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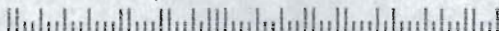
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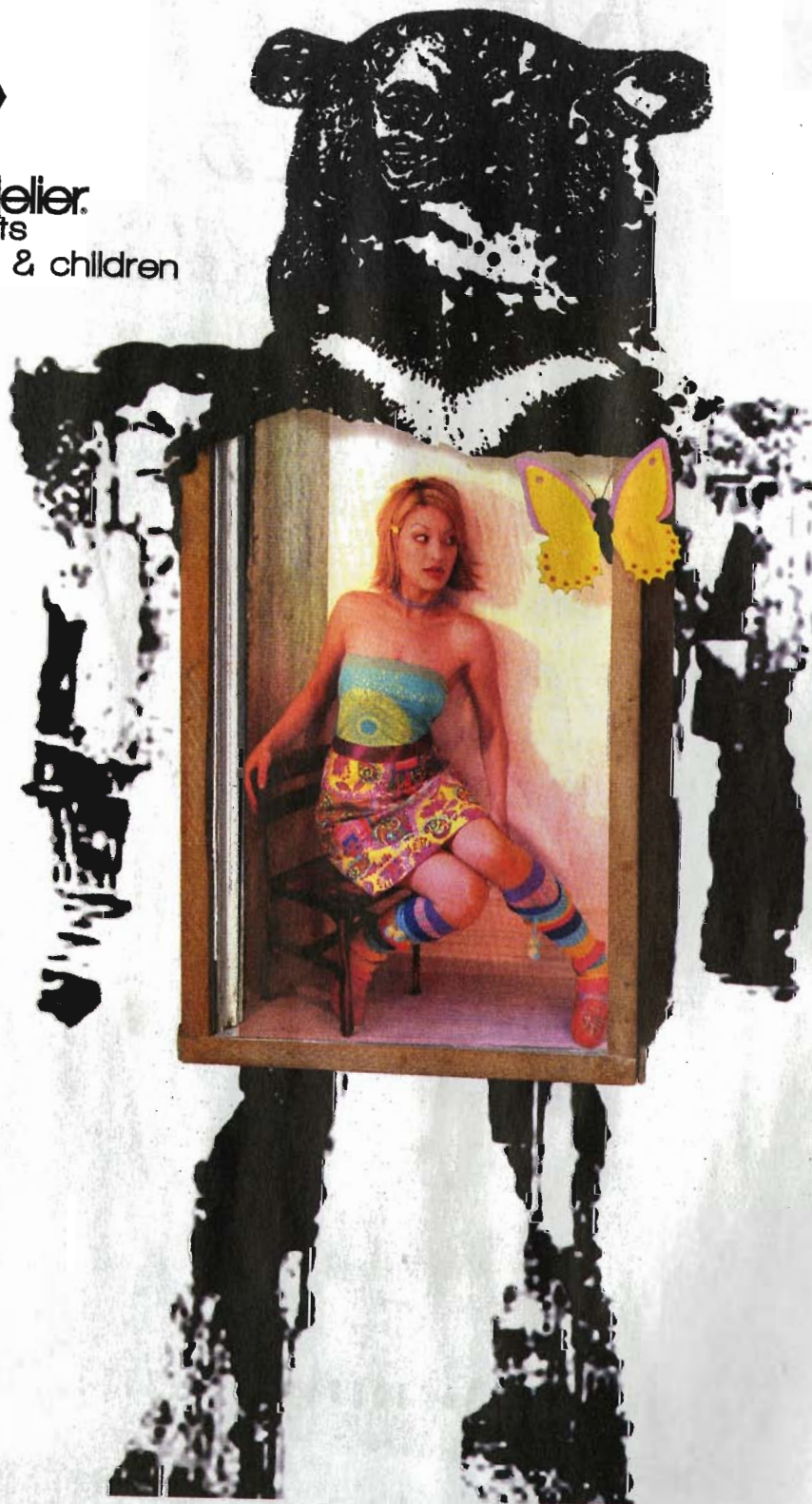
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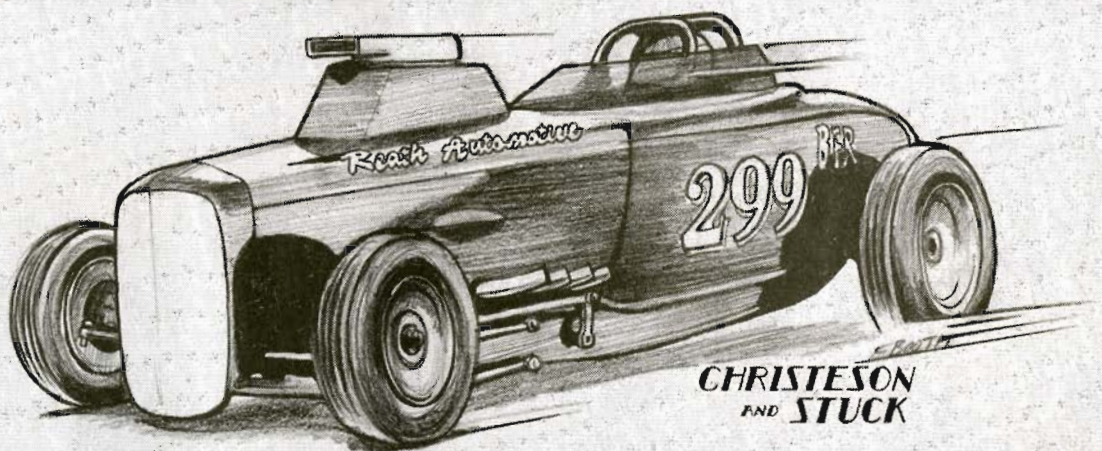
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Contributor Limelight



Hello, my name is Mike Brown. You probably remember me from such news broadcast's as 'Talkin Sports' on channel 5 with Coach Sloan and live the live remote from Guthrie Skatepark with Kelly Chapman on channel 2. I was also the obnoxious Emcee for SLUG's Summer of Death skate series that some moms mistook for a judge. I also used to front for SLC's greatest misogynistic and politically correct punk rock gig, **The Fucktards**. Our hit singles were 'Christpunchers' and 'All you punk rock girls have AIDS'. When not writing for SLUG, you can catch me courtside at the Delta Center or bum fishing on seventh south.

Est. 1997



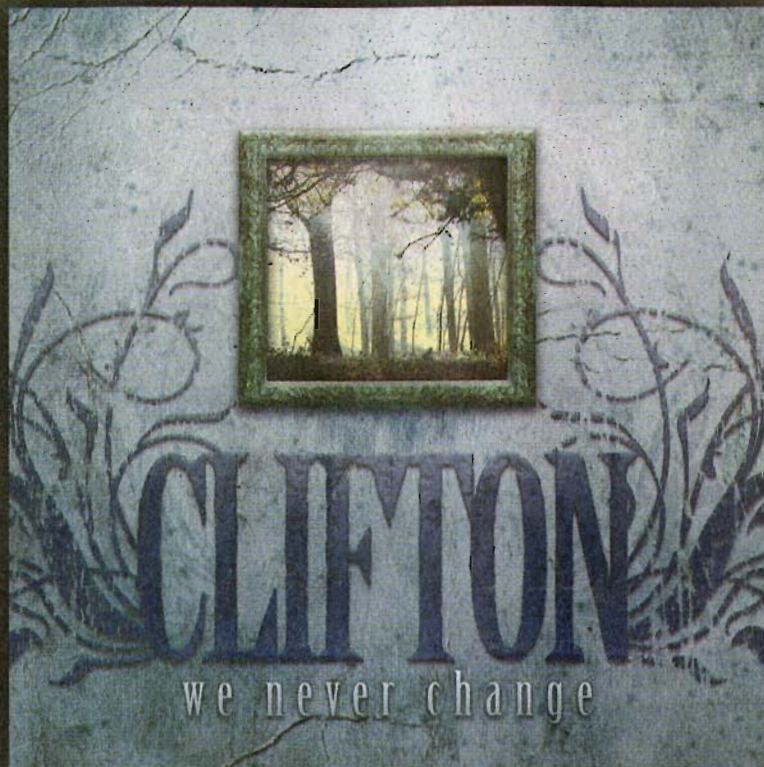
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DEAR dickheads

Dear dickheads,

I guess I want to share that I used to like the magazine more, I felt it was underground at one point, and at the time that as the point but that really isn't it anymore. I don't really care what format it has or how censored the magazine becomes, if I like it I'll read it and if not I won't. I guess I still skim it, but I miss a lot of the old content, such as the serial Killer of the month.

When the TSOL issue came out a few years back I was working at a gas station in Provo; it was the issue where Mike Brown expounds upon the virtues of anal sex with guns. At the time I had several friends involved with distribution of slug mag, I had a stack of them on the counter of the gas station. One fine day a young couple came in and mentioned "ooh I just love TSOL and Tony Hawk", they grabbed a copy and the next thing I know I was fired. the Corporate management had received a complaint, I guess they didn't fin Mr. Browns advice column as amusing as I did.

Of course living in Utah has some drawbacks, and shit like that is often one of them. Provo and Slug just don't mix too well. Ironic though that most of the people I know in SLC, many of whom have some association with your magazine, be it appearing in a story or contributing, are actually from Utah county. One thing I notice is the elitism that becomes synonymous with the behavior of many of these people and bands (some of the Red Bennies are great examples) I see this elitist vibe in SLUG a lot, and it is common in the SLC folks who were raised in Utah county. I guess though that the elite thing to do is tell me off in the dear dickhead column. I really don't expect a thought out reply for some reason.

I guess I miss when it seemed that SLUG was more underground and even down to earth. The same goes for some of the folks, I thought it was cool when they didn't act so proud, but were just cool and friendly folk. I always wanted to know, does SLUG care about its readers and friends? What is the current motive for SLUG? Why do you publish?

A. G.

A.G.,

The first SLUG t-shirts ever printed said, "SLUG MAGAZINE: FOR PEOPLE WHO ONLY CARE ABOUT THEMSELVES." That was 1989. I don't know exactly what that was intended to mean, but I'm sure there's both truth and irony in the statement.

About half of the people who work for SLUG put on shows, are in bands, etc., have caringly sweated over creating the scene that exists today for years. They should be proud. But I won't excuse pretentious cunts. They are generally the other half who hopped on for the ride, found a mold and exploit their mimicry-gotten positions by condescending those who aren't as "hip" as they are. And yes, some people at SLUG, some of the time, fit this description. Who cares? You can sit and bitch about how the Underground used to be cool, or you can embrace what you like about it now and focus on that. Or, you can write your own magazine (get a copyeditor first) with ten serial-killer columns and Mike Brown shit-smearred abstract cover art for every issue. I write for SLUG because I love it. Maybe I only care about myself, and I'll defend a shit-sellout rag just because I have benefited from it. But if that's the case, then fuck it. I still have my t-shirt from 1989.

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GUITAR CZAR



Localized

Black-beard of Hole-itude

By Dave Aronson Photos by Ruby Claine

As always, SLUG will feature Localized at the Urban Lounge (a private club for members) at ten o' clock on Friday, May 12, with Blackhole, Beard of Solitude and opening act, Crocodile Tears.

BEARD OF



SOLITUDE

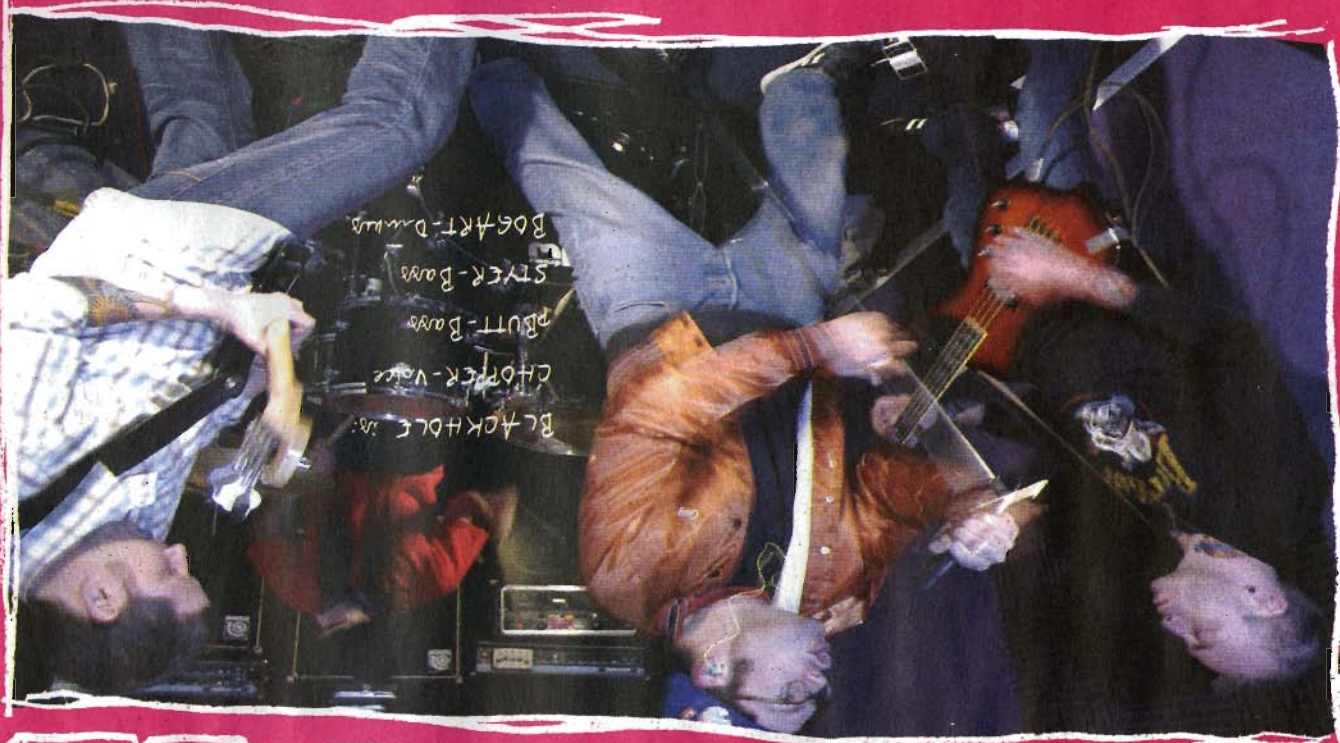
A "Beard of Solitude" is both literal and figurative. It can be worn on someone's face or in someone's mind. This beard appears when you feel beaten down and too tired to try.

Starting out as a guitar and drum duo in the fall of 2003, the Beard has gone through several lineup changes. Currently, there are two sweet guitars, two drum sets, thrusting bass, shit hot keyboards and dueling tambourines. I'm shocked that this lineup is able to find any time at all to do this band. Every super cool member is very busy playing in their other super cool groups, which include the Wolves, The Rubes, Stiletto, Vile Blue Shades, Pleasure Thieves, KNVZ, etc. Beard of Solitude have played out sporadically since they began. They took a six month break then played seven shows in one month, only to take another month-long break. Look for the Beard to be playing at some club or event near you in the future, or just come to Localized.

The tunes are pop/soul influenced and deal mostly with personal relationships: family, friends, lovers, co-workers and so forth. The songs are short, mostly clocking out at the two and a half minute mark. But shit, if you've said what you wanted to say in two and a half minutes, why blather on? Over the last couple of years they have released two CDs, each with eight songs, on local label Croakfrog Records and also have a swell track called "This All Just Leaves Me Worried" on the new SLUG compilation, *Death By Salt II: Salt The Earth*.

Beard of Solitude are great! I love the CDs and love to see them live on stage, but they wouldn't really answer my questions or really even talk to me. They gave me an information sheet with the facts stated above and that was it. If you ask me, they all seemed like they were know-it-all, holier-than-thou jerk-offs. The music is fantastic, and this show will be awesome but don't talk to any of the Beards unless you want to talk to a genuine asshole.

BLACKHOLE



A black hole is a region of space-time from which nothing can escape, not even light. It has no much known concentrated in it that there is no way for a nearby object to escape its gravitational pull. A blackhole is an aura.

Their practice space rules! It's the perfect set-up. It was built by: in pbutts' garage. It's completely sound proof and just big enough for the band and their equipment. Ruby Claire (photographer extraordinaire) and I were greeted with earplugs, beer, and three songs. It was fantastic! I was instantly reminded why I like this band. The music is heavy and driving but not in a meta/hardcore sort of way. These guys have more of a groove to their jams. Pbutt holds it down with these rolling bass lines that drive the song. On the other side is Syster with more staccato, choppy rhythms. The two bass players' styles and tones are very different but compliment each other perfectly. Between them is Bogart. Bogart is one of those drummers that are fun to watch because he hits really hard and is solid as fuck. This then makes a wonderful setting for Chopper's voice. Chopper has got it going on with his vocal stylings. On "Rosa" (a song about his spider, "Rosa Zappatas") you hear everything from soulful yells to falsetto crooning. Their music has a certain gravity to it that you can't escape.

I admit I was a little under prepared and intoxicated for this interview. First I went to the wrong address and then had to rescue camera man Ron Johnson out of a thorn bush that he surprisingly fell in. But we eventually made it to the party for our first meeting with BlackHole. This barbecue birthday celebration was not the best location for a serious discussion about the band, but a good way to get to know them a little bit, and get further intoxicated. BlackHole and I excused ourselves from the party and met in Syster's bedroom to talk about the band. Little did I know that once the door was closed the tables would be turned. I tried to ask a couple of questions but Pbutt started asking me questions about BlackHole instead! So I didn't get much information about them, but got the hint that they were more interested in hearing what I thought about BlackHoles, theirs in particular. After some drunken banter and countless interruptions from fellow partygoers, we decided that we should reconvene two days later at their rehearsal.

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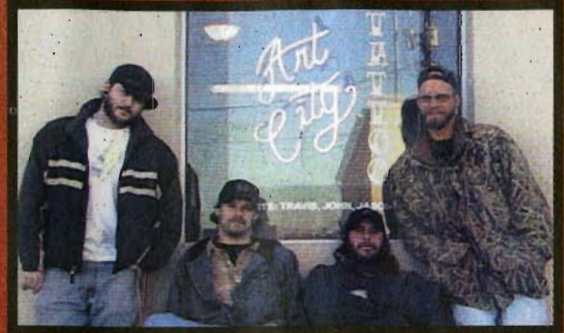
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From the broken mind of ryan michael painter rien@davidbowie.com

Beggars Banquet's Film School sways into town May 12th to play Kilby Court. Having already dazzled crowds on both sides of the Atlantic with their beautiful epic single 'On & On' and on the strength of their live shows this could very well be the sleeper gig of the month. Expect a wall of sound with soaring guitars, a nod to the likes of Coldplay and a kiss of indie Americana.

The Church

Un-Invited Like the Clouds
Cooking Vinyl
Street: 04.18
The Church = psychedelica + pop grandeur

Having spent the past few years exploring atmospheric and acoustics, it is somewhat alarming to find that Australia's finest have returned with a pop record that harkens back to the pinnacle known as *Starfish* with its sing-a-long choruses. One can only imagine what the past would have looked like if *Un-invited* could have replaced *Gold Afternoon Fix*. Stadium tours and magazine covers? Probably not. The Church are cursed with brilliance, pop culture and are obsessed with mediocrity. *Un-Invited* cascades, soars, rushes through like the wind and lingers like a stream of conscious musing on better days gone and still retains a sense of hope in what might come. Granted there are a handful of tracks towards the end that mute the momentum and seem somewhat out of place alongside the brisk pop songs (a result of two separate recording sessions with completely different atmospheres and head spaces being combined on one album) but this complaint is quickly lost in the overall strength of the record. They are some of the best songs they've written in years and that is saying something.

Morrissey

Ringleader of the Tormentors
Attack/Sanctuary
Street: 04.04
Morrissey = newborn happy fellow

The last time Morrissey flirted with a Bowie cohort we were treated to the brilliant *Your Arsenal*. Could Tony Visconti do just as well? No, not this time. *Ringleader* is a disappointment following the anticipation of Visconti's presence and the momentum of the lead single "You Have Killed Me." Even Ennio Morricone's sweeping string arrangement on "Dear God Please Help Me" can't hide the fact that some of the panache has left the lyricist. Nor can a rather good song survive the inclusion of a chirping children's choir (an ode to Pink Floyd perhaps) on "The Youngest Was the Most-Loved" and again briefly on "The Father Who Must Be Killed." The opening track, "I Will See You in Far Off Places," with its somewhat exotic, bombastic sound suggests unrealized potential; the sort I expected from a Morrissey and Visconti collaboration. Certainly *Ringleader* has grown on me following the initial listen. It's not a classic or a devastating failure but don't include me among the people who offer accolades when they know it should have been better.

