag? Our handsome bags included stickers, buttons, catalogues, a limited edition Exumbrella screen print courtesy of **Hannah Harris**, and our Exumbrello sampler, *Advertisement #1*, which includes tracks from the Tolchock Trio, **TaughtMe**, **Red Bennies**, **Will Sartain**, **Vile Blue Shades**, **The Tremula**, and our beloved **1h86335** [see this month's *Localized*].

So if you ever find yourself playing this festival and you know that your fan base extends to 435 at best, I have some advice. Don't bother with the mass email invitations, complete with clever descriptions of your sound and hip bands to compare yourself to. If someone hasn't heard some word-of-mouth about you, you're going straight to the trash bin. Instead, use your four days in Austin as an opportunity to meet people and make a first impression. If your bag is schwaggy enough, it just might work.

Our luckiest networking moment came when we shared a shuttle with a guy who picks soundtrack music for **MTV** shows. He asked for our stuff right off the bat, even before we realized that he was **The Man**. Two things went our way on that brief shuttle trip: he thought our stuff looked professional enough to keep talking to us (or maybe he was just trapped in that shuttle) and our eyes didn't flash dollar signs when he disclosed his job. He seemed way too cool and way too open to be working for **MTV**. He even gave us his card and told us to email him if he didn't email us first. That's what SXSW does to people. It reaches deep into the cold heart of the executive and liberates the innocent music fan trapped within, if far only four days.

Did I mention that we saw some good shows? I was about to write my Top 5 Show List, when I realized that **Ryan Fedor's** list was exactly the same. There's a reason we're in the same band.

- **Echo and the Bunnymen** — Flawless set, the band sounded amazing together and **Ian McCulloch** can still hit 99.5% of those high notes. They ran through much of their well-known songs plus a couple of good new ones. Lots of rock star attitude from McCulloch too. He pushed the dude checking the mic out of the way after their first encore and said something like, "They're here to see me, not you."
- **Animal Collective** — Blew my mind out! It was 90 minutes of, "How are they doing that!" Believe the hype. They switched between full-on drone-outs and trippy little pop songs and still managed to stitch all of them together seamlessly.
- **Flaming Lips** — Lead singer **Wayne Coyne** declared that marijuana was legal in Austin, unleashed an avalanche of balloons and started off with "Bohemian Rhapsody." They also played "Yoshimi," a couple of new ones, including the "Yeah Yeah Yeah Song," an old one they had never played live and then brought down the house with a cover of **Black Sabbath's** "War Pigs," which featured **Peaches** on vocals.
- **P.O.S.** — The Minneapolis punk-rapper absolutely commanded the stage through his entire show. This was the best rap set I have ever seen, hands down. It was honest, witty, engaging, intelligent and fun.
- **Rhys Chatham Guitar Army** — The original gitorchestra! **Thurston Moore** joined

them for an epic 25 minute song that featured exactly two different chords throughout. It took place in a Presbyterian church so the sound was phenomenal. Rhys wore a nice suit and conducted the band with much enthusiasm before strapping on his guitar for the last part. Epic, man.

I'd like to add **The Plastic Constellations** to the list. The last time I saw these guys they were seniors in high school. Now in their mid-twenties, they've added about 40 collective pounds of flesh — it happens to the best of us — and 100 pounds of rowk! It's rare and exciting to be able to watch a band grow up from your high school gym to **French Kiss Records**.

Other honorable mentions include **The M's**, **Cut Chemist**, **Hot Chip**, **Clap Your Hands Say Yeah**, **The Fiery Furnaces**, **Ghostface Killah**, **Lady Sovereign**, **Spoon**, **Blackalicious**, **Mr. Lif**, **Soul Position**, **Mac Lethal**, and **Brother Ali**. But SXSW is so much more than all the live music you'd ever want. It's also about the peoples; drunk, debauched and occasionally deranged, but still...good peoples. My three favorite people moments are as follows.

- "You gotta figure yourself out, man," said the homeless fellow as I sat on the curb. There was something in his voice that suggested divine prophesy. He didn't ask for money or booze (I had both on me) and he didn't try to sell me any Eastern meditation handbooks either. He just said his piece and walked on down the road.
- "Jack!" Jack drove the hotel shuttle almost every shift. With his **Weezer** haircut, black-rim glasses and snazzy **Marriott** blazer, Jack inspired a collective "Joaqaak!" from the entire group every time the shuttle pulled up. Yes, we wanted to take him home with us but the man was working 14 hour days and needed his sleep! To the management of the Austin Marriott South, keep your eye on that young man, he's destined for upper management.
- **Erik Lopez** and the **Infamous Banana Phone**. To **Tower Records** it was just another harmless promotional gimmick but to Mr. Lopez it was a gateway to a night of mischief. I can't even tell you how many times I had to pull that thing out of his pants (did that sound dirty? Good.). [Hey Erik, that banana's not really a phone, the only reason we could hear you was because you were yelling across the fancy sushi restaurant.]

The daytime activities at the *Austin Convention Center* were also top notch. And when we actually woke up before it closed, it was thoroughly enjoyable. The trade show offered free beer for artists and there were a lot of other booths that offered all kinds of digital services, web interface whatnots and loads of networking-type opportunities. Did I mention the free beer?

Apparently, limited edition screen print posters and beer don't mix well but I still managed to check out the *Flatstock 8 Poster Convention* (www.flatstock.com), which featured Salt Lake's very own **Leia Bell**. Every single artist at the show was truly impressive, but I was very happy to confirm my suspicion that **Leia's** work is as good as anything out there. Visit www.leiabell.com and support a local treasure while her work is still frighteningly under-priced.

My other favorites at the *Flatstock* show are as follows. I won't bother describing them too much. They are all wonderful and you can visit their web sites if you're thinking about redecorating. **The Bird Machine, Inc.** (www.thebirdmachine.com) features three brilliant, diverse artists. **Emek** (www.emek.com), describes himself as "The Thinking Man's Poster Artist," but I think he caters to intellectual women as well. **Strawberry Luna** (www.strawberryluna.com) is closer to **Leia's** stuff. **Aesthetic Apparatus** (www.aestheticapparatus.com) has some scary, good detailed work. And **Mike King of Crash Design** (www.croshamerica.com) has a 20-page booklet/business card that was well worth the pain-in-the-ass it must have been to make. Thanks for trying hard, Mike.

It seems like everyone falls in love with Austin when they go down there. The city fuels itself on music like Detroit on cars, or New York on assholes. Hell, the little construction mascot at the airport was an electric guitar with a hard hat and tool belt. Speaking of the airport, avoid **America West Airlines** at all cost. My flight was delayed because of a broken exit sign. That's right, a fucking broken exit sign was the reason I had to stay an extra day, sleep in a dingy airport motel, eat at **Denny's** twice and spend enough time at the airport to notice that the goddamn construction mascot was a guitar!

You've only got one year to save up the 600 big ones to buy yourself a SXSW festival badge, but you'll be happy you did. And hopefully more Utah bands will either compete in *City Weekly's Showdown* or just register to play the festival. You know you're good enough. It's high time we Beehivers started exporting our wonderful music with all the cock and confidence of a bona fide music city.

Read **Tolchock Trio's** SXSW blog and view photos at www.myspace.com/tolchocktrio



SIX MINUTE MILE= SLUG GETS **ELF POWERED** WITH ANDREW RIEGER

By Erik Lopez Transcription by Jamila Roehrig

Elf Power is one of the last vestiges of the now-defunct Elephant 6 collective of psych-rock bands from Athens, Georgia, which at one time consisted of bands such as Olivia Tremor Control, Neutral Milk Hotel, The Apples in Stereo and Of Montreal. Andrew Rieger, guitarist and singer/songwriter for Elf Power, spoke with *SLUG* about the Athens scene, their new album, Wesley Snipes and running stoned.



SLUG: Let's start with some SXSW stuff ... general SXSW impressions? Had you been to SXSW before?

Andrew Rieger: No, actually, it was our first time. We had a great time; the shows that we played were really good. I had a chance to see some good music ... **Morrissey** was really good, and **Roky Erikson**, I saw him play at one of the first shows he's done in like 20 years. I actually ended up filling in on guitar for **Minus 5** ... I learned a bunch of those songs on guitar and ended up playing two different shows with them.

SLUG: What other shows do you guys have lined up?

AR: We're playing a couple shows here in town ... and then we're starting our tour; we're going all over America and Europe for about two months.

SLUG: What are some of your favorite places to play so far that you wouldn't mind going back to?

AR: Japan was definitely really amazing; it was such a culture shock and an eye-opening experience ... we went there a couple of years ago and haven't made it back since. Scandinavia's always great, and Spain. The last time we were in Switzerland we were playing with the **Black Heart Procession**, and that was really fun.

SLUG: Could you talk a little bit about the *All Tomorrow's Parties* festival in the UK, where you are playing in May, it is also being hosted by the Shins. How did you get invited ... do you know the **Shins** personally?

AR: We played a show with the Shins about a year and a half ago in Portland, and went out on the town with them after the show and honestly, the details are a little blurry ... i remember a sleazy strip club and an all night rave and lots of booze ... i guess they are fans of Elf Power.

SLUG: What else have you done besides the Elf Power stuff at this point?

AR: I spend a lot of time writing songs; a lot of the other musicians play in different bands, but I have Elf Power as my primary focus.

SLUG: How does it feel to be the only band left in the Elephant 6 collective?

AR: (laughs) I don't really think of it like that. All the people who were in the other bands, like **Neutral Milk Hotel** and **Olivia Tremor Control**, are still making music, they just do it under different names. It doesn't really feel that different to me, I guess; it's still the same community of people.

SLUG: I heard that you were an English major; did you finish college?

AR: Yeah, I did, I graduated from the University of Georgia in 1994.

SLUG: Have you done anything with your college degree?

AR: No, I didn't, but when I graduated I moved to New York for a year; we were kind of doing an early version of the band up there, and I worked in a medical library. I got hired because I had a degree. That's about the closest I've come to using it.

SLUG: What are some of the bands that you've recently gotten into or have influenced your current sound?

AR: I have really broad tastes, and I don't feel like the stuff I listen to is always evident in my songwriting. I like **Genesis** and I like **John Coltrane**, but we don't sound like either of those artists. I think maybe earlier on, when I first started writing songs, I was kind of influenced by people like **Dinosaur Jr.** ...

but I feel like we've kind of got our own sound nowadays.

SLUG: Have you ever been to Salt Lake?

AR: Yeah, we played there ... at least once, we played ... it was kind of an outdoor little area where they had a fire ...

SLUG: *Kilby Court*?

AR: Yeah, that was it. That place was great, those people were really cool.

SLUG: Do you plan on coming back at all?

AR: I should have our tour dates in the next week, and I'm not sure yet, but I hope so.

SLUG: Do you have any weird things where you live?

AR: There's this cult that has this really coal compound; they're Egyptologists and they have this huge pyramid and all these crazy statues ... there are people dressed in robes ... muttering at the sky. They think that blacks are descended from space aliens. It's pretty intense. But they're friendly. Apparently, **Wesley Snipes** wanted to start a samurai sword-fighting school out there ... that would have been pretty awesome.

SLUG: What are your other interests besides music?

AR: [Music] really takes up a lot of my time, but I like to do other things ... drink beer, smoke pot. Actually, I go running a lot ... I quit smoking cigarettes about a year ago, and the way I did it was by going running. I'll smoke pot and then go running. It's pretty intense, because you've got the runner's high and you're high on the marijuana as well. So that's one of my hobbies. You know, just normal everyday stuff.

SLUG: How did you come to Athens?

AR: I grew up in South Carolina, and I was always into Athens bands when I was growing up. It was so close, it was just a natural place to gravitate towards. It's great, a really amazing community of artists that live here. The cost of living is cheap enough so that we can make a meager living playing music and still get by.

SLUG: What actually made you pick up and do music as a full-time thing?

AR: It just kind of happened naturally ... we really just started as a recording project, the first album is just me, mainly, on the four-track, kind of making up songs. Once we put it out and people responded to it positively, we formed a live band to play the songs. I guess because people like the music we just kept going and it naturally evolved into what it is now.

SLUG: **Brian Helium** is back on bass for your new album; he hasn't played since 2000's *The Winter Is Coming*. What was it like working with him again?

AR: Bryan has been doing some touring with us over the last few years, so it felt natural to include him on the recordings again ... he's a fantastic melodic bass player, so it's always a pleasure to play with him.

SLUG: How was the live dynamic different then from now?

AR: At the beginning, it was just kind of a sloppy rock band, but now it's got a little more craftsmanship to it; we try to recreate some of the textured stuff that we do on the record; we have **Heather [McIntosh]** who plays the cello with us, and we try to recreate the sound of the record as much as we can. I just think it's become more detailed in the way that we present it.

Elf Power's new album, *Back to the Web*, will be released April 25 on **Rykodisc**.

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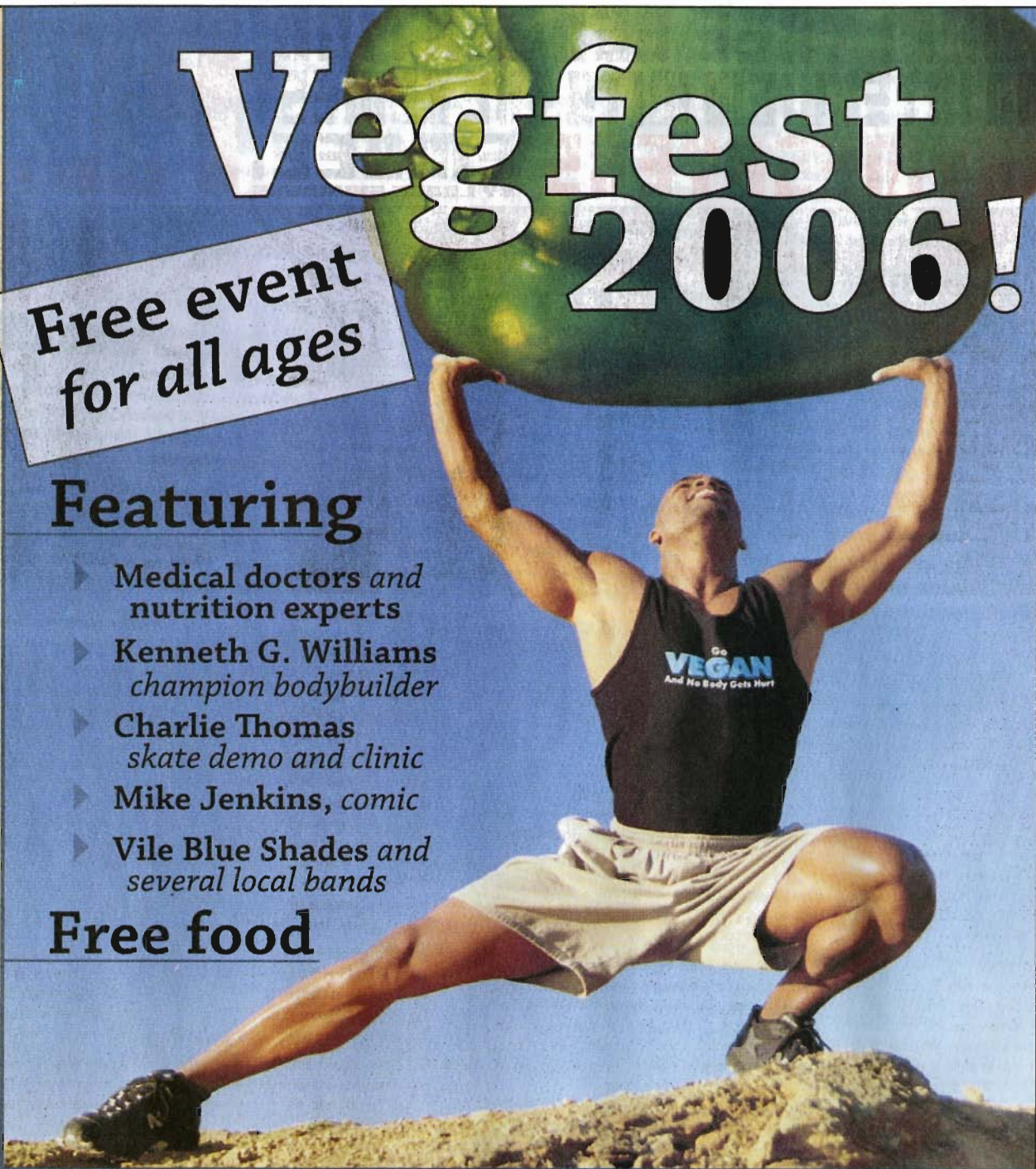
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DOOM TREE GENERATION! AN INTERVIEW WITH THE NEWEST RHYMESAYERS EMCEE!

