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ISSUE 211  
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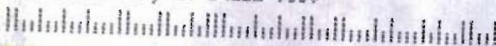
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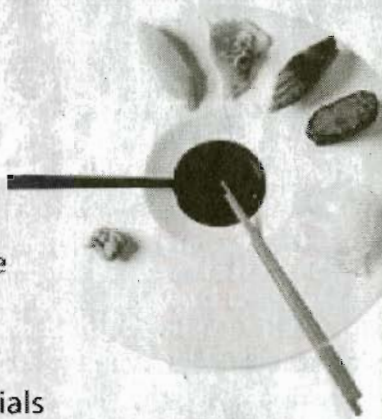
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As a recent graduate of Judge Memorial High School and future student at Westminster College studying English, Jeanette Moses is preparing to take over the world. She interned for SLUG Magazine for nearly a year and a half before being promoted to the position of office coordinator. When she is not slaving away at the office, she works as the shop-tart for Iron Cled! Tattoo. She enjoys punk and hardcore but has a hard time getting into shows because of her age deficiency. She loves making clothes, but most of all she just loves keepin' it real and being involved in the local scene as much as possible.

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(6) SLUG



# DEAR DICK HEADS

Dear Dickheads is there anyway u can tell me the name of AFI mangement company or how i can write to them. i am a single 45 yr old womari . and i am trying to prove to my kids that ur dreams can come true even if u are poor. 2 of my boys love the group AFI well i like them to. i would just like to be able to write to the band. thanks alot trina

Heeeyyyy Trinaaaaa,

R U Serious that u are only 45 yrs young? That is AWESOME! I totally understand your situation. Dreams do come tru. Unfortunately, being a 45 year old single mother with the grammar and spelling of a 3rd grader, there are other dreams you should be concerned about - mainly getting your GED. With that you can go anywhere, hell you probably could become President of the U.S.!!! J/K J/K.

You're 45 years old and still like AFI? More importantly, why did you email us trying to get AFI's contact information? In the time it took you to write your shitty-ass letter you could have looked at their MySpace page, posted sexy pictures of you with some tight acid-washed jean shorts, a crazy midriff and a wild comment such as "thx for the add," "I love your band!!!!1111111111111111!" or <insert other limp and banal message here>.

Just for shits and giggles, what would you have written to the band anyway? "I am a single mother who is 45 years of age who likes your band and dreams can come true oh, and by the way, I am poor?" Yeah. Right. They would soooo sympathize with you and because they are such sensitive guys they would probably cry at your circumstances while eating some vegan yummys such as carrots, string beans and asparagus.

Finally, do you really want some weak ass pussies to show your kids the wonderments of celebrity status? I can think of a million other whiney bitches that would be better than AFI to show your kids just what the real world is all about: Blink-182, Green Day, Fall Out Boy etc...Just look at these lyrics from AFI's newest album (taken from the song "Summer Shudder"). These lyrics demonstrate the disastrous consequences of tight pants, black clothing and a bad haircut:

"Listen when I say it's real/Real life is undefined/how could you be so missable?/Everything you take makes me more unreal/Real lines go undefined/how could this be so miserable/ blah blah blah cry me a river/I am a pussy/You can see into my soul/blah blah blah"

Dreams do come true! Fucker.

PS Couldn't you have text messaged this to me?

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# LOCALIZED

THE SECOND FRIDAY OF THIS MONTH IS ONCE AGAIN SLUG MAGAZINE'S NIGHT OF THE LIVING LOCALIZED CONCERT AT THE SLIGHTLY SLEEK URBAN LOUNGE (A PRIVATE CLUB FOR MEMBERS). IF THERE WERE A CONCERT THAT MATCHED THE OVERALL MANTRA OF THE URBAN, IT WOULD BE THIS MONTH'S LINE-UP, INCLUDING DIRTY ROCK N' ROLL FROM THE PLEASURE THIEVES AND SOME HARDCORE POP-HOP FROM THE ROTTEN MUSICIANS. THE OPENING ACT IS DJ SHANTY, OTHERWISE KNOWN AS THE GUY WHO DJ'D FOR ACEYALONE. JULY 14 IS SURE TO BE A NIGHT OF FUN AND FROLIC, FANCY FOOTWORK AND HOPEFULLY NO FRONTIN'.

# PLEASURE THIEVES



The Mother Fuckin' Pleasure Thieves are: Shred Master General- Guitar and Vocals, The Tain- Drums, Darantula- Bass, Dug- Keys (not pictured).

**SLUG:** The Pleasure Thieves like to smoke and drink like any good rock and roll band should.

They play straight ahead rock and roll and are poised to liven things up a little at the Urban. They are loud, fast and melodic with those really rapid harmonized guitar parts that may lead you to believe that there is a little metal in their bones.

**SLUG:** How are things on the Pleasure Thieves front?

**SMG:** Life sucks.

**Tain:** No! That's not the image we want to portray. We want to portray the thievery of virgins.

**SLUG:** I heard you guys smoke a lot. How many cigarettes do you think you guys have smoked as a group?

**Tain:** SMG alone has smoked about 500,000 packs.

**SMG:** Yeah, that's about right.

**Tain:** He's already bought three packs of Marlboro Reds today.

**SLUG:** What was the first concert you ever went to?

**Tain:** Whitesnake with Steve Vai.

**SMG:** The Beach Boys at Bryant Elementary School and it sucked. Mike Love is a candy ass.

**SLUG:** What recordings do you have out right now?

**SMG:** We have a song on the *SLUG Death by Salt 2* compilation. Our first Ep was recorded before our first show but it became one of the casualties of Jeremy Smith's computer homicide.

**SLUG:** If your band was a cocktail, what would the ingredients be?

**Tain:** Gasoline and wisdom.

**SLUG:** How about a real drink that we can drink right now?

**Tain:** You guys just want a free drink.

**SMG:** I don't know what it's called but it's Jaeger and Absinthe and it's delicious.

**SLUG:** Can you remember all the lyrics to your songs?

**SMG:** Most of the time. You know drinking goes on before, after and during the show so....(makes the "you know" shrug)

**SLUG:** Do you prefer playing short or long sets?

**SMG:** Short set. So we can play and then talk shit on everyone for missing our show.



# ROTTEN MUSICIANS



The Rotten Musicians: Scarecrow- MC, Madman- MC, Mike Danner- Bass, D.J. Shanty- Vinyl

These guys put up a front like they are terrible, but they are well versed in the ways of after school special sounding hip-hop. It is obvious that they are more concerned with making sure everyone has a good time, without the pretense of being hardcore all the time. Their music is about as close to sounding like a joke without actually being one. That is part of the appeal of these purveyors of a good time.

**SLUG:** How long has the group been together?

**Madman:** How long has there been bad music? I know I shouldn't answer a question with a question; sue me. We recorded our first song "Famous Burgers" near the end of 2004 and had our first CD done in 2005 [Make A Face]. We have all known each other for years though.

**SLUG:** What other bands have you guys been in?

**Madman:** Some of us are in this other group called Numbs.

**SLUG:** What recordings and/or releases are available to the general public?

**Madman:** One CD so far, *Make A Face*. I think we are going to start to record the next one this summer. Oh yeah, on our MySpace we have a song that we recorded for *Death By Salt 2* called *SLUG Song*. Unfortunately the song didn't quite make the cut.

**SLUG:** What are your biggest musical/lyrical/lifestylal influences?

**Scarecrow:** Is lifestylal a word? I would have to say *Public Enemy*, *Pee Wee's Playhouse* and *PEZ*.

**SLUG:** Do you guys tour or play out of town? Do you have any tour or show stories?

**Madman:** Nothing out of state yet. If there are any bands/groups out there that are headed out around the good ol' U.S.A. and need a lukewarm opener, let us know. We did the Best Of Utah gig earlier this year and right before we had to go on we noticed that *DJ Knucklz* took all of our show music. We had to adlib most of the set. Good thing people were too drunk to figure out the con was on.

**SLUG:** What was your first live concert? Was it good?

**Madman:** *Gloria Estefan And The Miami Sound Machine*. I saw them in New Jersey. She was off the chain.

**SLUG:** What do you really like about hip-hop today?

**Madman:** That for every Ying there is a Yang. You have your *B.E.Ps* and then you have your *Dangerdoods*. Also, it seems like promoters in SLC are bringing a lot of good quality acts through here. Good job promoters! Now, put us on the bill.

**SLUG:** What do you really dislike about hip-hop today?

**Madman:** When you can sign up for "Learn To Hip Hop Dance" at places around town, that's a little ridiculous. I mean, I don't see places teaching "Ska Horns" or "Punk Rock Guitar" or "Screamo Vocals." I'm starting to teach "Beatboxing Like *Buff Love From The Fat Boys*." R.I.P. Buff.

**SLUG:** Can you fill our readers in on any cool new slang? Preferably some slang that is currently hip on the streets.

**Madman:** Swagger. It can be used as a verb, noun or pronoun. I employ everyone reading this to use it at least once a day as it commands the utmost respect. You know what I'm saying! You know my Steez! You go, girl!

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## KAYO GALLERY

### DEATH TO MUSIC AT THE KAYO

As many of you know, the music venue at Kayo was recently shut down. Please visit the gallery website to find which shows were moved and cancelled. Thank you to all who attended, your continuous support keeps Kayo alive. Also, thank you to the six police officers that threatened to arrest me and shut down Kayo Gallery. Thank you.

love,  
Kenny Riches

### KAYO GALLERY LIVES ON

Despite the music venue coming to an end, Kayo Gallery will continue to host Salt Lake's most progressive art exhibits. This month, Kayo Gallery presents "Complexity of Self" works by Rashel Peddersen and Mark England. Don't miss this show!

(Camilla Taylor's dolls will remain on display through July 14th.  
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0101 SLUG

# GALLERY STROLL

A WALK ON THE ARTISTIC SIDE

By Mariah Mann-Mellus mariah@slugmag.com

Gallery Stroll's or Art Walks are held in many metropolitan areas, yet few are held every month and few embrace local art with such conviction and stamina as the Salt Lake Gallery Stroll has. Like the pioneer settlers we celebrate on July 24th, we too celebrate our ever-growing art community that strives to forge new terrain and offer a forum to inspire and refresh our souls. This celebration takes place every third Friday of the month when the art galleries open their doors to the public free of charge from 6-9pm.

The Salt Lake Art movement started almost 75 years ago with the first Salt Lake Art Center located at the Finch Lane Art Barn, which later moved to the corner of Salt Palace Convention Center and Abravanel Hall. Located at 20 S. West Temple. The Art Center was the brainchild of Mrs. Alta Rawlins Jensen back in 1928. After much persuading and fundraising, the corner stone to The Art Center at the Art barn was laid in 1931. The last 75 years The Art Center has gone through many changes, the new building in 1979, the struggles of keeping the gallery funded and keeping the art new and refreshing. With determination the Art Center has kept it's promise made in their Mission Statement. "To encourage contemporary visual artist's and art which challenge and educate public perceptions of civil, social and aesthetic issues affecting society."

In conjunction with the 75th anniversary The Street level Gallery of the Arts Center presents "Looking Back; 75 years at the Salt Lake Art Center." The exhibit includes many pioneers of local art such as Susan Beck, Anna Campbell Bliss, Gordon Cope, Lee Deffenbach, George Dibble, Larry Elsner, Alvin Gittins, Stephen Goldsmith, (original Artspace creator) J.T Harwood, Richard Johnston, Earl Jones, Frank McEntire, Waldo Midgely, Rodger Newbold, Don Olsen, Denis Phillips (of the Phillips Gallery) Tony Smith, Doug Snow, Will South, LeConte Stewart, Bonnie Sucec, Maureen O'Hara Ure, and Francis Zimbeaux. Curator Allen Dodworth notes "Over the years, the artists whose work have been shown here have often been among those leading the way, and this is as true today as it was in the beginning." Show opens June 24th and will remain on display until October 14th.

As any celebration should, we reflect on the past and welcome the new, *Material Culture The Fine art of Textile* will debut in the Main Gallery from June 24<sup>th</sup> through September 30th. Six Contemporary Artists representing many methods of textile work include Susan Taber Avila of Emeryville CA, Lia Cook of Berkley CA, Jean Hicks of Seattle Washington, Wendy Huhni of Dexter Oregon, Elaine Reichek of New York City, and Judy Singer of Toronto Ontario. Using craft techniques such as Quilting, Felt Making Weaving, Embroidery, and machine aided Stitching, these innovative women have turned time old classics into refreshing and edgy fine art.

Thank you Salt Lake Art Center for 75 years, thank you to those that bring shows to Utah, thank you to the Galleries and curators who lure artist's out of their studios and assure them that the people of Salt Lake City appreciate art.

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Photo: Ruby Claire

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Sun 2 The black heart procession, Dan Sartain, Will Sartain

Mon 3 Lily's, Human Television

Tues 4 happy fucking u s a cool apples closed

Wed 5 Nora Keys, Madame P, Subrosa

Thurs 6 Vile Blue Shades, Mountain High, Black Hole

Fri 7 Stormy, Mean Mollies Trio, TBA

Sat 8 Opio (hyroglyphix), Scarub (living legends)

Mon 10 Awalone, 2 Mex Life Rexall Smarter, The kno it alls, BCT

Tues 11 Form of Rocket, Black Elk

Wed 12 Barrington Levy

REGGAE LEGEND!!!!!!!!!!!!

Thurs 13 Snyder get your damn phone turned on

Fri 14 SLUG LOCALIZED

Sat 15 TBA

Wed 19 Michelle Malone, The Moaners

Thurs 20 Less Than Never, Peter & The Darlings

Fri 21 Quintron and miss pussycat, Harry Mary, PURRBATS

Sat 22 Boot Camp Clik, Smif and Wesson, Buckshot

Wed 26 Cabaret Voltage

Thurs 27 Magnolia Electric Company, Ladyhawk

Fri 28 SLG tunes launch party... w/ The Glistening Gems, Tolchock Trio, Vile Blue Shades

Sat 29 Wolfs, Stilleto, Red Bennies



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# THIS IS NOT SATIRE- JASON SCHEVCHUK OF NONE MORE BLACK GETS SERIOUS ABOUT MUSIC

by Jeremy C. Wilkins

Three years ago when *None More Black* released their debut album, *File Under Black* MySpace didn't exist and iPods were a despicable third generation lacking vibrant color screens and video capabilities like the fifth generation counterpart. Over the course of three years, these two things have impacted society and music more than anyone could have predicted. Though much has changed in music since *None More Black's* debut, lead singer Jason Schevchuk and his band mates, have pushed forward and have a positive attitude about their future.

The MySpace revolution exploded like a gas leak gone undetected until the strike of a match. Along the way it has sparked controversy from the media because of the questionable content on users' pages and the opportunity for child predators to find unsuspecting victims. Regardless, it is a fire that has yet to come close to being quenched by anyone and its potential for bad and good is undeniable.

"We were dead-set against MySpace for a long time," said Schevchuk. "One night while we were recording the new album, we got bored and started one. Within two days we had like 500 friends. I must swallow my pride and admit that it was a good move. It's a nice way to stay close to the people who listen to our music. We read and answer everything. It's fun."

Today more people turn to bands' MySpace pages to hear music, get information and chat with the band, rather than going to the once grand and now near obsolete official website. "Our website has unfortunately become less efficient," said Schevchuk, and such is the story for many bands.

Many music enthusiasts question what has almost become synonymous with the iPod craze: the downloading of music, both legally and illegally. The question is: if more people are pirating music than buying the album or paying for downloads, how will that affect the artist's ability to make a living? "In my experience, I've never really made a substantial amount of money on record sales. Labels take most of the money because it costs a lot to press records and distribute them. Most bands make their living by touring and selling merch. We make our living in other ways to support our very expensive hobby of playing music," said Schevchuk. "iTunes makes it easy and offers incentives to buy music online. That's cool. I buy music from iTunes. Let's face it, downloading exists. It's not going away. Deal with it and move on."

"If you really want to become a full time band these days, you've got to become a business to protect yourself," said Schevchuk. "Everyone has gotten a bit more business savvy. It's become a living to a lot of people. There's nothing wrong with that. If you're a band making good music, selling records and drawing kids at shows, there's no reason you shouldn't be rewarded for that." As music becomes a legit

career, large amounts of criticism and accusations of selling out have accompanied talk of smaller punk rock, hardcore and indie bands signing to major labels to help their careers prosper. "I never understood this whole major label is the enemy idea," said Schevchuk. "Some of the most inventive albums of all time were paid for by major labels, *Radiohead* is a prime example, *Wilco* is another. If you make good music, that's all that matters."

Bands like *None More Black* who aren't signed to a major label and don't concentrate wholly on touring to make their living, they have second jobs. While playing with hardcore protégés *Kid Dynamite*, Schevchuk attended film school and now works in the film industry. "I've been lucky enough to make a pretty good living by doing film and video in Philadelphia," said Schevchuk, who added that following the last stint of tour dates in mid-June, he will "be moving to New York to really focus harder on my work." For those like Schevchuk who have more than one career it's not easy to make time for both. "It's difficult, but I do my best. I try hard to balance the two. We aren't a full time touring band. I have a career that I love just as much as playing music. I'm not at a point in my life where I can sacrifice one for the other. It's hard, all aspects of life are demanding. It's all about finding time to relax and breathe."

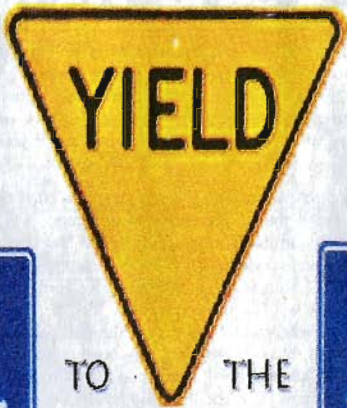
Challenges aren't something new to the band though. They've been through several line-up changes, the current one includes long time friend Colin McGinniss on guitar, drummer Jared Shavelson, Schevchuk and fellow *None More Black* constant, bassist Paul Delaney. They all agree that the band finally has chemistry, "Things just click now. We have fun. That's inspiring," said Schevchuk. Another recent challenge for the *None More Black* crew is that before the May release of their second *Fat Wreck Chords* album, *This Is Satire*, there had been a hefty three year block of time, enough to kill any momentum achieved and lead to their extinction. "We did lose momentum. It sucked. I almost threw in the towel many times," said Schevchuk.

However, they persevered through the lost momentum and it has paid off with their new, well-received and diverse-sounding record. Some of the songs on *This Is Satire* ring in as your basic punk rock, but the record goes farther than that; it shows the band evolving and moving in different directions, plus it breaks the typical *Fat Wreck Chord* stereotypes. The new and more versatile album was produced by J. Robbins (*Against Me!*, *Jawbox*). "J. was awesome to work with. With him steering the ship, it was easy to sit back and ride the waves," said Schevchuk. With an evolutionary release and Robbins at the helm Schevchuk affirms *None More Black* have made the best record he has ever been a part of. "I feel like we did something different in terms of what we've done in the past. We made a rock record. We stepped outside of the genre and didn't look back."



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# BOOKS ALOUD:

## BOOK REVIEWS FOR THE ILLITERATE

### Beasts and Priests: A Collection of Portraiture by Jim Blanchard

**Jim Blanchard**  
Fantagraphics Books  
Street: May 2006

These portraits are not original. Same may be interesting, but not original. And although wavering between photorealistic and caricature is far from easy, *Beasts and Priests* is more like a collection of pastime than a full conceptual monograph of an artist's body of work. What does his art look like? Well, if Ray Johnson and Roy Lichtenstein were to birth a child and that child were to one day spend seven minutes in heaven with Daniel Clowes making Charles Burns throw a jealous fit, screaming, "but the bottle was obviously pointing at me!" he (the Lichtenstein/Johnson spawn) could then safely change his name to Jim Blanchard. Working directly from photograph, printing and inking famous (and a few not so famous) celebrities and throwing in backgrounds that look like they were taken straight out of a 1987 high school yearbook, Blanchard's portraiture leaves a little to be desired. His best work, though a little frat-favorable in content (Shaft, Lee Marvin, etc.), would be his mixed media prints. I think a good use of advertising labels to create a makeshift zip-a-tane effect is quite commendable, especially when done this effectively. —Mike Steffen

### Runaway Comic

**Mark Martin**  
Fantagraphics Books  
Street: March 2006

Mark Martin's *Runaway Comic* definitely has its highlights, those "highlights" being the highlight of the Montgomery Wart strip. Bouncing between adorable and completely repulsive, Montgomery Wart is the anomaly I can only describe as Craig Thompson's *Good-bye, Chunky Rice* being crossed with Peter Bagge's *Hote Comics*, some sort of underground jive that seems to roll well in Mark Martin's bulbous cartooning style. To put it crossly, imagine a litter of puppies playing in a pile of barf. Although I don't feel as strongly towards the other strips, a brief and moderately enjoyable narrative of a religious nutcase and an also brief and less enjoyable narrative about Martin and his better half (kind of a Julie Doucet/Joe Matt cross), there still is some momentum in this first installment. Whether or not that momentum will bud a promising run of *Runaway Comic* is a little questionable. It all depends, though, on whether or not Martins got it in him to keep up his game and, honestly, I think he does. —Mike Steffen


### Tweaked: A Crystal Meth Memoir

**Patrick Moore**  
Kensington Publishing Corp  
Street: June 2006

Like many drugs, I have never understood why anyone would even bother trying crystal meth. Maybe it's because I grew up with the DARE program ... but I managed to discover the appeal of alcohol, pot and hallucinogens, so that couldn't be it. I thought that reading *Tweaked* might explain why in the hell anyone would ever want to do a drug that makes you age rapidly, develop creepy habits like plucking out all of our eyelashes or ripping off your fingernails and cause you some horrible burns if it happens to blow up in your face while cooking it in your mobile home in the middle of the desert. Needless to say, Moore's memoir didn't shine any light on why anyone would decide that it was a great idea to start snorting, smoking or shooting crystal meth. Even Moore's own transition to the dangerous drug is very unclear; in fact he just seems to naturally slip from drinking, getting high and dropping acid to snorting meth and catching STDs from random men who he has sex with. Although the book didn't even begin to explain the appeal of the drug, it did explain the horrible effects it can cause and showed that even the craziest methhead can recover, and that the road there will feel like you've trekked through hell and back about 12 times. The story introduces you to quite the cast of characters, most of whom are homosexual and dealing the effects of their use of "Tina." There is Dino, Moore's lover who dies of AIDS, Judy, the ex-junkie dyke who runs the recovery house in LA and is quick to let the residents know that "na matter how much shit you got, nothin's ever going to fix your feelings," and Ding Dong, the meth addict dying of AIDS whose "arms are so impossibly thin that it looks as if the bones of his elbows and shoulders will tear through the papery, sallow skin." How lovely. The memoir also notes that no one seemed to care about the meth epidemic until it hit the straight housewife population of America. Moore takes you from the seedy sex clubs of New York to the meetings and down his long, winding road to recovery, complete with graphic sex scenes and a vivid description of a full blown meth lab, all sprinkled with an odd sense of humor. Yet I still fail to see the appeal of meth. —Jeanette Moses

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# MODUS OPERANDI:

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

By oneamysseven

oneamysseven@kommandzero.net

A few weeks ago I noticed an email in my box asking me to cast a vote to get KMFD (on tour with Combichrist this fall) to play in Salt Lake. Sure, it seems like a good idea, but voting online to get a band to come here is about as effective as signing a petition to impeach Bush. Who gets this petition? And what promoter is going to see that 28 people voted and say, "Wow! I guess I better book these guys"? If you want to see a band bad enough I have two recommendations for you: 1. Dig deep into those pockets for money to either travel to see said band or 2. Pool money together with your friends, find a venue willing to help you out and then promote the hell out of the show. You may or may not lose money, but if you love the band that much, I can attest that it is sometimes worth the paying a \$200 ticket price when everyone else pays \$10 to see them and have the satisfaction of hanging out with one of your favorite acts.