Dresden Dolls

Yes, Virginia
Roadrunner
Street: 04.18
Dresden Dolls = Morrissey's wit + an unrestrained Tori Amos
Live: 07.24 in The Venue

Amanda Palmer and Brian Viglione are the finest pin-up duo of the Hot Topic era with their Tim Burton circus cabaret aesthetic. For some, that would be enough to justify the simple existence of these Dolls. Fortunately for those looking for something a bit more substantial, they're also beautifully embittered musicians. They pull a taste from the tin pan alleys, inject it with wit and social commentary while racing along with an overt sexuality. Yes, *Virginia* comes across with a smile sharply placed to conceal the undercurrent of discomfort that a successful cult status brought them. More importantly, the Dresden Dolls are voice for those who are told they don't matter.

The Warlocks

Red Camera/Isolation 7"
Bomp
Street: 04.18
The Warlocks = chaotic pop in the Spector sense.

Was it only weeks ago that the world seemed primed for The Warlocks impending domination? They got an opening slot with The Sisters of Mercy. They had a slimmed down line-up, the same big rock n' roll sound but then, no label. They dropped out of the later half of the Sisters tour and scampered back into the darkness to reconsider, regroup and release a beautiful, purple vinyl 7" on their original record label Bomp that features a live in the studio version of "Red Camera" and an alternate version of "Isolation." Cherish it while you can, because tomorrow never knows.

Molecules

23 Factory Slaves
Street: 05.31
Molecules = shiny happy shoegazers - excessive cheese

With friends and contemporaries of the likes of Autolux, The Warlocks (who loan both of their drummers) and other noise merchants of Los Angeles, Molecules lay on a nice coat of distortion to go with their dominant pop sensibilities. The sparing female versus male vocals recall the finer moments of synthpop's Leiahordus (a chemistry also hinted at but predominantly unexplored by Stellastarr) and could very easily be confused as up-tempo, delightful and generally lacking the cynicism that buoys the genre. Not that there aren't dark undercurrents, but in this case the irony isn't pushed down your throat; it lingers just beneath the lyrical twists. If making a solid pop album is a crime then the Molecules are certainly guilty.



Field Music

Field Music
Memphis Industries
Street: 04.11
Field Music = Belle & Sebastian - bizarre lyrical inventiveness and inherent geek chic

This album is not really my cup of tea. It's a little too sweet on the bounce and lacks the sardonic bite that made the *Beautiful South* more than just a good night out. Maybe they listened to the Beatles and the Shins and have been able to mimic elements of their respective sounds. Maybe they stumbled across the sound on their own, maybe. It isn't offensive, doesn't ask much of the listener, you can tap your foot to it, dance a bit, sip a beverage and come off like an intellectual without losing any of your less brainy friends. Perfect for the masses, buy it for your sister.

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Wai Pi Wai

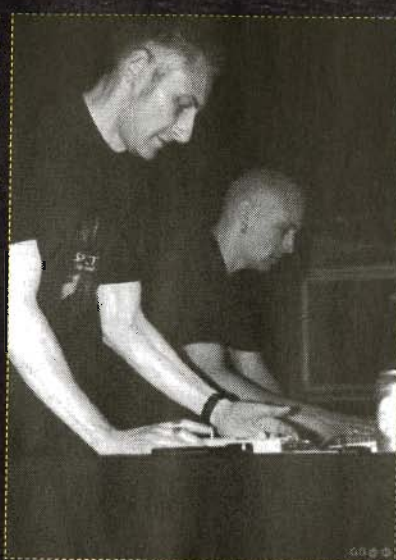
Beat Planet

Hands

Street 02.13

Wai Pi Wai = Bill Leeb side project + Tarmivred synthesis

The first time I played *Beat Planet* and "Night Ride" was pumping through the car stereo, my thoughts rushed to **Noise Unit**, falling somewhere between *Decoder* and *Drill*. The thought feels dirty, but I can't get over it each time I listen. The collaboration of the talented individuals from **Ah Cama-sotz** and **Mimetic** are far from sounding unoriginal, but here they are glowing in their peak of popiness. Breaking through the rhythmic structure on "Out of Space" is like a Tarmivred vs. Leeb Commodore 64 type experience. The disc ends with a remix of the song "Wai Pi Wai" (from the debut release *Wai Pi Wai*) — the samples were the best part of that song and thankfully they kept them here. *Beat Planet* isn't the global experience I was hoping for, and five tracks might be not enough to convince me that I anticipate their next collaboration.



S.I.N.A.

Nie Und Immer

Hands

Street 01.15

S.I.N.A. = pounding beats + powerful female vocals

Whoever thought rhythm noise is redundant and boring has never heard *Nie Und Immer* (never and never), the second full-length from the petite and powerful Sina and company.

"Little Punkie" rolls out your typical crunchy beats and your typical S.I.N.A. Hallaback-gig vocals. The good stuff resonates through "How Many Faces" with more chanting and broken rhythms. "Bewegungsablauf" punches beats through walls with even more adorable chanting where she is spelling out S.I.N.A. but pronouncing it "ESS-EEENNN-OOHHH". It's cute and you'll want pom-poms for this one. Nitzer Ebb may have been the influence for "Glamourboy," with 80s programmed synth and lyrics reminiscent of Depeche Mode's "Pretty Boy." Throughout *Nie Und Immer*, the range on vocals hits peaks from distorted demon squealing to throaty whispers and sometimes vocoder, but on "Antagonist" you get this **Siouxsie** thing going, mixing back to computer distortion. For most artists, the jumping around on vocals and even the bizarre mix of lyrics and rhythms would be a huge turn-off, but S.I.N.A. can pull it off with charm.

Pzycho Bitch

Strom Und Fantasie

Minuswelt

Street 02.17

Pzycho Bitch = Courtney Love + Electroclash

It's not uncommon to hear a band change up their sound to fit with what's hot at the time. Pzychobitch made a niche for themselves with strength in powerful female vocals with Sina (also of S.I.N.A.). The mix of vocals and mundane synths make *Strom Aus Fantasie* an eyebrow raiser and perhaps an attempt to cash in with the electroclash crowd. "Pzycho-Pop Groove" is barely alluring for the first two minutes, and then it's "skip track" all the way to number eight, "Atem-Heart (Die Farben)." Don't bother to pick up this dust collector unless you are a hardcore S.I.N.A. fan and are okay with industrial musicians trying to make pop-rock.

Revolting Cocks

Cocked and Loaded

13th Planet/Megaforce

Street 03.07

Revolting Cocks = Ministry + Butthole Surfers

With a 13-year gap from *Linger Fickin' Good* to *Cocked and Loaded* you can imagine what the aging process has done to another Al Jourgensen project. One word: Metal. Featuring vocals from **Gibby Haynes** (Butthole Surfers), "Revolution" opens up with solid grinding guitar and growling vocals. Departing from the metal, "Ten Million Ways to Die" could be on the latest **Thrill Kill Kult** album with Mr. Haynes again, this time doing spoken word. "Caliente (Dark Entries)," a cover of sorts of **Bauhaus** was recently featured on the *Saw II* Soundtrack. The only track that really sounds like Revolting Cocks is "Pole Grinder," and it lasts for such a brief moment. The juvenile humor of Revolting Cocks doesn't get old and songs titles like "Jack in the Crack," "Prune Tang" and "Revolting Cock Au Lait" make for fun listening. It's hard to imagine that I will listen to *Cocked and Loaded* much, but as a longtime fan of RevCo I appreciate the junior-high-boy-humor and guitars.

Antigen Shift

The Way of The North

Ad Noiseam

Street 02.20

Antigen Shift = Gridlock + Displacer

The second release from the Ottowan electro genius puts the shift in Antigen Shift — a departure from the harsh, aggressive material you've heard up until now. With *The Way of The North*, a title perfectly fitting for the arctic textures and moods, Antigen Shift wades beautifully through crisp whispering drones and a variety of beats for a Gridlock-style chill-out album. Standout tracks are "Verglas" for its spiraling beats intertwined into ominous melodies and "Peacekeeper" for the intense build-up of harsh, gritty layers. With subtle variation, the 10 tracks have a pattern of starting slow, building and plateauing in a chilling brilliance of atmospheric rhythms. The sophomore release of Antigen Shift feels like this is the moment where he has distinguished himself from the other musicians in the genre, and I can't wait to hear more music from him.

Haight!
Haight!
Haight!



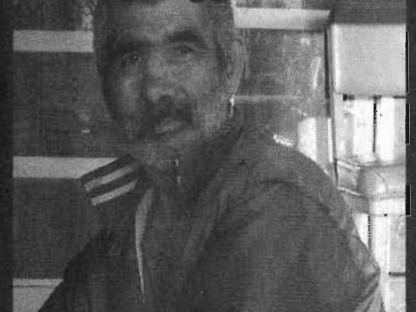
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"Shine a spotlight on me and I'll dance for you!"

I love that I can highlight belly dancers that are stepping out and going solo. Heidi's venture into the spotlight alone has given our community a lively, imaginative and effervescent dancer. Lucky us!

Raised in Oregon, Heidi has danced all her life. Her dance background includes tap, jazz, gymnastics and ballet. She became a Utahn by attending Dixie College and marrying a native.

Her initial exposure to belly dancing was in 1998 at the *Meeting of the Tribes*.

"I went there to watch my sister dance, and I thought, 'How weird! I have to try this.' I started taking lessons from *Thia*, and I have been there ever since."

"Being from out-of-state, I was surprised at the large dance community in Salt Lake, the strong dance opportunities, and the variety of dance being performed. There is an artistic and historic intelligence about belly dancing here that creates a high level of artistic achievement and execution. Utah dancers are very, very fortunate."

In 1999, Heidi joined *Avatar*, then a fledgling troupe, and is a member to this day. *Avatar* performs all over the state and at almost every main belly dance venue in our community. Last year *Avatar* traveled to Florida and performed in the *Dina* show. As Heidi explains:

"Watching *Dina* dance changed my entire perspective of Egyptian cabaret dance. I didn't understand *Dina* from her videos. When I saw her perform live, I got it. Her technique is very good – very Egyptian, very subtle – but it is her stage presence that really shines through."

Like so many belly dancers in Utah, Heidi balances her dancing with raising three children, working part-time, teaching piano lessons and writing travel articles. Her travel adventures have provided ample opportunities to observe dancing in countries such as Thailand and Korea, and she has incorporated these native dances into her own interpretations.

"I love everything about belly dancing, but I adore Egyptian cabaret. I love all the sparkle and the movement. I outgrew all the other forms of dance I had studied, and I am so delighted to be the age I am and still have many years ahead of me to dance. I still have so much to learn. I love that about this art form. It is truly for all women, and it is so elegant and eloquent."

There is something so refreshing about Heidi's interpretation of Middle Eastern dance. She blends parts of herself and her travels and translates it into something entirely her own. For me, that is what art is all about. Learn from the masters and then create your own version of that truth. Heidi has come into her own the last couple of years, and I sincerely hope she continues her journey of dance exploration. Heidi will solo at the *Belly Dance Festival* this summer and also perform with *Avatar* there and at *Thia's Fire and Ice Show*, June 9 at Westminster College.

heidi



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Turning New Leaves!

An Interview with Roger O'Donnell
By Ryan Michael Painter rien@davidbowie.com



It all comes on like a flood; words and images cluttered about in a worn notebook. Salt Lake on one side of the telephone, New York on the other. In my heart it's 1989 and I'm sitting in the bedroom of the coolest kid in the school listening to **The Cure** for the first time. "The Kiss" comes on like an air raid siren and in the moment the world stops turning. A handful of days later I would purchase **The Cure's** *Disintegration* unaware that the moment would forever change my life.

Half a life's worth of years later I'm there, sitting in the sunlight as it pours through the large windows of my living room. On the telephone is Roger O'Donnell. He's kind, thanks me for my support of his new endeavors: a solo album and a record label. Truthfully, I was shocked when passing through his website to find my review of 99x/10's label sampler. To find that my review of his release was not only appreciated but passed on to anyone who had signed up for his newsletter and subsequently on the best unofficial Cure site, *A Chain of Flowers*, was flattering and terrifying.

Just following the *Kiss Me, Kiss Me, Kiss Me* sessions Roger was asked by old friend **Boris Williams** if he would like to join **The Cure** for five weeks. He agreed and somehow five weeks became 15 years. He was, of course, intimately involved with *Disintegration* and part of what I've always considered the definitive Cure line-up. Having recently split from the band I was anxious to learn what he was up to.

The Truth In Me, Roger's new record and technically only his second solo release despite about 20 years of playing with the likes of **The Thompson Twins**, **Psychadelic Furs** and **The Cure**, was completely recorded on a Moog Voyager, a process I can hardly fathom. As a guitarist my limited experiences with Moog keyboards has been pushing buttons and twiddling knobs looking for neat sounds. I had never considered using one to write an entire album.

SLUG: Have you always been a Moog fan?

Roger O'Donnell: I've always used a Moog. Keyboard players like computers; we like things with knobs to turn and things that light up.

SLUG: What was the recording process for the album like? Were the songs recorded one at a time or were you working on multiple tracks all at once?

Roger: Each song started with, like you said, twiddling of knobs. A sound would inspire a part or a loop. It was like mixing colors, one sound over another, building one song at a time. Sometimes I would find anything. It was very spontaneous, a stream of consciousness. It was recorded in such a way that when I went to Germany to mix the album with **Mario Thaler**, who had worked with the **Notwist**, the levels were awful. We'd pull up a track and zoom in on it and Mario would say, "There's nothing there."

SLUG: I know that the majority, if not the entire album was recorded before **Bob Moog** died but was it intended as a tribute?

Roger: It was completely finished before he died. It didn't start off as a tribute. **Ryan Page**, producer of the film *Moog*, suggested an album of all Moog songs. I liked the idea and stopped working on everything else, but recording for **Erin [Lang]**'s album has been more traditional.

Erin Lang is one of the premier artists who has signed to *99x/10*. Recording for her album continues in Germany and although he'd like to have her album released in September, it takes four months of lead time for the album artwork, pressing and so forth to be completed.

SLUG: How has reaction to the album been?

Roger: Artists love it. They appreciate that it's musical and not commercial. Actually everyone loves it; everyone right up to the record company door.

But that record company door and those who work behind it can be hard to penetrate and the hallways are cluttered with critically acclaimed artists who never tasted an ounce of fame. Perhaps that is where Roger's creation of *99x/10 Records and Tapes* came in, although from the very beginning the label and his solo album were intended to be unrelated entities.

Over the years Roger found himself approached by a countless number of musicians who asked for advice and help for breaking into the music industry. Having been someone just stage right of the spotlight he couldn't offer much advice. When it came time to shop his album around he found the process difficult and frustrating.

Roger: I realized I couldn't help them until I helped myself. I didn't have much dealing with the record labels. I had a lot of friends at the labels but I had never done business with them.

SLUG: But this isn't the first solo record you've released, is it? I seem to remember in the very early days of the internet reading about a previous album.

Roger: Yes, the pre-Internet explosion in 1994. Recently I found a box of 250 CDs, no packaging because I had made them myself, and put them up on the Internet and they sold out in two days.

Ultimately, the two unrelated projects joined another and *99x/10* became the method to not only promote unappreciated artists but also to release his own work. Roger however seems to see the release of his own music as secondary to the enjoyment he has received from helping other musicians.

Roger: There was one of the guys I signed who was about to stop making music but now he's in a real studio with a string section and recording a video.

SLUG: What do you think that will be like to tour for the record?

Roger: I expect we'll be in a van pulling a U-Haul rather than flying from show to show, playing much smaller places. Hopefully people won't be disappointed. I've received hundreds of e-mails of support. Fans seem excited that I'll be making music. Cure fans tend to be sensitive and understanding. I might just open up a whole new world for them.

He promises it won't just be him and a laptop and he won't have a bad movie playing overhead to keep the audience entertained. I insist The Cure had some really nice visuals that went along with the songs that managed not to feel like an apology. He agrees, except for a film they had to accompany *Lullaby* where a spider crawled from one side of the screen to the next.

Roger: We all saw it and started to laugh, except for Robert because he made it.

SLUG: Do you find that people misunderstand the personality of The Cure?

Roger: They think we were five really serious guys in castles but really we were laughing fools. When we were on stage we were serious. When it came to playing we were intense.

Please see the extended version of this interview on www.slugmag.com where you'll find much more about Roger's days in The Cure and just what the band thought about playing in Utah.

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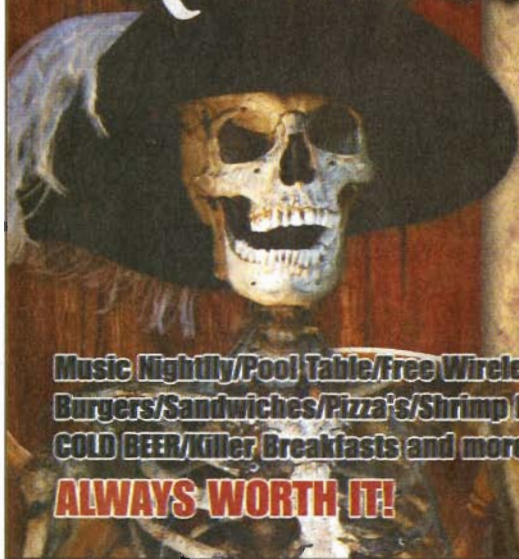
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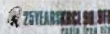
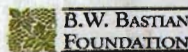
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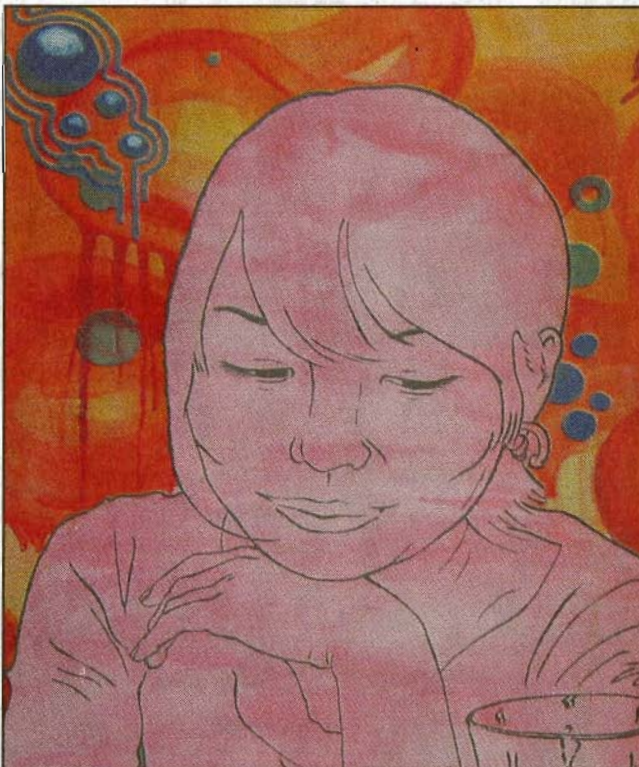
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the rubes rising

by caron anderson photo: tim roberts

Salt Lake City's rock n' roll leviathans, **The Rubes**, have been hard at work recently plotting, scheming, touring, recording albums (*Clown College* and *Mutiny to a Revolution*), playing marathon sets, watching **Chuck Norris** movies, and finding time for other projects (**The Rodeo Boys**, **The Wolfs**.) Their perseverance has begun to pay off. With six years of experience under their belt and legions of fans in cities like Twin Falls, ID and Jackson Hole, WY, The Rubes have a rocket launcher pointed at the future. They're ready to explode. The Rubes are **Tommy Nguyen** on bass, **Scott Harker** on guitar/vocals, **Charlie Lewis** on drums, and **Greg Midgley** on guitar/vocals/keyboard.

SLUG: On your CD, *Mutiny to a Revolution*, you thank Del Taco. How has Del Taco contributed to the band?

GM: A constant source of nutrition and it's just down the street a block. So anytime we're practicing or recording it's almost obligatory we go down there and get some food..

SLUG: The band's musicianship is stellar, the lyric writing is brilliant, and you are unarguably the most handsome band in Salt Lake City. How did The Rubes find each other?

SH: Greg and I had known each other for a while, since high school.

CL: Scott and I didn't really know each other until we started getting together to play music. He was back from a three-month snowboarding trip, down under. Greg and I had been friends for a while. We were making demos and writing songs before it was really a band, messing around with recording equipment in the basement.

TN: I didn't even know these guys. I met them through my sister. I didn't even know how to play the bass.

CL: Tommy was out in Utah County when we first got him. He turned out great, better than we could have hoped.

SLUG: You have been recognized as a top-notch cover band. Do you ever feel like that acknowledgement has drawn attention away from the songs you write yourselves?

SH: No, I don't think so. People come to the shows and what they expect is what they get. I think a cover band should be able to hold its own. That was kind of our forte from the beginning. We wanted to learn some songs from the fifties era. We use to play at the *Dead Goat Saloon*, three-hour sets that were all covers, songs by **Elvis Presley**, **Fats Domino** and **Ray Charles**.

GM: We have a bronze star for our excellence in cover songs. It's kind of like when they give you the medal in elementary school for a great drawing.

CL: It helps the songwriting and it helps the playing. It's not like we're pretending we made up the style we're doing. We're not trying to pull the wool over everybody's eyes, like these bands that pretend that they came up with the **Bo Diddly** beat or something. People know exactly where we're coming from.

