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CONTRIBUTOR LIMELIGHT

Although Peter Panhandler has only been writing for SLUG Magazine since spring 2006, he's paid his dues interviewing local skate rats, ranting about the latest skate DVDs and upstaging Brodie Hammers. Aided by his trusty sidekick, Chester Copperpot, Panhandler can be found doing

the illest 230 flip-kick-acid-drophand-jabs you have ever seen, both in the parks and on the streets. Panhandler grinds some good gossip while dropkicking bad attitudes. Not too shabby for someone who's only three apples high.







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JOMEONE UP AND
JOLE THEIR VEGAN
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NEW YORK STYLE PIZZA



When I started college I was assured over and over again that it wouldn't be like Animal House or any of the Van

like Animal House or any of the Van Wilder movies. There haven't been anytoga parties on my floor (yet), foreign kids slipping out the window from too much lube when they're trying to lose their "V card" ar and so far no seventh year seniors who aren't attending

medical school.

There is a problem though. Not even a week into college and there is already a floor whore. This floor whore doesn't even live on campus! It'd be one thing if she actually lived on my floor... but no... she still lives at home with her rents' and has been lying to them about where she is staying every night! Rumor has it the floor whore that doesn't live on the floor has already been busy fucking not one but two dudes!

The black hickeys that cover her neck, which she makes no attempt to cover up disgust me. I'm worried that she might have sex in the communal showers and I'll catch one of her dirty floor whore STD's, or worse she'll open her legs and everyone will be sucked into her vortex style vagina.

Sincerely, Mary Prudehead

Dear Mary,

I can't figure out what is worse – you being uptight and not getting any of this action or the fact that the "gentlemen" implicated in this sordid affoir are left out of the picture! I think someone is a little jealous of the town bicycle getting so many rides around campus while the town slip and slide is left high and dry.

I don't really consider it a problem that there is any sort of promiscious playing around this early into your college career. What are you – some sort of throwback from "Leave it to Beaver" or the "Brady Bunch?" I suggest you do the same thing. — go out there ond shop yourself on the meat market! It isn't hard and who knows ... you may even gain a little popularity in the process. In this day and age of reality television from its explosion with the "Real World" to "Girls Gone Wild II", a little skin here and there never hurt anyone. If anything, it seems to be fun and profitable!

The first place I would go to get a little suck and fuck is Port O' Call. As the name suggests, it is a Port O' Calling if you know what I mean. From the first whiff of Brut Eau de Toilette spray that hangs heavy in the air to jerk collars, there is a beavy of cock for you to grab and "call" your own. Who knows, maybe after your foray into sleeping around you'll change yaur tune about what it actually means to be a "whore."

Hell, it doesn't seem to be that bad to have a vortex style vagina either. With that sort of "bondwidth" you could have a great bar trick for free drinks. Picture this: you walk into a bar and bet someone three shots of whiskey that you could make a barstool disappear right in front of their eyes. Just sit down and cash in on the free whiskey. Sweet tits! If there is anything to be learned from the adventures of a lady of ill repute it is this: don't knock it until you try it.

Dear Dickheads,

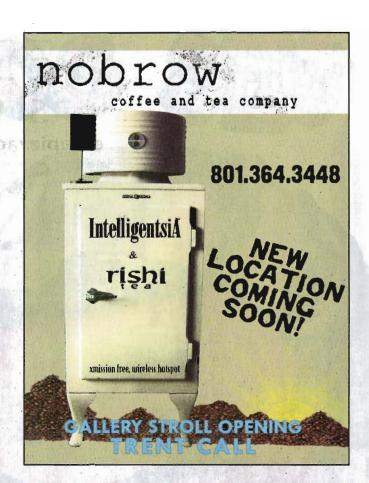
This past summer I was in Salt Lake. City and stumbled across SLUG. It saved me. I found the articles humorous and the CD reviews very informative. The daily calendar in the back of the magazine was also a great way for me. to figure out what was going on around town in Salt Lake. Now I'm back in Oklahoma for school and wondering if there was any way I could get a subscription to the magazine. Thanks so much and keep up the great job! -Tyler Johnson

Hey Tyler, Glad you liked the magazine. Subscriptions can be bought for the low low price of \$15 a year. Just send all of your mailing info, a check or money order and a note that says you are interested in a subscription to us at:

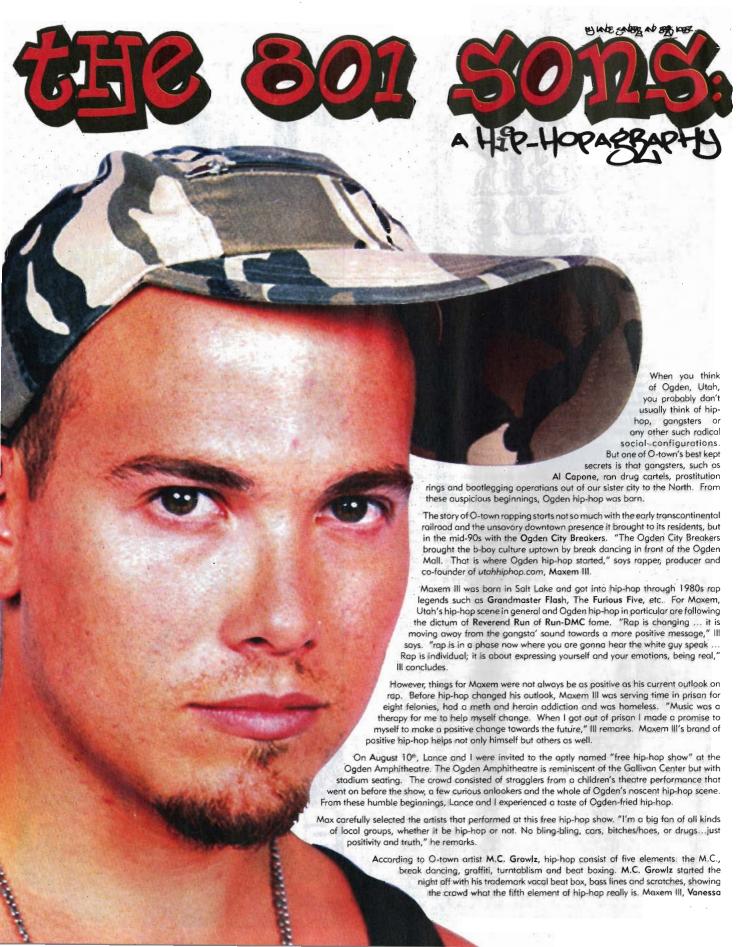
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Plus if you ever find yourself locked up for a nasty charge like drug trafficking or murder we'd be more than happy to hook you up with a subscription while in prison.







Chamberlain and George MacDonald (as K.F.C.) followed up with positive statements through rhyme-meter and melody. "It's not where you're from or where you're at, it's who you are," Max yells. At this point of the show, the ambiance pulsed with optimism and hopefulness while at the same time keeping the focus away from the incongruous police lights flashing from Ogden City Correctional Facility throughout the whole performance.

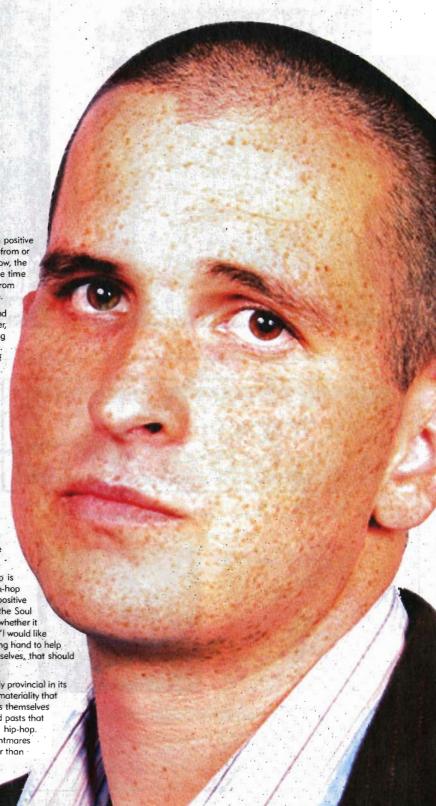
Next up was Spitsofrantic, a local Ogdenite with a hard past and a knock for telling it how it is. "I am the voice of Ogden." However, the positive fuse dwindled in the dry winds of calamity. "This song is called 'Arrested Development,' cause when you get arrested ... you can't develop, you know?," he bellows. Low and behold, half the crowd walk away, which proves that there is something to be said about the power of the messages that hip-hop artists choose to portray. Spitsofrantic hos a positive message which is more about keeping it real in a place that is potentially negative and turning that message into something where people can identify problems and be able to over come them.

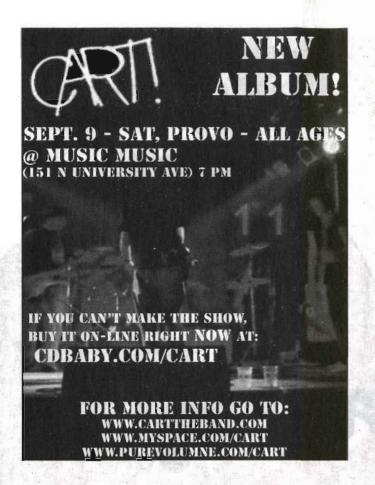
Next up, was Scoob Serious, a four, no wait, five ... no, that's not right either, eight-time Grammy nominated soulful M.C. who holds his weight in the gospel of positive change and preaches it with love and pride.

The Soul Shakers finished out the night with their own brand of mental productivity. They demonstrated a socially conscious view, not only for Ogden but also for the world as a whole. They pulled what little crowd they had left back together for the hustle. Finally, Max returned to the stage to thank everyone and remind them that the populace is affected by its surroundings and to never lose the optimistic mind frame – to always pass it on.

As far as he is concerned, Maxem III thinks the future of hip-hop is leaning towards expression of a positive message, especially the hip-hop emanating from O-town. Maxem III is not the only one sending positive vibes using music as an optimistic phonic-cannonball. Artists like the Soul Shakers, Spitsofrantic, III Poet, and Illuminati are doing big things whether it be booking shows or promoting each other. The Soul Shakers note, "I would like to see every keep doing what they are doing, everybody has a helping hand to help, the whole music scene rather than independently promoting themselves, that should be the objective."

Ogden hip-hop is unique among the rap world. Not only is it fiercely provincial in its own individual expression but also it eschews the common ethos of materiality that typifies more urban strands of the genre. Furthermore, the rappers themselves provide legitimacy to their enthusiasm for the genre by having torrid pasts that help them identify and circumvent those stereotypes common to hip-hop. Whether they are rapping about tough times or spitting grim nightmares only to wake up sane agoin, Ogden hip-hop looks past the "tougher than leather" attitude of today and reaches for the good in all of us.









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CHANGES IN THE SEASONS BRING CHANGES IN THE ART WORLD

By Mariah Mann Mellus

Mariah@slugmag.com

Gallery Stroll is a crucial event for the local art scene. This monthly event celebrates the changing art exhibits, the change in seosons and the ever-rowing Salt Lake art community. Currently the art scene in SLC is transforming; galleries are closing shop, relocating, restructuring and a few strong and true are celebrating milestones in service. This summer has been monumental and exhausting. I for one am ready to ring in the autumn season and let things cool down a bit.

One of the changes we need to acknowledge is the relocation of Art Access, a beloved Pierpont Avenue Icon. Art Access was the first art gallery to move west and retained a home in the decaying Bradshaw Tool building setting up shop at 339 West Pierpont Ave. As an original member of Artspace, they maintained a high level of professionalism and carried a strong reputation as one of the best places to go for Gallery Stroll. Gallery Director Ruth Lubbers is no stranger to pioneering the art scene; she was one of the first original members of the Gallery Stroll Association and essentially started Gallery Stroll. With such a strong link in the community, fears of gallery stroll moving off Pierpont arose with word of their eminent move. Those fears were short-lived, and Pierpont still retains its position on the Gallery Stroll with the help of local framer Lindsay Orgill of Artisan Frame Shop. Artisan has always held lively, well-executed shows and provided a wonderful service to those in need of framing but they had grown out of their first location on 351 West Pierpont (in-front of the SLUG Mag HQ), so it made perfect sense to move them over. Now that Artisan's old space is available, local designer Keith Bryce and his company Filthy Gorgeous can now move over and join the Pierpont family. The changes have been positive for everyone, including Art Access. The whole move was initiated because Artspace hos a new building that needs Art access to once again "work its magic" and create another destination for Gallery Stroll. You will find the larger, new and improved Art Access gallery at 230 South between 5th and 6th west directly behind the Bridge Building. Whoever said change was bad wasn't getting a new space on Pierpont. Check out all the new locations Friday September 15th during the Gallery Stroll from 6-9pm.

In other art news, local artist Trent Call has finished his sixth addition and ninth volume of his famed SWINJ Art Zine. The zine features work by 32 local artists. Entries include professional graffiti artists, photographers, art professors, art collectors, print makers, painters, and graphic designers. Swinj is a collection of the art that's being made all around us by people all around us. In this issue you will also find work by local musicians Vile Blue Shades. Swinj is a labor of love, taking sometimes over two years to gather. This zine captures the essence of the Salt Lake art scene perfectly! Copies will be available later on this month and an official release party is being planned. SLUG, as always, will keep you informed once details become available. In the meantime, log on to www.swinj.com for more details.

Now get off the couch and go out and support local art!





GLITTER GUTTER TRASH

APSYCHOTIC CANDYLAND FULL OF GLAM GLITZ, TRASHY POP, NEW WAVE, POST-EVERYTHING, RETROFUTURISMS AND DISTORTED BEAUTY. IMPRESSIONISTIC GARBLE AND OPPRESSIVE OPINION BY RYAN MICHAEL PAINTER RIEN®DAVIDBOWIE.COM

Here we are at the end of all things summer; I've come down with a terrible cold and I'm wondering where the justice and balance is in this world – only to remember there isn't any. Perhaps you've noticed the recent outpouring af deluxe reissues. I highly recommend the expanded version of Robert Smith and Steven Severin's band The Glove's Blue Sunshine but can't help but be a bit disappointed in the lack of unreleased songs on The Cure's The Top, Head on the Door and Kiss Me Kiss Me Kiss Me. Demos are great but not nearly as pleasing as the addities that are still sitting in the boxes of tapes Robert has stashed away all these years. The dual disc versions of Bjork and the Jesus & Mary Chain albums are quite nice, particularly the Mary Chain releases because of the added videos that have been otherwise unavailable for years.

Muse
Black Holes & Revelations
Warner Brothers
Street: 07.11
Muse = Radiohead + Depeche Mode + Oueen

Considering the success of Muse's previous album, Absolution, and the rampant rumors that the band had gone and reinvented itself for their newest release it was hard not to approach Block Holes & Revelations with a touch of trepidation. I wasn't disappointed, but I think there will be some who are. It isn't nearly as good as Absolution, but is that a crime? Hoving followed the band since their debut Showbiz I've come to expect a bit of experimentation; when Block Holes & Revelations ups the electronics, ties back the sing-a-long aspect, throws in a few dirty grooves and injects a sense of politic-induced paranoia along with the expected dash of optimism I'm more than happy to go along for the ride. Those expecting a complete recycle of Absolution will most likely be disappointed, at least until they catch the songs live where the band truly transcends the "they sound just like Radiohead" tag they've been stuck with for years. "Map of the Problematique" is my vote for song of the year, while the sentimental will surely be won over by "Invincible." (Saltair, 09.26)

The Bellmer Dolls
The Big Cats Will Throw Themselves Over
Hungry Eye

Street: 06.06
The Bellmer Dolls = Bauhaus-era Daniel Ash + New York Post Punk II

Truthfully speaking, The Bellmer Dalls don't need any more press. They're the sort of band that was labeled "next best" before they ever played a note simply because of the company they keep (Carlos D and Nick Zinner). For those of us who aren't swayed by such declarations I offer you this: These Dolls are pretty good, particularly when they keep the pace frantic. The chaos of screeching guitars, pulsing bass over drums that sound like cardboard boxes with pie tins for cymbals with wailing vocals all wrapped up in an art-rock fashion works extremely well. Not quite up to the Bauhaus stondard, but Andy Warhol would definitely let them play his parties.

The 69 Eyes
Framed in Blood: The Very Blessed of
Cleopatra
Street: 08.29.06
The 69 Eyes = "Love Metal" & every goth cliché

It's rather amusing to be able to hear every heavy guitar riff from The Sisters of Mercy's Vision Thing while listening to Framed in Blood; this should be the extent of my review but it isn't. The 69 Eyes are the upgraded version of the UK's god-awful Midnight Configuration in that they approach the subject of B-movie horror and combine it with romantic comedy (the comedy might not be intentional, which was the case in Midnight Configuration's debacle of a back catalogue) with so much enthusiasm you can't help but be at least a little won over. Yes, at times you'll feel like you're listening to The Mission's abandoned demos with The Fields of the Nephillim's Carl McCoy growling on about taking a boat ride on someone's tears, but somehow that amuses me for awhile. Anyone who enjoys a good goth-flovored club anthem should be more than satisfied with Framed in Blood just so long as they aren't looking for anything original. At any rate they're far better than their cohorts H.I.M. (even if their cover of Blondie's "Call Me" is absolutely terrible).

Super Heroines
Anthology 1982-1985
Cleopatra
Street: 08.08
Super Heroines = gothic art punk-rock

Known more for their parts, Eva O. (who would go on to ploy with and marry the late vocalist Rozz Williams in Christian Death and Shadaw Project) and Jill Emery (who later appeared in Hole) of the Super Heroines are underrated and too often ignored—and I didn't even know it until I sat down and listened to this collection. Pulled together for the first time are the bond's two proper albums, 1982's Cry for Help and 1983's Souls That Save, along with a couple tracks from 1993's posthumous Love and Pain which was made up of unreleased material recorded in 1985. It is the first time that the mojority of these tracks have been released on CD, and while the sound quality isn't pristine you won't notice that the tracks were taken straight from vinyl copies before being remastered. The Heroines sound is very okin to early Christian Death, a bit of punk infused with a dark sense of things ond a theotrical edge. It should open a few eyes to how much of a musical partner, rather than follower, Eva was in Shadaw Project. Not an album to pass up on. It belongs right next to your 45 Grove and Only Theater of Pain.



The Sounds of Animals Fighting
Lover, the Lord Has Left Us

Lover, the Lord Has Let Equal Vision

Street: 05.30

The Sounds of Animals Fighting = An afternoon in Bjork's head while watching Bollywood

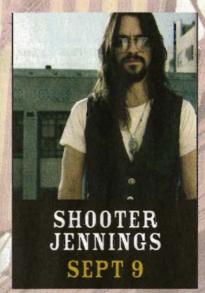
The press release emphasizes that even though the actual identities of members in The Sound of Animals Fighting remain a mystery, they have well over 250k in combined record sales. What does that mean to you? Nothing. What's important is the fact that this is an album of chootic mish-mashed genres that couldn't possibly be described by the sum of its parts. It's electronic, it's organic, it's rock, it's every ortist on Peter Gabriel's Real World label playing at the same time. While this should be more interesting than listenable it isn't nearly as belligerent as a John Zorn album. In fact it's pretty listenable, with recognizable melodies and lyrical refrains tucked in between the distorted loops. Lover, the Lord Has Left Us is clearly not for the unimaginative but quite nice for the rest of us.

