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SLUG

SALT LAKE UNDERGROUND MAGAZINE

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Contributor Limelight



From the mighty urban jungled depths of Salt Lake emerges a hunter-ess of fine form and finesse—Ruby Claire. Her prey of choice? Local bands, Utah and various other assignments from SLUG Magazine for the past 2.5 years for fun and profit. When she is done bagging the kill and framing it for future use, Ruby can be seen freelancing other points of interest for other publications such as the City Weekly and once played drums in the all-female all-the-time band, the Cunted. Ms. Claire scored this month's cover photo.

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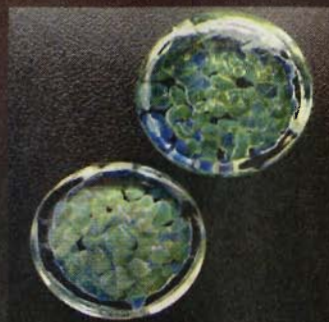
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DEAR DICK HEADS

Dear Dickheads:

I was sorry to learn about the untimely passing of Laura "Lars" Swensen. Lars was an ardent supporter of local music and a key SLUG writer for many years. It wouldn't be exaggerating to say that SLUG might not be here today without Lars. There were countless times in the early days when we'd be struggling to fill pages—frequently writing Dear Dickheads letters to ourselves so it looked like we had readers, and inventing fictional personas so it looked like we had a staff. The bulk of the magazine was written by only a handful of people including Lars, the Ruppel brothers, and myself under various noms de plume. (And, FYI, Lars was NOT Helen Wolf). Lars would inevitably bail us out with great articles on local bands, clubs, culture, and politics that enhanced the quality of SLUG and helped define the Salt Lake music scene. Not only that, unlike my articles, hers would be spellchecked and submitted before the deadline. I enjoyed working with Lars at SLUG and have fond memories of running into her at the Bar and Grill and talking about literature, art, music, or movies over a fifty-cent draft. Her contributions to SLUG and local music are immeasurable and she will be dearly missed. Next time you're out on the town watching your local band of choice, raise a glass of PBR to Lars.

On a more positive note, congratulations on 17 years of SLUG. The humble magazine J.R. started for a bar tab in 1989 is better than ever. When J.R. moved to Portland, the original staff began to disintegrate and the editorial content of SLUG plummeted. Gianni filled the ensuing vacuum with little more than pictures of bimbos and SLUG began to resemble Maxim more than a Salt Lake music mag. Moreover, with the exception of some of the speed metal reviews, there was nothing remotely "underground" about it. I stopped writing for SLUG after becoming disenchanted with its increasingly hostile and sexist tone and stopped reading SLUG entirely until Angela took over as editor. Since then, the writing quality, graphics, and editorial content of SLUG has improved significantly, and it's been nice to see SLUG return to its local/indie/populist/punk/elitist roots. I'm glad that SLUG is in good hands and still going strong. Compliments to the chef!

—Jon Shuman

(aka Stimboy, JoJo, Phil Harmonic,

J.D. Slaughter and various other pen names I can't recall.)

Hey Jon—

While I never personally met Laura, I grew up reading her persona, Lars, in the early issues of SLUG. Through her words I gained a small insight of who she was. Lars was an avid music lover, local scene supporter, 'zine enthusiast and unabashed writer.

On this Memorial Day Weekend, as we add the finishing touches to the 210th issue of SLUG, it seems appropriate to reprint a few of Lars' early pieces — so a new generation of SLUG readers may gain their own perception of a woman and time now distant. Here's to you, Lars. RIP.

SLUG COMPILATION

Why Kick A Dead Cat?

Up from the woodwork springs SLUG's first compilation. Nay this is no sedate pussy. And I, for one, hope there's more compositional malfeasance in the works so upcoming projects like this will pounce our way. The production quality leave something to be desired on a few cuts (Note: as an underground viewer I have no previous expectations or qualms placed on self-leaked material to be high-bias recordings), but overall, this pup (mean cat) rips and claws.

Doing cover songs in this space is outright appalling unless the tune in question somehow compliments the version. However, from sales perspective, you won't be likely to "Why Kick A Dead Cat" (Dead?). Yeah, just try not to groove these local hepcats!

concert review

NO MEANS NO

Upon being approached to cover reviews prior to my "sabbatical" (as my editor put it), I more willingly obliged. Of all the gigs this month, this one sure my melancholy. S.A.D (Seasonal Affective Disorder) is merely a euphemism for good old-fashioned depression caused by winters inversion... CATHARSIS & NO MEANS NO. Arriving late to the show after a workshop, I can't readily expound on DINO BONES & SWEET RHINO. So, on came NO MEANS NO. A totally sober Lars—yet the sheer energy generated was absolutely intoxicating! Wow! The constituency about NO MEANS NO that I liked the most was no flap-your-gums diatribe or theatrics, only up-front straight forward (no preaching) between (or to set-up) songs. Song Pick "Dad". If you missed their come-back encores, you missed some dickie humor. Other novel aspect: Drummer positioned in clear view (rather than upstaged) held me awestruck with his taut rhythm. Eeeoow!

Was I more than a trifle impressed? So much that I scrounged up cash and bought their silly, cockeyed cow shirt. Guru I am not, but I came away with a heightened awareness and core-cleansing. Hence, it was then that I started entertaining thoughts of quitting my job, recycling aluminum cans for a living and joining NOMEANSNO's roadie crew. Heh! No also means no rapping the club owners, bless their hearts! And what a KILLER show. Fucking A-OK! My heroes...

Do you want ample core-sustenance? Sate your voracious musical appetite at the Speedway Cafe. They've been presenting a veritable smorgasbord of locals, reggae, H.C., avant-garde & etc. Personally, my ravenous hunger salutes the Speedway for their cuisine! I urge you to laud commendations on this the venue's 3rd-year anniversary by giving them your re-

pyro's wasteland LARS DENOVEMENT

I LOVE SLUG. Where else can you piss-off friends, colleagues, skins, record store-n-venue owners, zine editors, ex-boyfriends, college professors, etc?... Retain the essential ingredients of assholeism, remain obstracized by the scene... AND IT'S FREE! Congrats to Raunch and the Kids for being slated on the official Private Eye "Best Of". Bravo! Grant me this informal proclamation: Best Editorial and Pseudonym—PHIL HARMONIC. Best Evolving KRCL program BRAD COLLIN's Behind the Zion Curtain. Best Underground Advocate and All-Around Individual Attitude—JR RUPPEL. Can't ask for a nicer enemy. Lars most likeable foe is an earnest, dedicated and diligent person. Help him out by continuing your input and sponsorship. Bye gang and take care. Sighing off indefinitely,

LARS

No Means No @ Speedway

LARS

LOCALIZED

By Shane and Dan Photos: Ruby Claire

THIS MONTH LOCALIZED IS ON SATURDAY, JUNE 10, @ URBAN LOUNGE AND FEATURES OLD PROS MEDICINE CIRCUS AND YOUNG EXPERIMENTERS WHAT PEOPLE? WITH (JINGA BOA) AS THE PERFECT OPENING ACT.

CHRISTOPHER STEARMAN — VOCALS AND RHYTHM GUITAR

DEN MOHART — LEAD GUITAR

JUSTIN HARRISON — BASS

BRIAN DOVE — DRUMS.



MEDICINE CIRCUS

I CONDUCTED MY INTERVIEW WITH MEDICINE CIRCUS THROUGH E-MAIL. THEY WERE COOL AND HANDLED MY AWESOME QUESTIONS WITH EASE.

SLUG: Who would win in a fight: Penicillin or The Bearded Lady?

MC: That's a tough one, Penicillin is a damn fine antibiotic but the bearded lady is one hearty bitch, I think she might win an arm wrestle but probably not a full-on, "Ultimate" fight.

SLUG: Do you guys tour? If so, what kind of special elixirs do you have for sale?

MC: Yes, we tour Ogden, Provo and Salt Lake, Holladay specifically, so I guess that really means no we haven't toured yet. Regarding the elixirs, we have many. Our most recent breakthrough is an elixir (taken orally) that will knock the organized religion right the fuck out of you! It's non-denominational, doesn't give a shit if your Christian/FLDS, Buddhist, Muslim or Hindu, we've had some trouble getting it to take effect on members of the occult and Scientologists though. We have another elixir, a suppository really (taken orally) that will instantly get you out of jail or prison. When I say instantly it really takes about 7min. to work but hell, what's 7min. when you doing five to seven for armed robbery?! The only problem is physically getting this particular substance to the patient/inmate. Administering the suppository is also fairly difficult, you see it's fairly large, takes two people to insert, I must say it's quite a mud-wrestle (no pun intended).

SLUG: What's the single most important piece of gear used in Medicine Circus?

MC: Our minds, collectively, we're like the Borg. Shit, now everyone will know what a huge fucking geek I/we am/are.

SLUG: Has having your songs on XBOX's snowboard video game, "Amped 2," brought you any extra attention from the snow bunnies?

MC: Yes, we can't really ski or snowboard anymore. We get mobbed by jibbing, ripping, alterna-youth who are overwhelmed by our mere appearance. We can't even go near Park City (unless we hire security and wear bullet proof vests and shit). Well, we don't really have to wear shit.... like on us.

SLUG: How many Medicine Circus releases are there? How much do they cost?

MC: There are currently four M.C. records/cds. The latest, *Bottle Rockets of Emotion* is \$10.00 and you can get it at Orion's. The previous releases are very expensive \$37.50 they are collector's items and autographed copies have been know to sell (on eBay) for \$375.00+. Joking of course. Or am I?

SLUG: I notice there are no women in your band. Why don't you allow women in your group?

MC: We're all Vagiphobes.

SLUG: What are your favorite venues to play local and national?

MC: *The Zephyr Club* we're booked there this Friday 2006. No really, that place fucking rocked, best club ever but really does take second to *The Bar and Grill* where I saw Frank Black, me and 30 other people. Remember DV8? I mean the good DV8? Pearl Jam, Radiohead, The Obvious, Quicksand, Blind Melon, Grant Lee Buffalo. DV8? Oh yeah my old band Wish opened for the Toadies and Seven Mary Three there too. I'm such a dick.

SLUG: I notice there are no black people in your band. Why don't you allow black people in your group?

MC: The black people I'm friends with are way cooler than me/my band. We don't want to get done with a show, ask our fans how it went and have them say, "the black guy was cool" and nothing else. How would you feel if that happened to you? Come on, don't ask questions in an attempt to point out our social discrepancies, we know we're fucking nerds. OK!!

SLUG: What do you want people to know about your band?

MC: We fucking suck. Hard, I mean really, really hard. I mean holy shit dude! Come see us and buy our records and T-shirts. Our T-shirts are fucking sweet as hell.

SLUG: What kind of music are your girlfriends into?

MC: My girlfriend is into R&B and really cheesy 80s pop, usually by people trying to do something as cool as Lionel Richie who really is a bad ass, same as Barry Manilow. Sorry if this only sort of makes sense.



SWET - DRUMS, VOX, GUITAR

WHAT

Somewhere in Salt Lake City is an amazing, homemade percussion apparatus named **Chrup** (It's a Czech word for "teeth"). You might have seen it around; these guys, Swet and Jauns, used to bang on it at the Farmers Market. Jauns told me, "we used to play Chrup for five or six hours in a row." Well, after a 15-day, West coast Farmers Market tour, Swet and Jauns decided to do something a little different and they called their "new" outfit What People?. Though they chose not to play **Chrup** anymore, they didn't lose their heavy percussiveness. "I want to burn it," remarked Janus. In fact, they have songs where both members just play the drums. It's awesome!

These two have lots of experience playing with each other. "We met twelve years ago at a Unitarian church. The rhythms are sweet, influenced by Jazz and Northern African beats. our percussive songs are definitely driven by Jauns. Our more melodic songs have got this insane jazz flavor that comes from **John Zorn** and ultimately **Miles**

Davis" elaborated Swet. With What People? you also get a solid dose of amazing guitar playing and soulful vocals.

These two sweethearts are one half of the recently deceased **Tremula**, and this Localized show will actually be the last performance by **What People?** due to Jauns taking a leave of absence from Salt Lake. They may record before Jauns departure. "I have an eight track, reel to reel recorder," claims Swet. In the meantime you can check out some demos floating around on MySpace.

When asked about hobbies outside of music, both members said "wilderness and traveling." Good answer. When asked about their love lives, Swet responded with "inactive" and Jauns said "stupid." Good answers. Come give these dudes some lovin' and don't miss your last chance to see one of the most unique bands Salt Lake City has had to offer.

PEOPLE?



JAUNS - DRUMS

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GALLERY STROLL

By Mariah Mann-Mellus

mariah@slugmag.com

June shall forth be known as Art Month in my date book. Events such as *Gallery Stroll*, the *Farmers Market* and the *Utah Arts Festival* have taken control of my weekends and truthfully I wouldn't have it any other way!

June's **Gallery Stroll** will take place on *Friday the 16th* at 6pm and as the Stroll has become known for, the night will be filled with the best artists and exhibits Utah has to offer. The Monthly Gallery Stroll is the public's invitation into the world of art, a tight knit community working together to promote things of beauty and intrigue.

One of these artist communities is the **Utah Arts Alliance** located at 2191 South 300 West. The *Utah Arts Alliance* is a non-profit organization supporting arts and education in Utah. Many artists of diverse mediums call the Alliance home. Throughout the week the space is used as studio, practice and teaching space. The Alliance has grown so much in the last few years they are even looking at expanding to a second space! During the month of June and July the alliance will feature the work of their in-house Photo Club. The group has chosen the theme of "**Urban Decay**" for this exhibit. Will decay be that of a run down buildings or abandand cars or is it society as a whole? The topic is timely with today's growth and decay downtown. The Show will open June 10th with an opening reception from 6-9pm and run though July 31st with special hours of operation and a reception from 6-9pm on June 16th. If you're an artist looking for a community atmosphere, or studio rent contact **Derek Dyer** at www.utaharts.org

Art communities and teaching centers have become prevalent in Salt Lake area. Few cities offer as many outlets for the arts as Salt Lake can to date. The *Women's Art Center*, located on *Pierpont Avenue*, started by local artist **Teresa Flowers** filled a void in the young aspiring female artist. Teaching classes and giving a voice to the female art's community has taken place in the new director **Susannah Yaunt Torreano's** life. As the new director, she has kept some traditions including the annual *Gig Posters* fundraiser and show. Fundraiser they may call it, but the price of the \$10 admission allots you inexpensive art, food and beverages. Last year I remember thinking "all this and I can write it off on my taxes?" *Paper Dolls*, is curated by local artist **Leia Bell** of *Kilby Court*, featuring local and national artists. Women from all over the world are "stepping it up" and making a place in the advertising, publishing, and music world. The posters in this show, has a soft but edgy female quality that lures in the viewer and temps you to discover the relation of this art to the band it promotes. The show will open June 10th the night of the fundraiser and conclude on July 31st. For more information on the women's art center go to www.womensartcenter.org

Speaking of powerful women, *SLUG* alumnus **Camilla Taylor** will be in town to promote her latest project, a series of handmade dolls. The dolls are made of found fabric and painted polymer clay. The tiny expressions, colorful fabrics, anatomically correct beings pull you in to a mysterious world of fantastic creatures where I believe Camilla would be the Mayor. The Show entitled *Invisible Coterie* Opens June 16th at the *Kayo Gallery* located at 315 E. 300 S.

Art is not only for the people it's by the people, how much more empowering do you need?

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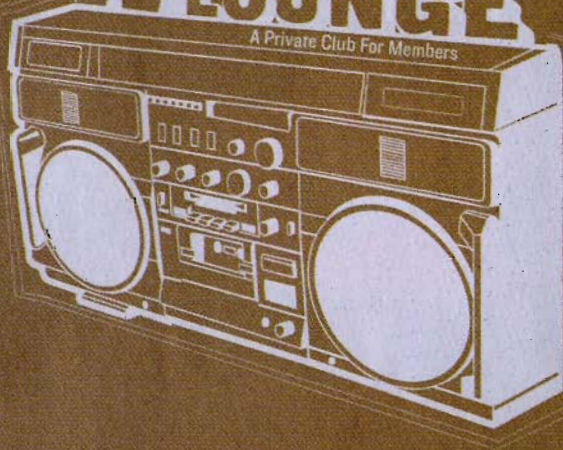
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The Last Dance return to Utah with their classic goth rock meets electronica sound as headliners of this year's annual *Dark Arts festival*. Also scheduled to perform is the exotic sounds of Abney Park, the industrial grind of COP International recording artist Deathline International and the synthpop flavoring of Seattle's SD6 (who are currently recording under the guidance of Tom Shear of Assemblage 23). Local acts performing will include the insanity of Agape's electro mayhem (break dancing included), local industrial giants Carphax Files and Phono, dark folk musings from QstandsforQ and synthpopers Riverhead along with classic gothic rock from Domiana (dark cabaret), From the Ashes (female vocals against a wall of sound) and crowd pleasers (all the beautiful girls lined up in front) Redemption. This year's *Dark Arts festival* takes place June 9th-11th at Area 51. For more information please visit www.darkartsfestival.com.

The Legendary Pink Dots

Your Children Placate You from Premature Graves
ROIR

Street: 05.30

LPD = 25 years of psychedelic electronic transmissions

Live: 07.14.06 Ego's

"The Made Man's Manifesto" sums up the Dots rather well, not necessarily lyrically but in its ability to combine pulsing electronics, half sung poetry, a touch of droning jazz with a rising blues influenced guitar bit that implodes into a psychedelic whirlpool. That might sound a bit off, but the Dots have always been a bit off. A Dots' album is an organic, exotic, esoteric rollercoaster of clankity clank and opium induced holidays. You can describe one song ("No Matter What You Do") as a free form jazz flavored dub and follow it up with whisper of piano as Ka-Spel tosses carefully sharpened words around like pillows ("Stigmata Pt. 4") while turning jazz and gypsy tinged folk into lovers ("Feathers at Dawn" into "Please Don't Get Me Wrong"). The point being this: the Dots are 25 years old and they still don't stick to a formula. Like vagabonds they dismantle genres and steal the bits that fit. Sometimes it doesn't work, but in the case of *Your Children...* you'll find the most approachable, still decidedly non-commercial, collection of songs the group has put out in the past decade. Take a listen to "Piece of Mind" and you'll know exactly what I mean.



Gracer

Voices Travel
Revelation

Street: 06.06

Gracer = 15% U2 Guitars - Bombastic + Toad the Wet Sprocket 40% + 35% Sunny Day Real Estate + 10% Dream Pop

Produced by Elliott's Kevin Ratterman these cast offs from *On the Might of Princes* and *Lux Courageous* come across as less pretentious than you might expect. Reminiscent of a time when you could write emotional pop music without lauding in a bunch of press-on tattoos and your sister's eyeliner. Gracer makes music that effectively uses the distortion pedal along with the chorus and delay. Certainly at times it sound influenced by the effect wizardry of The Edge without the adrenaline but considering he copped the sound from guitar maestro Michael Brook you really can't get too hung up on the details. While there is a certain epic quality to many of the tracks the majority wisely clock in under six minutes keeping the album from lagging in masturbatory soloing. Vocally, Gracer are closer to Toad the Wet Sprocket than Jeremy Enigk but you don't necessarily have to consider that a weakness. All in all makes for a pleasant, if not essential listen.

Orbit Service

Songs of Eta Carinae

Beta-lactam Ring Records

Street: 05.09

Orbit Service = Legendary Pink Dots + Pink Floyd

Strung-out on some melancholic psychedelic bliss Orbit Service roll about in waves of guitar like a sinister acid laced tribute to *The Wall*. They're dramatic in the wide swooping sort of way, like a giant prop filled world full of dreamscapes that melt into each other. Much like their label mates The Legendary Pink Dots the vocals are fractured poetry which at times are less interested in being coherent and more interested in sounding right within the mix which generally renders a search for meaning unnecessary; it also works for Sigur Ros. I'm not nearly as taken with it as I was with their previous effort *Twilight* which seemed more focused but less experimental. Nonetheless it's good atmospheric songs for the post-apocalyptic world.

DeVotchKa

Curse Your Little Heart

Ace Fu

Street: 05.02

DeVotchKa = Elegant Gypsies with the sweeping beauty of Casablanca

Curse Your Little Heart is my introduction to the phenomenon known as DeVotchKa and I couldn't be more pleased to have discovered their brilliance. Caught somewhere between Tom Waits' theatrical musings and a German Beer Drinking Song, DeVotchKa disregard stride along where weaker talents would come across as pretentious drivel. This far too brief EP features gorgeous re-workings of "Last Beat of My Heart," "Something Stupid," and the best cover I've ever heard of "Venus in Furs" which comes across like a sideshow testimonial. Absolutely inspired.

Caroline

Murmurs

Temporary Residence

Street: 04.07.06

Caroline = Bjork + The Cranes - Guitars

There is a particular innocence in Caroline Lufkin's voice that is reminiscent of childlike qualities of The Cranes' Alison Show without feeling like she's channeling an adolescent. I suppose they call this chill out; but I've always felt like that was a synonym for ignorable and Caroline is anything but that. To be fair *Murmurs* isn't particularly groundbreaking or incredibly different from what Portishead or Mandala have done but there is something breathtakingly beautiful in the undercurrent of trumpets as they rise above the clicking of electronic drums and synthetic strings in "Bicycle," the wet electronic swirl of "Sunrise," simplistic warmth of "Where's My Love," the laneliness of "Winter" and the Sarah Cracknell sweetness of "Everylittlething" that makes it so enjoyable. Perfect listening for melting the world away.

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MODUS OPERANDI:

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

By Lynne Scott

modus@kommandzero.net

Deathline Int'l will rip it up with their infamous covers of "Paradise City" and "Wild Boys" during the Dark Arts Festival, June 9 - 11 at Area 51. Front Line Assembly with Stromkern and DJ? Acucrack are touring for the *Artificial Soldier* release and are rumored to be making a stop to Club Vegas on June 10. Nonnon goes solo at Koyo Gallery on June 14 with experimental improv alongside Nolens Volens and Orbit Service.