BY LANCE SAUNDERS

P.O.S.



Selecting a name in the rap world is very important. Attitude, information about your origins, philosophies and current activities intertwine throughout the decided pseudonym, giving different meanings to different people. So why in the world would an emcee call himself *Piece of Shit*?

On the evening of March 13, around 7 p.m., I sit down and share a smoke with P.O.S. on the unsalted sidewalk across the street from Salt Lake's **In The Venue**. We talk about the past, present and the future of the Minneapolis based rapper from **Doom Tree** and the **Rhymesayers** collective.

"Sorry I'm late man," he says considerably, lighting up a cigarette. P.O.S. admits that this is his third time playing in Salt Lake City. However, it is his first headlining tour without being "under the umbrella of the other Rhymesayer players at the *Warped Tour*." He says generously that his "favorite thing about S.L.C. was the kids. The structure of the city is weird, but he thinks the kids are really cool." Later, onstage he admits that "S.L.C. is one of my favorite cities to play in; besides my hometown, I love you guys!" It keeps me wondering why P.O.S. also stands for "Pissed-off Stef." He's such a nice guy.

So how did P.O.S. get where he is now and what was his most important achievement that made him what he is today? He has been in countless bands including **Om**, **Doom Tree**, **Cadillac Blindsight**, **Building Better Bombs**, **Room 237**, **Cenospecies**, and now his own solo effort. "I think [it's] that the fact that I have so many projects and I like to keep myself busy with music," says P.O.S. "Whatever style it is, you know? Om was a pop-punk band, I played drums in Cadillac Blindsight which was kind of like the *Get Up Kids*, that vein of stuff ... in Om, I played guitar and sang. It was gentle pop-punk, I was super young. In Building Better Bombs I played guitar and screamed," he says. "It was spazzy hardcore, kind of like the **Locust**. Room 237 (a name taken from the horrific room in the *Shining*) was my first taste of making rap music. Then after awhile I found myself in Doom Tree."

P.O.S. is something of a hybrid between punk-rock and hip-hop, but it's so much more than that. His songs are downbeat and ethereal, horrific and intense, effortless and canny with ambiguous political punch-lines. His music is also filled with enough substance to go around the table and definitely stands apart from anything else on the **Rhymesayers** label. In short, it's compelling enough to carve its own way into your ear canal. I ask him to describe his new album, *Audition*, to anyone who has never heard it before. "I would say it's either super aggressive hip-hop or really mellow hardcore. It is rap, it is a rap record. You call it rock-rap, whatever, it's just a rap record. It just happens to be a lot more aggressive than most of the other stuff right now."

It occurs to me to ask him which acronym he prefers: "Pissed off Stef," "Piece of Shit," "Promise of Skills" or "Product of Society?" "I never liked the name P.O.S.," he admits, "it stuck because it was the first name given. I either gave it to myself or Marshal from Om gave it to me. Yeah, I think it was Marshal.

If I had to change it I wouldn't because no matter how you look at it, it's deprecating enough that it fits my style without being self-hating," he says, "because I'm not self-hating at all. I just like the idea of P.O.S. just like that piece of shit over there, you know?"

How did P.O.S. find himself on the reigning underground label Rhymesayers? He is part of a crew in Minneapolis call **Doom Tree** and they collectively put out his first record (*Ipecac Neat*, not a demo). "Don't make a demo, make a record. Why would you spend money on a demo if you could make an LP album for the same price?" he says. "So the record was out; Slug and I had a mutual friend." Not the magazine ... the rapper. "He asked me to go sell merchandise on the *Sevens Travels Tour* and I couldn't do it, so I did it on the *Warped Tour*. He said I could bring a set, but I probably wouldn't rap but two days into it. I was rapping every day. They liked my hustle and my songs, so we just hit it off."

Standing in the cold before the show, people give P.O.S. looks of shy amazement and thumbs up. On kid, **Mike**, stops us to tell P.O.S. that he loves the new album and all of his friends have it. P.O.S. behaves warmly toward him and explains to me later that a 16-year-old fan showed him and his crew around a local mall last time they were in town. It was a great moment.

I ask P.O.S. what fans can look forward to when it comes to himself, **Doom Tree** and **Rhymesayers**. He promptly responds, "There's no time to relax, I'm going to put more work into the new **Doom Tree** record. You know, just keep myself busy. This tour has been amazing. We have been breaking 100 [crowd] every night, which is baffling, confusing and amazing and I'm excited on how it's all going," P.O.S. says. "It's overwhelming that 150 people bought tickets before even got there ... I'm so happy."

Utah locals **DeadBeats** started it off with a bang, waking the crowd up for the night's regalement.

Sims adhered to the crowd by stating that after the show, he is going to rename his Myspace account to "Emo Bitch," because he is an emo bitch. His comical rhymes and wacky punch lines won the crowd over with ease. Then P.O.S. approached the stage with a grin spanning from one ear to the other. "I'm so happy you guys are here!" he yelled, starting the show off with his omnipresent energy. Somewhere in between the striking electricity, sporadic raps, and gentle vocal harmonies, the sound cut out. P.O.S. continued the show with spoken word rhymes, thumb-wrestling matches with the crowd and his grab-bag of jokes "This is a little uncomfortable," he moaned after 10 minutes of absent music. Just then, the power came back on and the show was a success! Afterwards P.O.S. sat down at the end of the stage to greet his fans, sign autographs and shake hands. I myself am anxious for P.O.S. to return to Salt Lake City.

POST-PUNK
ALWAYS RINGS TWICE:
AN INTERVIEW WITH DAVE ALLEN FROM

GANG
BOF
FOUR

BY ANDREW GLASSETT ANDREW@SLUGMAG.COM

ENGLAND IN THE LATE 70S WAS THE BIRTHING GROUND OF MANY VERY INFLUENTIAL **PUNK AND POST-PUNK BANDS** THAT WOULD END UP IN INFAMY. BANDS SUCH AS **JOY DIVISION**, **THE FALL** AND **WIRE** WOULD ENTER INTO A PUNK SCENE THAT WAS VERY VIOLENT AND IRREVERENT. THESE **SECOND WAVE BANDS** WOULD TAKE A ROUTE THAT WAS CONSIDERABLY LESS DISRUPTIVE, BUT NONE THE LESS EFFECTIVE WHEN CONSIDERING ENGLAND'S CURRENT SOCIAL CLIMATE. **GANG OF FOUR** WOULD ARRANGE THEMSELVES IN LATE '77 WHEN ALLEN, WHO WAS A WORKING CLASS MUSICIAN, ANSWERED A BASSIST WANTED AD FOR A BAND THAT WANTED TO PLAY **FASTER R+B**. THEY WERE JUST ANOTHER ONE OF THE COUNTLESS NUMBER OF BANDS THAT APPEARED AT THE BREAKING POINT OF THE **SEX PISTOLS**.



Three of the four were graduates of Leeds University and were influenced by the paintings of Monet, music of George Clinton, movies of Jean Luc Goddard and by the various street marches against the Nazi National Front Party. They were concerned with labor laws, women's rights, and also with the state of their fellow countrymen's minds. All of these influences combined to create a sound that was very unique and powerful. Their live shows were very energetic, but more controlled and focused than a Sex Pistols attack. "We had a meteoric rise," Allen proclaimed, a rise that began when they were playing in clubs, sometimes being the opening act for strippers.

It was in 1978 that they got their first break when they got an opening slot for the Buzzcocks. "It was just a one off show, then we went back to banging the clubs. A few weeks later we got a good ol' fashioned telegram from the Buzzcocks manager that said 'Buzzcocks European Tour Stop. Need Gang of Four to Open Stop.'" They went on an extensive European tour that brought them more press than their tour leaders the Buzzcocks did. They headed back to Leeds and put out the *Damaged Goods* EP. They were then invited to play at The Nashville Room which held only about 300 people. When they showed up for sound check, "the whole road was blocked off and we were on the front page of all the papers." Within the year they were signed to EMI/Warner Brothers.

Allen says that their neo-Marxist punk has yet to be replicated although many bands have tried. Allen calls interviewers who try to compare them to other bands "trainspotters." "It seems that writers are sometimes more interested in showing their knowledge of the music world and getting their knickers all in a twist about Franz Ferdinand sounding like us; they are so off the fucking mark. When I hear Franz Ferdinand I think, wait a minute, isn't that Orange Juice? They sound like every other bloody band that has come out of Scotland."

Entertainment! was released in '79 and introduced to the world the biting irony of GOF though songs about sexual relationships, the repressed working class, and boredom. The album has been considered by many people one of the greatest and smartest anthems of social reform, using wit and sarcasm to convey their message. Even the title is sarcastic, forcing the idea that the pursuit of leisure can lead to dangerous social consequences.

Allen left the band in '81 and went on to form Shriekback, in which he had a great career, but left them in '89 to pursue his dream of starting a record label (**World Domination**) that thrived through the 90s thanks to his stunning resume. Gang of Four would come calling in 2003 when interest in the band suddenly spiked almost in mirror image to their popularity after the first wave of punk. They played a few festivals and were even booked at the 2006 *Sundance Film Festival* at one point. "I'm a big snowboarder and I was really looking forward to the event, but

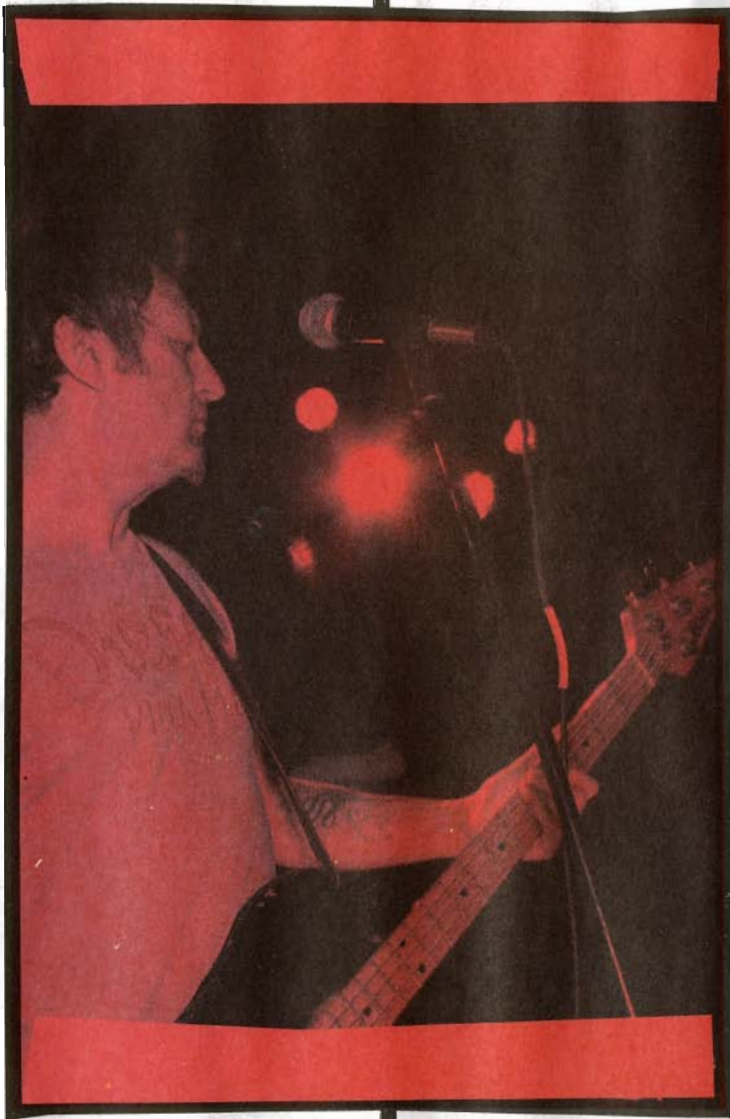
Metallica took the venue from under our feet. I don't know if they paid triple or what, but 'Lars wants to play' (Danish accent). We ended up working something out to play at SXSW, so we set our sights on that."

In October of last year the band released *Return the Gift*, which caused quite a stir among GOF's fans. It is a complex situation, considering that this was the first album released by the original members of the band since 1982 when they released *Songs of the Free*. It gets more complex because the album contains no new material, but old favorites from *Entertainment!*, *Solid Gold*, and *Songs of the Free*. There have some negative reviews of the album, such as the *Pitchfork* review that suggests that GOF got back together to capitalize on the recent trend of post-punk type music. The

article explains "to date, Gang of Four still have unrecovered advances on their EMI catalog and have never seen a dime of royalty cash from sales. So in order to pre-empt an attempt by their old label to cash in on the reunion with a best-of compilation they'd see no money from, they made their own best-of album, recording new masters that they'll be able to earn royalties from. Good on the band for getting in touch with their inner capitalists, but *Return the Gift* is ultimately superfluous." Allen defended his position by stating that their previous labels worked with them, and gave them permission to "re-record some of their old catalogue which is a very rare thing when dealing with major labels." He also talked about the risks of re-recording old songs because the last thing they wanted to do was alienate the fan base that they already had. He feels that this album was a good way give old and new fans a chance to get to know the original foursome, as well as give the band members a chance to reacquaint themselves with their fans; half of the original foursome were not active in their musical pursuits.

Allen stated that he doesn't normally respond to this type of criticism and referred me to an article by Simon Reynolds, a long time writer of all things punk and a current writer for *Slate* magazine. The article states that this album is classic, ironic Gang of Four. Reynolds wrote that "it's hard to think of a precedent in rock history for *Return* — essentially

a band recording its own tribute album. Some see *Return* as proof that the group's reformation was purely opportunistic, an attempt to reap the rewards of post-punk's ultra-hip status these last couple of years." Reynolds goes on to say that there are other ways of looking at what Gang of Four is doing, for example, "the title itself hints that the whole project might be an oblique commentary on retro-culture's 'eternal returns.' That kind of meta-rock gesture was always Gang of Four's style." It is important to remember that when Jon King and Andy Gill formed the band, they were in the fine arts department at Leeds University. At that time, the department was entrenched in left-wing evaluations of popular art. Gang of Four was involved in the "intervention of pop culture — songwriting, album packaging, interviews, internal band relations — in the spirit of demystification." Reynolds concludes that *Return the Gift* "places in



plain, unavoidable sight the redundancy and reconsumption involved in rock's nostalgia market. When fans buy reformed favorites of their youth, at heart they are hoping for a magical erasure of time itself."

I asked Dave if he thought SXSW was an overload to which he responded, "Jesus Christ, is that an understatement. I have been to about 15 of them and I am forever confused why people would want to put themselves through such an ordeal."

GOF caused quite a stir with event organizers because of a party that they played near the end of the festival. The party was somewhat unannounced, but news spread fast and soon there was not enough space for all those who wanted to be involved. Organizers were afraid that unsanctioned corporate sponsored parties such as the GOF gathering would cause more unneeded chaos to an already blisteringly intense week. Allen commented that much of the ardor of organizers seemed to "come down upon our heads, and being the kind of band we are, the more people push us around, the more anti- we become. We've had a long career of not having to worry about this kind of bullshit. A lot of these young bands today bend over backwards to do what they think is the right thing, but good ol' Gang of Four refused to be part of the conference and made a payday of it instead." Their mantra of meta-cognition was once again established as GOF made a statement to those involved in the festival that they should take a second look about how the event is organized.

"Maybe they might see that there is too much activity going on when considering all the concerts and various panels and lectures," Dave comments. The enormous amount of activities going on might overshadow the enjoyment of listening to music and having a good time. "We played well, and made sure that those we were with had an enjoyable evening."