COMING EVENTS



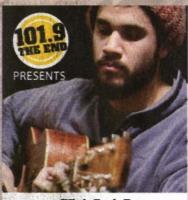
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Modus Operandi

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

By onamyseven

onamyseven@kommandzero.ne

So many shows, so little time. The shows of September will shrink your wallet but will be so worth it. The Ad Noiseam acts Larvae and Lapsed + nonnon will break mid-tour to drop some beats at W Lounge on Tuesday, Sept. 12 (a real bargain at \$5). The Australian political storyteller Snog plays for the first time in Utah with Carphax Files on Saturday, Sept. 16 at Club Vegas (just \$17). Tuesday, Sept. 19 takes us to In The Venue for Industrial legends, Nitzer Ebb with the very Nitzer Ebb influenced opening act, Motor (the best \$25 you've spent this year). Finally, KMFDM and the violent dance-floor filler, Combichrist hit the Avalon on Wednesday, Sept. 27 (\$18). At only \$65 for eight bands, you might even have a few bucks left for merch and drinks.

On a different note, I am sad to hear that iTunes killed the music store. MODified was the only store in Salt Lake to carry a Feindflug tactical vest set, a :wumpscut: energy drink and they will be closing their doors this month. The shop has been a key part of the underground music scene for many years and they will be more than missed. I hate to say it for the bazillionth time, but it comes down to the support from each of you to keep these things alive.

Oil 10

Beyond

Funkwelten Street: 06.16

Oil 10 = sci-fi movie + a documentary on sea life

Every time I listen to Oil 10 it is better than the last time. The illustrious talent of Gilles Rossire opens the gates to a hybrid of techno, ambient and electronica through subtle robotic riffs. The results of the impact of the soft beats like Altoids, are "curiously" stronger than expected. Beyond opens a new door with darker outerspace grooves and more dance friendly tracks. "High Adventure," follows the signature Oil 10 sound with spacey synths, spooky Theremin and sampled vocals, particularly the 80s sci-fi, computer-generated male voice who mechanically says, "High Adventure" on cue from the slick melodies. On "Grand Illusion," basic chords shuttle through space-invading whirrs, zooms and minimally sampled vocals. Analog synths on "Far & Away" melt onto hearty beats, painting through waves of brilliantly rich soundscapes. The moderate 10 tracks on the fifth full-length album from Oil 10 come as addictive as his other works. Meticulously placed beats hit a faster pace on Beyond as a perfect follow-up in his repertoire.

This Morn' Omina Les passages Jumeaux

Ant Zen Street: 04.0

This Morn' Omina = heavy tribal rhythms + engulfing soundscapes

Three years have passed since Le Serpent Blanc/Le Serpent Rouge and now with Les passages Jumeaux, we have another piece of The Nyan Trilogy puzzle. Part two in the trilogy comes, like the first, as a double-disc. Joining as a new member in the tribal beatings of Mika Goedrijk comes the harsh percussion of Sal-Ocin of Empusae. With these changes for This Morn' Omina, the sound has undergone a drastic change. A new dimension has been added through layers of tribal sound and large engulfing waves of sound. The first disc is 25° and the second is 33° – I have yet to understand exactly what the degrees represent between the two discs

Photo: Kelly Badger

— and for an additional degree in the pulsing, hypnotic beats one might want to purchase *au delà de tous les degres* for the [ccf] versions of *Les Passages Jumeaux*. If you remember, the 3" of [ccf] remixes *from Le Serpent Blanc/Le Serpent Rouge* was packed with intensity. Luckily, the latest in Ant Zen's disc's are now available on iTunes.

The Weathermen Embedded with The Weathermen

Fire Zone Records

Street: 03.17

The Weathermen = the weirdness of Devo + EBM + satire

The Weathermen are among those I blame for wearing out the rewind button on my first ghetto blaster in the late 80s. The Black Album according to The Weathermen cassette was also ruined in the process when I couldn't stop listening to the radio hit, "Poison." The Belgian band started as a joke and miraculously landed their show on Play It Again Sam! Records in 1985. Despite radio popularity and even a track featured on Baywatch, the act fell into obscurity for several years and came back with a full-length album in 2004 and now again with Embedded with The Weathermen. The act looks and sounds a lot like they did in the early 90s and their quirkiness has never left them. Songs like, "Ice Cream Truck" and "Fruits & Vegetables" show just how seriously they take themselves. Although the sound is a little dated, their charm and wit keeps them current with new wave and electro-pop categories. What really won me over with Embedded with ... is that the duo have included the kitchy music videos of "Poison" and "Bang." When I found these guys on Myspace a few months ago I thought it was mere coincidence that a band would have the same name of this bizarre, classic act. Since my reunion with The Weathermen I have squealed things like, "I missed you!" and "You haven't changed a bit!"

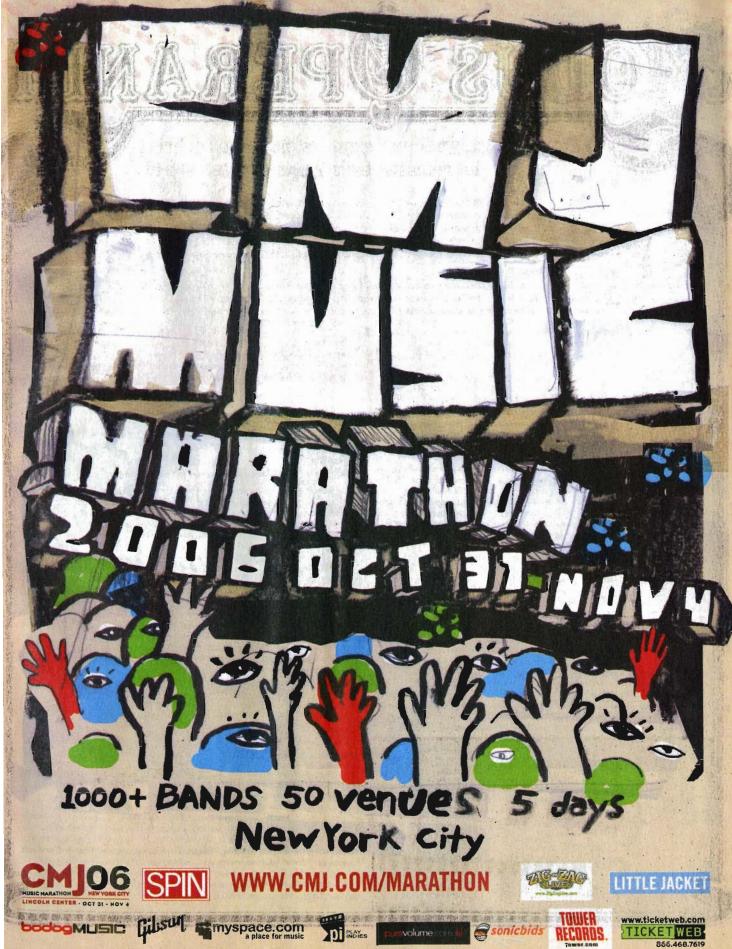
PAL

Modus

Ant Zen Street: 06.13

PAL = beats + atmospheres

So often musicians will say they are influenced by everything, meaning there isn't a genre they don't listen to. Yeah, right. But with Modus, the latest release from PAL, it's clear that he soaks in everything from techno, classical, jazz and rock to form his own sound. Six years have passed since *Release* and ten years since the club hit, "Gelobnis." Each track brings something completely different and although they may seem misfit, they bring together a sort of soundtrack type cohesion. Standard four-on-the-floor with "Agentenfister" and "Jobs" are unique among the 12 track disc full of atmospheric noises and sampling. Beautiful emotive drones on "Playtime" and soft synths on "Gone" give something you would never guess came from an artist typically referred to as "powernoise." You can't listen to a disc like this with any expectations. Like a David Lynch movie, you may analyze it and hate it, but if you can just let it be what it is you'll really love it.



Numerous times, the lines in the sand have been drawn as to what exactly is metal. Truth be told there are so many lines and beaches that where and which line is the truth has become unintelligible. The truth can only be in the eye of the beholder. Get out and enjoy the cooling temperatures and don't forget about the thriving local metal scene.

Eighteen Visions

Eighteen Visions

Street: 07.18

Eighteen Visions = the ink ran out long ago

There are two ways to look at Eighteen Visions. One is to listen to it as if you had never heard them before. Two, campare them now to their beginnings. These guys so far gone from what they were an records like Lifeless and Until the Ink Runs Though, on a positive note, the new record has lost the emo tendencies that the their last two albums, Vanity and Obsession. What you have left is a popyinspired piece of metal influenced rock. The guitar playing has been dumbed down immensely and there is an occasional lead popping its head in from time to time but mostly what you get is slow, slightly heavy breakdowns. Vacalist James Hart rarely screams with the intensity and speed of the bands origins. That said the band has made a pap-metal record that will probably who were a whole different level of music tans while further abandoning the people that made them what they are. What they have come up with is sharriefully catchy and can be enjoyed if you just separate it from every notion that you have crawling up your neck. - Bryer Wharton

Heaven Shall Burn

Deaf to Our Prayers

Century Media Street: 09.05

Heaven Shall Burn = a wall of noise to level your head

This German metalcore quintet has been around for almost a decade and yet are just starting to get recognition from the World's metal community. When much of the metal community is watering down their tunes, Heaven Shall Burn just keep getting heavier. Forget the whiney bands singing about relationships and feelings these guys sing about war and pestilence and even history. From start to end, Peal to Our Prayers does not let up ance, so you better be in an angry ass mood before spinning this sucker. There is melody hidden amongst the unrelenting screaming by way of some ultra catchy riffing and lead work. Lyou are one of those pansies starting to go to shows wearing ear plugs you might want to buy a pair to listen to this album because you will not get a break unless you have the nerve to push pause. – Bryer Wharton

Mahavatar

From the Sun, the Rain, the Wind, the Sail

Escapi

Street: 08.15

Mahavatar = a crappy version of Crisis

From reading this bands bio I had the highest hopes. A flurried multicultural background with members from Israel, Poland, and Jamaica I thought I would get a vast metal record filled with cultural influences. Instead I'm left with a heaping hunk of Americanized, stupid sounding thrash/nu-metal with unbearable female vocals. Lizza Hasan's of Israel screaming and singing both sound like a drowning cook Forget this non-flushable turd and ignore any media ramblings you may have heard at this band and go get Crisis's Like Sheep Led to Slaughter if you don't have it alre Bryer Wharton

Motorhead >

Kiss of Death Sanctuary Street: 08.29

Materhead = no introduction needed

As long as Lemmy is still alive there is no possible way that Motorhead can suck. If it there is one thing that the band has accomplished in their extensive career it is the fact that they have never written a bad album. Yes, there are quite a few mediocre records but nothing that you couldn't stand. That is consistency you cannot purchase. Kes of Death has the straight up rock feel of prefly much every Motorhead album though the variation that made Hammered exciting isn't there, and the force that was Inferno isn't quite there either. Is that a bad thing? No considering the fact that the band can still create some son of variation, as little as it may be, between recent albums is an ment in itself. Motorhead are legends and their influence will never di Death being no exception. After a listen or two you will be singing atom Lemmy like on old friend. There is a hint that Lemmy is capable of of new tricks with such songs as "God was Never on your Side." It just make the more anxious for his lang awaited solo record. Until then cherish and su legends. Nobody will ever top the mighty Motorhead Bryer Wharton

Napalm Death

Smear Campaign Century Media

Street: 09.19



cum, Napolm Death have endured twenty Campaign is just the new millennium. It actually tops them ear-power drilling extreme mu

Personblack >

Lust Stained Despa

Century Media Street: 08.22

ie bands front man Ville Laihiala hasn't s fuctures and guitar sound are in the same added element of the keyboards. There is also Sentenced albums that were borsting with cheese. As much as I would like to not Basically if you liked the non-death metal version

Guitars that slice like battle-axes, head-spinning polyrhythms, and the huge grizzly roar of vocalist Johan Hegg: Amon Amarth's particular blend of death and thrash metal is a bestial one" 4/5 Revolver

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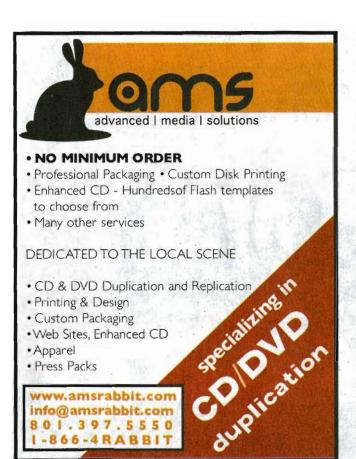
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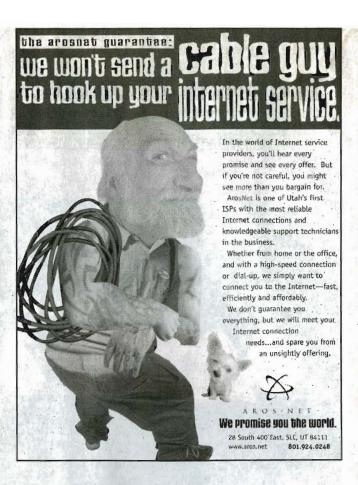
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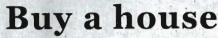


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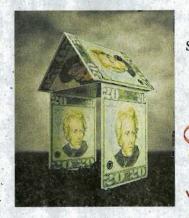








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BOOKS Aloud

Globalize Liberation: How to Uproot the System and Build A Better World Edited by David Solnit

City Lights [Street: 04.2003]

There is an underlying misconception within the anti-globalization/anti-copitalist movement (really, within most Leftist or liberal political movements), that sociol octivism, non-violent civil disobedience and democratic political reform ore the sole ways to bring about the changes our world so desperately needs. A collection of essays penned by so-called "veteran" Leftist activists, Globalize Liberation: How to Uproot the System and Build A Better World, does well to reinforce these naive and idealistic notions and offer more of the same tired old activist rhetoric. Section 1: What's the Problem?, does nicely in outlining the reasons globalization is a problem by offering perspectives from many different activist movements. This is respectable because it illustrates how interconnected these movements really are. It definitely does nothing to redeem the rest of the book though, as Section 2: How to Change Things takes it downhill by touting completely obvious, redundant and harmless tactics that "the powers that be" have come to expect from octivists. There is no mention of real direct action, monkeywrenching, or anything more controversial than street lock-downs and marches. I really think that section one should be read by anyone who cansiders themselves a revolutionary or is interested in activism, but leave it at that becouse the rest of this book is an utter waste of time. -Chris Carter

Half/Life Edited by Laurel Snyder

Soft Skull Press [Street: August 2006]

In the formal Jewish community, there is no such thing as being half-Jewish. If your mother is a Jew but your father isn't then you're okay; you still get to claim to be one of the Chosen People. But if your father's the Jew and your mother isn't, all you are in the eyes of most Rabbis is a filthy goy. What does this all mean? It means to most Robbis that even though my relatives were murdered in the Holocaust because they were Jewish and even though their blood runs through my veins ... I'm not a Jew, becouse my mother isn't a Jew. It also means that both of my cousins who've received first communion are more Jewish than me, simply because their mother (my dad's sister) is the Jewish one. These kinds of predicaments ore experienced by half-Jewish kids all over the country. Half/Life has collected stories from these "half-Jews" (stories about growing up in homes where the Menorah was a few feet away from the Christmas tree and meant you got eight days of presents or when spring time meant you dyed eggs for Easter and the ghost Elijah came and drank the wine during Passover and the explanation of Jesus that you got was along the lines of, "well Jesus was this guy who did a lot of cool stuff. The Christians think he was the savior, and the Jews just thought he was a good guy."). Through the stories, these half-Jews try to come up with a solution to the problem of being half-Jewish. They're stories of not quite fitting in with ony group and coping with your identity. More than ever, the Jewish community is looking for ways to include these half-Jews, because more Jews are intermarrying then ever before, and this book is a great introduction to the melding of the two worlds. - Jeanette Moses

Lost Girls

Alan Moore and Melinda Gebbie
Top Shelf Productions [Street: 08.2006]

Alan Moore (Watchmen, V far Vendetta) and Melinda Gebbie have quite a treasure on their hands. 15 years of work and Lost Girls is set for publication by Top Shelf. Set in Austria in the early 1900s, Lost Girls takes an explicit exploratory approach into the inner belly (wink wink, nudge, under-the-table-shin-kick) of sex and culture. Keep in mind this is before the Charleston and flappers. Yes, this is before the infamous Tijuana Bibles sprung into an unspaken comic circle as well. To say the least, this toboo subject in cartooning has come a long way from Popeye knocking down a door with a four-foot cock. In this case we follow a trio of women from a trio of culturally opposing backgrounds through a tell-all yet maturely approached narrative of sexual rebirth. Will Alon and Melinda be getting in contact with the Comic Book Legal Defense Fund soon? Hopefully not, but taking history into account, they probably shouldn't throw away the phone number. Normally, one would advise a reader to stay away from this trilogy if they don't digest sexually explicit material too well, but in this case, don't be scared. This well-crafted and beautiful narrative was written for you in the first place. –Michael Steffen

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By Spencer Jenkins spencedog2000@yahoo.com

Books About UFOs

Let the Bridges Ignite
Sickboy Records
Street: 07.01
Books About UFOs = MC5 + The Konks + Stormy

Named after a Hüsker Dü song from New Day Rising, Books About UFOs are part garage band, part punk but for the mast part straight ahead rock n' roll. I could have plugged one of 10,000 killer bands in the equation but Books About UFOs undoubtedly play the particular breed of the rock indigenous to SLC like Starmy, The Wolfs and Red Bennies with an attitude that smokes too many cigarettes and wears jeans that haven't been washed in years. Their lyrics tend to focus on their progressive political stance with sangs about cutbacks and white collar crime, but a few favorites like "Uncantrollable Urge" and "Show Me the Door" are to get you out dancing. Rock n' roll motherfucker!

The Handsome

EP

Self Released Street: 09.01

The Handsome = Weezer + The Rentals

The first song an this Prova band's new EP "Be Your Boby" is half-way catchy with a lot of handclaps, a few "whaa whoa yeah yeahs" and other geek goofiness. The second song "Katrina" has Spinal Tap patential with its charus of "Katrina, Katrina, yau blow me away." It is a flot out Weezer rip-aff and sounds hilarious if you pretend it's just a parady of the early 90s geek bands that worshipped metal. But I got the impression from listening to the album that they were going more for imitation than parady. The fourth and lost song has a Van Halen intro which again elicits a chuckle. Yeah, it's kind of goofy but not without its merits.

Jobo Hilly

Morethers & Yummies
Anti-Style Records
Street: 09.01
Joba Hilly = Syd Barrett + Nurse with Waund + Muslimgauze

Welcome to the agitated and wildly creative minds of Nate Padley, Charles Bateman and Miquel Petersan. This is the first release on their new label Anti-Style Records. Most of it was recorded about a decade aga down at Positively 4th Street and consists of the three's first experiments with recording. Nate says that this was the time when recarding equipment began to be affordable. They drank and smaked a lat and fiddled with all of the new knobs to create this album. They create a staggering amount of new sounds from piana, guitar, drums, random samples, synthesized and distorted spaken word, self-help tapes, etc. It's so all over the place that it's impossible to talk about generally. There are tribal rhythms, turntable scratches, weird disjointed explarations and explosive electronica like on "Fermented Ghee Recitaless." It's not supposed to make sense and it is better that way. They give themselves free reign to be as fucking weird as they want and what comes across is a glimpse inside three minds that are bursting with ideas.

Kid Theodore

Goodnight...Goodnight Self Released Street: 08.01

Kid Theodare = Weezer + Belle and Sebastian + The Brabecks + rockabilly

With influences spanning jazz, falk, rackabilly and indie rack, Kid Theodore play dynamic music with quality songwriting. The first song is a good example that starts with a Soul Coughing stand-up bass line and continues with a barroom piano and indie keyboards. They have a similar lineup to The Brobecks with the accosional trumpet, keys, songs with clever lyrics and a few la la las. All of their different training makes for interesting turns to the music like "The End is Near," that starts as a straight bouncy indie song but allows itself to meander into a groovy jazz rhythm at the end. There is the softness of Belle and Sebastion, Architecture in Helsinki acoustic guitar parts on "Sunken Ships," hand claps, 50s style finger snaps and Ryan Adams folk parts like on "I Am a Moth." All in all this is a tidy album of seven solid sangs.