GM: It was actually when Tommy joined the band that the focus seemed to shift more to original material. And it may have just been coincidence or a change in soda flavors, but it seems like we started to focus on our own songs and we were motivated to do an album of our own stuff. Right now we're in the gestation phase of doing a third album, a very ambitious project.

SH: It will cause everyone to reconsider what he or she thinks they know about The Rubes.

SLUG: You have been touring recently. Where have you been and how have you been received?

CL: We've been to Colorado, Idaho and Jackson Hole, Wyoming. That's about it, three states so far. The reception has been great. It's been amazingly well in Idaho and Jackson, just amazing crowds.

GM: People will say stuff to us that makes me kind of blush because they're being so flattering. They'll say stuff like "you're the best band I've seen since **The Cramps**." Or they'll say, "You guys write the best songs. You're already there. If you're ever playing in *The Arena* in Boise, I'll come see you." We figure they're just bored. Hopefully they hear the spark of some kind of potential in the future. So far whenever we've gone out on the road it's been pleasant. We know how to do it right. Last time we all went to Kmart and bought some "rock boxers," boxer shorts with band logos.

SH: There is a guy up in Jackson that owns a Thai restaurant. The first time we played up there he opened up his restaurant and the bar at three in the morning. He couldn't stop raving. He said he wanted to fund relocating the band to Los Angeles, and try to get us signed. Minds were blown.

SLUG: You guys are fans of **Chuck Norris** movies. Are you also fans of **Chuck Norris** infomercials? Have you ever considered purchasing a "Chuck Norris Certified Total Gym?"

CL: I have one at my apartment. I've used it a little bit. I do like that infomercial, "I like to pump up my muscles before a scene on *Walker, Texas Ranger*." He keeps one on the set at all times. I guess I know enough about that infomercial to answer your question.

GM: His movies are an inspiration to us. He can do hand to hand, but he focuses more on shooting rocket launchers at people.

SH: It's amazing that his movies are so accepted by Hollywood, because they don't follow the Hollywood formula. There's never a love story, if you've ever noticed that about **Chuck Norris**.

The Rubes plan to continue to tour and to rock crowds of no more than four people. Keep an eye out for yetis and a new CD to be released later this year.





Time Again

"Sometimes I can't believe it. Sometimes I wonder how the fuck I ended up where I am," Daniel Dart the lead singer of Time Again tells me. "I suppose it keeps me grateful."

The now 24-year-old spent his early life in the far-east bay area, growing up in the town of Pleasanton, California. "Ah fuck, man. I love the bay, I don't think that there is any better place to have grown up... although it is too damned windy there," he says. As much as he loved it, he didn't stay there for long. At around 16, he was sent to Provo Canyon School (yes that's, Provo, Utah) for drug use. "In hindsight it wasn't bad, although at the time it sucked and I hated it. But once I got older and started going to county jails I realized it wasn't that bad," he says. "That place desensitized me pretty young too, I don't think it really helps people. Since I've been out of that place, I've seen three people that I was in there with: one was strung out on heroin down on the beach, another one was strung out on coke at some party and the last I saw on the bus to prison. I really don't think it helped any of us. It's a place run by people who were never in the shoes of the kids who were there. No one who worked there could understand any of us, even though they wanted to."

Eventually, Daniel ran away to Southern California where he became the kid with the skateboard begging for people's change. "Last in Hollywood" is actually about me realizing that life isn't easy. It's basically the story of me, a nobody, getting off the bus in Hollywood and finding out that it isn't as easy as I assumed it would be and just realizing that the whole system is really set up to deter you from what you want." Shortly afterward, he was locked up again, got out and was locked up yet again. He eventually ended up in a rehab center where he would meet a man who would help change his life.

"I owe my life to Dave Sloan," Daniel says. "I had no idea that Dave owned Machete [www.machetemfg.com] with Rancid. I just thought he was some super-cool old punker guy." Daniel had gone into the rehab center with only one pair of clothes and soon Dave was bringing him punk clothes. "Dave really became like a dad to me," he says. "After a while I asked him to get me a job because some one had told me that he owned some t-shirt store. He told me 'Daniel if you can get a year sober off of dope then I will give you a job.' I ended up getting a year sober and then Dave told me 'Dude, you start on Monday.'"

At this point, Daniel still had no idea what the job really entailed. "The first week that I was working there, Matt Freeman came in. Then the next week the Nekromantik came in. It was fucking crazy-cool and that's how Machete punks really got started," he says.

Dave also went on to introduce Daniel to Tim Armstrong and Lars Frederiksen. Dave and Daniel had similar childhoods that brought them together and Dave was good friends with Tim. Dave kept telling Tim that he had to meet Daniel because he reminded him of a young Tim Armstrong. "I've always kind of been Dave's little sidekick and I'm really proud of that because I fucking love that dude. When you saw Dave you'd see me in tow," he says. "And I guess that's how I started hanging out around Tim and from that our friendship just blossomed. I can't say enough good things about that entire crew."

Soon, Tim and Daniel were writing music together. "The first time that happened, I flipped out. This was about a

year and half ago. It was around midnight and I called everyone I knew to tell them what had just happened."

Time Again's first full-length album, *The Stories are True* was released on April 25th. All 13 songs on the album tell stories from Daniel's life or the lives of people he has become acquainted with. "I'm always looking for stories. When I meet people I ask them their story. I always want to know how people got where they are," Daniel says. "Streetwalker" tells the story of two hookers that Tim and Daniel met during *Warped Tour*. "We just ended up talking to these two chicks and finding out their story and then I decided I had to write a song about it," he says. The track "Broken Bodies" hits a little closer to his personal life. "That song is really just about being in a room with a bunch of people and feeling totally isolated from all of them. That is what the hook 'I fight this war but I fight alone' is about. I think you get to a point in life where it can't matter what anyone else is doing and you just have to do what you have to do." He says. The song "Deadly Nights" is the story of Time Again's drummer Ryan Purucker's dad shooting himself. "That was just a story that was really powerful in his life and so I asked him if we could write a song about it and he was all for it," Daniel says. "Fountain and Formosa" was about his ex-girlfriend. During *Warped Tour* last summer, I was really just going through the break-up and trying to cope with it, you know. Most of the verses on that are free-styled. We were just recording and I was super-pissed and that's what came out," he says. Daniel then thanks me multiple times in a soft voice. It makes him sound like he doesn't think he deserves the praise he is getting when I tell him it is an amazing song and one of my favorites on the album.

As far as Daniel's plans for his future and that of Time Again he seems to be optimistic. He is even going to be dabbling in the local SLC scene. He's planning on working with the guys of Hi-Fi Murder to create a six song EP. "Our goal is to stick around as long as we possibly can. I'll be a happy guy if I can be doing this 20 years from now, you know, nothing huge," he says. "That and getting Elijah [Reyes guitar player of Time Again] on an airplane because he's never been on one."

Time Again will play SLC June 15th at Club Overdrive.

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From Stiller to Stenbock - it's Mo
a delightful interview with Current 93's
David



By Erik Lopez erik@slugmag.com

gick!
Tibet

Before forming Current 93 in 1983, David Tibet was a member of Genesis P. Orridge's Psychic TV. Interestingly enough, it was Orridge who was to give David the last name of Tibet. Orridge gave the moniker to David because he was studying Tibetan and to distinguish him from other "Davids." In a 1997 interview with *Quiete Magazine*, David talks about his reasons for starting Current 93, "My interests then, as now, were somewhat varied, but some of my real obsessions were apocalypticism, eschatology and Decadent literature. I really felt that there was a sound that would encompass specifically those and other interests I had as well. Nobody had ever enunciated that aesthetic and spiritual quality that I myself wanted to hear, not as a message for other people, but I really wanted to hear something which spoke to me of what I was interested in, which was not industrial jackhammers or Charles Manson and even at that stage not even Crowley." Essentially, Tibet wanted to tap into a medium of music that no one had ever touched upon before and make music that was both spiritual and moving.

Current 93's earlier albums, such as 1983's *Lashtal* and 1984's *Dogs Blood Rising* and *Nature Unveiled*, show a musical resemblance to the early 80s complex noise scene, most noticeably the musical experimentation of bands such as Coil, 23 Skidoo and Throbbing Gristle. But it was 1992's *Thunder Perfect Mind* that launched the apocalyptic folk genre and was Current 93's most visible break with their experimentally noisy past with a vision towards a more personal, intimate focus that characterizes Tibet's music now. *Thunder Perfect Mind* influenced the later freak-folk movement which included such artists as Devendra Banhart, Angels of Light and Six Organs of Admittance by mixing a soul-searing honesty with an intense folk tapestry of 12-string guitar, violin, harp, etc., through sonic manipulation.

But history aside, Tibet now envisions Current 93 as a bigger, more personal phenomena. "I view Current 93 as a family ... I am aware that I am the center and motivating energy behind it, and of course the lyrics are my own fashion and obsessions. People move in and out, but 99.9 percent of the time it is just a really close group of friends. They are really all my friends; whether they can do anything or not doesn't matter; if I think they should be in Current 93 than they will be in Current 93."

One of the more pressing questions concerning the concentric ring of collaborators that oscillate inside Current 93's working ranks is how does someone enter into the Current 93 family and become involved with the music? "In a lot of ways I am just a fan, an enthusiast. When I am enthusiastic about someone I want to get in touch with them. Everyone that I have been in touch with or have worked with I approached as a fan—Steve Stapleton (Nurse With Wound), Ben Chasny (Six Organs of Admittance), Tiny Tim, Shirley Collins, there is a huge list, but I was a fan of all their work," David remarks. Not everyone, however, starts off being the object of Tibet's admiration. In the case of Michael Cashmore (*Nature and Organisation*), he was in turn a fan of David's and contacted him in regards to a musical collaboration. Upon having people appreciate his work, David says, "It's really strange when people say they are fans. I think that what I do is so personal and so referential to things about myself and my life and the things around me that I can't understand why anyone else would find a way or any hooks to grab them, really."

But in capturing the ear of such a wide fan-base, from hip-hop heads to housewives like my mom, Tibet's motivation isn't for any viable commercial success per say, it is an expression of what makes up who David is. "But fundamentally, I am not doing anything that anyone else can't do. Everyone's work is equally fascinating and everyone can do it — just like this idea that everyone can write a book. There is always an audience for somebody who is being honest with themselves. I am Christian. That is how I see the world and I don't think that it is my pure subjectivity; I happen to think that those things that I think are true. I don't lose sight of the fact that other people find it not to be the case. I live within my own subjectivity and I try to be open to what other people say."

Not only does Tibet release music under his Durtro imprint but he also releases books as well. David started publishing fine print books in 1994 and specializes in decadent and supernatural fiction and literature. "The publishing press started with those books (being a rare book collector of rare supernatural fiction, that I wanted to buy) and they were very rare and very expensive," David starts. These certain books include the works of Count Stenbock, a German who lived and was brought up in England, Russia and Estonia who was a poet and writer of macabre, and Ingulphus, the pen name of Arthur Gray, a writer of pre-WWI supernatural ghost stories. "We aren't talking about

Shakespeare folios. I thought 'these books are really expensive and some people may want them, I am going to start publishing them in really beautiful editions because I like beautiful books.' Basically, I publish books that I wanted on my shelf and that I knew a small group of people would equally be happy with," Tibet concludes.

After the collapse of the World Serpent label, David decided to "sell" his house on eBay. World Serpent Distribution was a British music label and music distribution house formed in the late 1980s by David Gibson, Alan Trench and Alison Webster with assistance from Douglas Pearce of Death In June, Steve Stapleton, Tony Wakeford [of Sol Invictus], and David Tibet. World Serpent specialized in releasing music by neo- and apocalyptic folk, avant-garde and experimental artists. The distribution company collapsed when several of its artists left after disappointing business dealings with the label. The listing on eBay read as follows: "I will be selling my house, signed and numbered 1 of 1 copy, on eBay in the near future, with bids starting at £93,939.93 pence (£167,579 USD). Internal circular plaques will point out where I sat, defecated and talked to myself whilst wildly gesturing at the sunset and unicorns; an inverted triangular plaque will mark where Steven [Stapleton] and I fell out so badly we will never work again or speak to each other again. Furthermore, I will be leaving a copy of an unreleased C93 double album from 1995, *Black Ships Ate the Sky*, in a cavity in the house with a plan hidden in the garden to both find it and to give the successful house buyer full rights to release it."

David said of the eBay sale, "It was really a joke about some of things going on, on eBay that were connected to me. There were people selling letters that I had sent them. But in the joke there was something serious because it was a way of announcing the next album. I said that the person who bought the house will also get a plan, but hidden in the house are the master tapes for *Black Ships Ate the Sky*, and there is a plan like a treasure hunt to find it. I did get a few inquiries of when I was going to put it on but I think most people realized it was a joke. Or maybe no one thought it was a joke but thought it was too expensive."

In 2002, David Keenan, a writer for the British music magazine *WIRE*, released *England's Hidden Reverse*, a book that explored the lives of Coil's Peter Christopherson and John Balance, Nurse with Wound's Steve Stapleton and, of course, Current 93's David Tibet. The lack of biographical information on these bands and exhaustive journalism led the book to mostly positive reviews. Some thought it was too lengthy with its quotes, while others wanted to see more focus on the music or more or less information on a particular artist. David reflected on the book, "I think it was a snapshot of a particular time. I think any book that is about something that is on going will always date itself or something that is not as ongoing, there will always be something else to say. Obviously, since that book came out Balance died and lots of other things happened. The book actually finished off in 2001 as I was recovering from an operation. It was a great snapshot and it's five years out of date, essentially. I wish it had covered more of the peripheral people, and when I say this I am not making them less important than Current or Nurse but it was a book about Current, Nurse and Coil — so if anyone wasn't those they were a step or two peripheral. I wish there had been more about some of the other people involved in the scene. But Keenan had been given a word limit by the publishers ... the only thing I wish would have been better represented was a little more dissenting opinion about our music. I wish it would have been longer with a little more about other people."

Finally, when David is not releasing albums or publishing books under his Durtro imprint, he enjoys partaking in a few cinematic pleasures. "I do enjoy films and I watch a fair amount of films, but not quite as many as Steve Stapleton who is totally obsessed by films. I really like Reese Witherspoon. I like the *Exorcism of Emily Rose* a lot. I do like lightweight American comedies, I don't mean like *American Pie*, but like *Legally Blonde*. I like *Dodgeball*, *Zoolander* ... that is one of my favorites. I loved *Living in Oblivion* ... that is the *Spinal Tap* of pretentious art films. *Spinal Tap* I loved. The greats such as Fassbinder and Truffaut have me knocking my head against the wall with boredom. I really really hate them. Things need to have a basic linear plot that I can follow because I confuse people's faces. I used to like horror films a lot when I was younger, but I now I find them really Satanic and they freak me out a bit," David says.

Current 93's will finally release their long awaited album, *Black Ships Ate the Sky*, May 17 — just in time for the flowers. The new album can be ordered at www.durtro.com, where you can also find a slew of book titles published by David Tibet as well as order other amazing artists and Current 93 ephemera.



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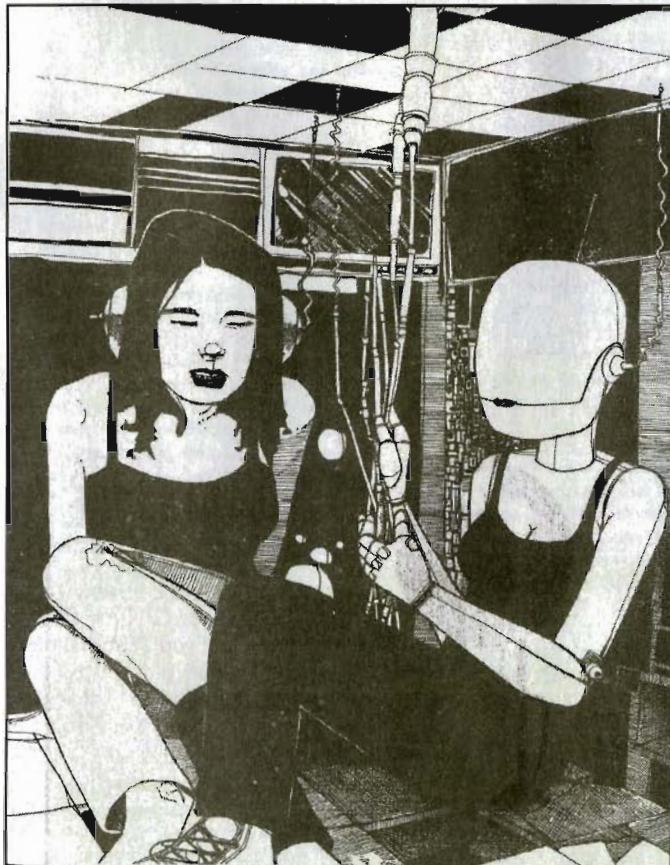
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Books aloud

Book reviews for the ~~ak~~ Illiterate

Shock Value: A Tasteful Book About Bad Taste

John Waters
Thunder's Mouth Press
Street: 03.2005

Drug use, welfare fraud, cross-dressing and making movies – John Waters' life story is as captivating and bizarre as the films that he makes. The legendary "Prince of Puke's" autobiography includes detailed accounts about the making of *Pink Flamingos*, *Desperate Living* and *Female Trouble*. It includes everything from the people he watched to develop his ideas to the way that the sets were built. John Waters is as good a writer as he is a filmmaker; his memoirs are never boring to read, whether he is writing about LSD trips being like reruns, how to cook a rat, thawing out a frozen dead dog or shooting a scene. He also focuses on informing readers about the lives of the stars of his flicks, such as *Divine*, *Edith Massey* and *David Lochary*. His story is never boring, but it may be a bit appalling at times. This is bad taste presented at its finest. –Jeanette Moses

The Snakepit Book

Ben Snakepit
Gorsky Press
Street: 03.15

Ben Snakepit's day-by-day comic book diary makes you realize just how monotonous life is. We follow Ben through three years of endless drinking, weed smoking, shows, lame and sweet parties and girls he is in love with treating him like total shit. It makes you wonder what the fuck we are here for, not to mention it leaves you feeling a bit like a creep standing outside his window watching his every move. You cheer for him when things go well and sympathize when he's wading through the shit of life. I couldn't put *The Snakepit Book* down and was happy to know that someone else out there goes through the same shit that I do. In the end, the beautiful moments of Ben's life manage to shine through the monotony of living, making the pop-punk kid inside everyone mutter "aww." –Jeanette Moses

Wrecking Crew: The Really Bad News Griffith Park Pirates

John Albert
Scribner
Street: 08.2005

When I was 11 years old, I thought someday I would be playing center field for the *Dodgers*. By the time I was 15 I had discovered music, theatre and girls; baseball stopped being important. John Albert's story in that sense isn't too far removed from mine. Just add a copious amount of sex and drugs, a best friend who changed his name to *Rozz Williams*, a stint in *Bad Religion*, rehab and we're

practically equal. Hell, he's even a struggling screenwriter trying to con his way into fortune. *Wrecking Crew* is about waking up to a life where your better days were spent with the warmth of a needle in your arm. Dreams are long since impractical and life's only meaning is a matter of survival and not purpose, until you half-heartedly agree to join a baseball team of social misfits and almost-famous rock-star outcasts. It is outrageous, gratuitous, expletive ridden, drug laced, sexually devious, positively twisted and completely true. It also happens to be one of the best books I've read in years. It's not really about baseball, although the game does provide the connection between the many characters that inhabit the story lines, no. This is more about struggle, failure and the line between giving in to defeat and surviving it. It's sobering and yet hopeful in its frank exploration of Hollywood's alt-culture without Hollywood getting in the way. –Ryan Michael Painter

How to draw Hip Hop

By Damion Scott & Kris Ex
Watson-Guption Publications
Street: 03.15

I have always wondered how to draw individual expression, spontaneous creativity, haphazard fashion, and rebellious flair! Yeah, I'm just as confused as you are. In *How to Draw Hip Hop*, *Damion Scott* (illustrator for *Marvel* and *DC Comics* residing in New York City) and *Kris Ex* (author of *50-Cent* biography and a writer for many well-known publications) try to "explain the unexplainable." If all of the rules regarding hip hop, or drawing hip hop, are all about discarding them, then how the hell can you set up legitimate rules? Now, this book is no substitute for a semester of art class, but it helps any random Joe-Shmoe with a pencil to start off with the basics. Yes my friends, your virgin style will be birthed! Boo-yeah! Let's start drawing some hip hop! First it says to get the tools (damn there's a lot to choose from): pencils, pens, markers, aerosol, goggles, inks, paints, rulers, compass, crack rock, paper, eraser, brushes & some other shit. Once you have your tools, the book instructs you to start drawing shapes like triangles and squares, then fruit, then a television or a chair. Then the rest of the book just seems like a show off session (let me remind you that this how-to book costs 20 dollars). Starting from drawing shapes and jumping forward to complex cityscape illustrations, this book really holds no weight in its so-called motives. I can't wait until the book "How to Draw Opera" comes out. I better start practicing my ovals and circles, maybe then I can become more "in-tune" with the Opera culture. Ughh, this is ridiculous. Here is a drawing of a skull wearing headphones, yeah; I think its Hip Hop enough. –Lance Saunders