On that note, here are some shows you should support and lessen the blow that a promoter might have to eat. Clear your calendar on Thursday, July 6th for the All American Pig Show with the meaty beats of PIG along with Mindless Faith, Digital Mindy and Carphax Files. Start stashing the cash for upcoming shows in the fall including Snog, Terrorfakt and Tonikom.

## Larvae

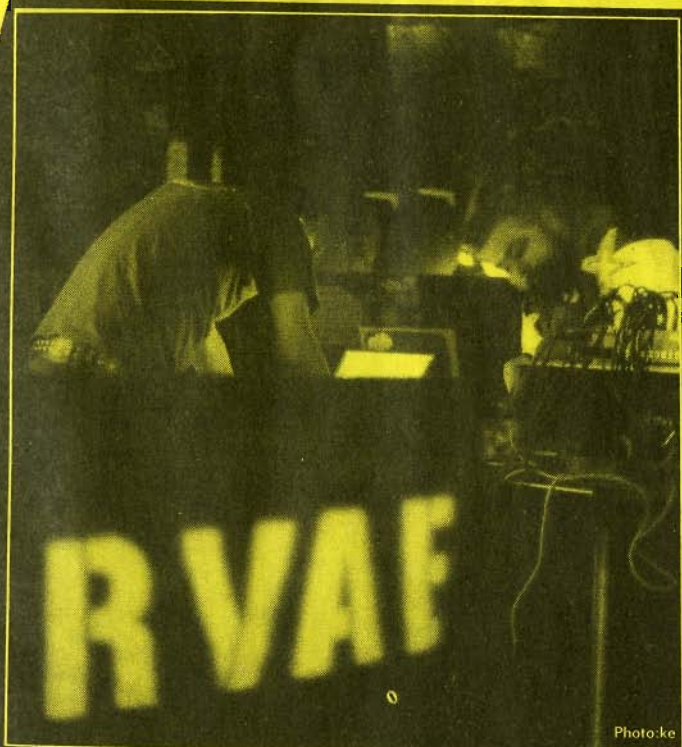
### Dead Weight

#### Ad Noiseam

Street: 06.12

Larvae = Industrial - ustrial + y

Larvae has stripped off their clothes revealing a deeper, soulful persona on their second full-length, *Dead Weight*. Breaking out of the semi-structure of grinding bass beats and slow-motion melodic notes from *Fashion Victim*, Larvae screams that they are impossible to classify with *Dead Weight*. Five of the 12 tracks feature four collaborators who are entirely different from each other and unexpected. Beautiful, soft, female vocals from Jessica Bailiff on "Telecast" and "Thanks for Playing" delve into a genre so acoustic that the subtle electronic elements are the only reminder that you are listening to anything from the *Ad Noiseam* label. Fellow Georgian act, *Hope for Agoldensummer*, drop into the indie-rock setting with an outdoor summer concert track on "Airplanes." Is this the same Larvae? Back to something in my personal comfort zone, *Shadowhuntaz* and *Scalper* lay down the rap with static electronics and dropped beats over profound melodies just the way I like them. Although this departure seems to jump from one style to another, this is a strong point for Larvae where breaking out of the standard genre is welcome and refreshing. It was never doubted that the work of Larvae was amazing, but this exploration is flawless.



## Combichrist

### Get Your Body Beat

#### Metropolis

Street: 06.02

Combichrist = This Shit Will Fuck You Up + Funker Vogt.

Goodbye Funker Vogt, hello Combichrist. *Get Your Body Beat* could alternately be titled *This Shit Will Fuck you up 2006*. Combichrist took all the same sounds, rearranged them and threw in some expected lyrics to make something as explosive as last year's *Everybody Hates You*. Andy Lepelgaa's talent has been seen in numerous bands and he is selling himself short by doing what he's already done. It peeves me to see a band milk the one good song they did. Not even remixes from KMFD, *Amduscia*, *Spetsnaz* and *Manufactura* can breath life into the latest Combichrist EP. The first nine tracks are the money-making 4/4 EBM hits; fortunately we get something new on the last track. "DNA AM" is slow and melodic with scratchy electronic waves and bits of sampling and is beautiful. He knows how to make static beats that you can't resist, but it would be nice to get something that really sounds new. And can we stop it with the "fcuk" thing already?

## Dismantled

### Anthem (Digital Only Release)

#### Metropolis

Street: 04.25

Dismantled = Pop + Industrial or "Poprial"

Ever since the "Breed to Death" single came out last year, my faith in Dismantled has been restored. My dislike for this act came from press playing up how Gary Zon was trying to sound like *Frontline Assembly* mixed with him winning the contest for remixing *Wumpscut's* "Wreath of Barbs." With *Anthem*, Zon reaches further into his love of pop music and follows in the "Breed to Death" format, a song that is disgustingly poppy with an *Assemblage 23*-type melody. Zon has mastered the integration of pop into industrial and may end up being one of those so-called sell-outs, but he deserves it. With three versions of "Anthem," killer militant beats on "The March" and the uninteresting "Recall" this EP follow-up to *Standard Issue* should be cued for downloading in your iTunes.

## Motor

### Klunk

#### Novamute

Street: 07.25

Motor = Douglas McCarthy + 2006

As a general rule, I steer away from artists with "Motor" in their name, but since this particular band was on *Novamute*, a respectable label, I gave it a listen and felt the rewards of taking a chance. Without sounding dated, *Motor* brings back memories of the simplicity of early industrial artists like *Nitzer Ebb* and *Front 242*. In fact, on "1x1" *Douglas McCarthy* of *Nitzer Ebb* growls over heavy electronic dance beats. The perfect marriage of modern electro-clash meets old school industrial on *Klunk* should inspire all DJs to rock the house with this break from standard dance hits. On "Din 13" hard acid grooves pulse and strobe free of vocals. Both *Motor* and *Klunk* were unexpected, but well received by my dance-floor-industrial craving ears.

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The Cure celebrated their 25<sup>th</sup> anniversary by playing two or three tracks from each of their albums for KROQ's Inland Invasion. Were the *Legendary Pink Dots* to try and do the same the concert would be a week-long event (not including side projects which might push the performance to a month). Sadly they'll only be making one appearance in Salt Lake on their 25<sup>th</sup> Anniversary tour, July 14 at *Egos*. It so happens to be the last day of the tour and promises to be a delightful night of chemical playschool trickery. So come all ye experimental poets with a taste for electronic bubbles and psychedelic textures as the Dots play old classics and tracks from their excellent new release *Your Children Ploccote You from Premature Groves*.

**Anka**

**Cocoon Time**

I-Rain

Street: 05.30

Anka = exotic-atmospheric-pop with an edge.

**Pieter Nooten**

**Ourspace**

I-Rain

Street: 05.30

Pieter Nooten = lush electronic instrumentals augmented by warmth

Following the commercial and critical disaster known as *Phoenix* (which in all fairness wasn't nearly as disappointing as it initially seemed, particularly when you include the b-side "Twisted" into the equation) Xymox ceased to be a band and essentially became a vanity project for Ronny Moorings. Bandmates Pieter Nooten and Anka Wolbert disappeared into rumors of solo projects and the "Where are they now?" file. As Xymox, Ronny released two dance records (one horrible the other surprisingly solid) before reclaiming the Clan of Xymox moniker along with the darker sound that recalled the electro-goth styling of their early releases, but it wasn't the same. Ronny's half-dozen Clan of Xymox albums have been brilliant at times but never quite reaching the dizzying heights of the original trilogy of albums released by the Moorings, Nooten and Wolbert line-up.

It was with great nervous anticipation that I approached these two releases.

In *Cocoon Time* I'll admit to hoping for a continuation of Xymox's *Twist of Shadows*, with all due respect to Depeche Mode's *Violator* and *Black Celebration*, the greatest dark synthpop album of all time. In that regard I was to be disappointed. Yet to call the album disappointing seems criminal. *Cocoon Time* is a fantastic collection of songs that recalls everything that made Anka's Xymox tracks the perfect balance to Ronny's and while there is nothing here nearly as epic as "Imagination," there is a rush of pop, subdued by lingering loyer upon layer of atmospheres as if Anka set out to record the album *Phoenix* without relying on the weight of resurrected nostalgia. Had the exotic pop opener "Inside the Bubble" been released before "Phoenix of My Heart," history might look entirely different from here. "Angel" alone is worth the price of admission (particularly when blaring from a car's speakers while driving with a certain amount of excessive abandon) with its stirring use of distorted and soaring guitars. I could do with a few more upbeat tracks, but nonetheless *Cocoon Time* is unquestionably a triumphant return.

In Nooten's *Ourspace* I hoped for anything that approached the beauty of the sweeping synths that I accredited to him in the early Clan of Xymox sound that was also apparent in his collaboration with guitarist Michael Brook (most familiar from their track "Several Times" which was reworked for the first *This Mortal Coil* album) on their *Sleeps with the Fishes* release. Again I am not to be disappointed. Primarily an instrumental album, *Ourspace* recalls the beauty of *Twist of Shadows*' "Clementia." However, the unexpected highlight of the album is "Stop Time" where Pieter lends wisful vocals with lyrics that remind of Robert Smith's ability to use subtle phrases to capture mammoth events.

**Asobi Seksu**

**Citrus**

Friendly Fire

Street: 05.30

Asobi Seksu = Lush and My Bloody Valentine's beautiful lovechild.



On their debut album, Asobi Seksu woltzed into the dream pop ball like debutantes destined for stardom. Primped and pretty *Citrus* could be called a sophomore slump, only it really isn't much of a slump. Granted there isn't anything as blissfully sweeping as "Walk on the Moon," but the album does feature the signature combination of pop, shoegaze distortion and enough time changes to keep the weary dancing. Yuki bounces between English and Japanese in a bitter sweet falsetto as if they were the same language and James Hanna ties knots with his guitar, weaving strum upon picked notes while the newly assembled rhythm section pulses along. "Goodbye" bounces along in a perfectly mix, as do pop numbers "Strawberries" and "New Years." "Exotic Animal Paradise" slips away like mistakenly released balloons; you watch as the wind takes them away. The album's highlight is "Thursday" as it captures the best sides of the band, flowlessly combining up-tempo pop with a haunting dreamscape that even *Phaser* would die for. They're probably the best band you've never heard; they might also be the best band in New York. To top it off, Sean McCabe's (*Interpol*, *Spoon*, *Mates of State*) artwork continues to be stunning and iconic like *4ad* and *Factory* sleeves used to be.

**Ane Brun**

**A Temporary Dive**

V2

Street: 05.09

Ane Brun = Beth Orton with a choir of ghosts

Being critically acclaimed in Scandinavia might sound like an odd introduction, but in a way it is the best place to begin. Scandinavia is undiscovered, stretches of white canvas pulled tight to the horizon. Caught somewhere between folk and pop without ever falling into the contrived aspects of *Jewel* or any other pop primed princess; she's closer to being the female variation of *Damien Rice* with simple structures and intelligent lyrics that hang like icicles from the delicate vocal. *A Temporary Dive* is full of touches of electric guitars and echoing drums, but primarily the focus remains on Ane Brun's strumming acoustic guitar and bore vocal; it's simply beautiful.



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By Spencer Jenkins [spencedog2000@yahoo.com](mailto:spencedog2000@yahoo.com)

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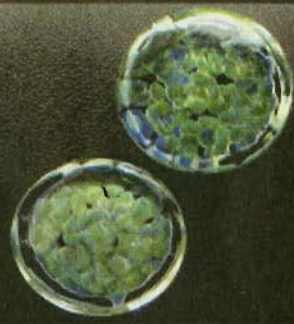
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By Sarvis Berr [mttradskin@yahoo.com](mailto:mttradskin@yahoo.com)

This city has an attitude everywhere you go, and not just from the LDS army but from all the scenes and clicks created by suburban white kids that want to break out of the Latter Day Cage. It's hard for anything new in this town to break out. People here do not like change, anything foreign is shunned, if you don't believe me, go to any place in this city that you've never been in and look into everyone's eyes; those eye say, "you're not welcome".

It seems business is the same as scenes. For example, why have an independent record store when you have Graywhale? Why have a local clothing designer when you can go to JMR? Why would SLC have a grill shop if there are no "ethnic" people? There is a lot of diversity, open your fuckin eyes. You don't have to be "black" to rock this shit; having a grill means a lot more than thuggin, it's a lot more than gangster shit. It's proof, 100%, that you are it—you are made.

I didn't really understand why I wanted a grill. I was in Las Vegas and got one from a place ran by a small Korean man who hustled me from getting two teeth to a six tooth set; open faced on the front two and diamond cut on the other four. As soon as I got the set I didn't take them out unless I needed to eat, sleep or brush my snags and I wanted to get some bottoms. I put my ear to the rail and the word on the streets is a grill shop in town.

Mouth Piece Jewelry Company has been open since the beginning of April and the man behind it all, Train, is a local Hip-Hop producer. Train got some grills and ended up hooking his friends up; he got so busy that he just opened a store front. What's dope about the whole deal is that he's into it. Train is all about your grill and he can make something like your mouth a place for a good smile. Customize your teeth so your grin will give people something to talk about.

Train has it all set up; he takes a mold of your teeth, sets a plaster cast and the rest is you. You have your choice between gold in a few different karats, platinum, silver, diamonds, gems in multiple colors and cuts, single caps or an 8 piece (not chicken you idiot). There are many different styles that can make any piece "BLING". I got fitted for my bottoms, explained what I wanted and drew it out on the order form. Train was stoked because he had never seen a piece like that. I explained how I wanted them grime, dirty as shit; it's my steeze, and if you don't get what I'm saying you don't know me.

We shot the shit a bit, talked about the Hip Hop scene in this town and how it's blowing up. B-Boy Crews and MC's are coming out of the woodwork. It's getting bigger than the rock scene in this town and needs more focus in order to really explode. It's a

good thing that Train opened shop now so he can ride the wave that is happening in the streets. To tell you the truth Salt Lake is lucky that Train opened shop, and it was explained to me that it's more than hip hop.

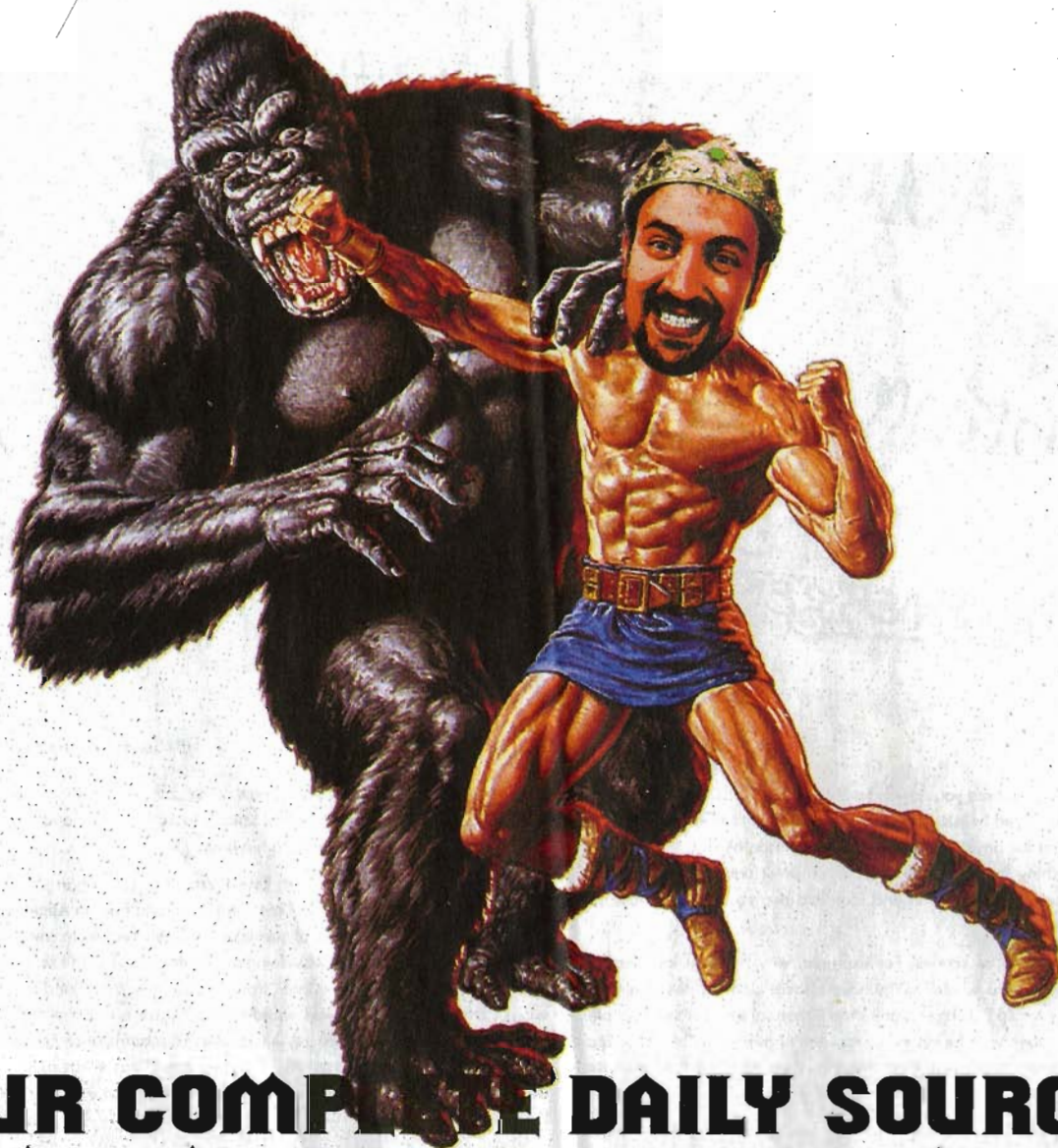
Train told me Dave Heiblim from Este Pizza (they got vegan shit, bitch) got a grill too, and I wanted to know why. I met with Dave and had an Apple Beer. The way he explained his grill made a lot of sense but was different from my reasons. I got my grill because it was funny; I was doing something that I didn't think was an option in Salt Lake. I wanted to come back from Vegas, have a grill and make anyone laugh when I smiled, because it was so ridiculous. Dave put it a different way, "I wasn't worried about surviving anymore, it had been 18 months since Este had been opened. I wasn't worried about not making it. Buying a grill was a way to say I made it, that's why I put Este across it, it's not a pride thing, I'm just not worried about starving, and I'm living!"

Wearing a grill is a way to communicate to everyone who you are by your smile; you are living comfortably to the point where you can buy something so ridiculous like jewelry for your teeth. You don't have to be a G to have a grill, Dave from Este Pizza is a hippy from Philly, and I'm a body piercer from Montana. Train records local hip hop artist in his house and decided to take a chance. We all wear grills, we all decided to put our money where our mouth is and represent a culture that started in the late 60's. I never thought I had to be black to own a set, and I'm sick of hearing about my whiteness. It's cute that everyone still stereotypes, but the only thing I got out of this is taking a chance like opening a business in this town takes balls. This community isn't ready for its own underground, and my mouth has more than one of your paychecks in it.

Train told me about a ten-year-old kid that came in and wanted a grill; he was checking prices and was going to have his grandma buy him one for his birthday. Train's friends were in Mouth Piece and talked to the kid and decided to kick in some cash and make this kid's birthday. They set that ten year old kid up with a four set silver grill. Train is not just living the dream he is making them happen. That, my friends, is worth you going in and shaking Train's hand.

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# YOUR COMPLETE DAILY SOURCE OF MANLINESS FROM A TO ZOMBIES!

By Erik Lopez

[erik@slugmag.com](mailto:erik@slugmag.com)

Salt Lake City has its fair share of "tiny giants" running the celebrity gauntlet: from **Roseanne Barr** to **Marie Osmond** – we've got it all. A recent addition to the illustrious list of minor celebrities is a computer programmer with a fierce tongue: **George Ouzounian**. While most might not be familiar with his real name, you may know his Internet superego: **Maddox**.

Maddox has lived in Utah all of his life but has been living in SLC for the past six years. His mother is Catholic while his father is a practicing Latter Day Saint. Not quite the black sheep of the family, he runs [www.xmission.maddox.com](http://www.xmission.maddox.com) or as it is commonly referred to, the Best Damn Web Page in the Universe! Recently he stopped by the SLUG offices and conversed on

such subjects as censorship, what it means to be a man and his newfound celebrity status.

"I got an email from someone the other day saying that I was a C-list celebrity. Well you know what? At least I'm on the list," Maddox jokes as I question his newfound stardom. As of 06.06.06, Maddox published a book called, appropriately enough, *The Alphabet of Manliness*. The day after its release and at the time of this interview, the book was number three on the *New York Times* bestsellers list and the number one item bought on *Amazon.com*. "I did the alphabet originally because I wanted to write a parody of a childrens' book," says Maddox. *The Alphabet of*



*Manliness* is just that: an alphabet (A for Kicking Ass, B for Boners, L for Lumberjacks, etc.) for and about men that also comes with handy-dandy shaded diagonal tabbing on the side of the book for easy reference to your favorite man-letter. "I don't want people to think that this is a traditional men's book, a guidebook by any means. The only other manliness book that was out there, well, there was none. The only other book was the *Big Damn Book of Sheer Manliness* by the **Von Hoffman Brothers**," Maddox says. "It talked about sports, pool, etc. That is exactly what I don't want people to think this book is, like the **Tim Allen** type of humor: 'Guys like to use power tools ... hardy har har.' 'Guys like to drink beer. Beer is beer, Beer, BÉER!' It's not that book. Beer is never mentioned in the book. I don't talk about sports," Maddox concludes. But the story of his meteoric rise to fame didn't start with this book. Oh no, gentle reader, it started much earlier – the mid-90s to be exact.