The Service

Generations Self Released Street: 09.01

The Service = feedback + rubble + a bowling alley + a science experiment

I immediately fell for this 30 minute CD of metallic noise and feedback. There is a controlled chaos in the sustained feedback and other methodical sounds that subtly moves and reacts apart from the musicians. Lou Reed's feedback monster Metal Machine Music is a good comparison to the album's organic movement of sound, but The Service explare tranquil as well as obrasive noise. The feedback moves slowly and reacts like flowing water, then at other times it saunds like you're being pummeled by rocks. There are several layers that I didn't detect at first like a high pitch ring that I noticed only when I was in the other room. Sometimes it saunds like a Jacob's ladder and other times it's mechanical, like steadily operating gears. They even evoke a Big Lebowski Zen moment in the third and last sang with a loop of a bowling alley and the saothing sound of the balls rolling down and crashing into the pins.

Subrosa

The Worm has Turned
Self Released
Street: 06.30
Subrosa = PJ Harvey + Sleater Kinney + southern USA

Subrosa plays blues driven songs pounded out on tuned down guitars with lyrics that stick to the dark and morbid. There is an electric violin on a lat of the tracks that also adds an eastern feel to the heavy blues that brings to mind Entrance's new album Prayer of Death. The guitars are big and black and usually rely an a repeated low end riff. The lyrics range from fairy tales like "Rapunzel," to staries of the hard life and suicide. They are influenced by many authors but the early American staries of Nathaniel Hawthorne came to mind as integral to the album's ominous feeling. One of the most effective songs both musically and lyrically is "Mirrar," that is in the style of an old sarrow song with charal chants and a simple single beat like pickaxes an a chain gang.

We Are! Seagulls

We're Doomed! A Star Recordings Street: 05.26

We Are! Seagulls = Odd Nasdam + Boards of Canada + The Liars

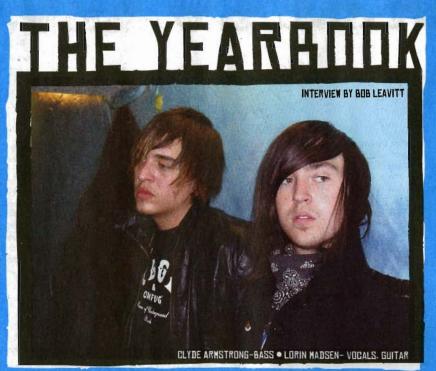
I fucking love it! It seems like every kid in The Paper Cranes have a faur track and they sit in their bedraams recording their own gutsy, individual music that won't be played to anyone but small, small audiences. This is another one from A Star Recordings that has several amozing acts from the same small group of kids. It's electronica, indie and lo-fi. Tracks like "Awake," "Pepper," and "Photos of Voice," have the hip-hap rhythms and indie feel that bring to mind Odd Nosdam, Why? and the nostalgic side of Aphex Twin. Other moments experiment more with sound and are much langer and distended. If you listen to this with headphones you'll be able to best enjoy the noises' subtleties.

The Yearbook

The New Year EP Amusica Records Street: 09.01 The Yearbaak = footsy

With few exceptions, the five sangs on this EP pull aut the stock moves and cutesy lyrics that evake the worst cannotations of ema. The saund quality is good and he can undoubtedly sing and play his instruments but the recommended ages for this music should be 15 years and younger — I guess you could throw their mathers in there tao. He's a good looking kid and probably doesn't have a hard time with the ladies, but he has to work on getting some edge before the music has any relevance. A lot af that comes with getting older. I'm not saying that he should throw in the towel by any means, but that he should just try again when he has a little more hair on his balls. Fartunately, SLC is loaded with badoss bands to help him on his way. Balls, man.





Lorin Madsen began writing, recording and performing as The Yearbook in 2004.

"The band I played in before I began The Yearbook was Toke the Fall. I also played in a band called Ashford for a good partion of time," Lorin says.

The Yearbook is indie pop "with a pinch of twang." "I am a big fan of bands like Limbeck and Capeland. I can never get enaugh of the pop or twang," Larin says, "It's catchy, it's got a beat and thematically, it deals with the tried-and-true themes of falling in and out of love." The sensitivity of The Yeorbaok is not emotionally immature ar petulant. Instead, Lorin's music reflects a good ear for pop songwriting. "[Music] is something I started daing at a young age, and just fell in lave with it. I never found myself growing up wanting to do anything else but live in a van and smell bad. And being able to play shows every night ... it just always sounded like heaven to me," he says.

Lorin, like his music, is refreshingly uncynical, but not naïve. "I write about everyday life, things that affect me in a certain way. I would be lying to you if I soid I didn't write about love and heartache and that good stuff on occosion as well. At a younger age it tends to be a fairly large part of your life, whether you like it or not," he says. Larin comes across as the fresh-faced, hard-warking kid wha you love to root far. "We ore really just trying to get out and tour as much as we can right now, and put on a show that is different and exciting to come out and watch every time you get to come see us. I dan't think we are trying to be anything 'too different,' we're just doing what feels right for us right now," Lorin says. The Yearbook has already put out a slick-saunding EP titled *The New Year*, "I played everything an the record myself. It was something I had wanted to try far a long time," Larin soys. Larin has also been on several small but successful tours and will embark an another in September.

Turning 21 on August 29th, Lorin's performance at Localized marks The Yearbaak's first (legal) performance at a bar. "I am looking forward to playing Urban Lounge and being able to play to a bit older af a crawd. Don't get me wrong, I love Kilby, and all ages shaws are my favarite shaws to play but playing Urban Lounge is a great venue ta get exposure with an older and more diverse crowd," Larin says.

Lorin currently has many irons in the fire. "I just finished recording a sang for a ski film from PW06 (Powderwhore Praductions), that will be coming out this fall. Other than that we are loaking to fully exhaust the EP with a lot mare touring over the next little while and then I would like to look at putting out a full length sometime next spring-summer. We will be releasing a lot of new acoustic sangs online though in the near future (Myspace, purevolume)," Lorin says.

The New Year EP can be picked up at any Graywhale location or at Orions Music.

I like it when local bands avoid the mire that is the Utah band scene. No offense, of course, to those who stick around and revel in big fish/small pond living – it works for me – but to see someone branch out and get international attention brings a big, warm fuzzy to my soul.

Uzi and Ari is one such band making goad, a group who produces music you find yourself comparing to all those amazing bands you can't easily collate (i.e. a little Neutral Milk Hotel here, a little Arab Strap there, and we'll get to the Radiohead comparison in a minute). Their latest album, It Is Freezing Out, morries glitching percussion to live drums, prepared plano to synth, fey guitars to distortion, all tastefully sewn around mastermind Ben Shepard's songs and hushed-yet-agile vocals.

And just like that, the band was recently picked up by Luxembourg-based label, Own Records, for multi-continental distribution. Ben Shepard and drummer Andrew Glassett sat down with me for a few minutes to discuss their upcoming tour and why Europe "gets" their music.

SLUG: How did you hook up with Own Records?

Shepard: We had a review for (first album) Don't Leave In Such a Hurry on a little webzine out of France – I still don't know how they found us. Well, they gave us a really good review, and the guy who wrote the review is really good friends with one of the partners of Own Records. So for the past two years or so, he's been listening to Uzi and Ari, kind of watching us. He really liked the first alburn, but it wasn't until he heard It Is Freezing Out that he thought we could have some success in Europe. So he ordered a copy of it and passed it around to his guys at Own. They do about four releases per year, one every quarter, and they had about five bonds that they were thinking about putting out their releases. So a few months ago, they emailed us and said they want to talk about releasing it in Europe, Japan and Australia – It'll be released on the 6th of October. We signed a five-year contract with them, but there isn't any expectation. There's no expected number of releases, but if we do record on album we have to submit it to them and they decide whether they want to put it out or not. They're really just a group of really nice, kind people. They sent me the contract and said, "If there's anything you want to change on here..." This is the first label that's contacted us. We haven't sent anything out to anyone or done any promotion. This sort of fell into our laps. Hopefully it will be a source of getting us out to a bigger U.S. label.

Glassett: That's definitely the case and why we're looking forward to this. It's so hard to promote anything out of Salt Lake. I don't know why that is, but we're just really fortunate to have this.

Shepard: It's a lot bigger label than you would think as far as how far spread out they are. 31 Knots is on Own, as well as Gregor Samsa, who is getting pretty big on the East Coast. All their bands are U.S. based. That's kind of their way: bringing the U.S. ta Europe.

SLUG: So you also get to tour, right?

Shepard: Yeah. We're working with a couple different booking agents over there right now. So far we know for sure that we'll be in France, Germany, The Netherlands, Denmark and Luxembourg, and if we can get this other guy to work with us we'll go to more of Eastern Europe. That will be in mid-January and anywhere from three weeks to a manth and a half.

SLUG: I'm hesitant to ask this, but because everyone compares you to Radiohead, I'll ask. How do you feel about the mention of "sounds like Radiohead" in most reviews?

Shepard: Well, it's a double-edged sword. I mean, we'd rather be compared to Radiohead, obviously, than sameane like Coldplay (all laugh). I mean that would be really depressing to me, if we heard that in review after review. Luckily, in the reviews I've read, I haven't seen "this is a rip-off of/this sounds just like Radiohead". Fortunately, journalists lump us in with this pretty, um...

SLUG: Prestigous...

Shepard: ...with bands that have really great reputations, like Efterklang and Radiohead. It's a comfort, on one hand, to be lobeled in with those bands, but it does get a little redundant to read "three great graups plus Radiohead" in most reviews. So it's kind of frustrating, like how do we pull back and get out of that?

SLUG: Well I don't know how someone can summarize Radiohead with one sound, or "big draning guitars" equals "this sounds like Mogwai".

Glassett: Of course we're influenced by those bands, but there is so much else. I think reviewers reach for that as the lowest comman denominator to get people to listen.

THE VAPOR IN THE FROG POND: DRIFTING HIGH UP IN IMMACULATE OZONE. AN INTERVIEW WITH THE SUBTLE 6 FRONT MAN:

Lance Saunders

Adam "Doseone" Drucker can now legitimately self-proclaim himself as one of the hardest working rappers/poets. His 10 mile-a-minute wit and one-af-a-kind vocal chords throw him in the barrel of the uncomparable. After graduating from business school and finding himself unfulfilled with battle raps, he turned his attention towards making abstract imagination/lyricism into musical form. He is best known as an eminent spearhead of the highly reputable Oakland/Berkeley based Antican label and the balladist baron of cross-genre projects including his six-piece band Subtle. Doseone recently spoke with SLUG Magazine about his methods, madness, and his new musical monograph For Hero: For Fool.

Taking the band's [Subtle] geographical separation into consideration, it's astounding how reserved Adam "Doseone" Drucker seems when it comes to keeping everyone together as a community of artists/musicians. "There's no keeping it together his just about having relationships with everyone without forcing things or defining anybody's creativity. The only thing that can stunt someone's creativity is to tell them what to do with it. It's like everyone follows their own personal lead." Which is exactly what Subtle has been doing far the past year while creating the sound collage that is the new album, For Hero: For Fool.

After a winter road accident in February of 2005 that left keyboardist Dax Pierson seriously wounded with a severed spinal chord, one would think that they might abandon the project all together. Subtle's music is the pure definition of the word impervious. "The record itself is a continuation of A New White which has been in construction for the past few years. Parts overlap and sometimes they don't fit on a certain record. It's kind of like a lay-mans stary of what I think the record looks like. Ideas about colors for songs, songs we want to rip off, songs we have already completed that we wanted to have a requirem for."

The chemistry between this Oakland based sextet is undeniable. Their sound aggregates demos, old recordings, live recordings and the palpable faith they have in each other as musicions as well as artists, no matter where they are; they still practice in small bedrooms while dealing with the ordeal of their apparent obtrusive dissemination. There is a lot of alone time in their process. "Because I do all of my vocals alone and the way they are on finished songs is a product of me doing them, re-doing them, and re-hearing them over a month all alone," Drucker says.

Subtle is a collective of true working class dudes and being on an indi-European label doesn't make them a shit load of money. However, Dose still has his visions



"THE PERFORMANCE IS THE ULTIMATE OUTLET FOR ME BECAUSE YOU'RE DOING ALL OF THESE OTHER PROCESSES: WRITING, RECORDING, EXPERIMENTING, AND INVENTING THEN YOU GET TO DO IT ALL ION STAGEL." —DOZEONE

of grandeur. "Maybe some day we'll make enough cash to go to Barbados and record an album under water". I hope it's in the Ocean Park Aquarium with sharks. "Oh, that would be so dangerous. We could have our own reality T.V. show," Drucker responds.

I asked Dose to tell me about the remix sessions for Wishingbone (A New White EP side project) in which they recorded tracks featuring Beck and Mike Patton. "Beck and I worked together in the studio, but I put a lot of tender loving care into my vocals based on what he had already written for the charuses. With Mike Patton, we sent him the songs and he did everything separately because he is a madman and that's what I want."

Dase isn't the kind of musician that needs to snap a 1, 2, 3, to sing a two-part harmony. That kind of doubling up is akay for live sake, but collaborating with as many people as he does and working solo is sometimes the nature of the beast. Doseone has been recently collabing with artists such as Boom Bip, Fog, The Notwists, Alias & Tarsier, and the lately noticeable Canadian group Wolf Parade. I asked him how he continues to make connections with so many different artists in miscellaneous local's and genres. "I have a fiance whose sister is engaged to Dan



Boekner [guitarist for Wolf Parade] and we're all very close, so he's pretty much my only pal up here in Canada, We started working together and had some chemistry. On the song we did, I gave him a bunch of middle-class words off of For Hero: For Fool and he grabbed a few of them without listening to the original songs and I backed him up with a church choir sound," Drucker says.

His work ethic and element are cross-genre; not only in music, but his sense of visual art which is somewhere in between half obsessive and half relaxed. "I have to calm down a lot because I'm self-employed so it's all on me. That's what I chose and its one of the up sides and down sides to my line of chosen work. When I play Grand Theft Auto I don't necessarily get docked any pay, but I don't really [play games] any more. Everything that I draw is out of what I write. I see it before I write it. I'm a shitty drawer, but I do my best."

Dose consecutively holds a relation to sound poetry and Dadaism in every project he takes on. The theoretical images in his songs seem to consist of juxtaposing sounds next to each other, leaving undercurrents of interpretation – which leaves a sour taste in the mouths of some, but for others, it is an electrifying experience. "Everything sort of comes to me as slides. A guy on a raft, no, a rapper on a raft that is so solo that he builds himself a raft and searches for himself. Then I ask myself how reality would regard that. As far as sound goes, it's just a product of how I put it to the music and meter. It doesn't rhyme, I just know how the words are going to fit; not only in a mouthful, but in the size of stanzas I overlap. I like to do things that rant and build for change ups."

Considering that reading habits fall into the language-game Dose tells me that he doesn't read at all. "I have a huge poetry collection," he confesses. "The only things I read are graphic novels. The stuff I'm writing now is sort-of inspired between the two; I'm building a sci-fi world to kick our reality and use highs and lows as models for whatever I'm compelled to get across. It's something I just osmossed."

One of Dose's influences is the immortal poet **Galway Kinnel** who wrote the perfect codex bewitchingly titled *Book of Nightmares.* "Two of the first few poems really make me tear up – he killed it, he got this out of himself perfectly. I like it when a poem answers the questions you're about to ask and leaves itself open while writing in reverse so you can walk backwards through it."

Dose is not a stranger to poetic procedure. Apparently what Subtle is working on is a trilogy album consisting of A New White as the first installment and For Hero: For Fool as the second. He is writing a small play, if you will, of a hero and his environment. "I want to get in a space where I can write poems that account for the scores themselves. If I can write in this other world and take artifacts from past albums I can carry on. I'm just trying to design something that makes Subtle records unique and non-restrictive."

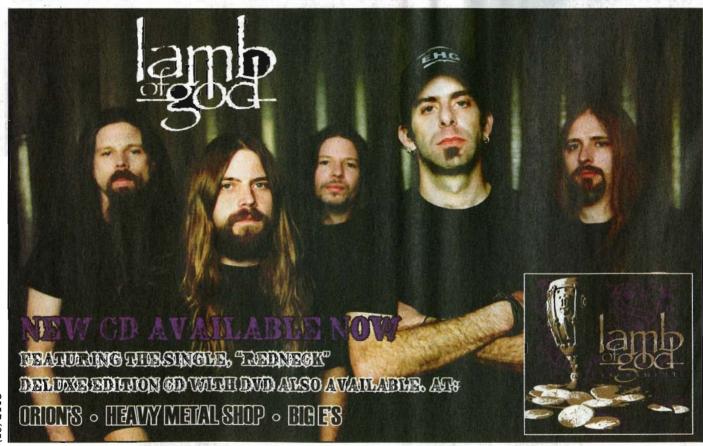
Subtle is not some artsy-fartsy boy-band living on a mountaintop. They are romantic about what they do and it shows in their music, even when it is just a remix record. It all comes through the music, especially when they recorded *The Peel Sessions* with the late great John Peel. "Sometimes we would bring trophies all the way across our tour to give to him. He was inspiring and it was very heavy when he passed. He was generous enough to put our music out to people. I remember the first time he played cLOUDDEAD, he put it on the wrong speed."

Doseone's abundant worldly travels have taken him on magic carpet rides to new ideas and musical developments. Dose is familiar with the concept that being on the road can take years off of your life while touring. "There's no alone time, no diffusion besides time. It can be rugged, but you get to be kids, you get to eat three fucking hot dogs and drink a bunch of beers. We're pretty clear-headed about why we came all this way when it's show time. There's nothing better to be accountable for all of these poems and songs, especially when we do perform them live and make them real."

As an artist or musician, getting true satisfaction out of traveling around routinely re-living your album's finer moments would have to be tops in regards to getting high on music. "The performance is the ultimate outlet for me because you're doing all of these other processes: writing, recording, experimenting, and inventing ... then you get to do it all [on stage]. It brings out everything you forgot you put in to it begin with. The only down side is after acting like it's your birthday for 30 nights in a row, you do the best you can but sometimes it's hard be there for those moments, but that's just the texture of it."

Dose has spent a considerable amount of time in Salt Lake City. He is familiar with the happenings and the good-hearted people of this fair city and those who subsist here. "I would go to Funksion all the time. Brisk did the cover art for Hemispheres and misspelled the album title, but it was timely and it was the only help I ever got. If I ever see him again I'll give him a free copy of Hemispheres. In regards to Pelt, I was trying to make an educated decision about publishing and the book industry is very bulk ariented and I am indie-indie. I had a tough time. So I went through a company in Utah that really helped me out." He continues to make bonds and maintain lasting relationships with countless people all over the globe. Maybe you can catch him September 19th at The Urban Lounge forging his raw nostril phonics emanating from his cavernous lungs Into your ear... and afterwards, sit down and have a beer with him.





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Dead Arm Contest

You ever get a really bad dead arm?

Nope, it's not a metaphor, although it could be. If you grew up with a normal older brother, you probably know exactly what a dead arm is. If you're like me, you have four older sisters, thus escaping the full-fledged feeling of a dead arm but with a clear understanding of period rage. OK, I understand my family dynamic is probably not like yours, but that's not what the dead arm contest is about.

Anyway, for those of you who don't know, a dead arm is when someone punches you in the upper arm in such a manner as to make the rest of your arm feel completely dead. Not the tingly, "I-slept-on-my-arm-funny-and-now-it's-asleep" dead but the painful, limpy, "where's-the-Valium" dead.