Snog

Vs. The Faecal Juggernaut of Mass Culture

Metropolis Records

Street: 05.09

Snog = Tom Waits + Foetus

Whether you love or hate him, David Thrusell is a man who doesn't give a shit about pleasing the Goth/Industrial scenesters with club hits. As a personal release for Thrusell, many of the track are crafted as reflection of his personal thoughts. Vs. opens with the sneering spaghetti-western-electronic of "King of Hate," then works into a signature electronic, throaty-vocal rendition of "Bourgeois," and a condescending beat shuffler in "Turn on your brain baby." The folksy Leonard Cohen undertones surface with "Don't Go Down To The Woods Today," where the album then shifts into an eclectic blend of J.G. Thirwell and Tom Waits kitsch. The political and economic commentary is prevalent on "Al Qaeda is your Best Friend" and "A Hymn For The Fascist Republic," both serious, but loaded with satire that bursts from this mastermind from down under. Ever since the addition of acoustic guitar, Snog has added a dimension that has placed him high in my book. If you're a Snog die-hard you'll be happy to know that German label, Hymen Records released Vs. with a bonus of eight b-sides on the disc in mp3 format, plus an exclusive photo, lyric and artwork gallery. A departure from the straight-up folksy guitar of *Beyond the Valley of the Proles*, Vs. balances the electronic and acoustic sides of Snog, melding into a cohesive and fascinating album.

Front Line Assembly

Artificial Soldier

Metropolis Records

Street: 06.20

Front Line Assembly = Bill Leeb + Rhys Fulber + Chris Peterson

Did anyone actually believe that *Civilization* was going to be the very last Front Line Assembly release? Me neither. For the first time, Rhys Fulber and Chris Peterson appear on the same Front Line Assembly album along with Bill Leeb and the new kid, Jeremy Inkel. From the Dave McKean art alone, *Artificial Soldier* appears to be a cross between FLA's *of the Weak* and *Implode* and doesn't sound too different. With Bill Leeb's traditional chanting on "Low Life" and "Beneath the Rubble," the grittiness of early FLA is played up. Leeb's super group takes a new approach by adding guest vocals from Front 242's Jean-Luc De Meyer with vocals on "Future Fail" and Eskil Simonsson of Covenant on "The Storm" - both tracks worth the album alone. With so much crap-industrial being released, it's refreshing to know that Front Line Assembly truly hasn't given up. (Club Vegas: June 10th)

Wumpscut

Cannibal Anthem

Metropolis Records

Street: 04.07

Wumpscut = the German anti-Christ + cannibalism + a Medieval kick

After a slew of mediocre releases that most fans gave big thumbs down, I'm in the minority for still being a fan of Wumpscut. "Die Liebe" is laid down with classic Rudy Ratzinger beats, vocals and melodies which compliments split choice "Jesus Antichrist" on the preceding single. The familiar sounds in "Jesus Antichrist" could have been written around the time of *Evil Young Flesh*. The title track, "Cannibal Anthem," is seduction mixed with cheesy porn synths and Dahmer sentiments. The medieval moods weave through each of the 15 tracks and reach an offensive peak with hideous female vocals on "Pass Auf" and "Hunger." This isn't just another Wumpscut release and when you hear "Auf Der Jagd" and "Recht Vor Gnade" you'll be sorry you ever gave up on Rudy. I challenge those of you have grown tired of Wumpscut to give *Cannibal Anthem* a chance - you might be surprised.

Various Artists

Ad Noiseam 2001 - 2006

Ad Noiseam

Street: 04.21

Ad Noiseam 2001 - 2006 = a slew of kick ass music and visuals

For the past five years, this label has exposed some of the finest talent in post-industrial music, released groundbreaking music, redefined genres and bridged other's. Ad Noiseam celebrates the past half-decade with another explosive release, showcasing the musicians' talent and label owner Nicholas Chevreux's attention to detail in two CDs and one DVD, for a total of 30 new tracks and 14 videos. From the delicate IDM of Exillon and Cordell Klier to the pounding drum'n'bass of Bong-Ra and Needlesharing, the tracks display variety within cohesive pieces. Disc 1's strength of subtlety lies in tracks from Horchata, Keef Baker and Larvae while Disc 2 hits harder with Lapsed & nonnon, Mothboy and The Panacea. As if the music weren't enough, the DVD overwhelms the senses with funky animated characters, artistic visual concepts and - my favorite - girls in bikinis with guns. Included on the DVD is a discography with music, visuals and tracks from all 59 of the Ad Noiseam releases to this point. Never before have I seen an anniversary release as intriguing as *Ad Noiseam 2001 - 2006*, and I expected nothing less than extraordinary.



Synopscape Photo: Kelly Bodger

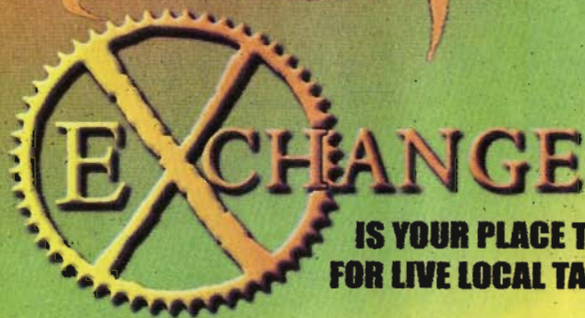
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BOOK REVIEWS FOR THE ILLITERATE

The Corporation: The Pathological Pursuit of Profit and Power

Joel Bakan

Free Press

Street: 2004

A professor of law at the University of British Columbia and an internationally recognized legal scholar, Joel Bakan (*Just Words: Constitutional Rights and Social Wrongs*) is known primarily for his work examining the social, economic and political dimensions of law. In *The Corporation*, Bakan tackles the corporate institution: a superiorly efficient, profit-maximizing establishment that has come to be known for its selfish exploitation of circumstance and its unblinking capitalization of vulnerability. Displaying diligent research and perceptive interviews, *The Corporation* reveals the inherent flaws of the institutions that run our lives and discusses the dire consequences of allowing them to continue to do so. In a political realm full of self-interest and unrelenting bias, Bakan's agenda seems based on genuine concern. Rather than picking a fight, Bakan is simply generating awareness of a potential global catastrophe; his efforts are geared to the promotion of humanity and individual action. Global Capitalism and the corporate mindset are complicated topics, but Bakan provides a good place to get your feet wet. Whether you're an aspiring political activist or just enjoy the occasional rush of feeling like one, you should definitely look into this book. At the very least, make sure to see the award-winning documentary (*The Corporation*), which was based on the book. — Cody Smith

Full Spectrum Disorder: The Military in the New American Century

Stan Goff

Soft Skull Press

Street: 2004

Stan Goff's *Full Spectrum Disorder* lends an entirely new and reality-based meaning to the phrase, "shock and awe." It is alarmingly obvious that America depends on its military might to keep its fingers in so many pies; we understand and appreciate the upsides of our role as international bully, but what are the consequences? Goff has a unique perspective on this question from his multi-faceted career in the Special Forces sector of the U.S. military and now he has the perfect positioning to turn around and bite the bloated and dishonest hand that fed him. In an attempt to benefit the prospective reader, I will here bastardize a few of the book's areas of discussion: "Big fancy guns don't mean anything when you have no clue as to where to point them," "You have to have somewhere to put your trash," "The words 'sustainable' and 'development' cannot be paired in a sensible way," "War crimes? uh, hey, look over there!" and "The Romans had an empire, and they fucked it up, didn't they?" Finally, Goff discusses what needs to happen (and how it can be accomplished) if we are ever going to free ourselves from the grip of an increasingly hegemonic, and also doomed administration. It is more interesting hearing about what's wrong with the Military from someone who was truly 'embedded.' — Tyler Ford

Weapons of Mass Destruction and the Real War on Terror

Jeff Ott

Subcity Records

Street: 2005

The problem with contemporary writers is that they're too busy being smugly post-modern to say anything relevant. Contrast this to Jeff Ott; he writes "I can no longer look at the imperialist aggression against the people of Iraq as different from the kid getting the HIV test who's explaining why it's really her fault her step-father rapes her." He highlights issues that get left by the wayside of our relentlessly individualistic fever from police brutality and corruption to the prevalence of sexual abuse in our own suburbs. Here are all the politics without the partisanship or over-the-top theatrics you'd find on the shelves of your local Borders. The book vibrates with an authenticity that is refreshing in the face of all-too-vogue cynicism. Ott asks us to take a break from downloading bootlegs to feel some outrage. Pick this up, get pissed, and vote, damnit. — Melinda J. Nevarez

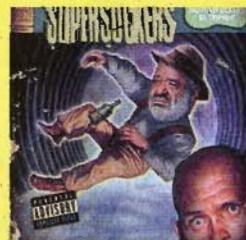
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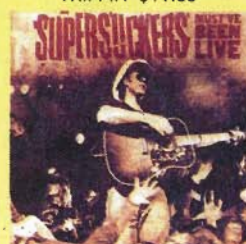
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SHARK SOUP

Taking A Bite Out of Rock'n Roll

By James O'Connell james@kingmag.com

What ever happened to rock'n roll as a genre? Nothing is just rock'n roll anymore, it's all "death speed metal" or "third wave 77 punk." Rock'n roll has been dissected to the point of near non-existence. This is where **Shark Soup** comes in. These German rockers don't give one iota about falling into a cookie cutter mold set by the genre gestapo. They mix punk, psychobilly, and neo-rockabilly with touches from all over to create a very unique sound. With a new record out on **BYO records** and getting set to head out on tour with the **Nekromantix**, Shark Soup is ready to show us Americans how to rock'n roll.

I placed a call to Germany to talk to **Chrissi**, lead singer/guitarist of Shark Soup to discuss their first US tour and the entire goings on around his band.

SLUG: You guys are not quite a punk band, you're not quite a rockabilly band, and you're not quite a psychobilly band. What do you guys call it?

Chrissi: Our first record the Europeans called it punkabilly. We're from a punk rock background, we call it a mixture of punk rock and neo-rockabilly, but I would call us a psychobilly, or rockabilly band. For us it's just another direction of punk rock.

SLUG: Do you consciously stray from being a certain kind of band?

Chrissi: We take from all these influences, but we don't really try to prevent sounding like rockabilly or psychobilly. We take it as it comes, and we are very open minded to many different styles of music. A few people in Europe and in Germany, they are very disappointed that we say we're not a psychobilly band. We used to have the upright bass, and in Europe if you have an upright, you're automatically a psychobilly band, and that's kind of narrow minded. We want to make music for the underground crowd or open-minded people, for all kinds of cool people.

SLUG: Why won't **Tim** your bass player be joining you on tour?

Chrissi: He had fight with two Nazi skinheads and the police grabbed Timmy. When he called the US embassy in Frankfurt for an interview, they asked him if he was a drug dealer. All these heavy things mixed with the lighter offenses, he had to say yes and that was the end of that. We found a friend to be a replacement, and he's really excited to go.

SLUG: How'd you get hooked up with **BYO records**?

Chrissi: I released *Fatlip Showbox* on my own, on my fake record label, and **BYO** sent me an e-mail. I think it's a great label, it so different from **Hellcat** or **Epitaph**, **BYO** is

more into just punk rock, they have a real message and attitude. Every band in Europe wants to be on **Hellcat**, and wants to be friends with **Tim Armstrong** and **Mr. Brett**; it's like a disease over here. These guys [**BYO**] are legends, they have history. They've really taken care of us, arranged a car for the tour, and helped out in so many ways to get this tour going.

SLUG: What is a *Fatlip Showbox*?

Chrissi: All the stuff that happened in the first two years of Shark Soup. We carried a fatlip, because we would tell everyone that we were going to be the best band around, and you have to let us play, we tried to play every show. We knocked down doors to get on stage, and all the madness of touring. We used to drive 13 hours just to play one 20 minute show. *Fatlip Showbox* is the expression of the first two years of madness and mayhem.

SLUG: What got you into rockabilly?

Chrissi: The rockabilly influence comes from my guitar playing. I'm really into **Brian Setzer**, **The Stay Cats** and **The Quakes**, but that's about it. I'm not really into the original 50s stuff. I've been listening to things like **Hatebreed** and **Slayer**, I just try to mix things up on the guitar and it works for us.

SLUG: Many bands from non-English speaking countries still sing in English. You guys are from Germany why do you sing in English?

Chrissi: "A lot of people over here listen to American music. Especially after the American soldiers brought music over here like **Elvis Presley**. You can tell a lot more stories in English, it just sounds better. To me it's hard to live here [Germany] because so many people are narrow minded, so I'm not really into German. English is cooler! (Laughs)

SLUG: What can we expect from a live Shark Soup Show?

Chrissi: Lots of energy. You could compare it to a late 70s **Clash** show. We put a lot of heart and soul into our songs. It's gonna be hot.

Shark Soup takes bits and pieces from the most dangerous music from all over rock'n roll and create a deadly combination. Come on in and test the waters if you dare. They'll be playing the **Avalon Theatre** June 11 in between the **Nekromantix** and **ChopTops**.

LOCAL CD REVIEWS

By Spencer Jenkins spencedog2000@yahoo.com

Clayton Carr Originals

Songs for the Hopeful and Heartbroken

Self Released

Street: 06.01

Clayton Carr Originals = Prince + Sigur Ros + Air

In this double disc of unmastered pop and electronica songs, the Clayton Carr Originals have given themselves more than enough solid material for one good release. Of the 24 tracks there are a dozen or so particularly good songs that could stand on their own as a worthwhile pop album. The most recognizable and appealing influence is Prince, like in "Sexy Slo," that sounds a lot like "Pop Life." The beats as well as the vocals are heavily produced and create a *Madonna*, dream-like 80s nostalgia that is still engaging. But The Clayton Carr Originals give themselves some open space for trance tangents that also grab your attention. There are a few surprising and satisfying experimentations that prevent you from categorizing it simply as a pop album. A few of the songs will be too sweet for some, but they were enjoyable for me, even if I felt a little guilty about it.

The Lollypop Guild

Fantastic Failures of The Lollypop Guild

Self Released

Street: 06.01

Lollypop Guild = Frank Zappa + Captain Crunch cereal + daddy's vodka - the babysitter



Named after the munchkin troupe in the *Wizard of Oz*, The Lollypop Guild is **Nick and Dana Bryson**, brother and sister, demon and angel duo. This album sounds like their parents decided they were finally old enough to leave them alone for a night and they wrote these songs to keep from getting too bored. The songs are usually no longer than a minute and cover topics from balti chicken to monkeys, she-males and strawberry pie. They have the fresh creativity of Frank Zappa and the sound quality of a *Fugs* album. It sounds like the guitar was recorded down the hall and the drum parts were conceived on the spot. The

vocals are shamelessly out of tune and sound like a hyperactive five year old that has been stuck in his parent's minivan for ten hours. There are a lot of favorites but a few specific ones are, "I.F.T." (International Frisbee Tournament), "Ode to Axl Rose" and "Ron White," a tribute to the old bass player from *Iron Maiden* that lost his hearing. As a whole, the album is novel, absolutely playful, spontaneous, nonsensical and just a lot of fun to listen to.

Royal Bliss

After the Chaos II

Air Castle Records

Street: 05.09

Royal Bliss = your alternative rock radio station

After nearly every member of Royal Bliss sustained some kind of physical injury, (paralyzation, broken bones, ski and car accidents) they managed to patch themselves together and record their 6th album. Lead singer **Neal Middleton** fell from a third story balcony at a party, paralyzing him briefly from the waist down. Then drummer **Jake Smith** found out he was going to be a father and the band was the only way he could make money. With rehabilitation, Middleton worked his way back to the point where he could perform with a cane. The sound on this album is polished, the best money can buy. It seems clear from beginning to end that Royal Bliss want to hit the big-time of commercial radio. The entire album walks the tight rope of marketability which will blend in seamlessly on *X96*, a beer commercial or the ending credits of the *OC*. For me, the best moments are the outros in a few of the songs, like, "All In My Head," where they stray a little from the rigid radio template. However, the weak point in all of the songs are the lyrics, which at their worst are just the bad poetry of ready-made pop phrases.

The Vile Blue Shades

Demos

8ctopus Records

Street: 03.31

Vile Blue Shades = Talking Heads + Iggy Pop + a lot of masturbating and drinking

One of the coolest things about these 24 tracks of demos, unreleased songs and live takes is the relentless experimentation and tinkering with the songs you already know (if you're familiar with the Vile Blue Shades). They sing more out of tune, constantly try new parts, slow things down and speed them up, scream and yelp and even use a running faucet as percussion. Everything in the Shades is geared toward rhythm; they are just a big dance machine. There are several drummers, tambourines and guitars that use some of the same tribal guitar shanks that help make the Talking Heads so infectious. **Ryan Jensen's** vocals are a tweaked combination of **David Byrne** and **Ian Curtis**. Ryan's tales from the gutter are inspired by **Henry Miller's** libertine alter-ego **John Thursday** in the book *Under the Roofs of Paris*. Although the sound quality is not as good as their regular studio releases, the shoddiness lends itself to the band's antisocial appeal. There are a few songs that haven't made it on any other releases yet, like your mother's favorite, "Black Pussy" and the incredibly badass "Oh, How Terrible." Almost anyone could play what they are doing, but they pull it off with such style that you only see in there few acts worthy of hero worship.

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Mini Profile

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By Andrew J Jepsen
whataboutpynchon@hotmail.com

So I'm supposed to interview Danielson. Yes, "shit!" is the proper response, followed by panic. Where the fuck could I begin with *Ships*, their latest, massive sounding album with tinges of folk, gospel, electronic, and most of all, a piping voice that would grate the lesser half of the population?

Daniel Smith. Alright. Calm down. Daniel Smith's a good place to start with Danielson, since he's the ringleader and front man of the nebulous group. Don't misunderstand, he's not the alpha and omega of their group, (get it? Because that's the name of their third and fourth albums?). But he is the nucleus. Swirling around Smith are artists of greater and lesser renown, including brothers, sisters and kids who wander in with tambourines. He made *Suffjan Stevens*, by the way, who's on *Ships* doing something whiney. He appears alongside Yoni Wolf (Why?), Greg Saunier (Deerhoof) and at least 16 other artists.

Also working with Smith is his father, proving that the band starts before Smith. Oh, and God. There was not one review of the band that did not discuss his religion and how important Christianity was to his music.

Turns out that's all shit.

SLUG: In a place like Salt Lake City, religion's a big topic. How important is it for your songs to be Christian?

Daniel Smith: First of all I definitely don't consider what I do to be religious at all. I mean, I'm a Christian, but I don't make Christian music. I feel like it's speaking about spiritual things. I'm going to be very honest in the art-making process and a huge part of that is my search for the divine in the everyday. To me that's very different than if I were to make a statement about being religious in particular. A lot of that can be kind of forced.

SLUG: Do you feel like people say you're only Christian and sometimes you're only an indie band?

DS: I think that's another reason why all these categories are really a problem. If people hear a word like Christian music, then people make all kinds of decisions about what that means. So prejudice is going to come into that perception before the music has even been heard.

SLUG: Is that one of the reasons why you moved from Tooth and Nail Records to Secretly Canadian Records?

DS: No, no. We were never Christian music. We were on Tooth and Nail because they were the only ones who would put the album out (laughs). And looking back it's very fascinating, because by being on Tooth and Nail we were introduced to the Christian

music subculture. Our music really upset a lot of people and we had a lot of Christian writers being very mean and very angry. It was never about the content. At the same time there were a lot of Christian kids who loved it. So it shook up a lot of things, which I found very exciting. The mainstream indie rock crowd really ate it up. They loved the fact that we were being rejected.

SLUG: Do you find it difficult to work with your family?

DS: The only hard part is getting people into one room. That's been the trial of Danielson from the very beginning. Is it a family band, is it a band of friends, is it my thing? But once we're all in a room together it's so natural that it's a beautiful thing.

SLUG: Do you take the role of conductor or do you just stand back and let things happen?

DS: Well, it's a balance. The truth is, yes, I am the Danielson part of it (laughs) and everybody else is the family and friends part. I started this alone and when nobody's around I'm still doing it. I write the songs alone, but I do stay out of the way, and a lot of times they all come up with ideas much better than mine anyway.

SLUG: Must be interesting to have your father play with you.

DS: Yeah! Well, he doesn't play live with us but he sings back-ups and group vocals. He's one of my biggest inspirations.

SLUG: I was wondering why you were so interested in the word "ship."

DS: It came out of the words "relationship," "friendship," "daughtership" and this idea that we're all connected. When you add "-ship," the word becomes much bigger than itself. This album's conceptual; it's about relationships. So you have this suffix "-ship" and you have the idea of a vessel; we're all in this giant vessel together. People need each other and at the same time we're all individually vessels, so there's a lot of overlapping thoughts, a lot of beautiful imagery.

SLUG: A lot of reviewers are referring to this album as ultimate, especially with all the past members joining you. Is this any indication of the band ending?

DS: No no, in fact it's an arrival point, which is in turn is becoming a springboard for what's to come next. And that feels really great. Maybe it's the end of a chapter, but I look at music making in terms of a lifetime.

For more information on Smith-ship, check out www.danielson.info. It has shit on it, like pictures of Daniel Smith in the most adorable little sailor outfit. And come to the show on June 8th at the Kayo Gallery. He might be wearing a nine-foot tree. No promises.