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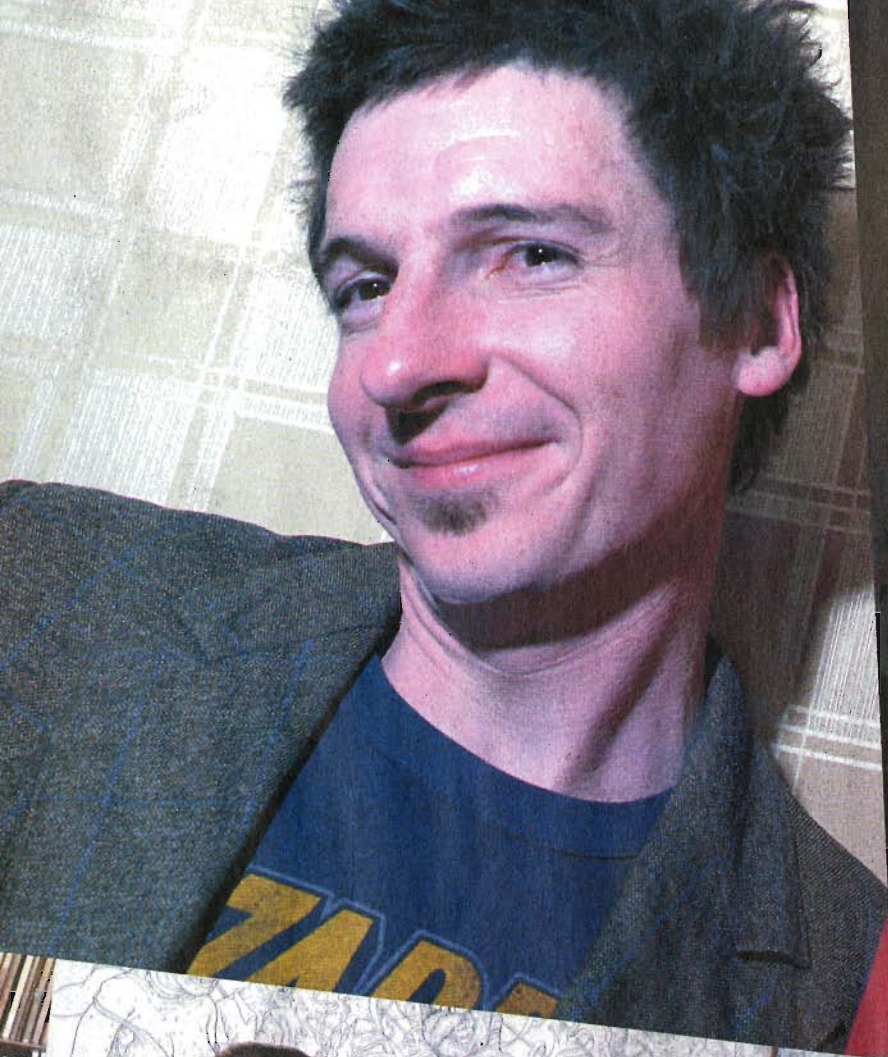
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A NOT SO QUICK BRIEFING WITH
FRONTMAN STEVE E. NIX OF

BY JEREMY C. WILKINS



THE BRIEFS

In the last few years, the music industry has seen a substantial rise in the popularity of punk rock, or bands labeled as punk rock, by corporate industries. Dyed hair and studded belts have become commonplace. And while many older punk rock enthusiasts have claimed for years that genuine punk rock is a thing of the past, they may be wrong, according to **Steve E. Nix**, frontman of the Seattle-based punk rock band **The Briefs**.

"I don't think anything real bad ever happens to real punk-rock music," says Nix. "When I was a teenager you could watch MTV and accept the lowest common denominator, or you could dig a little bit and get into the more interesting and passionate stuff. That's where you find punk-rock a little off the radar, and that's where it's supposed to be: real people making real music that is maybe a little affected by the commercialism, but it's not as bad as the boy bands on MTV that are supposed to be punk rock."

Nix considers MTV punk a marketing ploy and isn't bothered by it, claiming that there is a need for bad music. "If everyone liked good punk-rock music, that wouldn't be any fun! Who would be the enemy then? What are you going to rebel against? God bless **Good Charlotte**."

Opposite of corporate rock are **The Briefs**, who owe most of what they have accomplished to their DIY ethic and their current label **BYO**. "It's like we're on the same page," said Nix, speaking about **BYO**. "We found working with **BYO** that it's real punk-rockers running a real punk-rock label," said Nix, also acknowledging **BYO**'s longevity in the business. **BYO** was established by **Shawn, Mark and Adam Stern** (brothers who make up the band **Youth Brigade**) in 1979 as a reaction against police violence, outside exploitation and a general negative outlook which was held against the early punk scene in Los Angeles. **BYO** has been the home to bands such as **7 Seconds** and **Bouncing Souls** and is currently home to **The Unseen**, **Throw Rag**, **A Global Threat**, **The Forgotten** and several other bands.

Unlike many corporate punk-rock bands who make substantial amounts of money from their MTV, radio play and cute little girly t-shirts sold at the mall, **The Briefs** do it themselves. They promote themselves, their music and make their entire living through months and months of relentless touring, not with TV and radio spots. "Typically we're gone for six months out of the year," says Nix of their busy schedule. "We kind of eek out a living doing this and we make most of our money being on tour. You come home from touring and you've got a little chunk of money to pay for rent for a couple of months. Then what do you do? You can't get a job, not a real job anyways, because we tour so often. So we go on tour again." For a DIY band like **The Briefs**, touring is their best publicity. "For a punk band like ours, we don't really have a lot of media attention; we're not on T.V. and stuff, so that's how we make our mark; that's how people find out about us. With tour, more and more people come to the shows and we're selling more and more records and people respond to it and are always happy when we come back."

This hectic touring cycle is what forced former **Briefs** bassist **Lance Romance** to step down and leave the band after their last album, **Sex Objects**. "Lance couldn't tour so much anymore because he's got responsibilities at home. He's got kids, he needs to make money and we don't make very much money," said Nix. "He's still part of the family and he still works with us on artwork and photos." For most, this cycle of making a living off of touring would be too much to handle without more time off, or in **Romance's** case, without more money to live on. But Nix said all the touring pays off and is necessary for the band's welfare.

When it comes to talking about record labels and music, Nix is very opinionated. Having dealt briefly with a major label early in their careers, Nix said "All major labels are good for is sucking money. It's like a big dumb business world that has nothing to do with art. They're jerks, they're not like real people." He added that it's cool to see

great bands make it, but that a lot of bands find a record deal and then they get jerked around by the label and the record never comes out and the band breaks up.

One of the first shows Nix said he ever went to was **Dirty Rotten Imbeciles**, a band that mixes thrash-metal with their hardcore punk and notorious for their relentless DIY ethic and extreme amount of touring. Nix said he doesn't like to mix metal with his punk however. Nix said he's a huge music fan and that he's picky and knows what he likes. "I don't like all the nu-metal, crossover, emo, crusty-combination bullshit. I don't like bands that jump all over the place; one second it's fast, one second slow, one second you're whining and then it turns into a big heavy-metal power chord."

Some music that does appeal to Nix is that of **The Rolling Stones**, his all-time favorite band. While most wouldn't consider **The Rolling Stones** a punk band, Nix does. "They had the spirit, the rawness and the 'screw it, here we are in your face, we're obnoxious and fuck you too,' attitude. The guitar and the lyrical content totally does it," said Nix. **The Briefs** emanate this raw punk attitude in their music and their energetic live shows. Their music combines an early punk aesthetic with a touch of humor and controversial-at-times lyrics. Because of the older punk influences that come through in their music, Nix said they are one of those off-the-radar bands that have led many of their fans to find more punk-rock music like **GBH**, **The Exploited** and **UK Subs**, and then to dig even deeper from there to bands from the first wave of punk-rock like the **Undertones** and **The Boys**.

Though they wear their influences on their sleeves at times, these punk rockers have definitely found their own sound and take their music seriously, even when they're joking around. "We're not clowns. They're serious topics in some of our songs, but they're dealt with sarcastically and most of our material is somewhat tongue-in-cheek. We're serious about being a good band, writing good songs and representing what we love about punk rock. We're very serious about it, but at the same time, you know what, it's a fucking pop-culture and how can you be so serious about it? The ego trips some people get on because they're in some fucking rock band; it confuses me, I don't understand it."

"My Girl (Wants to be a Zombie)," from **Steal Yer Heart** is a song about Nix's girlfriend, whose life ambition is to be in a zombie movie. When writing songs, Nix says they write whatever's on their mind and make a conscious effort to keep their sound without writing the same song over and over again. He said that they try to keep from straying from the original spirit of the band. "I would think it would be weird if we were to put out an acoustic goth album with songs about extra-terrestrials and recorded the whole thing while high on paint-thinner."

"We could do that and it might be cool," Nix said, "But it depends on your motives. If you're drastically changing your sound so that people will look at you in a certain way, then you're probably doing it for the wrong reasons. If you're doing it purely for artistic reasons, go for it, but be prepared for people to hate you. [The Rolling Stones] changed slightly from album to album, but usually maintained the necessary ingredients to make them **The Rolling Stones**. **The Briefs** could sit down and write an album very different from what we're doing, but we like what we're doing and we know that people like what we're doing and we've got more songs in us still."

With more songs left to sing and more tours left to play, **The Briefs** show absolutely no signs of slowing down anytime soon. Having just finished a six-week tour in Europe, their seventh to be exact, they will have a few days off before hitting the road again to play some dates with the **Horrorpops**, with whom they will make a stop in Salt Lake on May 7 to exhibit their wonderfully entertaining and exhausting live antics. Says Nix, "Come see **The Briefs** if you want to see a punk-rock band that's going to attack you and make you want to jump up and down and spaz out!"

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GO

REVIEW

46 Short

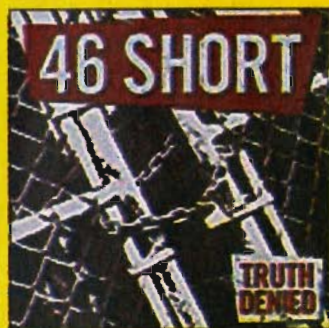
Truth Denied

TKO

Street: 04.04

46 Short = Rise Against + The Unseen +

Poison Idea + Adolescents



Why is that punk bands are always trying to bring punk back to it "glory days" (whenever that was)? As far as I'm concerned, punk never really went away, and whether it's the hardcore punk of the 80s you love or '77 style that got you going, punk rock is alive and kicking; it has created a certain amount of freedom for bands to do whatever they want. 46 Short want to bring back the good ol' days of classic hardcore punk, okay, great. Why don't you stop telling me about it and play some music? Luckily, this band does just that, playing fast-paced pissed-off punk that has no time for fashion or bullshit. This is one solid record - all 13 tracks leave teeth marks while you're blasted with optically charged, socially conscious lyrics. It's nothing new, but the same old message sounds good on top of this unrelenting hardcore punk rock. -James Orme

Against All Authority

The Restoration of Chaos and Order
Hopeless Records

Street: 05.09

Against All Authority = Suicide Machines +
Common Rider + NOFX + The Slackers



This album was named after the chimp that is currently in office - Freudian slip of the tongue. And I must say Against All Authority did a much better job on this album than Bush will ever do leading our country into anything, even a coke binge. On the majority of the songs AAA appears to have traded in their horns for harder hitting guitar riffs, but those classic AAA ska-style riffs and horns do manage to show up in a few songs, like "Radio Waves." My favorite tracks on the album were "All Ages Show Tonight," a punk-rock love song, and "Silence is Golden but Duct Tape is Silver," an obviously reggae-influenced ska song. The whole album fits together perfectly. The songs are catchy and fun to sing along to, while the heavy bass mixes well with upbeat ska riffs and a horn here and there creates the perfect combination. I listened to this album over and over again in my car and didn't manage to grow tired of it. -Jeanette Moses

The Aggrolites

S/T

Hellcat Records

Street: 05.09

The Aggrolites = James Brown + The Wailers
+ Desmond Dekker + Judge Dred



Who knew that a band made up of white boys from America could master that 60s Jamaican reggae sound? I sure didn't. The Aggrolites blend Jamaican music with the likes of American funk and a pinch of old school ska, creating something truly authentic and infectious. This is the Aggrolites second album and I'm sure it'd get even the most awkward kids getting down with their bad selves. The tin drums, funky beats, horns, and soulfully smooth vocals make this album easy on the ears and a good pick to listen to whether you want to dance your ass off or sit back and relax. About half the songs are instrumentals, but they are able to stand alone without the vocal tracks. All 19 tracks on this album are great, but some of my favorites were "Funky Fire,"

"Countryman Fiddle" and "Work to Do". Just be careful while driving around and listening to this album. You might be tempted to take your hands off the wheel and groove out to those down-home-style beats. The Aggrolites are real, raw and beautiful. Enough said. (Burt's: 05.30)
-Jeanette Moses

All Capitals

Saturn

Self-released

Street Date: 05.01

All Capitals = straight rock n' roll + high school + naive teenage enthusiasm

This EP sounds a little juvenile, like the better bands that I went to high school with. I applaud their sincere political stance, but they will have to keep writing music and learn more before their music and message really start to grip people. The best things All Capitals has going for them are their sincerity and enthusiasm. My favorite track on the album is "Neverneverland," probably because it's ugly and puts the most on the line. But they have to work on the stale metaphors and callow melodies. Their stated influences are the Pixies, Radiohead, The Sex Pistols and The Ramones, but at this point they have little resemblance to these bands. -Spencer Jenkins

Areyu

A Death Grip on Yesterday

Victory

3.28

Areyu = 1 tsp. awful + 1 tsp. MTV + 1 tsp. Hot Topic + 1 T why does everyone like them?

Areyu from The Never Ending Story was pretty badass. It is a classic story we all know and love, about a boy, his adventures in Fantasia, and a quest to save it from the Nothing. As a child, I personally, along with most males around my age, had a crush on the princess. But whatever happened to her? Well, a friend of mine tracked her down a few years ago via the internet and found out she lives in New York, has a daughter and is a dance instructor. Hopefully her daughter won't attribute the name Areyu with this piece of garbage, but rather the character in the movie starring her mother. This CD is over-produced, pop-metalcore, that is just looking to make a quick buck. It's neatly packaged, full of rock n' roll posturing, cheesy whiny singing, and Myspace ready style. No thank you. -Peter Fryer

Bedroom Walls

All Good Dreamers Pass This Way

Baria Records

Street: 05.23

Bedroom Walls = Elliott Smith + a more sissy
Pink Floyd

Bedroom Walls' second album is like a narcotic - which translates to about a 50/50 chance of being good and entertaining so that you don't end up just zoning out and wasting your time completely. "Six Weeks in the Imperial Gardens" is especially good and a bit narcoleptic, plodding along and sounding almost like Beck's "Jackass" in parts, then exploding open around the three-minute mark. All Good Dreamers Pass This Way has plenty of juicy surprises, like a song ("Somewhere in Newhall") that I thought sounded like something off the score of Interview With the Vampire - that is, until the tambourine made its delightful entry. -Jamila Roehrig

Beyond Fear

Beyond Fear

SPV

Street: 05.05

Beyond Fear = newer Judas Priest + the definition of straightforward metal



For the love of all that is metal, bow down to Tim "Ripper" Owens and his new band Beyond Fear. To refresh some memories, Ripper replaced Rob Halford in Judas Priest for quite a lengthy period of time. Filling the slot well, Ripper's vocals rank right up there with the legends. Down but not out, Ripper took the vocal part in Iced Earth's Glorious Burden record. And now he has come forth with his own project, worthy of metal fans' praise. The debut displays influences of the most classical sense of metal with a clean, modern edge. Much like his first album with Priest, Jugulator, Beyond Fear is like Shredder having his way with the turtles. Writing the majority of the guitar parts, Owens—who does not actually play guitar in the band - shows a knack for songwriting. Younger metal fans may enjoy this album, but there is no doubt that Beyond Fear can play with the big boys. -Bryer Wharton

Black on Black

A Tribute To Black Flag

Relgnition Records

Street: 03.14

Black on Black = you don't have to know or like Black Flag to enjoy



I'm way too young to say, yeah, Black Flag, man; I'm cool because I know their name. In all honesty, I have never heard a complete Flag record. I've actually heard more Black Flag cover tunes than actual Black Flag songs, which only makes me wish I had the cash to dig up the legendary band's catalogue. That doesn't stop me from banging my head to a collection of cover tracks. Recordings range from 2001 to 2005. Most tribute albums that feature music that is different from the band they are covering falter and fail. The slew of hardcore contained on the tribute do Black Flag justice by incorporating a great deal of punk rock into their ferocity. Fans of the groups covering the tunes on the disc will get the most enjoyment out of the tribute. Included on the record are hardcore heavyweights Most Precious Blood, with a killer version of "Rise Above," as well as Converge, Coalesce, The Dillinger Escape Plan and Bleeding Through. If anything, it will inspire younger fans to dive into the beast that was Black Flag. —Bryer Wharton

Beirut

Gulag Orkestar

Ba Da Bing Records

Street: 05.01

Beirut = Black Heart Procession + Eastern European immigrant music + klezmer music

A one-man conglomeration of traditional instruments, Beirut transcends everything that is currently happening in underground music with an array of accordions, ukuleles, triangles and trumpets. What is fucking amazing is that the orchestral arrangements are pulled off seamlessly, and the vocal accompaniment is nothing short of phenomenal. A deeply melodic vibrato voice creates the atmosphere of a semi-deserted dock with a handful of immigrants carrying on generations of tradition, but in an underground-rock sort of way. The genuine nature of the song composition makes *Godspeed! You Black Emperor* seem cheesy and *The Black Heart Procession* seem half-assed (note: and those are both incredible bands). This album will have a spot on my top five of 2006. —Ryan Powers

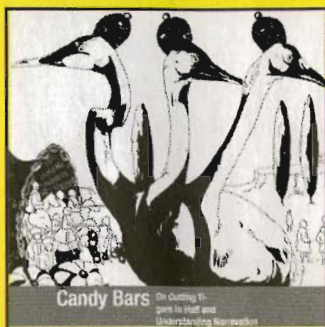
Candy Bars

On Cutting Ti-Gers in Half and Understanding Narration

New Granada

Street: 05.16

Candy Bars = Sparklehorse + Modest Mouse



Starting off like something that could be non-threatening and could be on the *Garden State 2* soundtrack, Candy Bars' debut full-length leaves the others back at that garbage dump in the rain, providing innovative sweetness and vocals that are at once raspy, harsh and effectively gentle. Think Isaac Brock meets Devendra Banhart. What could have been a big old wimp-out is something strangely fierce, yet with all the great chamber-pop elements holding it together. "Works Cited" is particularly nice, with lyrics like "periodicals wrapped in iron, tied behind our fingers." —Jamila Roehrig

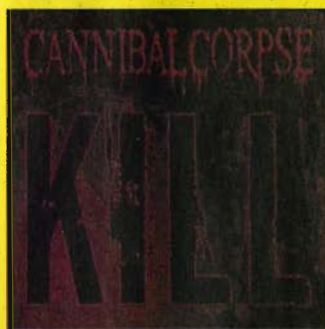
Cannibal Corpse

Kill

Metal Blade

Street: 04.04

Cannibal Corpse = the gods of gore



Emerging from the tomb of the mutilated two years after their vile wretched spawn, cannibal freaks the Corpse have returned to kill. Bloodthirsty, gore-obsessed, worm-infested fans can once again start the bleeding. This new album marks a fresh start for the butchered-at-birth band. Longtime guitarist Jack Owen departed the band and returning as a permanent member is Rob Barrett, who played on previous Corpse releases. The fresh-yet-familiar blood shows through on the latest opus, straight from the gallery of suicide. *Kill* still retains the bloody mess that offended and delighted millions in the band's early days, but adds a slicker production and precision in every aspect of the music, instrumentally and vocally. *Kill* never relents, hacking away at the eardrums one cut at a time. Unlike many death-metal acts, vocalist George "Corpsegrinder" Fisher can enunciate and provides many moments to grow

along to, notably the album's second track "Make Them Suffer." Yeah, they talk about murder, mutilation, pain and suffering, but the only killing spree going on here is Cannibal Corpse's spree of 15 years. —Bryer Wharton

Champion/Betrayed

Split

Rivalry Records

Street: 05.16

Champion = Turning Point + Spirit of '88 Rev bands + the new old-school revival

Betrayed = Embrace + Carry On + Champion

Hardcore bands are always compared to other hardcore bands. These comparisons usually suck. It's like you're expecting *Minor Threat*, and then you listen to the CD and it sounds like some Van Halen side-project industrial-garage band. This split is no snake-oil salesman, it's the real deal. The Champion songs on the split sound truly old school, but updated for '06. Drummer Todd Preboski is one of the few drummers in hardcore who realizes great drumming falls just behind the beat. Champion has had a limited output: two 7"s, one full-length, and this final split release. Betrayed is comprised of members of Champion and the seminal hardcore band Carry On. The Betrayed half draws their influence from the more melodic side of the old school (Embrace namely). Crisp, clear vocals (reminiscent in places of *As Friends Rust*), smooth guitar lines, and a good mix of fast and slow tempos make this a solid release. This CD has 12 tracks in my stereo because I always listen to it twice. —Peter Fryer