There is a technique to the dead arm and I om somewhat surprised that the dead

arm technique has been overlooked by Hollywood in kung-fu movies. In my opinion, there could be a whole kung-fu movie revolvina around ancient dead arm master. And a shogun ninia with mad skills could come up to the dead arm master with his amazing sword but all his years of training in swordploy would be rendered useless with one precise strike from the dead arm master.

"You'll never whack your sword or yourself off towards anyone again!" is what the dead arm master would proclaim after a technicol and precise strike. And then the shogun ninja's arm would fall off and bury itself, truly dead.

But that's Hollywood. Let's stick to real life here.

Sure, you can get hit in the arm. Anyone can. But to truly experience a dead arm you have to be hit just right. And it isn't about the amount of force. There is defiantly a technique to it; kind of a curving blow to separate the muscles in the upper arm. But while writing

about it I understand that it is very hard to describe.

It's kind of like if you're joking around with your buddy and he gives you a slug on the arm. He doesn't necessarily have to hit you as hard as he can to give you a painful and precise dead arm. At the same time that same buddy could hit you as hard as he can, full force, to the upper arm and it wouldn't have the same effect. Hence, the mystery of the dead arm.

So what is a dead arm contest? Well it sure as fuck ain't no contest. I just didn't know what to call this story. Dead Arm Contest sounded a lot cooler than Dead Arm Activity. And the only way I could explain the bruises on my arms was to tell people that I was in a contest of sorts. And it still didn't make a lick of since to anyone.

Most contests require a winner. Clearly nobody won shit the night me and some of the boys decided to hove our dead arm contest. We were too drunk to keep score anyway.

The Dead Arm contest is kind of like playing bloody knuckles but with much less

strategy. The ingredients for the contest were as follows: arms, alcohol, and anast ... all of which were in abundance on this particular evening.

We were outside on Paul and Dan's porch when Dan asked Paul to punch him in the arm. Poul gladly obliged with a right jab to Dan's upper arm. Then Paul asked Dan to return the favor. They exchanged blows about ten times and for some reason it was incredibly funny. Then me and Joe got involved in the mix. Same deal: Joe went up against Dan and I went up against Paul. Just punching each other in the orm until someone said that they'd had enough. After one arm was done we decided to mix things up by going left-handed.

Things got really interesting when Chris Murphy and Andrew showed up. Andrew, being Paul's little brother, made us all thrilled for them to go at it because I had

seen Andrew beat Paul in an arm wrestling match earlier this year. About three slugs in. Paul landed one of the most devastating blows of the night. Andrew uncle'd out and Paul demonstrated excellent sportsmanship with an appropriate sincere apology. I went up against Chris Murphy (wham I always coll by his first and last name since I think his name sounds pretty cool, Chris Murphy.) Twice that night and the second round left my arm thoroughly wrecked. I couldn't even beat off that And believe me night. tried.

Chris Murphy had an excellent follow-through and I don't think he was as drunk as any of us, which may have played into his advantage. Joe and I were the only ones who actually hod purple bruises on our arms the next day and we were the only ones who went up against Chris Murphy.

But I think the dead arm contest was funnier in one af those, "you had to be there" sort of ways. Because I bruise easy, whenever someone asks me what the fuck happened to my arm and I tell them, they look at me like I'm a total water head. That is understandable.

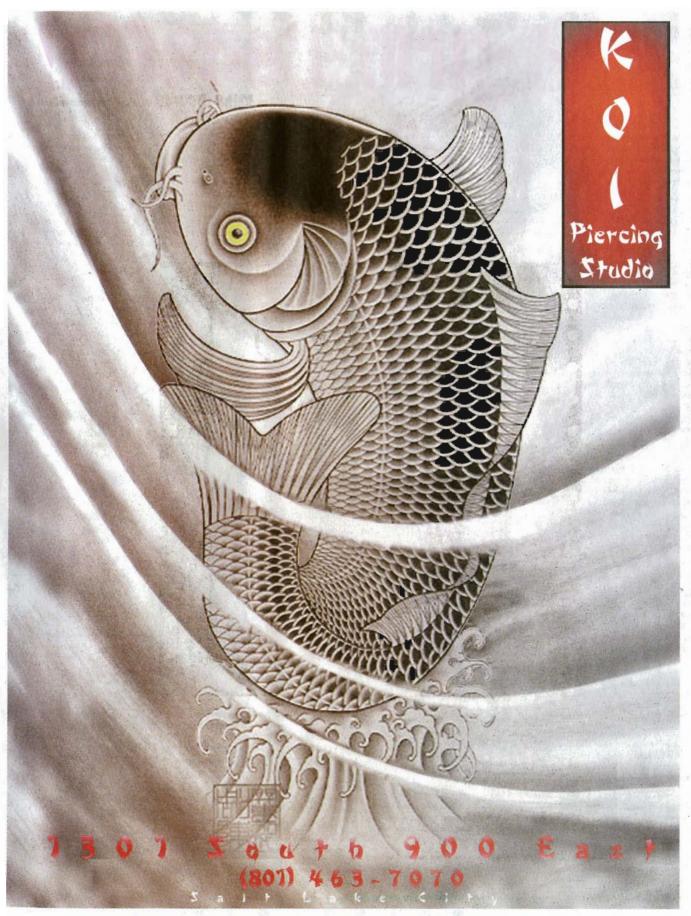
same look that you might give someone who got a penis tattooed on their forehead and there was no good story behind it. So I've just taken to making up shit so people won't talk to me about my beautifully colored bruises. Some of my fovorites are, "I fell off a horse and then a snowmobile ran over my orm," or the one I told my boss, "I'm skin-popping heroin. Don't worry, I'll still show up on time for my shifts, chief."

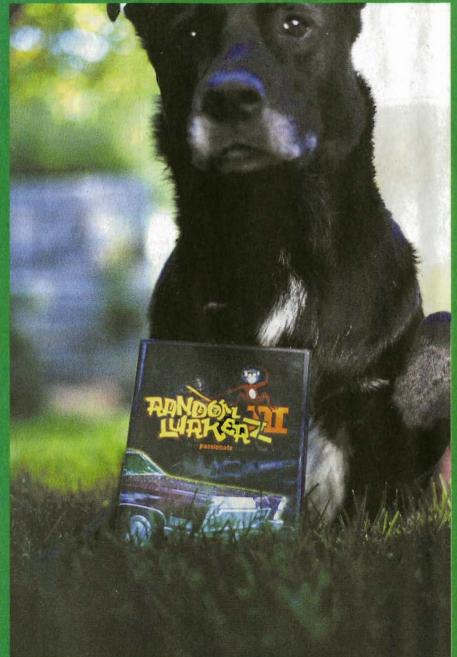
There really is no moral to this story and no lessons to be learned. Basically me and some of my best friends just punched the shit out of each other for no reason at all. But for some reason we all felt fulfilled with the upper arm transactions of brutality.

I think everyone should engage in a dead arm contest with people that they love at some point in their life. If the world's differences could be solved in such a manner it could give a whole new meaning to the arms race and moybe things would be a lot more peaceful. My arm is still purple and I think I'm going to take some Advil now.









He's showed kids from nowhere, Utah that it is possible to make their dreams a reality. Mark is a leader by example, so if you get behind his lens you'd better be willing to bust your ass off.

True Passionate Thugzz has some crunk drunken-monkey flavor to it. Cadillac snatches, dumpster dives and dead kids are everywhere. All of this is in the intros and skits, and everyone has stepped it up about 300 notches since "RL2." Highlights of the DVD were as follows:

- Adam Dyet straight pro status. Killing everything everywhere, two songs worth.
- Hubble seriously focusing on his future.
- Izilla killing the bank at the bank. Duel 50-50. Wow.
- Everyone from out of town I never get to see footage of. Hellrose ... what!
- Willy Sylvester making the difficult look effortless.
- Erik Hawkins' switch double flip over alley gap.
- · Namba Control.
- · Caleb Orton the entire part sick.
- Oliver is fucking amazing. One of my top 15 video parts ever. Numbers, who you would have guessed, edited his own part.
- Nothing about **Lizard** just to bum him but.
- Daniel Cooper. Mark found this kid first, remember that. Unique and driven.

c Quch Material

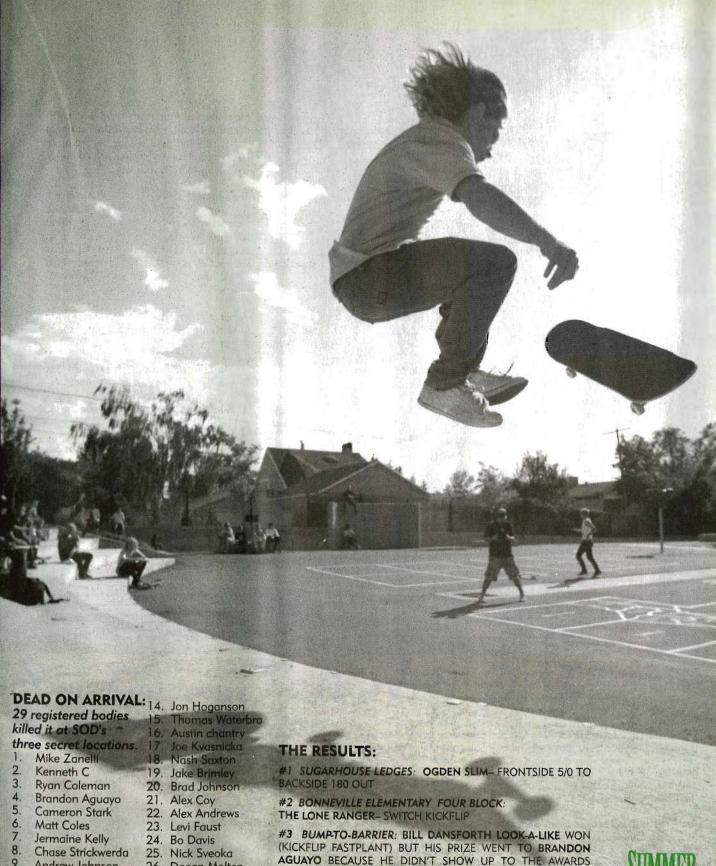
SKATE DVD REVIEWED BY PETER PANHANDLER PICS BY BOB PLUMB

Random Lurkerz 3 True Passionate Thugzz A Film by Mark White

A lot of blood, sweat and tears went into the production of this video. For about the past decade, Mark White has been putting in some serious work hours behind the camera – not to mention the editing hours behind the computer. Mark has also been motivating the skateboard youth of Utah by taking kids under his wing and showing them what's up the best way he can. All the kids Mark has worked closely with have made names for themselves in the skate industry. He has also made the kid from

- Snuggles, AKA Jared Smith, for being my favorite tall skater ever. Except Tony Hawk, Brian Anderson, Ron Whaley, Brandon Aguayo and so on. Just kidding.
- Dirty DIRTY dirty DIRTY dirty DIRTY.
- · Midget smoking crack with a rat until it's dead.

Everyone else in his video. Go buy this DVD right now. Bootlegging is a crime. Mark, keep doing what your doing.



CEREMONY AT FAIRMONT PARK.

OVERALL WINNER: THE LONE RANGER- TOOK HOME THE

BEST SLAM: CORDELL BLACK

GRILL FROM MOUTHPIECE!

Andrew Johnson

10. Cordell Black

12. Josh Pohlman

13. Bryce Steward

11. Zan Barnett

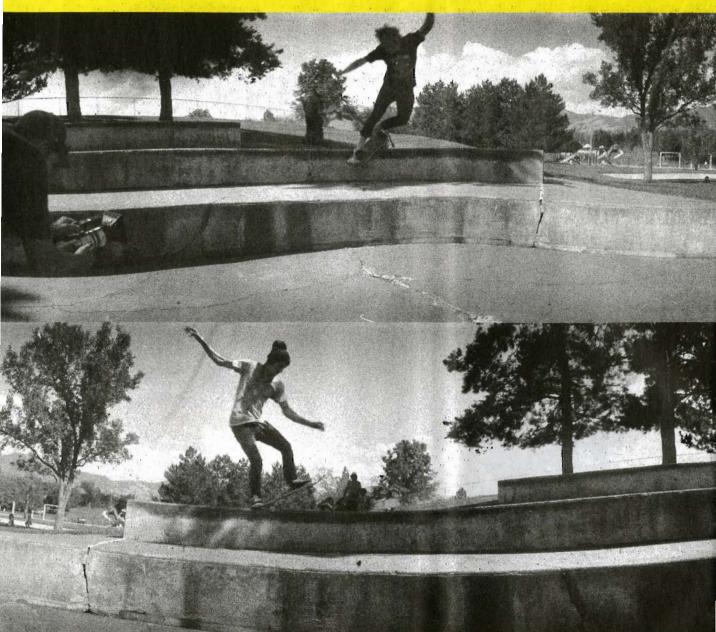
26. Dagen Molten

27. Jeramiah Jones

30. Oliver Buchanan

28. Sam Harper

29. Brian Brown



TAKING BACK THE CITY

Damn, do we know how to throw a killer contest or what? The last Summer of Death contest took place all over Salt Lake City at real skate spots. That is pretty much unheard of, since we didn't have a single permit or any authorization whatsoever. Three best trick sessions were held three locations- the first being at the Sugar House Park ledges. From there the mob moved over to the Bonneville Elementary four-block, where kids were literally throwing caution to the wind and chucking themselves. The third and final spot was the bump-to-barrier underneath the viaduct on 6th West and 6th South (Andy Pitts and Mike Murdock's spot). There was a free BBQ and awards ceremony at Fairmont Park followed up by an aftermath party at The Jackelope where fun was had by all.

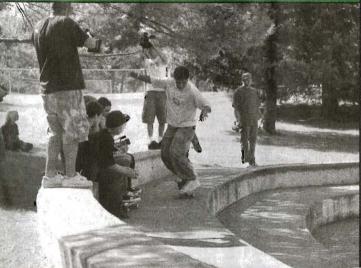
The best part about this contest was it had a really good turnout with close to thirty competitors. There were kids there from all over the Valley and it's nice to see some new fresh faces in the scene. It was totally amazing to be sessioning a spot with thirty other people that you probably would

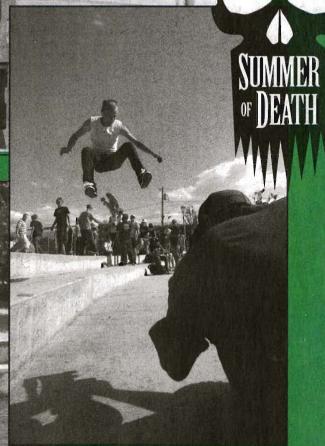
never even talk to. Another serious highlight was there were absolutely no altercations with Johnny Law or the concerned citizens of Salt Lake City. An undercover police car even rolled by the bump-to-barrier without even stopping to ask one question. Either he had some real crime to take of or they don't pay him enough salary to write up a hundred tickets. Maybe he was on his way to pick up some doughnuts and coffee.

Thanks goes to all the sponsors and people who came to support. Extra special thanks to the judges who all actually ride skateboards and are pretty damn good at it. Any one of these three guys could of won this contest. Instead they were blessed with a day of beer drinking with the hot SLUG Magazine girls. Skateboarding is a crime but we are not all criminals. Remember cities are built for the people ands skateboarders are the coolest people around period. Organize your crew and take back what's ours rightfully. The government hates that shit so you know it has be good. Check out www.summerofdeath.com for more pics and keep your eye's peeled for the SOD video sometime in the near future.

SLUG Magazine

PHOTOS ADAM DOROBIALA, BOB PLUMB & CHESTER COPPERPOT





First off, congratulations to the boys over at 9350 The last issue looked sweet All colorand glossy Good looks on investing some serious time and money into your Adam Dyet and Mark White are on Thrasher Magazine's "KING OF THE ROAD." They started off in North Carolina and have been working their way towards the West Coast, Last week they came through Salt Lake in the early morning hours with the ZERO team close on their heels. How I know this information is none of your business. I Heard about a 20 t stair rail getting busted at Canyon Rim for the longest rail 1 expect nothing less. than second place by the DARKSTAR team. These guys are the only ones capable of dethroning ZERO Have you ever seen Izilla bomb hills? I have dreams about focused on killing it Technique's video premiere was last month as well. I was sober but still missed it. Whoever went to that skate premiere that shit was banger I want a free DVD copy, of course. Hubble you're responsible for that DVD review next month. Go buy this DVD Lizard King comes and goes as he pleases. Sighting, around Salt Lake have been reported. Most of these reports come from the local watering holes Adam Dyet finally turned 21 years of age on Aug. 29th. Now He can drink his first cold one-legally Las Vegas is where we

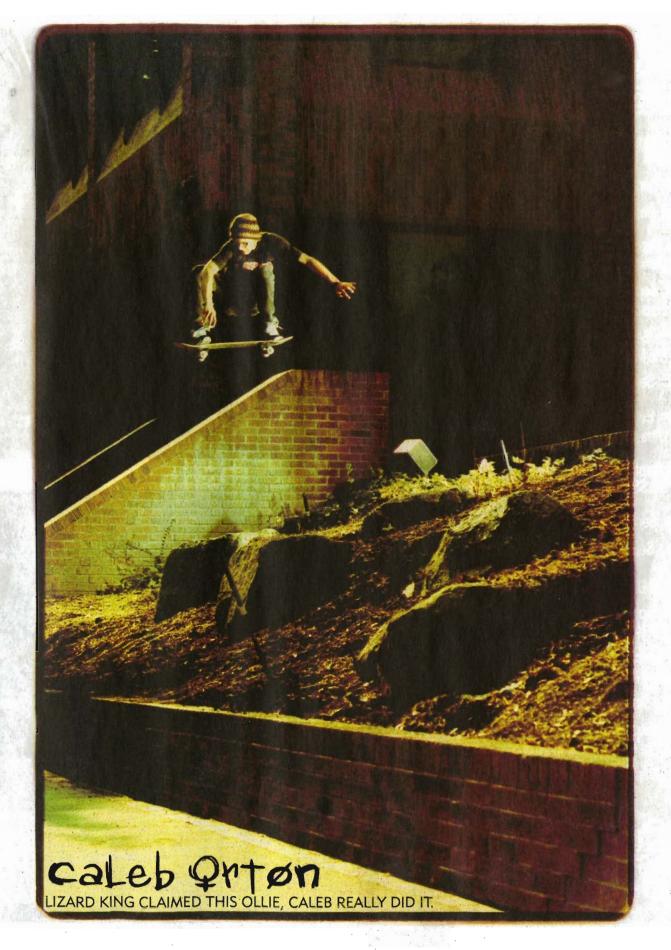
Last but not least, serious shouts out to Devin York for a killer interview last month in 9350. Out of nowhere and onto my coffee table. Great photography and different spot to ations. Look out for this kid—his future looks bright.