Since 1995, Maddox has run *the Best Damn Web Page in the Universe* and, well, quite frankly, it is the Best Damn Web Page in the Universe. Without any punch-the-monkey-and-win-a-free-mp3 flash animation, super graphics or all the epic bells and whistles of the glorious Internet age, [www.maddox.xmission.com](http://www.maddox.xmission.com) gets more visitors than McDonalds, Burger King and other major corporate websites combined. Why? Because even with its simple layout and graphic display the content matters most. "All I want people to do when they come to my website is click a link and read my articles. That is it. Done. You can't arrange it any better than I already have," Maddox replies. The content consists of cynical and sarcastic rants ranging from making fun of children's art, **Ben Stiller** movies to video games and pirates.

From these humble beginnings a cult following emerged and, consequently, a book deal happened. The book publisher approached Maddox about doing a book after the success of **Robert Hamburger's Real Ultimate Power**. "The reason I signed with **Kensington [Publishing Corp.]** is because my editor is fucking awesome – he gets my humor. He approached me first and I am very loyal ... I mean the people who loved me first I love'em back. I wanted to work with him even though I could have gotten a much better deal," Maddox says.

The original idea behind Maddox writing a book was for him to compile his web articles and publish a book of his collected writings. "My editor originally wanted me to write a 200-page book of original material like my website. I wasn't too crazy about that idea because it's really hard to write a book like that, it's completely unstructured. I can't fake it. If I'm angry about something, I'm going to write about it," Maddox replies. But what came out of these sessions was a book of original writing, divorced from website ramblings.

The reception of Maddox's creative output has been a mixed bag with people siding for or against Maddox, his website and his book. His own mother, for instance, didn't understand what was going on when her son's book hit the big time. "I told my mom 'Hey mom, I am number one on Amazon's bestseller list.' She said, 'Oh, that's great.' She just doesn't get it," Maddox says. "The thing that excites her the most is seeing my picture in the newspaper. When she saw my picture she said, 'Oh, you look so handsome!'" he concludes. Maddox also remembers his mother's first reaction to his website: "When she first read my website, she cried. I was actually on the phone with her when she kept going on and on saying, 'This is terrible, we never raised you like this.' I was on IRC [*Internet Relay Chat*] while on the phone with her in real time transcribing up her initial reaction [the conversation can be found at [batch.org](http://batch.org)]."

What is interesting about his website and book is the colorful and creative use of language. "Sometimes I get emails from people saying 'Maddox, you're an intelligent fellow – why do you degrade yourself by writing so much vulgarity and foul language?' I write back, 'Dude, go back and watch the 911 videos ... what is the first thing you hear when the plane hits the buildings? 'Holy Shit.'" Maddox believes that cursing is a part of the language of the people. If you want to reach the young and old, the intelligent and idiotic, the language of the people is the way to go. Maddox continues, "You hear 'fuck' and you hear 'shit' and every other single cuss word but this is what really boggles my mind – you can go on national television today and say the most hateful thing or something totally racist [i.e. **Michael Savage**] but you can't say the word 'shit.'" This contradiction is not lost on Maddox, who regularly infuriates and inflames with the words

he chooses to express his viewpoint. Like anything good, such vulgarity doesn't go unnoticed.

**Mothers Against Maddox (MAM)** is another sect of the Mother's moniker. Its sole purpose is, you guessed it, to get Maddox to stop spreading his filth and hurting the children. It started after an outraged mother found her 14-year-old son looking at Maddox's website. After that fateful encounter and subsequent shock to her moral system, that "madd" mother took her crusade to the Internet, where she started an online petition thus trying to put an end to Maddox's right to free speech. "For a long time a lot of people thought that I had made that site up. I didn't. I found out about it a year before I wrote about it. The reason I waited so long was because I had some of my fans send her sympathetic emails to her cause to feel her out and she would reply to them saying 'We're going to get this guy and shut down his website,'" says an amused Maddox.

The only thing stranger than a website devoted to taking down his site are the fans that he has collected over the years while writing polemics for his website. "It is really interesting; my fans are everywhere. I get emails every now and then from fans giving me a heads-up, saying that there is a group of people emerging that are going to try to take me down but they have been on the inside for a while and they will keep me posted," says Maddox. Furthermore, his fans have gone to great lengths to meet him. "I got an email from some kids saying they had met my uncle, and sure enough they had pictures with my uncle at his house. We have the same name and both live in SLC. Unfortunately, the poor guy receives a lot of phone calls looking to talk to me. These poor kids drove up from Santa Cruz just to meet me. They went to my uncle's house to meet me, and my aunt, who is the sweetest lady, invited them in, gave them milk and cookies and sent them on their way. They were so stoked just to meet my uncle," Maddox remarked.

But having fans hasn't affected the award-winning website writer and book author. No siree! He still remains the true and humble public servant to his legion of minions that he has always been. "The first time that there was ever a breakthrough between the website and the real world was when I was at the *University of Utah* on a campus shuttle. This was the first time I ever got recognized. Some kid was sitting across from me, staring at me with this look in his eye like he was going to blow up the bus or something. He finally got the nerve to come up and talk to me. 'Are you Maddox?' he said. I was like 'What?' The website wasn't even on the back of my mind. It was something that I did on the side, whatever. 'Maddox from the Best Damn Page in the Universe...' 'Oh yeah that's me.' He said, 'I love your website,' shook my hand and got off the bus," he reminisces.

Reading Maddox's website you wouldn't believe that he has that many fans. "90 to 95 percent of my mail is fan mail. But those that go to my website come away with a perception that everyone hates me. Which is great! I don't care. To this day, I still get emails saying 'This is probably one of the first fan letters you have probably ever received.' Yeah, probably. Don't do a little research first," Maddox sarcastically replies. "Part of the reason is my fault because of the way my website looks. It looks like shit," Maddox concludes. From time to time, Maddox gets offers from hot-shot web designers/fans wanting to not only improve their portfolios but to make his website top shit. Not only does he decline these generous proposals, he still codes his own site! Sweet!

Finally, there is a method to Maddox's reasoning for writing a book (hint: it sure isn't for the money). Give up? For clout. "I want to do all sorts of different writing: TV, film, etc. The reason I wrote this book was to use it as leverage to write film scripts. Before I wrote this book I would meet with producers and pitch them something. There seemed to be a disconnect. It didn't matter how great my idea was or how popular my website was, they always wanted to know what else I had written. They just didn't care. Hollywood is a business. They don't care about the art. They are not going to take a chance on you if you might be brilliant. It all comes down to clout. The main reason I wrote the book was for clout," says Maddox.

It might seem like the mild-mannered author is selling out, and is crude and unruly to boot, but in actuality, he probably has the most integrity out of anyone doing the web game. He may be selling a ton of books but since 1995, 69,095,406 have not seen an ad on his website and never will.

# LOCAL CD REVIEWS

## The Brobecks

*Goodnight and Have a Pleasant Tomorrow*

Self Released

Street: 06:01

The Brobecks = Elvis Costello + The Islands + Granddaddy + Weezer  
– fuzzy distortion

From the opening song, "Bike Ride," *Goodnight and Have a Pleasant Tomorrow* is bound to send every indie kid in tight clothes and a cool haircut bouncing up and down on the dance floor. To give credit where credit's due, the biggest influence on this band's awesome vocal harmonies in songs like "You or a Ghost?" and "March 1" should be attributed to The Beatles. It's my contention that The Beatles were responsible for the best of indie rock. Besides the solid songwriting and vocals, one of the most endearing aspects of the album are the signature indie keyboard parts played by El Duderino's Dave Chisholm that are both straightforward and innovative, like a firm backbone to build the songs on. Although this is a good album, it's all the better because you sense that they don't take themselves too seriously. Throughout the album, you can't help but think that these guys are laughing a little at themselves. – Spencer Jenkins

## Clifton

*We Never Change*

Abacus Records

Street: 06:17

Clifton = Iron Monkey + Metallica + Pantera

Sounding like some forsaken Christian burning in the dark flames of purgatory, *We Never Change* varies slightly from one goal: to fuck you up on severe metal! Lead singer Bryan Edward's vocals come on with guttural barks against lightning quick metal riffs with a shot of Southern Comfort. These guys are hellbent on leaving bruises. One of my favorite songs on the album, "Walters" switches between quick thrash to sludgy doom metal that will give you a kink in your neck from throwing your head around. If you're an avid reader of SLUG like I am, you know that Clifton just landed a record deal and are about to embark on a national tour. In the end, you can't deny that these guys are having a hell of a lot of fun. Good luck on the tour! – Spencer Jenkins

## Hew Mun

*Live at a Basketball Court*

A. Star Recordings

Street: 06:01

Hew Mun = one guy + guitar + drum set + delay pedals + a basketball court

It isn't exactly a new idea but the result is always unique. Matthew J. Munn of The Paper Cranes set up an amp and drums with microphones that are hooked up to a bunch of delay pedals. Typically, he first lays down a loop on his guitar, pounds his drums to it then tweaks the resulting sound in a thick echoing fallout. The songs are followed by applause by the dozen people and few giggling girls in the auditorium. The brilliant absurdity somehow reminds me of a movie I saw of the artist Ray Johnson beating an empty cardboard box with his leather belt in front of a few amused spectators. The CD cover is a sketch of the performance individually etched by Munn, probably with an Xacto knife; not ideal for mass production, but I don't think that's the point. – Spencer Jenkins

## Jealous

*Self-Titled*

8ctopus Records

Street: 03:31

Jealous = The Melvins + Big Black + Ministry

This four song EP is tough, stripped down metal with songs that extend up to seven minutes. Although Jealous follows a familiar structure, the songs are looser and build progressively to ruckus endings. The dissonant and sometimes atonal vocals fit in with the banging metal sounds and barbed wire distortion. The cool lyrics linger on the macabre and sexual, like on "Black Light," "If you want to fuck at all, I'll shoot the sun out!" All of the four songs are paced over several minutes and build until it hits incredibly fucking hard. The album resists neat comparisons to other bands but its originality makes it sound as relevant as anything that is currently coming out. – Spencer Jenkins

## Katagory V

*The Rising Anger*

Nightmare Records

Street: 05:25

Katagory V = two devil horns way up

*The Rising Anger* is Katagory V's third album and proves to be their best work to date. The band formed in 1999 and is pretty much the only bastion of classic and progressive metal in the state of Utah. Strongly, the bands following here isn't as large as their following in other states and even countries. Every player on the record can play circles around most local musicians. Streamline studio helped create the new album, which also contains the best production value of any of the group's records. The record displays prowess of every instrument each clearly heard in harmony creating some highly memorable work. The vocalist does a better job than many internationally famed prog/classic metal acts, a field which not only is competitive but key to the genre. Fans of any style of classic metal as well as progressive would do well to look into Kat V. – Bryer Wharton

## Malignant Inception

*Path to Repression*

Self released

Street: 03:16

Malignant Inception = a little bit of everything from the extreme metal world

Malignant Inception has been through a lot since their beginning in 1992. The band has endured line-up changes galore and a very long hiatus. Utah's small but dedicated local metal scene has embraced the band and with *Path to Repression* unleashed there is a new hope for local extreme metal fans that Utah's scene has life with very talented musicians. *Path to Repression* showcases a massive variety of sounds. Intensely layered and atmospheric keyboard work accompany death and black metal shrills. There are influences of both styles of the extreme genres as well as a hell of a lot of melody. One thing to take note of – former guitarist Mike Kimball was recruited by grind legends Dying Fetus. Fans of extreme metal may recall the band opening for the stellar Vader/Kreator show roughly a year ago. Have no fear and open your ears there is a thriving local extreme metal scene and Malignant Inception are one of the bands at the helm. Embrace it and support it or it will be gone. – Bryer Wharton

## The Paper Cranes

*Escape to Wicked Mountain*

A. Star Recordings

Street: 05:26

The Paper Cranes = The Liars + The Rapture + The Je Ne Sais Quoi

Young and brash and filled with more awesomeness than a Cadbury Bunny Egg, The Paper Cranes' debut LP comes with as much dance craziness as Dada experimentalism. If you're looking for concise, consistent music, go somewhere else. The album vacillates between cockeyed craziness to dance numbers like "Stegosaurus" that will set you jumping around your apartment if you have any soul at all. Most of the songs are named after dinosaurs but the weird and scintillating lyrics range from witch lynching, a horse boy and a light bulb killing spree. I couldn't help but think that at several moments in the album the comparisons to the bands in the equation weren't exaggerated. – Spencer Jenkins

## Reaper

*presents Deathsend—Shadow Psychology*

Self Released

Street: 06:01

Reaper = Wu-Tang Clan + Blackalicious + the angel of death

As the moniker implies, The Reaper writes hip-hop songs about nearly every way to get killed. Instead of talking about the million ways he's badder than every other MC, he gets into the heads of people who are about or have just murdered someone. *Shadow Psychology's* graceful rhymes get into first person accounts of suicide, murder, revenge and mention the kind of lives that led to them, like in "Recession," that's a conversation between two thugs, one of whom just raped and murdered a family. Then Reaper shifts the car in reverse to D'Angelo R & B on "Signs of Love," that will soon have you seducing yourself. Some of the bounciest moments on the album are from Jed "Jebu" Keipp, the musician, producer and guest lyricist – *Spencer Jenkins*

### Spork

*Ocho Destructo*  
InterSpork Records  
Street: 06.01

Spork = Queens of the Stone Age + The Black Keys + Black Sabbath

Satan. The Prince of Darkness. The Deceiver. Beelzebub. Maybe it's the distorted guitars tuned down to Z, but something about *Ocho Destructo* reminds me that if I can't curb my masturbation habit I'm going to wind up spending time and all eternity burning in hell-fire, sucking The Archfiend's big red Johnson. Bill Spork's deep voice and occasional Jack White vibrato complements the gasoline soaked guitars and pickup truck blues, like "All Men Play on Ten," that's an ode to big muscles and bad attitudes. From scuzz metal to machine gun rounds, the album is always big, dark and heavy. Although I'm doomed to burn (and so are you), it's not so bad. For as a wise man once said about the Lord of Flies, "At least he fucking jams!" – *Spencer Jenkins*

### Theta Naught/Alex Caldiero

*Sound Wave*  
Differential Records  
Street: 07:29

Theta Naught = Godspeed You Black Emperor! + math + "mystical visions and cosmic vibrations"

What did the Buddhist say to the other Buddhist? The first song from these grad school kids and freak poet is all drony David Lynch weirdness like an opening hymn to a very cool sacrament meeting. Like Ginsberg's big nephew, Alex Caldiero walks you through spoken word like "The Invitation," that is a waking nightmare that repeats itself several times. There's also Taoist conundrums like, "It doesn't last because it's forever. It doesn't pass because it's never been." The words work varyingly between insight, alienating free associations and random made-up words. But I know that

the words are supposed to work sonically as well as conceptually, signifier as well as signified (I should be shot). The album was recorded live in one night which lends the music vibrancy and the word explorations relevance. – *Spencer Jenkins*

### Uzi and Ari

*It is Freezing Out*  
Crying Girl  
Street: 06.01

Uzi and Ari = Efterklang + Mum + Sigur Ros + Boards of Canada

Straddling both IDM and post-rock, Uzi and Ari take a thoughtful approach to vast songs that begin gradually and end with a noticeable bong. The songs typically don't start above a whisper and slowly lead to a satisfying climax on slick electronica beats and the crooning voice of Ben Shephard. The modulated vocals and soft, tight rhythm on "Don't Back Out," begs resembles to "Kid A." The drums start inconspicuously, build and take the song to a natural close. The gentle electronica effects and child-like innocence to the album also conjure a few comparisons to Why? The rhythms are as well thought out as a Zen garden and take most of its influence from electronica bands from the cold northern countries of Europe. But overall, Uzi and Ari's approach most resembles the post-rock Efterklang with their male and female vocals and general comforting sentiment. – *Spencer Jenkins*

### The Wolfs

*S/T*  
Pseudo Recordings  
Street: 06.09

The Wolfs = The New York Dolls + The Stooges

More awesome ass-kicking from the Wolfs. They add foot-stomping soul with ingenious drug influenced twists that take an old style and modernizes it. Like a latter-day David Johansen, Eli Morrison's raspy and charismatic vocals and lyrics will hook you early and have you begging like a strung-out junky. Take Otis Reddings' Woodstock performance, crank it up on big guitars, keep the rhythm, add fuck-you punk vocals, some metal and you'll be somewhere in the vicinity of The Wolfs. Interchanging between soul and the psychotic, the result is nothing short of classic. One of my favorites, "You're All Heart" delves into metal with more sharp edges and screaming. And when I heard "Cum for Brains #2," I thought they'd been reading my journal. Rock n' roll is going to save the world! – *Spencer Jenkins*



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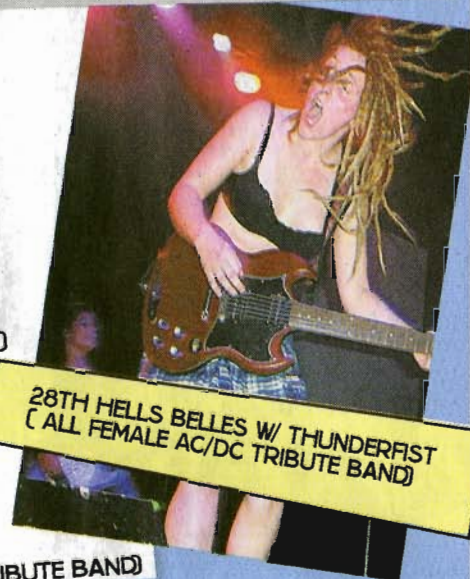
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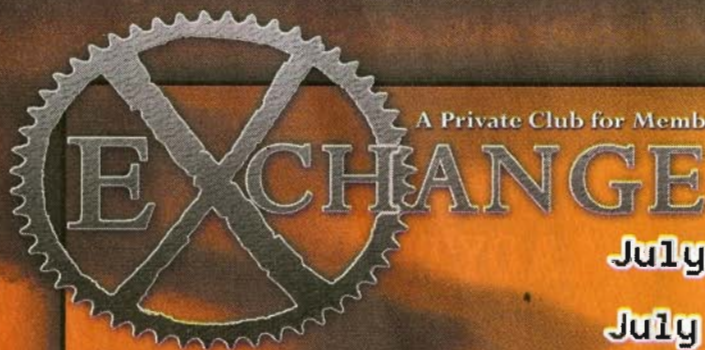
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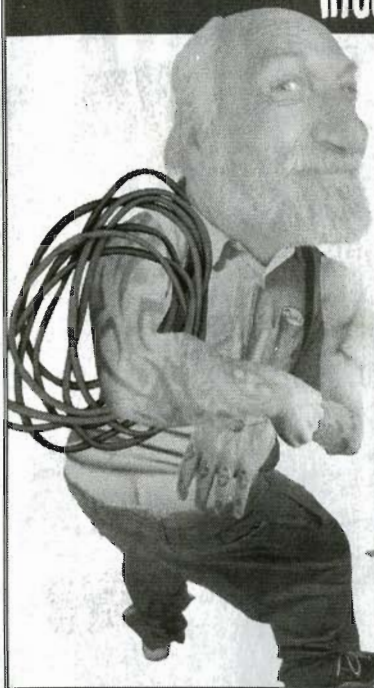
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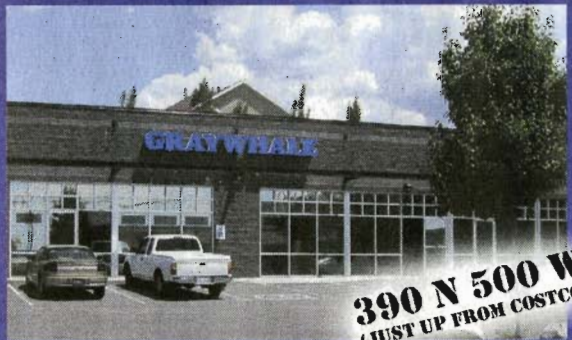
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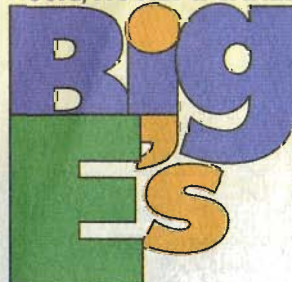
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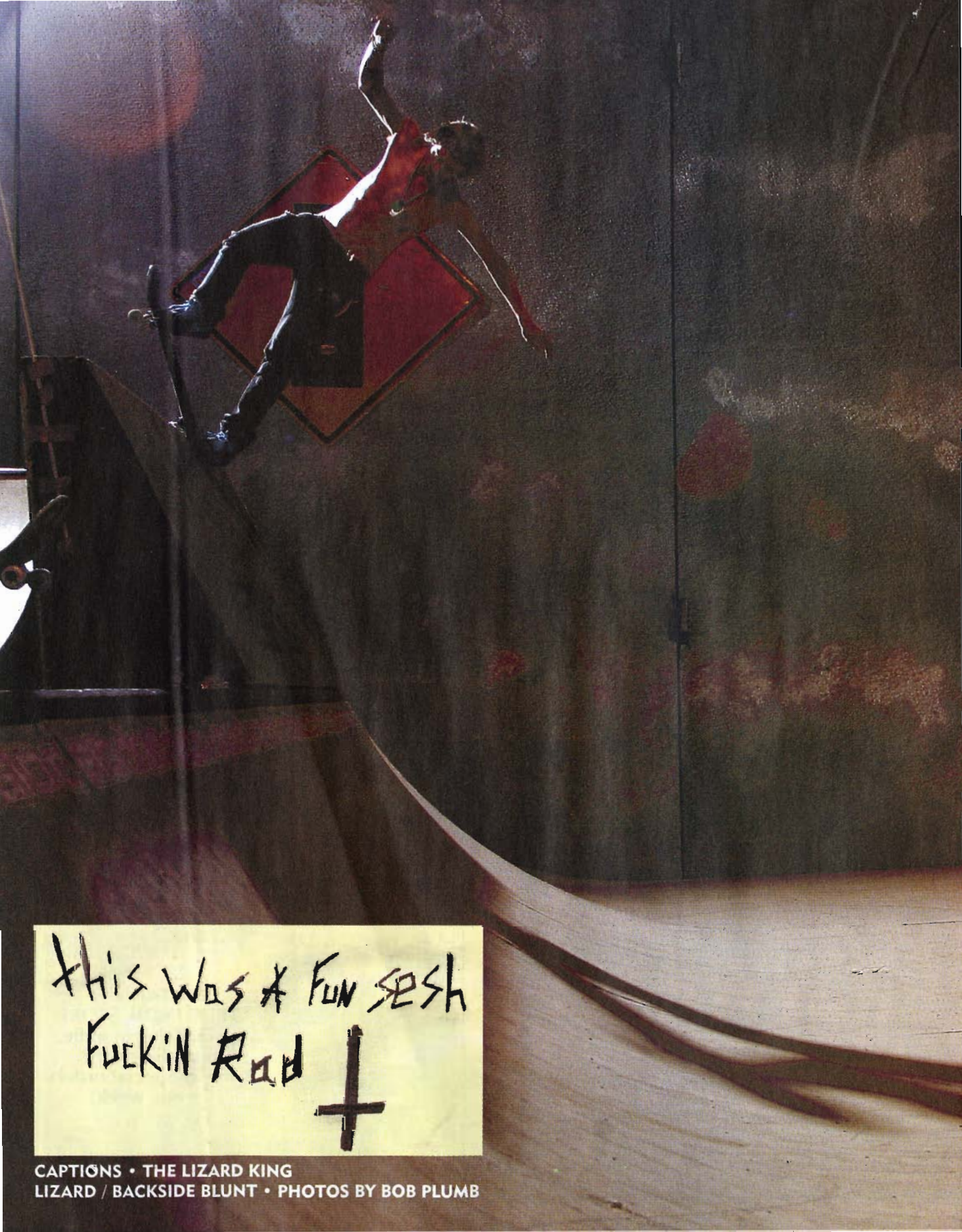
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# SOD CONTEST RESULTS

6.24.06 OGIO WAREHOUSE

## BEGINNER:

1ST THOMAS TAYLOR

2ND HAYDEN WRIGHT

3RD DALLON EVENSON

## ADVANCED:

1ST MATT KRIEDEL

2ND JORDAN WILLIAMS

3RD CHRISTIAN SEVELKE





Best Trick  
 Winner  
 Fuck You  
 to  
 Peter Pan  
 Kick Flip Smith Guy

I WANT MY  
 50\$ Bucks  
 FROM PETER PAN  
 KICK FLIP SMITH GUY

## FUN OUT OF THE SUN: MINI-RAMPS ARE BACK BITCHES!

BY PETER PAN HANDLER

Boys and girls, Summer is officially here. You know that means the *SLUG Magazine Summer of Death* contest series is on. The first contest was held at the OGIO warehouse mini-ramp in beautiful Bluffdale, UT. The event went as smooth as possible and had a nice backyard-jam atmosphere. It was great to beat the heat in a nice air-conditioned warehouse equipped with bean bags for everybody. There were free hamburgers and hot dogs grilled up by OGIO's best looking employees. Sure, you may have tasted one of Pouch's chest hairs, but what doesn't kill you only makes you stronger. Last but not least, there were hottie RED BULL chicks getting everyone high on life and full of taurine. Here are the highlights for those of you who couldn't afford gas.

