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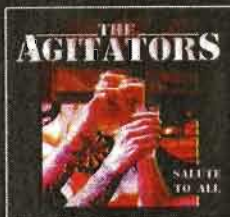
**The Adicts**  
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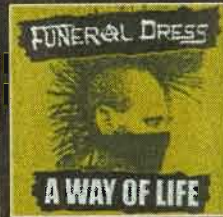
**The Biffs**  
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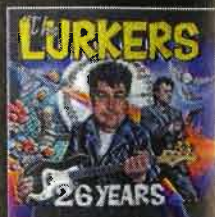
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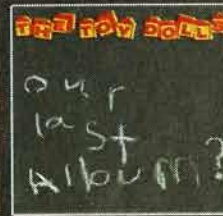
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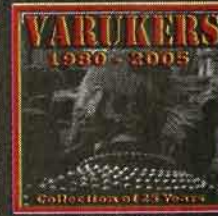
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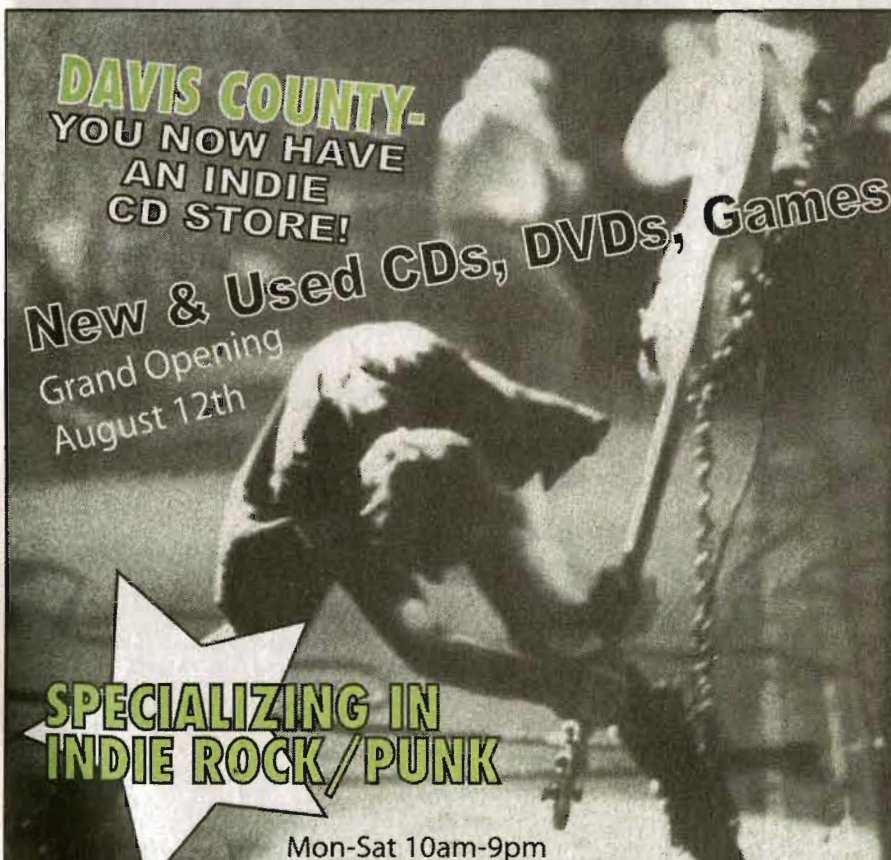
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AUG. 2005 • #200

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### A Brief Message from the Editor:

It was my second year in College and I was working full-time at an indie record store on 9th & 9th, when I first heard about the *Moroccan*. Immediately I was drawn to this unestablished all-ages' venue, as my fake ID had recently been confiscated while inline for a *Built To Spill* show. The *Speedway* and *Pompadour* has both closed and the *Hate House* just lost their lease; the music scene had been confined to bars. Sure, there were 16 & over dance clubs and the occasional local show at a house party, but as far as under 21 live music venues were concerned... my generation was fucked. Then began the *Moroccan*, a place where other music lovers such as myself, cut our teeth in the local music scene. It is my personal belief that without this legendary underground venue, Utah would not have the diverse, unique and robust local music scene we currently possess. With great pleasure SLUG celebrates it's 200th issue with a brief and short history of one of Salt Lake City's beloved and best-kept secret venues. -AHB