JARED SMITH FRONTSIDE ONE 88

PIECE NOW get it?

of Adam's adult life for

Happy Birthday, Bitch



(32) SING

WARNING: HEADQUARTERS

Fri. Sept. 1: SINDOLOR, Adjacent to Nothing, Run The Red, Necrophacus

Sat. Sept. 2: ANTIX, Eleventh Hour

Tue. Sept 5: GHOSTOWNE, Dub Reed, Steve Hatch

Fri. Sept. 8: CAVITY BURN, 8 Points of Chaos, Drown Out The Stars, Gut Shot

Sat. Sept. 9: I.R.A.T.E., Separation of Self, Frustrations Gripp, Rule of Thumb

Mon. Sept. 11: **GENITORTURERS**, Mortiis, Die Monster Die

Tue. Sept. 11: DISORDER, 4000 Old

Thu. Sept. 14: LIVE PRO WRESTLING Ultra Championship Wrestling-Zero

Fri. Sept. 15: PAGAN DEAD CD RELEASE MASSACRE with: Pagan Dead, Yaoti Mictian

Sat. Sept. 16: SNOG, Carphax Files

Thu. Sept. 21: 500151

Full Blown Chaos, Wicked Wisdom, Incite

Fri. Sept. 22: SEPARATION OF SELF, The Hard Goodbye, Her Ruin

Sat. Sept. 23: FLESHPEDDLER, Potential Threat sf, Mad At Sam, Hooga

Mon. Sept. 25: SUPLECS, Skull Fuzz, Le Force

Thu. Sept. 28: LIVE PRO WRESTLING Ultra Championship Wrestling-Zero

Sat. Sept. 30: JED, Crematorium



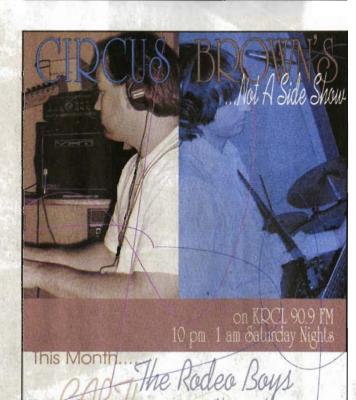
WEDNESDAYS: GOTH/INDUSTRIAL WITH DI REVEREND 23

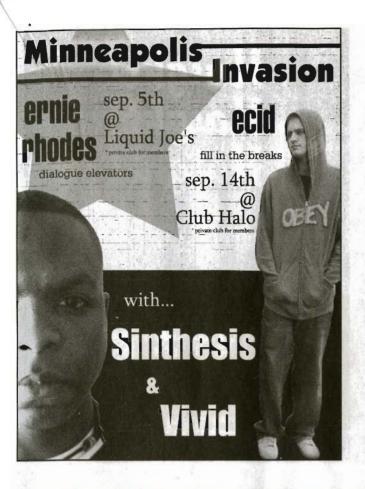
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fri 1 The Adonis, Silent 7's, Starmy

sat 2 The return of TED DANCIN

sun 3 Legion of Doom Birthday spectacular featuring, Rod the destroyer, Combs the oath warrior, Kris the whistle, Rome the old dutchman, Casey the Ear, Tain the Rad,

Black the ox, Cherise the fleece, Clay the where are you etc.

mon 4 THE GOSSIP, Erase Errata, Mika

tues 5 Sweatshop Union, MS DOS, Passafists

thurs 7 Evolver, the new nervous

fri 8 SLUG LOCALIZED: The Echo People,

mon 11 ZOLAR X, THOR THE ROCK WARRIOR, LE FORCE

fri 15 Brian Jangetown Massacra at 16 SNOWDEN

SUBTLE, Tolchock

wed 20 Our time in space, The evening

sat 23 Faun Fables, Purrbats, live it ups

sun 24 MArk Mallman, THe RUBES

tues 26 Le FOrce Lozen

fri 29 JINGA BOA CD release party

sat 30 Kayo Dot, Eagle Twin

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- 9-2 The Cobras
- 9-9 Spencer Nielsen "Happy Birthday Ron"
- 9-16 Clint and Eddy
- 9-23 Aldo Presents DJ Gabe
- 9-30 Red Top Wolverine Show and Bad Grass





"...really good sushi served up in a very unintimidating environment.
Go Sushi isn't a sushi shrine but more of a comfy local café that happens to serve remarkable sushi."

- Ted Scheffler, City weekly July 6, 2006

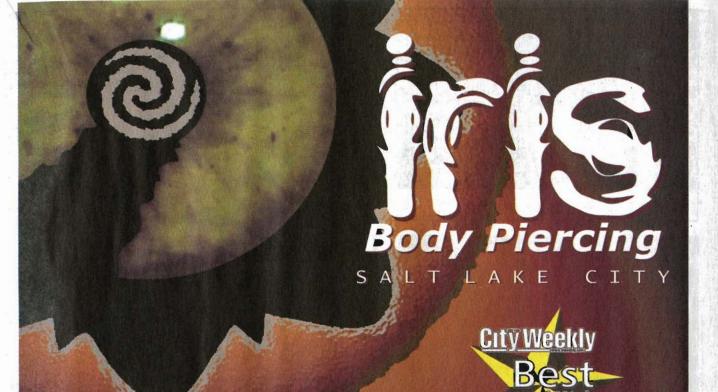
"Best Suburban sushi 2005"

- Salt Lake City Weekly

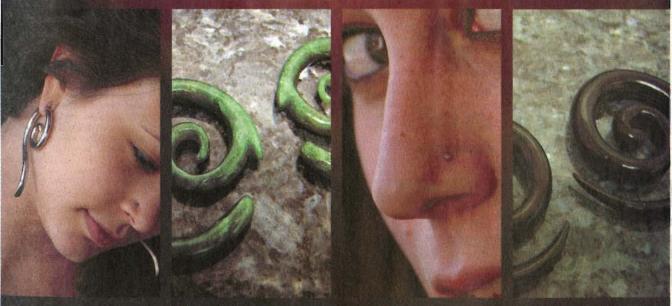
"Top 3 East side restaurants 2006"
- Salt Lake City Weekly

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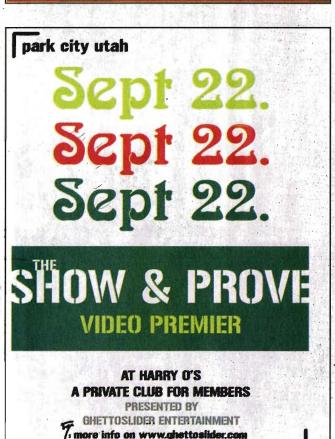
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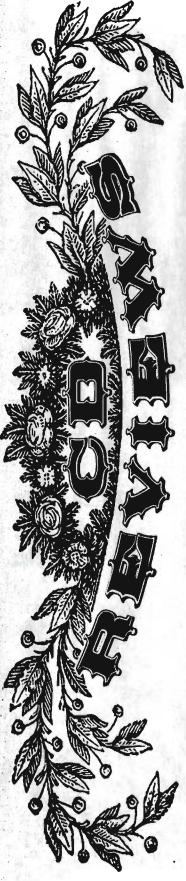


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Cale Parks

Illuminated Manuscript

Polyvinyl Street: 09.26 Cole Parks = A Christmas Gift For You

If Phil Spector had teamed up with Brian Eno and Tortoise to make his holiday music, it would've sounded horribly (and by horribly I mean amazingly) akin to Cale Park's Illuminated Manuscript, which is nothing short of brilliant. Also, if Moby weren't such a dork, he could be busting out similarly remarkable tracks. Cale Parks, who is also involved with Aloha and Cex (among other notorious acts), throws down some lovely top-notch electronic hits on this album. Illuminated Manuscript is enough to make you want to go out and buy everything else in his catalogue; unfortunately, this is his first and only album. Lyrically minimal (one song sings, "La La La La...") and musically exceptional. - Spencer Young

The Capital Years

Dance Away the Terror Park the Van Records Street 9.12 The Capital Years = The Daors + The Elected + Grandaddy

Oh Philadelphia. Let's talk. I, well, I've been thinking. Too much maybe. But I told myself this wouldn't be about me. It's about your band TCY. I know I shouldn't have said that thing about them being a throw-away-so-bad-it'snot-B-sides-it's-F-sides Beatles album where they've replaced any imagination with extra hi-hats, hoping the noise would cover the fact that they're not anything approaching interesting with music so boring it approaches unlistenable. I know you think that TCY might maybe someday take a risk and accidentally make something good, but, they need to stop. Listen to "Revolutions" with its recycled guitar riffs that belong an a UPS commercial, not an album, and you'll see what I mean. Just because they have their influences doesn't mean they have to fade them all together to grey. This limp dream-pop surf rock masquerading as indierock and noise dilettantes needs to go, taking their half assed Beta Band lyrics with them. I, I'm sorry I hurt yau, Philadelphia, but, I'm not sorry I said it. -A son of Jep

Channels

Waiting for the Next End of the World Dischord Street: 08.29 Channels = Chanel Na. 5 + The Cold War + Sociol Security

When Dischord releases their too-old-to-rock-but-we're-taa-afraid-to-say-anything compilation, Channels will make the roster. When your own recard label tries to vaguely discredit how ald you are (the press sheet soys, "It's been a little over 20 years since these three were teenagers," meaning they could be anywhere from 33 to 40+ years depending an how you interpret "little") and you're still making songs trapped in 90's alternotive rock/punk – let's face it – you're o little outdated. At its worst, Waiting for the Next End of the

World haunts under the mask of every generic 90's band you've ever despised, The Cranberries included; at best, it's reminiscent of Failure and The Talking Heads. If it weren't for the lyrical work that intelligently infuses political anecdotes with "ego and appetite," Channels would be urged to drop their mics altogether. Ironically, when Channels do sound youthful ond conscious of current music trends, they're singing about the youth as Janet Morgan coos, "Look at all the young go-getters go." The music is too sincere and honest, however, to allow for something as pesky as "irony" to settle in. —Spencer Young

Chief Kamachi

Concrete Gospel Babygrande Records Street: 09.06 Chief Kamachi = Black Rob + KillArmy + Ja Rule



This self-proclaimed "Sermon" scatters his rhymes over epic backdrops of booming beats and ethereal string loops, but falls flat with his "ghetto manifesto" in every way. After working with Vinnie Paz (Jedi Mind Tricks), Kamachi is still walking the one-way road towards finding his niche. Armed with a backhistory tempered by a healthy work ethic, he definitely has his credibility. However, desperation to prove himself in this release just makes him saund like he is trying way too hard to speak consciously and still keep his rugged appeal. This album is a one-sided coin and the face doesn't change. Kamachi sounds monotonous on every track and fails to show us the very fiber of his being and the many sounds he could be capable of producing. It's just disarticulated membranes unraveling themselves atop a massive beating heart, beating instrumentals, and beating my nerves into the ground. -Lance Saunders

Darkbuster

A Weakness For Spirits
I Scream Records
Street: 08.08
Darkbuster = Angel City Outcasts + Dropkick
Murphys + Street Dogs

Baston is a powerhause city for good music, and this band is no exceptian. This album is all over the place and combines many elements from genres under the punk rock sun. "Rudy" takes the path of traditional ska in the vein of the Specials; "Skinhead" sounds like a Bruisers song, "No Future" like something found on a Street Dogs album, while "Rise Up"

resonates with an old hardcore sound. Darkbuster has drown their influences from oll across the board and it has paid off. This album is solid; not a track on it is un-enjoyable. These guys are blowing up and I wouldn't be surprised if they were the next big band from the streets of Boston. – Jeanette Moses

Daughters

Hell Songs Hydrahead Records Street: 08.12 Daughters = Business Lady + Wives + Arab on Rador + Discardance Axis

What happened here? Last time I checked, Daughters was supposed to be the best grindcore band around... Well, it seems that the band has conquered that realm and apparently moved into the post-punk art-noise arena with the debut of Hell Songs. The vocals are more sass than scream, more poetry than anger, yet the sound retains its intensity. A blanket of noisy guitars and effects over metal-influenced percussion provide the rhythm to this train wreck orchestra - occasionally transgressing into ambient loops before throttling the neck of you soul once again with blastbeats and high-pitched guitar slides that are meant to disorient and confuse even the most versed aficionado. Party on. -Ryan Powers

De Kift De Kift

North East Indie Street: 09.12

De Kift = an avant folk brass band

The self-titled release by De Kift (translated literally "the covered") is actually a combination of their two previously released records Vlaskoorts (custards fever) and Koper (buyer). This is the first time their music has made it into the American market. To many Americans this album may sound a little hokey, but there are a lot of very interesting things happening underneath the surface level of this oompa band gone awry. The lyrics are simplified versions of authors Nabokov, Chekhov and Werner Schwab among others and are presented in more of a chanting style while background vacals sweep the floor with perfect harmony. The songs are almost absurdist, like talking about standing on tap of the world and other strange situations that aren't possible. Although the meaning seems obscure, there is a sense that there is a rich history of literature. They also have brass band orchestration that isn't found anywhere in America. It is strange and intriguing to get a glimpse into Dutch folk music. -Andrew Glassett

The Dirty Projectors

New Attitude EP Marriage Recards Street: 09.12 The Dirty Projectors = Beck + Steve Reich + Brian Wilson + a bunch of foreign shit

When no one was looking, Dave Longstreth went from Yale dropout to one af the most innovative and relevant songwriters of this millennium. Flashing a preternatural understanding of myriad genres and cultural source material unlike any of his contemporaries, every Dirty Projectors release to date is an absolute cumbuster. Here, Longstreth is the quintessential soul singer: an imperfect voice, cracking and fluttering, yet in complete control of the performance and the emotion it conveys. The cherry on the sundae here is the Afro-Caribbean jam, "Two Young Sheeps," featuring epically awesome call-and-response vocals. Though it is recommended to start with last year's The Getty Address, the best story ever told about Don Henley, you will buy this eventually and won't regret it. - Justin Thomas Burch

The Draft

In A Million Pieces
Epitaph Records
Street: 09.12
The Draft = Hot Water Music



Not since the release of Only Crime's album, To The Nines, have I heard a band that sounded so remarkably like its predecessor. In the case of Only Crime, the easily identifiable vocals of Good Riddance's Russ Rankin made To The Nines a Good Riddance album disguised with a different band name. With former Hot Water Music members Jason Black (boss), Chris Wollard (vocals/guitar) and George Rebelo (drums), The Draft is nothing more than Hot Water Music part two. When will people like Rankin and Wollard figure out that coming up with a new band name or adding new band members isn't enough for the people listening to the music? The music has to sound different for hell's sake. The same vocals and same singing style backed by music that is the equivalent of a current or past band doesn't justify a new band, it has to saund like a new band. In A Million Pieces tries a few things that Hot Water Music may not have but big deal, all The Draft does is show us what it would have sounded like if HWM had tried thase things! (Kilby Court 09.15) -Jeremy C. Wilkins

Ecstatic Sunshine

Freckle Wars
Carpark Records
Street: 09.04
Ecstatic Sunshine = Jab Micah Och El + The
Fucking Champs + Glen Branca - Stomp

Ecstatic Sunshine's minimalist guitar compositions are well thought out and executed, yet often fall flat at the failings of their very design. Utilizing only guitar sounds, the sangs are reminiscent of a Glen Branca recording in which someone pressed the mute button on the drum tracks. The musicianship falls just short of being able to fill the void left by a complete lack of percussion or rhythm section. The end result is a couple of guitarists' masturbation session strewn over 12 or so tracks that sounds somewhere between wandering into a guitar shop and a guitar pedal demo. I guess this is ok - if you hate drums and low frequencies a whole lot; and like ta listen to a couple of jerks show off their guitar skills. This album leaves much to be desired, even the overinflated egos of a couple of guitarists can not satisfy. Yo Ecstatic Sunshine: Maybe if you were Mick Barr or Yngwie Malmsteen you pull this off but you aren't, and you never will be. Get real. -Ryan Powers

Eric Chenaux Dull Lights

Constellation Records
Street: 09,25
Eric Chenaux = Songs Ohia + Palace + Vic
Chesnutt



It is a surprise to hear austere and delicate folk music on Constellation. Judging by Constellation's fall line-up, all of Canada seems to have traded in their postrock, anarchism, and bizarre talk radio compilations for Will Oldham records. Full of wistful vacals, quiet melodies, and plinky guitars, the music is fragile and frayed like a Bluegrass record played at the wrong speed. This music is pretty and I know many people who would like this record. Maybe I do, toa. Despite his music's simple beauty, Chenaux lacks the freshness of the subgenre's originators (see above equation). Nothing really stands aut in this record, which is rare for a Constellation release. Stick with the electrics Canada, because I think the world has enough beard-growing music. -Bob Leavitt

Gossip

Listen Up! (Remix EP)
Kill Rock Stars
Street: 08.22
Gossip = Aretha Franklin + Bikini Kill +
Make Up

I get the feeling that this shauld be on vinyl. It is a single essentially, with club remixes by MSTRKRFT, Arthur Baker, A Touch of Class, and Le Tigre; and a B-side cover of "Are U That Somebody" by Aaliyah. I mean really, that is all you need to know. The remixes are exactly

what you'd expect – same songs, new beats and extended breakdowns in which one may attempt to bust a move, groove, or whatever the kids call it these days. Not to say this isn't good, or coal, or neot, it just isn't new. Who reviews remix CD's anyway? I mean really. -Ryan Powers

Guttermauth

Shave The Planet
Volcom Entertainment
Street: 08.22
Guttermouth = snotty and offending pissed
off punk rock



Since my high school doys, I've thought that Guttermouth hos o punk style that is unique and a sound that is their own. Mark Adkins' nasal singing and shouting of anything controversial or just plain offensive has earned the band a reputation that precedes them. In high school I went to go see them after hearing stories that Adkins demanded the crawd to spit an him until he was covered and dripping in saliva. I remember thinking at the time, "Wow, this guy is punk rock!" Though I didn't get to see that spectacle, Adkins instead came out totally smashed in a dress then got naked while he stumbled around on stage singing. But when the dress, came off and his genitals came within three inches of my forehead I decided I wasn't a fan onymore. Shave The Planet falls into the same category that all Guttermouth albums do, its outrageously offending and insulting humor runs rampant from start to finish. There's nothing new about this, their tenth album, and that's the problem. How many records of bitching and moaning can you handle? Personally, I've had enough. -Jeremy C. Wilkins

Jay Bennet

The Magnificent Defeat Rykadisc Street: 09.26 Jay Bennet=

I was asked to write about a Wilco side-project, and so I said yes. I think this is a good point to tell you that Jay Bennet(and I) would like you to know that this is NOT a Wilco side-project. This is the first solo record from the man whose fingerprints are all over the tracking and mixing of Wilco's landmark Yankee Hotel Foxtrot. The only two gripes I have about this record are that it's anly about 66.6% as good as Yankee Hotel Foxtrot, which, I concede, still makes it quite a good record. Anyone with a modieum of expectation for this

record could possibly be let down. The other thing that I found hard to stomach was the two-and-a-half page letter describing the mental climate in which Bennet made this record, the cool old broken instruments he collected to record it, and a past-script explaining his "official party line" on Wilco, and why he is no longer a member of said band. The music speaks for itself, and thus the mission statement is extraneous beyond the fact that it loys aut the story. that this record was over three years in the making. While the sangs aren't the instant classics you'd hope to hear, The Magnificent Defeat is by no means a dud, and Bennet has enough experience with tracking, mixing and song-writing to build his own following and reputation, and his subsequent records will most likely get more than 66.6% approval. -Tyler Ford

Hella

Acoustics
5RC
Street: 09.12
Hella = a friendly circle lerk

As a precursor to their upcoming full length on the metal label Ipecac, Hella thought it would be funny to release a collection of acoustic versions of their songs. Spencer Seim plays an acoustic. guitar, Zach Hill turns the snare off to his snare drum and the duo masturbate away, doing what they do best as the forerunners of the math rock scene. It is nice to hear the simplified line-up that mode The Devil Isn't Red so great. Their performance is obviously near perfect but the album is a little mono-chromatic. Word on the street is that Hella is no longer coal, but they don't seem to mind at all. They know they are good and that confidence is nice to see among the current wave of "humble" acoustic "artists". This album will keep current fans hooked until their manstrous full length that will be released at the beginning of 2007. - Andrew Glassett

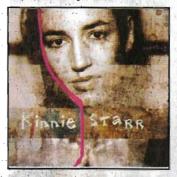
The Hidden Cameras

Awoo Arts & Crafts Street: 09.19 The Hidden Cameras = The Magnetic Fields + Talking Heads + Paul Simon

It is annoying when a particular part of a band's personae is the focus because a band is a conglomeration of many different influences. The Hidden Cameros get a lot of attention in the medio because of Joel Gibbs' hamoerotic lyrics and themes, but that is just a singular part of their identity. They set themselves apart from many other bands with lush orchestration, afro-pop guitar and a quirky sensibility. The songs are anthem-like and joyful, combining 60s parlor music and 80s pop construction. There is nothing necessarily challenging about this album which is nice when considering the seriousness of current music trends. Simple songs about uncommon themes such as pagan magic, waning moons and humping provide a unique listening experience. -Andrew Glassett

Kinnie Starr

Anything
MapleMusicRecords/Fontana
Street: 8.15
Kinnie Starr = Gorillaz + Debble Gibson + 1
teaspaon Sade + 1 gallon water



That's so super-rodical that Canodian Kinnie Starr has toured the warld, had producers with Names and sang in a Cirque du Soleil caboret production. But that doesn't make her music onything less than sucktastic. Starr combines hip-hop, R&B, electronic pop and gentle, folksy Americana ("Please Hold My Hand") with subtle ethnic overtones, but she doesn't even come close to combining them in new and interesting ways. If you're trying to earn a name breaking new ground, you've got to break it well. Anything's soulless electronico and slick-as-a-whistle production is about as exciting as a flat, pre-digested, colorless hamster food pellet. The slawer numbers are better, but the one track that could be labeled "good" is "Step Back," a dancey, Bubba Sparxxx-attitude club number. -Rebecca Vernon

Kultur Shock

We Came to Take Your Jobs Away Koolarrow Records Street: 08.22 Kultur Shock= GoGol Bordello + System of a Down

These pissed-off immigrants play some pissed-off music with some spice from their home countries of Bulgaria and Bosnio, and have won over fans with their old world attitudes (at least they won over Jello Biafra enough to get his help with a record contract). The problem is that this record gets fairly repetitive towards the middle; with no real changes, the record drags on and this one-trick-pony gets stale. Adding world music flair ta hard rock is just not enough to hold my attention for 10 tracks. —James Orme

The Low Lows

Reverb + Teen Wolf

Fire On The Bright Sky.