(34) **SLUG** 13. Only three contestants in the beginner category. I think these guys were all best friends by the way they were slapping each high-fives. "Trick love the kids..."

12. Arizona homies were in the house. New Mexican homies in the house. San Diego homie in the house. No name dropping kids; learn you lesson now before you get shook.

11. Seeing James Atkin go off the snowboard jump into the foam pit. Stick to the streets kids ... the world isn't ready for the next Way or Burnquist. You do have a better-looking wife than both those old farts.

10. Binay Brock holding down the MC position. Dave Duncan and Clyde Singleton got no skills compared this dude. Thanks homie.

9. Andy Pitts loaning a bunch of boxes and flatbars so there was a little street sesh in the parking lot. Thanks homie.

8. Christian Sevelke doing a four foot method air the spine seriously



DJ Chavez  
 one footed  
 Rock Fakie  
 Should HAVE  
 BEEN THE FUCKIN  
 COVER

KRIEGER  
 SO TO DISASTER  
 MADE ME LUM  
 IN MY HAND  
 THIS IS NOT THAT  
 TRICK FUCKIT

tweaked. My back hurt just watching that shit kid.

7. **Mark White** completely destroying the ramp. Bean plant to fakie on the new wall ride extension. Leaving after his first run.
6. **DJ Chavez** skating the ramp below the coping and still looking cooler than everybody else. You should do an instructional video on style and flare. Now that shit's hot.
5. **Jordan Williams** getting wrecked on a backside D on the extension. Basically it was yard sale. Thanks for sweeping the ramp with your clothes.
4. **Lizard King** just being Lizard. You're good at that, stick with it.
3. **Adam Dyet** getting a frontside flip to smith stall on the new extension. This guy can't go anywhere without doing the most amazing thing ever. Pro status.
2. **Matt Kriegel** straight off the plane from San Diego to first place I guess when you're a Washington Street local, a mini-ramp is just a joke. His almost flawless last run with the hardest tricks of the day. Blunt to fakie on wall extension.

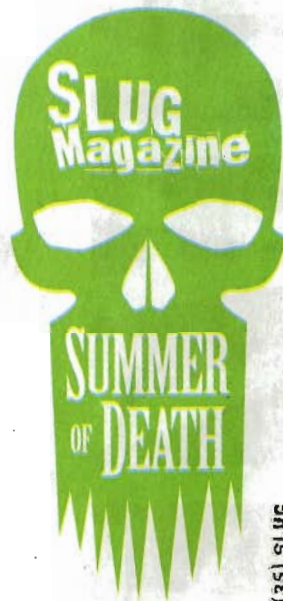
as fast as you

Frontside blunts on lock and he kickflipped to wallride second try on the extension. Plus he skates twice do.

1. **Erik Lopez** winning the best trick contest on the hand rail. Switch backside flip to 5-0 while giving **Bob Plumb** a hand job.

Thanks to everyone who participated, helped set up or just came to watch. A good time was had by all. Special thanks to **Freddy** from Think! for flying-out with his good looks. And extra special thanks to **Pouch** and **Andy Donahue** for manning the hot grill, cleaning up everything and working some serious over time. These guys deserve a raise for sure.

Stay tuned for **SLUG's** August issue for more info on the next **SOD** contest (Aug. 19th sucks) and the secret location.

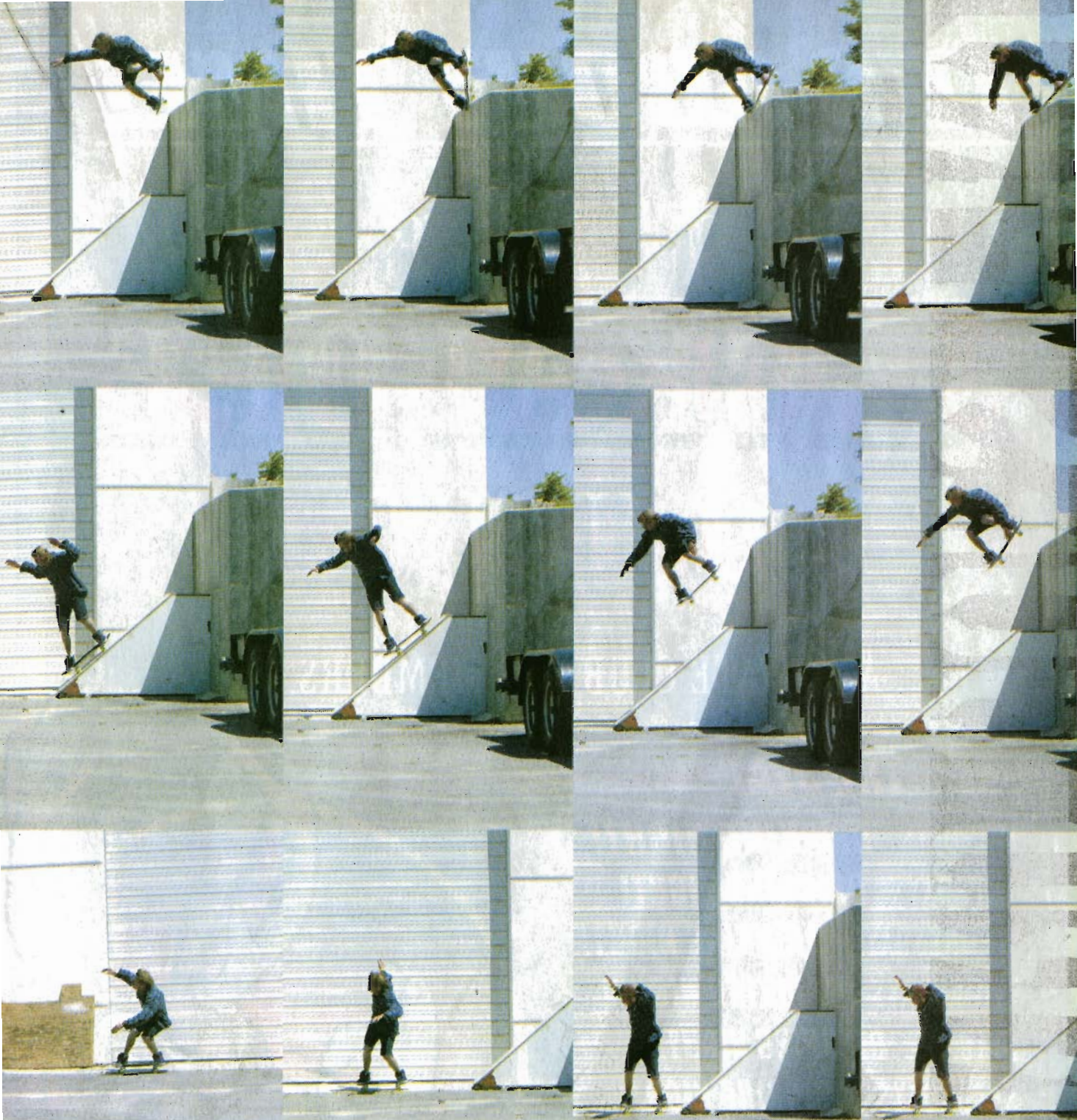


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Lizard  
Doing A Backside One Foot  
Not For Jesus +  
But For the  
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# CD REVIEWS

**All That Remains**  
*The Fall of Ideals*  
Metal Blade  
Street: 07.11  
All That Remains = Killswitch  
Engage + As I Lay Dying +  
Trivium

All That Remains have never exactly been cutting edge, though who am I to say so? The band is obviously doing things right, scoring a slot on this summer's Ozzfest. The band features in its ranks Phil Labonte, ex-Shadows Fall vocalist. This time on the band's third album it seems they have watered down their metalcore façade with emo tendencies. They incorporate similarities of the Swedish melodic death-metal movement into their homegrown thrash sound. ATR has the songwriting capabilities and playing skills to create something worthwhile. For the most part they achieve what they are obviously going for, catchy songs with sing-along melodies, at the expense of true expression. One cannot help but wonder if it comes from what the artists truly feel, or if the band is motivated by other means. - Bryer Wharton

**Angel City Outcasts**  
*Deadrose Junction*  
Sailors Grave Records  
Street: 06.06

Angel City Outcasts = Social  
Distortion + The Briggs + Street  
Dogs

It has been almost four years since *Let It Ride* was released, and even I was becoming skeptical about the boys of ACO releasing anything new. Luckily, they've found time to record something amidst touring practically non-stop since 2002. Their sophomore release is just as energy-packed as their first, which must have been no easy task. *Deadrose Junction* maintains the same style as their previous release, but manages not to sound like a boring repeat. The songs range from fast-paced punk anthems like "Cut Throat" to the more rockabilly influenced "Horns n' Halos." Angel City Outcasts has 14 more great songs to play at their live gigs, and that is something that no fan will be disappointed about. Hopefully the third album won't take as long to make. My favorite track was "Down Spiral" which captures some of the same energy as "I'm an ACO." Cheers to this album; it is hard to follow up on a first album on which every song is good, but ACO has managed to do it. - Jeanette Moses



**The Autumn Offering**  
*Embrace the Gutter*  
Victory Records  
Street: 05.16

The Autumn Offering = a reversal  
in the role of modern American  
metal

Now here is a conundrum, an American band that played melodic metalcore with clean vocals making their sound heavier and less melodic. It seems these fellows from Florida decided to reverse the current situation of bands watering down their sound and grew a pair of balls. The sound utilizes a highly European style making their debut sound wimpy, without totally disembarking from their previous style. Heavy and ferocious yes it may be but motivating no. I can think of many bands playing similar styles and doing it much better, though they have made a turn for the better. Hit or miss, I'll let listeners be the judge. Let's just say if you enjoy heavy music with a European edge minus the clean vocals The Autumn Offering should slightly moisten the underpants. (07.14, Ritz Club) - Bryer Wharton

**Between the Buried and Me**  
*The Anatomy Of*  
Victory Records  
Street: 06.13

Between the Buried and Me = an  
unexpected cover album

When a band makes a cover album it usually suggests that they have run out ideas to create original music. This is not the case for Between the Buried. They are still at the peak of their success and going strong. A slot on this summer's Ozzfest and critical acclaim only partially describe their success. *The Anatomy Of* is meant as a means for the band to showcase their influences. Covers range from bands like Metallica, Queen, Blind Melon and Depeche Mode. The band also showcases their varied musical skills, playing the covers extremely true to the originals, not just taking them and making metal

versions of the songs. There is a slew of well-sung vocals, guitars and keys not displayed on any BTBAM album to date. It was great hearing vocalist Tommy Rogers do his best to resemble Vince Neil of Motley Crue or Freddie Mercury of Queen, cover tunes have always been fun and a means for bands to pay homage to their roots. This one was a surprise all around. - Bryer Wharton

**Catch 22**  
*Permanent Revolution*  
Victory Records  
Street: 06.27

Catch 22 = Ska/punk that isn't  
total crap

I'll be the first to admit that ska/punk is the last thing I would choose to listen to of my own volition right in front of achy-breaky-heart country music. Reluctantly, I'll admit that Catch 22's *Permanent Revolution* is not complete crap like 99 percent of other bands of the like. As I put the album in for its first run I was prepared to get out a bottle of Tylenol to help the headache that would come from 30 minutes of cringing, but instead found that I wasn't cringing or becoming irritated. *Permanent Revolution* is a concept album about the rise and fall of Leon Trotsky, leader of the Bolshevik revolution in Russia. While concept albums are becoming boring and generic these days, the vocals are clean, crisp and the music and lyrics beg to be listened to closely and should be. If you like ska/punk you'll love it, if you don't, you might. - Jeremy C. Wilkins

**Cex**  
*Actual Fucking*  
Automation Records  
Street: 07.04

Cex = the hardest working man in  
showbiz

From IDM wiz kid to aluminum fronts, MC to glitchy, pensive emo-folkster to harbinging of industrial fusion, Rjyan "Cex" Kidwell approaches each album as if it's his first and last - a potentially career-crushing move if Kidwell wasn't such a capable, clever Bowie-esque chameleon who manages to more or less pull off whatever it is he attempts. With help from members of Joan of Arc and Dismemberment Plan, Kidwell rocks through his most disparate release to date. On the opener, "Baltimore," the band employs an enormous variety of organic percussion and moody atmospherics alongside even moodier voices (Kidwell's and former Milemarker chanteuse, Roby Newton aka Kidwell's wife), finally climaxing with a cut-and-pasted Frankenstein solo of wilting DSP. On the contrary, the softer "Ybor City" splits from a fevered rest-stop voicemail to a melancholy, Microphones-like, four-dollar acoustic guitar duo. A mix of Giorgio Moroder disco and Talking Heads pop fills up the 6:39 second "Angeles". Yet again,

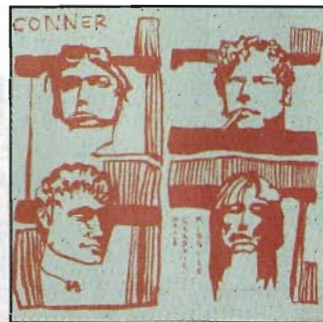
another head-scratching chapter in the saga of Cex, one - as always - deftly skewed and genuinely brilliant. - Dave Madden

**The Choptops**  
*Triple Deuces*  
Split 7  
Street: 06.01

The Choptops = Stray Cats +  
Reverend Horton Heat + Guana  
Batz

This neo-rockabilly trio can light a song on fire. The Choptops fuse every genre of music that uses the suffix 'billy. With their "reved-up" rockabilly, the Choptops blaze through the usual pompadour junk and really get down by mixing it up. Psychobilly numbers like "My Curse," and "Bitch" really hit hard while more traditional sounding tracks like "Heartbreaker," and "Roll On Big John" sound like they were original 50s tunes. So grow out your side burns, put some grease in that hair and get your jive on to the Choptops.

- James Orme



**Conner**  
*Hello Graphic Missile*  
Sonic Boom Recordings  
Street: 06.06

Conner = Franz Ferdinand + The  
Killers + etc.

I don't know where all these craptacularly similar bands are coming from, or what they hope to achieve by cranking out yet more of the same bland, monotonous tunes, although according to the press release that came with *Hello Graphic Missile*, they're quite the opposite: "[With] funk bass lines, hard hitting disco/dance drum riffs and complex rock guitar ... In today's musical cookie cutter world, Conner somehow pull off a sound that feels both uniquely cutting edge and classically familiar ..." Huh? Wha? Seriously, who in their right mind would find that description palatable - much less intriguing? Sorry dudes, but I'll bet even Brandon Flowers thinks your songs are lame. I can't think of anything worse, but hey, if shoddy, boring disco-rock brings you the admiration of 12-year-old hos, well, then I guess that's pretty neat for you. - Jamila Roehrig

**Deadsoil**  
*Sacrifice*  
Lifeorce  
Street: 06.13

Deadsoil = Arch Enemy +  
Dew-Scented + Waterdown +



## Hatebreed

Comprised of ex-members of **Night In Gales**, **Copykill**, **Six Reasons to Kill**, **Gomorrah** and **Drift**, **Deadsoil** display a wide range of skill and influence on their second full-length melodic metalcore outing, ultimately achieving a fast-paced technically proficient annihilation fest. When your guitar playing resembles the virtuosity of **Arch Enemy** you know you are doing something right. The much sought-after "true anger" shines through, something many metalcore acts cannot seem to get right. It is as if the band's vocalist is truly pushing his lung capacity. Enjoy the breakdown-infused chunk of thrashing madness that is *Sacrifice*. — **Bryer Wharton**

## End of a Year

*Sincerely*  
Revelation Records  
Street: 07.18

End of a Year = new spin on DC sound

What happens when you're no longer 16, angry at the world, and looking to get in fights at shows? You either give up and buy that SUV, or you start *End of a Year*. Taking their cues from the melodic age of the Dischord Sound (**Embrace**, **Rites of Spring**, **Jawbox** et al.) *End of a Year* are products of the eclecticism of the 00s and it shows in their music. We live in a time where musical tastes are no longer segregated. It's not uncommon to find **The Cro-Mags** next to **Ella Fitzgerald** on an iPod mix, and *End of a Year* is no different. In the liner notes, they reference everyone from **108** to the **Beatles** to **Jawbreaker** as music to listen to. Their sound is deeply grounded in the DC era, recorded at *Inner Ear Studios*, but is something new. Musically, it's an amalgam of cacophonous sounds paired with guitar lines that are familiar, and vocals that are more of a spoken yell than anything. The only real drawback to the album is that the vocals and music seem to be two separate elements, with each seemingly composing a separate identity. That being said, this is an interesting listen, and a mature sound for those that aren't ready to get that SUV. — **Peter Fryer**

**Entrance**  
*Prayer of Death*  
Entrance Records  
Street: 06.20

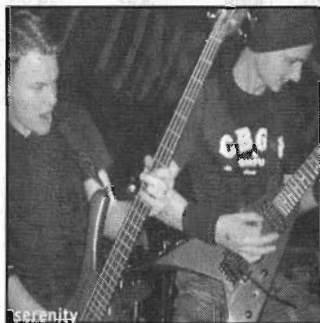
Entrance = **Devendra Banhardt** + **Skip James**. + **Jack White** + **Aleister Crowley**  
*Prayer of Death* marks a departure for Entrance (AKA **Guy Blakeslee**). Given the increased contributions of collaborator **Paz Lenchantin** (**A Perfect Circle**, **Zwan**, **Papa M**), *Prayer of Death* is more produced and more rocking than his previous albums. Entrance's trademark soulful warble and country blues guitar are still there, but now with increased psychedelia and added rock opera. These complement the magical and spiritual nature that has always distinguished **Blakeslee** from the rest of the neo-folk

shindig. The album is based around the "the daily death vibrations of the *Modern World*," (a dark and weird concept that I find impossible not to love), and **Entrance's** new thick sound meets this concept with walls of guitar and lyrics telling you to accept and rejoice in death. Consider this album as both a musical compliment and a morbid palate cleanser to the hippy-dippitude of **Devendra Banhardt** or **Joanna Newsom**. — **Bob Leavitt**

**The Evening Episode**  
*The Physicist has known sin*  
Slowdance Records  
Street: 07.11

The Evening Episode = **The Notwists** + **Stephanie Bohm** + **Rilo Kiley**

When one thinks of the typical mic controller at an avant-garde/indie-hip hop show, the archetype that arises is the fast-spitting rhyme or the animated character strategically wound-up to hype the crowd. Musical art form has been on its way to evolution and innovation... get on the wagon or keep looking through the cobwebbed compact disc racks in the "used section." *The Evening Episode* is a prime example of the new abstract with their own dash of pepper from every genre you can think of (excluding country and opera, yak). Hailing from **Sacramento, California**, this four-piece band interferences "electro-pop elements with organic instrumentation," adding the soulful, intellectually poetic and semi-nervous cadences of the **Theremin**-playing lead singer, **Teresa Eggers**. Cheers! Here's to the mind blowing linguistic development of vital semantics and the illimitable twists and turns to come from the new league of baroque hip-hop post-rock fetishist technique of musical creation, Me-ow. — **Lance Saunders**



Fall of Serenity  
*Bloodred Salvation*  
Lifeforce  
Street: 06.27

Fall of Serenity = **Kataklysm** + **Heaven Shall Burn** + **Dew-Scented**

This German unit has been around since 1998 and chances are they haven't had the opportunity to cross the Atlantic yet to purvey their music to the American masses. This means the U.S. may not be entirely familiar with the band, though one may have heard of them because of their split with German metalcore heavyweights **Heaven Shall Burn**

in 1999. Mixing death metal with a abnormal style of clean vocals, **Fall of Serenity** make the music their own but influences definitely show through. There is an essence of speed and brutality coupled with bittersweet melodies punching through the ironclad façade. Add another blistering death-metal inspired metalcore piece to the heap, bang your head and once again thank the Germans for producing yet another fine-tuned metal outfit. — **Bryer Wharton**

**Fleshies**  
*Scrape the Walls*  
Alternative Tentacles  
Street: 06.20  
Fleshies = An orgasm for your ears!

Fleshies amaze me; every song on *Scrape the Walls* sounds different. One second they're playing funky stoner-rock, the next dirty garage-rock, then topping it off with **Hendrix**-style guitar solos. The vocals are muted and sound as if they're being filtered through a pin hole, not unlike **Rage Against the Machine**. **Jello Biafra** makes an appearance on "Happy Hunting Ground" giving the **Sparks'** cover a resemblance to the **Dead Kennedys**. This band is loud as hell, all over the place and I dig it. One of my favorites was "Runner's Legs," a pop ballad that sounds a bit like the **Pansy Division**. — **Jeanette Moses**