BUSTING OUT OF HAPPY VALLEY

by Spencer Jenkins spencedog2000@yahoo.com • Photos Ruby Claire

For several years now, Salt Lake has been brimming over with a surplus of amazing musical talent. Whether it's hardcore, electronica, rock n' roll, jazz or any kind of experimental project, it seems there are several bands here that are capable of competing with national acts in any genre. Salt Lake's prevalent conservative culture has spurred a unique and equally vibrant counter-culture but the isolated location has proved an obstacle for bands to get noticed by the outside world. With the help of the Internet and Myspace accounts, local bands have been able to develop a fan base outside of the confines of the Wasatch front. But recently, three bands, **Form of Rocket**, **Gaza** and **Clifton**, signed to separate independent labels. While this doesn't necessarily mean they are going to hit the big time like **The Used**, or would even want to, it does give hope to fans and other bands that they may be able to perform their music to a national audience. I was afforded the opportunity to talk to these three bands about their respective record contracts, new albums and their future national tours.

FORM OF ROCKET



After Form of Rocket recently finished recording their new album, frontman Curtis Jensen decided that he was going to quit the band for the second time and join the **Peace Corp**. Consistently driven despite endless lineup changes, now Gentry Densley, Peter Makowski, and Ben Dodds will have to split the vocal duties before the band goes on tour. Their mantra through a revolving door of personnel changes was taken from Curtis' own title for their first album, *Se Despedir a Todos*, that roughly translates to, "Everyone is expendable." They seem unconcerned when I ask them whether they are nervous about memorizing the words and singing them with an upcoming tour. But they remind me that the three of them already have plenty of singing experience in Form of Rocket and their other bands. Ben says, "It's been really cool since I've been going over the lyrics. But it's tough for me to try and duplicate Curtis' words and the way that he does them while I'm playing bass, they don't necessarily line up rhythmically."

The record deal that Form of Rocket has signed with Chicago's **Sick Room Records** is, "your basic indie deal," which means the label gave them money for the recording and mastering. Once Sick Room recoups all expenses, they will split the profit of record sales down the middle with Form of Rocket. FOR say that they are more at home with Sick Room than their last label, **Some Records**, who signed bands they didn't have anything musically in common with. "[Sick Room] are more about music we like, as opposed to trying to find someone who they think will blow up. Sick Room is kind of the music that we listen to. This is the spot we've been working for." Sick Room has distribution through **Southern**, which is in Japan, Australia, US and working on Europe. It is only two years old and has already put out 28 releases. "Salt Lake is overlooked. It's funny how isolated it is from everyone. We get this locked up chunk of good rock that doesn't leave. If more bands got out, the buzz would spread. No one else is going to do that for you."

They decided to record with **Andy Patterson** who has done all of their previous albums.

Andy's recording has come to be an integral part in developing a sound unique to Salt Lake. Bands typically describe him as another member. FOR all have strong opinions about what they want the record to sound like but Andy has a vested interest in whether the bands he records succeed and he goes out of his way to satisfy all of them. They say that if you listen to the three FOR albums you can hear his growth as a sound engineer.

FOR seem proud of their new album. They say that the writing is ten times better, the songs have more focus, that there are more vocals and the "freak outs are freakier." Peter is surprised so many people like their first record because it is all over the place. On the new album the beginning of the songs relate more to the end. "I think it's become musically simpler," Ben says, "and simultaneously more challenging to play. It is simpler structurally and rhythmically, with simpler materials and cohesion from beginning to end." They have tried to step up each album and they say having Gentry in the band makes it a lot better because he knows a lot of theory and has a lot of experience. "I'm learning new shit everyday," Ben says. "I've got so much ground to cover in the future." While they have four equal inputs to how the songs sound, this makes for hectic songwriting. "It takes a while to move through the entire songwriting process," Peter says, "to make sure everyone likes it and that we are writing good songs. More ideas don't get used than get used. It was a pain in the ass to hold everyone together. The last album we put out was in 2003. That's fucking ridiculous; it shouldn't take that long to put out a record."

The idea of breaking into some kind of market where they will catch on, enough to quit their day jobs, seems ludicrous when the market is driven by deluded, palatable pop bands. Drummer **Tyler Smith** says, "The question is do we like what we're doing with our music. Do we like what we're doing, period. You have to keep it fun, keep it light or you'll start resenting it."

G A Z A

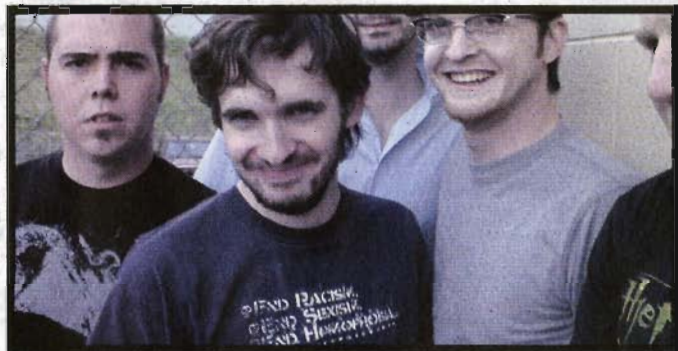
Gaza has just signed to **Black Market Activities** out of Massachusetts, which was started by **Guy Kozowyk**, singer for **The Red Chord**. One of the sweetest aspects of signing with this label is their distribution deal with **Metal Blade Records**, the same label that discovered **Metallica** and **Slayer**. It all started when Gaza played a show in SLC with the **Black Dahlia Murder**, which apparently left an impression. "They had some nice things to say. You play with other bands and everyone kisses each other's ass because it's a big political thing and the whole time they're making fun of you in the backroom. We kind of figured that was the case." But afterwards the members of Gaza were driving around in Portland and saw someone wearing one of their t-shirts. They had never played Portland before so they pulled over to talk to him. It turned out to be the merchandise guy for the **Black Dahlia Murder**. He said the **Black Dahlia Murder** was about to play with **King Diamond** and **Nile** on a huge metal tour. Gaza mentioned that they were playing at a bar in town and the merchandise guy said he would come check them out. Not only did he show up but he brought along **Trevor Strnad**, the lead singer for the **Black Dahlia Murder**. Afterwards, Trevor started to talk to Metal Blade about them. In no time at all, Gaza went from relatively nothing to talking to the biggest metal label in the industry.

For about six months they would record a demo, send it to Metal Blade and go down to California to play for them. Metal Blade was hesitant to bring them on because they had just signed a bunch of "tech-metal bands." Metal Blade decided not to put out their album because they just signed **The Red Chord**, **Into the Moot**, and some "crazier bands" and they were worried about having a market for Gaza's hectic music. Gaza liked **Black Market Activities** because they build up a fan base before they throw a video on Fuse, go everywhere Metal Blade goes and they do a lot of the some advertising. Guy Kozowyk thinks that for a band who has never toured the east coast like Gaza, it is better to spend your money on advertising and getting your name out than just giving it to them to buy new guitars and amps. "It's not glamorous by any means, like, 'We just got signed by **Maverick Records** and we're going to have cocaine and hookers.' It's still punk rock. But the cool thing is now you can buy our CD at Best Buy." Gaza was tentative to take a cash advance or tour support they put the band in debt. "We're really worried that any money we accrue goes right back into the band to buy more t-shirts or whatever. Guarantees are scary because it's essentially a credit card. They give you this money but you pay it back in album sales. It's not like free money, ever."

Gaza originally started as an emo band. **Luke Sorenson** and **Jon Parkin** met on **Utahbands.com** because they were both into groups like **American Football** and **Converge**. "We got together and formed a band that was really mellow music with a jazzy feeling. We were going to be really quiet. It was really funny because we were writing these really pretty riffs. Then we went to Wendy's across from **Positively 4th Street** and when we came back Luke said, 'Check this out,' and whipped off some crazy riffs." It turned out to be "Kasam Rocket," the first song on their **East EP**.

Again, **Andy Patterson** comes into the picture. Gaza had the opportunity to record at four other studios including **Mana Recording Studios** in Florida, which recently recorded **Cannibal Corpse**, **Into the Moot**, **Premonitions of War** and **Goatwhore**, to name a few. But in the end they decided to capture their sound with Andy. He also recorded the **East EP**. It is twenty minutes of terribly good, complex, screaming hardcore songs. "[Andy] has never charged us what he should. He's just interested in making a good record. There were times when our money has run out and he says look, come back and we'll mix it again and we'll make it sound good. He's doing a better job than we're paying him for." After recording, duplication and artwork they say they'll come out only \$5,000 in the hole. "If we sell 500 records, we're almost even again. After that, everything is profit for the label and the band." It is important to them that any success they gain nationally is funneled back into the local scene. "This is another opportunity for us to pick some Salt Lake names and make them national. This record is going to be seen in places that never would if we were just here in Salt Lake. It gives us a chance to say thanks for helping us out."

They say they don't have a fan base because they have cool haircuts, how they look, how many friends they have, how cool they seem or how many parties they go to. "Whether it's fashion or you're just legitimate badasses like **Farm of Rocket**, if anyone likes us, it's not for any reason besides the music." They plan on touring extensively after the album comes out. Some of the band members may lose their jobs in the process but there isn't a question whether the jobs are more important than performing music. "[The question is] do I give up the security, 10 dollar a month health insurance, money and a well being or this dream I've been chasing for a long, long time. It's just heart versus brain. But we signed the contract literally yesterday. We never once thought that our CD could be bought at Best Buy. And who knows if it will be. It may just flop horribly and no one will want to pick it up. Every new step is like winning the lottery."



CLIFTON

After initially signing to **Outline Records**, Clifton decided to change to California label **Abacus Records** who will release their new album *We Never Change* that comes out on June 10th. They say that some of the band isn't so excited about the album because some of the material is three years old. **Bryan Edwards**, the lead singer says, "I just don't think it's our best effort. It's our band when we were younger. But this one has a good groove to it." Clifton says that they were lucky to sign with Abacus Records because they were willing to put out an album that was already a year and a half old. During that time they were able to further develop their sound. "We stayed with a lot of the same formulas but made everything more technical, more complex, more extreme and experimented with different timings. Our new stuff has a lot more speed and is a lot more intense."

After they left Outline, Clifton shopped their CD around and caught the attention of Abacus Records whose roster includes **Sick Of It All**, **Caliban** and **Embrace the End**. They liked Abacus' treatment compared to some of the bigger labels that they talked to where they weren't going to be a big priority. "We played for **Victory Records**, a label that was interested in us but we would be one of the most unimportant bands on the label, who have **Hawthorne Heights**, and other bands that sell a ridiculous amount of records to a lot of fucking stupid kids." They say when they were talking to Victory they had three questions for them—How much money are you making? How much money are you making? How much money are you making? "Abacus offered quite a bit more than any of the other labels could offer and they were more interested in us, more respectful and signed bands that we are into, bands that we grew up listening to. We told them everything we wanted and everything we wanted they agreed with. It was unbelievable."

Most of the members of Clifton met when they were thirteen and wanted to cover

Metallica, **Slayer** and **Sepultura**. They say that if it weren't for Metallica they wouldn't be playing music. "We play music that we enjoy. We don't play music to that generation or to that fad. Radio play isn't our concern." Although Bryan is straightedge and the bassist **Brad Wood** is vegan, they were quick to say that they don't want their lifestyles to make the music or their lyrics moralizing. "It's not political and has nothing to do with the band or the lyrics," Bryan says, "but just the best thing for me and the band."

They describe their fan base as being all sorts of people, from long hair rocker dudes, metal guys, prepubescent and families with earplugs. They have a lot of support in the city without playing bars. "We're not trying to be the toughest kids. We're just bros who hang out. We're not trying to be like, 'Fuck you, we're badder than you are.' We just want to do what we want to do."

Clifton are about to go on a two month east coast tour as the first act with **The Autumn Offering**, **Burn in Silence** and **Jack Knife**. I ask them how they feel opening for three other bands and they are genuinely excited about it. "We have to pay our dues. I'm glad we're playing first. Other bands have a lot of promotion but you don't see anyone wearing their t-shirts." They say their best option is to try and take advantage of promotion offered from bigger labels like Victory have given by playing hard for the kids who show up. They say touring is rough mostly when they don't know where they are going to sleep, eating poorly and when they are driving through extreme weather. "If you think it's rough at least you're not at home going to work. Not many people can say that they're doing what they want with their lives. How many people do you know who are waiting for something to happen or not willing to take the risk to go out and do something that they've always wanted to do?"



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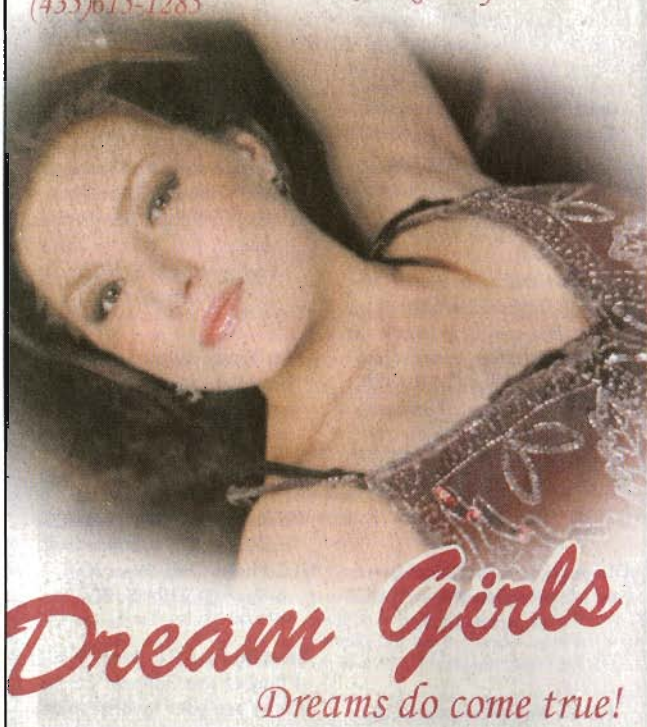
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BELLOGRAPHY

Mesmerizing. Intense. Beautiful undulations. Edgy. Adjectives I can give to the hypnotic and original dancing of **Becky**, aka **Becca**, a member of the exciting **Kashmir Dance Company**. A veteran dancer of 10 years, and one of the original members of **Kashmir**, at age 16, Becky has a future in dance that could be absolutely dazzling. At age six, Becky was introduced to **Corrie Walker** and tribal belly dancing. She knew instinctively that this style rang true with her soul...at age six!

"I donced with a group when I was five. I kept telling everyone that they were doing it wrong, because I could remember all the steps and they couldn't. I had to move on to something else, and that is when I met Corrie Walker. She has become my mentor, my protector, and my other mother." Becky said, "Corrie has been and is a huge influence in my life. I just love her. **Kashmir** is my family, and belly dancing brings a lot of love into my life. Besides, it's fun!"

*Becky's interpretation of Middle Eastern dance is a combination of cabaret, traditional, and tribal styles, and it is totally original. She has studied with **Aziz, Raffa, Corrie Walker** and has attended workshops given by **Ansuya and Rachel Brice**.*

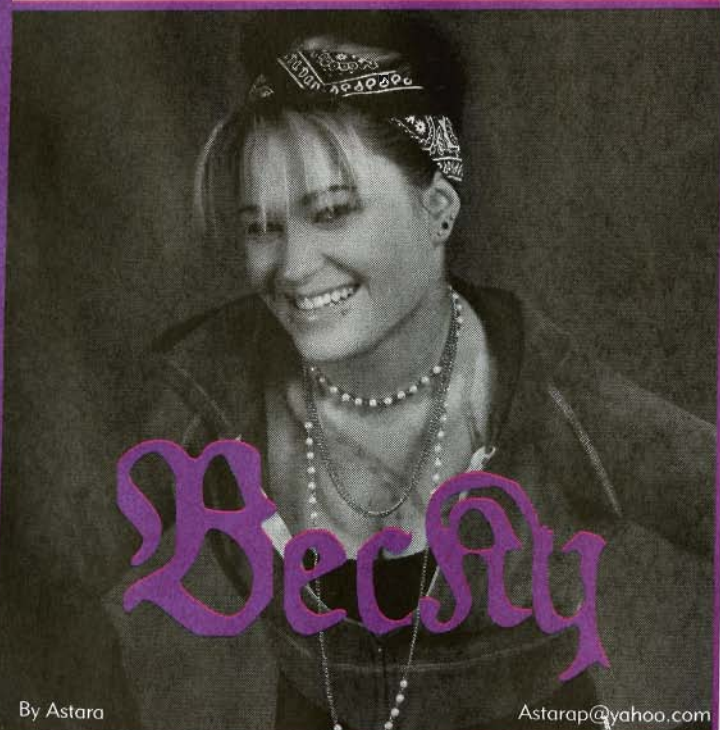
"Rachel Brice is my very favorite dancer. I want to be as good as she is. I want to be a super star some day." She said.

Becky lives in Park City, and attends a private school in Salt Lake. She is an original, one-of-a-kind person. Unlike most teen-age girls, she doesn't follow the crowd. They are more likely to follow her. She is innovative, creative, and adamant about declaring her own independence, whether in dress or dance. When she isn't dancing or going to school, she plays on a lacrosse team, and is an avid snowboarder.

"There are dance opportunities in Utah that you won't find anywhere else. I can develop my dancing the way I want and be who I am. Belly dancing has made me a different person—more assertive. I am able to be myself. I am not shy at all, and I know what I want. I still get stage fright, but the audiences here are so receptive, it makes me want to work harder. I just love the dance community in Utah!" she said.

I know what I want, too. More **Kashmir**, and more solos by Becky. I have watched her develop into a beautiful, knowledgeable, intelligent dancer, with an abundance of potential. Her technique is exquisite and with a little maturity and time, I think we'll see her traveling around the world dancing and teaching. With young dancers like Becky, Utah Middle Eastern dance has a very bright future.

Becky will be performing with **Kashmir Dance Company** at the **Fire and Ice Show**, June 9, **Trouble with Tribal 2** (**Kashmir's** 10 year anniversary extravaganza featuring **Kami Liddle**), July 1 and 2, and the **Utah Belly Dance Festival** in August. For more information about **Kashmir** and their upcoming performances and events, go to www.kashmirdancecompany.com.



By Astara

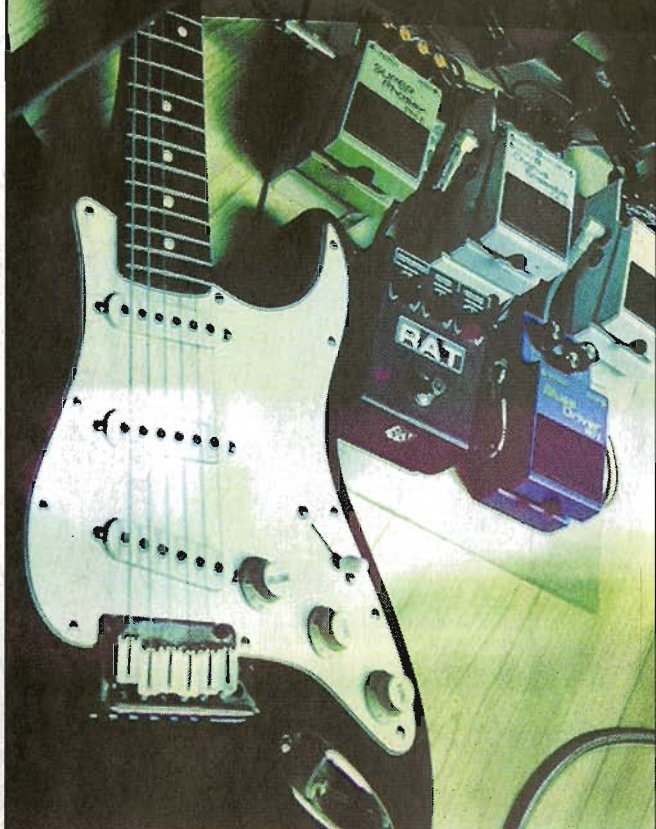
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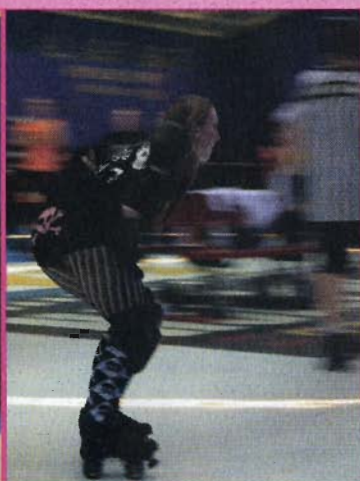
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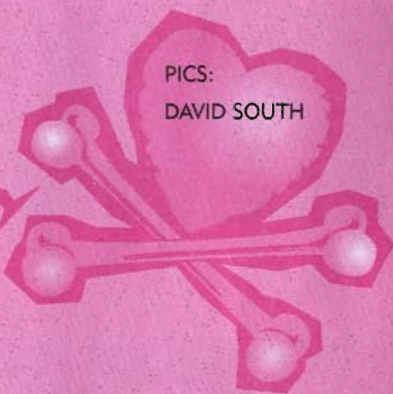




erby Girls

Demo Bout

PICS:
DAVID SOUTH



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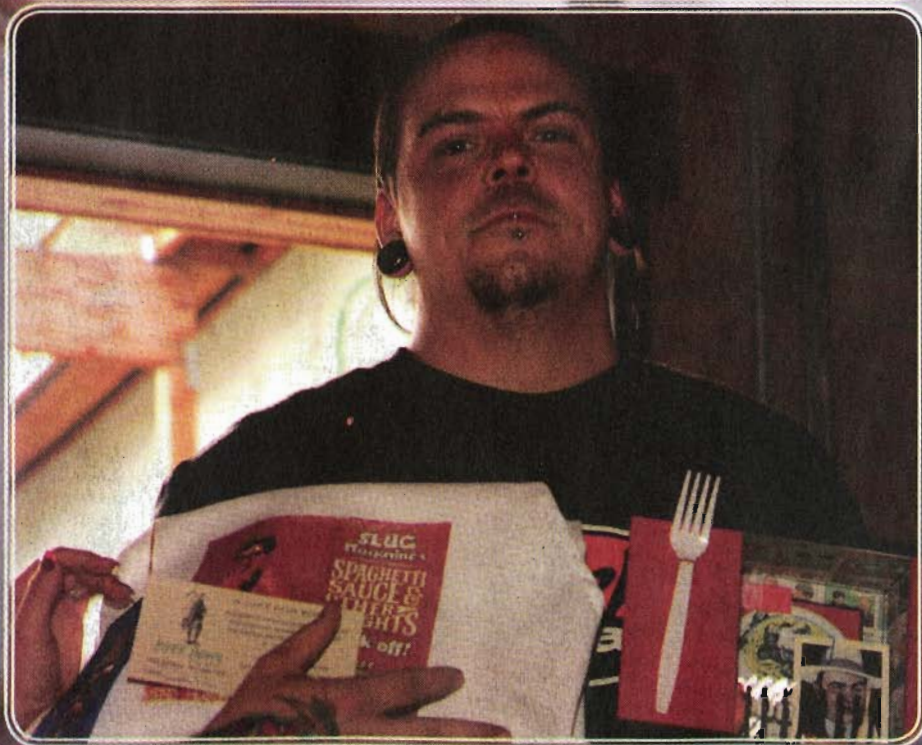
Magazine's

SPAGHETTI SAUCE & OTHER DELIGHTS

Cook-off!