Warm

Street: 09.12 .

The Low Lows = Neil Young + Feedback/

P.L. Noon, formerly of NYC's Parker & Lily, moved down South and started The Low Lows. He fronts the band as the epic wolf howler, feedback and reverb architect. Noon straight up-elicits of full-moon-glaring-in-the-woods environment for Fire On The Bright Sky. The Low Lows sound like an orchestrated soundtrack for a Vincent Gallo movie: hauntingly

sad, but alluring with their pleasant, uncanny aesthetic. They have the supernatural ability to make you think it's Sunday everyday (which, can be a bit depressing). But The Low Lows are able to lure any creature into the woods and convince them to stay. —Spencer Young

Mercy Killers

Bloodlove Hellcat Street:08.22 Mercy Killers = The Damned + Backyard Babies + Social Distortion + The Nerve Agents



Dark, brooding, ond dongerous, the Mercy Killers entrance by displaying originality that can still be found is punk rock. After years af playing the role of sideman for bands The Forgotten, The Transplants, and Lars Frederiksen and the Bastards, Craig Fairbough decided it was time to take center stage himself ond create a very interesting band in the process. While The Mercy Killers hit as hard, they also show their intelligence and talent throughout the record. The opening track "Hollow" pulls you in with its haunting melody and gets you going with its aggression. The title track "Blood Love" is a dark tale of bloody heartache. The sheer belligerence of "End Transmission" is a wake-up call. While there are a million punk bands out there doing their best Rancid impression, The Mercy Killers chose originality and struck creative poy dirt. -James Orme

Made Out of Babies

Cowards
Neurot Records
Street: 09.05
MOOB = Big Black

MOoB = Big Black + PJ Harvery + anger

Julie Christmas has balls. Not literally I suppose, but her guttural scream at the beginning of the album Cowards prepares you for a battle; it literally feels as though the music is going to physically challenge you to some sort of duel with a dork lord. It was a match made in hell when Steve Albini pushed the record buttons and MOoB pushed the limits of the depths of darkness they could reach. You could call it post-metal, ar post-goth but either way it is frightening and dark. Other times the album is slow and groovy and very masculine. Everything is a hyperbole and it can be quite tiring after a few listens. It is an intimidating record that requires the listener to be prepared to match energies with a band ready to take over the underworld. -Andrew Glassett

The Matches

Decomposer Epitaph Records Street: 09.12 The Matches = Pop-punk + rock 'n rall + Freddie Mercury + Robert Smith

The Matches struck up o lot of good and bad attention with their debut olbum, E. Von Dahl Killed The Locals. For me it was bad, or worse than that. From the first few seconds when I saw their music video and heard what they sounded like, I was as stoked as if I were tracking dog poop from the bottom of my shoe oll over my house without knowing it. I was that into them, I'm not even joking. Get reody, because these pop-punk ferries are back for onother go-around with Decomposer. Bracing for the worst, I popped it in the CD player. After a few minutes had possed, I realized the bockground noise of their new record wasn't what I had expected, well, mostly anyways. The lyrics still lean toward teenage heartbreak bloh, bloh themes but the music has flipped a uturn. The overall sound of the band has become much more diverse, possibly due to the several producers on the record. Either way, it is a good sophomore release musically, while not necessarily lyrically, even though I hate to odmit it. -Jeremy C. Wilkins

Monsieur Leroc

I'm Not Young, but I Need the Money Conerstone RAS Street: 08.22 Monsieur Leroc = Money Mark + Avalanches + Unkle + Casey Kasem's Greatest Hits CDs

With this record, M. Leroc asks, "What would DJ Shadow sound like if he was too lazy to go digging for records?" Or, to put it onother way, is it necessary for someone whose music consists of somples to find something obscure and overlooked? Apporently so. While it is common for an artful DJ to take a fomilior sample and moke it something new, I'm Not Young...reveals that it is oddly infuriating to hear a recognizable somple used in an unimaginative way. Though this record goes beyond unclear and stupidly obvious samples (i.e. Prince, Jerry Lee Lewis, Cat Stevens), they ore characteristic of Leroc's poor mixing obilities, which bring to mind the repetitive and flat compositions of someone who just got Acid Pro. Rounding out the dull production are some erotically tinged soul and rap vocals which, concealed in the burlap sack of Leroc's lifeless beats. ore so indeterminately sexy that they might as well be clips from the Diane Rehm Show. -Bob Leavitt

NoMeansNo

All Roads Lead to Ausfahrt AntAcidAudio Street: 08.22 NoMeansNo = Valiant Thor + Fish Karma

This is the kind of album that your mother would love, that is until she turned up the volume and really listened to it; then she'd probably vomit on herself. The lyrics deal with molesting children, burying them in a cellar and then flying to Guam to fuck a baby...and these lovely topics can all be found on "Mondo Nihilissimo 2000," which is so cotchy you can't help but sing along. NoMeansNo are fucked up, but their morbid and un-politically correct lyrics can breok a smile on any ones face and make them mutter, "Oh my god! This is so bad, I can't believe I'm listening to it," while turning bright red from emborrassment and giggling like o little girl. (10.07 Burt's) - Jeanette

Nouvelle Vaaue

A Band Apart

V2

Street: 08.22 Nouvelle Vague = Massive Attack + Brigitte Bardot + postpunk



Cover songs: the second best method for an ortist to get out of a four-record deal - Greatest Hits being the easiest escope. However, some octs make o coreer at it. At a glance at the selections here, you first think, "How the hell is a Bossa Novaladen French project going to pull off New Order's "Confusion" or Billy Idol's "Dancing With Myself"?!" The answer: swimmingly. From the lilting lust of the should-have-been-on-the-Amelie-credits opener, Echo and the Bunnymen's "The Killing Moon," to the breathy, field-recording laden finale of Visage's "Fade to Grey," it's evident that Nouvelle Vague isn't a gimmicky outfit bound on getting a foot in the door via nostalgic shtick. Armed with a number of sensual vocalists, this production duo recreotes the 80s with their own insulated slont. Bauhaus's "Belo Lugosi's Deod" finolly reaches the proper dorkness it aimed for (i.e. distant church bells, skittering feet in on olley, deep-register organ textures with come-fuck-me vocals). Blondie's "Heart of Glass" booms with sub-bass, djembe and restrained accordion, shakers and coffee shop ambience. Hell, even the Stereolab-esque skew on U2's "Pride (In the Name of Love)" sounds great here. Nouvelle Vague respectfully and craftily re-tool a world of their own, one that will appeal both to those who have and (somehow) hoven't heard the originals. Musique douce et douce! - Dave Madden

Nurse With Wound

Rock'n Roll Station Beta-Lactam Ring Records Street: 08.01 Nurse With Wound = Konono No. 1 + Atonin Artuad + Luc Ferrari

Started in 1978 by sole member Steven Stapleton, Nurse With Wound's early output consists of music made by non-traditional instruments found and brought into the studio - pieces of metal, sticks, junk, etc. put through some studio production to produce noisy soundscopes. On this re-release from 1994, NWW have become more rhythmic by utilizing and exploring ethnic, primol beats. This divergent direction finds sporse, spliced spoken word and dark aural textures intertwined with danceable beats that deify "club hit" status. Rock'n Roll Station mointains a center of moving tension as it bleeds in and out consciousness through its own brand of pulsoting emotion. As the first lines of the album quite aptly stote, "rock'n roll session is a session where we con do what we wont to do." And rightly so. - Erik Lopez

On the Last Day

Meoning in the Static Victory Records Street: 08.22 On the Last Day= Eyeliner goth/punk/hardcore



From MTV2's Chot Room

Eyelinerdeath: hove u heard the new OTLD?

Wristsarered: no. is it good?

Eyelinerdeath: omg. they are my new fovorite! what are u into?

Wristsorered: Atreyu, Aiden, Chemical Romance, u no.

Eyelinerdeath: u would luv them!

Bloodyheort666: i heard that cd. they'll probably get their video on mtv2 soon.

Eyelinerdeath: his singing voice is good. They are good guitar players too.

Oldschool 101: dude's voice sounds like boysetsfire's singing.

Wristsarered: who?

Eylinerdeath: who?

Bloodyheart666: is that a rap group? fol.

Oldschool 101: nevermind.

Eyelinerdeath: i just luuuuuv the screaming and the chuggy stuff. it sounds like atreyu. All of my favorite bands sound like that.

Wristsarered: is it easier to part your hair after you dye it black on the left or right?

Bloodyheart666: left, I think. my mom wont let me wear eyeliner to my sisters wedding. :(

Oldschool 101: has signed off -Peter Fryer

Parkway Drive Killing With a Smile

Epitoph Parkway Drive= Unearth + Killswitch Engage



commercial goes "Fosters. Australion for beer", the promo for this olbum should go "Porkwoy Drive, Australian for melodic metal core" and it should involve Unearth not being able to catch their plane to Australio ond having Porkwoy Drive stond-in onstage wearing wigs. The only thing truly unique about this olbum is that it comes from the land down under. Produced by Killswitch Engoge's Adam Dutkiewicz, the production quality is top notch and the playing is technically proficient - in the world of music though, proficiency does not equote to engrossing, and production quality is mostly important if it's supplemented by truly original work. Guitar acrobotics flourish in the songs like brine flies of the Great Salt Lake - mony of the guitor lines are catchy, ond the melody of the guitar lines is very European. The vocal styling ond breakdowns, however, are calculated. And therein lies the problem, the calculation of this disk. Parkwov Drive mastered the style of their peers ond do a fine job of pulling it off. However, they have yet to read the chapter in the book of hardcore/metalcore that shows the ones that stand oport have something new to offer. Since this album was released overseas in 2005 hopefully they've had some time to learn some new tricks because the pieces are there. -Peter Fryer

Peter and the Wolf

Experiments in Junk Whiskey and Apples Records Street: 8.01 Peter and the Wolf = The Handsome Family + Devendra Banhart + Na Neck Blues Band

Red Hunter doesn't have the overtly enigmotic flare of The Residents or Larsen, but he is far more mysterious in a phantasmol way. His album is only available off www.whiskeyandapples. com and was never intended for public distribution, guaranteeing a minimal exposure. This lo-fi demo disc of eighteen tracks ranges from an interview to a very Vile Blue Shades-ion track about the absurdity of suburban life to a minimalist Apolachian song abaut a snake oil salesman's first love. Experiments in Junk is a collection of G apparently arbitrarily chosen recordings of Red Hunter's notoriously elusive

shows, legendary in their spontaneity on a Situotionist scale. Most people only hear about shows through other people (Hunter threatens to "disappeor" these finks), or show up through luck in such venues as islands, highways, abandoned buses and crashed boxcars. In a way this demo disc album is a lot like Hunter's band – whispered, furtive, half-formed and brilliant. Let's hope his upcoming official album tentatively titled "Lightness" polishes instead of mars Hunter's talent. A son of Jep

Rhymefest

Blue Collar Allido/J Records Street: 08.06 Rhymefest = Kanye West + SunSpotJonz + Las Vegas Bathroom Attendants



Riding on the fame bondwagon fueled by Kanye West's recently un-tarnishable name, Rhymefest (self-proclaimed as a festival of rhymes), sounds more like he's trying to capitalize on his own celebrity status rather than creating exceptional music. This album is a cup half-full, half-empty. Rhymefest has an eminent amount of potential, but he hides behind fruitless chorus lines and insipid cliché's...not to mention the whole record is censored. Songs like "Get down" embody messages of positivity for life and pure animosity toward "gangstas," while the track "Chicago-Rillas" candidly notes that Rhymefest is a gangsta himself. Is it possible that he could be a contradictive CoalvilleCrip? It's not un-heard of. In the humble words of Rhymefest, "The entire concept behind my project is to fight the wackness that rap has become." Well, in the immortal words of Friedrich Nietzsche, "Those who fight monsters should look to it that they do not become a monster in the process." - Lance Saunders

Scott H. Birham

Graveyard Shift Bloodshot Street:08.15 Scott H. Birhom = Hank III + The Legendary Shake Shakers + T-Model Ford

This hellbound honky-tonker throws down a Southern Baptist revival stroight from the first word, blosts through some tracks of some really hot blues and takes you down a dark country road in a semi. To look at Mr. Birham, you'd think he was Willy Nelson bastard crack-boby son, but this one-mon-band knows how to put the fire under roots music. The only other person on the entire record is 'steel pedal guitorist Ethan Shaw, who adds an authenticity to the country tune

"18 Wheeler Fever." Grovyard Shift is a working cmon's record for those who can oppreciate the insonity of truck stops novelty mud flaps, road kill and demented skewering of what makes America great. "James Orme

Sebadoh

III
Domino Records
Street: 08.08
Sebadoh = the ghost of indie rock post



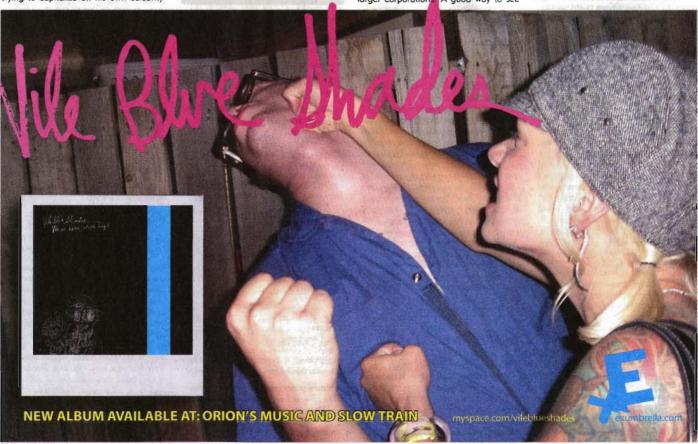
As an album, III has a disconnected temperament, which is to be expected when 23 songs are thrown together to create an album that is over an hour long. It feels more like an anthology of what indie rock was in the early 90s. It really was independent rock and musicians recorded what they wanted without thinking about how it would sell. The production quality even sounds independent, unlike how many indie albums sound today when backed by larger corporations. A good way to see

how much indie rock hos changed is to look at a bond like Wolf Parade, who probably wouldn't be considered indie by Sebadoh's standards. When compared to Sebadoh, WP look like a bunch of trendy bastards with a lot of expensive vintage equipment that produce calculated albums for a calculated audience. Sebadoh's album is a good reminder about how much music has changed within the last decade and a holf and how it is slowly creeping toward something that carries no inherent value. Corporate rock here we come! —Andrew Glassett

Spencer Dickinson

The Man Who Lives For Love Yep Roc Street: 08.22 Spencer Dickinson = Jon Spencer – Blues Explosion + Luther/Cody Dickinson + a born

Good news for you, collecting fanatic who just eBay'd up your lost \$40 for that Liquid Liquid album. Yep Roc just remastered (and odded seven new tracks to) this previously-Japan-only 2001 import, a collaboration between blitz rocker Jon Spencer and Tennessee blues/studio veterans Luther and Cody Dickinson, two guys who honed their session chops while dad Jim produced records for Ry Coader, The Replacements and Big Star. The lyrics to "Primitive" best define this experience: "I wanna get primitive/I wanna bang sticks and rocks together/ beep beep on the Stylophone all night long;" all recorded in a barn during a cold-ass Memphis winter. Jon Spencer is still 500 pounds of dirty Jagger/Presley/ Lux Interior posturing in a Dinty Moore



tin while the Brothers Dickinson provide o subtler compliment of washboard, the aforementioned Stylophone, occasional synth, bass and drums. For every explosive Blues Explasion-esque "That's a Drag" and "Sat Morn Cartoons" (sic), you have parch-pounding tracks such as "Away Baby" and the soothing mandalin-intensive "Appalachia." Though there are saggy times during this 74-minute set, this tenuous band should not be overlooked - even if it's just to hear Spencer's acerbic wit as he hates on "Christmas and Birthdays ("I'm Not Ready")" and proclaims his love of "pinecones and gravy." – Dave Madden

Tiga Sexor Last Gana Street: 08.29

Tiga = four on the floor + Eno-esque role play

My man Zach at W Launge played "You Ganna Want Me" (featuring Scissor Sisters' Jake Shear) a few Wednesdays ago and I thought, "Holy crap, I'm gaing to love a Tiga album?" Now I'm not sa sure. Tiga's focus and strength is sweaty, sexy, dance-flaor offerings, rife with minimal, frequency sweeping basslines, Juno strings and Electribe beats. But this is something he has a hard time sustaining for an entire album (read: should not quit day job as a remixer). In the case of Sexor, he further bogs down the formula with a semi-conceptual album by introducing the choracter Sexor, a vaguely Hedwiglike introvert who lives inside his head. Novel, I know. Further, he unforgivably slaughter's a cover of Nine Inch Nails's "Down In It" and fares only slightly better on Public Enemy's "Louder Than a Bomb" (featuring a pitch-shifted Tiga on the Chucks and Flavas). His Nitzer Ebb impersonation on "Pleasure From the Bass" ond acid-saaked version Talking Heads' "Burning Down the House" stand above the lackluster pack, but... Again, my whole opinion might change if I heard some of these songs in a dank Berlin bar. However, on wax, the aesthetic - both technically and in regard to his need to "experiment" - fails to inspire. -Dave Madden

Towers of London

Bload, Sweat, and Towers

TVT Street: 08:06 Towers of London = Manic Street Preachers + Hanoi Rocks

While I don't agree (as the mainstream music press would have it) that bands like Towers of London and Vains of Jenna herald a revival of the sweat-soaked debauchery of the lote 80s, how can you not love a band that works Vanilla Ice quotes into a song called "Air Guitar?" Towers of London actually transcend their hype, evoking the best part of their glam predecessors, while still keeping a gritty feel that reminds you that even when the people on the scene were pretty, the scene itself was pretty ugly. They're no Guns n' Roses, but at the very least, they're a good updated version of Hanoi Rocks. -Marie Braden

Kill Rock Stars Street: 09 12 Two Ton Boa = Sleater-Kinney + employees of Hot Topic