Throughout the years, Allen has carved a life for himself through various musical ventures. His most current focus has been on his promotion skills through his website pampelmoose.com. The website has the look and feel of a blog but carries much more power than your ordinary meanderings of blog culture. At first glance it is a little confusing what the site is actually for. Allen explained that "most people wonder if we are a record label or a distribution company and the answer to that is; kind of. Yes we are a label, but we are a label for bands who don't want to sign away any of their rights to the recording masters. More accurately, we provide label services." His group has production, manufacturing and PR contacts combined with major distributors that can get records in stores across the country. They also employ internet junkies that help bands set up their own online stores. They do all of this while still giving bands the autonomy that they deserve. "We feel that this is the correct way to do business; artists should be the label, not the distributor or record company." Currently he is producing two bands; **Dirty Martini**, a band whom Allen calls his "NPR band," and **Wet Confetti**, a group of geeky indie rockers.

Allen is a spry businessman who looks for opportunities to do something important in his community. It seems somewhat ironic that the bass player from Gang of Four, a group notorious for advocating human rights, would become so involved in corporate sponsorship. He sees corporations as a vehicle to spread more of his influence. Once he had gained support to start his own business, he didn't turn his back on those who got him there in the first place. His current business model is unprecedented in the current music community, where everyone wants to be known and get credit where credit is due. Allen believes that good things will come back to him if he builds others up without flaunting his knowledge or street cred.

Currently, Gang of Four is about to enter into the songwriting phase of their new album. "The reason why we don't have much going on this summer is because me, Jon and Andy expect to be in writing mode, then do some recording in the fall, and then in early 2007 release a new Gang of Four album." Allen is gearing himself up to "create an album that is as aggressive and politically charged as *Entertainment!* It is a blessing to me that what we did then is still politically relevant today, especially in America; now we just move forward in this same path and hopefully do some good."

A bigger tour is sure to follow with a greater spreading of the Gang of Four gospel. "We need to know how people in the world react to what the fuck is going on. If you don't live it, it is hard to come up with the goods and we wouldn't want to do anything that waters down our history."



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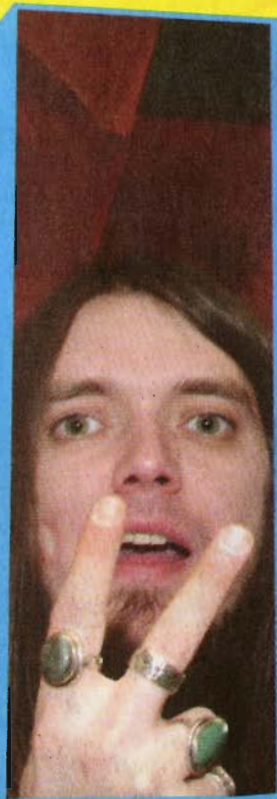
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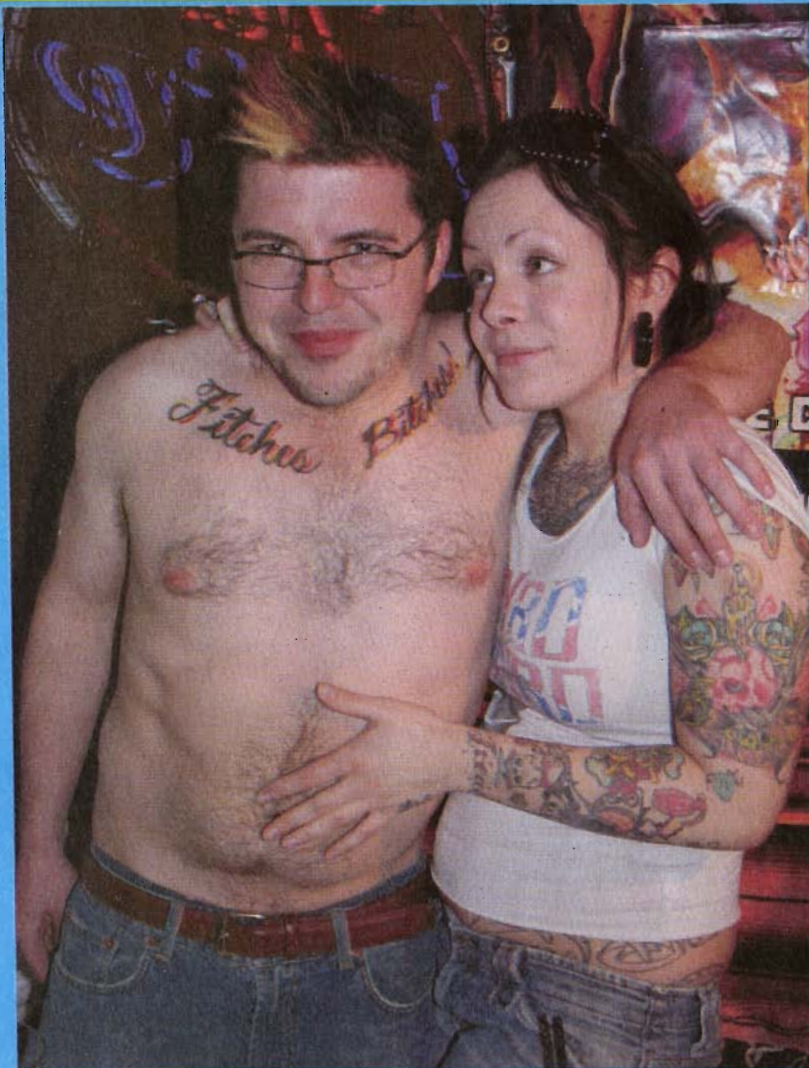
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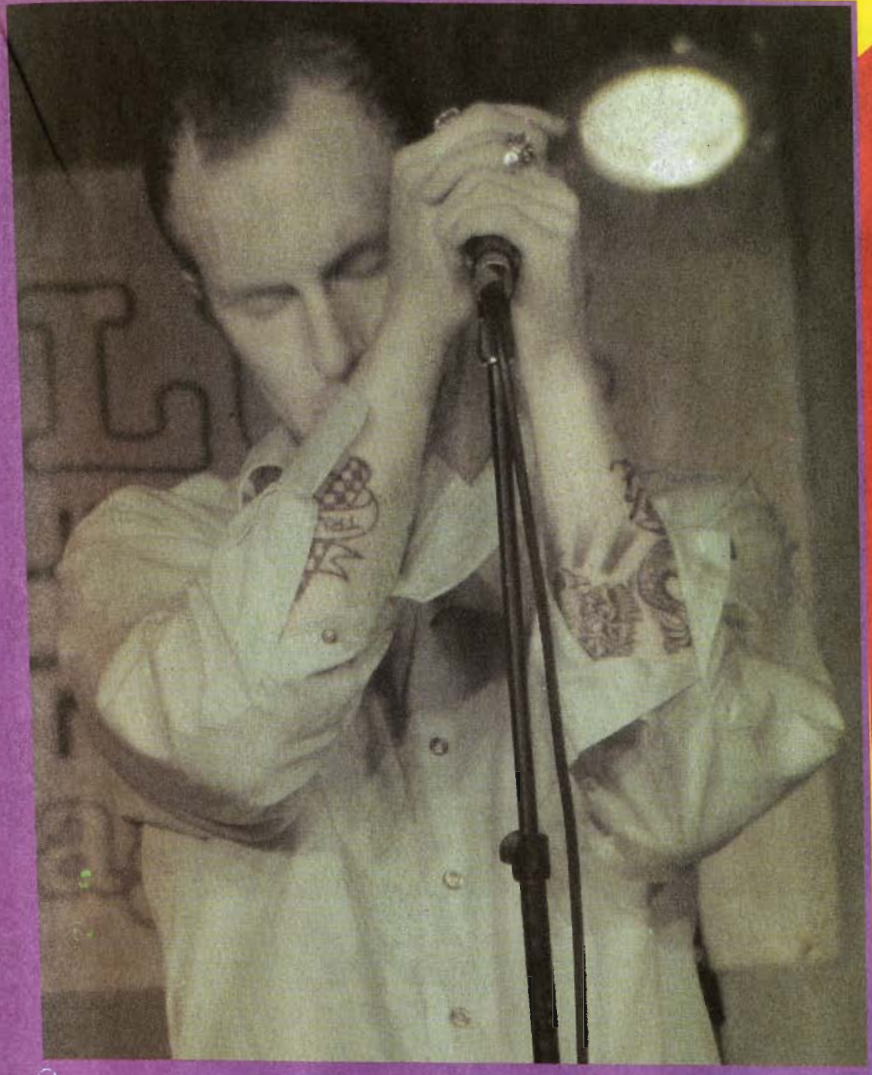
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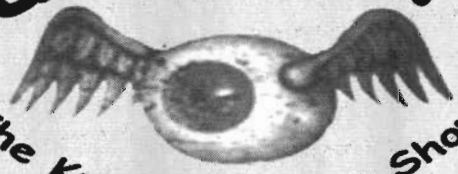
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CD REVIEWS

Adrian and the Sickness

Adrian For President

Self-released

Street: 01.20

Adrian and the Sickness = energy + fun + a rocking, dreadlocked front woman



Adrian Conner, the woman behind Adrian and the Sickness, came close to hitting a roadblock on the way to putting out the group's third album *Adrian for President*. They began recording in Seattle, but after difficulties the band decided to move shop to Austin. With money running low and a producer leaving the band high and dry, Adrian and the Sickness were left a grand in the hole. Fans rallied and raised enough funds to make the record possible. Adrian played the role of **Angus Young** in the popular female AC/DC tribute band Hell's Belles. When she left the group, Adrian wanted to pursue a more lucrative career writing and recording her own material. The AC/DC influence shows through on the record, though it does not overbear it. The singer/guitarist has compiled an album of diverse high-energy tunes that should turn on any hard-rock fan. The vocal performance is fierce emotionally and lyrically, coming off with a bit of country twang. Adrian and the Sickness is an homage and inspiration to any band working with a DIY ethic; despite difficulties, the music will prevail if the heart is in the right place. —Bryer Wharton

Agnostic Front

Live At CBGB (DVD)/CD

Nuclear Blast

Street: 3.7

Agnostic Front = Original New York hardcore aka Sick Of It All + Cro-Mags + Murphy's Law

Take a step back and be sure to take a deep breath before diving headfirst into this DVD/CD onslaught of aggression from one of the few original New York hardcore bands that is still alive and

well. The live DVD includes a 19 song set of exasperating intensity (52 minutes worth) filmed from five angles, a 23 minute documentary on AF, a special interview with guitarist Vinne Stigma at CBGB's and a photo gallery put to music. The footage is fast and raw, has great sound and shows the energy of a real hardcore show from bodies flying around to onstage crowd sing-a-longs. AF vocalist Roger Miret calls it, "Chaos at its best...no attitudes...no violence... just respect and genuine NYHC at it's best!" I agree. The filming can seem a bit choppy at times, cutting from view-to-view, but doesn't distract too much. The CD contains two tracks not recorded on the DVD that are pure propaganda for NYHC. It's amazing that after 25 years, AF can still give a hell of a beat down. —Jeremy C. Wilkins

Alias & Tarsier

Brookland/Oaklyn

Anticon Records

Street: 04.28

Alias & Tarsier = (English) Bjork + Beth Gibbons + Muted



The new-wave generation intertwines throughout this Anticon collaboration that was recorded without a face-to-face meeting for 21 months. Recorded 3000 miles away from each other, *Brookland/Oaklyn* has an abiding beauty as well as an underlying intensity accompanied by a somber, organic side. Truly progressive, each track typically begins rather composed with brittle electro-hop loops from Alias' drum machine, met hastily by the Tarsiers voice which draws you in and caaxes the song out of its shell. Alias' trademark composites are often cheap and distorted, but are now accelerated and hord hitting. On "Last Nail," Alias finds his voice again, delivering his agile cadences over a beat that scampers to keep up with him. Amazing! So, yet another warm and wonderful record is spawned and spat out into the world, courtesy of the Anticon collective. This is no half-assed, money-driven product,

nor a sit-back maralistic effort; it is a rare and magnificent album that gets to the core of honest music ethos. —Lance Saunders

Animal Collective

Grass (single + DVD)

FatCat Records

Street: 03.21

Animal Collective = if you don't know already, you'd better find out on your own time, in the privacy of your own home, because everyone else is cooler than you and it's time to play catch-up

The "Grass" single from last year's *Feels*, equipped with a four-video DVD and a pair of B-sides, offers a nice summation of the band's current aesthetic. "Must Be Treeman," though representative of their split with Black Dice and some of the *Danse Manatee* work, still seems like a superfluous experiment at this stage in the band's career (probably why it's a B-side). On the other hand, the live favorite, "Fickle Cycle," is as strong as any track on *Feels*, but maybe a bit too disorganized for the album's progression. The videos aren't essential viewing, but why not see what these animals can do with cameras? As easy as it is to recommend anything Animal Collective has done in the last five years, this offering should be strictly designated for the Animal Collective devotee; all others should worry about acquiring the albums. —Justin Thomas Burch

Anti-Social Music + The Gena Rowlands Band

The Nitrate Hymnal

Lujo Records

Street: 04.18

ASM + TGRB = A Silver Mt. Zion - mystery + Broadway lyrics

It makes me nervous anytime a post-rock guitarist takes on a pseudo-opera project. There is a reason that people who write operas have been writing them for years and years. Luckily for this particular piece, it leans more toward roadhouse theater than classical opera. *The Nitrate Hymnal* is the result of a musician named **Bob Massey** who came across some old footage of his grandparents when they were just starting their lives together soon after Pearl Harbor. Massey edited the footage and wrote a flowing chunk of music that corresponds to the various sequences of his antecedents' lives. The music is actually well put together. The subtle use of guitar adds an interesting element to the quartet of strings. The

singing is a little tacky, but would probably make much more sense if it was experienced along with the video. As it is, there is probably just too little to relate to without seeing the images of his grandparents. —Andrew Glassett

BenLaVain

Come on People

That 70s Boy Publishing (self-released)

Street: 01.17

BenLaVain = Cracker + For Squirrels + other mid-90s alternative one-hit wonders



Oren Barzilay cites BenLaVain as an outlet for his experiences in both New York City and his Israeli homeland. One would hope the music would be as interesting as the back story suggests, but one would end up disappointed. The sod fact is that while *Come On People* isn't all that terrible, it's nothing special. The instrumentation is so predictable that a better musician could probably write down the notes four measures in advance while listening. The lyrics don't help either. A crash course in lyrical relevance: whining that "your job position is all you wear" or waxing stoically that "the bravest heart stands alone" does not make a band "pratest rock." Titrting a record *Come on People* does not make you protest rock. It makes you just as full of ennuai as the other five million bands existing at any given time. It makes you "Up with People" with distortion and a bigger self-righteous streak. —JR Boyce

Black Ox Orkestar

Nisht Azoy

Constellation

Street Date: 04.04

Black Ox Orkestar = Jewish tradition + Silver Mt. Zion tradition

Each Constellation release should include a sticker that reads, "Where do you want to go today?" Corny, but accurate, as this sophomore outing from

Black Ox Orkestar (members of Silver Mt. Zion and Sackville) twists through Czech, Hungarian and Polish traditions, heavily dusted in Klezmer harmonies and soaked in Yiddish poetry. True to form, the group adds its own perspective to their experiments, employing a spooky, spacious production style (read: reverb, interesting percussion and vocal mic placement) and otherwise modern sensibilities to transform their research of Jewish music traditions into both homage and a unique oeuvre. From the choral-heavy "Bukhorion" to the wispy "Violin Duet" to the head nodding, jump-around-the-fire, exquisitely orchestrated "Ratsekr Grec," *Nisht Azoy* is the album bands such as Dead Can Dance aimed for yet never quite achieved. As per usual, Constellation's collective of subtle geniuses takes you through a slanted version of foreign spaces and fantasized locales that you'll have a hard time leaving. —*Dave Madden*

The Black Swans

Sex Brain

Bwature Records

Street: 03.01

The Black Swans = Tindersticks + Americana (of the rust belt variety)

This is the kind of record that can't be reviewed. It is neither original nor overly derivative. It sounds like every Drag City alt-country record that I can't bring myself to listen to, yet it is rather enjoyable. My attention isn't commanded or repelled. Conversely, this is enough to tell me we don't have the makings of a great record. Instead, we have another innocuous example of mumbled songs about sensitive men with drinking problems. After flipping through my mental Rolodex, it seems that there are plenty of dudes like that in this here town. So maybe it is the story of everyone's life. Maybe it is my life. Maybe this is a good record instead of a great one. Oh, CD reviews, I wish I knew how to quit you. —*Justin Thomas Burch*