PHOTOS: JON K.

Best Traditional: Big Deluxe



Best V

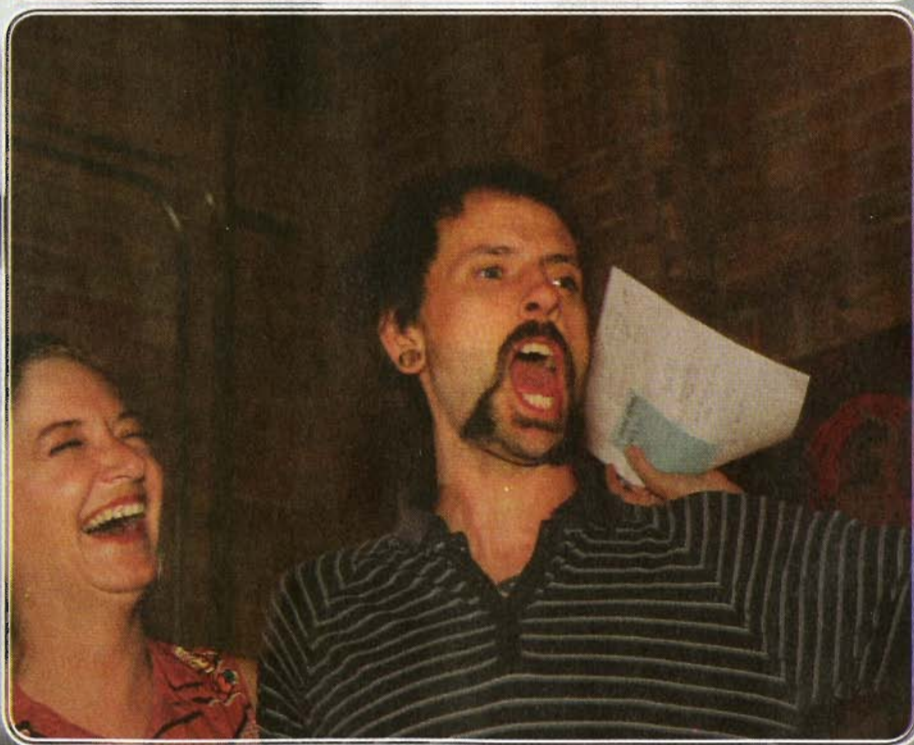


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OM

Life with an Amplifier...

By Bryer Wharton Xinvisiblewounds@aol.com

These days it is hard to be cutting edge or defy categorization. New Bands sound like previous bands that have come before them and originality is rare. Others try to mix genres in an attempt at sounding new or fresh and most of the time they just end up making a mess or missing the point. OM on the other hand, take a simple road but wind it. I'd just tell them, the record starts really big and if you don't like it there is a bunch of stuff you can choose from (laughs)," says band bassist and singer **Al Cisneros** when asked to come up with a definition to the group's sound. The best attempt to label the band plays out into what a stoner rock group would sort of sound like if they decided to cut out the guitar part entirely... somewhat like **Black Sabbath** without **Tony Iommi**. But saying that would be much too easy and OM is anything but.

If the names **Al Cisneros** and **Chris Hakius** sound slightly familiar it is because they populated two of the three members of **Sleep**. Al was the band's vocalist and bassist and Chris, the drummer. They comprised the group's rhythm section. Rhythm is essentially what OM is about with no whiny high-pitched guitar solos getting in the way of things. To go behind the motivation Cisneros explains, "We had already played in a band with a guitarist, we also felt that from our first OM practice that we were really satisfied with what potential there was with just drums voice and bass in themselves." The two members left **Sleep** in 1996 but didn't start up OM until roughly four years ago. Al doesn't deny or ignore where he came from in answer to the question if the duo is trying to ditch the **Sleep** tag. Al responds, "Not intentionally, we're definitely not in that band anymore."

The duo's debut record, *Variations on a Theme*, came out in early 2005. Wasting no time at all, the new record *Conference of the Birds* was recorded that same year and released this spring. Time is definitely an ally for the group stuck with pesky day jobs; Al and Chris see only brief periods of time to tour playing a live show at least twice a month. This summer the band plans to make a select few live appearances: one a CD release show in their home town San Francisco and later appearances in Chicago and Toronto. Not a rigorous schedule at all for a band that just released a record. This leaves the two to contemplate and write songs for the future - something Al says he has already done.

OM likes to get their point across; with their debut album it was one song and on *Conference of the Birds* it is two songs, "At Giza" and "Flight of the Eagle." In response to the unusual song approach Al explains, "It seems like when the song is only four minutes long that it still wants to continue playing, it just doesn't feel natural." The songs may be long but they play out extremely well composed in structure with a truly unique sound. The bass rolls you over flat like a steamroller yet the music isn't ultimately meant to be heavy. It is in the subtleties that the true heaviness is found. At first glance the music is mellow and highly repetitive. However, the songwriting approach is not as derivative as it seems. "It differs from every piece, it is not a formula by any means, just parts visiting your head and then you have to slowly start to either construct them or let them go depending on how you are feeling about them and go from there in whatever department. Get the drum beat there and then start to flush it out with bass lines, just work on it," says Al in describing the songwriting process.

There is no denying the fact that **Sleep** has delved into the use of that lovely green leaf. Al's use of the drug plays an integral part in the creation of the music; no, he is not stoned while writing. "Mostly just in terms of my own use I wait until doing analysis of parts and working on actual construction and it is used mostly as something to oversee it and confirm whether or not certain parts are compatible or whether something

needs to be refit, I just use it in terms of that these days, I mean obviously in the past it was constant, it was any reason," explains Cisneros. To call OM a stoner rock band would be a stretch. While listeners may heighten their listening experience if smoking the sweet leaf it isn't a necessity. Like all drugs it is only a choice. The music still has its same effect.

If you are looking for a light-hearted romp or even something to just jam out to, OM is not the ticket. The record requires one's utmost attention. The silence in-between notes is just as important as the music itself. For a newcomer OM may be hard to swallow. *Conference of the Birds* lyrically may explore freedom but it is not happy, it is murky and dreary. Lyrical inspiration comes from where it should, "Just life, just being on the planet for thirty two years," Al states.

Like always, progression is a key factor in OM's existence but not overrunning the band's sound. Comparing the group's first record to the new one Al explains, "In a lot of ways it is just a progression from the first album. I think the overall atmosphere of it is just the same. Side one, the songs are a little different than our usual stuff. It was something that continued to come up at practice over a couple of years. We definitely were connecting with the different parts. We were just maybe holding off in the sense that I mean let's get a different bass tone, we just kept working with it. It seemed really natural. The deciding factor, how does this song like even feel compared to the songs and how do they feel, we felt it led to the same end atmosphere, never the less." There is no way of avoiding comparison to **Sleep**; one band's catalogue that is essential for any stoner rock fan. OM doesn't forgo their roots but rather builds on what is already there. Vocally, the difference is unmistakable though, "Toward the end of **Sleep** it was just sort of this resonant bellowing pitch that had to be sustained - part of that sure, things change over time," says Al in discussing the vocal differences between his current band and **Sleep**.

Where did OM come from? When telling people who had no clue who OM was, first impressions from the name brought forth images of something tantric or Buddhist monks chanting. Originally the group didn't want to have a name at all, "We decided to name it that about four years ago. Ultimately we didn't really want to have a band name, just some kind of verbal address. Or no one would know where the show is, or what the album is. We thought it would be neat to not even have a name, but we had to have a name, so the meaning of OM is kind of something that was not reducible and simple," describes Al.

OM seems to write music more for themselves than to appease a certain crowd or audience. Al expands on the notion by saying, "That is how we started playing originally, when we first met in school. We wanted to make recordings that we wished that we could just go get at a store. We wanted to at least make that one record for ourselves. Then we were just like well, shit if we could have gone out and bought this when we met then fuck. It seems to be of less profit, but we hope to continue doing this for many more years. Now that we already have a lot more songs on the board..."

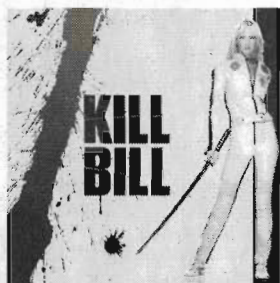
The band's live performance shows much more room for improvisation and expansion. But the ultimate goal for OM is just to leave the audience with a prominent ringing in the ears. To put things simply in explaining OM, Al puts it best when he says, "I hear these parts constantly whether instruments are hooked up or not. I hear the songs constantly. If you had to say it in one word, it is just life with the amplifier hooked up. Just an extension of what you already feel."

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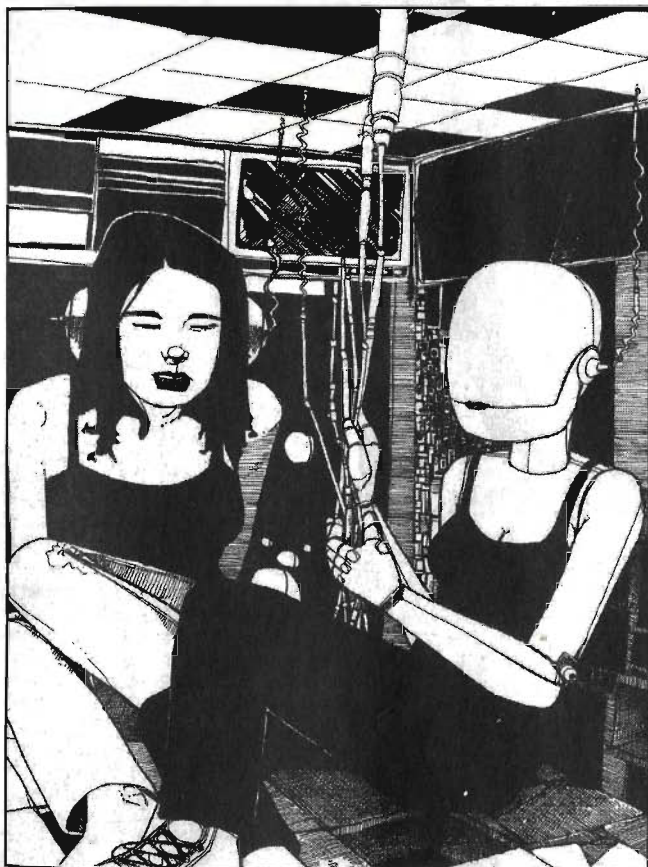
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CD REVIEWS

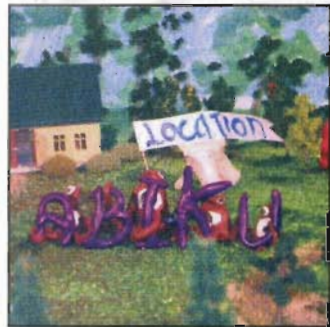
Abiku

Location

Automation Records

Street: 06.06

Abiku = The Great Redneck Hope + Gossip + Subtonix + Aquí



A two piece electro-thrash band, the differentiating factor here would be the bizarre vibrato female vocals accompanying the thrash noise background. Occasionally transgressing into darkwave, Abiku seems a bit lost in their own sound, a few gems aside. I would expect this band to do a lot of great things in the next little while, but *Location* seems a bit too programmed, a bit too random-on-purpose one minute, and ridiculously predictable the next. Just short of genius kids... keep up the good work. — Ryan Powers

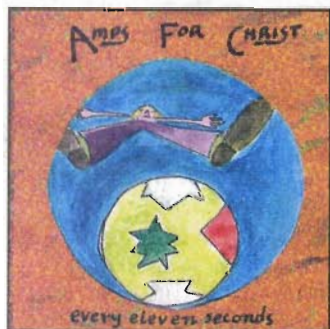
Amps for Christ

Every Eleven Seconds

5 Rue Christine

Street: 06.06

Amps for Christ = good ol' fashioned experimentalism or the most profound 43 consecutive minutes ever broadcast on community radio



Nothing is more obnoxious than asking someone what kind of music they fancy and hear them say, "Everything." Not only is it always a lie, the response usually conceals a palette more lackadaisically uninformed than a list of crappy bands. Yet, if for some reason you continue communicating with this person long enough to get inside their

automobile (boobs, maybe) and there is an Amps for Christ record resting against the emergency brake, forgive and forget. Incorporating elements of scuzz-laden analog noise ("Violated"), mariachi music ("El Corazon de San Vicente"), reinterpreted bagpipe classics ("Scotland the Brave") and Crazy Horse-esque poems ("WIB"), this record plays like the "Essential Wacky Shit You Can Do with Stringed Instruments and Tube Amplifiers" compilation you always tried to wish into existence. Add it all up and, by my estimation, your new friend likes about 27 percent of "everything." Not bad for one record. — Justin Thomas Burch

An Albatross

Blessphemy of the Peace Beast

Feastgiver and the Bear Warp Kumite

Ace Fu Records/GSL Records

Street Date: 06.27

An Albatross = AC/DC + The Locust + Quintron

A band in continual development, An Albatross has incorporated sounds into their music that are completely unprecedented in every other avant-electro band in existence. Forfisa slides, theremin swells, and most notably, guitar work so epic it makes Lord of the Rings look like a walk in the park. These guitar riffs are Iron Maiden or Motorhead worthy — played at breakneck speed over organ solos that would make your neighborhood church organists' head spin. Slightly reminiscent of The Locust's early material, the jams are a lot more straightforward than you'd expect, and God forbid, even catchy at times. This record is a shit-tan of fun. — Ryan Powers

Apiary

Last in Focus

Ironclad Records

Street: 05.02

Apiary = Borecore

Things this heavy shouldn't sound so boring. This group's attempt at technical proficiency lacks motivation and spirit that one should have when attempting to create something significant. The end result is a record chock full of heavy breakdowns with bits and pieces of speed bursts popping in from time to time. Mostly it is one giant breakdown. The hints of something good shine only at inopportune times. I think I lost my focus a minute into the album. Apiary is definitely lost somewhere. Try hard not to fall asleep; my senses are dulled now and I'm highly annoyed. Ignore this fiasco while you can. — Bryer Wharton

Art Brut

Bang Bang Rock And Roll

Downtown Records

Street: 06.13

Art Brut = Clinic + The Clash, I guess + Velvet Underground + Pure, distilled Joy

What a fucking worthless equation. That said, this was my favorite album of '05. This will not affect my review of the US expanded release (3 new tracks, best among them on incredible interpretation of The Righteous Brothers' lyrics), I swear to god for you. There is an undeniable joy in Art Brut, even when they're being witty and ironic. No cynicism creeps into the lyrics about hating Velvet Underground or drinking Hennessy with Morrissey. This is pure and simple art rock at its very best. Even if Art Brut aren't the best musicians ever (well, it is punk influenced, you know), their lyrics are amazing and the presentation is superb. Hell, he's singing about naked girls, modern art and Enrico Gatti of the Red Brigade. I bet you'll think this album's better than most music you've heard in a year if you ignore the equation (Seriously I fuck up once and you disbelieve me? Dude.) and just buy the goddamn album. — Andrew J Jepsen

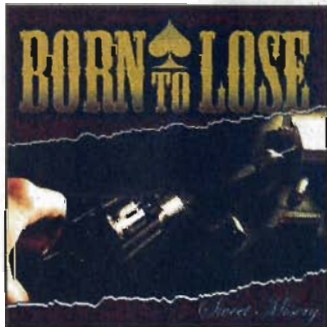
Born to Lose

Sweet Misery

Sailors Grave Records

Street: 06.23

Born to Lose = The Ducky Boys + Street Dogs + Angel City Outcasts



This band sounds like they should be busting down the doors of a pub on the streets of Boston, but they're actually from Texas. Their guitar riffs are reminiscent of Social Distortion while the lyrics sound more like the Street Dogs could have written them. I'm sure this band would be popular playing an all ages venue full of Angel City Outcasts fans, or at a bar show playing to a few bleary eyed and belligerent regulars. Unfortunately many of the songs sort of blur together because they all sound so similar. The track that stood out the most amongst the monotony was "Sweet Misery". — Jeanette Moses

The Bouncing Souls

The Gold Record

Epitaph Records

Street: 06.06

The Bouncing Souls = Melodic punk rock romp with sing-a-longs and plenty of New Jersey pride



As always, the Souls cram infectious sing-a-longs in classic Souls style down the ear canals of their fans on *The Gold Record*. There is an overwhelmingly positive vibe throughout the entire album, which makes one wonder if they heeded the advice of our good friend Bobby McFerrin and decided not to worry and just be happy. The album serves as a war cry for the trodden-down to be revived from hard times and move on to the future, where everything is inevitably more promising and better than the past. "Letter From Iraq" was written by an Iraq veteran and shows the most negativity on the album with images of a war gone wrong. The album as a whole is much slower and more anthem-filled than the average Souls record, which leaves a hankering for a few faster songs and shrieking vocals. Regardless of pace, the album is a success. — Jeremy Wilkins

Celtic Frost

Manotheist

Century Media

Street: 05.30

Celtic Frost = an unholy reunion

In answer to the question posed by thrash greats S.O.D., whatever happened to Celtic Frost? They didn't get lost they just took a long-ass break. It's been 13 years. Fans and the metal community alike have waited with bated breath for the most anticipated release this year. Monotheist delivers those expectations and more. The record is easily the heaviest and most polished the group has ever sounded. The dynamic the record carries isn't easily copied. Each track carries itself; most songs are slow and heavy though speed does sneak its way in. Tom G. Fisher's vocals are more powerful than anything he has laid claim to yet. Fierce growls and haunting vocals

odd to on already evil atmosphere. The guitar tone relishes the old school while harnessing a new and bold brutality. There is no way to describe the songs on *Monothest*—each carries its own story and pain. Fans of old should enjoy the new dabbling. Newcomers can easily access the heaviness, whereas the older material, classic as it may be, is harder for power-hungry kids to indulge in. It took quite some time for these seasoned metal icons to produce, but damn have they produced. —Bryer Wharton

Chatham County Line

Speed of the Whippoorwill

Yep-roc Records

Street: 05.30

Chatham County Line = Old 97's + Uncle

Tupelo + Drive-By Truckers



Breaking traditional conventions in structure, Chatham County Line's unique brand of neo-bluegrass and roots country hearkens to days lost, when life was tough, yet poetic. *Speed of the Whippoorwill* is the third album from the Raleigh, North Carolina quartet. The music on this is steeped in the American narrative tradition and the jovial lyrics reflect this. The group's insistence that they are more a rock band than anything else belies the absolute truth that this is an album packed with bluegrass and country. The rock influence ends with such revivalist bluegrass groups as the Nitty Gritty Dirt Band. That said, it is difficult to pin them down to any one genre, and this gives them the opportunity to reach an indie audience that may otherwise be disinterested. The highlights of the album include the narrative rich "They Were Just Children," and the bluegrass instrumental, "Savoy Special." If you are a fan of bluegrass and country then you will find in this album a much-needed vitality, if not, do yourself a favor and check this one out, you may learn something. —Brady Gunnell

Cheap Sex

Written in Blood

Punk Core Records

Street: 06.06

Cheap Sex = Clit 45 + The Virus + The Casualties

Cheap Sex's third full-length album is just as raw and hard-hitting as their previous two releases. They aren't has been yet and I have a feeling that this is a punk band that is going to be around for a long time. Their arrangement is tight and song lyrics are simple enough to catch

on to offer only hearing the hook, which is a must for any kick-ass punk anthem. But like most punk bands I'd rather see Cheap Sex live then listen to their album. There is a certain energy that is lost on this album, which is what makes Cheap Sex a good band. My favorite tracks were "Excuses" and "Psychopath", both of which have potential to become chant-along crowd favorites (*Captain's Quarters*: 06.25). —Jeanette Moses

Cheveruil

Capoeira

Sickroom Records

Street: 06.05

Cheveruil = Don Cabellero's American Don

-shutzpah

If this was 1999, I would write all kinds of nifty Cheveruil similes involving ravenous serpents, thunderclouds, some mythical godhead or another, those giant dump trucks in open pit mines and pugilism. Long gone are the days when instrumental "post-rock" seemed progressive and interesting. Even the skills of sound engineer, Archduke of Chicago, Steve Albini, seem to have gone the way of the Atkins Diet. The overall sound is deplorably plush, highlighted by drum work that can only be described as spongy. Mind you, there are a select number of artists that continue to offer provocative recordings within this silly little genre, but this record is about as bold as something Tyondai Braxton would record on his lunch break. —Justin Thomas Burch

Cinemachanica

The Martial Arts

Hello Sir

Street: 05.23

Cinemachanica = bad seafood + jogging + guitars competing for attention



This record is a spastic dud. If you were ever stuck in a waiting room, killing time by trying to imagine what it would sound like if a set of sexually-frustrated teenagers that were desperately in need of Ritalin got together and wrote a 31 minute album in 6 minutes and dedicated it to *Dream Theater*, then your daydream has spawned a band, you asshole. On the upside, this is what it sounds like inside the guy from *Fallout Boy*'s head when he violently pukes into his silly hat after drinking a few too many pre-show wine coolers. On the promo-sleeve that accompanied the record, some fool is quoted as saying that the track "I'm tired of Paul McCartney" making the *Mars Volta* look like a pack

of mewling babes." Even the band member's mothers know this couldn't be further from the truth, as I'm sure they try not to discuss how they think the band composed of their collective offspring is absolutely fucking stupid. —Sucka MC

Cloudland Canyons

Requiem Der Natur 2002-2004

Tee Pee Records

Street: 06.13

Cloudland Canyons = the Grand Canyon + clouds + samples from a 99 cent world music bin.