On Two Ton Boa's self-titled EP, Sherry Fraser, a classically trained musician and vocalist, let her vaice do the heavy lifting. On the band's lang-awaited full length, the aperatic elements are a thing of the past. Instead, we are left with bad poetry, dreadfully farced in darkness and subversion, aver textbook bass crunch. The resulting lyrics are cumbersome, to say the least. Take the first line of the record, for instance: "something is cracked inside / like the Liberty Bell" (which is, in fact, cracked on the outside). What was once a selling point seems like a tired stary: the private academy student rebelling against the strictures of Renaissance studies to worship at the altar of Caravaggio and Tori Amos. Ew, airl. - Justin Thomas Burch

Various Artists

Girls Got Rhythm Liquor and Poker Street: 08.06 Girls Got Rhythm = cute idea - visual impact

It would be far too easy to make fun of a compilation of all-airl tribute bands. especially when the groups involved take this so earnestly. While there has been an explosion of them lately, especially in the Los Angeles area, the novelty quickly wears off, especially when divarced from the physical presentation that is a key element of the schtick. Still, if you dan't expect much out of it, this is a fun listen, and the names of the bands (such as Cheap Chick, Hell's Belles, The Iron Maidens) and their short interviews in the liner notes make this CD one worth having around, if only for the irony factor. If I had any complaint with these note-for-note renderings, it would be that none of the song choices were particularly deep. It's the abvious suspects (such as "Sheena is a Punk Rocker" or "Run to the Hills"), rather than the more obscure songs that are a highlight of many of these band's live shows. -Marie Braden

Fram Anger and Rage Rivalry Records Street: 09.12 Verse= Bane + Rage Against the Machine +

"From Anger and Rage comes rebellion". Verse is drawing a line in the sand with their latest effort on Rivalry Records. Verse is marching at the front of the picket line-signs held high-yelling at anyone that will listen. Visceral and unflinching in their disdain for corporate domination. media saturation, and complacency, From Anger and Rage is a testament to just how fed up with the current state of the world Verse is. Musically this album is reminiscent of many other bands corving their way with a rebirth of the melodic side of the traditional hardcore sound. What makes this album solid is the lyrical content. Although not cutting edge, or particularly eloquent in its construction,

Two Ton Boa the sheer honesty and "piss and vinegar". Incesticide contained in the olbum is what makes it tick. There is no fence sitting here. Melodic introductions that segue into standard hardcore beats and riffs daesn't affer much in ariginality, but it daes give the record a better flow than being constantly pummeled with fast song after fast song. -Peter Fryer

Westbound Train

Transitions Hellcat Recards Street: 09'12 Westbound Train = The Slackers + The Aggrolites + The Wailers

Old school style ska that is heavily influenced by reggae is the only kind of ska that matters in my book, and Westbound Train is just that. Transitions takes you on a smooth and soulful cruise through 16 tracks that will calm your mind. The record is also sprinkled with a few upbeat tracks to make you throw on your skanking shoes, like "Fatty Boom Boam!" The album is filled with rack steady beats and the music will lift your spirits. My favorite tracks were "Sorry Mama" and "Seven Ways to Sunday," which both sound like they could've been a Bob Marley sang. I must say... Tim Armstrong has quite the ear. - Jeanette Moses

Wires On Fire

Self Titled Buddyhead Street: 08 08 WOF = The Icarus Line + Clutch + A Senseless Headache

Here's a quick, straightforward method to a sore-skull: Wires On Fire. These guys'll give you a hangover without having to booze it up the old-fashioned way. That's right, no more arduous drinking and having to warry about all those pesky little carbs; you can have 39.48 minutes of mental clout, ennui and pulsating temples-dan't forget the trim figure-by listening to WOF's debut and self-titled album. But wouldn't this mean missing out on that nice sensation that precedes most headaches? Right-o buck-o. The rock here is raw and occasionally fun, but predominantly obnoxious by way of clunky guitar wark and desperately abrasive vocals (the singer's face must turn inside-out from all the forced effort he pushes). You kind of get ripped off on this one, unless you're the type that prefers skipping necessary steps, like WOF - who mis-evolved from Cro-Magnon Man to Modern Man without telling anyone. They might appear sound, but trust me, they still drag their knuckles and chew rocks. -Spencer Young

Wolf Eyes

Human Animal Sub Pop Street: 09.26 Wolf Eyes = the Blair Witch's nightmares

It still makes no sense that a band like Wolf Eyes would end up on a music label at all. This is their second release an Sub Pop and probably will not be their last. It is strange because Wolf Eyes don't write

"albums"; if anything they are the royalty of what should be called the onti-album movement. Their songs ore not songs, and there is no rhyme or reason to the violent, piercingly recorded compressions and rarefactions that they put on the compact disc. Human Animal is very similar to their previous work, a collection of eerie soundscapes that are reminiscent of a horror mavie saundtrack. It seems as if they recorded the album in one day and on the first take. They are laughing ot us far listening, laughing at us for being addicted to violence and terrar, laughing at us for being interested in their meanderings into the God-forsaken woods. I cannot and will not take it out of my CD player. -Andrew Glassett

Wrecking Crew Balance of Terror

I Scream Street: 08.29 Wrecking Crew = Agnostic Front + Discharge + Cramogs +Ahh who am I kidding these guys really sound like Agnostic Front.

I know it wasn't Wrecking Crew's intention to sound almost exactly like New York's Agnostic Front, but they do. This 80s. classic was originally released back when metal was creeping into the hardcore scene, evident on this record by the heavy guitars slow droning breakdowns and minor metallic solos. Don't get me wrong-- these guy sounding like Agnostic Front does not demean the merit of this record one bit. The growling bass really stands out on "What Can I Do," and the unrelenting style of their attack is pretty much unheard of today. It sounds like this one of the best hardcore records to come aut of the late eighties, o time when hardcore was nearly dead. -James Orme

Xiu Xiu

The Air Farce 5 Rue Christine Street: 09.12 Xiu Xiu = a big teddy bear (with a big sharp dick inside)

Though he has tempered somewhat, it is nice to see that Jamie Stewart is still broken. Xiu Xiu's albums ore becaming progressively more palatable and refined in sentiment. In addition to some added sense of narrative and instrumental cohesion, The Air Farce is both sparser than 2005's La Foret and even further removed from the IDM explosions present in some earlier Xiu Xiu work. However, there are a pair of misfires here, the most egregious being Caralee McElroy's doofy grrd-power diatribe on the obnaxiously whimsical "Hello from Eau Claire: " Likewise, the closing track ("The Wig Master"), featuring tweakedvoice spoken word over waxing and waning double bass, is too far immersed in quasi-symbolic perversion to be anything but comical. New and existing Xiu Xiu fans will certainly enjoy the record, though the latter will continue to fret as Stewart's wounds seem to heal. -Justin Thomas Burch



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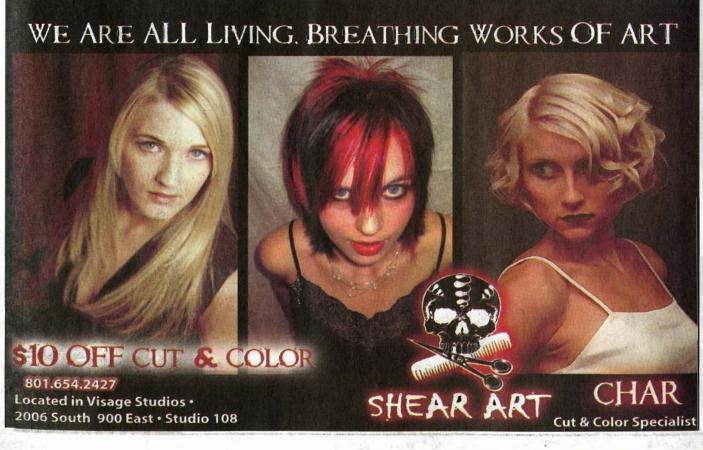
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SONGOTINTS: AN INTERVIEW WITH NINA NASTASIA By Erik Lopez Perik@slugmag.com



The interview started off the morning Nastasia was going away on a trip. She told me she loves traveling the United States – and so do 1. "I think America is fascinating. I really like Montana and I would actually like to see more of it," Nastasia remarks as we talk about the places we have been and would like to see more of. "I really like Tuscon, AZ. I have spent a lot of quality time with America. I am from California. I haven't really done much in the middle [of America]." But as Nastasia has pointed out before in other interviews, her love of the United States does not pigeonhole her into the tightly-wound genre of Americana.

Outside of traveling, Nina's favorite thing to do is make an album. "I really love recording. It is my favorite thing because I get incredibly nervous in front of an audience. It terrifies me. I get really awkward. It is more comfortable to record without being on the spot like that. I enjoy recording but I love being on the road. If I could travel instead of record, a recording tour if you will, that would be ideal. I love meeting people while touring," Nastasia says.

Nina has recorded three albums in the span of 13 years, starting with the first critically acclaimed Dogs, which took six years to write. Steve Albini, who produced Dogs, continued his producing run with her for 2002's the Blackened Air and the 2003 follow-up Run to Ruin. About recording On Leaving Nastosia said, "I have quite a few tracks that I don't use from each album that are waiting to be placed on an appropriate record. This last recording we did [On Leaving] I went into a studio and recorded all these songs that I had lying around that I haven't documented and I recorded a lot of that stuff."

Interestingly, Nastasia doesn't consider this new album a compilation of unused tracks from past sessions nor a collection of old songs. "There are some really old songs on this album that I reworked mixed in with some new ones [when asked if this album is a grab bag of songs]. Actually, that is how it usually ends up working on all my albums. In the beginning I wrate quite a lot and so I have a bunch of songs," Nastasia comments.

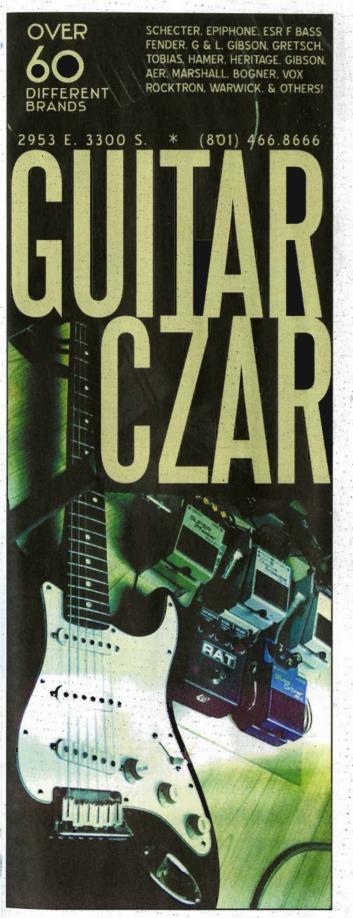
Curiously enough, Nastasia has only done one unlikely collaboration: the song "The Matter (Of Our Discussion)" with Boom Bip. It is a engaging mixture of Nina's sincerely genuine, forward vocals set against Boom Bip's electronic beats to make a creatively unique combination for both artists. The whole collaboration was done by phone and mail because Nina doesn't have a computer. She wrote the song and sent it to Boom Bip who then took her vocals and made the track.

Nastasia is known for making great packaging decisions when it comes to her albums. Her first album, Dogs, came with letter-pressed lyrics and a hand-mounted photo in its first run but due to budget constraints on her then label Socialist Records that edition quickly went out of print. "Kennan Gudjonsson [owner of Socialist Records] designs all the packaging. They are all his ideas but I always really like them. All I do is say 'yeah that is great,'" Nastasia says. For the new album, the packaging was done using a technique called scissor cutting, which is an old German-Swiss paper cutting technique. "[Kennan] found this women who is a genius at doing this scissor cutting, Marie-Helene L. Grabman. He called her up and asked her if she could do something in a very short period of time. He had the design in his head and talked it over with her and overnight she came up with this amazing cut," Nina says of the new albums look.

Finally, in the age of declining record sales, elaborate packaging is going the way of the Whooping Crane. The Internet provides a way for consumers to listen to a record before it even hits store shelves. "I love file sharing ... I think it is a great thing and I am all for it. The only bummer of it is when your record is leaked out before its release because you don't have that whole exciting 'ahh' moment of the new record," Nastasia replies. "It usually ends up helping people like me who might not necessarily want to go to the record store and take a risk. It makes touring better as well," Nastasia concludes.

Nina Nastasia and her brand of sparse yet hauntingly intense singer/songwriterlyness will be on display at Kilby Court September 17th.







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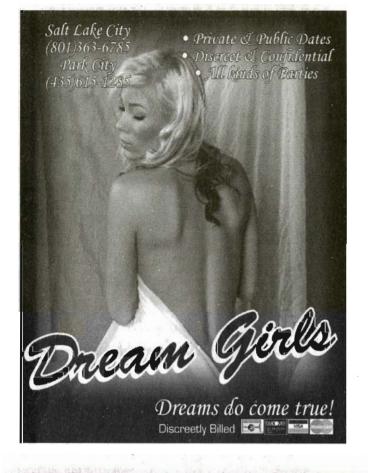
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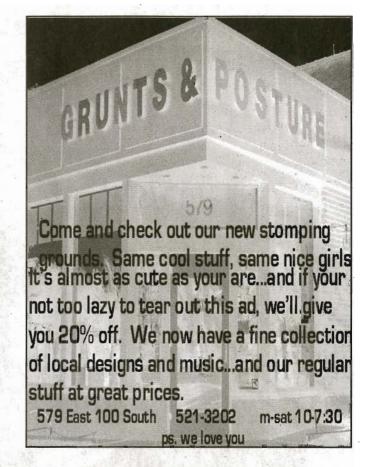
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Nitzer Ebb:

There's Fun to Be Had With Douglas McCarthy



Most people reference a band or musician who played a major role in shaping who they are and the music they listen to today. Before interviewing **Nitzer Ebb** front man, **Douglas McCarthy**, I reflected on years of Nitzer-chiseled memories.

My first concert was **Depeche Mode** on their *Violator* tour in 1990. This band called Nitzer Ebb was opening, but I had never heard them. Prior to the Park West concert (which actually rained out and moved to The Salt Palace the following night) I went to Musicland and found a cassette of *That Total Age*. I was hooked. This was the first time anything so militant and punchy touched my coming-of-age ears. Seeing their energetic performance, purchasing a commemorative *Showtime* T-shirt and later dressing in tight shorts and boots, as the band did, I felt I had found myself. Nitzer Ebb was the catalyst for me exploring all things Industrial.

Chatting with Douglas showed me a man who recognizes his success, but is very gracious when this fan girl tells him what an impact he has made.

SLUG: Before I ask any serious questions, I want to put a rest to this debate – Do you pronounce it Nitzer as in knight or Nitzer as in knight?

DM: (laughs) Basically we started off pronouncing it knightzer, and then after a while, we started hearing people say Nit-zer. It doesn't really matter to us. Whatever floats your boat.

SLUG: What brought on the reunion of you, Bon and Nitzer Ebb?

DM: I had been playing with Terence Fixmer as part of Fixmer McCarthy and we were doing shows. And last summer my agent said he had been getting so many offers for Nitzer shows. I didn't know what to think, but thought I should at least let Bon know. I emailed him and surprisingly, he was feeling the same way. We decided to get together on mutual territory – he lives in LA, I live in London and we met in Chicago. We liked the idea. Initially, it was quite a small affair, we were going to only do a handful of festivals and leave it at that. Then it grew and we got more into the idea and were enjoying ourselves. If we were in it for the money we wouldn't have added anymore shows. But it felt really good. It's probably the best time we've ever had with the band.

SLUG: I noticed you only have a handful of shows in the U.S.

DM: What we didn't want to do on this tour is take everything and anything. We wanted to really think about what we were doing.

SLUG: Rumors say you are going to be releasing some new material in the next

DM: I've been talking with Bon and he and our new drummer, Kourtney, had time to do some things together in L.A. It's sounding like it's very electronic, very simple, very basic. Bon described it as garage electronics, more of a garage band vibe, kind of rough and ready, but still kind of punchy and exciting.

SLUG: How do you compare the fans now from the fans of 15 to 20 years ago?

DM: I would say they are better actually. I think people are just so excited to see us, people who hadn't seen us and never thought they would and people who did see us, who thought they never would again have all been just blown away by the shows. As always, we put a lot of energy into it. We did a show last weekend in Germany — it was us and **Bauhaus** as co-headliners. There were 20,000 people and they were all going nuts. I think nobody could argue that we outplayed **Bauhaus**; that was a really good feeling.

SLUG: Do you find there are a lot of younger fans?

DM: Tons. We played a huge club in Madrid with 2,500 people and I would say about 78% of that audience was not even born when the first album came out but they knew all of the words; they were loving it.

SLUG: How does that feel to get this kind of response?

DM: You couldn't ask for anything better. I was asked a few weeks ago, my views of success, and although there were times I was better off financially than I am now, I don't know if there is any better feeling of success that you can gauge than seeing all those faces singing your song back to you and just loving it.

With crowds joining in the chant throughout the world at so many festivals and venues, it's clear I wasn't the only kid affected by Nitzer Ebb. See them on September 19 at *In The Venue* with opening act **Motor**.

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Dance clubs and bars are all the same, no matter what town you're in. The same characters reside there: the loud drunk girl that just broke up with her boyfriend and is aching for a rebound. The regular patrons who sit at the bar for hours after they get off work and the barely 21 + kids who take shots every 20 minutes because they're "living it up." Then there is the creeper who lurks next to the scantily clad girls that are enjoying "ladies night" and just want to dance. Then there is the pretentious band geek, that is in 10 different bands in town that all suck. The karaoke DJ who sings more than anyone else, the couple that sings "Love Shack" and the "I Touch Myself" girl.

All these things are part of life. This is the fun we think we have in a smokefilled bar. The American dream routine, the escape from the family at home, the "night out" with friends. The fights, the spilled drinks; we don't question any of it because it's a habit and it's comfortable. However, I witnessed something that still to this day, rots in my brain and gives me nightmares because of the pure fact that it even exists.

Studio 600 is the toxin-free club in Salt Lake, but this place should not even be called a club; a sock hop or middle school dance would be more fitting. It cost 8 bucks to enter a gymnasium-like room with crape paper streamers and other decorations that looked like they'd been bought at Dollar Plus. After walking in, I had to fill out a membership form that asked for my cell phone provider, my e-mail and my home address. Why would a club need this info?

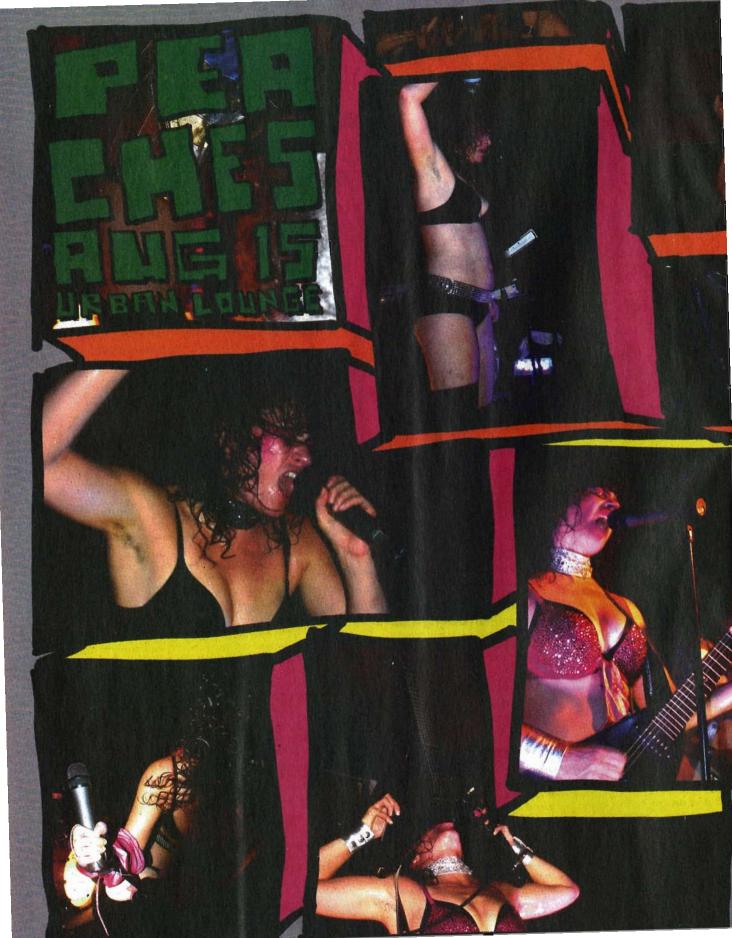
I was instantly reminded that I didn't belong there and not just by the looks on everyone's face when I walked in, but also by the voice in my head repeating, "This is fuckin' weird, it's like you went back to your grade school dance." I bought a bottle of water for a buck and noticed that you could also get diet sodas and energy drinks; Bookoo, Redbuil and any other

legal liquid amphetamine, They don't serve booze... but you can drink a beverage that has a consumption warning on it and has been proven to aid in stopping a human heart.