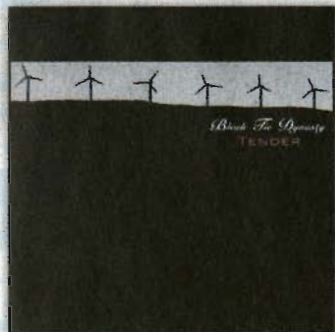
Black Tie Dynasty

Movements

Idol Records

Street: 04.25

Black Tie Dynasty = Depeche Mode + New Order + Erasure + The Killers



Do Black Tie Dynasty sound like The Killers? Yes. Do they sound reminiscent of actual 80s bands like Depeche Mode, New Order, The Cure, Joy Division, Erasure or the Pet Shop Boys? You could say so. Is there anything done different on *Movements* that gives the 80s revival a new twist? No. Is it a good album? That depends on who you ask. If you're tired of the 80s then don't even bother with it. If you're not and you still appreciate some nice synth-rock with a big scoop of moody, over-exaggerated vocals on top, then get the hot fudge out and make yourself sick. *Movements* is thick with catchy breakdowns, keyboards, guitars, choruses and vocals strong enough to tie the mesh of it all together into a classic sound. So many people are annoyed by the 80s music comeback, calling anyone with an 80s sound copycats or unoriginal. Well dammit, maybe they just like the music and want to play it — ever thought of that? Are the bands in other scenes all unoriginal rip-off artists just because they sound like other bands within their particular genres? No. Is this album good? Yes. —*Jeremy Wilkins*

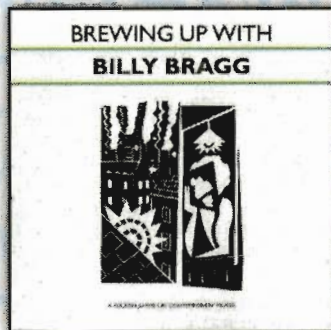
Billy Bragg

Brewing Up With / The Internationale EP Reissues

Yep Roc Records

Street: 02.21

Billy Bragg = Joe Strummer + Bob Dylan + Phil Ochs



These two albums, which bookend Billy Bragg's early output, demonstrate the varied nature of Bragg's harmonic ambition and subject matter. Thematically speaking, Bragg is at one song a Morrissey and the next a Zach de la Rocha. In terms of musicality, Bragg runs the gamut from a one-man band to a veritable *Chinese Democracy*. With Bragg's early album *Brewing Up With*, he's a one-man band singing affecting love songs with charming, gritty, British working-class piss and vinegar. Yet six years later with *The Internationale*, Bragg's songs are grandly produced efforts with chorale arrangements and brass ensembles. *The Internationale* is also more political than *Brewing Up With*, dealing with current events of 1990 that now seem dated. Although *Brewing Up With* is the best of the albums composing these nicely packaged and bonus-track filled Yep Roc reissues, it's difficult not to love everything Bragg does. With his intelligent wit, his bark of a voice, and his passionate songwriting, Bragg

comes across as somebody who honestly believes that music could change the world and he almost makes you believe it. —*Robert Leovitt*

The Buzzcocks

Flat Pack Philosophy

Cooking Vinyl Records

Street: 03.07

The Buzzcocks = The Vibrators + The Smiths + Joy Division + The Pansy Division

It's always nice to hear old bands releasing new stuff that's just as good as the songs that made them legendary. Although none of the songs on the Buzzcocks' newest album are as recognizable as "Orgasm Addict," they're still damned good. The album consists of songs that ask the age-old question of what went wrong, sprinkled with some songs about consumerism and the idea of Big Brother watching you. Who cares what the song matter is; the guitar riffs, drum beats and synthesized sounds are upbeat and make you want to dance your ass off. This is what pop punk should sound like, not that Good Charlotte bullshit that is on sale at your local *Hot Topic*. —*Jeanette Moses*

Calexico

Garden Ruin

Quarterstick Records

Street: 04.11

Calexico = Wilco's little brother

At first glance, it is evident that the new Calexico effort is a departure from the band's previous nine records; say "buenos noches" to the characteristic Chicano stencil art. Instead, we have a colored sketch of a crow on a wire looking all Saddle Creek-y. True to initial perception, the band has left behind some of its dusty twang on the road to cleanliness. Just as Wilco transitioned from the alt-country of *Being There* (which was already a substantial departure from Uncle Tupelo and the supposed genesis of the No Depression genre), Calexico seems to be captivated with the potential of well-penned pop songs. To say that this record is the band's most accessible is no stretch. Unless you're a Calexico fan, in which case it's probably the most banal. —*Justin Thomas Burch*

Cinemechanica

The Martial Arts

Hello Sir

Street: 05.23

Cinemechanica = bad seafood + jogging + guitars competing for attention

This record is a spastic dud. If you were ever stuck in a waiting room, killing time by trying to imagine what it would sound like if a set of sexually-frustrated teenagers desperately in need of Ritalin got together and wrote a 31-minute album in six minutes and dedicated it

to *Dream Theater*, then your daydream has spawned a band, you asshole. On the upside, this is what it sounds like inside the guy from *Fallout Boy's* head when he violently pukes into his silly hat after drinking a few too many pre-show wine coolers. On the promo sleeve that accompanied the record, some fool is quoted as saying that the track "I'm Tired of Paul McCartney" makes the Mars Volta look like a pack of mewling babes." Even the band member's mothers know this couldn't be further from the truth, as I'm sure they try not to discuss how they think the band composed of their collective offspring is absolutely fucking stupid. —*Sucka MC*

The Cops

Get Good or Stay Bad

Mount Fuji Records

Street: 02.26

The Cops = Mad Cap + T Rex + The White Stripes



This band is a great example of the way rock n' roll should be played. The muted bass, distorted guitars and raspy vocals work well together. The lyrics are pretty fucking boring and not very well written, but thankfully the album consists of just about as many instrumentals and solos as it does lyrics. The fact that the Cops play rock n' roll that you can shake your ass to makes the shitty lyrics bearable. I suppose most people don't care much about lyrics when they've been dancing so hard they can't breathe. It isn't like they could sing along anyway. (*Kilby Court 04/06*) —*Jeanette Moses*

Cue the Doves

Architectures of the Atmosphere

Dead Letter Records

Street: 03.21

Cue the Doves = Hopesfall + Coheed and Cambria + Hum guitar sounds — the good stuff

Cue the Doves? I was hoping there would be some John Woo action; I wanted some birds to fly out of the CD case, then I'd dive into my kitchen and shoot up the living room couch. No such luck. *Architectures of the Atmosphere?* Sounds space-alicious, haughty, but cool. Wrong again. Sounds like these guys stocked up on the effect pedals and forgot the originality. Most of the time the guitar lines sound like a cheap cop-out version of Hum, stripped of their originality and

coated in a post-punk sheen. There are high-pitched vocals laced throughout, with the occasional tough guy yelling. It has Hopesfall elements, but nobody was really that into that band, were they? After a song or two they got old. Imagine how this is. Oh, and it would be nice if the drummer would play the same songs as the rest of the band. I guess when you're in space, small things like "cohesion" and "originality" don't matter. —Peter Fryer

Demolition Doll Rods

There is a Difference

Swami Records

Street Date: 04.18

Demolition Doll Rods = The Cramps + The Kinks — a wee bit of pizzazz



If you're looking for intricately laced melodies, harmonious vocals and rolling guitar solos, too goddamn bad. Demolition Doll Rods serve 1950s rock n' roll with scratchier vocals and slimmer lyrical content. *There is a Difference* is a grease-laden trip through stripped-down guitars, simple beats and straightforward lyrics. "It feels like sin, I can't wait to do it again," sings Margaret Doll Rod on "On the Way to School." The Doll Rods don't pull it off as well as, say, Lux Interior, but there's some definite garage-cred with this band. —Shane Farver

Desole

A Story to Tell

Abacus Recordings

Street: 03.07

Desole = Further Seems Forever + Before Brille + three guitars

I never ate brussel sprouts because I had this notion that they were terrible. They looked like the pods in *Aliens* and smelled like old socks. Most people would agree with me. So, feeling like I had the support of the world, it seemed completely justifiable to shun the small vegetable. I was set; no brussel sprouts were going to touch my taste buds. Then one Thanksgiving my mom roasted them, and after much hemming and hawing I ate one. It was damn good. Desole is to music as brussels sprouts are to vegetables. That is: I didn't want to like them (mainly because of the genre). I probably wasn't supposed to like them, and then it hit me, "Damn, this is good." Tastefully composed guitars, catchy

hooks, emotion and great band dynamics are all here. And three guitars rarely, if ever, work. Even the interludes between songs are well thought out. This record works. *A Story to Tell* is a solid effort by this six-piece poppy/post-hardcore/indie/emo/whatever group from Arizona. (*Club Boom Va 3.28*) —Peter Fryer

DJ Knuckles

The Best of Friday Night Fallout Vol. 1

Skull Candy Productions

Street: 03.01

DJ Knuckles = DJ Velvet + DJ Jesus + the Abominable Snowman

Thank God! Now that Knuckles put this record out, every night is Friday Night, damn it! With a compy and comical introduction by local lyricist Adverse, *FNF Vol. 1* started me off with a chuckle. As the album played on, I basked in the sultry ambiance of tracks by Damian Marley, Nas, The Spooks, Kanye, DangerDoam, J-Live, People Under the Stairs, Chali 2na, Maraons, and other kick-ass picks from the KRCL 90.9 FM/Knuckles collection of eclectic hip-hop. It ranges from hip-hop classics to dub/reggae jams, from underground favorites to over-ground joints loved by the masses. *FNF Vol. 1* is a small taste of what Knuckles is capable of and a great example of what you might hear on Friday Night Hip-Hop, hosted by the man himself, DJ Knuckles. If you don't know, you'd better ask somebody! —Lance Saunders

Dog Fashion Disco

Adultery

Rotten Records

Street: 04.04

Dog Fashion Disco = Faith No More + Mr. Bungle + more heaviness + country



Dog Fashion Disco has been around for a good time now; *Adultery* marks the band's fifth release. The group has always had a somewhat diverse sound, but there is no mistaking the fact that their brand of music borrows heavily from Faith No More and Mr. Bungle. The vocalist emulates Mike Patton to a T. The sound may be similar, but the lyrical concept is completely different. *Adultery* is a concept album about a man descending into madness. Forget the similarities and enjoy DFD as a heavy rock, jazz-infused cut of fun. This is by

far the best the group has ever sounded. They also have an attitude that inspired a riot (teargas included) in Mesa, Arizona when the band vocalist took a heaping shit on stage and hurled it into the crowd while opening for the two dumb-fucks that call themselves the Insane Clown Posse (whose fans, dubbed "Juggalos," had been throwing objects and spitting on DFD during their set). Now that is the complete opposite of not giving a shit of what an audience thinks. —Bryer Wharton

Feathers

S/T

Gnomosong

Street: 04.11

Feathers = Sunburned Hand of the Man + female juju

In a few years, when freak-folk and folk revivalism become subcultural footnotes after Michael Gira finds something else to champion, the genre's emblematic band photos (though strongly indebted to folk and psychedelic album covers of yesteryear) will remain one of the most recognizable aspects. Typically set in deeply wooded areas, these tableau feature a gratuitous spread of humans posed like a motley sixth grade class, each with some combination of funny hats, hand knitted sweaters, unwashed hair, bare feet, clay-encrusted work boots, monumental beards, blankets as outer garments and indigenous American jewelry (note: these forest dwellers always seem to forget their instruments). Feathers, goofy family portrait and esoteric appurtenances aside, have submitted a true standout album into the soon-to-be overflowing multi-instrumental, vaguely spiritual, eco-friendly, Devendra Banhart-endorsed folk collective catalog. Blow your jubilant fire for a job well done, rosy-cheeked Current 93 of the future! —Justin Thomas Burch

From First To Last

Heroin

Epitaph

Street: 03.21

From First To Last = The Used + industrial sound — anything good

The time I spent listening to From First To Last's new album, *Heroin*, is a small chunk of my life I will never regain. This reality sunk in after two listens and I felt as if I would've better spent my time chewing on rocks and nails. This album, not to mention the band itself, is a complete mess. *Heroin* is bad trendy music at best. The only originality on this album is that FFTL has managed to create the worst brand of screamo to date. The constant whining of vocalist Sonny Moore is unbearable, while the guitars' feedback and distortion are nothing but a jumbled mess, mixed in with some occasional industrial noises. FFTL ought to quit and work things out with their ex-bassist and ex-vocalist, who are both currently suing the band. —Jeremy C. Wilkins

George and Caplin

Things Past

Beta-lactam Ring Records

Street: 02.03

George and Caplin = Boards of Canada + some forgotten New Order imitator



Records created by first-named duos (e.g. Ian and Sylvia, Damon and Naomi, Sonny and Cher) always seem to emanate a peculiar austerity. Be it autoharps or laptops, the sound of an intimate relationship seems to be present. George and Caplin, while fit for the club in namesake, need to add a notch or two to their experience belt. Though some of the songwriting on this record is rather precise, the minimalist electro-pop palette that the songs rely upon seldom transcend the banal. The nasal, lip-riddled vocals (simultaneously obnoxious and adorable) seem to appear at random, grocing only a small handful of the album's 12 tracks. But hope is not lost. In a few years, after a few fights and a few reconciliation sessions, George and Caplin may tell us a story we haven't heard before. —Justin Thomas Burch

Goldblade

Rebel Songs

Cleopatra Records

Street: 02.07

Goldblade = Rancid + The Clash + Angel City Outcasts + England



I can't say I disliked a single song on this album. All of the tracks were energy packed, the lyrics as catchy as a venereal disease and punk-rock choruses that you can chant to while throwing your fist in the air. The album contains both heavy-metal style guitar solos that might be found on a Metallica album and surf-rock guitar riffs reminiscent of Agent Orange. My favorite tracks included

"Fighting in the Dancehall," "Black Sheep Radical" and "Government Lies." I don't usually like the newer punk bands bursting on the scene, but these guys deserve respect; they're damned good. —Jeanette Mases

Gossip

Standing in the Way of Control

Kill Rock Stars

Street: 01.24

Gossip = Aretha Franklin + The Bell Roys + Bikini Kill + Gogogo Airheart

At the climax of their idiom, Gossip has achieved the sound they hinted at in earlier albums and assorted 7"s — one dreamt about by indie rockers and *American Idol* contestants alike. Phenomenal vocals dominate the soundscape of *Standing in the Way of Control*, hurling the listener in the middle of a gospel choir suffering from a riot-grrl identity crisis. Angular baritone guitar and disco beats provide a more than adequate accompaniment, providing track after track of danceable, arguably make-sweet-sweet-love-in-the-back-of-a-van-able, rock. The end result of this could spread STDs faster than a nymphomaniac from South Africa ... Fuck yeah! —Ryan Powers

Head Control System

Murder Nature

The End Records

Street: 04.04

Head Control System = Katatonia + Ulver if they changed the electronics to guitars + a hint of Arcturus + a dash of Alice in Chains



This is definitely the year for The End Records, with releases from great bands such as Voivod, Dissection, The Gathering and much more. Completely unaware, *Murder Nature* fell across my lap and demolished any preemptive expectations. The team of musicians, Daniel Caroso (ex-Sirius/Re:aktor) and Kristoffer Garm Rygg (Ulver, ex-Arcturus/Borknagar), have built upon their previous works and created something entirely original. Holy fucknuts, this album is nothing short of a shocker. Keyboard melodies float listeners around an clouds for brief moments of ambience. Awesomely heavy, tight and concise riffs get the blood pumping. There is absolutely nothing in the music world that sounds like this record. Vocalist Garm is like King Midas; everything he

touches is gold. He has proved once again that with every project his voice is an essential product of the music. His range and style are unmatched. If *Murder Nature* falls below the radar of the music world, brash things must be done. Bloody some heads, defecate some pants and rearrange some faces, this must be heard. —Bryer Wharton

Human Television

Look at Who You're Looking To

Gigantic Music

Street: 05.02

Human Television = Belle & Sebastian + Early REM + The Sea and Cake — everything that was good about those other bands