Sound collage is good for a few things, namely: background noise for your favorite avant-garde play, as a sleeping aid, or as spooky music for some house of horrors. Sound collage is also the breeding ground for side projects of musicians who feel the need to branch out from rock n' roll. Such is the case for Cloudland Canyon, headed by *Panthers* guitarist Kip Uhlhorn. There is nothing particularly interesting about this album; the songs meander through various sound scopes and noises that lead nowhere in particular. The use of world instruments is an interesting concept, and ties the names of the songs such as "Coastal Breathe" to the aesthetic of the album; but in the end, the album sounds a little constricted. —Andrew Glassett

Caachwhips

Double Death

Narnack Records

Street: 05.23

Caachwhips = a pretty hot flash in a relatively hot pan

If you can find your screaming, sweaty face on the cover of this B-sides and rarities compilation, you are apparently one of the lucky. Playing the "well, you missed it, but here is everything we ever recorded in a far less visceral form than the shows everyone is still jizzing about" card, Caachwhips has again managed to put us in our place despite breaking up about a year ago. Thankfully, we also have a DVD documenting the length of the three-piece's short-lived existence, from the house party days (obviously) to the final show. On second thought, that only seems to drive the dagger a little deeper. So, for those who were there (jerks), enjoy your memories while everyone else moves on and finds another spastic bunch of blues fetishists spouting incoherencies via megaphones to patronize. —Justin Thomas Burch

The Coup

Pick a Bigger Weapon

Anti/Epitaph

Street: 05.25

The Coup = C Murda + Andre 3000 + Public Enemy

Boots Riley and DJ Pam the Funkstress come together with their love of funk and political-revolutionary narrative. The storytelling is abundant in this extraordinary album, filled with sly humor and affluent imagery. The Coup's third album, *Pick a Bigger Weapon*, holds the values of activism, reflecting the relevant raps of Public Enemy, *KRS-ONE* and *Zach de la Rocca (RATM)*. Riley acknowledged that pain is a part of the scenery as is keeping the beautiful things of life in mind. Guest spots on the album include *Tom Morello (RATM)*, *Jello Biafra (Dead Kennedy's)*, and *Black Thought (The Roots)*. Riley excels on this album, not as a "political rapper" but as a storyteller who evokes the social issues, hidden political agenda and personal assumptions of our time. This record pokes fun at political leaders, mocks the rich and powerful and articulates the economic basics behind the drug industry. One of the best hip hop albums of 2006. (July 1st; *Ego's*) —Lance Saunders

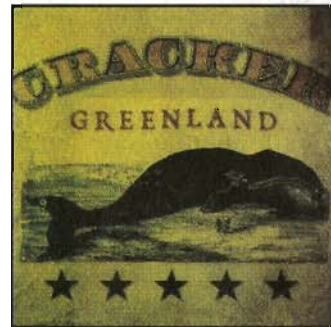
Cracker

Greenland

Cooking Vinyl

Street Date: 06.06

Cracker = Camper Van Beethoven + ska + Willie Nelson



Fresh off their troubles with former label Virgin (the company released their "Greatest Hits" without asking, blah blah), the boys from Cracker present their seventh studio release. True to form, this collection of works features singer/songwriter/multi-instrumentalist *David Lowery's* old-school country style narratives—about bars, hangovers, travels and more bars—and guitarist *Johnny Hickman's* twang-meets-early-college-radja six-string wizardry, a combination the band has relied on since its inception in 1991. Occasionally this fifteen-year old formula wears thin, as Lowery's lyrics sometimes sag and rely on the limbs of past hits (i.e. replace "Paris" with "Mendocino County" and "Euro-trash Girl" becomes "Where Have Those Days Gone?"). However, songs such as the blazing, riff-laden, quasi-Zepplin "Gimme One More Chance" and porch-stomping ode to hillbilly love ("saw my baby at the dry goods store/ I'm so glad she aint never coming back")

help outweigh the faults. The fact is, Cracker's stylized ability to pull you in to their world via endearing music and stories remains. While many veteran rockers turn to gimmicks and studio tricks, Cracker stays true to their vision – and still gets a decent amount of mileage out of it. – *Dave Madden*

Dälek

Streets All Amped

Ad Noiseam

Street Date: 06.06

Dälek = the hardest damned hip-hop this and that side of the Pecos



To say "Dälek is at it again" implies they're doing their usual thing. And they kind of are. Are you tired of it? Doubtful. Building on the tough-as-fuck principles established on previous efforts (particularly on *Filthy Tongue of Gods and Griots*), the trio of MC/producer Dälek, producer Oktopus and turntablist Still's delivery on this four-song EP is still as sneering as it is head-nodding, resembling a series of sucker punches in a dark alley or possibly the feeling one would experience, ski mask in hand, on the drive to storm the Republican National Convention ... ahem. The difference here (and maybe from now on) is the production value. They replace the saturated, grungy paint-peeled wall of noise with a bit more musical clarity. While somber, driving beats and polytonal melodies still abound, they follow a few decibels behind Dälek's vocals, mixed in the foreground and playing perhaps a bit more in the starring role than another instrument in the avalanche of sound. Like a phoenix continually rising from its ashes, Dälek's power grows more impressive and stronger with each release. Beware. – *Dave Madden*

Dead Celebrity Status

Blood Music

Bodog Music

Street: 06.27

Dead Celebrity Status = Junior High

Remember when you were in the fifth grade and the film *Judgment Night* was released? Remember checking out the soundtrack of rock and hip-hop fusions and becoming so excited that all those Gobstoppers flew right out of your mouth and you dropped your Hi-C juice box, ruining your game of "Don't Break the Ice"? Remember in the eighth grade when you bought Korn's *Follow the Leader* (forgive yourself, you were still young) and found the MC battle between

John Davis and Fred Durst completely unbearable? Remember the reign of Limp Bizkit, Kotton Mouth Kings and Linkin' Park? Remember waiting so goddamn long for this hardcore cracker rapper invasion to end that you were astounded to find that it had now followed you all the way through college? Well you're all grown up now but you better head to the store and buy yourself a ginormous box of Capri Suns (Big Pouches) because apparently you forgot that hell is for eternity. – *Michael Steffen*

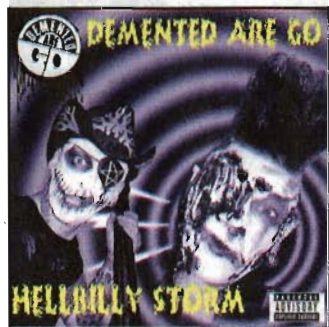
Demented Are Go

Hellbilly Storm

Hepcat

Street: 05.16

Demented Are Go = The Cramps + Anti-Nowhere League + Asmodeus



Demented Are Go, front man Spark Retard was not allowed through US customs earlier this year, as the authorities had been informed of his antics onstage and off. Sparky, the disturbing heart and soul of Demented Are Go, who could best be described as the unholy spawn of both GG Allen and Lux Interior of the Cramps, is well known for his drug abuse, public displays of nudity and onstage sex acts. While authorities prevented the band from touring the states, their new record *Hellbilly Storm* has been able to penetrate our shores. These 13 tracks are a beautiful abomination of rock n' roll. The track "Out Of Control," seems somewhat autobiographical for Spark, as the songs discuss cross-dressing, murder and drug use. The most outstanding track is the country tune "Some One's Out to Get Me," bouncing stand-up bass and eerie mandolin in this track sets an uneasy mood. **Charlie Harper** of the UK Subs guests sporadically throughout the record on harmonica, really giving the record a roots music feeling that most psych bands lack. If this is the type of record that Sparky and company can produce, they won't be able to keep him out for long. – *James Orme*

The Ducky Boys

The War Back Home

Sailors Grave Records

Street: 05.02

The Ducky Boys = Born to Lose + a watered down version of Dropkick Murphys

First of all, let me say I absolutely fucking detest when a band on a record label sounds like a slightly different version of every other band on that same label. Second of all, I can see why this band

has been around for 10 years and are still relatively unknown. Their songs seem more geared towards the geriatric as opposed to the punk rock crowd they are trying to target. I suggest speeding everything up would help, also maybe cutting the "ooo yeahs" and "all rights" out a little. You really don't need to throw one of those in to every damned song. Lastly, The Ducky Boys need to draw their inspiration from more than **Tyler Durden's** (*Fight Club*) one-liners. Oh and one last thing, moaning "Isolation" over and over again shouldn't count as a hook. – *Jeanette Moses*

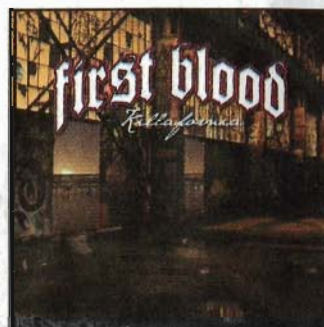
First Blood

Killafornia

Trustkill

Street: 05.02

First Blood = Hatebreed + Terror + Blood for Blood



Mosh 101:

1. Insert First Blood's Killafornia
2. Press Play
3. Listen for obligatory Rambo quote.
4. Bob head to Blood for Blood and Hatebreed style riffs
5. Wait for breakdown (which is 1 of 100)
6. Go nuts for breakdown
7. Sing along to "They drew first blood!" (or other poignantly placed sing along)
8. Ponder the canned-sounding vocals and occasionally interesting drum beats found in the interim between tough guy break downs.

Repeat steps 4-8 for 34 minutes.

– *Peter Fryer*

The Forecast

In The Shadow of Two Gunman

Victory Records

Street: 05.30

The Forecast = X96 since 2002 + Jimmy Eat World/Braid/The Get up Kids Inc. + holyshit chick voice

Is this a tribute band? Yeah, I know they write all their own songs. Their lyrics and riffs are their own. But, see, here's what I don't get: why do they sound exactly like everything shitty on MySpace? Either it's a brilliant hat tip towards generic emo rock bullshit, or they have no idea that any of those bands above exist. See those bands, The Forecast? You sound exactly like a desperate and utterly terrible simulacrum of them. **Dan Hoerner** might uncomfortably disagree behind a quivering and unsure lower lip like a stoop, but you don't know who that is, do you? And you only heard The Anniversary accidentally once during an episode of *Smallville*, right? You guys are

on utterly innocuous and terrible version of all of them. I will give The Forecast that. The one unique sound they added to the genre was complete, undeniable blandness. – *Andrew J Jepsen*

Gadget

The Funeral March

Relapse

Street: 05.02

Gadget = not the inspector

Originally beginning as a one-man project, William Blackmon decided his creativity would be better served with additional members. Good choice. After extensive recruitment, the Swedish foursome that is Gadget was formed. Like most grind acts Gadget's songs are numerous and short-- the album's 17 blasting bursts of speed blow by in the blink of an eye. Listen closely or you will miss it. I can think of plenty of other grind acts I would rather listen to, but Gadget does well for what they are. Unlike some of their peers, there seems to be more structure to the chaotic frenzy, short lived as it may be. The group has the goods to appease the grind crowd but extending from the genre into other territory is not an option. Enjoy it for what it is; overanalyze it and you will get bored. – *Bryer Wharton*

Genghis Tron

Dead Mountain Mouth

Crucial Blast

Street: 06.06

Genghis Tron = Discordance Axis + Agoraphobic Nosebleed + Lotus + Dimmu Borgir + Depeche Mode

Add equal amounts of blast-core and ambient electronica, you usually get a pile of shit. In this case, however, Genghis Tron has pulled it off without an air of irony. In comparison to previous releases, *Dead Mountain Mouth* is a lot more metal and a lot less electro-dance. The sound has matured, and gone darker – the electro breakdowns are a lot more developed and complimentary to the blast-metal climaxes. There is even a wider range of vocals, varying from throat blistering thrash screams to dark Joy Division-esque singing (though it is 95% throat blistering thrash screams). My personal favorite songs of the album show an intense appreciation for song composition, using the blast beats and breakdowns equally, as carefully calculated accents to the chaotic cacophony (i.e. "Dead Mountain Mouth" and "White Walls"). – *Ryan Powers*

Ignite

Our Darkest Days

Abacus

Street: 05.16

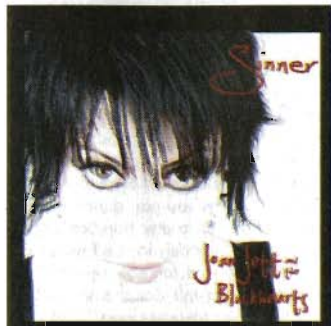
Ignite = Ignite

Ignite's last album was released in 2000 - Y2K hadn't caused a nuclear holocaust, and a thief was just taking the oath of oval office. Much has changed in those last 6 years. In the past, poignant lyrics about direct action were Ignite's calling card - even on the more pop-sounding *A Place Called Home*. The year is 2006 and age seems to have caught up with

Ignite. Revolution, environmentalism, and direct action no longer seem to be top of their mind. Perhaps it's the view offered by age, but the songs on *Our Darkest Days* are still political, just more cryptic and ambiguous. Zoli's voice is still great, unfortunately the confines of punk rock chords don't allow much room for his vocal abilities to flow, so the singing patterns become recycled quickly. Ignite reverts to the rage of the post on a few songs, namely "Poverty for All" (which concerns Zoli's native country of Hungary) "Sove Yourself" which features a great guitar riff and clocks in at a blistering 1:20, and "Know Your History" that show that there is still a band just as furious as they were when they started 10 years ago. (Boom Va 06.07) – Peter Fryer

Joan Jett & the Blackhearts

Sinner
Blackheart
Street: 06.13
Joan Jett = The Runaways - Lita Ford + Wendy O. Williams



"Gotta change the world!" howls Joan Jett on track six of her latest album.

Sinner, the first studio album in over ten years from Jett and her Blackhearts sets opens with a highly politicized message and catchy hook. Unfortunately, that is really where the novelty ends. Aside from Jett's increasingly gritty voice and the Orwellian anti-Bush opener, this album sounds like it could have been scooped up directly from 1985. The Blackhearts are back with what they do best, rock, but it just doesn't go much further. For some, this may very well be a blessing. It means more straightforward, accessible rock from an iconic front-woman whom is staying true to her roots. To others, this album could be plain boring. To me it lacks the vitality of the younger Jett, as on 1981's seminal album. Here she sounds as if she has found a template, the music is mechanical as is her voice. On "Fetish" the band gets closer to doing something sonically interesting with their brand of three-chord guitar rock. And then she loses me when she sings about pounding some ass. This is the kind of music that should be reserved for listening to after five beers at a grungy bar. So, prepare yourself, and go see Joan Jett and Blackhearts on this years *Warped Tour*. – Brady Gunnell

Kampfz

Kvass
Napalm

Street: 06.06
Kampfz = Satyricon + Darkthrone + Immortal + Enslaved + Carpathian Forest

Black metal from Norway, who would have thought? Just kidding. Kampfz continues the icy country's legacy in typical black metal fashion, highly embracing the folk elements of the music yet retaining the grim brutality of true Norwegian black metal. It is hard not to compare the band to others; the style has been done at every angle. Don't expect anything new with Kvass. That doesn't mean it isn't good, it just means that one not new to the genre can't help but feel they've heard these songs before. You can't knock them for being copycats-they've been around since the genre started in the early 90s. One can easily guarantee that Kvass is their heaviest outing yet. Soak yourself in the dark pagan imagery painted. – Bryer Wharton

Kings of Nuthin'

Over the Counter Culture
Sailor's Grave
Street: 05.02
Kings of Nuthin' = The Nite Riders + The Amazing Crowns + The Ducky Boys



Have you ever been punched in the face with rhythm and blues ... no? Then you ain't been listnin' to the Kings of Nuthin'. This Boston-based eight piece has fought their fair share of battles to become one of the hardest working and most original acts out on the road today. Blending the fast paced gritty blues and swing of the 30s, 40s and 50s, the Kings are definitely in a category all their own. *Over the Counter Culture* is the perfect example of what these troublemakers are all about. While seven tracks are pure originals, the other seven tracks on this record are covers dedicated to the wide range of influences this band draws from. They cover Oi! and street punk bands like *Blitz* and *Peter and the Test Tube Babies*, but also blues legends like *Hank Ballard* and *the Midnighters*. Originals mix naturally with the covers and the Kings make every song their own. This whole record is a bar fight turned riot. So grab your best gal head to your favorite speakeasy, saloon or bar, and get to it with the King of Nuthin'. – James Orme

The Leather Uppers

Bright Lights
Goner Records
Street: 05.02
The Leather Uppers = The Oblivians with less scuzz + a more minimal Mudhoney with twice the sense of humor

After a twelve-year (yes, twelve year) hiatus the Leather Uppers return to bring yet another record of generic '90's garage punk like those 12 years had never passed. So generic in fact that the blatant display of all-out genericism (yes, genericism, deal with it) just happens to be one of the many strong-points of the Leather Uppers oeuvre. On top of that you'll find some of the best rock (not rawk) riffs this side of (insert favorite riff-punk band here) making this whole thing seem as effortless as effortlessness itself. If that weren't enough, buried deep within each song on this platter is what I consider to be the icing on the cake, the *creme de la creme*: the lyrics. Now, I'm not normally one for lyrics, sometimes they stand out and I take notice but more often than not they're just there. But whatever these characters smoke before writing these songs let me in 'cause this here poetry is so dumb it's brilliant (or was it so brilliant it's dumb?). This thing gets better with each subsequent listen and if you're feeling a bit nostalgic for the days of yore might I say that *Bright Lights* will duly hit the spot. "If you're going to say it baby... say it in French!" – Jored Soper

Luca Turilli

The Infinite Wonders of Creation/
Dreamquest: Lost Horizons
Magic Circle
Street: 06.06
Luca Turilli = Nightwish - Tarja Turunen + a bad female vocalist

Rhapsody guitarist Luca Turilli has taken on a bold venture: dual releases, one a solo work and one under the moniker Dreamquest. The releases should have stayed one ultimately. Each possesses the same qualities and style. If not familiar with Nightwish, the Finnish symphonic power metal band has been dazzling fans for years with the ever-talented Tarja Turunen at the helm, until recently, when she was ousted. Both projects embody the same spirit as Nightwish, heavy on the keyboard synthesis and power chords with occasional solos. Turilli hinges on something epic but things seem to sputter and die once the momentum has grinded down. The female vocalist for both projects has trouble hitting notes, and in many instances just winds up sounding inexperienced and dull. Fans of the genre should take heed. The projects lack spirit and emotion. There is no doubt Turilli's playing skills are at a lower level than his talent on both records. He was shooting for a certain sound, which for the most part is achieved, but at a high price. If it is a heaping hunk of excessive keyboard and boredom you crave then look no further. Turilli has a ways to go before taking on the role of a solo artist. – Bryer Wharton

Mad Sin

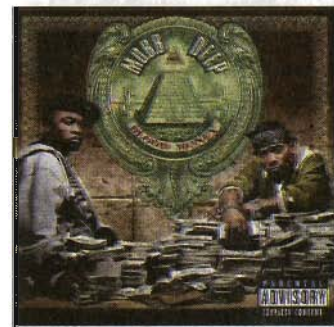
Dead Moon Walking
Sailor's Grave
Street: 05.16
Mad Sin = Stray Cats + The Dwarves + The Klingonz + Voodoo Glow Skulls

The first song "The Point of no Return" is just that; once you start listening to this

CD there's no turning back. Mad Sin has played the European underground circuit for almost two decades now and finally makes their way to the states with this their first domestic release. This German psychobilly band has taken the influence of the original psycho bands and incorporated different genres, truly pushing the limits of rock n' roll. With songs like "Cannibal Super Star" and "Plastic Monsters," *Dead moon colling* is just the record for Mad Sin to break through to an American audience. – James Orme

Mobb Deep

Blood Money
G-Unit / Interscope
Street: 05.02
Mobb Deep = the grandfather puppets of G-Unit's new world order



The story goes like this: 50 Cent claims Mobb Deep as a losing influence; Mobb Deep fulfills their contract elsewhere and become free agents; 50 Cent makes a phone call or two; ba-da-bing, ba-da-boom, Mobb Deep are sippin' on some Vitamin Water with a whole unit of Gs at Reebok HQ. Not surprisingly, 50 Cent's presence is so pervasive on this record his name may as well be on the cover (not a good thing). Under Captain G's reverse tutelage, Prodigy and Havoc, the former bling kings, drop a pile of heavy-handed, uselessly self-referential stinkers. So, we blame the boss for being a brick talkin' ass-clown. Truth is, 50 Cent has become quite the business, man (as HOVA would say). He walked straight up to those idols of his and said, "Shorty, wanna play some three card monte wit me?" They were waiting on the queen of spades and found nothing but *Blood Money*. – Justin Thomas Burch

Phoenix

It's Never Been Like That
Astralwerks
Street: 05.23
Phoenix = Spoon + Thomas Bangalter

Like many Phoenix fans, I first discovered the band after hearing the song "Too Young" that was on the *Lost In Translation* soundtrack. That song and Phoenix's debut album, *United*, was great pop music. Although it was nothing groundbreaking, their mixture of guitars, breathy vocals, and keyboards through a Francophone filter made Phoenix a fun, unpretentious band. With *It's Never Been Like That*, their third album, it appears that Phoenix now just wants to rock. As the album art suggests, Phoenix has abandoned their countrymen's influence

(Air, Cassius) in favor of bland, Capitol records, ten-dollar introductory price, monochromatic-band-photo rock. The hooks and pop sensibility remain, but the keyboards and catchiness of *United* has been abandoned. Regrettably, Phoenix has risen from the ashes a little less Daft Punk and a lot more Jet. — Bob Leavitt

Rebel Meets Rebel

Rebel Meets Rebel
Big Vin Records

Street: 05.02

Rebel Meets Rebel = the music of Pantera + the country vocals of David Allen Coe



I first heard about this project back when Pantera was still together. After many years and the tragic death of Dimebag Darrell, the country-meets-metal album has come to light. Would Dimebag be rolling over in his grave because this material has come to the masses? Fuck no! At first the two genres seem to clash, but the record pounds each style into submission until neither can take it. With *Damageplan* there was only an inkling of what Dimebag is capable of. *Rebel Meets Rebel* displays the guitarist's skills in a homage fitting for the immortalized shredder. It is a pity that the chance to see this band live with Dimebag will never come to be. Before now, the so-called rebel country vocalist David Allen Coe was just a name to me; now there is a voice, though forever associated with the Cowboys from Hell he may be. This may not go over well for heavy music fans, but open your ears to a meeting of minds that only Dime could've come up with. — Bryer Wharton

The Residents

River of Crime

Cordless Records

Street: 06.13

The Residents = This formula doesn't work.