**French Kicks**  
*Two Thousand*  
Street: 07.18

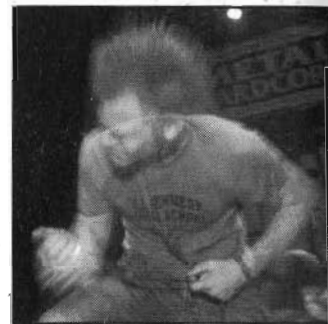
French Kicks = That alright Strokes song, on repeat and repeat

The **French Kicks** and undemonstrative are relatively synonymous on their new release. Indie once meant noisy, irreverent and unpredictable bands whose greatness was not so much a choice, but a result. These days, it usually translates into earnest collegiate breakup music. It's not that these songs are bad, but their tame, bland and blameless approach to mass proliferation and mass exploitation of the music around us, finds their sound degrading into essentially a **Franz Ferdinand** workout video. Depending on where you have your binoculars trained, if you stand far back enough most things invariably look the same. Unfortunately for the **French Kicks**, having more than one song on their own CD brings a painful sense of sameness to the entire album. In the end, the sound of gunshots in a nursery offer more relief than the shameless monotony of *Two Thousand*. — **Cory Tallman**

**The Gersch**  
*Self Titled*  
Tortuga Records  
Street: 06.06

The Gersch = **Black Sabbath** + **Kyuss** + **High on Fire**  
This self-titled record reflects both the history of **Tortuga/Hydra Head Records** as well as a defunct band and history of former member **Clifford Meyer** of **Isis** and **Red Sparrows**. The album is made up

of **Tortuga's** first release, the band's 7", as well as unreleased material. The label and its subsidiaries later went on to release milestones from **Converge**, **Cave In**, **Drowning Man**, **Old Man Gloom**, **Scissorfight** and **shitloads** more. Reflecting upon a movement of stoner/noise artists, **The Gersch** definitely played a part in the development of the genre. The fuzzed-out mayhem provided by a triple threat of guitarists not only envelops the senses to rock the fuck out, but to be overcome by a distorted and inherently evil-sounding atmosphere. You can't get any more raw than this without calling yourself **Eyehategod**, but that is another subject entirely. Relish in the history and mainly just fucking kick some ass. Any band that sings about **Conan the Barbarian** has got to be bad-ass. — **Bryer Wharton**



**Glass Casket**  
*A Desperate Man's Diaries*  
Abacus  
Street: 06.13

**Glass Casket** = metalcore with a taste of death and black metal  
There is something about the name **Glass Casket** that screams morbid: The imagery of a rotting body entombed in a glass case for only the worms to see. The music itself is much less morbid. The follow-up album to the band's debut *We are Gathered Here Today* is much more pounding and relentless than said record. Guttural vocals invade the metalcore harmony as well as blast beats popping in from time to time. The **North Carolina** band contains **Between the Buried and Me** members **Dusty Waring** and **Blake Richards** adding all that much more experience to the quintet. The album is diverse enough to keep things interesting. The sophomore slump has definitely been defeated for these guys. — **Bryer Wharton**

**Good Riddance**  
*My Republic*  
Fat Wreck Chords  
Street: 06.27

**Good Riddance** = melodic punk and hardcore  
Clocking in at just over 30 minutes, **Good Riddance's** new album *My Republic* is a quick listen. For a band whose releases and touring have slowed down over the last several years, you'd think they'd have more time to pour into a studio album. Regardless, the album does what it's meant to do. Vocalist **Russ Rankin** and the rest of the GR crew

slap down their political insights and a few ballads through their brand of punk-laden hardcore. Musically, *My Republic* falls somewhere between other GR releases like *Ballads from the Revolution* and *A Comprehensive Guide to Modern Rebellion*. It also comes fully enhanced and ready to throw in the 'ole computer complete with three live songs from a recent show in Santa Cruz and a bloody and gruesome-at-times PETA video for animal lovers. The GR guys are getting older, but they still put out an ear-pleasing studio album. — *Jeremy C. Wilkins*

**Heideroosjes**  
*Royal To The Bone*  
I Scream Records  
Street: 06.06

**Heideroosjes = Bad Religion + Pennywise + Millencolin**  
The road to success has not been easy for this Dutch punk band. They weren't readily accepted or understood by people when they started playing together. Forming in 1989 as teenagers, they used a barn as their first practice area. Like I said, the road to success wasn't easy for Heideroosjes, but maybe it could be because their music is overwhelmingly terrible and hard to listen to. I could go on for hours about the thoughts, feelings and emotional, physical and metal pain I endured while I struggled to listen to this album all the way through. To put it in their own words from the track "Rockstar Heaven," on *Royal To The Bone*, I wanted to "blow myself away." Boring, obnoxious and poorly crafted music and lyrics encompass the whole of this album. Heideroosjes is near impossible to listen to and pronounce and it's definitely painful to do either. — *Jeremy C. Wilkins*



**Hit The Switch**  
*Domestic Tranquility & Social Justice*  
Nitro Records  
Street: 07.18  
**Hit The Switch = The Lawrence Arms + The Explosion + NOFX**  
In these days of iPods, MP3 players and downloads, music piracy is pillaging the villages across the U.S. just as the pirates of the sea once pillaged for their booty. Hit The Switch and their label, Nitro Records, have come up with an answer to this injustice: just give the frigg'n' music away legally. Starting July 18 the first six songs on their debut, *Domestic Tranquility & Social Justice* will be lawfully downloadable

free of charge, with the second half following later. Vocalist **Matthew Hawk** says they don't need to depend on corporations to get their politically charged brand of melodic punk/hardcore to the masses. Hit *The Switch* show full confidence in their ability to raise awareness to their music and the state of this great nation and they have no reason not to be confident — the music and message comes across like a swift kick in the crotch. — *Jeremy C. Wilkins*

**The Husbands**  
*There's Nothing I'd Like More Than To See You Dead*  
Swami Records  
Street: 06.06

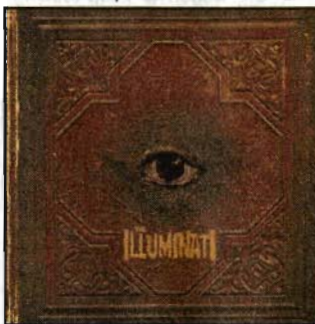
**The Husbands = Mr. Airplane Man + Shangri-Las**  
As expounded upon previously, I have my reservations concerning modern-day garage-rock bands. I feel like the genre sounded most honest and real in its underground 1960s beginnings, and that many of the "nu-garage" bands (crap like **Mooney Suzuki**, if they're still around) come across like a gaggle of faux-British losers trying way too hard to sound "authentic" and creating too many albums that are both up-tempo and completely boring. While the Husbands have a few songs that fit into this category, they're definitely nowhere near as annoying as some garage outfits I've encountered lately; they play with the moodiness of fellow all-girl band **Mr. Airplane Man** and the obvious influence of **Phil Spector's** girl-group sound. I'm hard-pressed to recommend this to everyone, but if you're a fan of 60s-throwback tunes that stray nary a hair past the three-minute mark, the Husbands could be for you. — *Jamila Roehrig*

**The Hylozoists**  
*La Fin Du Monde*  
Boomba Records  
Street: 07.11

**The Hylozoists = Air + Tortoise + Kammerflimmer Kollektief**  
Imagine my rampant excitement when I found an album with the same name as my favorite Unibroue beer. I was seriously and majorly stoked. But I've said it before, and I'll say it again — just because a beer and a band are both from Nova Scotia doesn't mean they're identical. The beer is unassailable, but the band is assailed pretty quickly after a few listens. The atmospheric post-rock instrumental album sounds good during a first listen, with tunes reminiscent of spaghetti westerns and carnivals, but loses an edge after a few spins. The music is macabre and interesting as far as a soundtrack would go, but can't quite stand alone. This is not a bad album (except when they sing. I mean, "Hearts and harps are always sadder when their strings are not plucked?" Seriously? That's what you went for?), but it's ultimately pretty forgettable. — *Andrew Jepsen*

**Hymns**  
*Brother/Sister*  
Blackland Records  
Street: 07.11

**Hymns = Flavorless gelatin + whiney emo kid vocals - the emo kid**  
When it comes to singling yourself out as a great band, there are many roads you can go down. There is one, however, that should never be gone down, and that is forming an indie-folk group and naming yourselves after a collection of religious songs. Hymns, personify everything that both indie and folk music is not supposed to be. Generic, bland and completely without direction, Hymns debut album "Brother/Sister" invariably boils down to exactly what it's trying to cover up: four boys desperately trying to be something that they're not. Lead singer **Brian Harding's** vocals have a faint glimmer of **David Bowie**, sans the attitude and talent, but add an element of just wanting to grab the bluntest object you can and hurl it at the CD player. — *Jonah Napoli*



**Illuminati**  
*On Borrowed Time*  
Liquor & Poker  
Street: 06.27

**Illuminati = Danzig + ZZ Top + a 6 pack of Molson's**  
On hearing the words "Canadian power trio", most listeners think of **Rush**. Thankfully, **Illuminati** (even with their driving bass and penchant for drum solos—such as in "Sir Lord Brubeck") have avoided the pretentiousness trap in favor of releasing a CD that sounds like unreleased **Black Oak Arkansas**. While their lyrics supposedly reference conspiracy theories and isolated hippie-dippie phrase pop out (particularly in "Black Russian Blues"), you don't really have to listen to the words and can let the sounds just chug you along. Stand out tracks are "Goin' Down," "Lay Low" and "Message Home," though most of the CD just sort of blurs together in a haze of **Misfits** growling and four-bar blues. This is one of the best Southern rock records in recent years, even if it does spring from the Great White North. It's music that drives like a steamtrain, and while it's the sort of CD you don't think of except when it's actually in the disc-changer, it's great road music, getting you into that zone where the white line seems more challenging than hypnotic. Fans of **Dixie Witch** and

**Fu Manchu** will love this. — *Marie Braden*

**Jerry Jihad & The Evildoers**  
*Mine is Not a Holy War*  
Cordless Records  
Street: 06.11

**Jerry Jihad & The Evildoers = Devo + Captain Beefheart**  
By assuming a new persona, founding **Devo** member **Gerald V. Casale** is hoping to revitalize what few would argue is a dying band. **Devo** has arguably been terrible since the 80s, and I'll bet **Casale** knows this. Sure, they still have cult status, but no one's going to tell you *E-Z Listening Disc* is their favorite **Devo** album. So **Casale** bailed. He still employs the same satire mixed with — what, goofiness? that was pretty much the whole **Devo/Talking Heads/The Residents** generation, and nearly all of **Devo's** members are on this album. But **Casale** is smart enough to not make another **Devo** album (although he did help orchestrate the misconceived **Devo 2.0**. Whoops), so he used less electronic and more guitar, switching from new wave to rock. After all, it worked for **Damon Albarn**. — *Andrew Jepsen*

**Misery Index**  
*Discordia*  
Relapse

**Misery Index = Dying Fetus + Assuck + Bolt Thrower**  
Comprised mainly of ex-**Dying Fetus** members, **Misery Index** burst onto the grind-metal scene with their debut *Overthrow* and split CD with **Commit Suicide**. The band showed uncompromising promise and a brutality not yet known. Showing there was no bad blood between the two bands, the group headed out on a major U.S. tour alongside **Dying Fetus**, **Skinless** and **Divine Empire**. This led to the band's full-length debut for **Nuclear Blast Records**, *Retaliate*, which actually took a slight step backwards for the band's intensity. It was not a heaping piece of shit but it still wasn't as good as previous outings. Next was the independently released *Dissent* and another split, both better than *Retaliate*. Now *Discordia* is upon us, a true realization of what is **Misery Index**, their most polished and promising work to date. The intensity and technicality that amazed the grind audience has returned. Choke down the war and horror anthems that lie in wait and relish in the true form of **Misery Index**. (07.10, **Boom Va**) — *Bryer Wharton*

**Our Brother The Native**  
*Tooth and Claw*  
Fat Cat Records  
Street: 07.25

**Our Brother The Native = Animal Collective and Coco Rosie's love child**  
Two conclusions were made on the first listen of **Our Brother The Native's** debut, *Tooth and Claw*. First, it had to be from Iceland or some other out of the way country and second, the musicians

were seasoned veterans who are now relying on their abilities of deconstruction in order to make such spacious and odd music. Both assumptions were of course false; the three gentlemen who comprise OBTN were between the ages of 16 and 18 when they began recording this album at home in Michigan. They are a Myspace success story unlike any other; Fat Cat tracked them down and proposed a release on their label. Many of their songs sound almost like an experimental practice space with several different bands playing at the same time. A lot of random noises and voices throughout make the album almost elusive. These songs deserve a summer of listening. - Andrew Glassett



**Quintron & Miss Pussycat**  
*Swamp Tech / Electric Swamp*  
Tigerbeat6  
Street: 06.01

**Quintron = Nothing else**  
Holy shit! Somehow, Quintron and Miss Pussycat have risen from the ruins of New Orleans and surpassed even my expectations. The feel of swamp tech is definitely rock n' roll, yet the noticeable absence of guitars, drums, and bass combined with organ riffs and drum buddy solos produces a completely original sound that is a better dance party than a million guitars and quaddeckabillion DJs. The evolution from Chicago percussive noise to New Orleans organ dance party has been a long and treacherous path, and this album in particular is the apex of the latter style - a perfect composition of organ and percussion, with enough sing-alongs to make you seizure in delight. - Ryan Powers

**Perish**  
*Our Sin*  
Anko Records  
Street: 07.26

**Perish = a heavier version of Atreyu**  
These Orange County fellows have the potential of getting big, but it all depends on their luck. The formula is tired, but there is some heart in the music. Fans of melodic metalcore that strive for something with a little more meat on its bones than Atreyu can look to Perish. There is an undeniable catchiness to the album with pleasant melodies, but one can't help and think how much of an audience there is for this sort of thing. Obviously there must be something because of all the bands popping up with the

same sound. Unfortunately Perish can't lay claim to anything unique. Decent songwriting can't make up for a bland style. Don't be surprised if you see Perish's name in the not-so-distant future: they have all the potential for popularity, but since when is good music a popularity contest? - Bryer Wharton

**Regina Spektor**  
*Begin To Hope*  
Big Hassle Media  
Street: 06.13  
**Regina Spektor = The voice of an angel singing the songs that remind you of a time**

When an album emerges that is so vastly diverse that it practically defies any known classification, that's when you know you've got something amazing. Regina Spektor has used her classical training while adding an eccentric flair to create an indie masterpiece. Her work speaks for itself, practically billowing out of your stereo and lingering in your mind like a cloud. Catchy lyrics such as "This is how it works/You're young until you're not/You love until you don't/You try until you can't" are delicately intertwined with melodies that are both epic and peaceful, leaving the listener with a sense of awe and inspiration. And Spektor's voice is just as heavenly, occasionally sounding like she's just letting loose and having fun. All the songs have such a unique flavor, you feel as though you've stepped into a veritable ice cream shop of indie heaven, and left with a CD full of delicious treats that are just as sweet. -Jonah Napoli

**Reptet**  
*Do This!*  
Monktail Records  
Street: 06.16

**Reptet = Thelonius Monk + Mingus Big Band**  
A six-member, Seattle based jazz band that draws from a conglomerate of influences from Gil Evans-era Miles Davis, salsa, reggae and rock n' roll, Reptet uses the big band format by playing themes together while making room for solos, similar to SLAJO. All of the players have solid chops. They can give a nod to the masters while adding their own studious flourishes. Reptet combines tight compositions with in-your-face improvisations, like the final minutes of the title track. As well as the regular jazz instruments, they pull out everything from a juju seed rattle to wooden ratchets, a bull moose call, frogs and train whistles. The most prevalent influences are Monk and Charles Mingus. They use some of those loopy Monk melodies that are as wobbly as a spinning top, while Mingus' soulful, slow ballads are invoked in "H.R." If you listen to jazz at all, these guys are worth checking out. -Spencer Jenkins

**Say Hi to Your Mom**  
*Impeccable Blahs*  
Euphobia  
Street: 07.25

**Say Hi to Your Mom = Worst Band Name of All Time**  
What can you really expect from a band that chose to name themselves Say Hi to Your Mom? I can assure you that you'll be expectedly dissatisfied. Building from the sound of any anonymous local record store dollar bin and a vocal softness that could make the Charmin Bear slap his own forehead SHTYM's *Impeccable Blahs* takes monotony to a whole new level. It's hard to find the significance, if any, of this album. Maybe you could take it to your psych class on Tuesday so when the girl who stinks like a dumpster behind a Cinnabon invites you to her dorm you can pop it in, stand between her posters of Ben Harper and Che Guevara, and begin telling her that this album makes you listen to music a whole new way. She'll stand up, nod you by your Postal Service shirt, and say, "I didn't know you had so many feelings." - Michael Steffen

**Shadows Fall**  
*Fallout From the War*  
Century Media  
Street: 06.13

**Shadows Fall = leaders of the Wave of New American Metal**  
It doesn't seem like long ago that Shadows Fall was a small band releasing what would be their breakthrough album *Of One Blood*. In fact it has been quite a while, and at the time the band's style was pretty much unheard of: A healthy mix of old and new with influences drawing from classic thrash artists such as Metallica, Slayer and Exodus. Now three albums later the band is a powerhouse in the metal scene. *Fallout From the War* contains six tracks written during the time that the band's last album *War Within* was written, as well as a couple re-recorded cuts of rare or unreleased material. Ultimately the thrash influence bears heavier upon the newer tracks than the more melodic pieces that were contained on *War Within*. Screaming solos and building leveling riffs should appease any fan of the band. Also on the album are three cover tracks that do well to introduce a weary young heavy music crowd to some classic bands, such as the band's version of *Only Living Witness's* "December," and Leeway's "Mark of the Squealer," capping it off with *Dangerous Toy's* "Teasin', Pleasin'," complete with the original band's vocalist joining in on the fun. In the end this is a record loads more pleasing than the group's last two efforts, hopefully a sign that the thrash influence that makes the group so strong will remain a huge force in the band's existence. (07.20, Avalon) -Bryer Wharton

**Sinking Ships**  
*Disconnecting*  
Revelation Records  
Street: 07.18  
**Sinking Ships = In My Eyes + Melodic Lines + old school pace**  
It's nice to hear a good hardcore record every once in a while.

Pretense is becoming the norm for hardcore releases, at least the fancy ones found on record store shelves. If I see one more "AP's 100 bands to watch" or "for fans of" stickers on a CD I'm going to solely start listening to world music. How many cutting edge bands can there really be? How many bands can really sound like *Underoath* or *Hatebreed*? What's wrong with making a solid record - especially one that shirks current metal trends, and finds its home amongst the more melodic old school sounding acts? *Sinking Ships* argues "nothing." Although not ultimately unique in its style or execution, *Disconnecting* is one part desolation, one part melodic lines and all heart. The vocals are yelled; the songs are fast, and the music, with all of its melody, is more *Silent Majority* than *Madball*. It's hardcore for those who want more than a tough guy stance. Though the lyrics about desolation, regret and shattered dreams are good, a little more substance lyrically would be nice. Ultimately, *Disconnecting* is a fine release. - Peter Fryer



**Sonic Youth**  
*Rather Ripped*  
Geffen Records  
Street: 06.13  
**Sonic Youth = Youth Sonic**  
More than the earnest harbinger of avant-garde rock n' roll (spanning more than 25 years of destruction), Sonic Youth come back with a warm sunny-sided album (sort of). While *Rather Ripped* still retains Sonic Youth's signature avant-edge, ultra hip lyrics and vocals, overhead swirls a lighter, calamitous pop song desiring to come out. Songs such as "Reena" and "Do You Believe in Rapture?" underscore the pop-motivation gathering steadily like lesbians at a K.D. Lang concert. Equal mixtures of Branca-inspired guitar jumps, grungey surges and melodic/harmonic structures, this album is sure to please fans of a more refined and steadied Sonic Youth. It reminds one of long vacations to some unknown beach where you would spend time dolefully playing and peeing in the ocean. Long time listeners and first time callers will find much to enjoy from this summery-sun-sun of a Sonic Youth album. -Erik Lopez

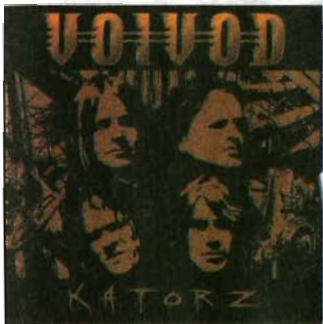
**Speed Kill Hate**  
*Acts of Insanity*  
Escapi Music  
Street: 06.06  
**Speed Kill Hate = Overkill + Pantera + Pissing Razors + Pro-**



or Fat? If you're looking for punk, go somewhere else. — *Jeremy C. Wilkins*

**The Vincent Black Shadows**  
*Fears In The Water*  
Bodog Music  
Street: 07.11

The Vincent Black Shadows = Save Ferris + Cherry Poppin' Daddies + Kings of Nothin'. The Vincent Black Shadows truly bring something enticing to the table. Lead singer, **Cassandra Ford's** sultry vocals are reminiscent of an oversexed lounge singer straight out of film noir. *Fears In The Water* combines old and new, fusing swing music like the opening track "Metro," with synthpop on "Control" and sensual lounge music on "Don't Go Soft," all presented on the backdrop of good ol' rock n' roll. Their sometimes-erie lyrical content doesn't clash with the upbeat songs. This is a band to watch. In my eyes, a cabaret style rock band fronted by a sexy female can do no wrong. Unless of course Ford decides to drop 20 lbs, create a clothing line and start making hip-hop records. — *Jeanette Moses*



**Voivod**  
**Katorz**  
*The End Records*  
Street: 07.25

**Voivod = leader not follower**  
From the innovators who brought us *Killing Technology*, *Dimension Hatross* and *Nothingface* comes the latest offering from prog/thrash metal icons Voivod. The record is not only a living homage to guitarist **Denis "Piggy" D'Amour** who passed away last year from colon cancer, but hands down one of the best metal albums of the year. There is truly no way to describe the sound of this album. You've got thrash tendencies with a lot of straight rock, which ultimately possesses your foot and makes it tap. All instruments are clearly heard and ex-**Metallica** bassist **Jason Newsted** has made a great addition to the group when he joined up for group's previous album. I'd listen to the latest Voivod over the latest **Metallica** any day. Thank god the talented bassist jumped ship when it was going down at the helm of a surprisingly sober **James Hetfield**. It is saddening knowing that this will be the last album featuring the amazing guitar work of D'Amour yet one can remain happy that he exited in true metal fashion, guitars blazing. Relish in a style and genre

that only Voivod has created and remember the prior greatness of the guitarist, not only a fitting end to his career but a strong statement for metal in general. — *Bryer Wharton*