First off, it's "whom," with an "m." But allow me just this one quote: "The songs of Human Television ache to be loved the same way REM, the Wedding Present, the Sea and Cake, and My Bloody Valentine do." Hey, holy shit, I'm done with my review. It aches to be loved because it's not. And I like the Sea and Cake, okay? But these guys are boring. Come on, will you please have something happen in your songs within, well, whenever, really. If a droning background whots propelling your music, you need to do something different. And do you guys honestly think that no one will realize "On and On" isn't directly ripped from Marcy Playground at their worst? With song titles like "I laughed" and "I'm moving on" (they're too ennui-ey to capitalize), I'm shocked anyone signed you. Seriously guys, you've got chops, but you suck ass. Don't do this again. —Thomas Jeppersen

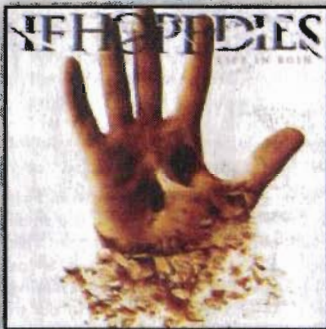
If Hope Dies

Life In Ruin

Metal Blade Records

Street: 03.07

If Hope Dies = Killswitch Engage + As I Lay Dying + God Forbid + rock n' roll riffs



I knew what this CD was going to sound like before I even listened to it. No surprises in this bad boy. Straight up metal-core that is heavy on the metal, light on the core. Lyrics about humanity's self-imposed destruction abound, and the chuggy-chug "little engine that could" breakdowns are a bit too overused. It sounds like they ran out of musical ideas so they decided to put in a bunch of crunchy breakdowns. The refreshing aspects of the CD are the sung melody

lines and the dirty rock n' roll licks that are more Harley Davidson than they are Scandinavian tundra — a style that's been played to death. It's definitely fast and heavy, good for keeping you up on that late night drive, but it all begins to blend together after the first four tracks or so. (*The Avalon* 3.31) —Peter Fryer

Irving

Death in the Garden, Blood on the Flowers

Enie Meenie

Street: 04.01

Irving = Robbers on High Street — French Kicks + Silver Jews — Steven Malkmus



Not all bands have to push the envelope. If every band pushed the envelope, all the time, the envelope would break, and then they'd have to push other things. Eventually it would get so confusing that the world wouldn't even be cognizant of the fact that it was at a loss for beguiling pop songs. While Irving isn't about pushing envelopes or other post-envelope boundaries, they prove with *Death in the Garden* that they can produce an album's worth of hook-heavy pop songs, written by each of the five members. The title track's energy alone will stick in your head for days, and the following, "I'll write the song, you sing for me," flaunts the band's knack for combining catchy riffs and goofy yet lovelorn lyrics in a beautifully crafted tune. This is one breezy and satisfying record, especially as the soundtrack to a vicious stabbing amongst daffodils and birdbaths. —Tyler Ford

Job For a Cowboy

Doom EP

King of the Monsters Records

Street: 04.11

Job For a Cowboy = Dying Fetus + Skinless — the Paint Your Wagon soundtrack

Picture the setting of an old western, gritty yet full of clichés. Then imagine all of a sudden all the horses and caws become rabid man-eating monsters. Now that is a job for a cowboy! Aside from the stupid name, Job for a Cowboy do well on their initiation into the death-grind world, a genre full of copycats and forgettable names. Channeling sludge-worthy riffs with growled and high pitch vocals much like scene leaders Dying Fetus, *Doom EP* applies well to its audience, delivering

the goods. Now on tour with death-metal clowns Six Feet Under, this band is sure to steal the show. —Bryer Wharton

Joe Mazzari Band

Long Live the King

RocknRoll Scene

Street: 03.07

Joe Mazzari Band = the Rocketz + the New York Dolls + the Jam

Joe Mazzari's claim to fame is that he played with Johnny Thunders in the early 80s, which he flaunts like a sailor wears a tattoo. But even without that touch of credibility, this trio is pretty brilliant. Though they play a simple style of music, their talent spills over. They are not so much hiding behind garage punk as they are testing its potential. The impressive thing is that although they're a trio, it sounds as if there are two more people in the band. The opening track, "Miles Away," will crawl in your ears, build a nest and never leave — it's that goddamn catchy. —James Orme

Lokbrá

Army of Soundwaves

Lucid Records

Street: 03.28

Lokbrá = any fucking British band ever + a sack of stupid + funny accents



I have come across several anecdotal articles claiming that the Icelandic populace possesses, for one reason or another, some preternatural understanding of multiple languages. They are international wordsmiths; the U.N. of the tongue. So how do we make sense of a banal Icelandic rock band dropping emeralds like: "Get up and stand up for your right. We must unite. We cannot fight. If you look inside, you will see the light" ("Ride the Walrus")? Though immensely retarded, those lyrics were at least coherently insulting. Try this stab at the frat boy colloquial: "Wazzup? Peyote isn't kickin. Just wait a minute, then you'll see some mad shittin" ("Mr. Music"). Yes, shitting. I really shouldn't judge, however, seeing as how the Saguaro cactus population dominates the balmy desert that is ICE (you know, frozen water) land. —Justin Thomas Burch

LYLAS

Lessons for Lovers

Fictitious Records

Street 04.04

LYLAS = Belle & Sebastian + Devendra Banhart + Songs:Ohia

Dear LYLAS – I’m sure you know LYLAS is common yearbook slang for “Love Ya Like A Sister,” which is precisely what I feel towards you. Obviously, I like you enough to hope you “Have A Great Summer,” but, well, you’re too nice. Too pleasant. And really, stop asking me to dances “as a friend.” I’m sick of it. You play some enjoyable southern folk – Really it’s all quite nice, and your lyrics are good too (“A lazy spray of wrists and veins”, “I fell in love with Siamese twins/ one was sweet one was sex”), but you never really took any chances. Too much of you could belong on a Wes Anderson soundtrack. Sometimes when I’m with you I just think of Jim White. Why don’t you let some Southern sulk, so evident in your lyrics, creep into that violin and guitar? I’m sorry, LYLAS, but I just don’t think of you that way. Luv Ya Tunz! –Thomas Jeppersen

Magneta Lane

Dancing With Daggers

Paper Bag Records

Street: 04.04

Magenta Lane=Death From Above 1979 + girls + guitar + poppy melodies – half the attitude



I picked up this CD and instantly noticed “Produced by MSTRKRFT” on the back. My spidey-sense said to me “Hey! That’s Jesse Keeler from Death From Above 1979 ... you LOVE that band!” It’s clear that Mr. Keeler put his touches on the bass sound – it resonates the buzzing and sludgy grittiness that would make any girl (or boy) weak in the knees. Often times the guitar is barely audible over the clamor of the bass-and-drums-only schtick DFA perfected. The sugary melodies wrap themselves around the crunchy instruments nicely; I get a bit of a Pretenders-meets-the-Kills vibe from singer Lexi Valentine’s voice. “Bridge to Terabithia,” the opening track, builds up the tempo and catharsis for the rest of the album. Add some Julian Casablancas-voice-masking echo and distortion to “The Better Plan” and suddenly it’d sound like The Strokes at their best. Track four, “22,” has an intro

and hook that’ll knock other bands on their asses. The album may only be 25 minutes long, but its message comes across well enough that if it were any longer I feel it’d run the risk of being a bit too forgettable. –Jesika Medici

Measles Mumps Rubella

Fantastic Success

Doubling Cube Records

Street: 02.21

Measles Mumps Rubella = Out Hud + Gang of Four



Since dance punk is already stigmatized and/or dead, I probably shouldn’t mention that this wonderfully dissonant, rambunctious album opens with a real rug-burner. If we are indeed amidst the dance-punk fallout, this album represents nothing but progress and good timing. The songs are as simultaneously jarring and handsomely ethereal as anything GSL has ever provided us, while Chuck Bettis’ vocals exhibit a restrained ferocity that channels a particularly spastic Ian McCullough of Echo and the Bunnymen. It is a damn shame, but this album will probably wallow in obscurity because everyone exhausted their money and dance-punk patience on the already crumbling DFA dynasty. One pretty sizeable fuck-up, however: the album cover (featuring a close-up of some sort of budding plant) and title are disturbingly similar to the new Fiona Apple record, *Extraordinary Machine*. You may as well package William Faulkner as Zane Grey. –Justin Thomas Burch

Sergio Mendez

Timeless

Concord Records

Street: 03.02

Sergio Mendez = Black-Eyed Peas + Chali 2na + Portuguese Polka!

This is a tasty fusion of hip-hop and samba to make you get out on the dance floor and shake your “lovely lady lumps.” However, not everything is what it seems ... For all of those big, bad Black-Eyed Peas fans out there who love conscious and mind-expanding lyrics like: “what you gonna do wit all dat junk, all dat junk up in yo trunk,” you’re in for another astute and resourceful treat. Sergio definitely holds the musical talent conch on this release, but B.E.P. (among other artists)

assault every beautiful melody with the same “freak freak, yes yes, y’all” shit. I never thought I would witness Black Thought of The Roots on the same record as Justin Timberlake. That’s what happens when you get a horde of blood-sucking corporate backers to cut an album. All hail the coming of Starbucks Records! What the fuck!?! –Lance Saunders

The Mind Controls

The Mind Controls

Dirtnap Records

Street: 02.21

The Mind Controls = The Saints + The Kids + Hubble Bubble

Canadian underground icon Mark Sultan could write a song in any genre and so far he’s seemingly working on it. Past projects have included the Nuggets (by way of *Back from the Grave*) party band, Les Sexareenos, the inimitable doo-wop punk duo that is the King Khan & BBQ Show, the BBQ one-man-band, and the straightforward *Killed By Nineties* punk outfit, the Spaceshits, which the Mind Controls seem to be a continuation of. Here the band combines melodic hooks and catchy songwriting with enough speed and energy to enable this record to worthily stand right alongside its 70s punk influences but maintaining a necessary timelessness as well. It’s time that Mark Sultan got the recognition that he deserves outside the nexus of the garage underground, and his recent output will serve him well. –Jared T. Soper

Ms. John Soda

Notes and the Like

Morr Music

Street: 03.02

Ms. John Soda = the Notwists + FSK + Tied and Tickled Trio



Ms. John Soda has come a long way since their first release eight years ago. With their trademark robotic sound style, this futuristic and electro-rack album glorified by the statuesque vocals of Stefanie Bohm unveils their continued growth and strikes a nerve. I fell in love with this woman’s voice when I heard her sing on Jels’ *Soft Money* release. They have pure and utter control over their style on every song. It’s sometimes cold, humming, occasionally fuzzed and

repeatedly sweet and smooth. This record stands out as one of the most progressive underground second full-length albums to ever come out of Germany. There’s a practiced, almost alert ease throughout the record. Depth without being deep, simplicity without being simple – it’s hard not to walk away from *Notes and the Like* without a sense of well-being. –Lance Saunders

nearLY

:reminder.

Kufala

Street Date: 04.11

nearLY = 12 Rounds + cinematic glory + Nine Inch Nails’ sound design team

Jerome Dillon recently retired as drummer for a band called Nine Inch Nails. Now that we have that out of the way, you can appreciate nearLY for what it is: a stylistic enigma with influences all over the place. Dillon begins the work with a lilting string quintet (“One Day I Was Gone”), shifts to a thicker drum-heavy pop tune (“Straight to Nowhere”) and from there runs a tasteful gamut that all somehow fits together – this is a concept album, based on a recurring dream. Underrated chanteuse Claudia Sarne of 12 Rounds gracefully supplies a voice to Dillon’s lyrics throughout, singing with Greg Dulli on the gospel-esque “Step Into the Light.” While the more muscular tracks are interesting for their production value and take on pop, Dillon shines on the more intimate and spacey portions of the album such as the floating “Blackwing” and the swinging, twangy “Prins Hendrik.” Basically, this is another sleeper, perched under the shadow of Trent Reznor (i.e. Prick’s *Self-Titled*), one that you’ll initially dismiss until some fateful afternoon when it’s the one disc you brought on your commute. After that, they’ll have to steal it out of your grave. –Dave Madden

NOFX

Never Trust a Hippie

Fat Wreck Chords

Street: 03.14

NOFX = Lagwagon + Circle Jerks



They’re getting up there in their years, but NOFX has kicked a bit-o-ass with this six-song E.P. *Never Trust a Hippie* cranks up the energy past the sometimes-lagging

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War on Errorism and returns the punk-lifers back to some of their roots. "You're Wrong" slows it down a notch, granted, but that's to get Fat Mike's point across. Lyrics run the gamut from making fun of fashionable politicians to relaying what it's like to be an over-the-hill punker. While the days of Punk in Drublic are long gone, Never Trust a Hippie is better than most of the patchouli-smelling stink-bombs that pass as music nowadays. -Shane Farver

Painted Saints

Company Town

Sopping Thursday Records

Street: 04.25

Painted Saints = 16 Horsepower + Drunk

Being the diligent reviewer and SLUG employee that I am, I thought I would try to track down a release date for this mysterious re-release that was reviewed elsewhere under a different title over a year ago. I may have cleared some things up if the cell number on the press release wasn't disconnected (hence the question mark). However, when it comes to this brand of gypsy country, the more enigmatic the better. I was, on the other hand, able to learn that Paul Fonfara, the sole regular of this Denver/Minneapolis multi-instrumental outfit, was a member of Jim White's touring band. Ever the mystery himself, White seems to have transferred some of his wide-eyed, death-obsessed, celestial awe to the young Fonfara. Conversely, Fonfara's thoughts cut a wider, if not naively unfocused, swath in musical landscape, perhaps wide enough that cellular service isn't available in its wake. -Justin Thomas Burch

Rahim

Ideal Lives

French Kiss

Street: 04.04

Rahim = Les Savy Fav + Fugazi



Rahim could be cast aside with a host of other too-discordant-for-their-own-good post-punk bands if it weren't for a handful of melodic, sweet tunes interspersed throughout some boring ones on *Ideal Lives*. "Only Pure," "Forever Love" and "Satisfy" are smooth, sorta-dreamy and filled with jittery drums that sound like living creatures. The best thing about this album is that Rahim have no urge to re-

re-re-create disco-dance-punk, leaving out the requisite dance beats because they aren't necessary here. The sparse instrumentation and nasally (sometimes irritating) vocals become monotonous on many songs, and a few songs are so unmelodic they are forgettable, but when Rahim turns up the heat and throws a few peppers into the gumbo, what food these morsels be. -Jomilo Roehrig

Rose Melberg

Cast Away the Clouds

Double Agent Records

Street: 04.25

Rose Melberg = Isobel Campbell + Nick Drake - sophistication - edge



From unsophisticated strum patterns to trite lyrics, this album doesn't offer much more than your typical open-mic night. Folk artists need some edge and originality to differentiate themselves from the armada of hacks out there. When I listen to this album I am haunted by the memories of that person at the party turns off the music and plays their sensitive acoustic guitar songs while everyone cries with embarrassment. You get an oppressive feeling from the overly simplistic rhyme schemes when you can predict what word she is going to use at the end of every line. That said, Rose has a cute voice, but cuteness without an individual or accomplished style is just infuriating. Her songs resemble the subdued sensitivity of Belle and Sebastian's earlier records without any of their dangerous lyrics or deft melodies. -Spencer Jenkins

Royden

Best Friends Our Worst Enemies EP

Hopeless Records

Street: 04.11

Royden = AFI + Thursday

The storm clouds that form over your head while listening to Royden are no accident. This is one gloomy outfit. *Best Friends Our Worst Enemies* exhibits some haunting melodies wrapped around lyrics that are just as spooky and apocalyptic as they are somber. "And down on the street the damned silently lurking in the darkness," vocalist Treebo sings in the war song "Dollittle Raids." Although Royden won't be up for any "Feel Good Song of the Year" awards anytime soon, they pack a wallop of sorrow for those of us who know the world can be an ugly place. -Shane Farver

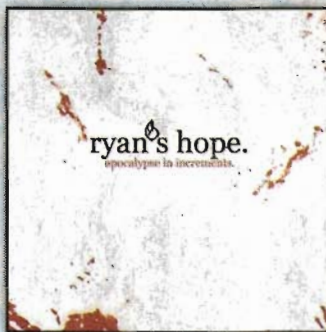
Ryan's Hope

Apocalypse in Increments

Punknews Records

Street: 04.11

Ryan's Hope = Bad Religion + Smoking Popes + Alkaline Trio + Thrice - Dustin Kensrue's powerful screams