Here's the deal with that goddamn equation. It's not that putting Captain Beefheart, Devo or Ween would be wrong as far as who The Residents' process most resemble. But, this album doesn't sound like them. Anyone familiar with The Residents' *God in Three Persons* or, less so, *Wormwood*, would agree this new concept album is in their vein, but this album sounds more like AMC's *Remember WENN* or a particularly dark and innovative KRCL talk show than *Chocolate and Cheese*. While the concept is good (basically The Residents are telling the story of a 'friend' of theirs who believes crime follows him everywhere), and the release system

interesting (every 2 weeks a new part in the 5 part series) will be released to online music retailers), *River of Crime* probably isn't as interesting and experimental as previous releases, nor particularly gratifying to people who've never heard of them. Potentially their most accessible album to date, it's also one of their least interesting. Pity. — Andrew J Jepsen

Roots Tonic Meets Bill Laswell

Self Titled

ROIR Records

Street: 05.09

Tonic & Laswell = 10 Ft. Ganja Plant +

Matisyahu (minus vocals) + Lion Dub Station

Anyone who adores the new reggae phenomena Matisyahu can't exclude Roots Tonic in his somewhat-overnight success...because, whether you know it or not, they are the Chasidic artists [Matisyahu] band. Members Aaron Dundan (guitar), Josh Werner (bass and keys) and Jonah David (drums) meet up with super producer, Bill Laswell. Laswell had his genius mits in countless projects, including George Clinton, Peter Gabriel, Santana, Miles Davis and Bob Marley. This album is an exuberant look into what the band is capable of when forced to deliver without lyrics. At the helm/mixer, Laswell adds weird noises to give it the "extra touch." From distorted doorbells and splat noises to cell phone tones and high end synths, I couldn't help being tricked. Self-proclaimed as "a futuristic/space dub transmission", Roots Tonic is on fertile ground and what grows out of the soil is sure to get everyone high. — Lance Saunders

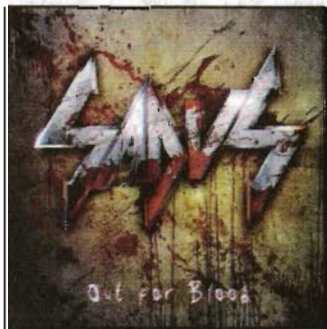
Sadus

Out For Blood

The End Records

Street: 05.02

Sadus = bow down the thrash legends have returned



It has been seven long years, but Sadus have returned led by Iced Earth, Death, and Testament bassist Steve Di Giorgio. A consistent force in the thrash metal world, *Out For Blood* marks the group's 9th album. Di Giorgio has stepped up his playing skills; there is no doubt this thrash trio is led by a bassist. Bass lines rule the record and are consistently heard throughout the album. Forget all the pseudo-thrash clones nowadays that just steal Slayer riffs. Sadus is the real thing. Speed lays the foundation for riffing drums and screams to crack your head wide open. "No More" offers some electronic indulgence blipping in and

out of the mayhem. The entire record demands attention and does nothing to hinder that. Testament vocalist Chuck Billy lends a hand on the last track "Crazy," and crazy is as crazy does. The musicianship displayed in the trio is amazing. Leads and, most importantly, the bass show the so-called modern thrashers what's for. This is old school thrash for the new millennium — imitators beware. — Bryer Wharton

Satyricon

Now, Diabolical

Century Media

Street: 06.13

Satyricon = no frills black metal from Norway



Much like the notorious duo Frost and Satyr's last outing, *Volcano*, Satyricon's latest *Now, Diabolical* utilizes the more basic elements of black metal to create an atmosphere of evil. What this means is instead of the gratuitous nature of bands like Dimmu Borgir that use over-the-top keyboards and highly polished production, Satyricon is stripped down to the bare bones of metal. There aren't a lot of frills and fancy colors associated with this output, just the basics. There is simplicity with *Now, Diabolical*'s straightforward riffs and Satyr's disgruntled vocals. What lacked on *Volcano* is included on the latest: brief and chilling melodies and clean vocals. There is no denying the catchy guitar work that has made the duo infamous. For the band the less-is-more approach bodes well for the demanding metal fan. — Bryer Wharton

Scar Symmetry

Pitch Black Progress

Nuclear Blast

Street: 05.02

Scar Symmetry = Nightingale + Edge of Sanity + Opeth

Add another band to your talent roster. One might question the longevity of Scar Symmetry, considering members, Jonas Kjellgren (Carnal Forge, Centinex, World Below), Henrik Ohlsson (Altered Aeon, Theory in Practice, Mutant), Per Nilsson (Altered Aeon), Christian Alvestam, (Unmanned, Incapacity, Torchbearer) have obviously been in enough bands to fill a metal festival. That aside, this supposedly fresh addition to the melodic death metal genre pretty much just rips off a sound Dan Swano created. The juxtaposition of progressive and death metal does well and is entertaining for what it is. To call themselves a breath of fresh air or original is a stretch, though.

The sound — clean and growled vocals, keyboards, heavy yet melodic riffing so on and so forth — has been done before and done a whole lot better. Add another notch to your belt, because this band isn't going anywhere. — Bryer Wharton

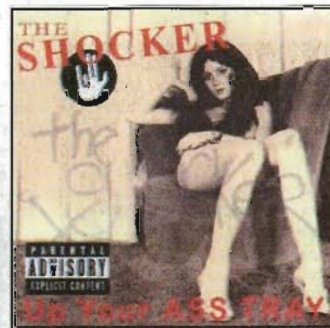
The Shocker

Up Your Ass Tray

Go Kort Records

Street: 05.15

The Shocker = Nagg + The Donnas + The Ramones



Remember the band L7? Well The Shocker is Jennifer Finch's new band. I was a little apprehensive of this band at first because everything about them seemed so damned campy. The album cover even has a cartoon hand giving the shocker. Luckily I didn't judge this album by its cover. The Shocker combines raspy girl vocals, songs you can dance to and lyrics that are all pretty humorous. *Up Your Ass Tray* definitely took a few listens to before it started to grow on me, but eventually I couldn't get the songs out of my head. My favorites were "Cash In" and "Smoke Rings". — Jeanette Moses

Six Organs Of Admittance

The Sun Awakens

Drag City Records

Street: 06.13

Six Organs Of Admittance = Vetiver + early Angels Of Light + Tenhi

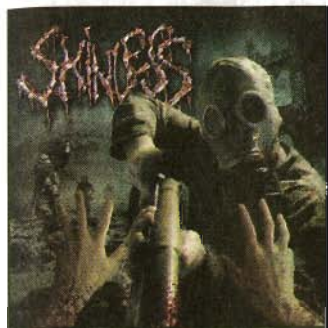


If you have an hour to sit down and really absorb this record it will take you to some really beautiful, but vaguely terrifying places. Ben Chasny (Six Organs mastermind) has never been one to put out light-hearted folk music. If folk music is a sunshine laced slumbering aesthetic that you enjoy on Sunday afternoons, you may not be at all ready for this record. This time around Ben incorporates some electric guitars and a huge tribal sound of atmospheric noise to lure his listeners in to the real darkness behind these cryptic lullabies. Much like Michael Gira (Swans and Angels Of Light guru) Chasny

brings a baritone croon to his acoustic ensemble that ultimately pays off with a slight feeling of dread and melancholy. Never-the-less these songs are beautiful and never disappointing, but if you're looking for the instant gratification of a grab-bag of folksy singles to sit on the porch and whittle to, you're in the wrong neighborhood. — *Chuck Berrett*

Skinless

Trample the Weak, Hurdle the Dead
Relapse
Street: 06.13
Skinless = forerunners of modern grind



In the grind metal battle for heavier and faster, only a select few can topple the heap. Skinless continue to do so. Though much has changed since their inception, especially in the line-up, the basis behind the band remains the same. They have fine-tuned their sound and continue to get better and better. *Trample the Weak, Hurdle the Dead* sees the waters muddy up a bit. Things are slowed down but pulverizing as usual. Instead of comedic-gore elements incorporated into the lyrics and samples, Skinless have moved onto war, including a sample from the classic film *Patton*. Samples are key elements in grind. Leads are brought out a bit more into their sound, the vocals are still guttural as hell. It's hard to judge the new record as being the band's best. The true test for the material is to be heard and seen in the live setting, something the group excels at (see the bands DVD release *Skinflck* for proof). Nevertheless, this fucker is at the top of the heap for 2006. — *Bryer Whorton*

This is Hell

Sundowning
Trustkill
Street: 05.16
This is Hell = American Nightmare + Comeback Kid



The true essence of hardcore exists

in its immediacy. It's not relegated to discussions about metal influences, breakdowns, double bass pedals, or he said/she said dynamics. This is Hell knows the immediacy of hardcore. This record is urgent, angry, passionate, and full of spite. That is what makes hardcore exciting: the danger and passion, the screaming and gnashing of teeth, the tearing of hair. This is Hell embodies all of these on their new album. The last EP was good, but their artcore/old school/breakdown/quick switching rhythm hybrid comes to fruition with this album. This CD is bitterness framed in words and music that is neither simple nor condescending. "I'm tearing out the last few pages of every book I own/There are some things I don't want to know" singer Travis Reilly screams on "Procession Commence". The songs flow from one to the other like some manic nightmare. The sound of this album is compressed, oftentimes the guitars and vocals sound like they were filtered through a pinhole in a dam, and the consequent pressure and destruction inherent in that type of sound just makes the passion that much more tangible. This is a record to be excited about. — *Peter Fryer*

Various Artists

Give 'Em the Boot V
Hellcat Records
Street: 05.23
Give 'Em the Boot V = One of the best comps you can buy at a low price to get exposed to counter culture.



I still remember the first Give 'Em the Boot I ever bought. If memory serves me correctly it was number 11 and was only around eight dollars. What I received on that comp was a diverse selection of around 20 punk bands, all of them unique and powerful in their own way. Give 'Em the Boot comps are great because they let the listener get a small taste of many different bands without having to invest too much money or time. If particular bands stand out they can go out and buy more of that band's albums. This comp is kind of like a one night stand, you get some of the fun of a relationship (getting laid) but don't have to put up with the commitment (and endless bickering) that comes with it. The fifth installment of this comp includes a great mixture of bands of many genres punk bands like Time Again, reggae bands like The Aggrolites and psychobilly bands like Tiger Army. It also features eight previously unreleased tracks from bands like Left Alone, The Unseen and The Disasters. This is a great CD to own whether you're bursting

your boots into the scene, or you've been there so long that the leather is rotting to your feet. — *Jeanette Moses*

Various Artists

Gu10
Global Underground
Street Date: 06.12
Gu10 = ten years of dance music



The DJ mix CD is a bit of a conundrum. Who listens? Is it merely something someone puts on when he can't cough up the cash to hire a human to do the job — or afford the decks to do it himself? Or is it simply something for other DJ's to learn from and analyze? Aerobics fodder? I'm sorry, but a collection of slightly mixed up music — generally tracks you already own — is a strange idea. Fortunately, Global Underground listened to your pleas before assembling this tenth anniversary compilation. Bigger names such as LFO, Underworld and Miss Kitten are mixed in with lesser known acts PQM, Andronicus and Alex Dalby, all beat-matched, re-sampled and otherwise wrangled into a placated load. Included with the three-discs full of obscurish cuts and tweaked up versions of hits is a fourth album of unreleased (and unmixed) material from the likes of The Remote, Dark Globe and Traffik. You may never have to go to a club again! — *Dave Madden*

Various Artists

Imaginational Anthem Volume 2
Tampkins Square
Street: 06.06
Imaginational Anthem Vol. 2 = John Fohey + Harry Smith's best finds

Whatever the reason that many of these songs languished undiscovered for years is anyone's guess, but no fault can be attributed to the music, that is far sure. This haunting collection of folk obscurities hangs around long after its conclusion, and is almost magical in its way to leave you utterly dumbfounded and childlike, swearing years later that these songs were whispering in your head since the day you were born. It's a hushed stately sound that has been much mimed by others over the years, some chords for Karen Dalton here, a strum of Jimmy Page's guitar there: this music feels less written than retrieved from our communal subconscious. Few genres can feel as lithe, literate and inscrutable as folk music, and these tangled, yearningly beautiful songs opens us up onto a world, rather than hiding away in one. In every way, it's a revelation. — *Cory Tallman*

The Warning

All Systems Dead
Punk Core Records
Street: 05.16
The Warning = Discharge + Nausea + GBH
The Warning has a tight arrangement, siren like guitar riffs and catchy lyrics that are perfect for chanting along to with your fist in the air. *All Systems Dead* contains 12 powerful tracks, none of which seemed to be taking up any space. This band stands out because they have a much harder sound than the other bands being released on Punk Core. All the tracks on the album were great, but my favorite was "Innocence Gone." The Warning has something to say and they're screaming it loud and clear. I bet The Warning patches will be decorating every kid in towns' denim vests before you can say "circle pit." — *Jeanette Moses*

Weggs

The Million Sounds of Black
Hungry Eye Records
Street: 06.06
Weggs = the Residents + early Epoxies + Devo
The Weegs are chips off the old chopping block, yes sir! With the slew of repetitive and boring synthpunk bands around (you know who you are, Gravy Train!) it is hard to imagine that something even as remotely related to it could be anything but bland. But the Weggs have inherited an avant-garde sensibility that weds the Resident's conceptual apparatus to Devo's entertaining show and tight structure to give the usually glib genre a revitalized kick in the pants. Warm synthesizers antagonize angular guitar chords to produce a germanic dance given this side of Dusseldorf. Someone give me a lighter in here! It sounds as if Lol Coxhill, George Lewis and the Art Bears are headed for cogito ergo sum destruction! If I were Andrew Jepsen I would hate this album for confusing me. No-wave, man, no-wave. — *Erik Lopez*

Yyrkoon

Unhealthy Opera
The End Records
Street: 05.02
Yyrkoon = proof that there is a French metal scene
Stick an éclair up your ass and fart: Yyrkoon is back to reinvent the notion that sucking is something they cannot do. This band holds a special place in my heart; in 2003 on the hinges of their debut *Occult Medicin*, e this reviewer had an interview with the band run in SLUG, a first for this writer. I thought the debut was killer. This sucker makes that album sound like Yanni (getting beat to death that is). Yyrkoon have melded their craft into something highly sinister, more fervent and enormously heavier than their last outing. They may not win any awards for originality, but as far as the death/thrash genre goes, they're mutilating and murdering their way to the top of the feeding chain. — *Bryer Whorton*

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WARNING:

HARDCORE HEADQUARTERS

UPCOMING CONCERTS

- Thurs. June 1: F5 w/ Dave Ellefson
Perfect Disorder, Downfall
- Fri. June 2: POST RIOT, Oxido Republica, Osiris
- Sat. June 3: NONPOINT, Revelation Theory,
Sindolor, Frustrations Gripp, Signal
- Mon. June 5: FORM OF ROCKET
- Thu. June 8: I OCTOBER, Cavity Burn, TBA
- Fri. June 9: KATAGORY V CD RELEASE PARTY,
Katagory V, Shadow, Necrophacus
- Sat. June 10: FRONT LINE ASSEMBLY TOUR,
Stromkern, DJ? Acucrack, Borderline
- Wed. June 14: YARD DOG ROAD SHOW
Vaudeville and Burlesque Road Show Nobility
- Thu. June 15: GREYSCALE, Hit By A Bus
- Fri. June 16: DYSRHYTHMIA, Yakuza,
Behold...The Arctopus, Kill Syndicate
- Sat. June 17: THE ERIC MARTIN BAND (Mr. Big),
The Sin City Allstars (Members of Faster Pussycat
The Cult, Joan Jett and The Blackhearts,)
- Mon. June 19: RICKETS, Signal,
Frustrations Gripp, So Many Dynamos
- Wed. June 21: FLATFOOT 56, TBA
- Fri. June 23: SUNSET STRIP Operation Mindcrime,
This Classis will be Performed in it's Entirety
- Sat. June 24: SEPARATION OF SELF,
Drown Out The Stars, Universal Choke Sign
- Mon. June 26: HER CANDANE
- Fri. June 30: JESUS RIDES A RIKSHA, Denots,
Cryptobiotic, Abysmal Abattior
- Sat. July 1: REDEMPTION
- Mon. July 3: DOMESHOTS, Northwest Royale,
Frustrations Gripp
- Thu. July 6: PIG TOUR, Mindless Faith, Digital Mindy
- Fri. July 8: DECONSTRUCT, Century

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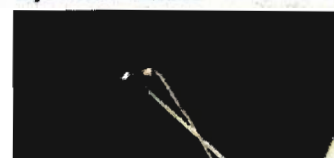
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New York Knucklz Sandwich: An Interview with Doujah Raze

By Knucklz

Metaphorically Doujah Raze means to break down the negative and rebuild the positive and according to the man behind the name that is exactly what he is trying to do by sending out some positive vibes in an industry, that can be overwhelmed by negativity.

I have to first start off by sayin' thanx to Angela for asking me to write for SLUG. I wasn't really sure if I wanted to do it and I'm still not but I figured what the hell... I've tried everything else once or twice so I might as well give this a try. See the only time I really write is when my girlfriend and I are fighting and I can't express myself in words so I write a love letter to explain how much of an asshole I am and that I'm sorry.

My name is Jason Dodson but most of you know me as DJ Knucklz or Knuxz and whichever works for you is fine by me. One guy still calls me Mattee L (a friend that I used to DJ with) but that is a compliment and I ignore it every time and "become" Mattee for a few minutes. See, now I want to go off on a tangent about people calling me by a different name... and I just act like they never said it in the first place. I really would like to let you know more about myself and what I am about, but I have an interview to do, so I'll leave my life story out, until another issue.

There were only 50 people at the show when I first met Doujah Raze and I assumed it would suck because usually when an artist walks on stage (not to mention in Utah) and they see a tiny audience, they just do a few songs and bounce. This was not the case with Doujah or his DJ, Double J. They both had a positive outlook and rocked da house. "It can be frustrating to perform in front of a smaller group of people than expected but the thing is, I've done shows literally for 10 people in a coffee shop to 15000 people at festivals in Europe. If people come out they want to

see you know matter what. I'm gonna put out as much energy as I can and sweat my ass off until the end of the show... if you do a crappy show then the crowd is not going to respect you...but if you do a great show then next time you're in town they'll show up and bring friends."

Of course I waited until the due date for this interview but what fun would life be without a little procrastination. I decided to call up Doujah, who I met about a year ago when he came out to do a show at Ego's. I called Doujah without him knowing that I was going to attempt to interview him and it went a little something like this:

Ringalingalingaling...ling...ling.

Doujah: Hello?

SLUG: Doujah it's Knucklz in Salt Lake what da fuccccccckk?

Doujah: What up Knuxzzz?

SLUG: I'm startin' to write for this magazine and I was gonna interview you, you got a minute?

Doujah: Yeah, sure.

SLUG: So howz everything been man?

Doujah: Everything is cool, the new album, *Past Presence Features* just came out yesterday.

SLUG: Yeah I saw that on an email from Double J [owner of Trilogy Records]. How did your tour go?

Doujah: It was hectic...night after night, doin' shows and driving all night long but it was the first time I really got to see the U.S. It wuz cool.

[meanwhile, Lizard King walks outside the SLUG HQ, where I'm interviewing Doujah, and starts talking to me. That's when I just cut Doujah off in the middle of what he was sayin' and say 'that's cool' like a retard.]

SLUG: So what else is happening? When you coming back out to Salt Lake?

Doujah: That's a good question. I'd love to open up for a bigger act so I can play for a bigger crowd when I come out. I'd like to get out there next winter so I can do some riding and stuff.

SLUG: You can come out this summer and do some skating. [That's when Lizard's eyes light up and I hear "skating" come out of his mouth like he wants in on this conversation.]

Doujah: No I'll bust my ass on a skateboard.

SLUG: You can get on your rollerblades then.