**The Walkmen**  
*A Hundred Miles Off*  
Record Collection Music  
Street: 05.23

The Walkmen = **Bob Dylan + Perry Ferrell + Indieness**  
The Walkmen's *A Hundred Miles Off* makes for some great montage music for lackluster adolescent drama. If you're feeling an inclination to saunter by your ex-girlfriend's dorm room during a stormy evening to catch a glimpse of her wearing your now-shabby **Postal Service** shirt while brushing her hair, then don't forget your headphones. Though I wouldn't describe The Walkmen's latest release the same way as your **Postal Service** shirt, I wouldn't call it the strongest release of 2006 either. My only warning is that if you find yourself with a copy of *A Hundred Miles Off* in your possession, do not expect to be listening to it in three months. After that, it will probably join your stack of old **Gomez** LPs on the floor, where you'll find yourself kneeling and crying, "I just don't understand why she left me!" — *Michael Steffen*

## DVD REVIEWS

**GBH**  
*City Baby Attacked by Rats*  
Secret Films  
Street: 05.16

I'm glad that watching aging punk bands isn't as sad as watching aging hair-metal bands. I think it's because the majority of punk bands never went away, while the metal bands did, and thus their return was a little less then glorious. **Colin** still managed to slide into his skintight black jeans without looking desperate and the entire band is just as much of an adrenaline rush as when they first formed. The DVD was filmed in London at the **Coronet** in August of 2004, and I'm happy to say that I think they may have put on an even more amazing show when I saw them live this past March. I'm glad that some things, bands included, seem to get better with age. **GBH** speeds through 19 songs during their performance including "City Baby Attacked By Rats," "Gunned Down" and "Womb With A View." If you didn't get to see them in March, get the DVD, turn your

speakers all the way up, invite over as many people as you know, get drunk and have someone start a fight in your livingroom. It will be almost as cool as seeing them live. — *Jeanette Moses*

**Metalmania 2005**  
*Metalmania 2005*  
Metal Mind  
Street: 06.06

This DVD/CD is a compilation, sort of. It is the third installment of the **Metalmania** series. **Metalmania** is a metal festival in Poland, that every year features Polish bands and the top tier of metal society. Clips range from bands such as **Pain, Dark Funeral, Amon Amarth, Arcturus**. The DVD highlight is definitely the three clips from the cello playing group **Apocalyptica**, a group who started out playing **Metallica** covers and moved on to creating their own material. This is the first instance I can recall that features live clips of the band, which in this instance also include a drummer. There is something odd about seeing guys playing the cello and banging their heads but when you hear the power bellowing forth from the group, you will see why, closing out their trio of songs is a version never released on CD of **Metallica's** "Seek and Destroy." As far as European metal festivals go, **Metalmania** may not be the biggest, but the production of the DVD is excellent. The bands stage show is basic, since it is in the festival setting but that doesn't mean the bands performances lack anything. As an added bonus the DVD also contains an audio CD featuring groups from the Polish underground, that most have likely never heard of, so there is something expected and unexpected. This is by far the best installment of the series. — *Bryer Wharton*

**Joe Strummer**  
*Let's Rock Again!*  
Image Entertainment  
Street: 06.27

Anyone who knows anything about the history of punk rock music or any music enthusiast for that matter, **Joe Strummer** is a hallowed name. Of course we know **Strummer** as the iconic leader of the pioneering punk band **The Clash** and as one of the most talented musicians of our time. *Let's Rock Again!* begins with a short segment documenting **The Clash** and then quickly jumps to **Strummers'** new band, **Joe Strummer and The Mescaleros**. The film shows the story of **Strummer** and **The Mescaleros** and spans a period of 18 months prior to **Strummer's** untimely death in 2002. Intermixed with interviews, live footage, trying

to sell records and **Strummers'** challenges of starting over in a business he was once king, *Let's Rock Again!* is inspiring and shows the true character and integrity of **Strummer** in a personal way. Also included are more than a handful of special features including several interviews and performances. — *Jeremy C. Wilkins*

**The Selecter**  
*Live From London*  
Secret Films  
Street: 08.01.2005

The **Selecter** is an amazing band, but this DVD doesn't seem to capture their live performance as being all that great. The lighting effects, bad editing and uneven sound really detract from what a superb band the **Selecter** is. The music sounds as good as always and the band performs fifteen tracks. Some of my favorites were "Three Minute Hero," "Missing Words" and "On My Radio". The DVD also contains an interview with lead singer **Pauline Black**. She is probed with questions regarding whether the **Selecter** feels they have to always stick to their greatest hits while playing shows. My favorite part of the DVD is when she gives the reporter a little more attitude than he asks for after asking her if she is a supporter of **Rastafarianism**. To She replies, "Why would I be a supporter of **Rastafarianism**, I'm a woman." Kudos to you, **Pauline**, for making that reporter look like a real douchebag! — *Jeanette Moses*

**Sixteen Horsepower**  
*Live*  
Alternative Tentacles  
Street: 12.02

This slick two-disc set gracefully avoids the common prattfalls of most concert films, such as poor editing, bad lighting, too few, static camera angles, and a low-quality sound mix. Instead, the dark beauty of **16 HP** is digitally corralled and presented in an all-region compatible format. Featuring a 2002 show from Belgium, a performance for German Television's **Rockpalast** in 1996 and a look at the band's last show in Antwerp in 2004, **Live** is on a level with the legendary concert films of **Jonathan Demme** for its artful representation of the chaos and shuddering intensity of this goth-folk-country giant's live show. The best concert films acknowledge that viewers are not actually at the show in question, but somehow construct an experience that is arguably the next best thing. This is one of those few concert films, and thankfully, **16 HP** are just the kind of uniquely talented band that deserves such attention. — *Tyler Ford*

# WARNING:

# HARDCORE HEADQUARTERS

## UPCOMING CONCERTS

Sat. July 1: REDEMPTION

Mon. July 3: 2 Stages, 11 Bands, BBQ.....

Outdoor All Ages Stage

36CRAZYFISTS, Falling Closer

Trigger Point, Frustrations Gripp, Sindolor,

Minus One, Post Riot

Indoor 21+ Stage

DOMESHOTS, Northwest Royale,

Cavity Burn, 8Points of Chaos

Thu. July 6: ALL HAMERICAN PIG TOUR

Pig, Mindless Faith, Digital Mindy, Carphax Files

Fri. July 7: KRYSTAL'S GENRE, Adjacent to Nothing

Sat. July 8: DECONSTRUCT, Century, TBA

Tue. July 11: ROCKABILLY NIGHT with

The Love Drunks

Thu. July 13: UCW LIVE PRO WRESTLING

Fri. July 14: NYC, Eleventh Hour,

Oxido Republica, HatePiece

Mon. July 17: THE SWORD, Spork, Osiris

Fri. July 21: JESUS RIDES A RIKSHA,

Black Tooth Grin, Sindolor, ONE50EIGHT

Sat. July 22: KILLSYNDICATE, ID, TBA

Fri. July 26: HEMLOCK, Cryptobiotic,

Frustrations Gripp, TBA

Sat. July 29: MEGATTACK, Aerial, Hypnogaja

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HEADBANGERS  
BALLROOM  
CITY WEEKLY 06

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OF PBR

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WITH DJ  
REVEREND 23

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### Johnny Mnemonic



July 8th

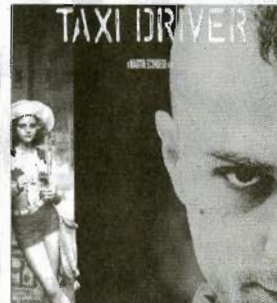
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### Wet Hot American Summer



July 28th & 29th

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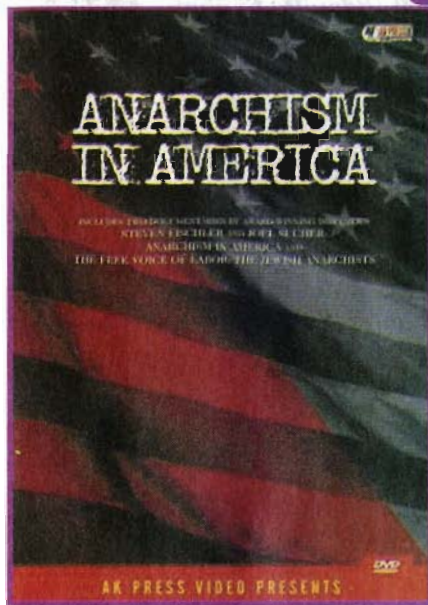
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(46) SLUG

# DVD REVIEWS

**Anarchism in America**  
Steve Fischler and Joe Sucher  
AK Press  
Street: 05.10



What do you think of when you hear the word anarchist? For most people, this word stirs visions of men in black masks with spiked hair and chains throwing bombs, trying to cause mass chaos. Any true anarchist will tell you that's a load of garbage. *Anarchism in America* actually contains two documentaries that were both filmed in the 80s. The first documents Fischler & Sucher's cross-country adventure to find anarchist communities throughout the US. During their journey, you learn what anarchism is really about; it's non-violent, self-reliant and all about a desire to control your own life. The only semi-stereotypical anarchists found in the film are the Dead Kennedys, but just like the elderly

anarchists featured in the film, they don't want chaos, they just want people to think for themselves. The second documentary, *The Free Voice of America: The Jewish Anarchists* documents the history of a Yiddish anarchist newspaper that was published for 87 years, which eventually went under due to lack of funds. This documentary begins with one of the last secretaries of the paper saying "You have to be idealistic, or else you might as well blow your brains out," after being asked if he was still as idealistic about anarchism as he was while working on the staff or the paper. The rest of the film goes on to interview elderly Jews who wrote for the paper about what initially drew them to anarchism. Both documentaries serve to educate the general public that the majority of anarchists aren't terrorists, a lesson that should be easy to learn. After all, the majority of Muslims aren't terrorists... but Americans seem to have trouble figuring that one out too. — Jeanette Moses

**Flogging Molly: Whiskey On A Sunday**  
Jim Dziura  
Side One Dummy Records  
Street: 07.25

Flogging Molly is a band that is as diverse as their fan base. With members ranging from their anal retentive drummer, ex-pro-skateboarding accordion player, ex-lead singer of an 80s metal band songwriter, female fiddle player who can't read music and bass player with a punk rock past, it's no wonder this band attracts such a wide array of fans. Flogging Molly makes music that everyone can enjoy: the punk rockers, the college jocks, ten-year-old kids and even the geriatric. I must agree with lead singer Dave King when he says "Flogging Molly could go on after ACDC." If Flogging Molly doesn't move you, then you must not have a pulse. This documentary is beautifully crafted and tells the story of how the band became what they are today. Starting off with their early days of playing the dive bar *Molly Malone's* and all the trouble they had getting signed because "bar bands don't make money," *Whiskey*

*On A Sunday* tells the story behind the band, something that most music DVDs fail to do. It takes you to their live shows, into the studio and even into their homes. This documentary also comes with a CD that includes the previously unreleased "Laura," acoustic versions of "Drunken Lullabies" and "Tomorrow Comes a Day Too Soon" and a live version of "What's Left of the Flag." There is something truly amazing about Flogging Molly's music; it gives me chills and something unexplainable that hits you as soon as you hear the first ten seconds of any of their songs. Flogging Molly will go down in rock history; there is no way that they can't. — Jeanette Moses

**Kate Bush**  
*Under Review*  
Sexy Intellectual  
Street: 12.13.05

There was a time in Bush's career when she wasn't a reclusive enigma locked away in a home studio pounding away chord combinations that might never receive a public performance; I am too young to know these days. In fact, beyond Bush's music there is very little that I've ever known about any facet of her life. This critical analysis does a decent job of telling the plot of Bush's quick rise to stardom in the mid-70s to the later half of the 80s and then suddenly runs out of information. Granted it was in the late 80s that Bush began her climb from pop star to hermit. The inclusion of early interviews with Bush are the DVD's finest moments. The ramblings of the press and industry folk are nearly as inspired and surprisingly a lot of information, like her work with Peter Gabriel, doesn't even make an appearance, suggesting we're not really getting the whole story. — Ryan Michael Painter

**Metal: A Headbanger's Journey**  
Les Films/Seville Pictures  
Street: 05.23

For metalheads the information given in this documentary is pretty much common knowledge. For those unfamiliar, the film gives decisive information grouped into categories and easy to absorb. That doesn't mean if you are a metal fan you can't enjoy this documentary from self-proclaimed "banger" Sam Dunn. The interviews are many from Bruce Dickinson, Dio, Alice Cooper, Dees Snider and Tom Araya to Mayhem, Alex Webster from Cannibal Corpse and Gorogoth's Gaahl. Most genres are covered. Topics range from sexuality, religion, death, fans and much more. Dunn journeys the globe to answer his burning question, in short why is metal dismissed as a serious musical genre. He visits England, Los Angeles, New York, Germany's notorious four-day metal festival the Wacken Open Air and Bergen, Norway. Regardless of one's musical taste the film is a sure conversation starter about all things metal. — Bryer Wharton

**Red Sox vs. Yankees**  
*The Ultimate Rivalry*  
Shout! Factory  
Street: 05.02

With the Yankees in a dry spell and the Red Sox crowned as champs two years ago, rendering the mythical Bambino curse kaput, this rivalry is apparently in its post-modern phase. With such a sporting document, the likes of Mike Lupica and Bob Ryan are obviously on hand with strings of technical similes to teach us that this particular rivalry (a word mentioned no less than 300 times in this film) is a teeming lake of regional politics served by the rivers of hope, loss and renewal. However, the Ginsbergian adage on my Starbucks cup tells me that "baseball is like baseball," and I believe it. Though neither provocative or necessarily informative, one can never get enough of Manny Ramirez and Pedro Martinez saying things like, "We took our game to another level," or "Who's your Big Papi now?" in their adorable Dominican accents. — Justin Thomas Burch

**The Smiths**  
*Under Review*  
Sexy Intellectual  
Street: 06.27

While much has been said about the break up and subsequent court battles, the actual story of The Smiths has been rather obscured by time. This "independent critical analysis" pulls together a series of journalists and conspirators who watched the band as they rose from the middle of nowhere to one of the most influential bands of the 80s. While not so much a biography, it is chronological and is essentially a free-formed conversation with a heavy dose of personal opinion and recollection. Through interviews with a range of differentiating points of view this analysis is surprisingly effective in mapping the influence and the phenomenon of The Smiths. It suffers mostly from not having input from any of the prominent members of the band (Graig Gannon who had a brief stint in the band as an extra guitarist does make an appearance). While Stephen Street and John Porter do add their two bits and are insightful considering their direct involvement with the band, the missing voices of Morrissey and Marr render the content superficial. In this case, even going skin deep awaits a wealth of information to explore. — Ryan Michael Painter

A man wearing a red t-shirt and a patterned bandana is looking through a chain-link fence. The scene is lit with a strong red light, creating a dramatic and intense atmosphere. The man's expression is serious and contemplative.

# 15 MINUTES WITH HILLAH PRIEST

BY KNUCKLE2



See.....interviews like this are difficult because the idea of just callin' up an artist like **Killah Priest** and trying to figure out random questions to ask him feels retarded to me. I can't see him, he can't see me, he doesn't know who I am and I really don't know who he is besides listening to his lyrics. Yeah...I could just read other interviews about him to get info or google his name to get the low down, but I really wish I could sit down face to face, in his environment, chill, and just have a conversation. For those of you who may need an introduction, Killah Priest, born **Walter Reed**, was raised in the Bedford-Stuyvesant and Brownsville areas of Brooklyn New York, and became infatuated with hip hop as a young child. With the influence of local rappers such as **Onyx's Suave**, **Big Daddy Kane** and **GZA** (then known as the Genius) who later went on to become one of the founding members of the **Wu Tang Clan**, it wasn't long before Priest got into working on his own rhymes. Some of you hip hop headz may remember when he first made himself known to the hip hop world by rapping on a couple of songs from 1994's **Gravediggaz** album *6 Feet Deep*. Or maybe you listened to Priest with the **Sunz Of Man** or you caught on in 1995 when he appeared on two Wu-Tang Clan albums: *Ol' Dirty Bastard's (RIP) Return to the 36 Chambers: The Dirty Version* and *GZA's Liquid Swords* which included a solo track by Killah Priest called "*B.I.B.L.E. (Basic Instructions Before Leaving Earth)*" - which is dope by the way. If you haven't checked that track then you been sleepin' foolz. In any case, Priest has been holdin' it down and bringin' you that raw hip hop so **WAKE DA FUCK UP BITCHES!**

When I first started DJing about 8 years ago, one of the first singles I bought was, "*We Can't Be Touched*" by **Sunz of Man**. I loved that joint. Killah Priest has had several other albums such as *Heavy Mental*(1998), *View From Masada*(2000), *Priesthood*(2001) and *Black August*(2003) that are definitely worth checking out. Now let's get to it! Ringaling...aling.

**Priest:** Hello?

**SLUG:** Yo, what up Priest, this is Knucklz in Salt Lake representin' SLUG Magazine you got a few minutes for an interview?

**Priest:** For sure.

**SLUG:** So when we getting' you out here to go Snowboarding?

**Priest:** Anytime man, I never went but I'm always willing to learn. I love Salt

Lake Man, the Mormon state. I've gotten a bunch of tattoo work done there at

*Lost Art Tattoo* next to *Uprok*. Those guys got mad skillz with the needles.

**SLUG:** Yeah, they're definitely holdin' it down in Salt Lake. I know you're very Spiritual but it seems like the media tries to put a label on you as some type of religious fanatic.

**Priest:** I'm not as religious as I am spiritual. A lot of people in the industry put that label on me in the beginning because they wuz tryin' to define what I do. No disrespect to any religion, but all religion does is divide everyone.

**SLUG:** I hate organized religion.

**Priest:** Yeah organized religion is the same as genocide or organized crime.

**SLUG:** I think we should have organized crime against organized religion and then I think we're getting' somewhere.

**Priest:** Word.

**SLUG:** We'll have to get you out here in the mountains sometime.

**Priest:** No doubt, man. We all live in mountains mines are just covered in wires and

Buildings.

**SLUG:** So what's your daily routine like now?

**Priest:** Just getting' focused trying to get my website back up right now, *killahpriest.net*, I've got my exclusive mix tape, *Prelude to the Offering*, available at *myspace.com/killahpriest*.

**SLUG:** Are you keepin' in touch with your fans directly on myspace?

**Priest:** Exactly, I gotta thank the fans for all of the support and keepin' real hip hop and real lyricists alive. I like to be hands on to what's going on out there ... without them I'm useless.

**SLUG:** Are you still working a lot with Wu?

**Priest:** Yeah, yeah. Well, me and **GZA** be doin' showz. We've done some songs together. Basically everybody see each other when we see each other. The clan, everybody is grown and everybody is doin' their own thing, they have their own situation going on. It's all love though, there's no diss records comin'.

**SLUG:** Are you still makin' money off of old Wu albums?

**Priest:** Yeah man, it's crazy, I'm not gonna lie. I got on myspace and I just put *Heavy Mental* up there and already it got 30,000 hits like *WOW* that's crazy man.

When I first dropped the album I didn't really get the response that I'm getting' now but I guess I was always on the road so I didn't see it as much .... I know **RZA** told me one day "You should go back around your way boy cuz you blowin' up" and I didn't really feel it that way cuz I was always working doin' showz on the road. But you know .... I've really settled down and focused and I'm on my grind workin' real hard doin' mixtapes, workin' on the website, and I'm reading these emails and it's inspiring seeing that these people appreciate the albums and it's only right for me to give the fans the new album, *The Offering*.

One of the things he told me about that I really liked was when I asked him about the new mix tape he did which has a track with **Immortal Technique**. I asked how this collaboration came about and he said to me thru **respect**. He told me how the two of them were just drivin' around in the car one day having conversations about this and that. First off, imagine what that conversation would have been like. How cool it would be to put together two great minds like that and just listen? If you have ever taken note to either artists lyrics you know that they both have a lot to say about the things that affect all of us - government, spirituality, and about the world and life in general. So basically Killah Priest just asked **Immortal Technique** about doing something together and **Immortal** simply said "Yeah, just give me a track and I'll flow over it." It was just that, **respect**; two artists coming together out of **respect** for what the other is doing, saying, and bringing to hip hop culture - collaborating on something new - continuing their positive influence on hip hop, not just to sell another mix tape.

**SLUG:** What music are you feelin' right now?

**Priest:** Right now the game is so crazy I guess you gotta be a true historian or some anthropologist diggin' up hip hop. I've been listening to a lot of **Stevie Wonder**, old **Michael Jackson**, early 70s Soul Music and I guess as far as hip hop, the last album I checked out was **Kanye West**.

**SLUG:** You feelin' it?

**Priest:** It is what it is.

**SLUG:** What producers you workin' with right now?

**Priest:** I always find these new fresh ill producers, **Godz Wrath** from Europe, my man **Magnetic**, **Sahdeeq**, **Y-Kim**, **4th Disciple**, **Kallisto**. I just like to go get the under dog who's gonna give you the choice joint and not try to hit your pockets. I like the dudes that are going to give you their heart and soul, they don't care, they just want that name and they wanna be felt, not just tryin' to get a check. If you act that way you ain't never gonna get a check cuz you ain't established yet.

All you have to do is sit down and listen to Priest's first solo album *Heavy Mental* (**Geffen Records**, 1998) to know that this is an artist who has introduced a new level of consciousness into the rap game. Killin', the ignorant misguidance so many people in this world have today by making his spirituality a prominent part of his music in a hard core and intellectual way that is matched by few other emcees. Now have some **RESPECT** loosen up your tight pants and go cop his album. I'm going Skating.

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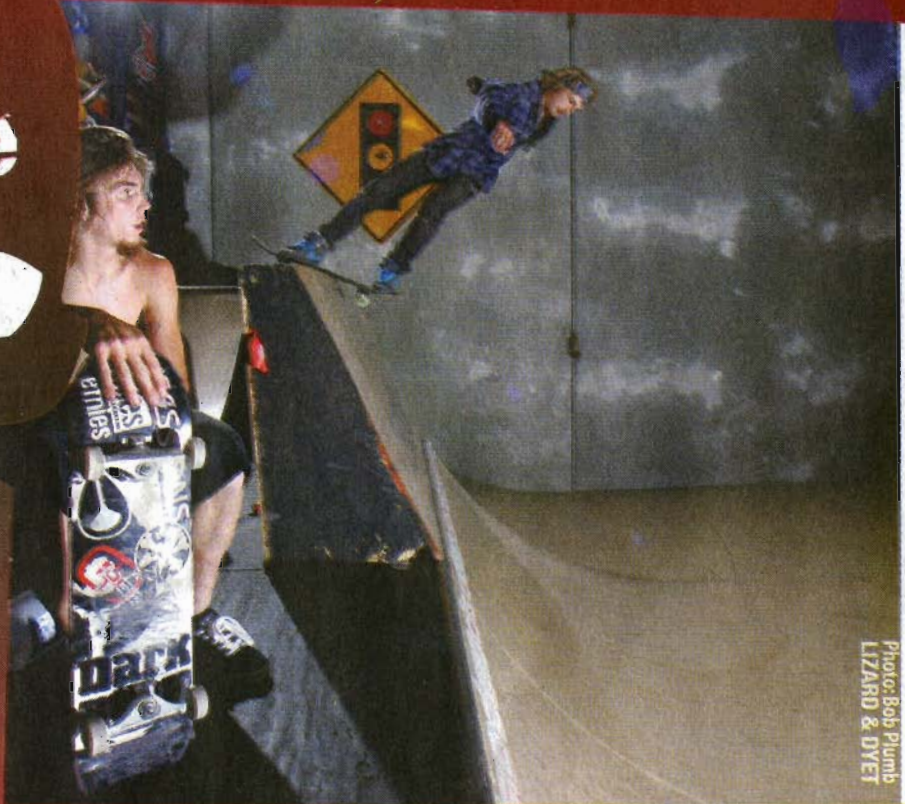


Photo: Bob Plumb  
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For the past five years, SLUG Mag has hosted the valley's deadliest amateur skateboarding contest series. 2006 will mark SOD's 6th anniversary and our largest body-count.