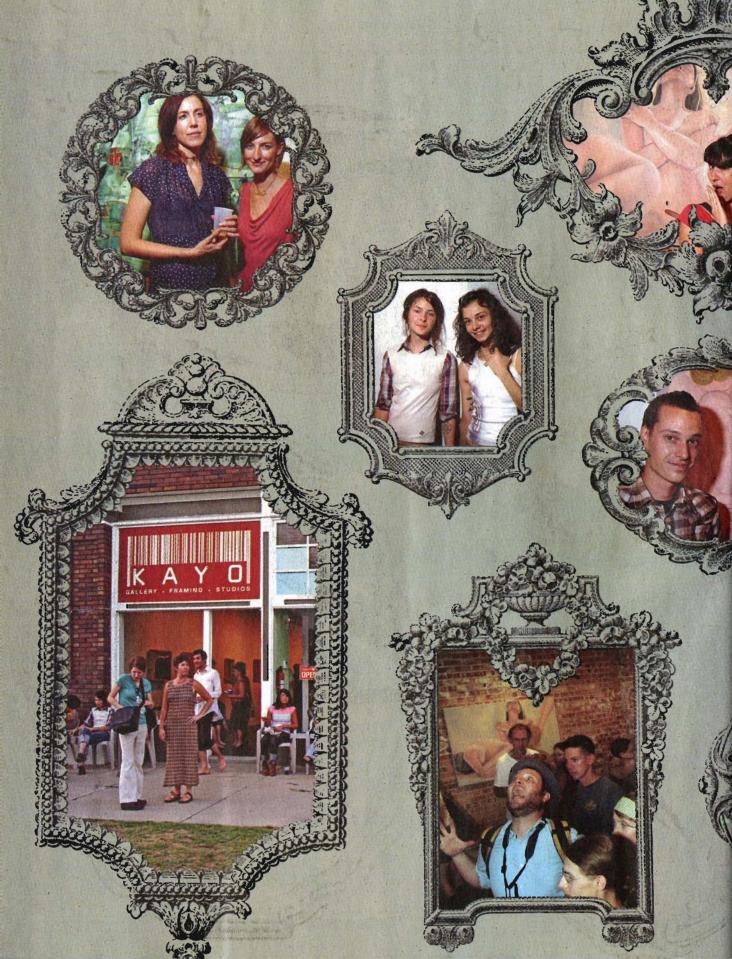
The music ... wow ... it was top 20, but some songs had no lyrics. They were edited for language and content and to top it all off, the D.J. reminded the huge crowd (yeah, like fuckin' 200 strong) that there was no "freaking" allowed. I was so freaked out that I couldn't even say hi to anyone; I felt like a whore in church. I moved to the balcony to get a better look and to people-watch. It was really crowded and the whole place was moving. It wasn't long until a song came on that made the group start line dancing like they were doing the hokey-pokey. My skin crawled. I felt like I was in a teen movie with no T & A.

The only good thing was the karaoke room, but that soon turned sour. You were able to choose from a number of songs and sing your guts out. Naturally, I was stoked due to my karaoke addiction; I was going to tear it up. I put in **David Alien Coe's** "You Never Called Me By My Name". As I waited for my turn I realized that everyone else sounded like they had been at home practicing for American Idol. I swear everyone there knew the "I Believe I Can Fly" lyrics by heart and had trained to sing like **Mr. R. Kelly** himself.

In all seriousness, Studio 600 scared me, I felt like I was in a time warp. Have you ever been to a bar and had to take a shower when you got home? This place was the opposite; it made me want to do the worst of the worst so I wouldn't feel so clean. I don't know why people go to this place or why it exists, but it's like working at the D.I. and expecting not to get paid. It's like giving someone who has AIDS first aid with no gloves on and thinking you'll be fine. The only way I'll go back is if you pay me, and bitches, you don't have that kind of cash.









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Friday, September 1 Tony's Unplugged – Tony's Ghostowne – Monk's Abby Normal, Return To Sender – Kilby Vince Neil – Ogden Ampitheatre The Adonis, Silent 7's, Starmy – Urban Natural Roots, Daverse – Liquid Joes Crazy For Jane (from Berlin) – Alchemy Coffee Evolver - Broken Record The Miranda Project, Cave of Roses – Burt's
I Can Lick Any Son of a Bitch In the House, Utah County Swillers – Ego's
Bottomline, The Summer Obsession, Forever In Fall – Velour

Sindolor, Adjacent to Nothing, Run the Red, Necrophacus – Vegas Saturday, September 2 Saturday, September 2
The Curtains, TaughtMe, Snow Cuts Glass, The Grizzly Prospector – Kilby Vinyl, Dee Sol – Ego's
Midway Swiss Days Parade – Midway
The Spazmatics – Liquid Joes
Josh Stone & Friends – Alchemy Coffee
New Nervous – Broken Record
School of Rock Pack Records
School of Rock Pack Records
Miller Motor Sports Pack School of Rock, Red Bennies – Miller Motor Sports Park Alejandro Escovedo – Pat's BBQ Antix, Eleventh Hour - Vegas Ted Dancin' – Urban The Cobras - Tony's

More Than Never, Die Monster Die, Left For Dead, The Gallows - Burt's

Bottomline, The Summer Obsession, Forever In Fall - Boom Va Sunday, September 3
Drugstore Cowboys – Slowtrain
Afternoon Karaoke – W Lounge
Masturbating Hearts – Monk's

Anything That Moves, Red Top Wolverine Show - Tony's

Legion of Doom Birthday Spectacular - Urban

Monday, September 4 The Gossip, Erase Errata, Mika Miko - Urban The Thieves, Books About UFO's, The Cobras - Burt's Willie Nelson – Deer Valley ●Payson Onion Days Parade – Payson

Tuesday, September 5 Sweatshop Union, MS DOS, Passafists – Urban Lucky Dragon, Dacho – Broken Record Ernie Rhodes, Sinthesis, Vivid - Liquid Joes Alejandro Escovedo – *Pat's BBQ* The Like Young, The Tom Butler Band, A Cassandra Utterance – *Kilby* Ghostowne, Dub Reed, Steve Hatch – *Vegas*

Wednesday, September 6 Vadera, The New Amsterdams, Mae – Avalon Tracy Lawrence – Teazers The Great American Taxi – Ego's
DJ Sounds by The Jakob – Broken Record Gentry Watson and Wisebird, BC Grooves, Opal Hill Drive - Liquid Joes Jeremiah Maxey, Lorin Cook, Lesser Basin - Burt's Casper And The Cookies - Kilby

Thursday, September 7 Agent Sparks, Controlling The Famous, Prospect Mali, Canadians Among Us - Kilby Metal Gods - Liquid Joes Evolver, The New Nervous – *Urban* Perspectives Men, Motion & Media – *Black Box Theatre* The Legendary Shack Shakers, Ghostwriter – Depot Gamma Rays – Piper Down

Friday, September 8 Unearthly Trance, Rumpelstiltskin Facedowninshit!, Fuck The Facts – Burt's Break Estra, Panacea, Synthesis – Ego's Vast, Beyond Hope, Dulcesky – Avalon Waist Deep, Wounded Knee, Downright Blue – Liquid Joes Daniel Wilson – Alchemy Coffee Old Dog New Tricks – Pat's BBQ Four Colour Process, Karate High School – Broken Record Perspectives Men, Motion & Media – Black Box Theatre Plan- B's MIASMA – Studio Theatre Cavity Burn, 8 Points of Chaos, Drown Out the Stars, Gut Shot - Vegas

Saturday, September 9
Charley Horse, Jett Black, Thunderfist, Charlie Don't Surf – Burt's Spencer Nielsen – Tony's
Brigham City Peach Days – Brigham City
Zach Parrish – Pat's BBQ
Mug Shot, Kaotic, VA Form, The Know It Alls – Ego's
Jaded – Alchemy Coffee
The Spazmatics – Liquid Joes
Our Time In Space – Broken Record
Go Dumb and Get Hyphy, Rydah J Klyde – In the Venue
Under the Influence of Giants – Avalon
I.R.A.T.E., Separation of Self, Frustrations Gripp, Rule of Thumb – Vegas
School of Rock – Avenue Street Fair
Avenue's Street Fair – The Avenue's
Greek Festival – Downtown Greek Festival – Downtown CD Release: Cart! – Music Music Shooter Jennings - Depot



KMFDM PLAYS WEDNESDAY, 9/27 AT AVALON WITH COMEI CHRIST, PANIC DRIVES HUMAN HERDS

Sunday, September 10 The Queers, The Front, The Hard Ons, The Willkills - Burt's Dave Matthews cover band - Ego's Nouvelle Vague - Urban Repeat Offender, Skullies Dope – Monk's Sunday Afternoon Karaoke – W Lounge Blackfire Revelation, The Paybacks, Gods Revolver - Broken Record

Monday, September 11 Left Alone, The Phenomenauts, River City Rebels, Skint – Boom Va Jurassic 5, X Clan – Depot Zolar X, Thor The Rock, Le Force – Urban Cute Is What We Aim For, Hit the Lights, Paramore, This Providence – Avalon Genitorturers, Mortiis, Die Monster Die – Vegas

Tuesday, September 12 Larvae, Lapsed, Nonnon – W Lounge Le Severance – Starry Night Ramones Alive, Rock City – Monk's DJ Sam I Am, DJ Chase, One 2, DJ Kelrock – Liquid Joes Rakim, Kid Capri, Brother Ali – Suede Misery Signals, Dead To Fall, Arsis, Ed Gein, Lost In The Fire – Boom Va Kansas – Fairgrounds Disorder, 4000 Old – Vegas

Wednesday, September 13 Candlebox, Driveblind, Whitestarr - Depot Blue Sirkut - Urban Token Betty, Monarch – Liquid Joes Monochrist, The Grimway, Bloodworm – Burt's Royden – Boom Va Classic Crime, Pistolita, Royden

- Bleachers Le Severance, The Hotness - Kilby Kenny Rogers – Fairgrounds Unearth, Bleeding Through, Terror, Through the Eyes of the Dead, Animosity

Thursday, September 14 Minus The Bear – U of U Smashmouth – Fairgrounds Smashmouth — Fairgrounds
Monarch — Urban
Our Dub, Rock n' Roll — Ego's
The Metal Gods — Liquid Joes
Ecid, Sinthesis, Vivid — Halo
The Yard Dogs Road Show — Suede
Madina Lake, Desole, Bless The Fall — Boom Va
Live Pro Wrestling, Ultra Championship Wrestling-Zero — Vegas
Soul Redemption — Piper Down

Friday, September 15 Gallery Stroll - Pierpont Gallery Stroll – Pierpont

Filthy Gorgeous Grand Opening – Pierpont

The Basement Blues – Pat' BBQ

Maxeen, SoTheySay, Spitalfield, Sugarcult, The Spill Canvas – Avalon

The Lawrence Arms, The Draft, The Blackout Pact– Kilby

The Voodoo Organist, The Atomic Death Rays – Burt's

School of Rock – Realms of Inquiry

Deer Or The Doe – Broken Record

Ayin, Super So Far, Broke – Liquid Joes

Keith Taylor – Alchemy Coffee

CD Relegse: The Pagan Dead w/ Massarre Vootil Miction – Vegas CD Release: The Pagan Dead w/ Massacre, Yaotil Mictlan - Vegas Mack Dawg presents Worldwide Film Tour – Capitol Jinga Boa – Black Box Theatre Jinga Bod – Black Box Theatre
Lamb of God, The Smashup, Arch Enemy, Sanctity, Overkill, Opeth, Into Eternity,
Megadeath – USANA
Jerry Joseph and the Jack Mormons – Ego's
Taught Me, Real Live Tiger, Tiger Saw – Starry Night
Brian Jonestown Massacre – Urban

Saturday, September 16 Snowden – Urban Isreal Vibration – Suede Tear – Broken Record The Spazmatics - Liquid Joes JT Draper - Alchemy Coffee School of Rock – Liberty Park
Clint and Eddy – Tony's
The Screamin' Condors, Shackleton – Burt's
Matinee Show: For Jive Durden, Envy On The Coast, Elizabeth's Lights, Calm Before The Crash - Avalon Reggae In the Mountains Festival - Gallivan Dragonforce, All That Remains, Horse The Band - Avalon Maritime, Ole Bravo, Swans of Never - Kilby Carlos Mencia — Capitol Theatre Snog, Carphax Files — Vegas Half Way to Saint Patty's Day Party — Piper Down

Sunday, September 17 Nina Natasia, Knife Show, Uzi and Ari – Kilby Sunday Afternoon Karaoke – W Lounge Andrew Bird, Cass McCombs – In the Venue

Monday, September 18 Supagroup, Giraffes, Thunderfist – Ego's White Whale, Headlights, Decibully – Kilby

Tuesday, September 19 Tuesday, September 19
J Kelrock, DJ Sam I AM, DJ Chase, One 2 – Liquid Joes
The Vibrators, Negative Charge, Knuckle Dragger – Burt's
Subtle, Tolchock Trio, The Deadbeats – Urban
Nlitzer Ebb – In the Venue
Alan Singley & Pants Machine, A Cassandra Utterance – Broken Record
Peachcake, Less Pain Forever – Kilby
The Casualties, The Briefs, The Wednesday Night Heroes, Skint – Avalon

Wednesday, September 20 Mofro, Beautiful Girls – Suede Incendiant – Burt's Our Time In Space, The Evening Episode – Urban DJ Sounds By Rjito – Broken Record Street To Nowhere - Avalon

Push to Talk - Starry Night Dave Melillo, Ellison, Tyler Read, Walking Ashland - Kilby

Thursday, September 21 Soulfly, Full Blown Chaos, Wicked Wisdom, Incite – Vegas Dave Melillo, Ellison, Tyler Read, Walking Ashland – Kilby Tommy Emmanuel – Westminster The Metal Gods – Liquid Joes We're From Japan, Laserfang – Broken Record Flogging Molly, Zox, Bedouin Soundclash – U of U

Friday, September 22 AK Charlie, Spork, Thunderfist – Burt's School of Rock – Realms of Inquiry Kalai, Diverse – Depot Slajo - Monk's Trace Wiren – Alchemy Coffee Geisha Girls – Broken Record Buju Banton - Suede The Show & Prove Video Premier - Harry O's Starsailor, Brothermandude – In the Venue
Caliban, The Acacia Strain, Too Pure To Die, Gaza – Boom Va
Xiu Xiu, Cong For Brums, Barr – Kilby
Separation of Self, the Hard Goodbye, Her Ruin – Vegas

Saturday, September 23 Keith Anderson – Depot Flash Cabbage – Alchemy Coffee Derek Winters Rhodes and Donna Louise Folland get hitched - Call and congratulate them! A Starry Night – Canyons The Spazmatics – Liquid Joes Causeway, Echoes, Soundscapes by Snider – Broken Record Blackhole – Burt's Aldo Presents DJ Gabe – Tony's Faun Fables, Purr Bats, Live It Ups Wet – Urban X96 Big Ass Show – Fairgrounds School of Rock – Gallivan Fleshpeddler, Potential Threat sf, Mad at Sam, Hooga – Vegas

Sunday, September 24 Pigeon John, Bus Driver, Akrobats – Ego's Sunday Afternoon Karaoke – W Lounge Mark Mallman, The Rubes – W Laurige
Mark Mallman, The Rubes – Urban
Books About UFO's, Master Slave, The Pleasure Thieves – Monk's
Angel City Outcasts, Demob, Dubbed, Fuck the Informer – Broken Record

Monday, September 25 MC Chris, Numbs, Double Dipped Cream Dream – Burt's Suplecs, Le Force, Art Of Kanly – Vegas Two Gallants, Langhorne – Kilby Nada Surf – Suede Screening of Who Is Bozo Texino - Pickle Company

Tuesday, September 26 Damien Jurado – Velour DJ Kelrock, DJ Sam I AM, DJ Chase, One 2 – Liquid Joes Johnny Tightlips - Broken Record Muse - Saltair Le Force, Lozen - Urban James McMurtry and the Heartless Bastards – Suede Everyday Jones – Starry Night Brookside, Basic Accomplishment, Anesty – Kilby

Wednesday, September 27 4000 Old – Burt's I Am Ghost, Vaux – Boom Va DJ Sound by Rjito – Broken Record Combichrist, KMFDM, Panic Drives Human Herds – Avalon

Thursday, September 28 Band of Horses, Chad BanGaalen – In the Venue The Metal Gods – Liquid Joes I Am The Ocean - Broken Record Matt Hathanson, Carbon Leaf – Suede
Live Pro Wrestling, Ultra Championship Wrestling-Zero – Yegas
Colin Robinson Trio – Piper Down

Friday, September 29

Friday, September 29

Pick Up The New SLUG – Anywhere Awesome
CD Release: Jinga Boa – Urban
The Hollowpoints, Skint – Burt's
Stranger Friendly – Alchemy Coffee
Almost Undone – Broken Record
The Velvet Teen, Boundstems, Johnny Woodbriar – Kilby
The Strates – In the Venue The Strokes – In the Venue
School of Rock – Realms of Inquiry
Six Feet Under, Krisiun, Decapitated, Cattle Decapitation, Abysmal – Boom Va

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01-Abby Normal, Return to Sender, Venus Euphoric \$6

02-The Curtains, TaughtMe, Snow cuts Glass, The Grizzly Prospector \$7

05-The Like Young, The Tom Butler Band, A Cassandra Utterance, Benjamin Quay &

06-Casper& the Cookies, etc. \$6

07-Agent Sparks, Controlling the Famous, Prospect Mail, Conadians Among US

13- Le Severance, The Hotness \$6

15-The Lawrence Arms, The Draft, The Blackout Pact, Bullets to Broadway \$9

16-Maritime, ole Bravo, Swans of Never

17-Nina Nastasia, Uzi and Ari \$6

18-White Whale, Headlights, Decibully, Hello Amsterdam \$7adv/\$8 door

19-Peachcake, Less Pain Forever, etc.

20-Waking Ashland (nite one) \$10 adv/\$12 door

21-Waking Ashland (nite two) \$10 adv/\$12 door

22-XiuXiu, Cong for Brums, Barr

25-Two Gallants, Langhorne \$6

26-Brookside, Basic Accomplishment, Anesty, Save us from the Lions

29-The Velvet Teen, Bound Stems, Johnny Woodbriar \$7adv/\$8door

Doors open 6:00 (early show) & Late show: Jenny Lewis & the Watson Twins,

Johnathon Rice \$12 adv/\$14 door Doors open 9:30 pm

30-Teitur, Tobias Froberg, Get Set Go, New Max Dankey \$8 adv/\$10 door

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03-Oakley Hall & much more!

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