Ryan's Hope are relatively new, forming in 2002 and quickly self-releasing two EP's and a full-length on *Double Zero* before signing to Punknews Records to release their second full-length, *Apocalypse In Increments*. The guitars and drumming are fast-paced and well played, creating a punk-metal sound similar to Thrice. The vocals blend light screams with melodic singing and are good for the melodic punk-metal sound Ryan's Hope are striving for. The problem with *Apocalypse in Increments* is that the sound they have achieved has become painfully generic over the last several years. It's one thing to fit into a genre and play that particular kind of music, but if there's nothing to differentiate yourself from the other bands, you just get lost in the mix. There are a couple standout songs like "The Carpathian" and "When Life Steals Life" - other than that, grab a pillow and a blanket and get ready for nap time. -Jeremy C. Wilkins

The Scarred

No Solution

Punkcore Records

Street: 03.21

The Scarred = Street Brats + The Krays + Cheap Sex



When will street-punk bands learn that the punk-rock formula is boring? That is all this album is, The Scarred bitching about a bunch of shit that every other punk band bitches about. We all know that cops suck, the government is fucked

up and you're pissed off about it. Stop writing songs about it! We have enough good anthems relating to these topics and don't need your two fucking cents! On top of the boring songs, this album just isn't fast enough. The Adolescents-style surf-rock guitar solos are cool, but unfortunately they can't carry the album. The only decent song out of the 12 on this album was track one, "No Solution." The rest of it was not worth listening to. -Jeanette Moses

Sepultura

Dante XXI

SPV

Street: 03.14

Sepultura = never the same without Max Cavalera



Receiving hype via e-mail is quite annoying. I couldn't give a shit what other media outlets think of the new Sepultura record. One even went so far as to say that it's the best Sepultura record to date. What a load. *Dante XXI* is not that much different than any post-Max Cavalera Sepultura record. The same style that was *Angst*, *Nation* and *Roorback* remains, but gone is the brutal thrash that made Sepultura gods. Remaining is a piece of hardcore-inspired thrash - in other words, pure tripe. Vocalist Derrick Green sounds like a dying cow. Admittedly there are some entertaining riffs and leads piping through the shit storm, but that doesn't save the record from ultimate boredom. Songs mesh together like diarrhea floating in the toilet. Sepultura need to call it quits or change their name. Max's current band Soulfly, on the other hand, continues to astound. Forget the lame imitation that is Sepultura. -Bryer Wharton

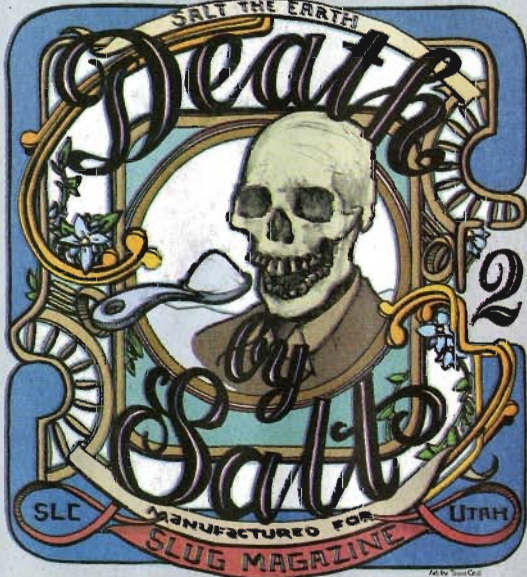
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4.2 Zerrubbabel

4.14 Glinting Gems & Ether Orchestra

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BEFORE



AFTER

DVD REVIEWS

LolliLove

Director: Jenna Fischer
Troma Entertainment
Street: 02.07

LolliLove, the Troma Team's latest DVD release, is not filled with the usual blood, vomit and zombies we've come to expect from the beloved Troma studios, but instead a clever satire from James Gunn (writer of *Down of the Dead*) and Jenna Fischer (*The Office*). It stars Gunn and Fischer as a wealthy Hollywood couple that want to start a charity that would give the homeless lollipopers with James' inspirational artwork on the wrappers. The movie is a mockumentary, which I believe is Latin for "unfunny (with the exception of *This is Spinal Tap*) and usually boring (remember *Bloir Witch?*)", and while LolliLove is sometimes both, there is a lot to enjoy. Gunn's deadpan performance is the best part, like his description of the cartoon character he invented, Osama Bin Awesome (Osama Bin Laden's much cooler brother who works to curb terrorism), or his explaining that while having a conjoined twin would be fun at first, "it would get old fast." --Jeff Guay

Prix de Beaute
Augusto Genina
Kino Video
Street: 03.07

It's easy to love flappers; with those skirts, short hair, and unparalleled Lindy-Hopping abilities. Of all the great onscreen flappers of the 1920's and 30's, perhaps Louise Brooks is the most memorable. Knock-out beauty aside, she was an actress who knew the value of understatement, which is precisely what takes the material of *Prix de Beaute* from simple melodrama and elevates it to something more. One of France's first 'talkies,' *Beaute* follows a young typist (Brooks) as she enters a photo contest and eventually becomes Miss Europe. Andre (Georges Charlia), her fiancée, is furious with envy and gives her the ultimatum: come home now and forget about being beautiful, or he will leave her forever. She agrees at first, but when he finds that she is not easily controlled, his patience is tested. Essentially, an only mildly engaging melodrama, but it is worth seeing for Brook's performance, and her last starring role. --Jeff Guay

Rebel Samurai Box Set

Directors: Masaki Kobayashi, Hideo Gosha, Masahiro Shinoda, Kihachi Okamoto
Criterion Collection
Street: 10.25

If there were a DVD prom, those movies with the Criterion tuxedos would look the best, sound the sharpest, and have the greatest chance of sleeping with the prom queen. This is true of their new *Rebel Samurai* box set, which includes four great samurai flicks. *Samurai Spy* is sordid tale of espionage and intrigue, filled with twists, turns and severed limbs. *Kill!* is a hilarious story of Yakuza versus Samurai, falling somewhere between spaghetti western and screwball comedy. *Samurai Rebellion* stars Toshira Mifune (Seven Samurai) as an aging father who is being told by the higher-ups in his clan that his son must return his new wife. Inspired by his son's newfound love, what ensues next is what I'll call, for lack of a better term, drama over the baby's mommo. *Sword of the Beast*, the best of the four, is about the young swordsman Gennosuke, on the run from Johnny Law after killing the high counselor of his clan in a reform effort. Beautiful cinematography and all the whoosh! whoosh! clink! clink! you can ask for makes this a sword opera of the

highest tier. --Jeff Guay

Taisho Trilogy
Seijun Suzuki
Kino Video
Street: 03.07

In the 1960's, Japanese cult filmmaker Seijun Suzuki was fired from his production company for "making films that didn't make any sense and didn't make any money." When he returned to cinema in 1980 with his acclaimed *Taisho Trilogy*, it appeared that he hadn't learned his lesson. The first of the series, *Zigeunerweisen* (1980), is the eerily beautiful story of two former classmates; one a respected professor, the other wandering womanizer and suspected serial killer. In the background of their story of infidelity, jealousy and the yearning for freedom, is a traveling blind trio who sing songs about the clean-up process after sex. In *Kogero-za* (1981), a young man becomes seduced by a woman who warns that his favorite fruit may actually be the edible form of female souls. The finale, *Yumeji* (1991), is no less strange; a story of youthful romance with a widow who's dead husband returns from the grave. The films don't tell a story, so much as they tell a feeling. Suzuki is a surrealist; attempting to reach passion through abstraction rather than conventional story structure. *Zigeunerweisen* is the best, amidst it's own absurdity are scenes of real human emotion; such as a moment in which a flurry of flower petals blanket both sides of a heartbreaking phone conversation between a husband and his adulterous wife. --Jeff Guay

Threat

Director: Matt Pizzolo
Halo Eight Entertainment
Street: 04.06

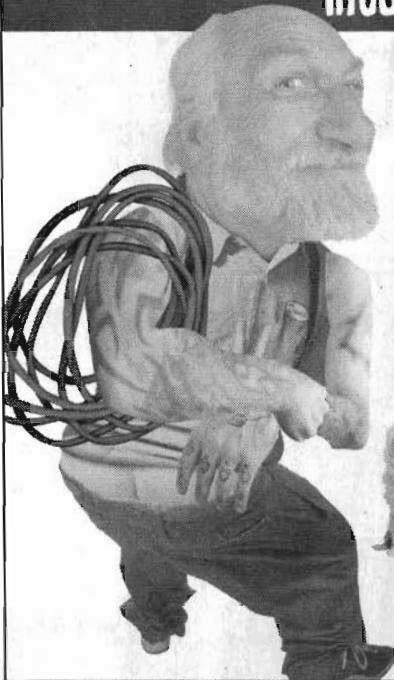
If you're an optimist like me (...), you can view *Threat* one of two ways - a half-full/half-empty approach, if you will. Half-full: "Hey, all the told-you-so morals and verbose, mind-numbing chatter about violence of the first 3/4ths of this flick was a caustic play on how we as Americans opine and rant way to much, but never put our money where our expensive mouths are when we've got the gun (and the power) against those who would oppress (read: the filmmakers chose to make a film about hypocrisy)". Half-empty: "I just wasted an hour on prelude, sighing and rolling my eyes over beat-you-over-the-head lectures I've heard and/or participated in since I was ten, before getting to the bloody, hellacious *28 Days Later* style destruction. I'm giving the benefit of the doubt to King's Mab (the production/terror crew behind *Threat*) because (1) I can't believe that the first half of the film is supposed to be taken seriously (I can't stote enough how preachy it comes across, offering lessons better realized in and before *American History X*) (2) the last three minutes kicked enough buttocks to curb my initial reaction (get it, I was curbed). The film was inspired by and features music from Atari Teenage Riot, Bleeding Through and Glassjaw (you can purchase the soundtrack and the secondary breakcore-meets-death-metal music on a separate disc to relieve the madness), a great idea, but the ideas are...convoluted. There is a lot of potential in these young filmmakers, but it's not quite up to snuff. There revolution was televised with *Threat*, but I'm unsure what exactly what I'm supposed to fight against. Again, that might be the point..." -- Dave Madden

mon	moonshine mondays no cover alt/old country DJs Rory & Jacob
tue	Rock N' Roll DJs Rebecca & Barrett no cover!
wed	Ready, Steady, Go! indie/brit pop/electronic *no cover before 10! DJ LZ & special guests
thu	textures no cover underground hip hop DJs Mr. Berr & Odi-wan
fri	Trance/Electronic
sat	Funky/ Vocal/ Soulful/House

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APRIL

Fri 7- THE CUNTED c d release party, Rodeo Boys, The Horns

Sat 8- dead rit to drag, A K Charlie, Our Time in Space

Thurs 13- THE HORNS, Black Cobra

Fri 14- SLUG Localized feat.

Lapsed, Nolens Volens, 1H86335

Sat 15- Dirty Birds, The Blanks

16- Ted Dancin

ninki's going away party

Tues 18- Loren Cook

Wed 19- Cabaret Voltage

Thurs 20- Derek Bentizegna

Fri 21- THE BROBECK's CD release party, Stormy, Soulair

Sat 22- Cunning Linguist, Pack FM, Tone Def

26- Devine Right

Fri 28- Agape, Book of Maps, Vile Blue Shades

Sun 30- Dirty Birds

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Photo: Gill



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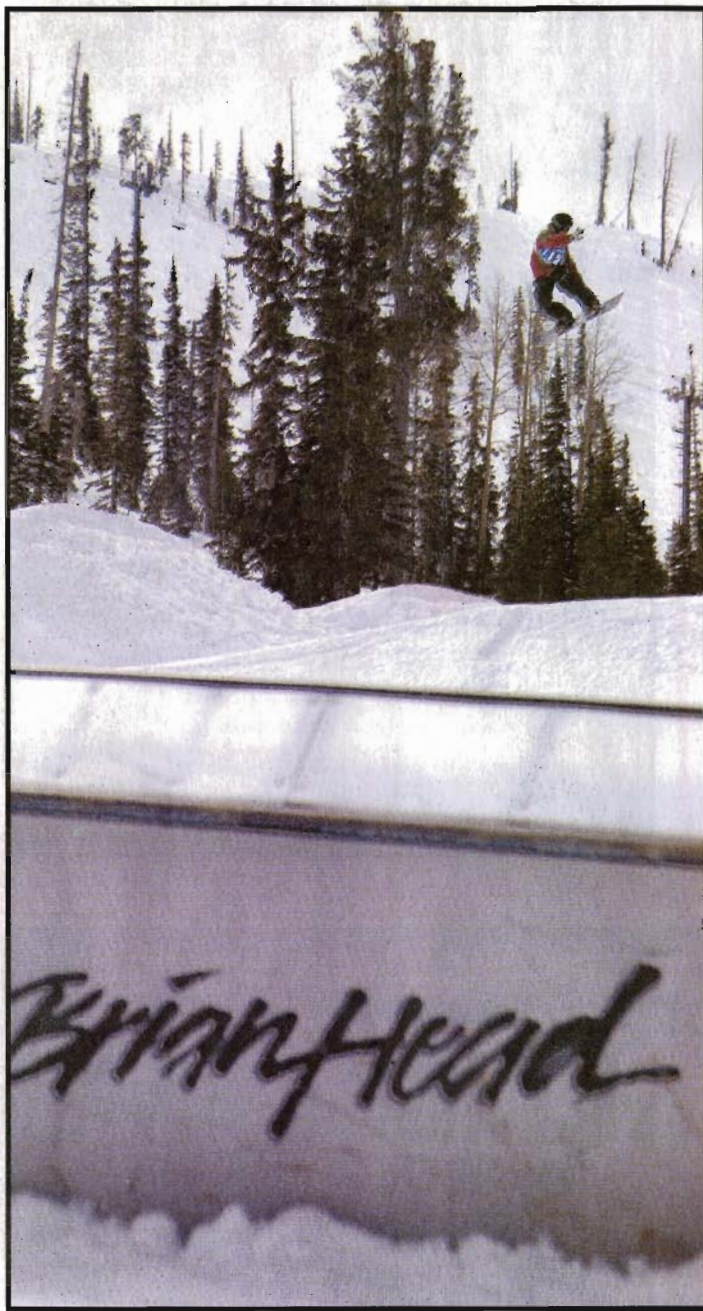
APRIL 29 AT IN THE VENUE
THE SOUNDS

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MAY 26 AT IN THE VENUE
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Broke-off Boxxxes: Brianhead, Beer and Air

By Blunt Mastā • Photos: Bob Plumb

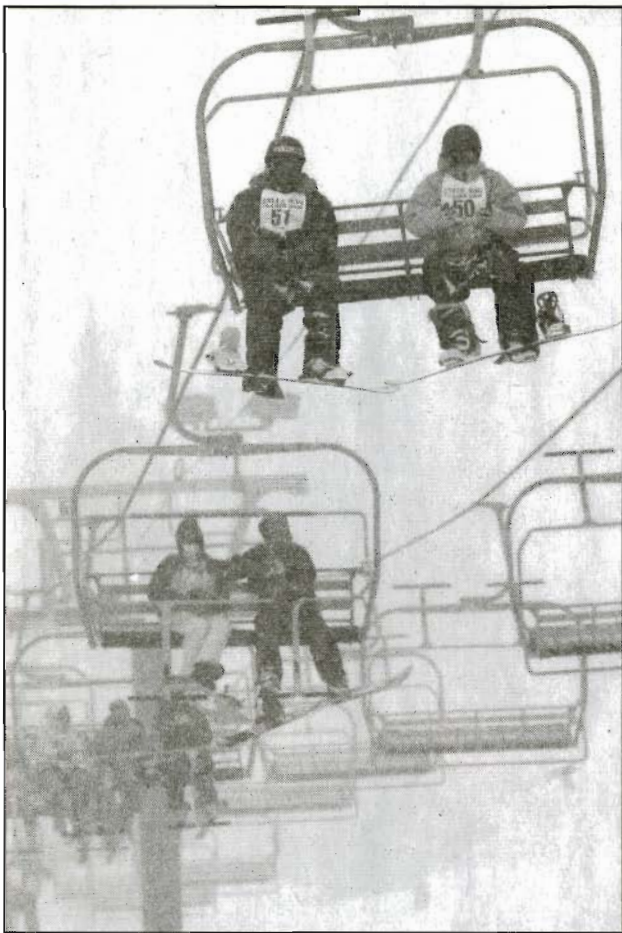
What up world, *SLUG* Mag went to Beerian Head to hold a contest, belieee dat. Visions of an epic contest were in mind, with high hopes and over 20 mad fools traveling from the SLC. Oh snap, the night before we got mad rowdy with blunts, 40s and big screen TVs. The shit was live, fo' real. Next day we all got up mad hung-over and got shit started. The park was raw as fuck, with hack-sawed boxes and a 45-foot table with a 12-foot landing. Shit was a filmer's dream for some nar-bar crash footage. With mad heads knuckling and fools getting broke-off on the boxes, shit went down. The course included some down rails with lips the size of booters, kinkers, a dope-ass hip and a flat-to-not-so-flat box where

the best trick contest went down. Yo, shit got mad raw on the best trick when a fool with a dirt stash and a XXXXXL jersey on his 5-foot frame threw down a gap 450 on that shit – baller status, son! You shoulda seen the crowd freak the fuck out! Now, I know what y'all are thinking, gangstazz in Parawan, Utah, but shit was mad real. I personally wanted to give a shout-out to my tech homie in the neon-pink bike shorts. Yo, your steez is on point son, keep it trill. Shit, nothing but mad love to all our motherfucking fans out there that know how we get down. Much love to all the sponsors and Brian Head. Good looks on the four passes for the 19 staff members. I hope all y'all have a good summer. Look out for *SLUG*'s *Summer of Death* skate series coming to a skate park near you.