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



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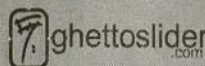


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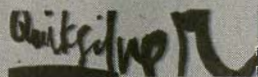
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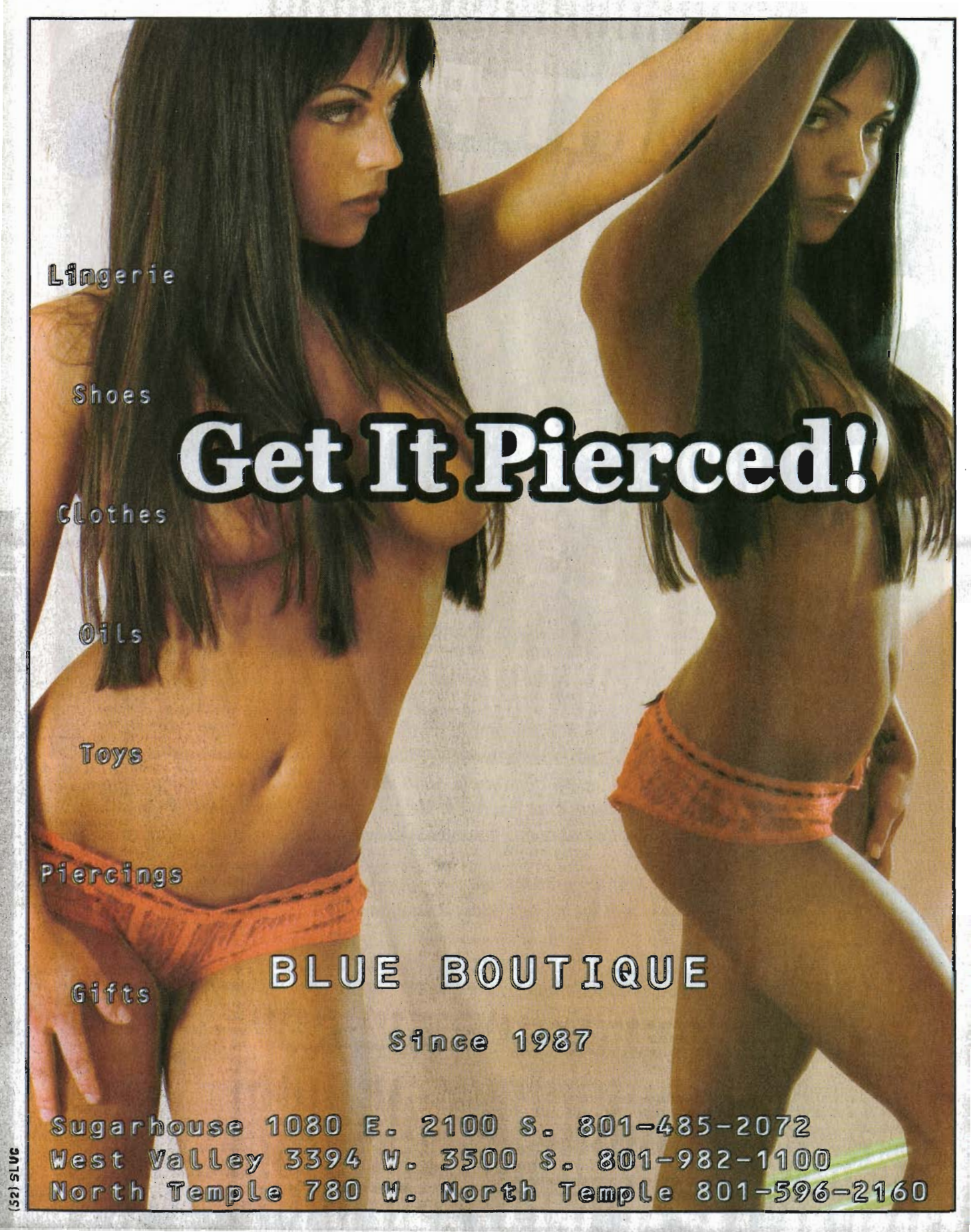
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The background of the advertisement features two women with long dark hair, wearing orange lace-trimmed underwear. They are posing in a studio setting with a plain, light-colored background. The woman on the left is shown from the waist up, looking slightly to her right. The woman on the right is shown from the waist down, looking towards the camera.

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# EARTH FEVER: Al Gore's **an inconvenient truth**

By Rebecca Vernon

What's inconveniently true about global warming? Admitting the reality of such a grand problem, says Al Gore, immediately requires personal accountability from the one admitting it. Personal accountability requires change, and a lot of it. Change, as we all know, can be difficult.

We are a world slaughtered with problems. However, of all the problems that riddle our psyche and challenge our minds, none is a greater threat to our individual and collective future than global warming. That's because it threatens to fundamentally alter our planet on a scale that would make it unsuitable for future generations of living organisms. Those alterations, if not checked, could be irreversible. As Carl Sagan pointed out in his classic *Cosmos*, there is a fine line between Earth and Venus. Venus, choked with poisonous sulphur clouds, melts any machinery landed on its burning surface within minutes. Venus is hotter than the Earth because it is closer to the sun, and its atmosphere engaged in a feedback loop until all its water evaporated and it stabilized to its present condition. *Its atmosphere adapted to its temperature.*

"Feedback loop," interestingly enough, is a term that appeared in a recent article in *Time* magazine about global warming ("Be Worried, Be Very Worried," April 3, 2006) which Gore covers as well in *An Inconvenient Truth*. Every mile of polar ice is melting twice as fast as the mile before it. The reason is simple—white ice reflects back into space 90 percent of the rays that hit it, which keeps the earth cool. However, when ice melts and turns to dark blue water, that water absorbs 90 percent of the rays that hit it. The Earth's polar ice, in other words, is melting exponentially. Melted polar ice releases enormous amounts of fresh water into the ocean, and enough of it can have drastic effects on the delicate balance of ocean current movements, which in turn affects the temperature of our continents. Melting polar ice can also raise sea levels enough to displace millions from coastal areas ranging from India to New York City within a few decades. Current symptoms of global warming are more intense hurricanes like Katrina, widespread droughts and flooding.

What proof is there that this isn't all just another unsupported doomsday tale? Al Gore gently and consistently addresses disbelievers throughout the movie. The strength of *An Inconvenient Truth* is its simplicity. Gore uses a lot of visuals: straightforward charts that can be understood by an eight-year-old, satellite images that show breaking polar ice, dramatic before-and-after photos of receding glaciers. He uses heavy repetition to show interconnected data reaching the same result over and over. He uses clear, simple language to explain new concepts and address misconceptions. He is a bridge between the scientists that are almost unanimously aware of global warming's devastating effects and a general public that so often gets mixed messages from the media on the issue.

In the 1970s, global warming was a little-known phenomenon. *An Inconvenient Truth* brings to light that one of Gore's college teachers was one of the first to catalogue the atmosphere's rising carbon dioxide levels and make the connection to modern industrialization. Gore embraced the lesson and upon his entry into politics, began

spreading the message about a problem that only a few of the scientific elites were aware of. Since then, he has met with researchers, traveled to countries all over the world to see the effects of global warming firsthand and expended tons of personal time, money and energy to become educated about his cause.

*An Inconvenient Truth* transcends politics. Al Gore jokingly refers to himself as "the man who used to be the next president of the United States," and the movie briefly covers the defeat that shaped him and led him down his new, unexpected life path. Gore is in his element in this movie, which is in effect a duplication of his physical slide presentation on global warming he has given thousands of times in lecture halls all over the world. He is funny, engaging, likeable and above all, human. His sentimental flashbacks to his son's hospitalization and his sister's death from lung cancer might strike some as exploitative and irritating, but at its heart, his few personal interjections come across as very sincere. In *An Inconvenient Truth*, Al Gore is the anti-hero underdog. He might have lost an election, but he didn't waste much time getting back up and fighting for the ultimate cause.

A recent *Wired* magazine issue featured Al Gore on the cover and a special 20-page section on global warming covering what he and certain corporate and environmental groups are trying to do to combat it. Gore's basic philosophy is that a lot of businesses aren't motivated to do anything about global warming because they believe it isn't profitable to change, but that as time goes by, it will become less and less profitable to abuse the environment as consumers become more aware of the challenges leveled on our staggering planet. He argues that we can solve global warming using capitalism and the bottom line as a tool to motivate companies to change. After all, that is what the Kyoto Protocol is about—in countries that have signed, companies that surpass CO2 emissions limits buy credits to cover their transgressions. Companies that fall below their CO2 emissions limits, like Russia, can sell credits. So far, many countries have made incredible headway in cutting down their emissions. The United States is one of only two countries that refuses to sign the Kyoto Protocol, even though we are responsible for a disproportionate amount of the earth's total CO2 emissions. However, hundreds of mayors of US cities, ignoring the US's refusal to sign, have committed to comply to Kyoto. Rocky Anderson (Salt Lake City), Dana Williams (Park City) and David Sakrison (Moab) are three of them.

You can also commit to "pay" for your own personal CO2 emissions by going to [www.climatecrisis.net](http://www.climatecrisis.net).

The message *An Inconvenient Truth* leaves you with is a positive one: it is possible to combat global warming. The first step is awareness of a terrible problem. The next step is action, and all of us acting together can make the difference between a recovering and a dying planet.

*An Inconvenient Truth* is playing at the Broadway Theatre through most of July. Call 321-0310 for more information.

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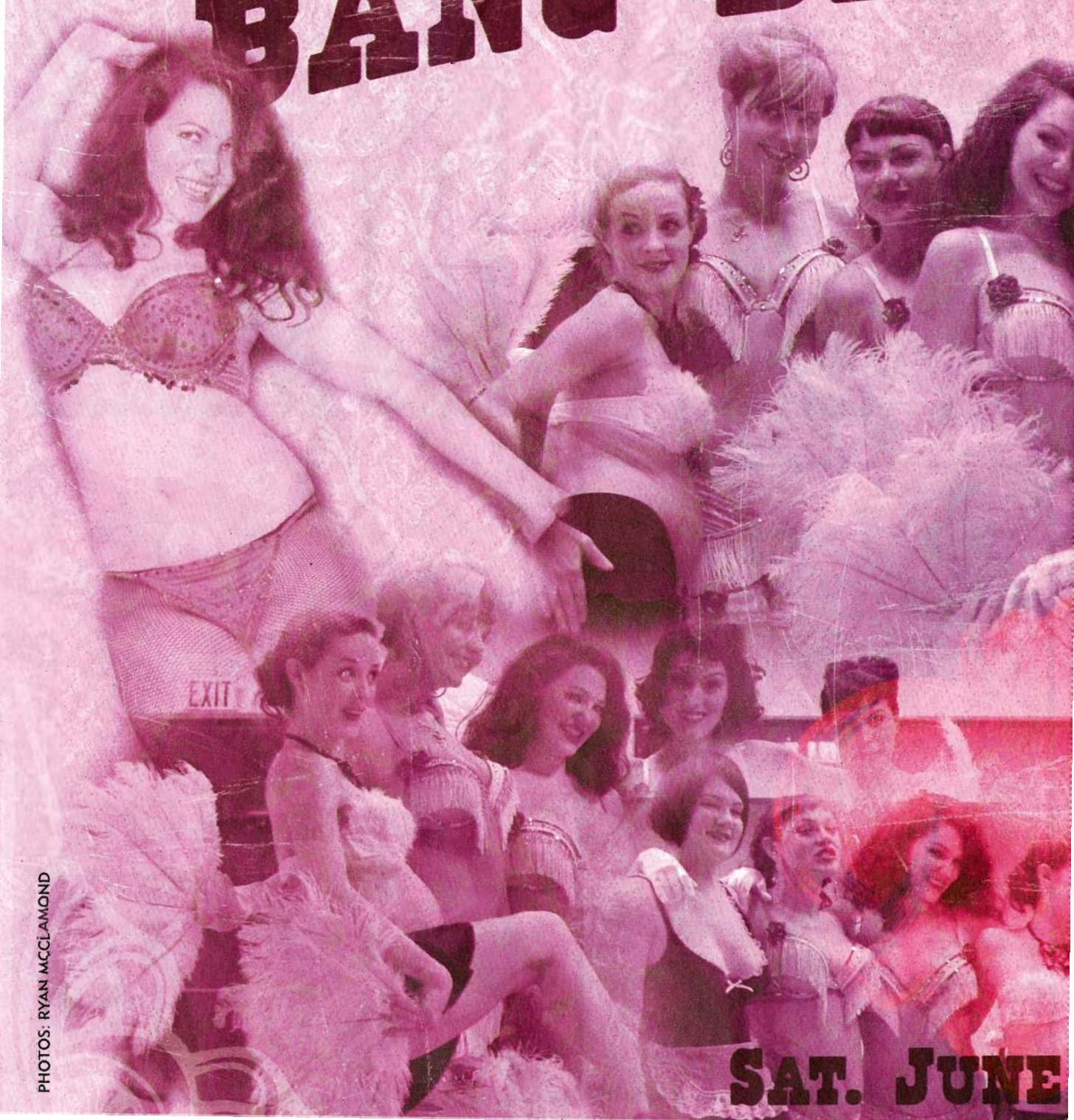
**SLUG:** Describe the inspiration for the troupe's name.

**BB:** I wanted a catchy little name & my name is Betsey Bosen, so I thought another name with alliteration would fit. Bang! Bang! It's my little baby after all! It just came to my head really fast when I was talking to my friend, he seemed to like it a lot, so I thought maybe this is a good name!

**SLUG:** Why do you think Utah needs burlesque?

**BB:** I just think that Burlesque is such a fun thing to watch, so why not?

# BANG BANG



PHOTOS: RYAN MCCLAMOND

**SAT. JUNE**



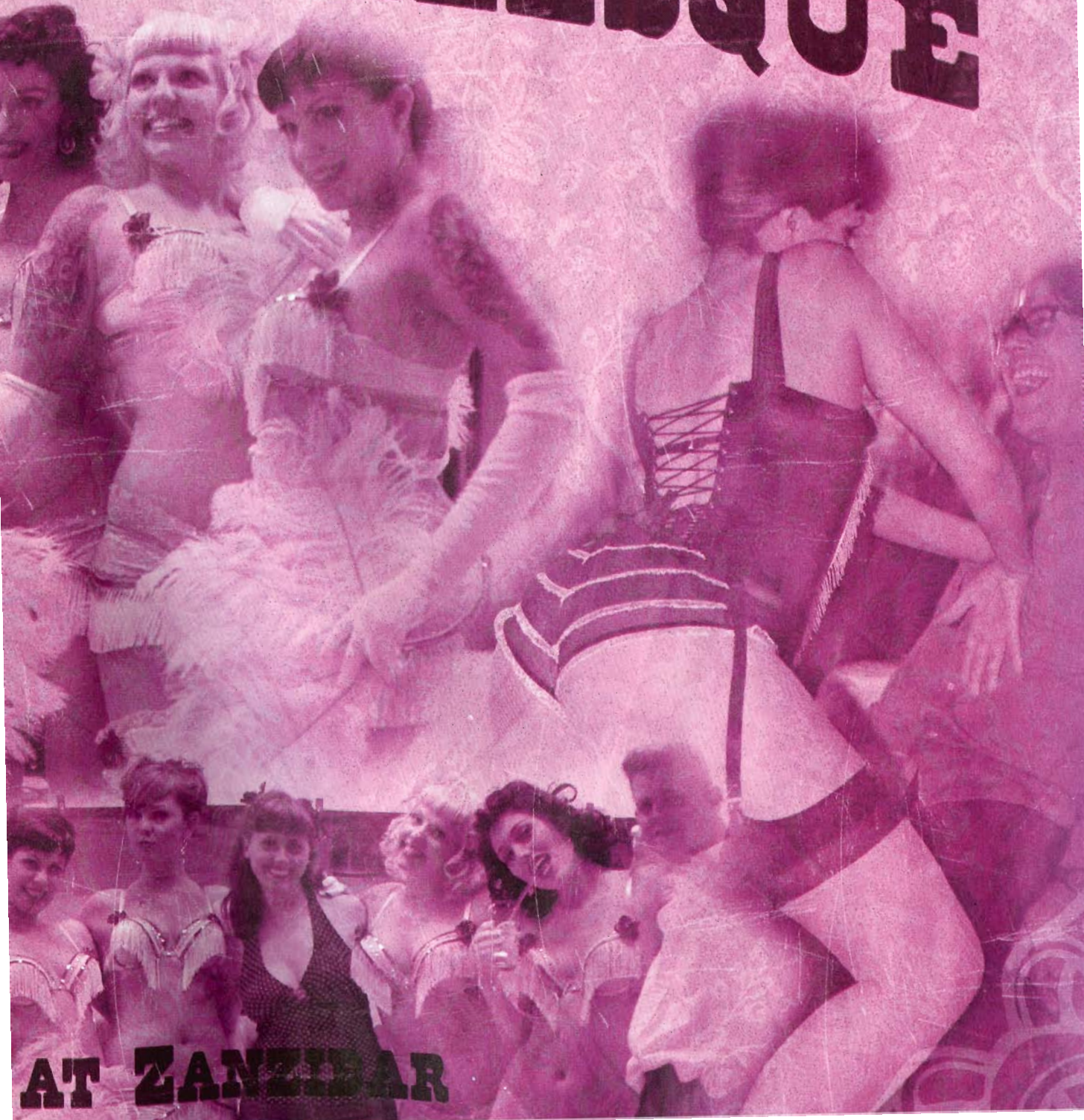
**SLUG:** Will you be teaching burlesque classes? Can other's join the group?

**BB:** One day when I have more time I would like to yes. At the moment I'm not looking for another performer but in the future I definitely will hold try outs. I want to get to big as possible, tour etc. etc. and for that you need at least 20 or so gals, for the bigger venues, rotating out and what not.

**SLUG:** What are your future goals for Bang Bang?

**BB:** We want to grow & tour and become a household name. We are very passionate & serious about it.

# BURLESQUE



**AT ZANZIBAR**



## C.C. DEVILLE: THE MAN, THE MYTH, THE LEGEND.

By Mike Brown

[mikebrown048@hotmail.com](mailto:mikebrown048@hotmail.com)

Rock and roll desperately needs more C. C. DeVilles. Remember last month when I interviewed that dork from **Warrant**? That guy was like a fossil, old and boring. But not C. C. I've done a handful of interviews in my day and I've never had someone get so excited about answering questions like, "Who's the most famous grenade you've jumped on?" and, "Have you ever done cocaine off of a girl's pussy lips?"

Not only answering such tough questions with enthusiasm and joy, but brute honesty as well. None of this, "I can't answer that groupie question because I'm engaged..." shit I got from **Warrant** last month. C. C. is definitely not afraid to tell me and our SLUG readers just how many chicks lead singer **Bret Michaels** has banged.

This interview was also a redemption of sorts for me. I got the chance about five years ago to interview Mr. DeVille for SLUG. Other than that one time that I lost my virginity, the interview was the best six minutes of my life. The printed version of the interview was pretty funny, but the audio version is downright piss-your-pants hilarious, and I'm not bragging; it really is that good.

The first interview ended with C.C. making sure I got back stage passes to the **Poison** show at the *Delta Center*. He was like, "Dude, we got to hang out!" I couldn't have been more elated. Then something super shitty happened, bass player **Bobby Dall** threw his back out and the whole tour got cancelled. I often think about how my life might be different right now had I actually gone back stage and kicked it with C. C. and the band. It's very possible that I wouldn't be sitting here right now had I actually gotten to bro down with Mr. DeVille. I guess every rose really does have it's thorn.

When I found out that **Poison** was touring again, I made SLUG get me an interview. I had to take another shot at getting backstage with the boys. The actual interview was great not as funny as last time because C. C.'s phone kept cutting out and hanging up on me, but I did manage to refresh his cocaine-punctured memory regarding our last interview and he said he would get me backstage again. Hopefully by the time you read this I'll have ample pictures and awesome stories about the time I got to unskinny bop with some of the straightest guys to ever wear makeup.

**SLUG:** C. C. DeVille, how are you?

**CC:** I'm so glad I'm doing a magazine that's sort of cutting edge and not a news paper that's all, "So tell me about the Hair."

**SLUG:** Yeah, fuck that. I don't know if you remember this but I interviewed you about five years ago. But do you remember me asking you about the Eiffel Tower and The Houdini?

**CC:** Oh, god, was that dirty stuff? Wait, wait, wait, what's the Houdini again?

**SLUG:** The Houdini is when you're doing a chick doggy style and then you pull out and spit on her back so she thinks you came, and then you shoot it in her face.

**CC:** Oh, my God! That's funny! I gotta remember the Houdini!

**SLUG:** Or the stranger?

**CC:** The stranger is great! That's a pretty popular one. But the Houdini? I gotta write that one down. I'm writing it down right now... Spit...then cum in her face. OK.

**SLUG:** How about the Ambush Paddington?

**CC:** What is that?

**SLUG:** It's like the Houdini but instead of cumming in the girls face you grab her favorite teddy bear and cum on that.

**CC:** HA! HA! HA!

**SLUG:** The hard part of that one is finding a chick to do with a teddy bear on her bed...Hello? (phone cuts out) Oh, no! We lost him!

**CC:** Mike, my cheek bone disconnected the phone from laughing so hard, that is so fuckin' funny! Alright let's get to business here.

**SLUG:** What do you think of the band Warrant?

**CC:** You know I've always liked them. I know that there's always been tension between Brett and JD [lead singer of Warrant], but any time you influence a band there's a certain amount of pride and I really think that Warrant was influenced by Poison. Now I know that Brett probably wishes that JD wouldn't steal every one of his moves but you have to be flattered.

**SLUG:** I did an interview with them last month and they were pussing out on most of the questions. So I got some of the questions I asked them and I'm sure you can answer them better. Can you talk about the difference between the groupies now and the groupies of 20 years ago?