Doujah: Yeah exactly...that's what I do every Sunday around Brooklyn. [Laughter]

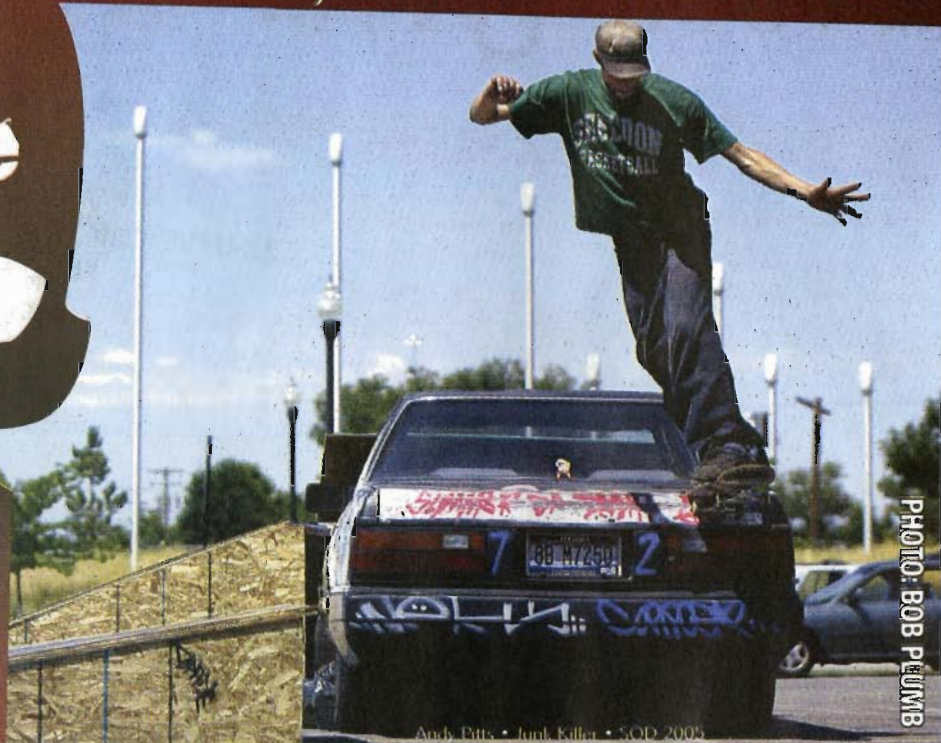
His positive attitude and strong stage presence is why I felt compelled to show him as much love as he showed Salt Lake when he stepped up to the mic. So if you get a chance go cop the new rec, da CD, check da flava and do urrrr hatin' or lovin' but just respect someone on the grind tryin' to get away from the daily routine of dat 9 to 5 bullshit! His album is dope and if not bring it to me and say you want urrrr money back and I'll shoot you - nahhhh just jokin! But really I wouldn't steer you wrong or maybe I would. The fact is the white boy got skillz and his albums prove it. His album, *Past Presence Features* dropped Tuesday May 23 and features tracks with several different artists including Sean Price, AG, OC among others - an amazing roster of artists to have on any album.

However if you're skeptical and want to hear some tracks first then listen to the *FridayNightFallout* on KRCL 90.9 FM Friday's from 10:30pm to 1am and I'll be sure to drop a few gems on ya. If you'd like to get in touch with Doujah or learn a little bit more about him check out TrilogyOnWax.com. Until next time it's Knuxz signing out!

SATURDAY, JUNE 24TH AT 3PM

SLUG
Magazine

SUMMER
OF DEATH



OGIO MINI-RAMP/BEST TRICK

For the past five years, SLUG Mag has hosted the valley's deadliest amateur skateboarding contest series. 2006 will mark SOD's 6th anniversary and our largest body-count.

The contest will be held at OGIO (14926 South Pony Express Road, Bluffdale Utah). This will be a Mini-Ramp & Best Trick contest Judged by **Adam Dyet** and **Lizard King** + special appearances.

If you or your company would like to find out more information about getting involved call the SLUG HQ at 801.487.9221

Come register to enter at 3pm the day of the contest. Registration is \$10 per person.

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More Fire: Conviction

con-vic-tion *n.* 1. the act of convicting. 2. the state of being convicted. 3. the act of convincing. 4. the state of being convinced. 5. a fixed or firm belief.

I have been skating for the past 21 years. I know some of you can't even drink legally yet. I am now convinced that skateboarding is the only good thing in my life besides my friends and family.

Growing up my father was plagued with heart disease and he wasn't able to do all the "father and son" thing like most people. Neither of my parent's were into organized sports nor was my body created for any of them. My parents did, however, support my skateboarding. They spent countless amounts of dollars on skate products and countless amount of hours driving me around the valley to skateboard. Basically, I started skateboarding because it was something you can do alone and it consumes your mind.

When I started skating in the 80s it was definitely a rich kid fad. I am the sole survivor of skating in my neighborhood. Many hours were spent alone skating schoolyards, parking lots and garages and my driveway. I used to have contests on my back yard mini-ramp where I was my lone competition. Thank God for my imaginary friends. This probably is why I have schizophrenia now.

I once read that fads come and go but if they come around two or three times they cease to be fads any longer. I guess that is what happened with skating. Personally, skating has never been a fad to me. Sure, I wore **Vision Street Wear**, hip packs, **Jimmy's** and once ate sex wax. Let's not forget rails, copers, lapers and street plants.

Times have definitely changed since back in the day. Now I can't even drive down the street without seeing a group of young skate rats. Skate parks are popping up now like pimples on a pubescent teenagers face. Skating gets recognition on every media platform outside of skate mags and videos. **Tony Hawk** and **Bam Margera** are now household names. Instead of being outcasts and loners, skaters are mainstream now.

I rarely skated in high school. I was too busy being a social butterfly and taking way too many L.S.D. trips. These are the only years of my life that I had any regrets ... not the drugs but not skating enough. Kind of like a born-again Christian, I have seen the light of skateboarding.



No warm-ups, first try, first trick of the day. Foot wide Landing: Lizard has conviction. Indy nose blunt drop-in

Random News:

- RL 3 *True Passionate Thugs* premieres on June 23rd at the OSH, U of U.

- East Meets West Productions presents WEAST

This is a one time only deal, it will be at the downtown library on **JUNE 26th at 7:00 PM**. Do not miss this shit it is going to be banger as FUCK. It will also premiere at **Todd's** later in June. Keep yourself posted.

- **Adam Dyet** gets arrested on tour in Canada and beat down by the police.

- Lizard King is so on point. Seedless Clothing has flown him to Hawaii for fun in the sun along with **Peter Smolik**, **Brandon Turner** and **Sammy Baptista**. Lizard rides for Independent Clothing for life, but these guys were so stoked on him they are giving him some guest artwork threads. That sounds pretty fucking Greenroom to me.

- **Lizard Fest**: Skating all day on June 3rd at S. Jordan and Fairmont. Milo Sport (on 3300 South) will host the THINK! video premiere and free BBQ at dusk. Afterparty at the **Jackelope**.



WHAT THE F N 6TH?

Words: Peter Panhandler • Photos: Bob Plumb • Captions: The Lizard King



Izilla
 Beer slide Blunt slide Liquid chicken
 best skate fuel ever! zilla dain it
 right!

Do you remember your first rental house or apartment? Total freedom, no rules, no authority, no curfews and tons of partying. Doesn't it seem that the corner house always brings down the property value of the surrounding area? F and Sixth is no exception. Beer cans litter the lawn, gutter and porch. Cigarette butts, broken decks and shoes hanging from the telephone lines are commonplace. The neighbors are illegal aliens so the police are never getting called. From the porch of this dwelling, **Dirty, Snuggles, O-Dubs, Zilla and Big Tits McGee** get their buzz on and forget fixing up the house and let's get down to talking some shit.

Sean "Dirty" Hadley

Age: Freshly 20

Occupation: P.I.C. (Personal Interest Communications)

SLUG: How many months or years have you lived outside your parents crib?

Sean Hadley: I have been outside my Mom's house many of times, probably a lot of uncounted hours, as for F and 6th I've been here for about three months.

SLUG: Getting flow from any companies or love from anyone?

Hads: Well **Andy Pitts** is helping me with Dwindle shit and let's not forget about **MILO**, I have mad love for **Josh Roberts, Lars Julius** and **MILO** in general. So long **Jeff** we love you - best employee for days to come.

SLUG: Have you ever stolen anything from "across the street?"

Hads: I once stole something from across the street, but once you picked me up at the other location and I had a couple of Heineken tall boys.

SLUG: When do you feel the "Greenest?"

Hads: Usually when I'm chilling on the Green grass or in the Green mountains.

SLUG: When was the last time you urinated on yourself?

Hads: Last night but it was your fault. I had a dream where you were holding my door closed then it was a reality. I pissed all over myself and my bedroom wall (the very next night Sean peed all over my bed in the guest room).

Morgan Joe Saunders

Age: 20

Occupation: Outback Steakhouse

(Australian for "fucked")

SLUG: How many months or years have you lived outside your parents place?

Morgan Saunders: Probably two years, as far as this place is concerned, about two months.

SLUG: Have you ever stolen anything from "across the street?"

Saunders: Not yet (laughter). Well, maybe just some bobby pins and clips cause I came up short.

SLUG: When do you feel the "Greenest?"

Saunders: No answer.

SLUG: How is it living with four dirty skater dudes?

Saunders: I fucking love it.

SLUG: What is your biggest complaint?

Saunders: Dirty house and people over all the time but I really don't give a fuck.



Dirty Hads
Switch Japan without ever going there.
This is dirty as fuck! Got ta love Hads

SLUG: Does anybody cross-dress? Are any of your under garments missing?

Saunders: No but I am wearing a swimming suit for underwear right now if that means anything.

Izilla Beh

Age: 21

Occupation: P.I.C.

SLUG: What part of the valley are you from originally and how many years have you lived outside of your parent's house?

Beh: I lived in my grandmother's pool house for the last year and half. As far as F and 6th is concerned three months.

SLUG: Are you getting flowed by any companies currently? If so, who?

Beh: Salty Peaks and Mark White always hooks it up – that guys the shit if you didn't know already.

SLUG: When do you feel the "Greenest?"

Beh: In the afternoon around 1:04 PM.

SLUG: Do you put the toilet seat up for your girl friend?

Beh: Fuck yeah!

SLUG: Is it true that you can do a McTwist?

Beh: Fuck you, of course.

SLUG: Do you steal from across the street?

Beh: Just some crackers and sausage.

SLUG: Is it true that you have a problem with alcohol?

Beh: I am going to A.A.

Jared "Snuggles" Smith

Age: 24

Occupation: Todd's Bar for Life

SLUG: How does it feel to be the old man of the house?

Snuggles: I'm not old and I don't care.

SLUG: Where are you from originally? What part of the valley?

Snuggles: I'm not from the valley. I was born in Buenos Aires, Argentina.

SLUG: How many years have you

lived outside of Mom and Pop's?
Snuggles: Six years plus.

SLUG: Who's hooking you up right now?

Snuggles: MILO Sport, Josh Roberts, Lars hooks it up of course and let's not forget Brock.

SLUG: How come everyone wants to cuddle with you?

Snuggles: I got soft spots and they're all snuggly.

SLUG: I have heard that you're an art fag now. Care to elaborate?

Snuggles: I'm into finger painting or whatever.

Oliver Buchanan

Age: 20

Occupation: Starbucks

SLUG: Where are you from and how long have you been out of your parent's house?

Buchanan: Next question please.

SLUG: Getting flow from any companies?

Buchanan: Next question please.

SLUG: Do you steal from across the street?

Buchanan: Next question please.

SLUG: Who is paying your bills?

Buchanan: Next question please.

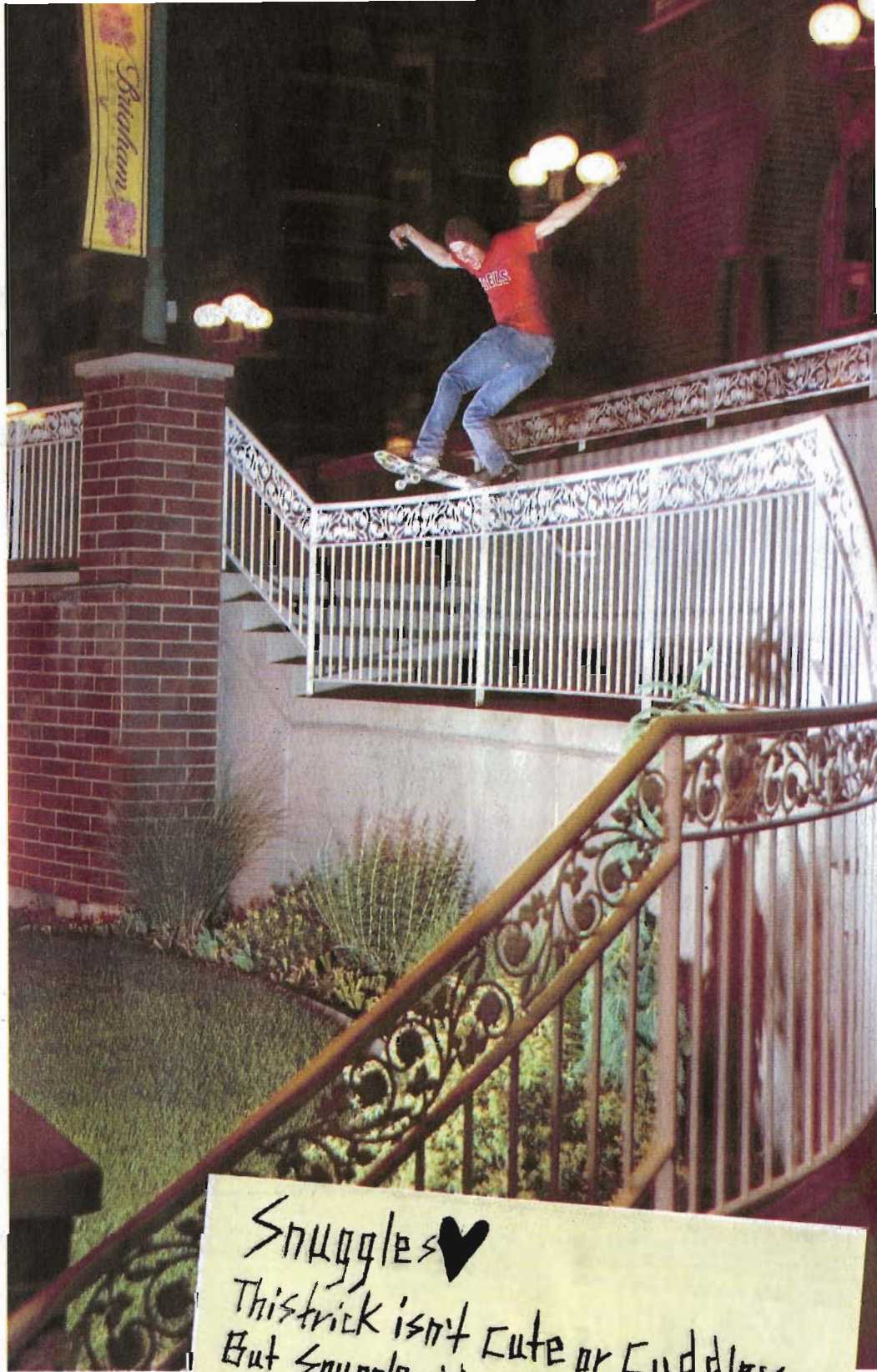
SLUG: When do you feel the greenest?

Buchanan: Whenever I'm around Lizard.

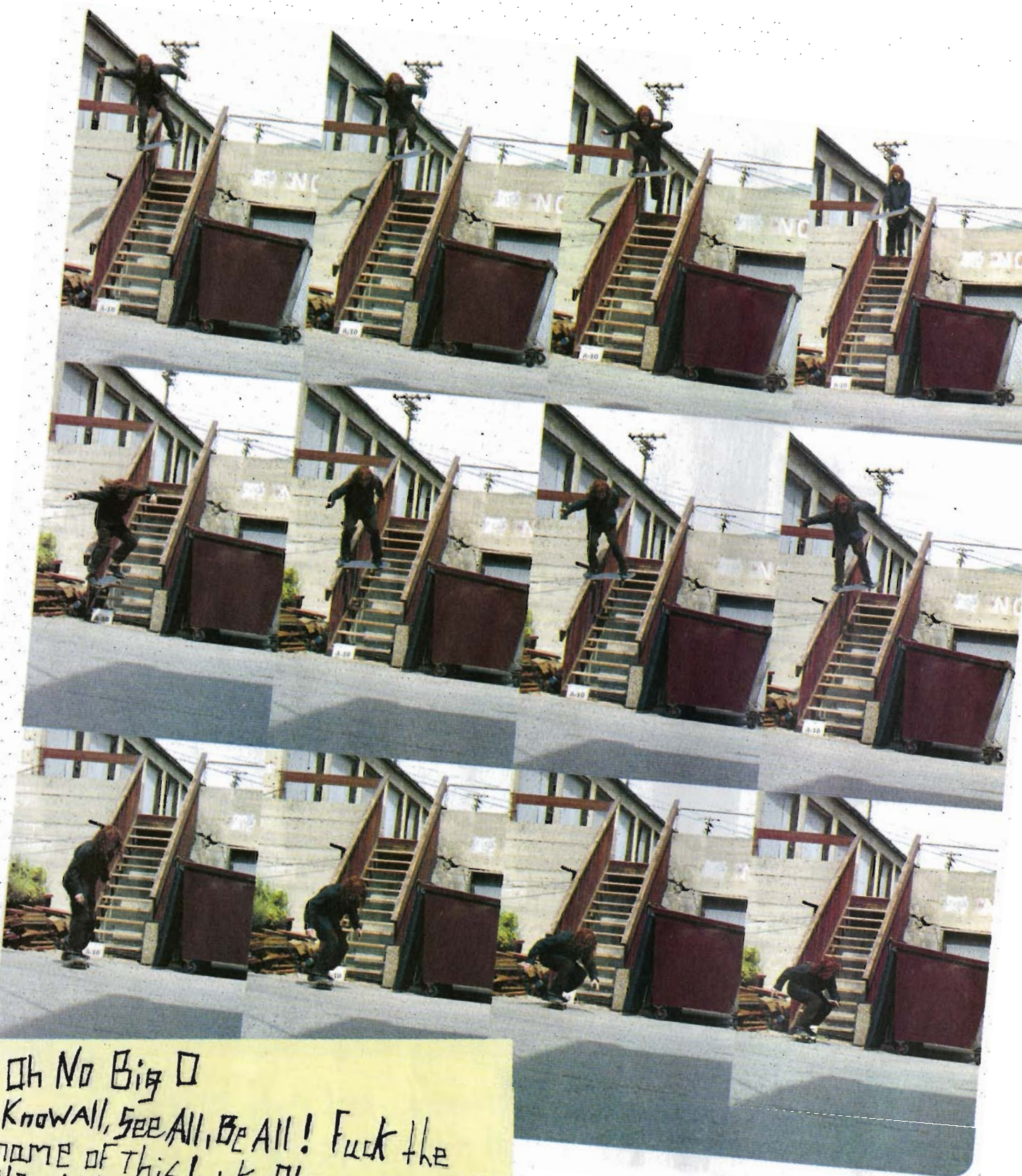
SLUG: What's the odor that is occasionally billowing from your house? Is it Meth?

Buchanan: No comment.

The inside of the house is dirtier than the outside if you can believe that. That dirt doesn't compare to the dirt that is on the inside of these people. That dirt can't be washed off with Zest or pressure washers. I feel sorry for whoever's name is on the lease. I don't know if these guys are aware that electricity is a fossil fuel as well. Every time that damn swamp cooler is on, another 300 dollars goes to "the man." If they don't care, neither do I.



Snuggles ♥
This trick isn't cute or cuddley.
But Snuggles is and he is Raw as fuck!
Front Board pop out. GREEN ROOM Bitch



Oh No Big O
 Knowall, See All, Be All! Fuck the
 name of this trick Oliver Does what
 he wants ~~when~~ when he WANTS!
 Nothing More Nothing Less.

Peep the new SUMMER OF DEATH.COM website and lookout
 for the upcoming contest at OGIO's private skatepark with
 The Lizard King and Adam Dyet himself, as Judges.

Contest format: Shred the mini-ramp and huck your carcass
 for best trip on the hand rail. Cash prizes ...Biaatch!





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JOEY ALLEN

By **Mike Brown** mikebrown048@hotmail.com

Lately I've been thinking a lot about dying. Not like killing myself or anything, but I quit smoking a couple months ago and instead of getting a good old fashion nicky fit I get panic attacks where I think I'm really checking out. I know I'm not dying because you'd have to be a total pussy to die from a panic attack, and once I tell myself I'm being a pussy for thinking I'm dying the minor meltdowns go away. I'm just a partial pussy. My new fascination with death has brought some interesting questions to my brain, like why did I quit smoking if I think I'm just going to keel over and die anyway?

An even bigger question I have is why can't certain bands just die when they're supposed to? Is rock and roll too snobby for 'live fast die young' these days? To me rock and roll should be like Black Jack, play fast with two hands and quit while you're ahead man! There's no dignity in going from selling out arenas to playing the fucking *Ritz Bowling Alley*. Nobody will ever take you serious again.

For some reason there's this little resurgence of hair bands that still feel they have a couple more pelvic thrusts in them to put on a good show, and may be some of them actually do, but that doesn't change my feelings that most of these bands should have died a long time ago.

There's nothing more lucrative than being a young dead rock star (except for the being dead part). Everyone will remember you, with all the things you can buy with your rock star money immortality shouldn't be one of them, and trying to play a wicked guitar solo and not have your colostomy bag get in the way is just grass. You'll fade out and be nothing more than a number above 80 in some crappy VH1

countdown.

I wish god or mother nature or Krishna or whoever the fuck is in charge of the universe these days would come up with a better mathematical formula that would some how kill off rock stars in regards to how much partying they do and how many groupies they get. Like X amount of pussy times Y amount of cocaine lines in X amount of years, factored in by X amount of record sales equals your death. Instead I get to do a boring interview with Joey Allen from Warrant. Sweet.

SLUG: I just wanted to start off by personally thanking you and Warrant for being responsible for one of the first boners I've ever gotten in my life. Watching the Cherry Pie video when I was ten or eleven gave me one of my first erections and I just wanted to say thank you. This leads into my first question; do you get thanked a lot for that?