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Ad Sales: Angela Brown [sales@slugmag.com](mailto:sales@slugmag.com)

Shannon Froh [shannon@slugmag.com](mailto:shannon@slugmag.com)

Meghann Griggs [meghann@slugmag.com](mailto:meghann@slugmag.com)

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**Erik** Lopez is a connoisseur of art, music, culture, genealogy, genealogy, history, economics, botany, LDS Symposiums, basketweaving, diving, beekeeping and Pilates.

Erik has more enthusiasm and passion for life than a 16-year-old let loose in an Asian brothel, and he

### Contributor Limelight

always makes time to shoot the shit and listen to people's petty problems- even when he's late for work. Erik has been writing for *SLUG* for almost eight months, and his combination of eclectic analogies and warped humor have earned him a gently budding, rabid fanbase. Erik recently beat out over 35 applicants, scoring the coveted position as *SLUG*'s new Associate Editor. Damn Erik, you're one badass, up-and-coming journalist.

SLUG



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# Dear Dickheads

Dear Dickheads,  
This is a message for all the kids out there. You know who you are. You spike your fucking hair, you rip your jeans and claim your DIY, you complain that there are no fucking shows, and when there are shows you choose not to go to them because you don't want to pay seven fucking dollars to support a fucking touring band. Fuck you! Fuck all of you! You are scum. Fucking scum. Its people like you that are tearing the subcultural world apart. Get out of your parents fucking basement, stop drinking your fucking 40, stop complaining that your too poor to fucking afford anything. Your not a fucking street punk you fucking cunt. You live with your parents in a big fucking house in the fucking suburbs. If mommy and daddy can buy you a pair of \$70 dollar bondage pants then you can ask them for \$10 bucks to go see a god damned band play. Get off your fucking butt flap covered asses. Do something besides complaining that the punk scene is dying. Help start a new venue, start a shitty band, and support the local bands in Salt Lake that give a flying fuck about touring bands who aren't big enough to be booked at the fucking LO FI café. If all you mother fucking cunt faces can cough up 15 bucks to see The Havoc, then I'm sure a lack of money is not the reason why I never see any of you fuck heads at the smaller DIY shows. Peace.  
-A Concerned Show Goer

Dear Concerned Show Goer,  
So if I am reading this right (which I know I am) you're complaining about the sad deplorable state of the psychobilly/punk rock crowd that you see at the touring shows? Obviously, not all of us can be scenesters and dress the part (i.e go to Nordstroms to buy our shoes), go to all the shows (i.e. when is the next Reel Big Fish show?), and hold and maintain the "oh so coveted" street credibility that all this affords you (i.e. yes yes I don't pay rent, I eat my parents food, and best of all.....I WORK AT HOT TOPIC PART TIME)

It must be tough listening to the music. Ironically enough, the fashion itself is a piss poor substitute for the real deal. It is easy enough to touch up the pompadour, roll up some collars, and shine and show the "creepers" that you parade around town. But what ever happened to appreciating the bands that made the fashion, the style, and most importantly, the music that you are SUPPOSED to like? This

reminds me of a show in which Bad Religion opened for Blink-182.

But this sort of division of fashion over musical talent is nothing new. In hip hop you have the well made, highly stylized, designer fashion of the artists that make the music. Puffy jackets, baggy jeans, crisp socks, and white shoes with the shoelaces NOT tied (oh how rebellious!). In indie circles you have the crybaby restrictive t-shirts, tight pants, and the ostentatious band logo merchandise prominently displayed on everything else that isn't being worn (i.e. locust belt buckles, small pins, and stickers galore). No wonder the hip hop kids can raise the roof and the indie kids can only bob their heads and tap their feet.