Nate Sheehan/ The Levitation Project
Bob Plumb/ SLUG Mag

HOLLA!



Ring Around the Roundup

Words by The Method Man

Photos by Bob Plumb

The event was graced with warm 12-degree temperatures and beeeautiful whiteout weather. That's right shredders, white out conditions. Despite the small hold back, the riders poured in from all corners of the US to prove that they had the style and the bag tricks to take down the cash prize of 2,000 pesos and a pair of sticks. The Brighton crew was on point maintaining the features, giving all the contestants the opportunity to huck carcass and get jibby. The infamous **Bertha** was in the house with the homies throwing down backside 7's and cab frontside 5's. These the stand out tricks with style. The riders then had the option of hitting the down flat box or 40-foot tabletop. **Dallin** picked the road less chosen and threw down a gap 270 on the flat down box, so Gangster. A slip out lay back and a jean pant nose slide went down on the long wide **Blindside** box for the crowd's enjoyment. Now that takes balls to show up in those conditions in jeans... who you trying to fool? I know you wish you had your one piece bangin'. Brighton's own **Nick Binks** held down the jib scene on the circus and kicker box proving that kids in tight purple pants can get down with the gun-totin' baggy-pant G's. Last but not least, one kid proceeded to front flip all **Travis Rice** style off the **Ogio** Euro gap box. Congrats to the winners and keep trying to the losers. Thanks you's to all the sponsors and riders for participating. The *SLUC Magazine Roundup* is brought to you by **Red Bull**, **Brighton Resort** and **KAB Rails**.



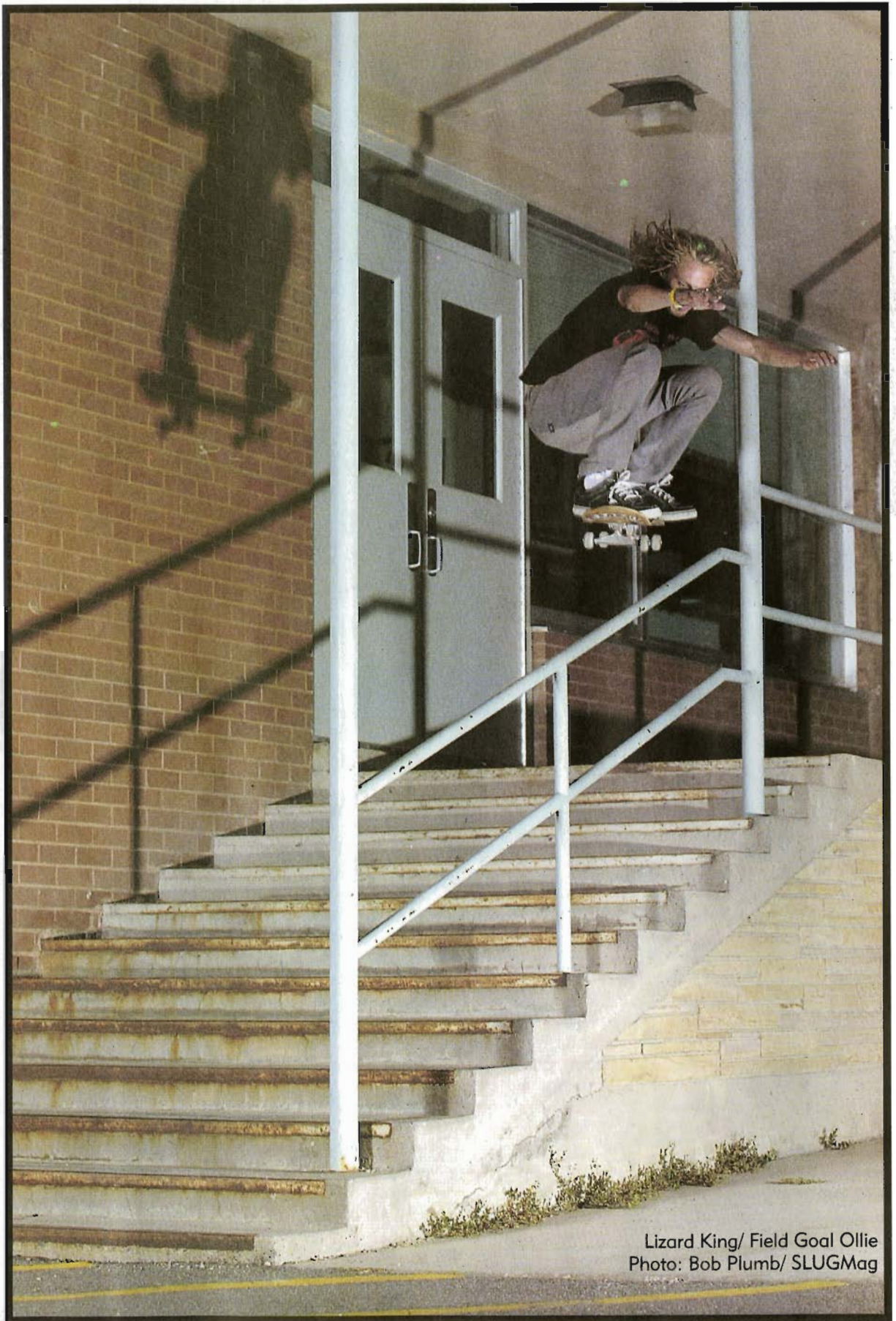
SLUG GAMES: THE ROUND UP
Photo: Bob Plumb/SLUGMag



Rider: Dallin Twilligear/The Levitation Project
Photo: Bob Plumb/ SLUGMag

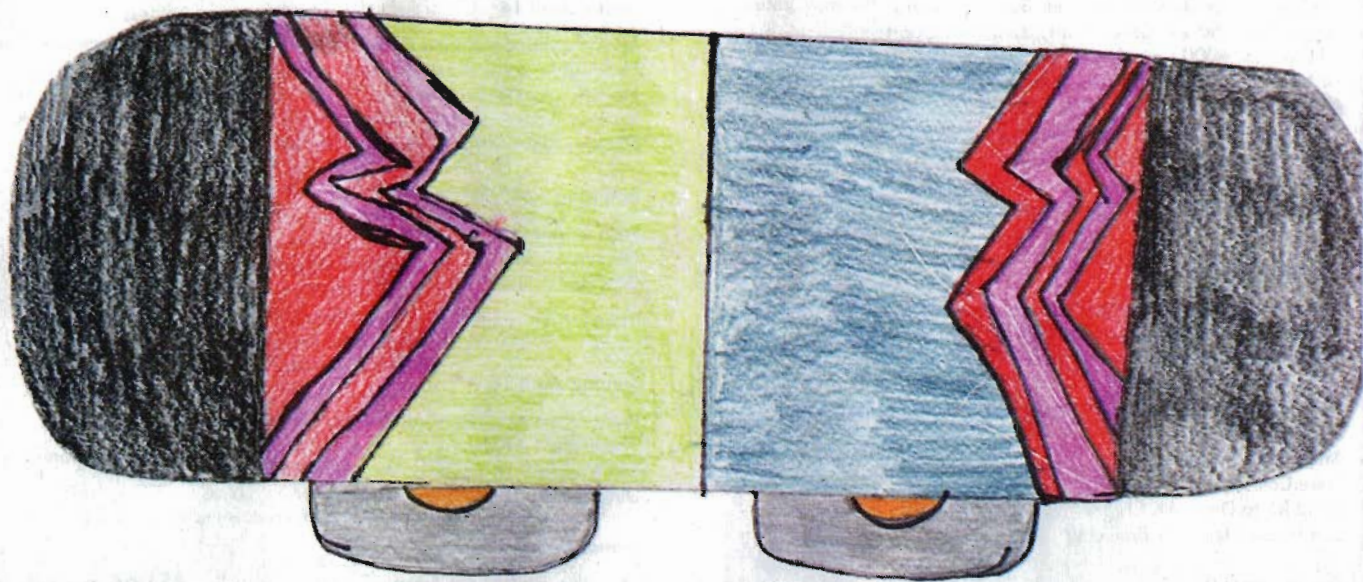


The Junk Show 2006
Rider: Bode Merrill/ Brighton Utah
Photo: Bob Plumb/ SLUGMag



Lizard King/ Field Goal Ollie
Photo: Bob Plumb/ SLUGMag

CONCRETE TO CANVAS:



SKATEBOARDERS' ART

By Mike Brown mikebrown048@hotmail.com

SLUG gave me this book to review, *Concrete to Canvas: Skateboarders, Art*. I don't know why the book describes itself as "skateboarder's art." It's a cool book and all, filled with neat-o pictures to stimulate the psyche of any urban art connoisseur. But this book is clearly aimed more towards the artist than the skater. A more apt title for the book would be: *Concrete to canvas: Some Shit that ended up on the bottom of skateboards by artists some of whom happen to ride a skateboard from time to time*. The reason I think that is simple – we all know that there is a strong correlation between art and skateboarding and skateboarding is an art form and not a sport and blah blah blah. But I have come to the conclusion that artists care more about skateboarding than skateboarders care about art, with the exception of the few skaters who are proficient in some sort

of art medium. Not to say that this isn't a cool book, but the artist who skateboards is who this book caters to ... a relatively small niche in skateboarding. To accentuate my opinion, lets talk about coffee tables for a moment because to me this is a tremendous piece of coffee table literature. It might serve as a nice conversation starter on the right coffee table. Say, an artist's coffee table. This book would function fine next to that abstract eye-catching piece of whatever found on an artists coffee table that you're not allowed to rest your feet on. Now let's talk about where this same book would be on the coffee table of your average skate house. First off, it wouldn't really start any pleasant conversations due to the fact that you wouldn't be able to see it covered under all the empty cans of PBR. No one would start talking about it until someone spills the bong on it while looking for the latest *Thrasher* or *Penthouse* issue,

then the conversation would go like this: "Dude, uhh, did I just ruin your girlfriends freshman art class book or somethin' dude? Sorry. Uh, whoa these pictures are rad. I'd totally appreciate them more though if I still had those boomers we sold to those Jr. High school kids last week." Another weird thing about this book that frosted my cookies is that in the forward they mentioned and highly praised skartists **Pusshead** and **Mark Gonzales**, neither of who had any works in the book. Weak! I was all excited to see some of my two personal favorites only to find out that they had just been name dropped in the forward. The bottom line is this: If you are an artist, this book is cool and you'll like it. If you are a skater save your money and buy the new **Duane Peters** documentary, **Who Cares: The Duane Peters Story**. That guy is almost as punk as **G.G. Allen** but he can actually skateboard.

APRIL DAILY CA

Friday, April 7

The Bled, Since By Man, As Cities Burn – *Avalon*
Lunacreative, Picture Bleeds Paint – *Captain's Quarters*
All Capitals, 4000 Old, Your Basic Band – *Kilby*
Redemption, Domania, Violet Run – *Vegas*
Almost Undone, Monarch – *Ego's*
The Cunted CD release party, Rodeo Boys, The Horns – *Urban*
Legendary Porch Pounders – *Snowbird*
Ides O'Soul – *Spur Bar and Grill*
Jeff Lawrence Group – *Dragon's Lair*

Saturday, April 8

The Format, Tickertape Parade, June, Anathallo – *In the Venue*
Himsa, Manntis, Full Blown Chaos – *Avalon*
Incendiant, Devoured Alive – *Poolhall Junkies*
All Capitals – *Mojo Rocks*
Dear Whoever, Ten Falls Forth, Heartwell Ending, Dating Delilah – *Boom Va*
Fry Sauce – *Ego's*
Antix, Ktulu – *Vegas*
Jesse Colin Young – *Canyon's*
Dead Rif to Drag, AK Charlie, Our Time in Space – *Urban*
Sun House Healers – *Brewskis*

Sunday, April 9

Daphne Loves Derby, Waking Ashland, Quiet Drive, The New Ending,
Edinberg – *Avalon*
Red Wire Morning, Remember the Tragedy, Angelfelt – *Captain's Quarters*

Monday, April 10

John Vanderslice, Crystal Skulls – *Kilby*
Her Candane, Grace Gale, Docking Stygian Shores – *Boom Va*
Harry Lee and the Back Alley Blues Band – *Zanzibar*
King of Jibs Percussion Jam – *Suede*

Tuesday, April 11

All American Rejects, Fall Out Boy, Hawthorne Heights – *David O. McKay Events Center*
Her Candane, Grace Gale – *The Circuit*
why?, Will Sartain – *Kayo*
Swollen Members – *Suede*

Wednesday, April 12

Kittie, The Warriors, Calico System, Clifton – *Boom Va*
The Books, Grimfeather – *Sound*
Headlights, The Photo Atlas, MotherCity – *Kilby*
Say Anything, Pistolita, Slowrunner, Ela – *In the Venue*
The Art of Abandonment, Firescape – *Captain's Quarters*
The Adored, Diamond Nights, Living Things – *Depot*
Free movie! – *Westminster College*

Thursday, April 13

The Voodoo Organist – *Burt's*
The Horns, Black Cobra – *Urban*
Highbeans (ex-Eagers Mule) – *Ego's*
Free movie! – *SLC Library*

Friday, April 14

SLUG Localized featuring 1H86335, Nolens Volens, Lapsed w/non non - *Urban*
Hypnogaja, Jezus Rides a Riksha, Signal, Meat – *Vegas*
Norfolk and Western – *Kayo* Somei
Yoshino Taiko Ensemble – *Kingsbury*
Glinting Gems, Ether Orchestra – *Monk's*

Saturday, April 15

New Transit Direction – *Depot*
Musefest – *Saltair*
Dirty Birds, The Blanks – *Urban*
Thunderfist – *Ego's*

Sunday, April 16

Voice of Martyrs, Pleasure Thieves – *Monk's*
The Elected – *Kilby*
Ted Dancin' & Niki's Going Away Party – *Urban*
Dinosaur Jr., The Priestess – *Depot*

Monday, April 17

The Stills, Raising the Fawn – *Sound*
Transistor Radio Sound, Hunter Dragon – *Captain's Quarters*
DJ Louis Logic – *Ego's*
Free movie! – *SLC Library*

Tuesday, April 18

Joe McQueen Day; See the legend himself perform – *Iron Horse*
Rob Zombie, Lacuna Coil, Bullet for My Valentine – *Saltair*
Lymbyc System – *Kilby*
The Independents – *Burt's*
Loren Cook – *Urban*
Bible of the Devil, The Nerds, The Alkaloids – *Vegas*
Free movie! – *SLC Library*

Wednesday, April 19

Happy birthday Whitney Griggs! – *Meghann's House*
Saves the Day, Circa Survive, Down to Earth Approach – *In the Venue*
Constants, Paris Green, Beyond Gods Eyes – *Captain's Quarters*