Crystal Skulls

Outgoing Behavior

Suicide Squeeze

Street: 04.11

Crystal Skulls = The Sea and Cake + The Mother Hips



The Crystal Skulls are one of those bands that exist on a slightly higher plane than their fellow pop-indie-rockers by somehow presenting something extra in each song. This sets them apart from the gaggle of bands that attempt to sound like this, only to end up on the shit heap of banality and mediocrity. Calculated hooks and fresh chord progressions are the components of this breezy sophomore release. Perhaps the best way to describe this record would be to employ a lyric from the title track, "grape juice with melon liquor." You might not be in the mood for something so sweet, but

you'll be pleasantly surprised when the mood strikes. Having just seen Crystal Skulls open for John Vanderslice at *Kilby Court*, I can say that the production on the record emphasizes the melon liquor, while their live set was more vodka and tonic for its crunchy, overdriven guitars and the intensity of their fantastic rhythm section. —Tyler Ford

Carla Bozulich

Evangelista

Constellation

Street Date: 05.15

Carla Bozulich = the woman who produced my favorite album of the year

Some albums are like crowds: they are entertaining, excite you a bit, but at the end of the night they rarely offer personal satiation. On the other hand, some music provides the type of rejuvenating animus (or bitter sting) you only find with a soul mate or lover. *Evangelista* is the latter. Carla Bozulich, whose other bands include *Ethyl Meatplow*, *Geraldine Fibbers*, and *Scarnella*, offers a sometimes furious, oft-times frail delivery that reads like a secret journal that you can't put down: Recorded by *Godspeed You! Black Emperor* founder Efrim at *Hotel Tango* in Montréal, the album fuses minimal performances provided by Bozulich, violinist Sophie Trudeau, bassist Thierry Amar and multi-instrumentalist Shazad Ismaily. They deliver breath-holding pauses, drifting drones, crackling radio transmissions, bent circuitry, found sounds and Bozulich's spectral voice into a tragic, terrific and sublime mélange of experiences, pleas and open-chest outbursts. It is as sonically hypnotic and interesting as it is well-crafted and emotionally gripping; *Evangelista* is that close friend you'll call during those lonely nights or perhaps put on repeat during hibernation. —Dove Madden

Christopher O'Riley

Home to Oblivion: An Elliott Smith Tribute

World Village

Street: 04.11

Christopher O'Riley = accomplished pianist riding the indie music wave

We all knew that it was coming, yet another tribute to a "fallen artist." It seems as though whenever someone important dies, the light goes on in somebody's head about how they can capitalize on a very sad and tragic death. The validity of this tribute is questionable when considering that O'Riley never heard an Elliott Smith album before he died. A true tribute would be done by a group of people as a way to honor the life of one of the world's greatest songwriters and not one that is seeking commercial gain or personal gratification. O'Riley's performances of Smith's songs are virtuosic and interesting without taking too much away from the amazing melodies. The one positive thing that can be said about this tribute is that I was reminded of how groundbreaking Elliott Smith was at the art of song and melody writing. If I were to honor Elliott Smith, I would do it the old-fashioned way — by listening to the original. —Andrew Glassett

Daedelus

Denies the Day's Demise

Mush Records

Street: 05.09

Daedelus = The Avalanches + Kid 606



Writing and recording in the shadow of Hollywood seems to have finally had a good effect on someone. After decades of churning out the most heavily postured sound waste on the planet, the City of Angels can finally be proud. Though lumped in with a vast array of "bedroom" artists, Daedelus' sparkling use of luscious cinematic elements and bossa-nova rhythms transcends the often redundant realm of cut-and-paste electronica. In a genre that relies so heavily on the recycling of sound and sentiment, Daedelus operates with a fresh sense of history, channeling a glamorous epoch that legitimately seems forgotten. Additionally, it seems rare for an electronic record to present the genre with more possibilities than limitations, (I mean, what the hell is *Warp Records* supposed to release now?). If there is hype, believe it. We have the best electronic release of this 33 percent dead year. —Justin Thomas Burch

Decoder Ring

Somersault

Bella Union

Street: 05.02

Decoder Ring = Mum + Sigur Ros

Composing music for a soundtrack can be a very tricky thing for bands; it is difficult to come up with music that not only fulfills the purpose of the movie, but also maintains the integrity of the band. In order to make an informed decision on whether or not Decoder Ring fulfilled their purpose while saving face, I watched the movie *Somersault*, a cautionary tale about young love and the ambience of various emotions. The movie was brilliant and beautiful, especially in its moments of solitude and psychedelia that were made viable by the music of Decoder Ring. Minimalist, calming, picturesque and many other flowery adjectives describe the music of these Zen-thinking Australians. The second test of whether this album is "good" is if the music stands on its own without the movie, and the answer is definitely yes. Decoder Ring puts you in the moment but with a little less darkness than their Icelandic contemporaries. —Andrew Glassett

Dio

Holy Diver Live

Eagle Records

Street: 04.18

Dio = It's Dio, I'diot

If you call yourself a metal-head, if you raise your hands in the air giving the devil horn sign at a show, you sure as hell better own Dio's masterpiece *Holy Diver*. Not only is the title track essential metal material, so are the lovely "Stand Up and Shout," "Don't Talk to Strangers," and the unmistakable "Rainbow in the Dark." In the vein of Slayer's *Still Reigning* DVD that contains the *Reign in Blood* album played in its entirety, Dio has come forth with a double-disc album containing the *Holy Diver* album played live; it's soon to be released on DVD as well. To better things, the second disc contains tunes from Dio's long and lucrative solo career, as well as cuts from the time he fronted Rainbow and Black Sabbath. As live records go, one couldn't ask for more. Excellent sound production intermingles with the raging audience and contains everything a live album should. Get off your fat fanny and own another hunk of Dio history, with one of the best metal vocalists to ever grace this place called Earth. —Bryer Wharton

Dissection

Reinkaos

The End Records

Street: 05.16

Dissection = Anti-Cosmic Metal Of Death



The most influential Swedish death metal band of all time has completed an album of methodical rhythms and shadows that lurked over the 11 years it took to finally see the light of day. After Jon Nödtveidt's (vocalist/guitarist) prison sentencing for murder, most fans grew discouraged that they may never hear a new Dissection album again. Through all of the occult ceremonies, satanic crimes, censorship and over-all banishment from popular media, Dissection managed to reinvent the Swedish sound and begin a new chapter in what could be the terrifying resurgence of the anti-Christian metal movement. This album will make any *At The Gates* or *Dark Tranquillity* fan come back out of the basement and begin cheering in the face of social adversity again. —Chuck Berrett

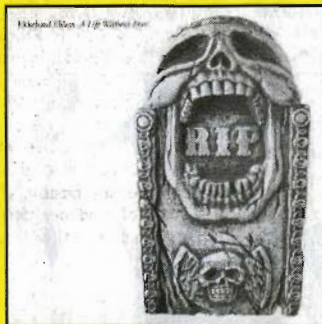
Ekkehard Ehlers

A Life Without Fear

Staubgold

Street: 05.09

Ekkehard Ehlers = John Fahey + Tom Waits



When artists claim austere preservation of indigenous musical forms (especially delta blues) or the ability to "de-territorialize" folk music, I usually want to drop some James Earl Jones or Terrance Mann on them: "Oh, you're from the 60s. Peace, love, dope. Now get the hell out of here." I can't say that to a German because of the language and pop culture barriers, and it would also be a terrible way to applaud some amazing compositions. Utilizing the generally extraneous amp hiss as instrumentation, Ehlers and his band (featuring trumpet, balafon, mouthharp and viola among other things) have crafted profoundly dark and moving versions of disparate source material. From South African folk ("Misorodozi") to your soon-to-be favorite Ralph Stanley cover ("O Death"), Ehlers' use of the traditional makes Paul Simon look like Art Garfunkel. —Justin Thomas Burch

The Fever

In the City of Sleep

Kemado Records

Release Date: 05.02

The Fever = Mars Volta + surf rock + David Lynch + Nick Cave + The Beatles



The Fever are all over the map, from the rockabilly/nearly ska-ish backbone of "Redhead" and "Mr. Baby" to the big-top carnival Masque-of-the-Red-Death nightmare "Waiting for the Centipede" that brings to mind simultaneous visions of *Subterranean Masquerade* off *The End Records* and locals *Muses of Bedlam*. Craziness should be celebrated, because not everyone gets the pleasure of experiencing it — and The Fever celebrate that creepiness in a warm n' sexy way. Marimba and creaky organ set the stage; the tipsy, melancholy "Magnus" would be perfect on the soundtrack of *City of Lost Children*. Things heat up with the dancey "Gypsy Cab/Down on Dog Street," like *Soft Cell* making out with

Chris Isaac and the Mooney Suzuki and Gram Rabbit. The International Noise Conspiracy-like, offbeat "Do the Tramp" is the hottest. —Rebecca Vernon

Filastine

Burn It

Soot Records

Street: 05.02

Filastine = Greyboy + Kid Koala +

Squarepusher + Politics

This is easily one of the best records that will be released this year, electronic or otherwise. Before beginning to make music under the name in 2004, Filastine spent years gathering sounds and samples, building beats and studying percussion, and his record is dripping with an intelligent and worldly panache. *Burn It* stretches its Brazilian, African and hip-hop-influenced beats and breaks across genres, creating a record that could be mistaken for a cross-over effort, except that this is simply Filastine's method — you're listening to all these genres at once, mashed together. Filastine is not content to be only an amazing musician; he has been the soundtrack to countless protests around the world, using counter-hegemonic noise to fuel activism. While lost in the sound of a choir of raita flutes on "Judas Goat", I realized *Burn It's* vigorous beauty; this is a thinking-man's record, assembled by the thinking-man's DJ. —Tyler Ford

Go It Alone/Blue Monday

Split

Rivalry Records

Street: 5.16

Go It Alone = Battery + The new crop of hardcore bands

Blue Monday = not New Order

Taken from the City of Vancouver Website: Vancouver is located in the southwest corner of Canada, in the province of British Columbia next to the Pacific Ocean. Vancouver's average annual precipitation is 1,219 mm. Most rainfall occurs in winter. With a population of about 545,671, Vancouver is the largest city in the province of British Columbia and the third largest in Canada. Additionally, two great hardcore bands, Go It Alone and Blue Monday hail from this city. They don't seem to think it's so great, but don't let their lyrics about regret, urban decay, alienation, and homelessness deter you. It's amazing two rage-filled bands could be spawned here in Vancouver. On their most recent release, each band performs two original songs and one cover of friends' band Reserve 34. The Go It Alone songs are blisteringly fast and hit hard, but don't have the same pull as previous releases. Blue Monday (who recently disbanded) offer some of their final songs here, which are fast melodic hardcore, with introspective lyrics, and are as subtle as a right cross. Altogether a good release; which just proves that Vancouver is not just a city an hour north of Seattle.

—Peter Fryer

Hazard County Girls

Divine Armor

Rev'd Arm

Street: 05.02

Hazard County Girls = Black Sabbath + early Bottom + Melvins + Hale

Sludgarrific classic stoner shit packs a punch – in a slow, thick, Aunt Jemima-syrup type o' way – while smooth, breathy female vocals falling somewhere between **Kim Deal/Gordon** seduce you into a helpless swoon. Hazard County Girls have doomy elements about 'em, but aren't afraid to dress in vintage garb. The music exudes sincerity, appealing simplicity and matter-of-fact, cool-as-a-cucumber toughness. "Fine Lines" and "Insect" have nearly sing-along choruses with dark 90s-alt overtones, but then comes metal-oriented bleeders with intoxicating shifts in movement and timing, like "Red Light." There's even some old-school country/matador Raveonettes moments, as in "Knoxville Boy." They make wannabe metal girl bands look like gimmicky poseurs, i.e., Kitty, and they just toured with **Rasputin** and **Hank Williams III**. One suggestion: They're better when hugging the mighty trunk of metal and shedding their probable roots in *Lollapalooza 1994*. –Rebecca Vernon

Honeyhander

Woolly Mannerisms
Strictly Amateur Films
Street: 05.16
Honeyhander = Primal Scream + The Blood Brothers

As evidenced by the fact that official T-shirts were available at *Urban Outfitters*, CBGBs fell pretty far off the ol' street-cred map before its presumed demise. Such is the case with venues that have pinned their entire existence on a specific movement. Time goes on. The **Ramones** are heard on Greek Row. The best show you can book is **Har Mar Superstar**. If Providence's *Fort Thunder* wasn't a grocery store parking lot, they doubtlessly would have had scores of chuds with eyebrow piercings showing up to play in cargo shorts too. Providence's Honeyhander is one of those hangers-on, pinning their existence on a long-deceased notion of collective creativity. In theory, the band sounds enough like everything that came from Rhode Island's halcyon days to draw flippant comparisons, but this lazily spastic EP wouldn't sound terribly out of place in **Zumiez** (try to say that about **Forcefield**). –Justin Thomas Burch

Home and Garden

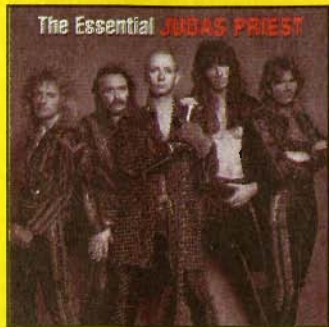
History and Geography
Exit Stencil Recordings
Street: 05.16
Home and Garden = Pere Ubu + David Byrne + Brian Eno

Finally, I get to review something where I won't use words like "gentle," "sweet," or anything about "lazy summer and/or spring days." **Jim Jones**, **Scott Krauss** and **Tony Maimone** formed Home and Garden in 1981 after leaving Cleveland's influential art-punk band **Pere Ubu**, and now Exit Stencil has reissued their *History and Geography* tracks as well as an EP, *How I Spent My Vacation*, together on one CD. More than 20 years later, Home

and Garden still sounds fresher and more experimental than most of the new crap I've heard lately. Singer **Jeff Morrison** sounds so much like David Byrne that it's downright hair-raising. Home and Garden create whimsical, psychotic realms of atmosphere, taking their thrift-store grab-bag of random noisemakers and just doing whatever the hell they want. It's danceable; it's bizarre; it's a virtual cornucopia of auditory delights ready to be harvested. It's schizophresh! –Jamila Roehrig

Judas Priest

The Essential
Columbia
Street Date: 05.09
Judas Priest = the metal that inspired a million shredders and screamers



Not to get all **Chuck Klosterman** on you, but I've enjoyed Judas Priest ever since I saw the video for "You've Got Another Thing Comin'" at the tender age of thirteen. This double-disc suits my needs, as have all the classics and stuff I lost track of. However, since I'm not a super fanatic, I had to sell both JP albums I owned for gas money a few years back. I'll let some forum kids give you their opinions. "The coolest thing about it for me is that the pre-CBS era stuff is being included – meaning from *Sad Wings Of Destiny*." "Fuck, if you're going to do a 'best of,' do it right and include shit from every album. There's nothing off of *Rocka Rolla*." "Looks like most fans that would consider this essential would already have all those tunes on their iPods." "Songs they should have removed from this: 'Revolution,' 'Hot Rocking.'" "How about a rare tracks set? How about a live set? Lost tracks? Priest does rule though, and that's undeniable." –Dave Madden

Killing Joke

Hosannas From The Basement Of Hell
Cooking Vinyl
Street: 04.18
Killing Joke = Ministry (circa 1989) + Sisters Of Mercy + Butthole Surfers

Killing Joke are still punching the world of pop music in its confused, weakening abdomen after nearly 30 years. Influencing the entire punk, goth, industrial, metal, post-modern and alternative rock scenes as one of the most "underestimated" entities of all time hasn't slowed their creative processes a bit. This album has a very driven, yet uncharacteristically melodic sound. **Jaz Coleman's** voice still wails

from the same menacing guts it always has, and the buffet of creative sound that stretches outside of any guitar-based rock band's boundaries just solidifies the fact that **Killing Joke** is far from dead or dull. There will always be a sense of brutality involved in their music, but it's not to be mistaken for the clichés that haunt the metal and punk genres – their brutality comes from simply meaning what they do and having the teeth to really sink into your head to prove it. –Chuck Berrett

Koffin Kats

Straying from the Pack
Psychobilly*US
Street: 04.16
Koffin Kats = Samhain + Nekromantix + Bauhaus

The third release from these Detroit wild men is eight tracks of dark, evil psychobilly. With better production than their previous efforts, the Koffin Kats have really taken themselves to the next level. **Vic Victor's** stand-up bass is phenomenal, his vocals are the perfect mix of growl and croon, and **Tommy Koffin's** guitar work blends creepy melodies into bone-crushing rhythms. Songs like "Buzz Kill Bitch," and "For Hire" show that this band has stepped beyond the regular psychobilly fare to create something highly original and exciting. You won't find this in stores; head on over to www.psychobilly.us to get this release. –James Orme

Korpiklaani

Tales Along This Road
Napalm
Street: 05.23
Korpiklaani = drinking metal



Pronouncing the band's name may be a challenge, but enjoying it is another story. Violins, flute and accordion accompany a rhythmic folk-metal that conjures up images of men and women in a tavern dancing, beer flowing like a river. The Finnish group's name translates to "Forest Clan," appropriate for a band that brings forth images of the past and snow-filled forests. Metal may get a reputation for being evil or negative, but nothing about *Tales Along This Road* suggests such a concept. It is as if **Flogging Molly** morphed into a metal band. Whenever a band incorporates their native influences into their music, it makes for an exotic experience, unique in every right. Jump into a realm that doesn't exist in America, let your brain dream of foreign thoughts, get your dancing shoes on and have a good time. –Bryer Wharton

Mindless Self Indulgence

Straight to Video: The Remixes
Metropolis
Street Date: 05.09
Mindless Self Indulgence = the sagging sound of 90 percent of the Metropolis Records roster



How many of you really enjoy remix albums of a single song? I'll wager that even all four of you will grow tired of this album after three cuts. Despite the reconstruction by a who's-who of industrial masters like **Front 242**, **Velvet Acid Christ**, **CombiChrist** and **KMFDM**, *Mindless Self Indulgence's* original "Straight to Video" remains the same for the 70-minute entirety of the album. Add six more minutes onto that for the included instrumental and a cappella tracks and tools "so fans can create their own remix." None of the remixes deviate very far from the grinding 4/4 industrial/EBM template, but that's fine. The music isn't the problem. Somewhere in the contract, Metropolis must have said, "Please follow the verse/chorus/verse of the original vocals." A little distortion here and a smattering of vocoding there does not the redundancy break! **Haujobb** (featuring **MC Mythos**) and **Bro Peazy** slather on a hip-hop slant, but both mixes are tucked too close to the end of the album to make much of a difference after 40 choruses of "like a bad girl straight to video." This is something for completists, but much too trying for mere passengers. –Dave Madden

The Nillas

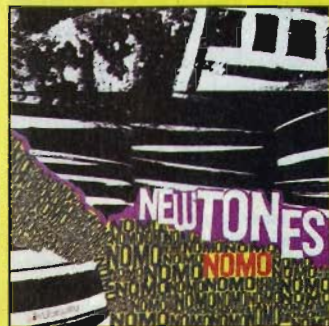
Homewrecker
The Planetary Group
Street: 04.25
The Nillas = Insane Clown Posse + Tweedle Dee (rapping) + the Jay Z and Linkin Park collaboration

Where my nillas at? Oh Christ, I can't believe I typed that. What's worse – I had to listen to this album from front to back. That's right, folks! They jump, they crunk, they sing, they bling; they're a perfect act for the 16-year-old *Warped Tour* ticket buyer. *Homewrecker* is filled with technical and live backbeat instrumentals. However, both emcees follow the same rhyme scheme and talk about the same infantile shit, almost resembling "shock-rap." I can't take someone seriously when they rap "hit the hoochie coochie!" and then break into a nursery rhyme. These guys are emulating the "crunk" genre and twisting it into an annoying sound that is unbearable to listen to. I became even more infuriated wondering how they even got a record

deal. The sound of hardcore rock-rap is almost impossible to improve upon, and any attempt at such a bold step leaves this album rooted in annoyance. —Lance Saunders

NOMO

New Tones
Ubiquity
Street Date: 05.09
NOMO = Eastern sensibilities + Western jazz



Unless you have the skills to back it up, when you use the words "new tones" to describe your music you will likely get your ass kicked on any continent. Fortunately, NOMO does indeed possess the eclectic chops and talent to nurture that claim. Dropping everything from trumpet to Fender Rhodes, to "electric saw-blade-gamelan" and other homemade percussion instruments, this octet steams through their version of jazz, a chronicle that effortlessly looks back yet moves forward into peculiar territories. Their only cover is a swaggering version of Joanna Newsom's "The Book of Right-On," if that gives you any indication. They address verses, choruses, heads, hum-worthy melodies and "standards," yet infect them with uncharacteristic orchestration, micro-tonal counter-melodies, tricky horn writing, hard-ass funk, subtle electronic manipulation, amplified and overdriven acoustics, intriguing rhythmic tension and analog synth work. This is an equal mix of Steely Dan, Meat Beat Manifesto, Stevie Wonder, Konomo No. 1, Miles Davis circa *On the Corner*, a Salsa band in a muggy Puerto Rican bar and a Balinese orchestra. NOMO is the sound of today's jazz. New tones indeed! —Dave Madden

No Neck Blues Band and Embryo

Embryo/NNCK
Staubgold
Street: 04.18
No Neck Blues Band and Embryo = Ash Ra + whatever Goethe would listen to if he were alive

The great thing about this brand of record is the vivid mental picture of 13 stringy dudes resting on Persian rugs in a dilapidated warehouse full of instruments you couldn't name if you had a gun to your head, plucking away to high heaven. Appropriately, the coupling of No Neck Blues Band's heavy, free psychedelia with Embryo's penchant for Middle-Eastern tinged Kraut-rock produces that peculiar religious ambience you assume was present in the recording studio.