**CC:** Let's be honest I'm getting older too so I can't tell you, "The groupies are getting older and I'm staying young." Bull shit! Men seem to be able to get away with it better, when a man is 35 it seems like it's okay to date a younger girl, when a woman is 35, society already has her as washed up. I understand it's a double standard, but I'm not complaining. There does seem to be a resurgence of younger girls but let me make it clear the younger fans are not the ones going into the buses and having shenanigans, I don't want to paint that picture.

**SLUG:** Right.

**CC:** Truth is, if I would have known that I would have still been alive right now I would have taken care of myself... (CLICK)

**SLUG:** Fuck, he just disconnected again.

**CC:** Mike, are you hanging up on me? The problem with me being older is that... I lost my train of thought.

**SLUG:** Um, let's see, we were kind of talking about partying, so, when was the last time you did cocaine off of a girls pussy lips?

**CC:** Um, long long long time ago. I'm not sure if I've ever done that, but my cocaine days were a long time ago. I was a major party guy and then...(CLICK)

**SLUG:** Hello?

**CC:** Mike what's going on?

**SLUG:** I think it's your phone, I'm being pretty careful.

**CC:** Anyway, so what happened is I started drinking too much and got a DUI. I hit four cars and fled the scene. I was sentenced to 80 days in county jail. When you go from being an entitled rock star to going to jail where no one gives a hoot about anything, I started thinking that they were going to stick a toothpick in me and fillet me for dinner...(CLICK)

**SLUG:** Ah, Fuck! Again.

(5 minutes later) Hello, SLUG magazine?

**CC:** Hey Mike, now I'm on a new phone but it's stickey as hell. Sorry about all this.

**SLUG:** Do you know what the Grenade is, and have you or anyone in the band ever jumped on it?

**CC:** What's the Grenade?

**SLUG:** The Grenade's like when there's one hot chick but she's got an ugly friend and if the hot chick is going to hook up with you someone has to hook up with the ugly one.

**CC:** I'd have to say that Ricky [the drummer] more times than not, is the one that jumps on the grenade. I can say that without actually even thinking. He's a good wing man.

**SLUG:** He's a team player.

**CC:** Yeah but at the same time Ricky will spend the most time trying to hook up with the main one. And then at the last minute he'll be like, "Okay I'll take one for the team."

**SLUG:** If you add up all of the chicks that the band has banged combined, except for Brett, and then add up all the chicks that Brett has banged, who's banged more chicks?

**CC:** Brett, Ricky and Bobby are all up there. If anything I have the deficit because I'm always trying to be in relationships and then finding out the girls I'm with are busy screwing everyone else.

**SLUG:** Oh Man!

**CC:** It's been a nightmare like that, but we are all growing up a little bit, we don't do that as much.

**SLUG:** Wanna do some word association?

**CC:** If I have to, yeah.

**SLUG:** You don't have to.

**CC:** Go ahead.

**SLUG:** George Bush.

**CC:** Uh, Mad Magazine.

**SLUG:** Georgia's bush.

**CC:** I don't get that.

**SLUG:** First thing that comes to your head.

**CC:** I don't know.

**SLUG:** Alright, Viagra.

**CC:** New hope.

**SLUG:** Catheter

**CC:** Fun times!

**SLUG:** Butt Plug.

**CC:** Necessary evil.

**SLUG:** Sell out.

**CC:** Me, unfortunately, at times.

**SLUG:** This is another question I asked Warrant; has anyone in the band ever gotten diarrhea while playing?

**CC:** Me, I've had it more than once. There's times when you'd do a certain illegal substance, and it would make you have to go, there's been many times. Not now, I've cleaned up my act. But 15 years ago there would be times I'd have someone go into a drum solo so I could go to the bathroom.

**SLUG:** That's cool!

**CC:** It isn't cool, it's a nightmare. When I have a broken string, it's important but it's not that important. But when you feel like you're going to shit yourself in front of 20,000 people, suddenly the urgency to stop that show becomes extremely important.

**SLUG:** Do you think that god could create a rock so heavy that even he can't lift it?

**CC:** Don't ask me that! I'm trying to stay sober! I mean, that's a great question but I'm retarded! If I had that type of knowledge I wouldn't have had any problems in my life in the first place. But that's a good question, especially coming from the man who told me about the Ambush Paddington.

**SLUG:** Has anyone in the band that you know of ever made love to a grapefruit?

**CC:** I don't know, but when I was a kid, I heard a story about a honeybaked ham. Like they removed the bone. But I don't know if I dreamt that or if it was a member of the band. And I thought that was pretty odd until the *American Pie* movie with the apple pie. Kids will stick their dicks in anything around the house when they're young. No wonder the dog was always running away from my brother. Ha! Ha!

# JULY DAILY CALENDAR

## Friday, June 30

In Store with Mike Allred – *Black Cat Comics*  
The Adonis – *Ego's*  
Kottonmouth Kings – *In the Venue*  
The Bronx – *Burt's*  
Saying My Goodbyes, Anguish for Augustine, Time Well Spent, Treehouse Quads – *Driftwood*  
Bloswick, MC Enee1, XV – *Urban*  
Ghostowne – *The Exchange*  
Take the Fall – *Todd's*  
Robby Kap – *Pats BBQ*  
The Upstown Hustlers – *Hog Wallow*  
Blues On First – *Spur*  
The Legendary Porch Pounders – *Wine Cellar*

## Saturday, July 1

Redemption – *Vegas*  
Jon Bean – *Alchemy Coffee*  
Bad Luck Blues Band – *Freedom Fest*  
Blues On First – *Huka*  
The Legendary Porch Pounders – *Owl Bar*  
Johnny Lang – *Red Butte*  
Fat Soul – *Zanzibar*  
Slender Means, The Shuttles – *Kilby*  
The Coup – *Ego's*  
If Hope Dies – *Boom Va*  
Jon E, Dangerously Elephant, Zeruzabell – *Burt's*  
Bill Engvall – *Freedom Blast*  
Keni Thomas, Lee Ann Womack – *LaVell Stadium*  
Jonny Lang – *Red Butte*  
4000 Old – *Tony's*  
Rodeo Boys, Rope or Bullets – *Urban*

## Sunday, July 2

Yesterdays Rising, Versus The Mirror, At All Cost – *Boom Va*  
Black Heart Procession, Don Sartain, Will Sartain – *Urban*  
Me Infecto – *Starry Night*  
The Legendary Porch Pounders, Sunday School For Sinners – *Iron Horse*  
Peour Energy, The Percussion Session – *Avalon*

## Monday, July 3

Lilys, Human Television – *Urban*  
Angelo Bingham – *Zanzibar*  
Form of Rocket, Fail to Follow, Letters from the Front, Bonanza – *Kilby*  
Domeshots, Northwest Royale, Cavity Burn, 8Points of Chaos (21+ show) – *Vegas*  
36Crazyfists, Falling Closer, Trigger Point, Frustrations Gripp, Sindolor, Minus One, Post Riot (all ages) – *Vegas*

## Tuesday, July 4

Happy Birthday America – *Get Drunk and BBQ*  
Sledgeback, Anything That Moves – *Burt's*  
Neal McCoy – *Lorin Farr Park*

## Wednesday, July 5

4 Play: The Heaters, Dead City Lights, Subrosa, Screaming Condors – *Gallivan*  
Jeannie Ortega – *Vortex*  
Fat Soul – *Zanzibar*  
The Kissers – *Piper Down*  
Steel Train, Causeway – *Kilby*  
Nora Keys, Madame P, Subrosa – *Urban*

## Thursday, July 6

Big D and The Kids Table, Catch 22, Suburban Legends, Voodoo Glow Skulls – *Avalon*  
Michael Franti & Spearhead, Hot Buttered Rum – *Gallivan*  
Angel City Outcasts, The Front, Whiskey Rebels – *Burt's*  
Hot Buttered Rum – *Suede*  
The Firm – *Zanzibar*  
Pagan Love Gods – *Piper Down*  
Hatebreed, Bleeding Through – *Saltair*  
Mindless Faith, Digital Mindy, Pig, Carphax Files – *Vegas*  
Heather Duby – *Kilby*  
Jessie Dayton – *Ego's*  
Vile Blue Shades, Mountain High, Block Hole – *Urban*

## Friday, July 7

The Bassturd, Fuck The Informer, The Rodeo Boys – *Burt's*  
Tear, Days May Come, Lunaractive, Red Horizon – *Driftwood*  
Spitalfield and June, Valencia, Cute Is What We Aim For – *Avalon*  
Ray Davies – *Depot*  
Lorraine Hortsmanhoff, Julian Moon – *Alchemy Coffee*  
Fat Paw – *The Exchange*  
Bossonova Soulsamba – *Zanzibar*  
Blues Traveler – *Suede*  
Afro Omega – *Ego's*  
Poverty Awareness Concert: Palomino, Salty Rootz, Starmy – *Gallivan*  
Hiroshimo – *Washington Square*  
Starmy, Mean Mollies Trio – *Urban*  
Krystal's Genre, Adjacent to Nothing – *Vegas*

## Saturday, July 8

Mason Jennings – *In the Venue*  
Amy Speace – *Snowbird*  
Angela Bingham – *Zanzibar*  
Destroy the Runner – *Boom Va*  
Scarab, Opio – *Urban*  
Almost Undone's CD Release, Thunderfist – *Ego's*  
Soggy Bone – *Tony's*  
Accidente, Ari Ari, Gazo – *Burt's*  
Deconstruct, Century – *Vegas*  
Appleaseed Cast, Criteria, Russian Circles – *Kilby*  
Nolens Volens, Non Non – *KRCL 90.9 Circus Brown*  
Quiksilver Skate Contest – *Fairmont Park*

## Sunday, July 9

BCRP Music, Everything Now!, Albino Father, Ole Bravo – *Kilby*  
As Cities Burn, Jonezetta, Lorene Drive, Maylene & The Sons of Disaster – *Avalon*  
Average White Band – *Washington Square*  
Made Out of Babies, Euclid's Crash – *Burt's*  
Indigo Girls – *Red Butte*

## Monday, July 10

Animosity, Cattle Decapitation, Misery Index, From a Second Story Window – *Boom Va*  
Rich & Page – *Zanzibar*  
The Number 12 Looks Like You, Hevy Hevy Low Low, The Jonbenet, – *Avalon*  
Awol One, 2 Mex & Life Rexall are Smartyr – *Urban*  
Finding Neverland – *Gallivan*  
Rochael Cantu, St. Vincent – *Kilby*

## Tuesday, July 11

Bang Sugar Bang, Black Elk – *Burt's*  
Wayne & Mark – *Zanzibar*  
Jurassic 5, Ozric Tentacles, Partice – *Depot*  
Brantson, Umbrellas, DeSole, Bleary – *Driftwood*  
Clit 45, New Mexican Disaster Squad – *Boom Va*  
Form of Rocket, Black Elk – *Urban*  
Rockabilly Night w/ the Love Drunks – *Vegas*

## Wednesday, July 12

Barrington Levy – *Urban*  
Paul Oakenfold – *In the Venue*  
4 Play: Tragedy On Sarurn, Kid Theodore, Tolchock Trio, Starmy – *Gallivan*  
Fat Soul – *Zanzibar*  
Darryl Worley – *Teazer's*  
Sasquatch & the Sickabillys, Utah County Swillers, Left For Dead – *Burt's*

## Thursday, July 13

Brett Netson, Built to Spill – *Depot*  
Elvis Crespo – *In the Venue*  
The Salty Frogs – *Piper Down*  
Martin Sexton, David Lindley – *Gallivan*  
Wisdom – *Ego's*  
Emme Packer, Something Delorean – *Kilby*  
AFI, Dillinger Escape Plan – *Fairgrounds*  
Melissa Pace – *Zanzibar*  
The Autumn Offering, Burn in Silence, Jacknife – *Ritz*  
Dub Reed – *Piper Down*  
UCW Live Pro Wrestling – *Vegas*

## Friday, July 14

Localized: Pleasure Thieves, Rotten Musicians, DJ Shanty – *Urban*  
Tilly & The Wall, Now It's Overhead, Seve vs. Evan – *Kilby*  
Koko Taylor & Her Blues Machine – *Red Butte*  
Blues On First – *Zanzibar*  
Hollow – *The Exchange*  
NYC, Eleventh Hour, Oxido Republica, Hate Piece – *Vegas*  
Suicide Silence, Grace Gale, All Shall Perish, Light this City – *Boom Va*  
Stiffler, TDTDE, Lye By Mistake, F Kon – *Driftwood*  
The Autumn Offering, Burn in Silence, Jacknife – *Ritz*  
Social Distortion, Nine Black Alps, Supersuckers – *In the Venue*  
Legendary Pink Dots – *Ego's*  
Neutral Boy, Charlie Don't Surf – *Burt's*  
Dave Hole – *Depot*

## Saturday, July 15

Vile Blue Shades – *Burt's*  
Bad Grass – *Tony's*

4000 Year Old, Monarch – *Ego's*  
Ricardo Romero – *Zanzibar*  
This Song Is A Mess But So Am I, Agape, Speaker Speaker – *Kilby*  
Brand New, Men Women and Children, Colour Revolt – *In the Venue*

**Sunday, July 16**

Peour Energy, The Percussion Session – *Avalon*  
Since By Man, Darlin' Broad – *Kilby*

Bumbklaatt, Forced March, Fade to Black, Digna y Rebelde, All Systems Fail  
– *Wild Mushroom*

**Monday, July 17**

Coal Miner's Daughter – *Gallivan*  
Race the Sun, So They Say, Anesty, Justice Against the Adversary – *Boom Va*  
Nicole Madison – *Zanzibar*  
Cellador – *Burt's*  
The Sword, Spork, Osiris – *Vegas*

**Tuesday, July 18**

Desa, Monty Are I, RX Bandits, State Radio – *In the Venue*  
Wayne & Mark – *Zanzibar*  
Michael Showalter, Eugene Mirman, Double Dipped Dream – *Burt's*  
Chiodos, Downers, Fear Before the March of Flames, Royden – *Boom Va*

**Wednesday, July 19**

4 Play: Andrew Goldring and the Rosedale Power Co, A Film in the Ballroom, Matt  
Lewis band, Two and a Half White Guys – *Gallivan*  
Throw Rag, Thunderfirst – *Burt's*  
Fat Soul – *Zanzibar*  
Rusted Root, Zox – *Depot*  
Michelle Malone, The Moaners – *Urban*  
Devola, Chubby Bunny, Elizabeth's Lights – *Kilby*

**Thursday, July 20**

Meshell Ndegeocello, Issa – *Gallivan*  
Pagan Love Gods – *Piper Down*  
Dwayne Burnside & the Mississippi Mafia, Red Top Wolverine Show – *Ego's*  
Himsa, It Dies Today, Poison The Well, Shadows Fall, Still Remains – *Avalon*  
The Firm – *Zanzibar*  
Lyle Lovett – *Deer Valley*  
Business Music Inc, Joshua James, My Former Self, Kid Theodore – *Kilby*  
Less than Never – *Urban*

**Friday, July 21**

Gallery Strall – *Pierpont*  
Navaeh, Minutes Too Far, Down For the Count, Larusso – *Kilby*  
Quintron and Miss Pussycat, Harry Mary, Purrbats – *Urban*  
Nicole Madison – *Zanzibar*  
Frysauc – *Ego's*  
Shoky Trade – *The Exchange*  
Hardin Store Road, Top of the Fair, Braskey – *Driftwood*  
Simon Dawes, The Films, 4000 Old – *Burt's*  
The Warriors, Nodes of Ranvier – *Boom Va*  
Jesus Rides a Riksha, Black tooth Grin, Sindolor, One50eight – *Vegas*

**Saturday, July 22**

Boot Camp Klik, Smif and Wesson, Buckshot – *Urban*  
Kris & Christian – *Alchemy Coffee*  
Red Top Wolverine Show – *Tony's*  
The Wolfs, Blame the Sea – *Burt's*  
Bronco – *Zanzibar*  
J Nash – *Ego's*  
Pioneer Dave, Tommy Sunshine – *Saltair*  
Kilby Court's Seventh Anniversary Show: Love Runner, Will Sartain, Gentry Densley  
– *Kilby*  
Peter Fryer's Birthday – *His House*  
Warped Tour – *Fairgrounds*  
Killsyndicate, ID – *Vegas*

**Sunday, June 23**

Sleep Until 3pm, You Deserve It – *Your Bed*  
Put Some Aloe On The Wicked Sunburn You Got At Warped Tour – *Your House*

**Monday, July 24**

Powerman 5000 – *Boom Va*  
Rich & Page, 31, Nicole Madison – *Zanzibar*  
Camp – *Gallivan Center*  
Ryan Shupe & The Rubber Band, Herman's Hermits – *Usana*  
Panic! At The Disco, Dresden Dolls, Hush Sound – *In the Venue*

**Tuesday, July 25**

Trainwreck – *Ego's*  
Lamb Of God, Thine Eyes Bleed – *Avalon*  
Wayne & Mark – *Zanzibar*  
Vivid, Swann Juice – *Liquid Jae's*  
The Constants, Paris Green – *Kilby*

**Wednesday, July 26**

Red Elvises – *Suede*  
Vivid, Letlive, MS Dos – *Circuit*  
Fat Soul – *Zanzibar*

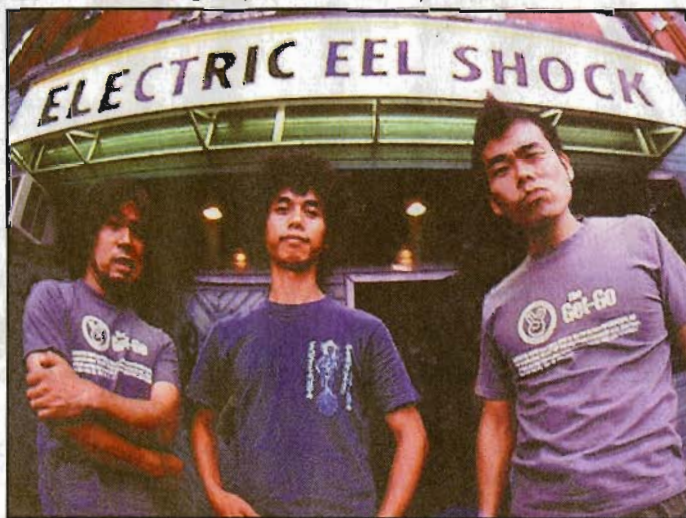
Righteous Jams – *Burt's*  
4 Play: Ayin, Rope or Bullets, Play Dead Movement, Royal Bliss – *Gallivan*  
Pete Yorn – *In the Venue*  
Cabaret Voltage – *Urban*  
Hemlock, Cryptobiotic, Frustrations Gripp – *Vegas*

**Thursday, July 27**

Magnolia Electric Co., Ladyhawk – *Urban*  
Ween – *In the Venue*  
Melissa Pace – *Zanzibar*  
Vivid – *Cabanna Club*  
Warsaw Poland Brothers – *Piper Down*  
The Legendary Earl Scriggs, Chris Hillman – *Gallivan*  
Liquid Soul – *Suede*  
GDB, Swearer Club, The Cosmonots, 10/6 – *Kilby*  
311, Pepper, The Wailers – *Usana*

**Friday, July 28**

Los Lobos, Chris Duarte Group, Jerry Joseph & the Jockmormons – *Snowbird*  
Hells Belles, Thunderfist – *Ego's*  
Manorch – *The Exchange*  
Ben Johnson & Noisewater – *Zanzibar*  
Ice Cube, Bow Wow – *Fairgrounds*  
Theta Naught CD Release, Form of Rocket – *Velour*  
Carla Bozulich's Evangelista, Dead Science – *Kilby*



The Rentals, Ozma – *In the Venue*  
SLC Tunes Launch Party feat. The Glinting Gems, Tolchock Trio, Vile Blue Shades  
– *Urban*

**Saturday, July 29**

Big Bad Voodoo Daddy – *Deer Valley*  
Red Rock Hot Club, – *Zanzibar*  
Theta Naught CD Release, The Happies, Smashy Smashy – *Vagabond's*  
The Brobecks, Monsters Are Waiting, The Outline – *Kilby*  
Jerry Joseph & the Jackmormons – *Suede*  
Chris Isaak – *Depot*  
Wolfs, Stilleto, Red Bennies – *Urban*  
Megattack, Aerial, Hypnogaja – *Vegas*

**Sunday, July 30**

Peour Energy, The Percussion Session – *Avalon*

**Monday, July 31**

Rise – *Gallivan*  
Say Hi To Your Mom, The Hotness – *Kilby*  
The Shilling, Captain Bringdown, The Buzzkills, Loiter Cognition – *Wild Mushroom*  
The Nitty Gritty Dirt Band – *Kenley Amphitheater*

**Tuesday, August 1**

Duncan Sheik – *Suede*  
The Randies – *Burt's*

**Wednesday, August 2**

MxPx, Reel Big Fish, Streetlight Manifesto – *Saltair*  
Little Big Town – *Teazer's*  
Danava – *Urban*  
4Play: Less Than Never, The Glinting Gems, The Brobecks – *Gallivan*

**Thursday, August 3**

Tapes N' Tapes, The Future Heads – *Sound*  
Rodney Crowell & The Outsiders, Robbie Fulks – *Gallivan*

**Friday, August 4**

Pick Up The New SLUG – *Anyplace Cool*  
X, Rollins Band – *Depot*

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## Kilby Court Calendar JULY 2006

- 01- Slender Means, The Shuttles \$7
- 03- Form of Rocket, Fail to Follow, Letters From the Front, Bonanza
- 05- Steel Train, Causeway \$10
- 06- Heather Duby (w/ Erin of Minus the Bear)
- 08- Appleseed Cast, Criteria, Russian Circles \$10
- 09- BCRPMusic, Everything Now!, Albino Father, Ole Bravo \$6
- 10- Rachael Cantu, St. Vincent (Annie Clark of Polyphonic Spree) \$6
- 13- Emme Packer, Something Delorean
- 14- Tilly and the Wall, Now it's Overhead, Seve vs. Evan \$10
- 15- This Song is a mess but so am I, Speaker Speaker, Agape \$6
- 16- Since By Man, Darlin' Broad \$9
- 19- Devola, Chubby Bunny, Elizabeth's Lights \$6
- 20- Kid Theodore, Business Music Inc, My Former Self, Joshua James
- 21- Navaeh, Minutes too Far, Down for the Count, Larusso
- 22- Kilby Court's 7 YEAR Anniversary! w/ Love Runner, Will Sartain & Gentry Densley
- 25- The Constants, Paris Green \$6
- 27- GDB, Sweater Club, The Cosmonots \$6
- 28- Carla Bozulich's Evangelista, Dead Science, Wuhu'Seia
- 29- The Brobecks, Seve vs. Evan, Monsters are Waiting, Outline
- 31- Say hi to your Mom, The Hotness

↓  
Shows start @ 7:30 pm



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