Warrant: Dude, we meet people on the road that have seen the band when they were younger that have lost their virginity to a song or whatever so, yeah it's happened. As long as they are looking at the girl in the video and not any guys in the video we're good with it, ya know what I mean?

SLUG: Right. So what videos give you guys boners these days?
Warrant: Today?

SLUG: Usually it's a lot of rap videos.
Warrant: I'm an engaged man for the second time in my life so I don't get a hard on to any video.

SLUG: I hear that.
Warrant: It takes a little more than that.

SLUG: Have you read *The Dirt*, by **MOTLEY CRUE** that came out a couple years ago?

Warrant: I did not read it but I understand our old friends in Motley Crue ragged on us a little bit.

SLUG: Yeah, A little bit.
Warrant: They can write whatever they want so they can sell books. I have no beef, it is what it is.

SLUG: Well that's a good attitude about it, I'd imagine you'd be more pissed off. Out of all of the hair bands from the late 80's what band or person still throws down the hardest and what band or person turned into the biggest pussy?
Warrant: Well I don't want to be one to rag on anybody but the band who still throws down the hardest would probably be Tesla.

SLUG: Has anyone in the band actually ever been issued a warrant and for what?
Warrant: Absolutely, for unpaid parking tickets.

SLUG: Can you compare the groupies of today to the groupies 20 years ago?
Warrant: Being engaged I'm not doing that anymore.

SLUG: Ok but is it the same group of women or is it a new crop? It's probably their daughters.
Warrant: I've got a fourteen-year-old daughter so it's kind of a weird thing to talk about. It's out there but it's a little different these days. It amazes me that those women still show up.

SLUG: Lets do some word association. I'll say a word and you tell me the first word that comes to your mind. Canada.

Warrant: Immigration.
SLUG: Lysol.
Warrant: What was that?

SLUG: Lysol.
Warrant: Covered up shit smell.

SLUG: Peanut butter.
Warrant: Chocolate.

SLUG: Wooget.
Warrant: What'd you say?

SLUG: Wooget.
Warrant: I don't know what that is.

SLUG: It's a shaved pussy.
Warrant: Oh. Playground.

SLUG: Have you ever, or anyone else in the band ever had to perform with diarrhea?
Warrant: No

SLUG: Never?
Warrant: That wouldn't be something I'd tell anybody.

SLUG: In twenty years of performing that's never happened? Well are you allowed to go to the bathroom during a drum solo?
Warrant: Absolutely, just let your dude know to play his solo a little long and that you'll be back in five minutes.

SLUG: Has that ever happened and the dude just never came back.
Warrant: Nope but it happens almost every night that a dude has to take a piss.

SLUG: Does it happen more now that you guys are older?
Warrant: Not really.

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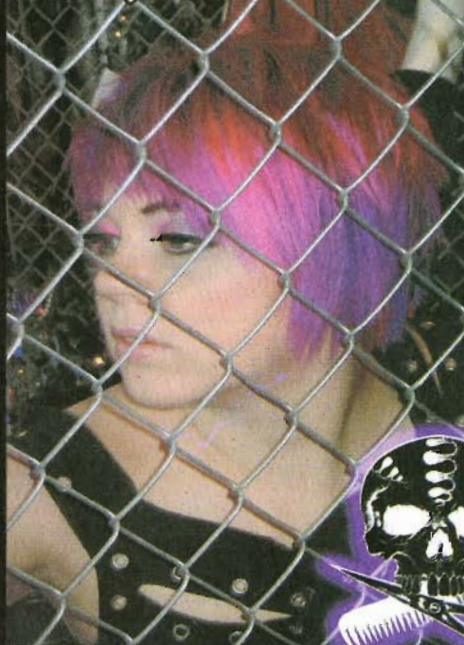
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JUNE DAILY CA

Friday, June 2

Voxtro, Larusso, Seve vs. Evan – Kilby
 Love You Long Time, The Hotness, What People? – Driftwood
 Naked and Shameless, Scotty Iseri & the Big Rock Show – Burt's
 Gooding – Ego's
 The Wolfs, Invisible Rays – Monk's
 Take the Fall, The Contingency Plan, Runway Models – Kaya
 Post Riot, Oxido Republica, Osiris – Vegas
 Mr. Lucky – Exchange Place
 The Locals – Pat's BBQ
 Legendary Porch Pounders – Spur
 Blues on First – Side Car
 Down Right Blue – Liquid Joes
 Smokin' Joe Kubeck & B'nols King – Depot
 The Rotten Musicians, Phono – Urban

Saturday, June 3

As Tall As Lions, Houston Calls, June, Junior Varsity, Just Surrender – Avalon
 Matt Wertz – Kilby
 Red Bennies, Glacial, Evolver – Urban
 Soggy Bone – Tony's
 Hit the Switch, Fail to Follow, In Vein, Flocked Cows – Rendezvous
 5 Browns – Abravanel
 MS Benefit, Pagan Love Gods, Thunderfist – Ego's
 Ramones Alive, Irony Man, Numbskull – Todd's
 The Smokin' Joe Kubeck Band – Depot
 Fat Soul – Zanzibar
 Legendary Porch Pounders – Pat's BBQ
 Blues On First – Owl Bar
 Eric Sopanen – Rose Sachs Garden
 Nonpoint, Revelation Theory, Frustrations Gripp, Sindolare, Signal – Vegas
 By Default, Notes, North – Kaya
 Screamin' Condors, Fuck the Informer, The Grimmway – Burt's

Sunday, June 4

Bullets and Octane, The Panic Channel – Urban
 Gay Pride Parade – Library Square
Erik Lopez's Birthday!!! – Call Him
 Legendary Porch Pounders – Iron Horse
 Evolver – Monk's

Monday, June 5

Human Abstract, Underminded – Boom Va
 Nicole Madison, Kenji Aihara – Zanzibar
 Old Time Relijun, Paper Cranes, I Am Electric – Kaya
 The Quakes, Spooky Deville, Utah County Swillers, Atomic Death Rays – Burt's
 Blind Boys of Alabama, Legendary Porch Pounders – Kennely Ampitheater
 Pep Love, DJ Lex – Urban
 Form of Rocket – Vegas

Tuesday, June 6

Sinners Ball – Todd's
 Vaux, Schoolyard Heros, Her Candane, Paris Green – Boom Va
 Mark & Wayne Jazz Duo – Zanzibar
 A Change of Pace, Run Kid Run, Spoken, The Classic Crime – Avalon
 Pelican, Mono, Le Force – In The Venue
 Eels, Smoosh – Depot
 SLAJO – Urban
 His Name is Alive, Nomo, Sparrows Gate – Kilby
 Mazarin, Sybris, The Walkmen – Sound
 The Cobras – Burt's

Wednesday, June 7

Blacklisted, Ignite, Fail to Follow – Boom Va
 Big Japan, Big City Rock, Landon Pigg – Kaya
 INXS – Delta Center
 Frog Brigade, Rasputina – Suede
 Cabaret Voltage – Urban
 Stokely, Scarlet Affair, Lady Fantastic, The Bank Robbers, Dose of Adolescence – Driftwood
 Fat Soul – Zanzibar
 Eagles of Death Metal – Depot
 Parallax – Todd's
 Bob Schneider, Matt the Electrician – Port O Call's
 Red Top Wolverine – Burt's
 Love Runner, The John Whites, Mathematics Etcetera – Kilby

Thursday, June 8

Danielson, The Happies, Mushman – Kaya
 The Firm – Zanzibar
 I October, Cavity Bum – Vegas
 Electroglyth – Urban
 Lamb of God, Mastodon, Thine Eyes Bleed – Saltair

Friday, June 9

Jinga Boa – Kaya
 Purrbats – Monk's
 Steve Lyman – Zanzibar
 Baby Calendar, XLP, 10 Cent Wonder – Driftwood
 Dark Arts Festival – Area 51

Courtney Pulled the Trigger, Dark White, Furlough – Todd's
 Acoustic Alchemy, Terry Disley – Depot
 Storm Tour: Aceyalone, Ugly Duckling, The Procussions – Urban
 Phono, Kid Madusa – Exchange Place
 The Business, Brain Failure, Rat City Riot, Salt City Bandits – Avalon
 Bayside, Halifax, I am the Avalanche, The Sleeping (Matinee Show) – Avalon
 Katagory V, Shadow, Necrophacus – Vegas
 Talib Kweli – Harry O's
 Amber Pacific – Kilby

Saturday, June 10

LOCALIZED: Medicine Circus, What People?, Jinga Boa – Urban
 The Beach Boys – Gallivan
 Taughtme – Kaya
 Front Line Assembly Tour: Stromken, DJ Acucrack, Borderline – Vegas
 Dark Arts Festival – Area 51
 Bad Grass – Tony's
 Reaper, Jabu – Ego's
 Final Show for Die Panda Die – Muse
 Burlesque Night: Bang! Bang! Troupe – Zanzibar
 US Bombs, Endless Struggle, The Hollow Points – Burt's
 Zumiez Couch Tour – Layton Hills Mall



LIARS

Sunday, June 11

Classic Case, He Is Legend, Showbread, The Fall of Troy – Avalon
 Man Man – Kilby
 Dark Arts Festival – Area 51
 Agape, It Smells like Sex and Mannequins – Todd's
Erik Lopez Art Show Benefit Extravaganza – Kaya

Monday, June 12

The Liars, Apes – In the Venue
 Rich & Page – Zanzibar
 Nekromantix, Shark Soup, The Chop Tops – Avalon
 Slightly Stoopid – Depot
 DJ Curtis Strange – Burt's
 Melodians, Yellow Dub Squad – Monk's
 Agape, It Smells like Sex and Mannequins – Starry Night

Tuesday, June 13

Jeff Klein – Sound
 Offered No Escape, In this Moment, Burden of Guilt – Boom Va
 Mark & Wayne Jazz Duo – Zanzibar
 Le Force, Portals, Red Fang – Todd's
 The Twilight Singers – In The Venue
 Lesser Basin – Burt's
 Brookside, Remember the Tragedy, Anesty, Basic Accomplishment – Kilby

Wednesday, June 14

Guru – Urban
 Lorin Cook – Burt's
 Orbit Service, Nolens Volens, Non Non – Kaya
 Fat Soul – Zanzibar
 Yard Dogs Road Show – Vegas
 Baires – Todd's

Thursday, June 15

Jerry Joseph and the Jack Mormons – Ego's
 Time Again, Love = Death, Loiter Cognition – Overdrive

LENDAR

Glacial, Mike Andrews, Birdie, Kool Keith – Kayo
 Melissa Pace – Zanzibar
 Midnight Society – Todd's
 Grayscale, Hit By a Bus – Vegas
 The Politicians, Left For Dead, Anything That Moves, Shackleton – Burt's
 Omnisoul, Plumb – Avalon
 Southerly, The Lonely H, Thao Nguyen, Lovers – Kilby

Friday, June 16

Gallery Stroll – Pierpont
 Legendary Porch Pounders – Zanzibar
 Jerry Joseph and the Jack Marmors – Ego's
 Dead City Lights – Burt's
 TV Romantics, Red Rocket – Monk's
 Oil on Canvas by Johnny Gutierrez – Circle Lounge
 Mean Molly's Trio, Say Boy, Fry Cook, Paper Cranes, Voodoo Science – Driftwood
 Kill Syndicate, Dysrhythmia, Yakuza, Behold the Arctopus – Vegas
 Adonis, Rodeo Boys, The Heaters – Urban
 Monarch – Exchange Place
 Gregory Issacs, Nasio Fontaine, Mishka – Suede
 When it Rains, Rifle Street – Todd's
 Rademacher, Head like a Kite, Neon Trees, Film In the Ballroom – Kilby

Saturday, June 17

The Epoxies, The Phenomenauts – Avalon
 The Hard Goodbye, Her Ruin – Todd's
 Solestitia – Pickle Company
 Plan B's Cold – Studio Theater
 Deadbeats, Sam Eye Am, Synthesif – Urban
 Neko Case – Suede
 Red Top Wolverine, Jeff Phillips Trio – Tony's
 Eric Martin from Mr. Big, Sin City All Stars – Vegas
 Clifton CD Release Party, Forget the Past, Illsolus – Boom Va
 Nicole Madison – Zanzibar
 The Black Angels, Hopewell – Kayo
 3, Escape the Fate, Vanna – Captain's Quarters
 Digital Black, In Camera – Kilby

Sunday, June 18

Take your Pop's out to dinner – Somewhere Delicious
 Swilldown – Burt's
 Plan B's Cold – Studio Theater
 New West Guitar Quartet – Monk's

Monday, June 19

Hank Ill, Murder Junkies – Depot
 Ashley Battersby Water Ramp Camp – Olympic Sports Park Water Ramp
 Nicole Madison, Kenji Aihara – Zanzibar
 Against All Authority – Boom Va
 Rickets, Signal, Frustrations Gripp, So Many Dynamos – Vegas
 Roy, Some by Sea, Palomino, Causeway – Kayo
 So Many Dynamos – Captain's Quarters
 The Fiery Furnaces – In the Venue
 Henry Turner & Flavor – Monk's
 The Beat Strings, John Paul, Viewers Like You – Driftwood

Tuesday, June 20

Drop Dead Julio – Burt's
 Ashley Battersby Water Ramp Camp – Olympic Sports Park Water Ramp
 Mark & Wayne Jazz Duo – Zanzibar
 Mad Dukes – Urban
 Nudity, Wires on Fire – Kilby
 Drive By Truckers – Suede

Wednesday, June 21

Jolie Holland – Urban
 Go Skateboarding Day – In the Streets
 Fat Soul – Zanzibar
 Flatfoot 56 – Vegas
 Harry Lee & The Back Alley Blues Band – Exchange Place
 Ashley Battersby Water Ramp Camp – Olympic Sports Park Water Ramp
 Cold War Kids, Figurines, Tapes N' Tapes – Kayo
 Yoder Mountain String Band – Port O Call
 The Echo People – Burt's
 4 Play – Gallivan Center
 The Beat Strings – Kilby

Thursday, June 22

Melissa Pace – Zanzibar
 Red Bull Smash and Grab – Ego's
 Ashley Battersby Water Ramp Camp – Olympic Sports Park Water Ramp
 Frontside Five, Jet Black, Spork – Burt's
 Supersuckers – Depot
 Mary Tebbs – Urban
 Utah Arts Festival – Library Square
 The Ditty Bops, Kid Madusa – Kayo

Friday, June 23

Sound Team, Someone Still Loves You Boris Yeltsin, Tolchock Trio – Kayo

Take the Fall, Anesty, Allred – Driftwood
 Ashley Battersby Water Ramp Camp – Olympic Sports Park Water Ramp
 Thriller, Her Candane, Destroyer Destroyer, Me and Him – Boom Va
 Paris Green, Any Given Week, History Of – Todd's
 Utah Arts Festival – Library Square
 The Irish Brothers – Burt's
 Mickey and the Motorcars – Exchange Place
 Drive Blind – Kilby
 8 Track Mind – Ego's
 The Sunset Strip, Operation Mindcrime – Vegas
 Lion Vibes, DJ Rebel – Urban
 Bossanova Soul Samba – Zanzibar



Random Lurker's Video Premiere – Osh Building

GLASS CANDY

Saturday, June 24

Summer Of Death Skate Series – OGIO's Private Skate Park
 Betsy Bosen – Zanzibar
 The Honored Guests – Suede
 Mushmen – Ego's
 Glass Candy, Chromatics, Vile Blue Shades – Urban
 The Voodoo Organist, Die Monster Die, Spooky Deville – Burt's
 Drew Danbury, Taughtme, Audrey Debauchery, Will Sartain – Kayo
 Separation of Self, Drown Out The Stars, Universal Choke Sign – Vegas
 Djizoes – Whiskey
 Sarah de Azevedo's B-day Party – Todd's
 Anything that Moves, Johnny Demonic – Tony's
 Utah Arts Festival – Library Square
 Hillstomp – Pats BBQ
 Morello, Discourse, Travisty, The Lethal West – Kilby

Sunday, June 25

Utah Arts Festival – Library Square
 Last Response – Monk's
 Cheap Sex, The Scarred – Captain's Quarters
 Joe Jackson, Raul Midon – Red Butte

Monday, June 26

Minutemen Documentary Film – Brewvies @ 10pm
 Twisted – In The Venue
 Her Candane – Vegas
 Rich & Page – Zanzibar

Tuesday, June 27

Poison – Usana
 John Hiatt, The North Mississippi Allstars – Red Butte
 Big City Rock – Kilby
 Black Hole, Pleasure Thieves – Urban
 Mark & Wayne Jazz Duo – Zanzibar

Wednesday, June 28

Sarah de Azevedo's real birthday – Meghann's House
 Yellowman – Depot
 4 Play – Gallivan Center
 Fat Soul – Zanzibar
 Ten Mile Tide – Hog Wallow
 Baires – Exchange Place
 Mean Molly's Trio – Burt's
 The Court and Spark, Tom Heyman, The Band of Annuals, TBUT, Paul Jacobsen – Kilby

Thursday, June 29

The Andies, Julia Mecham, Praetorians, Vs Goliath – Kayo
 Requiem, Parallax, All Systems Fail – Starry Night
 B Side Players – Ego's
 Melissa Pace – Zanzibar

Friday, June 30

Pick up the new SLUG- Anyplace Cool
 Kottonmouth Kings – In The Venue
 The Bronx – Burt's
 Saying My Goodbyes, Anguish For Augustine, Time Well Spent, Treehorse Quads – Driftwood
 Blowski, MC Enee1, XV – Urban
 Ghostowne – Exchange Place
 Take the Fall – Todd's

Kilby Court Calendar June 2006

01-Year Future, This Blush,
Post Meridian \$7

02-Voxtro, Larusso, Seve vs.
Evan \$9

03-Matt Wertz \$10

06-His Name is Alive, Nomo,
Sparrow's Gate \$10

07-Love Runner, The John Whites,
Mathematics Etcetera \$6

11-Man Man, t.b.a.

13-Brookside, Remember the
Tragedy, Anesty, Basic Accomplishm.

15-The Lonely H, Southerly, Thao
Nguyen, Lovers \$7

16-Head Like a Kite, Neon Trees

Rademacher, Film in the Ballroom \$7

17-Digital Black, InCamera

20-Nudity (memb's of Tight Bros/
Dub Narcotic), Wires on Fire \$7

21-The Beat Strings, t.b.a. \$6

23-Drive Blind, t.b.a. \$6

24-Morello, Discourse, Travisty,
The Lethal West \$7

27-Big City Rock, t.b.a. \$6

28-The Court & Spark, Tom Heyman,
The Band of Annuals, TBUT, Paul Jacobsen \$7

30-Rouge Wave, Knife Show, Sikemma, Man Frere \$12

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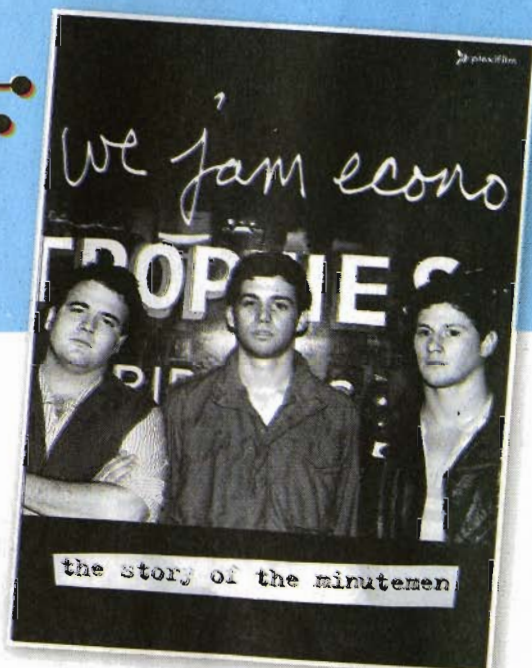
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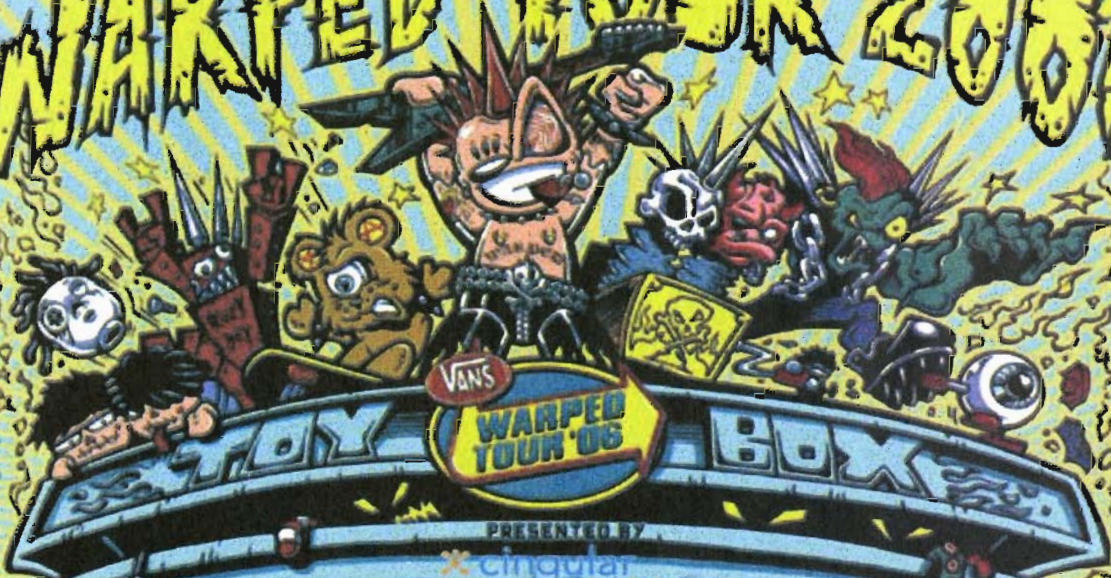
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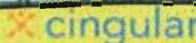


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