Overall, the record is remarkably more refined (and dare I say, gentle) that it seems on paper. Compared to NNBB's angular skyscrapers of sound, this effort plays out like a Gothic cathedral, ethereal and mysteriously uplifting. This is an experimental gospel; a cosmic connection of the most sincere quality. —Justin Thomas Burch

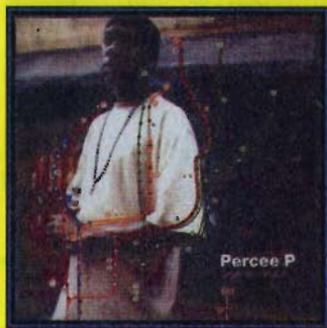
Ocrilim

Anoint
I and Ear
Street Date: 05.23
Ocrilim = Orthreim / Crom Tech + Glen Branca + Yngwei Malmsteen – long hair dudes

More of a symphonic composition than his previous projects, guitarist Mick Barr's latest incarnation Ocrilim sounds somewhere between the soundtrack to *A Clockwork Orange* and late-70s East-coast minimalist composers. The lack of percussion most definitely would be the main differentiation from aforementioned groups, creating a half-hour guitar solo experience. That being said, this album most definitely takes a trained ear to be appreciated fully, although anyone who has ever played a guitar would immediately appreciate its significance and virtuosity. The utilization of guitar sounds is nearly unprocessed; Mick's ability to use unique scales and rhythms instead of banging on a bunch of pedals or parts of the instrument construct the entire feel of the album. I am pretty sure students will be listening to this in a jazz class at some university in the year 2050. —Ryan Powers

Percee P

Legendary Status
Stones Throw
Street: 04.25
Percee P = Prince Po + Jazzy J + Cold Crush



After working with countless artists and releasing dozens of 12"s, Percee P has finally achieved what many thought would fade away. With guests like Planet Asia, Aesop Rock, Jurassic 5 and Jedi Mind Tricks, you can be assured that the lyrics contained are nothing short of amazing. However, there are about 11 tracks that can also be found on the collaborating artists' albums. It seems Percee has been preserving every project he has been a part of and slapped them all on this CD. Some beats resemble sound-clash from the early hip-hop days in the Bronx and some are progressive enough to bring you back to the present in a smooth transition. Percee folds his

style over every drum loop and bass thump with change-ups, punch lines, and a voice defining conviction. This album hits all the high points in his acclaimed career and stands out as a collection of collaboration from one of hip-hop's most authoritative figures. —Lance Saunders

Poetry on Record 1888-2006

98 Poets Reading their Work
Shoot Factory
Street: 04.18
Poetry on Record = nothing you have ever heard before + wise warriors on picket fences

This astounding four-CD box set (beautifully packaged, I might add) is packed with personal-political polemic, pretty prose, passive punch lines, pleasurable poetry and possessed parodists reading their work in the way they want it to be read. It is the most comprehensive collection of the most important 20th century poets. The listener is able to hear the immortal voices of Robert Frost, Ezra Pound, e.e. cummings, T.S. Eliot, Sylvia Plath, Walt Whitman and (one of my personal favorites) Allen Ginsberg, among other equally talented poets. Every poem tells a story: from romanticism to modernism; from the Harlem Renaissance to black arts to hip-hop; from rhyme and meter to free verse; from lyric to narrative to epic and beyond. In *Poetry on Record* you can trace trends, transitions, and styles in all aspects of the English language. This is the most engrossing aggregation of its kind; soil yourself in jealousy that I had it before you.

—Lance Saunders

Queensryche

Operation: Mindcrime II
Rhino
Street: 04.04
Queensryche = Geoff Tate & Co. trying to relive their old glory

Returning with a sequel to the classic concept album *Operation: Mindcrime* from 1988, Queensryche have overcome odds and created an album that will be dissected by critics and fans alike. There are some decent songs on the new record, but most are horrid. Vocalist Geoff Tate has lost the power and demanding voice that he once had; now it just sounds like something crawled in his throat and died, leaving only a squeak. The record's first single "I'm American" is the only tune worth a shit on the record; it brings to mind the classic band's appeal that made them famous. Though not a huge fan of the band, I can still appreciate the timeless tunes that the band once created. The group has faltered lately, releasing poor album after poor album, as well as a solo record by the vocalist that reeked. The album contains a ton of filler; the majority of songs are slow and lack energy and inspiration. There is no doubt that the band can still play, but the songwriting is that of a struggling high-school band. Loyal fans will not lose faith in the band after this album, but as for the record obtaining previous glory, not a chance. (9.30, *The Depot*)

—Bryer Wharton

The Selmanaires

Here Comes the Selmanaires
International Hits
Street: 04.25
The Selmanaires = Talking Heads + The Kinks + Steve Miller et al.



The first track, "Selmanaire Rock," does in fact rock. No one will argue with me, not even Jamila Roehrig. You can straight up ask her and she won't know what the fuck you're talking about, since she wasn't invited to SXSW. You'd be all like, so the first track totally effing rocks, I heard that "In the Direction of Yes" also rocks, albeit in a Velvet Underground-meets-Steve Miller sort of a way, and "Let's Go There" rocks with a bit of garage, but I also heard that sometimes they don't effing rock, like "Cerulean Sky" and "Images," which smack of sentimentalism and redundancy. And then Jammy J would be all like what? And you'd be all like so most of this album is pretty alright and I'll bet I'll probably like at least couple songs, but do I buy the fucking album or something? And then The Jamster would be like shut up, and then you'd be all like, yeah okay. —Andrew Jepsen

Silent Civilian

Rebirth of the Temple
Mediaskare
Street: 05.02
Silent Civilian = Trivium + Killswitch Engage – everything that was Spineshank

Miss Spineshank? Well folks, face it, they are gone. The vocalist, on the other hand, is not. Jonny Santos has continued with his style but slightly altered it. His screams are more reminiscent of metal-core acts of late. The clean vocals do resemble his Spineshank style, but are much more fine-tuned. The band may be a small three-piece, but is as heavy as most of the group's peers. Santos has also picked up the guitar, something he didn't do on the Spineshank's three electronic-infused nu-metal albums. The playing is tight and solos run rampant. The 13 cuts contained on the debut are razor sharp, but one can't help noticing the mediocrity and similarities to what many bands are putting forth today. The music is catchy for a moment but is not something to be savored. Curiosity lays claim as to why groups like to add chants of "hey" into songs. I'm all for doing it live, but what is the necessity of adding it to the actual album? The kiddies will eat it up. Someone with more discriminating

taste should ignore the obvious imitation.
—Bryer Wharton

Space Needle

Recordings 1994-1997

Enie Meenie Records

Street: 05.30

Space Needle = Animal Collective + Coyote
Hoods + Optimus Prime



The four-track and tape movements of the 80s and 90s were glorious times for independent music. A wider audience was able to produce their own recordings on their own terms. It is easy to forget the imperfect nature of these recordings when computer recordings have become so ubiquitous. This compilation of the relatively obscure East-coast noise/pop group Space Needle has once again opened my mind to the ideology of limits. The mid-90s was a time of recording technique expansion as technology was catching up with more accepted recording formats. Space Needle ignored all of this and decided to reach back in history for their recording techniques while reaching forward into the future of music experimentation. The result is a combination of pop and noise music that is peculiar but fascinating. This album is essential for anyone interested in the current state of the noise scene. —Andrew Glassett

Sodom

S/T

SPV

Street: 04.21

Sodom = imbruing reverberation command

In the spirit of German thrash-metal, Sodom hangs right up there with their peers **Kreator** and **Destruction**. Similar but not the same, Sodom possesses the operation to stand alone as an influential source of pure thrash. Since their inception in the early 80s, the band has consistently delivered the goods under the direction of **Tom Angelripper**. The new self-titled release updates their sound for the new millennium yet retains all the classical elements of traditional thrash. Persistent speed, piercing vocals and intermingled melody permeate mosh-motivating tracks like "Bibles and Guns" and "Lay Down the Law." This latest work marks yet another chapter in the band's successful career. Thrash has established itself as a timeless genre people will still be listening to when they're 80. —Bryer Wharton

Sunset Rubdown

Shut Up I Am Dreaming

Absolutely Kosher Records

Street Date: 05.02

Sunset Rubdown = Wolf Parade + Frog Eyes
+ David Bowie

This is the solo project of **Spencer Krug**, the keyboardist, vocalist and co-songwriter in **Wolf Parade**. It has to take balls to release your own solo project after co-writing *Apologies to Queen Mary*, arguably one of the best albums of 2005. The highlight of this album is Krug's songwriting. His keyboard leads the band through complex melodies and time signatures with a balance of pop elements and indie pretension. Throughout the album, Bowie's influence lingers like one of the ghosts that litter Krug's lyrics. Only a few of the songs on the album are sleepers, but they're always vindicated by Krug's knack for climax. The comparisons are bound to be harsh when this album is put beside *Queen Mary*, but with *Sunset Rubdown*, Krug is able to depart from the **Wolf Parade** paradigm and draw out the pop structure with more complex diversions. If you're a fan, this album is definitely worth owning. You also have to check out the impressive EP that they put out last January and the few extra tracks on their *Myspace* page. *Sunset Rubdown* will support **Frog Eyes** on tour this month, but unfortunately they won't make it to Salt Lake. —Spencer Jenkins

Thee More Shallows

Monkey Vs. Shark EP

Turn Records

Street: 05.09

Thee More Shallows = Lambchop +
Grandaddy



EPs are silly to me; what is the point of recording and producing seven songs when you can just record two or three more songs and release it as a full length? *Thee More Shallows* were destined to answer my conundrum with their most recent collection, *Monkey Vs. Shark*. The EP brings together some new material, a remake of an **Al Green** song and a remix of a song on their previous album *More Deep Cuts* done by up-and-coming indie electro-rock stars **Odd Nodsam** and **Why?**. The album is undoubtedly the burial ground for material that wouldn't fit onto one of their other releases, but holds its own as *Thee More Shallows'* most experimental work. The songs work well together because of what they have in common as rejects of *More Deep Cuts*. Maybe they could almost be considered

an addendum and/or a precursor to new recordings. Now I am just making things up to make me feel better about the whole EP situation. —Andrew Glassett

Thievery Corporation

Versions

ESL Music

Street Date: 05.16

Thievery Corporation = your big brother's
trance collection + your uncle's jazz collection



I have to get over something; not all electronic music has to be groundbreaking or something I put on and scrutinize with my techie ears. Some of that mess serves more placated purposes, such as the soundtrack to a sepia-colored sky with wine in hand, or the beat that moves your ass to the dance-floor while you show off your carefully Pilates-sculpted midriff, or even just the tool to get your boo in the sack. *Versions* is perfect for all of these scenarios. TC mixes their funky, reggae, bossa nova and not-quite-trip-hop rhythms under string swells, subtle Mariachi trumpets and Fender Rhodes that interpret cuts by *Nouvelle Vague*, **Astrud Gilberto** and **The Januaries**, to name a few. The tracks run together with a mellifluous motion, putting you in a trance that's rarely broken by aesthetic standouts such as "Strange Days" and "Dirty Little Secret" by **Sarah McLachlan**. As much as my bias steers me from this sort of electronica, or as I call it "Banana Republic Music," the production is excellent. TC have worked hard to make these remixes their own and have done their homework on the subject of the cultures they explore. It is low on the innovation chain, but pleasant nonetheless. —Dave Madden

Todd

Comes To Your House

Southern Records

Street: 05.16

Todd = a swift kick to the jugular, head, balls,
shins, face all at the same time + Botch +
High on Fire + Coalesce + Today is the Day

Say goodbye to your plate and glassware collection that you bought at the dollar store. Adios to your fabulous furniture purchased at *Deseret Industries*. Todd may not actually be in your house, but the record sure as hell can make it seem like they are throwing everything you hold dear around the inner corridors of home sweet home, and they're enjoying every second of it. Like a buzz saw to the head, Todd eviscerates with noisy blasting furious rompers blurred with electronic

murder. When not inundating with speed, Todd bludgeons with melding, slow hate-filled passages. Pop plenty of **Excedrin** and open up your door — Todd's come to pay a visit whether you like it or hot. —Bryer Wharton

V/A

Project: Bicycle

Ache

Street Date: 05.16

Project: Bicycle = bike sample + underrated
studio masters

How do geeky musicians solve the oil crisis? They take a sample of a bicycle and pay homage to "the most significant invention since 1800." Though the concept is deeply rooted in political, the artists keep the mood light-hearted. It's kind of hard to portray anything in a heavy-handed manner with a squeaky horn as your subject. Gear spins, thumbbells, spoke-taps and lots of honk-honks are transformed into a gamut of styles. They range from disco to micro-house and the wildly experimental. **Aelters** stomps though "Roulé Brouillé" with the energy of pre-schoolers at a rave. **Secret Mommy** drops the tempo to head-nodding with their carefully dissected headphone masterpiece "Gas Prices." **Uské Niko**, whose oeuvre suggests that this project was made for him, performs a more conversational work rife with squeaking miscommunications and shouts. Turntablists **Greg Davis** and **Wobbly** both offer a more serious experimentalist approach of plunderphonics and swirling effects. **Jason Forrest** spoils the mood, however, with the inclusion of **Queen** samples on closer "Breaking Away," but this one slight misstep can't mess up perfection. —Dave Madden

Volumen

Science Faction

Wantage USA

Street Date: 03.16

Volumen = Coach Whips + Fantomas +
Ramones + Fireballs of Freedom — Guitar Wolf

Volumen, along with several other bands from Missoula, have carved out a niche in underground rock that is hard to describe, much less equate to other current rock groups. A shameless melding of popular rock and unique instrumentation and themes, *Science Faction* is reminiscent of the same ideology used by **Mike Patton** in his various projects. However, the majority of the garage-rock songs need a little more dirt, the clean recording really takes away from the sound, and unnecessarily highlights the vocals; which are short of amazing. A lot of great elements are utilized in this album, but the overall feel is very studio-produced and could use some more live, loud sound. I don't think *Volumen* fans will be disappointed with this release; however, I don't find it to be their best work. —Ryan Powers

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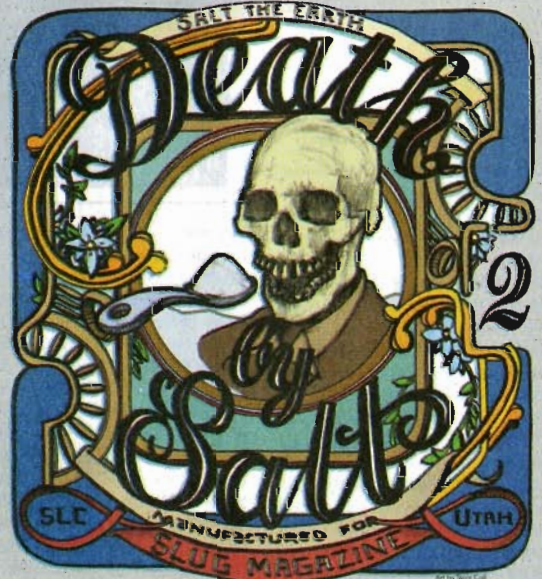
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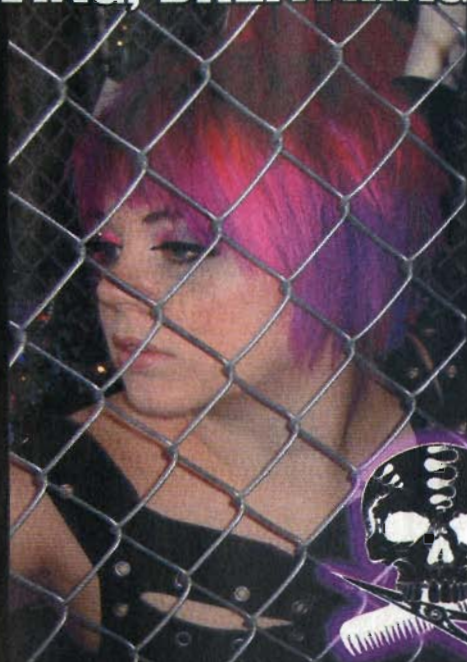
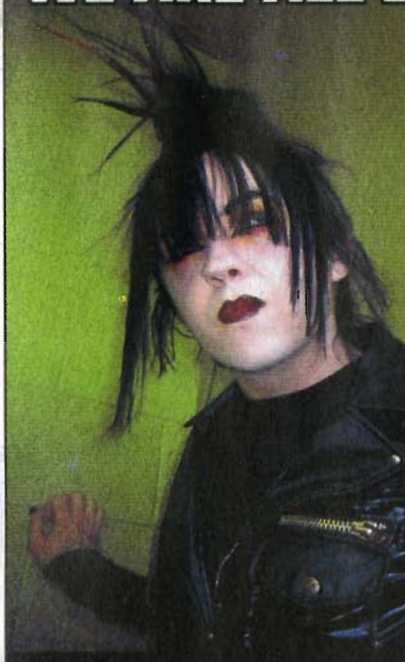
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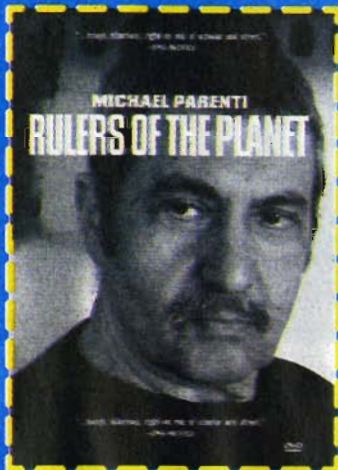
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DVD

Reviews

Michael Parenti
Rulers of the Planet
Virus 351
Street: 03.14



In this DVD and bonus audio disc, Michael Parenti uses information taken from public records to detail the United States' 60-year foreign policy of murder and repression. Parenti, who has a Ph.D. from Yale, is one part Noam Chomsky and one part stand-up comedian. He implicates Bill Clinton as well as George Bush for acting in the interests of the rich elite instead of the people who voted them into office. He says that the gap between what most Americans think about U.S. foreign policy and what has actually been going on is one of, "the great propaganda achievements of the last century." He gives several details of how the leaders of the United States have backed and armed repressive regimes that then wipe out any populist or egalitarian movement. These American-friendly governments then open their markets to U.S. investors, "in terms that are completely favorable to the investors." The American military has either funded or been directly involved in mercenary actions against populist movements in Cuba, Angola, Nicaragua, East Timor, Egypt, Peru, Afghanistan, Ethiopia, and the list goes on. Parenti gives far too many disturbing facts to describe here. There is no terrorist state, no communist or fascist regime that comes close to the United States' rap sheet. Parenti claims that the U.S. government tells the American people and media lackeys

that they are arming repressive regimes in order to protect them from harm. The current fanatic fear of terrorists is just a continuation of the Communist paranoia during the Cold War. U.S. taxpayers gladly front the bill while the super-rich pad their already bloated coffers. This DVD is well worth checking out, and Parenti is able to coat these disturbing facts with wit and a sense of humor. Get informed and get pissed. -Spencer Jenkins

Scarlet Moon

Warren F. Disbrow
Troma Entertainment
Street: 04.04



In the realm of B-movies, there exists a spectrum in which a film is so bad it goes beyond bad, and somehow turns out good. This is not true of *Scarlet Moon*, which is just the right amount of bad that if it got any worse it might not be that bad. Shot on home video and using in-camera audio, the movie looks and sounds like the stuff your little brother used to make in high school, before he lost his virginity. So what's it about? Do you really care? It's about vampires and devil worshipers searching for a red diamond that contains the ultimate power of the earth. But what really matters is that it's a movie with such a low budget that they couldn't even afford any of the usual guts and gore of other Troma movies, the ones (that are at the very least entertaining). -Jeff Guay

Bleed Yellow

Self-Titled

Octopus Records

Street Date: 03.31

Bleed Yellow = Big Black + early Nine Inch Nails + Eli Morrison



This album was originally recorded ten years ago on an old four track by Eli Morrison, member of the Wolfs and a half dozen other Utah bands and projects. As reported two months ago by SLUG, Eli has just launched Octopus Records which released several albums that are as high an creative innovation as they are low on corporate marketability. In this album, Eli has reworked the sound and had several friends record tracks over the top of it. Eli describes it as an "exquisite corpse." Most of the songs are driven by rudimentary drum machines that sound like a looser version of Big Black. But the beats are more like *Odd Nosdam* in that they are gritty as well as danceable. Eli supplies the vocal screams and hisses that scratch an itch I've been trying to reach for a long time. The tracks are exploratory and distended while retaining a cohesion that holds together the experimental sounds. The beats are interspersed with raygun effects, early NIN distortion and tribal drums. They are as catchy as they are spooky. It seems clear that the point of this album (and the others on the label) is not to make a profit but to foster individual creativity.