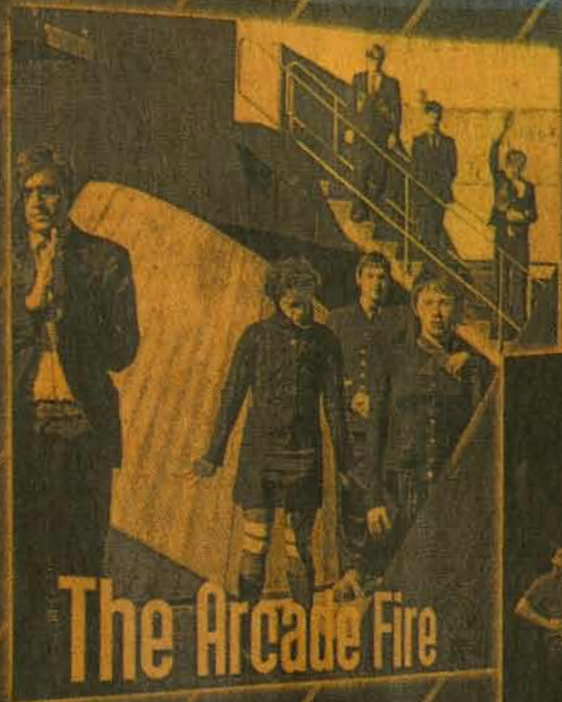
But what makes your preferred genre of music so hideously pompous and arrogant is that it costs money to look like you just came from a bad "back to the future" sequel. The secret is out: we aren't in it for the music we are in it for the money. \$100 pair of "authentic" 1950's style jeans, \$40 chain (w/ beat'em up crusher wallet), another \$100 for the Social Distortion tattoo that you sport right below the double whiskey bottle tattoo, etc and the expenses go on. Hell, living the musical life is more expensive than actually listening to the music you are supposed to be supporting (or in the best case scenerio representing).

The scene that purports itself to be so rough and tumble actually has sunk itself into the hands of the corporations it tends to want to rebel against. When talking to a anonymous psychobilly friend of mine he admitted to listening to Glenn Gould and Perry Como while buying hair gel!

Finally, it takes money to look like the scene that you are trying to affiliate yourself with. You can be bothered with shows unless it is the likes of the Nekromantics or other such big names. Like a Boy Scout Jamboree, this is the only way to know who the other fuck faces are Boy Scouts and in turn grab thirteen merit badges in a week. But all this posturing doesn't make a scene or even stimulate interest in the music itself. What it comes down to is this: Stop wasting money on hair care products and fucking fat guys with an REO Speedwagon tattoo on his chest and spend the money where it really counts-back into the music.  
dickheads@slugmag.com **SLUG**



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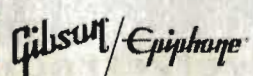
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# LOCALIZED

By Camilla Taylor  
horsefleshpress@yahoo.com  
Photos by Ruby Claire Johnson



## Carphax Files

**Jasin:** Solitary voice of reason. Man.  
**Chad Live:** Keys, programming, backing vocals

**The** 1920s rococo décor of The Beehive Tearoom ensconced the two members of Carphax Files. Their own be-tasseled and pierced attire blended nicely with the velvet cushions they reclined on as they sipped tea. At its inception, Jasin (spelled J.Sin on their website) started Carphax Files as a solo instrumental project, and then started including vocals that sounded like chipmunks yelling.

They've just returned from a small tour, and I asked how they were received in other towns. "Awesome," Jasin says without hesitation.

"How would you describe yourselves?" I ask.

"We're a very modest country band," explains Jason. The mere idea of them being in a modest country band makes me giggle. "I don't know, really. It's loud, it's electronic, it's aggressive, it's dark—a lot of energy." Jasin is not shy, which could either mean he's a stage hog, or an excellent showman.

"My sound keeps changing," Jasin admits. "It will change within a couple of weeks. As soon as I start repeating myself, I guess, is when I had better stop

writing music. I always want to have my core sound so when you play it you can say, 'That's Carphax Files without a doubt.' What I mean is, when I don't have anything to write about, it's over—But I don't think that will ever happen."

Carfax Tower dates back to the 14th century, and is the last remaining piece of St. Martins, Oxford, England's first city church. But I have no idea if this has anything to do with the name Jasin chose to adopt. Although I never asked where it came from, Jasin volunteered the cryptic information that I "would probably not find out." I suggest that I could google "carphax" and find out. "No," he bluntly responds.