Thursday, April 20

The Eames Era – *Kilby*
Bullets and Octane, Damone – *Avalon*
Earthgoddess Pagent and Earth Day Jam – *Ego's*
Del tha Funkee Homosapien, Von Bondies – *U of U*
Derek Bentizeana – *Urban*
Parts & Labor – *Kayo*

Friday, April 21

Gallery Stroll Wrap Party feat. Scott Toxic – *Circle*
Cue Media Art Show w/ Brilliant Stereo Mob – *Eden's Warehouse*
Underwater City People, Antlerand, Jon Crocker, Blind Iris – *Club NVO*
Aloran cover Brobecks CD Release, Hot Like a Robot, First Wave Hello – *Kilby*
Panic Division, Aphasia, The Transit War – *Captain's Quarters*
The Iron Maidens, Katagory V, Sons of Nothing – *Vegas*
Virgin College Mega Tour featuring. Mae, Over It, Yellowcard – *U of U*

LENDAR

Uzi and Ari – *Giff's Corner*
Brobecks CD Release Party, Stormy, Soular – *Urban*
War – *Depot*
Red Bennies – *Monk's*

Saturday, April 22

Happy Earth Day! Go plant a tree!
Coheed and Cambria, Avenged Sevenfold, Head Automatica – *Saltair*
Murs, Supreme, Deadbeats, DJ Juggy – *In the Venue*
Scars of Tomorrow, Embrace the End, More – *Boom Va*
The Iron Maidens, Shredbetie, Counter Measure – *The Circuit*
Editors, Stellastar*, Monsters are Waiting – *Depot*
El Ten Eleven, Carter Ferris – *Captain's Quarters*
Yeah Yeah Yeahs, Blood on the Wall – *U of U*
Separation of Self, Motive, Hatepiece, Tork – *Vegas*
Uzi and Ari CD release party and tour sendoff w/ Taughtme – *Kayo*
Earthjam 2006 all day celebration – *Liberty Park*
Cunninglinguists, Pack FM, Tone Def – *Urban*

Sunday, April 23

Spanish for 100 – *Captain's Quarters*
Roger Clyne and the Peacemakers, Garrison Starr – *Depot*

Monday, April 24

Gatsby's American Dream, Horse the Band, Portugal the Man – *Avalon*
The Start, Agape, I Am Electric – *Captain's Quarters*

Tuesday, April 25

Happy birthday Andrew Jeppson – *Erik Lopez's House*
She Wants Revenge, Astra Heights, The Heaters – *Avalon*
Dixie Witch, Cart – *Club Vegas*
Free movie! – *SLC Library*

Wednesday, April 26

Maria Taylor, 13 Ghosts, Someone Still Loves You Boris Yeltsin, Swans of Never – *Kilby*
Devine Rite – *Urban*
Switchfoot, Lovedrug – *Dee Events Center*
Northwest Royale, Domeshots – *Burt's*

Thursday, April 27

The Receiving End of Sirens, I Am The Avalanche, Hit the Lights – *Avalon*
Pinback, The Jade Shader – *Depot*

Friday, April 28

Fight Paris, Odd Project, Flee the Seen, Chasing Victory – *Boom Va*
Pretty Girls Make Graves, Giant Drag, You Say Party! We Say Die! – *Avalon*
Book of Maps, The Wolfs, Agape – *Urban*
Shiny Toy Guns, Kill Hannah, Clear Static – *Velour*
Limit Point – *Captain's Quarters*
Devotchka – *Ego's*
Mike Doughty – *In the Venue*
Alexandra King – *Bonneville Ballroom*
Shaggy 2 Dope, Blaze Ya Dead Homie, Subnoize Souljaz, Axe Murder Boys – *Saltair*
Apathy, Ravings of a Madman, Frustrations Gripp, Abysmal Abattoir – *Vegas*
Afro Omega – *Monk's*

Saturday, April 29

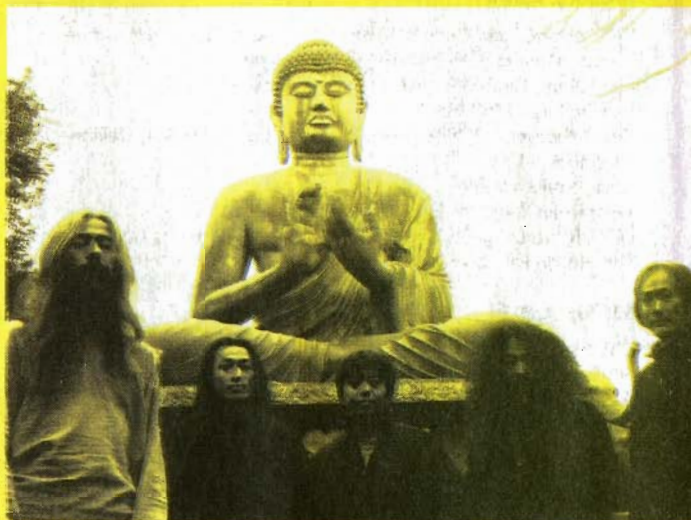
The Sounds, Morningwood, Action Action – *In the Venue*
Devotchka – *Ego's*
Twisted Irony, Waist Deep – *Vegas*
Chocolate Lovers Festival – *Avalon*
Punchline, Cute is What We Aim For, Valencia, New Atlantic – *Avalon*
Dave Cragun remembrance celebration – *Burt's*

Sunday, April 30

Helio Sequence, Crystal Skulls, The Temula – *Kayo*
The Casual Lust, Media Orphan – *Captain's Quarters*
Dirty Birds – *Urban*
Gut Bucket, Ghost Town – *Monk's*

Monday, May 1

Spring cleaning – *Your house*



Tuesday, May 2

Acid Mothers Temple The Antarcticans – *Urban*
Mogwai – *The Depot*

Wednesday, May 3

Los Hombres Calientes – *Kingsbury*
Watch Them Die, High on Fire, Goatwhore – *Vegas*
I.R.A.T.E., Grain, Payface, Denots, Jezus Rides a Riksha – *Avalon*

Thursday, May 4

People Under the Stairs, Time Machine, Gym Class Heroes, Psalm One – *Urban*
Secret Lives of the Freemasons, Grace Gale, Coretta Scott, Valeyra – *Boom Va*
Necrophagist, Arsis, Neuraxis, Thine Eyes Bleed, Alarum, Beyond this Flesh – *Burt's*
Boy Sets Fire, Versus the Mirror, The Fully Down, Art of Kanly – *Avalon*

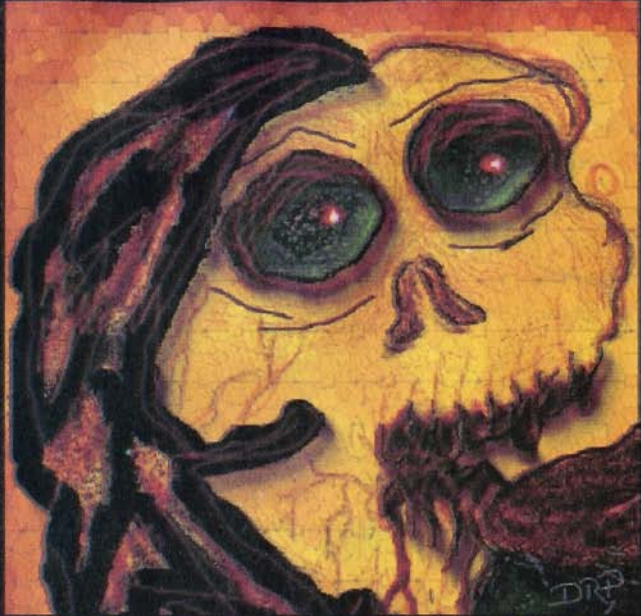
Friday, May 5

Pick up the new SLUG – Anyplace Cool!
Atmosphere, Brother Ali, Los Nativos – *In the Venue*
Greeley Estates, Yesterdays Rising, Stiletto Formal, So They Say – *Boom Va*
Koufax, Cordero, Drag the River, The Band of Annuals – *Avalon*
Soho Vamp – *Captain's Quarters*
Roby Kap – *Pat's BBQ*

Submissions for the daily calendar are due by the 25th of the previous month.

E-mail jesika@slugmag. Call 801487.9221. Fax 8014871359.
myspace.com/slugmag. If you don't send it in, we cant print it!

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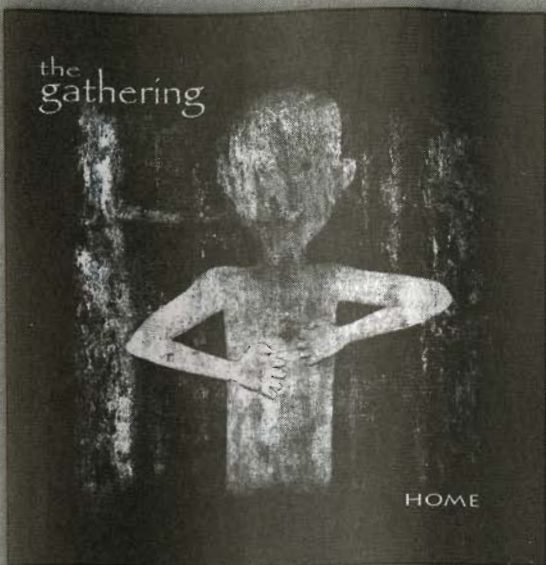
Kilby Court Calendar April 2006:



- 01- IRVING, JANA HUNTER, SikeMma, Capital W
- 03- MAT & KIM, MAMEGUAR, The Precinct
- 04- MAT PLESS, MIDWEST DILEMMA, We be few, Caulfied
- 05- HOLDEN, LUDO, Autumn Rhodes, Basic Accomplishment
- 06- THE COPS, Elizabeth's Lights, Red Shift Theory, Death Warmed over
- 07- ALL CAPITALS, 4,000 Old, Your Basic Band, Clinically Proven
- 08- CASKET LIFE, Fail to Follow, The Recovery
- 10- JOHN VANDER SLICE, CRYSTAL SKULLS, St. Sebastian's School for Wicked Girls
- 11- DOWN FOR THE COUNT, Lar usso, Swaged
- 12- HIGHLIGHTS, THE PHOTO ATLAS, Mothercity, Tbut
- 13- INBERST, Side Dish, Ayin, Joshua James and The Southern Boys
- 14- THANKSGIVING, THE WATERY GRAVES OF PORTLAND, The Grizzly Prospector, John Henry Memorial
- 15- BROBECKS cd release! Band of Annuals, Rotten Musicians
- 16- THE ELECTED, Brobecks, Lion & Circle Paws
- 18- THE LYMBYC SYSTEM, Qstands for Q, BY Default, Another Statistic
- 20- EAMES ERA, Logan Campbell, Causeway, Jordan Booth
- 21- HOT LIKE A ROBOT, FIRST WAVE HELLO, Al soran, Dane & the Death Machine
- 22- MORELLO, Hood stock, Chudda, The John Whites
- 24- The M's, DEATH RAY DAVIES, t.b.a.
- 26- SOMEONE STILL LOVES YOU BORIS YELTSIN, Nathan's Chainsaw
- 27- MARIA TAYLOR, BGhosts, Swans of Never
- 28- NOTHING EVER STAYS, Ipswitch
- 29- Happies, Loverunner, MWAGEMINI, NATHAN MOONMAW

Kilby Court is All ages. Located at 741 South 330 west in Salt Lake. Music begins at 7:30pm. Tickets: www.24tix.com More info: www.kilbycourt.com

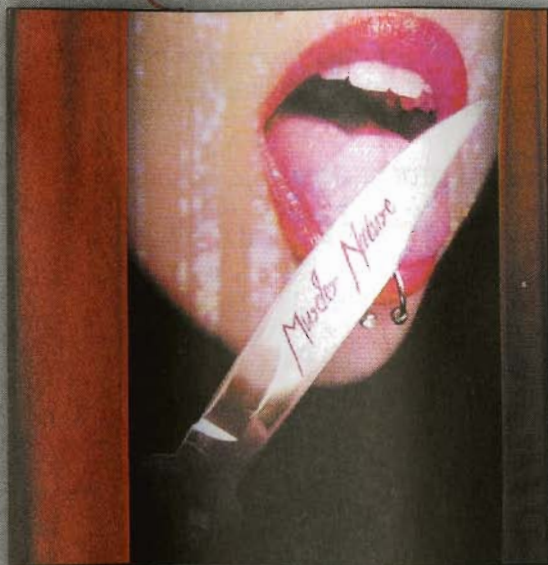
the gathering



THE GATHERING Home

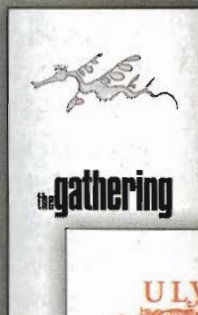
Groundbreaking Dutch rock act The Gathering have never been one to shy away from variety in their music. On 'Home' the band's cutting edge style continues to evolve with a more expressive sound of alternative trip-rock. Lush melodies, heartfelt warmth and hypnotic riffs once again nestled within their sonic landscape, the band manages to capture a vibrant and flowing atmosphere of beauty and intricacy with each note.

HEAD CONTROL SYSTEM



HEAD CONTROL SYSTEM Murder Nature

comprised of Daniel Cardoso (ex-Sirius/ ex-Reaktor) and Kristoffer Gunn Rygg (Ulver/ex-Arcurus/ ex-Borknagar) - unleash their debut, a melodic romp of cinematic aesthetics, heavy riffs and killer grooves. Fans looking for that in-your-face rock attitude of QOTSA and Alice In Chains and/or the mindnumbing drive of Tool or Faith No More look no further: Head Control System is your fix.



THE GATHERING A Sound Relief

The first official independent concert DVD from THE GATHERING! This 2 DVD set features the live concert on May 23rd at The Paradiso in Amsterdam, as well as bonus materials that are a must for any fan of Fortitude, Mysterium, Intransience, etc.



ULVER Blood Inside

Dark, abstract and ambitious, Ulver's latest opus 'Blood Inside' finds the band shape shifting into another metamorphosis by mixing elements of electronic, folk, jazz, prog rock and metal. Black sheep? Never. Wolven prey upon sheep. Ulver's evolution traves on a grand scale. 'Blood Inside' offers more vocals, more variety and infinite interpretations. Includes a video clip. All hail the new Pope!



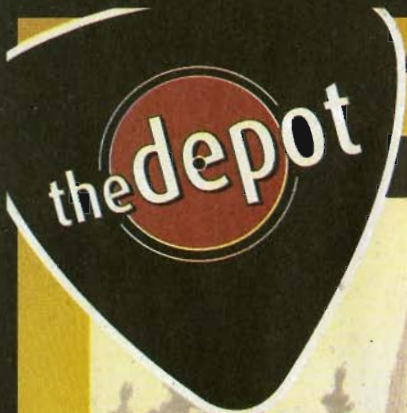
GREEN CARNATION The Acoustic Verses

After years of showcasing their skills in the world of prog rock on previous albums, Green Carnation takes a logical debut into their more sedate, mellow personality with 'The Acoustic Verses'. With their songwriting better than ever, these lush and superbly performed songs will please not only committed fans but fans of prog and folk rock (the quiet moments of Led Zeppelin come to mind).

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APR 6

- ♣ THE NEW TRANSIT DIRECTION APR 15
- ♣ DINOSAUR JR. with *Priestless* APR 16
- ♣ WAR APR 21
- ♣ EDITORS/STELLASTARR* with *Monsters Are Wailing* APR 22
- ♣ ROGER CLYNE AND THE PEACEMAKERS with *Garrison Starr* APR 23
- ♣ PINBACK with *The Jade Shader* APR 27
- ♣ MOGWAI MAY 2
- ♣ SLACKERS with *2 1/2 White Guys* MAY 11
- ♣ ROY ROGERS AND THE DELTA RHYTHM KINGS MAY 17 & 18
- ♣ BILLY CURRINGTON MAY 19
- ♣ ROOMFUL OF BLUES MAY 24
- ♣ ONE SELF - THE C.O.P. TOUR
- ♣ DJ VADIM, YARAH BRAVO, BLU RUM 13 MAY 30
- ♣ LEON RUSSELL JUNE 1

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