The Cunted

Self-Titled

Self-Released

Street Date: 05.01

The Cunted = Tom Tom Club + Le Tigre + Sex Ed + feminist humor

In this self-titled release, the ladies of The Cunted use popular misogynist slurs and in the defuse these words with negative connotations. With the use of humor, they address the way men often view women and strip the derogatory view of its negative power. When they sing about "cunts," "queefs," "super cocks," and "gaps," The Cunted reclaim the words and defuse them of their deprecatative associations. The word "cunt," is reclaimed with a laugh. My own pretentious jargon aside, while the lyrics are undoubtedly humorous the music also has the pleasing self-conscious hipness of mid-80s pop bands. Produced by Scott Selfridge, (Red Bennies, Coyote Hoods, The Horns) the entire record is a mocking jeer at the male ego, like in "Super Cock."

They sing, "Super Cock is going to make you wet. Super Cock is going to make you sweat." The jokes are effective because they reveal just how men's egos revolve around their sexual virility. But since they disbanded after the CD release party, this album will be your only chance to hear them.

DulceSky

Lands

Eden's Watchtower Records

Street: 05.16

DulceSky = Catherine Wheel + Slowdive + Spiritualized

I have to admit that this album brings me right back to my first rock show when I was 14 and saw Catherine Wheel. For most people this album will blend right in with *Chrome* and *Happy Days* but there will be disagreement whether this similarity is a failure or an accomplishment. However, there is a reason why Catherine Wheel hasn't put out an album in six years. It's not that DulceSky are doing anything terribly egregious. The songs are tight, the sound is polished, the musicians are competent but when I put in this album I get the uneasy feeling that I'm listening to a ghost, or a copy of a copy. I guess the problem is that they aren't presenting anything new. I'm positive that if *Lands* was put out a decade ago, it would sound more original. DulceSky will hold their own in a lot of local and national venues, but they probably won't satiate our incessant need for something new.

Ether Orchestra

All Your Brave Junkie Tomorrows

Extreme

Street: 05.01

Ether Orchestra = Miles Davis (60's modal era) + Do Make Say Think



The Ether Orchestra was created from the remnants of the noise monolith Ether. Although Ether played the loudest local shows I've ever gone to, the downsized quartet now plays subdued jazz and lounge numbers. With Ryley Fogg on the Fender Rhodes and Hammond B-3, the drawn-out songs have the weary metropolitan feel that you find in Miles Davis and Charles Mingus. The stunningly beautiful melodies have some of the same spare poignancy of Bill Evans where each note carries emotional weight. Instead of each player taking several bars for a solo like traditional jazz, within

Reviews by Spencer Jenkins

each song there is a unified, mellow climax similar to what you find with Do Make Say Think and other post-rock bands. Once you've gotten used to the slow pace of the songs, it is very easy to listen to the entire album several times. It takes a lot of experience and restraint to pull off a slow rhythm and build it up over nine minutes. There is also a standup bass, electric guitar that adds atmospheric delay loops and a trumpet cameo by musical savant Dove Chisholm (Six Sided Box, SLAJO, Quadraphonic). This is a remarkable album that rewards repeat listening.

Ocular Faith

...And the Golden Saints Wept

Self-Released

Street Dove: 05.01

Ocular Faith = Throbbing Gristle + Marilyn Manson + Wolf Eyes

...And the Golden Saints Wept attempts to confront the intolerable amount of injustice and hypocrisy enacted by the leaders of our God-fearing country. Ocular Faith mimics the horror show of general abuse and misconduct with morbid imagery and abrasive noise. Most of the songs address the rage with self-serving politicians who use the country's taxes to fight terror with terror. Their lyrics are filled with images of entrails, rotting corpses and children without limbs. They do a persuading job of mirroring the outrage at what our country is doing in an artistic form. The last song was inspired by former first lady Barbara Bush's "racist remarks," after Hurricane Katrina. Some of the lyrics are a little stiff, but the feeling and intention are there. The self-proclaimed goals of their songs are to, "provoke thought, to offend, to bring to light topics of hatred, ... ignorance and intolerance." The pleasantly hoisy songs display an outrage and frustration that comes from watching injustices without a direct way to do something about them.

Red Bennies

Announcing! Demos

Octopus Records

Street Date: 03.31

Red Bennies = Black Sabbath + Smokey Robinson + Speed + Salt Lake City

Through the course of listening to this album a thousand times, I kept finding that it was so good that the volume was turned up to 10 and my ear was right up against the speaker. These demos were recorded a few years ago in one or two nights at the Moroccan. Serendipitously, after producing the recordings, the original demos turned out to be superior. The sound on this record fulfills all of my prepubescent fantasies of what rock 'n' roll can sound like. Although it was recorded a few years ago, you can tell that they were already a veteran band. They marry R & B, heavy metal, a convincing badass attitude and addictive hooks like a polygamist town of four people. These songs will sound fresh 10 years from now. They deliver bone-crushing drums, hollow-pointed Deception distortion and soulful, moving lyrics like on, "Don't Stop Saying What Hurts." If you stop to listen to this album for one second, you won't be able to take it out of your stereo, every track is going to be your new favorite song. You might as well enjoy your hearing loss.

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MORE FIRE: NEW FUEL FOR THE FLAME

By Peter Panhandler (The Mexican Knock-off)

With the passing of days and months, the seasons change. From winter to spring, from spring to summer, these bones thaw out. Skating in Utah is hard in the winter, but let's face it, skating is hard, period — hard as fuckin' nails. Here's shit to ponder for the new season.

New beginnings (time to start over, never too late to change)

New breath (quit smoking, you'll skate better)

New life

New column

New writer

New developments

New dreams (never quit dreaming)

New realities

New aspirations

New plans

New season of Sopranos ('Hey, you wanna pass me the fuckin' gobbly goo?')

New Will Smith CDs for those who truly get jiggy wit' it

New road trips (the only way to trip, fool)

New highs and lows

New fetishes (whatever floats your boat)

New goals (see your future)

New breed

New blood

New videos (RL III "True Passionate Thugs," OSI building at the U of U, June 23, full article next month. Thank you Mr. White and Tennille)

New contests (contests suck)

New school (if you use these together, get fucked — X Games are in July, kid)

New Jacks (not jackasses)

New cuts, scrapes and bruises (skating hurts)

New tattoos (please shop for these at Lost Art)

New newborns

New vigilante trannies and mannies (thank you Andy Pitts and Mike Murdock)

New pros (Lizard King, Green Room Bitch)

New parks (Clearfield, Northern Utah)

New spots (commercial)

New tricks (even if they're old)

New president (impeach that scum)

New boards

New trucks (independent lows finally)

New wheels

New bearings (Swiss only if you want to move)

New shoes (all the above can be bought at Milosport, thank you Josh Roberts)

New whips

New cribs (6th and I, article next month)

New companies

New friends

New cameras

New angles

New fads and fashions (if your pants are too tight and you're sagging, you're fucked — X Games are in July — you look dumb and your parents hate you. Kill yourself now.)

New newlyweds (congratulations, James and Angela Atkin of St. George, Hellrose Fame 04.29.2006)

New fuckin' attitude (Skating like every day of the week is new, even if you're old, don't waste it ... we are the next dinosaurs)

It is my sad honor to tell you as of April 22, skateboarding lost a true icon and pioneer, Fausto Vitello has passed on. He will be missed by the masses. For those too young to know, he is the founder of Thrasher Magazine, owner of Street Corner Distribution which is Think Skateboards, Hubba Wheels, Slap Magazine, Independent Venture, Thunder, Lucky Bearings, City Skateboards and others. My condolences go out to his family and friends.

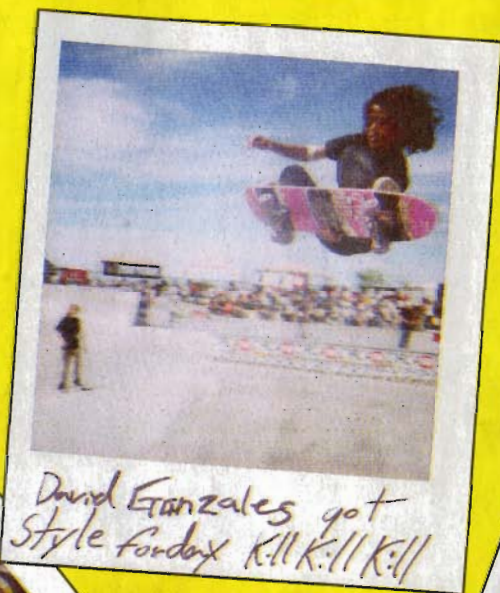
PHOENIX SC/AM

By Peter Panhandler (The Mexican Knock-off)

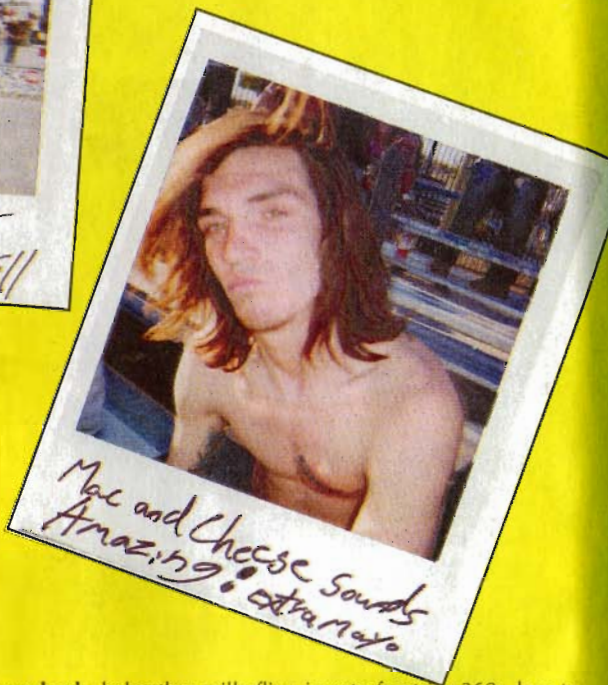
Photo: Bob Plumb



Lizard and Jarie just
Strait Thugzin Green Room Ways



David Erazales got
Style Fondax Kill Kill Kill



Mac and Cheese sounds
Amazing! extra mayo

The fifth-annual Phoenix AM contest had a plethora of young and upcoming talent: kids ranging from age 10 and up, boys, girls, Brazilians, Colombians, Hawaiians, Asians, Euros, hippies, rastas, gangstas, fresh, hesh, you name it. All of the segments of skating society were fully representing (most of which I paid no attention to). If you're looking for a play-by-play, watch football. I already have my favorites; those are the only runs I watched.

HERE'S A TOP-15 HIGHLIGHT LIST OF WHAT REALLY WENT DOWN:

15. Ten-year-old Japanese kid, fully-padded-up, no English (McTwists, front and backside 360s on 9-foot quarterpipes). Holy shit. Didn't make the cut for the finals.

14. **Daniel Cerenzini**— Backside flip up 6-stair at mach 12 no problem. Of course didn't make the cut.

13. **Terrell Robinson**— Gnarly hesh and black is a killer combo. Kickflip boardslide stomp on 10 stair rail every run. He didn't make the finals.

12. **Danny Wallace**— San Diego Pacific Drive native. Flawless runs with B-side noseblunt slides, fake ollie switch 5-0s on high bump to ledge, manual tricks to boot. Didn't make the finals.

11. **Randy Colvin** sighting— old World Industries pro who did everything you do now...first.

10. Watching **Oliver Buchanan** skate everything and having fun...weeks after knee surgery

9. **Tyson Bowerbank**— helmetless millerflips, inverts, frontside 360s, lean to tails and a monster kickflip down 10 stair in his nearly flawless run. Didn't make the cut—bullshit.

8. AZ Local Best Trick Contest winner (360 ollie with kickflip, fifth try, down 10 stair). Don't know his name or care.

7. **Tommy Sandoval**— backside noseblunt slide on head-high barricade off big bump.

6. Tommy Sandoval— 360 flip lipslide down 10 stair rail to nut-sack face slam in Best Trick Contest. "300 bucks, thanks for nothing."

5. **Lacy** something-or-other— Element girl AM 360 flip off 5-foot ledge, better than **Hufnagel**.

4. **Mikey Burton**—360 flip over head-high barricade off bump (almost made switch). Flawless runs—watch out for this guy.

3. **Jordan Hoffart**— ollie 16-foot gap from street course into bowl, in his run, Second place.

2. **Lizard King**— ollie to frontside smith grind on 9-foot quarterpipe to Satanic category five tornado in the stands, no shit.

1. **Adam Dyet**—nollie heelflip big spin to B/S tailslide on small bump to ledge. How he comes up with shit, no one knows. This trick was better than any trophy or cash.

The Lizard King: My so-called Life

All Photos by Bob Plumb



Pre-board focus mental punishment
(stress kills).

Mike is raw as fuck and skates for all the right reasons. He doesn't skate for photos, footage or fame but for his love of skateboarding. In a perfect world, there would be no sponsors, no team managers,

no politics, no contest, no hype, no cooperate bullshit, no one telling you how to skate, no getting kicked out of spots and free Vans. There would just be Mike and skateboarding. —Bob Plumb



What started out as an off-hand joke turned into a four-hour interview. The premise was pretty simple: for each question I asked and he answered we would drink a can of beer. Multiply this by 12 questions and you have a pretty amazing Q&A session. I knew nothing about skateboarding but I loved drinking and **Mike Plumb** was an up-and-coming skater on the brink of breaking it big. I had not met him previous to this but I did know his brother, **Bob Plumb**, a local photographer whose action sports photos have graced this magazine time and time again.

After a quick jaunt to the local grocery mart to pick up 24 cans of Pabst, we settled down in the backyard of the SLUG offices and began our conversation.

SLUG: Do you like living in SLC?

Mike Plumb: I love SLC and hate leaving here. I feel really comfortable here and all my friends are here. There are so many great skate-spots and the people here are awesome.

SLUG: What is the story behind the "Green Room"?

MP: *Green Room* is my club. It started in Tampa when I was 16 or 17. **Richie Belton**, **Sammy Baca**, and myself went to this bar, the *Green Room*, for a week, got really trashed and got kicked out at least six times. Unfortunately, the bar closed down and I decided to name our group after that bar. Most of my friends who are in the group have "Green Room" tattooed somewhere on them (Mike has a tattoo of a pot leaf with the words "the Green Room" above it).

SLUG: Just as a sort of getting-to-know-you thing, what else do you do besides skating? Do you plan on getting more tattoos?

MP: I like to hang out with my girlfriend, play pool, BBQ, hang out with the homies, bowl, hike ... as far as more tattoos, I want to get a bloody heart with a chick's name on my ribs and I want to get more skate tats. There is a rule in the house where I hang out that if you pass out with your shoes on you have to get a tattoo. I once passed out with my shoes on and now I have a tat on the back of my calf that says "Kill Me!"

SLUG: What is your signature trick? Do you have one?

MP: My trick is called the Crack Pipe. When I was in San Francisco I saw several people smoking crack in the streets, so when I was doing this trick I thought of a crack pipe. The Crack Pipe is a front 5-0 powerslide back to straight. I invented it when I was skating and I thought the whole skate-park looked like an ocean.

SLUG: Do you have a Myspace account?

MP: I am not a big fan of technology or the internet. Shit's stupid. **Mark White**, a skate legend here in SLC, started my Myspace page. I feel it is my responsibility to respond personally to my fans. Little kids want to know what going on and what a pro skater rides and does. I love talking to my fans. They are really rad little dudes. Currently, I am having a custom board coming out on Think!. The board will only be sold at *Milo Sport*.

SLUG: What music do you listen to when you do a 180 acid-drop rail slide?

MP: Usually it is something gnarly like **Slayer**, **Doors**, **Jimi Hendrix**, **Led**

Zeppelin, **Rolling Stones**, etc. ... I am not into a lot of new stuff. It feels false and not very passionate. I feel that most new music is done just because they can do it. I think **Ladytron** is cool. It's techno but it's not. I would rather listen to old shit than bullshit.

SLUG: Do you think **Tony Hawk** is turning skateboarding into a fad?

MP: Tony Hawk has made skateboarding mainstream. People now start skating because of the video game. I have started to see a lot more people starting to skate after the game came out - especially girls. The only female pro skater I know is **Vanessa Torres**. I had never seen a girl skating until this past year. Who says they couldn't or shouldn't skate? Girls make skating better.

SLUG: Where do you and your homies hang out? Where are super-hot skate spots? What about your illest after-hours skate spots?

MP: I love the Starbucks at 15th and 13th. I grew up in that neighborhood. My girlfriend lives about a block away from me and I sleep there at night and in the morning I wake up and get some coffee at that Starbucks. I skate all of Salt Lake City. Home base for skating is around 200 South across from Kinko's ... the *Callivan Center*. The *Callivan Center* parking structure is a hot place to skate. I usually climb up to the 11th floor of the parking structure and then skate all the way down. After hours I skate the Main Street mall. It's like melted butter on a hot muffin. The only way to skateboard is to get it done.

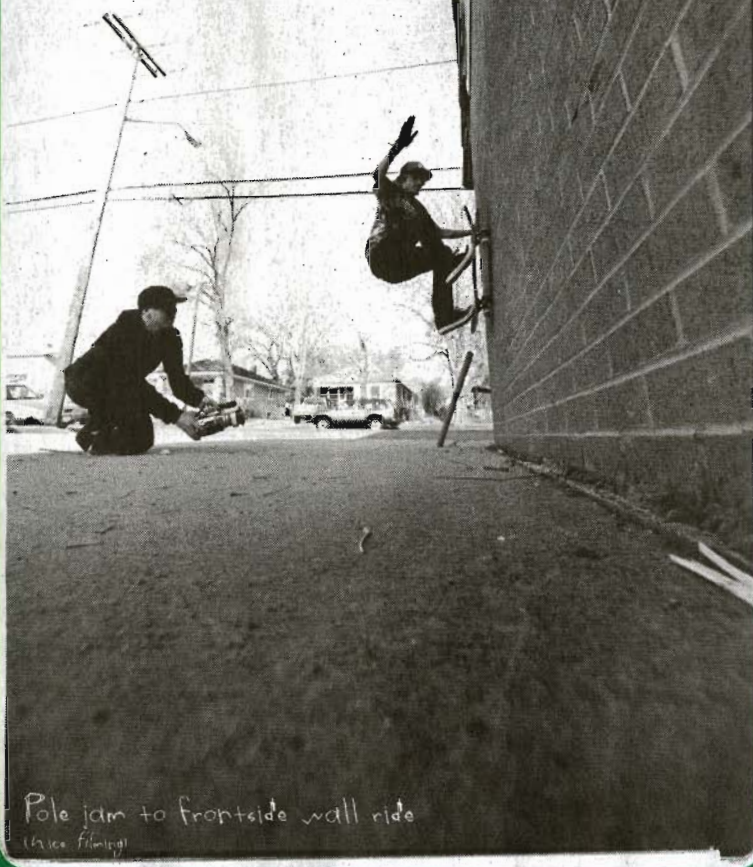
SLUG: Are you going to be leaving this great state any time soon? Where are the green pastures of skating?

MP: I will be moving with my girlfriend in June to California. California is the skate capital of the world. Every skate mag is out of California. It is much easier to get my job done there and get photographed. Everyday there is something to do at every hour.

P.B.R.: Plumb, Beer and Rectilinearness a Super Steazy Interview

With the Lizard King

by E-10



Pole jam to frontside wall ride
(video filming)

SLUG: How long do you think your illustrious pro career will last?

MP: I think I have 10 more years of skating left in me. Your body veers out. I skate differently than Tony [Hawk] who skates down stairs all day every day. It is a meaner approach on your body. I don't think I'll be able to walk when I am 50. I got into skating because both of my older brothers had skateboards. Then I started hanging out with boarders, and it became the most fun thing ever. It's my life and what I like to do.

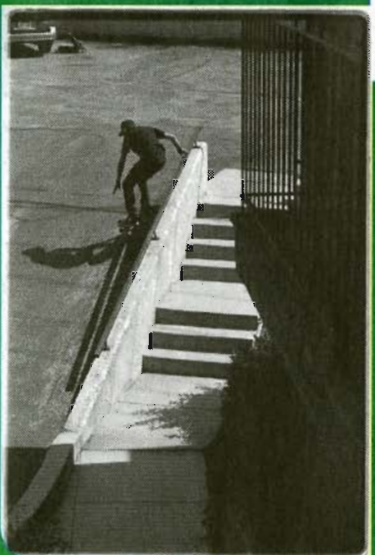
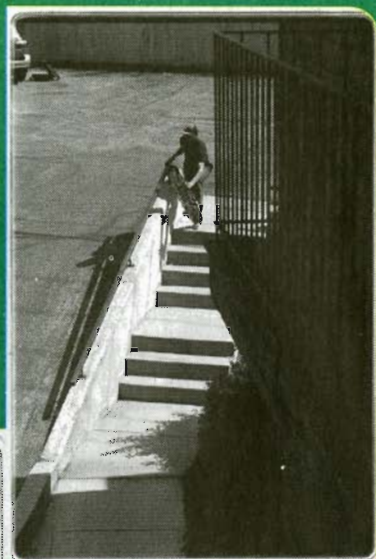
SLUG: You went to Australia. How was that?

MP: Amazing. I didn't pay for shit. I never thought I would go there. People there are awesome. People who skated off the street offered me their houses. Everyone there is down for what you are doing. It was the most beautiful place ever.

SLUG: Tell me about why you skate. Also, I heard that your best friend and helped your skate career the most just died. Could you comment on that?

MP: I can't explain addiction to life. I hate talking about it. Skating is not an art. I don't know what else I would do. What else would I do besides skating? I love being outside.

Fausto (founder of *Thrasher*, *Slap*, *Think!*) is one of the most incredible people I have ever known. He recently died of a heart attack while riding his bike. He out of everyone didn't deserve to die. I care for him a lot. Our friendship started at a skate tradeshow. Fausto was the guy who put my name out and made me who I am. I am not hyped on him dying but people die sooner or later. He was my boss and best friend. He took care of everything for me - money, help, support, etc. He was 60 years old. I would have killed myself to keep him alive. He gave me life again and made me skate. Fausto had a passion for skating that was amazing. I'll miss him.



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HEADY'S

GRAVITY SKATEBOARDS

THE CANNABIBLE

by Mike Brown

mikebrown048@hotmail.com

I fucking hate New Year's. I actually hate the entire holiday season in general. But for word count purposes, I'll limit my loathing to the first night. One of the main reasons I hate this holiday is the fact that people feel obligated to drink. To me that's so stupid. I don't need a certain day of the year to tell me to get shit-housed. I'll get hammered when I want to on my own time. Usually on Tuesdays.

This obligation to party down by people who normally don't take to spirits so well creates an atmosphere of mongoloids with .089 blood alcohol levels. Amateur night, if you will. Then you make resolutions while you're drunk on how to make your life better. These resolutions usually turn into promises emptier than a hooker's hymen and your life stays the same shit storm it was last year.

There's a reason why I'm writing about the holidays in May. See, *SLUG* gave me this book to review called the *Cannabible*. It's all about our favorite schedule 2 drug, marijuana. And I actually happen to be writing this on, you guessed it, 4/20. Christians have Christmas, Jews have Hanukah, and behold, the stoners have 4/20.

And yes I realize this article is being printed in May and it would be more appropriate to have run it last month, but since this article is mostly about a book that guides you through the ins and outs of getting high, I find it highly appropriate to run it a month late. Because from years of dealing with stoners I have learned that the words 'late' and 'stoned' go together as well as Jack and Coke.

I feel that there are many correlations between this newly found sacred day of bong rips and New Year's, mostly being that each day creates an essence of obligation to get fucked up. People who normally don't puff the green stuff are pulling tubes and seasoned veterans of the herbal lifestyle are taking their munchie madness to another level.

When people at my work would ask me if I was celebrating 4/20 I would usually respond by saying, "Fuck no! Why would I celebrate that Nazi's birthday? You sick fascist bastard!" Because 4/20 also happens to be Hitler's birthday.

Anyway, the *Cannabible* is all about smoking weed. You know those silly names that pot heads give to their precious fifty sacks? This book is full of them. Names like Alaskan Thunderfuck, White Widow X Skunk and Master Kush are some of the funnier ones.

After each name there is a picture and a brief description of the effects and taste. It mostly reads like this, "This pot got me high, then I ate something." There are also tips on how to smoke your pot, how to store your pot, and weed etiquette, which can be summed up like this, "Take two hits then pass left, dummy!"

That's pretty much all that is in this book. It's obviously very stoner friendly in a lot of ways in that it has more pictures than words, and not a lot of big words for that matter. I'm not saying that stoners are dumb, just that when I'm high, watching cartoons is much more appealing than reading a book.

I kind of get the feeling that the author pretty much wrote this book so he could get stoned for free for a couple of years. Not a bad scam if you ask me.



Oh, and one more thing: this book comes with a big poster of the author's favorite blends. You can hang it up between your beaded curtain and your glow in the dark Pink Floyd poster and watch your buddies trip out, man.

Since I covered everything in the book and I still have some word space left over, I'd like to share with you an extreme stoner moment from my own youth.

One time in ninth grade, me and a fellow skater decided it would be a good idea to ditch third period and smoke a J in the bathroom of my school. Boy, were we smart. I was relatively new to pot smoking and had very little knowledge of weed etiquette. (If I had a *Cannabible* back then things could have been much different.) About halfway through the J session by the urinals I got nervous and decided I had to get back to seminary.

As I was exiting the bathroom not one, but two janitors busted in and yelled, "Who's smoking in here?" They entered the bathroom so swiftly that they didn't see me leave.

Then I realized that I had the buds on me. I was checking out my friend's sweet sack and forgot to give it back. This turned out to be a good thing. I ran my ass to the seminary building where I was supposed to be, learning my parent's version of Jesus and shit, and stashed the buds in the garbage can of the seminary building.

That was the longest seminary session of my life and probably the only time I genuinely prayed in seminary.

When that period ended I went looking for anyone in the crew to tell them what happened and to find out what happened to my buddy. I was nervous as hell and to make matters worse, I wasn't even that stoned at the time. I thought for sure my buddy was busted and that I was right behind him.

As fate would have it, my buddy didn't get pinched. I ran up to him and he was high as hell. He told me that when the janitors ran up to him and asked him who was smoking he just looked them in the eye and said, "Not me, man!" and walked out. How cool is that? On top of it, I swear the bathroom still smelled like weed.

I told him where I stashed the weed and one of my other friends said, "That's perfect! I got seminary seventh period, I'll just grab the buds and we'll celebrate after school!" And that's exactly what we did.

SLUG'S DAILY CALENDAR MAY 2006 PART A

Friday, May 5

Jesse Lindmar's Birthday – *Wasatch Social Club*
Dead Virgins, General Confusion – *Todd's*
A Film in the Ballroom, The Neon Trees – *Kayo*
Rodeo Boys and Rope or Bullets – *Urban*
Deconstruct, Sindolor, Separation of Self, Frustrations Gripp – *Vegas*
The Jeff Lawrence Group – *The Dragons Lair*
Livewire – *Pat's BBQ*
Andies – *Kilby*
Jim Bone Band – *Monk's*
Soul Redemption, Jinga Boa – *Ego's*

Saturday, May 6

Imogen Heap – *Sound*
Tech N9ne, Krizz Kaliko, Kutt Calhoun, Critical Bill – *Saltair*
The High Violets – *Captain's Quarters*
Greely Estates – *Boondocks*
School of Rock performing the Ramones – *Realms of Inquiry*
School of Rock performing Jimi Hendrix – *The Circuit*
Carry Scott and the After Hours Band – *Zanzibar*
Imagin Heap – *In the Venue*
Hercandane – *Todd's*
The Waits, Red Bennies, The Heaters, Rubes – *Kayo*
Crown City Rockers w/ Deadbeats, Swan Juice – *Urban*
4,000 Old – *Tony's*
Rose Park Community Festival – *Rose Park Elementary*
Mentallo and the Fixer, Reign of Roses, Lapsed – *Vegas*
The Sister Wives – *Hog Wallow*
Jake the Snake and Dan the Man – *Bayou*
Kap Bros Band – *Hitching Post*
Cross Cut Saw – *Pat's BBQ*
Tiger Saw, Casey Diemel, The Grizzly Prospector – *Kilby*
Motherless Cowboys, Jan Bean – *Ego's*

Sunday, May 7

Waking Ashland, Agent Sparks – *Kilby*
The Briefs, Horrorpops, Left Alone – *Avalon*
The Metal Hearts – *Captain's Quarters*
Free Swing Dance Lessons – *Zanzibar*
Legendary Porch Pounders – *Iron Horse*
Evolver, Glinting Gems – *Monk's*

Monday, May 8

Waking Ashland, Agent Sparks – *Kilby*
Pepper, The Supervillains, Splinta – *Avalon*
Ocean, Loiter Cognition, I Am The Ocean – *Vegas*
Harrylee and the Back Alley Blues Jam – *Zanzibar*

Tuesday, May 9

The Aquabats, Streetlight Manifesto, No Trigger – *In the Venue*
Mark and Wayne Jazz Duo – *Zanzibar*
Royal Bliss – *Graywhale*

Wednesday, May 10

Taproot – *In the Venue*
10 Years, Loser, Far-Less – *Avalon*
Cougars, Cheney's Lesbian Daughter – *Kilby*
The Fabulous Fat Soul – *Zanzibar*
The Wolves, Blackholes – *Ego's*

Thursday, May 11

10 Years, Far-Less, Almost Undone – *Avalon*
Holden, Ludo – *Kilby*
Christopher Lawrence, Subsound, V2 Crew – *In the Venue*
The Slackers – *The Depot*
Child Pornography, Erebus Nyx and Styx, Agape – *Captain's Quarters*
Christopher Lawrence – *Sound*
The Firm – *Zanzibar*
Warsaw Poland Bros. – *Piper Down*
Chaz Prymek, Caulfield, David Costa, Julia Mecham – *Kayo*
El Fabuloso – *Ego's*

Friday, May 12

Islands (ex-Unicorns) – *Kayo*
Film School, Knife Show, Brilliant Stereo Mob – *Kilby*
The Youngs – *Captain's Quarters*
School of Rock performing the Who – *The Avalon*
Melissa Pace – *Zanzibar*
When it Rains – *Todd's*
Kenneth Bryan – *Piper Down*
Localized: Black Hole, Beard of Solitude, Crocodile Tears – Urban
Jim Bone and the Dig, the Owls, Purdymouth – *Ego's*
Cryptobiotic, RipChain – *Vegas*
Sister Wives – *Pat's BBQ*
Starmy – *Monk's*

Saturday, May 13

Devil Driver, Bury Your Dead, Remembering Never, If Hope Dies, Artamis Pyledriver – *Boom Va*
Kelly Joe Phelps – *Ego's*
Who Cares, Poor Excuse, Dead on Impact – *Captain's Quarters*
Bonevillians Open House with Artimus Pyledriver and Thunderfist – Burt's
Sons of Nothing, Cold Fire, Tokenspel – *Vegas*
School of Rock performing the Who – *The Avalon*
Godawful – *Todd's*
Emilia and Jen, O Discordia, Birdfeeder, Erin Haley – *Kayo*
Afra Omega – *Urban*
Soggy Bone – *Tony's*
Bad Grass – *Pat's BBQ*
Jai Alai Savant, Rahim, Q stands for Q, A Cassandra Utterance – *Kilby*

Sunday, May 14

Free Swing Dance Lessons – *Zanzibar*
Rek Center Allstars, Ten High Bench – *Monk's*

Monday, May 15

Erasure – *Jeanne Wagner Theatre*
Michael Kang, Chris Berry & Panjea – *Ego's*
Salt City Derby Girls – *Hollywood Connection*
Harrylee and the Back Alley blues jam – *Zanzibar*
Slick Idiot, More Machine Than Man – *Vegas*

Tuesday, May 16

Planes Mistaken for Stars, Loiter Cognition, Paris Green – *Kilby*
Michale Graves Band (ex-Misfits), Left For Dead, DieMonsterDie – *Burt's*
Starlight Mints, Dios Malos, The Octopus Project – *Velour*
Mark and Wayne Jazz Duo – *Zanzibar*
Felina – *Starry Night*
Drop Dead Julio, DT and the Burgs, Sam I am – *Urban*

Wednesday, May 17

Caliban, Sworn Enemy, Ion Dissonance, Embrace the End, Clifton, Gaza – *Boom Va*
Cloud Cult, Theta Naught – *Kilby*
Tracii Guns – *In the Venue*
The Fabulous Fat Soul – *Zanzibar*
Roy Rogers and the Delta Rhythm Kings – *Depot*
Felina – *The Circuit*
Cabaret Voltage, The Pharmacy – *Urban*

Thursday, May 18

System and Station, Sikkema – *Kilby*
Utah Phillips – *Rose Wagner Theatre*
Melissa Pace – *Zanzibar*
Pagen Love Gods – *Piper Down*
Kind of Like Spitting, The Grizzly Prospector, Dead Horse Paint – *Kayo*
Stinking Liz Aveda – *Urban*

Friday, May 19

Truce, Dark Blood, Random Dance, The Other – *Miller's Hideaway* (two days)
School of Rock performing Southern Rock – *Realms of Inquiry*
Felina – *Mo's Grill*
Gallery Stroll Wrap Party – *Circle Lounge*
Teenage Harlets, Bloodworm, Shackleton – *Todd's*

SLUG'S DAILY CALENDAR MAY 2006 PART B

Mike Sartain's B-day: Stormy, Rubes and Purr Bats – *Urban*
Tommy had a Vision, The Street – *Vegas*
Bad Luck Blues Band – *Pat's BBQ*
Cinematic Underground, Bonanza, Middle Distance – *Kilby*
The Terrible Twosum, The Last Word Committee, Form – *Monk's*

Saturday, May 20

The Rocket Summer, Paramore, Brandtson – *In the Venue*
Stuporhero, Neon Trees, Elan Vital, Teenage Summer – *Kilby*



FAUN FABLES ★ PURR BATS ◊ KAYO

Smoking Popes – *Urban*
Truce, Dark Blood, Random Dance, The Other – *Miller's Highway*
School of Rock performing Southern Rock – *Realms of Inquiry*
The Legendary Porch Pounders – *Zanzibar*
Rune, Numbskull – *Todd's*
Afro Omega – *Ego's*
Tom Waits – *Tony's*
Post Riot, Balance of Power, 8 Points of Chaos, Abysmal Abattior – *Vegas*
Andrew Goldring – *Pat's BBQ*

Sunday, May 21

SLUG Mag's Spaghetti Sauce Cook Off – *Piper Down*
The New Amsterdams – *Kilby*
Bob Log III – *Urban*
Free Swing Dance Lessons – *Zanzibar*
Hand Job Involved – *Monk's*

Monday, May 22

Five Bolt Main, Accidental Experiment, Element Eighty, Jesus Rides a, Riksha – *Vegas*
Experimental Dental School, Agape – *Kilby*
Harrylee and the Back Alley blues jam – *Zanzibar*

Tuesday, May 23

Bang Bang, Eagle Twin, Floor Men – *Kilby*
Wolfmother, Deadboy & the Elephantmen – *Sound*
Love Hate Hero, Killradio, The Smash Up – *Captain's Quarters*
Mark and Wayne Jazz Duo – *Zanzibar*

Wednesday, May 24

H.I.M, Aiden – *In the Venue*
Theo and the Skyscrapers, The Wolfs, Stiletto – *Urban*
The Fabulous Fat Soul – *Zanzibar*
Forgive Durden, Gatsby's American Dream, Horse The Band, Portugal The Man – *Avalon*
Kill Radio, Love Hate Hero, The Smashup, The Blackout Pact, Royden – *Boom Va*

Thursday, May 25

Matt Costa, Ane Brun – *Avalon*
The Fall, The Talk – *Depot*
D.R.I., Subzero – *Burt's*
The Firm – *Zanzibar*
Dub Reed – *Piper Down*

Ryan Margetts, The Mourning Silence, Tom Butler – *Kayo*
Divine Rite, the Miranda Project, Cave of Roses – *Urban*
The Wise Men – *Ego's*

Friday, May 26

Stretch Armstrong, Sick of It All, First Blood – *In the Venue*
Lord Kalvert – *Zanzibar*
Paper Cranes, Vile Blue Shades, The Tremula – *Kayo*
Ragga P. Show feat. DJ Rebel, Miss Omega, Invisible – *Urban*
Lateef the Truth Speaker – *Ego's*
The Shades of Grey – *Pat's BBQ*
Spork – *Vegas*
Your Basic Band, Lying in States, Eden Express – *Kilby*
Quadrophonic – *Monk's*

Saturday, May 27

Ill Nino and God Forbid Club – *Boom Va*
Blues on First – *Zanzibar*
Theto Naught, MSO, & DC Hoze – *Ouida Lounge*
Cart, The Ghost To Flaco, 2% Majiste – *Todd's*
Whot People, Vanessa Shuput, Will Sartain – *Kayo*
Demise 1 CD Release Party, Bloswick, Lump Sum – *Urban*
Bad Gross – *Tony's*
The Woolfe Bell Band – *Pat's BBQ*
Facing New York, Causeway, Epic Drop – *Kilby*
Thunderfist, Six Guns – *Ego's*

Sunday, May 28

30 Seconds to Mars, Aiden, Emanuel, Under Radar – *Avalon*
Free Swing Dance Lessons – *Zanzibar*
Boomstick – *Monk's*

Monday, May 29

I Love You But I've Chosen Darkness, The Rogers Sisters, Ok Ikumi, Johnny Woodbriar – *Kilby*
The Aggrolites – *Burt's*
Harrylee and the Back Alley blues jam – *Zanzibar*

Tuesday, May 30

The Aggrolites – *Burt's*
DJ Vadim – *Depot*
The Slow Signal Fade – *Captain's Quarters*
Mark and Wayne Jazz Duo – *Zanzibar*
Charlatans UK – *In the Venue*
DJ Juggy – *Urban*
The Juggers – *Kilby*

Wednesday, May 31

Coughs, Dynasty, Agape – *Captain's Quarters*
The Fabulous Fat Saul – *Zanzibar*
The Yearbook, Allred, Larussa, Alouette – *Kilby*

Thursday, June 1

New Black Chandelier Store Opens – *Gateway*
DJ Micro – *In the Venue*
Year Future, This Blush – *Kilby*

Friday, June 2

Pick Up the New SLUG- *Anyplace Cool!*
Voxtrout, Larussa – *Kilby*
Naked and Shameless, Scotty Iseri & the Big Rock Show – *Burt's*
Gooding – *Ego's*
Take the Fall, The Contingency Plan, Runway Models – *Kayo*



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MAY 24 AT IN THE VENUE
H.I.M

MAY 26 AT IN THE VENUE
SICK OF IT ALL

MAY 30 AT IN THE VENUE
CHARLATANS UK

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Kilby Court Calendar MAY 2006



- 01- Peachcake, Femme Fatality, & the Moon the Sea \$6 @ 7:30
 - 02- Keith Varon, Ryan Auffenberg, Causeway, The Nate Rose Group \$6 adv.
 - 05- Andies & other locals t.b.a. \$6 @ 7:30
 - 06- Tiger Saw, Casey Diemel, The Grizzly Prospector \$6 @ 7:30
 - 07- Waking Ashland, Remember the Tragedy, The Yearbook \$10 @ 7:30
 - 08- Waking Ashland, Agent Sparks, Allred & Larusso \$10 @ 7:30
 - 10- Cougars, Cheney's Lesbian Daughter, New Holland \$7 @ 7:30
 - 11- Holden, Ludo, Basic Accomplishment, Silent Pistol \$6 adv. 7:30
 - 12- Film School, knife show, Brilliant Stereo Mob \$6 adv. 7:30
 - 14- Jai Alai Savant, Rahim, Q stands for Q, A Cassandra Utterance \$6 adv.
 - 16- Planes Mistaken for Stars, Paris Green, Loiter Cognition \$7 @ 7:30
 - 17- Cloud Cult, Theta Naught, You Read my Diary, Libbie Linton \$6 adv. 7:30
 - 18- System and Station, Sikemma \$6 @ 7:30
 - 19- Cinematic Underground, Bonanza, Middle Distance \$6 @ 7:30
 - 20- Stuporhero, Neon Trees, Elan Vital, Teenage Summer \$6 adv.
 - 21- The New Amsterdams, A film in the Ballroom \$10 adv. e 7:30
 - 22- Experimental Dental School, The Awkward Fashion, Agape \$6 @ 7:30
 - 23- Bang Bang, Eagle Twin, The Floor Men \$6 @ 7:30
 - 26- Your Basic Band, Lying in States, Eden Express \$6 @ 7:30
 - 27- Facing New York, Causeway, Epic Drop, etc. 7:30
 - 29- I Love You But I've Chosen Darkness, Rogers Sisters, OK Ikumi, Johnny Woodbriar \$7 adv. 7:30
 - 30- The Joggers, with others t.b.a. \$7 adv 7:30pm
 - 31- The Yearbook, Allred, Larusso, Alouette
- JUNE**
- 01- Year Future, This Blush
 - 02- Voxtro, Larusso, Seve vs. Evan
 - 03- Matt Wertz
 - 06- His Name is Alive, Nomo, Sparrow's Gate, Blesk
 - 13- Brookside, Remember the Tragedy, Anesty, Basic Accomplishment

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