"All of the songs that are on the album are centered around a theme or an idea," explains Chad. "It makes it interesting. One of the things that I have noticed about the lyrics is that really, the lyrics give a lot of depth. It takes more than just hearing the song."

"A lot of people hear the song, but the lyrics are incoherent so they have to go on the website or read the liner notes," says Jasin. "It almost brings more attention to that part."

A young man with wide eyes and large pupils approaches our table and attempts to sell us copies of an unpronounceable scripture. "No," Carphax Files says.

He won't leave despite the refusal, and somehow finds out that they are musicians. "Did you go to *Warped Tour*?" He asks with eager naïveté.

"I'm agoraphobic," Jasin tells him.

[www.carphaxfiles.com](http://www.carphaxfiles.com)



## Redemption

**Ashe:** Guitar, backing vocals  
**Eric Lecroix:** Bass  
**Miah:** Vocals, guitar, programming

**Miah** and Ashe were a good way through a pitcher of beer and a game of pool when I arrived at Brewvies. They got there early to get a head start. Upon my arrival, Miah immediately offered me a beer. Like Carphax Files, they just returned from tour. In fact, they were on tour together. This revelation is only the beginning of how incestuous the goth scene is. The two of them are in a myriad of other bands, and those bands all cross-reference.

"We made a lot of new friends, especially in Spokane," Ashe explains with a rueful expression. Evidently, everyone in Spokane who likes goth music is under 18, which they discovered when they tried to go to a bar with the venue's staffers. "They weren't even old enough to smoke." They tell me about a local all-ages venue, *The Murray Theatre*, which they play often. Having never heard of this place, I doubt that they could get a good crowd in such an anonymous locale. My impression is unmistakably not a phenomenon.

"Even if nobody else shows up to our shows, we know that at least the now infamous 'Front Line Hot Chicks' will show up," Ashe explains.

"Is there a posse of pale girls in waist-cinchers who claim this moniker?" I ask.

"No, that was us," says Ashe. We take credit for that. But they

never show their boobs, and that's upsetting." The FLHC are, not surprisingly, made up primarily of ex- and current girlfriends.

"Redemption really is a rock'n'roll project," says Miah. "All of our drums and keyboards are sequenced, so in that way, we have to put on a bigger show as musicians to make up for it. I always wanted Redemption to be not so much a spectacle live as a thing people can enjoy and take away from the experience—something greater than just a slipshod, spur-of-the-moment thing. We don't really have the means or the time to make that big of a performance, so we try to make up for it by playing as good as we can, involving the audience instead of being this distant circus performance." This is not to imply that they are not the goth boy-band.

"Basically, I write songs in a pop format," says Micah. "I don't really try to deviate from that. I think that's really part of our strength, because people connect with the music immediately instead of having to delve deeper into themselves to get it. It's really accessible to everyone."

Redemption played *Sabbathon*, SLUG's biannual local band fundraiser, last year. While setting up, Miah inadvertently spilled a glass of water onto his laptop, thus destroying a good part of their performance. But he played anyway and still did a reasonably good job.

[www.redemptiononline.com](http://www.redemptiononline.com) **SLUG**

**The music of Carphax Files, Redemption, and AODL will force your mind to believe that you are in hell. It has frozen over, and is populated by comely goth girls clad in black vinyl. Localized takes place the second Friday of every month at the Urban Lounge, 241 S. 500 East. A private club for members only.**





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# the fluffgirls are coming to town

by Jesus Harold  
vicdic66@hotmail.

**When** I get ahold of Cecilia Bravo, the founder of **The Fluffgirl Burlesque Society**, she's putting the finishing touches on some outfits for their upcoming tour, which will include a stop at our own *Burt's Tiki Lounge* on August 7. She sounds damned pleased to be working on costumes, too, like she wouldn't want to be spending her afternoon any other way.

"What is Salt Lake City famous for? Is that where all the Mormons live?" she asks.

I inform her that yes, the Mormons did indeed start up our fair city some 158 years ago and that yes, they still have their headquarters here.

To this, assuming that she's assuming that her show is going to be controversial in our town, she informs me that "Down in the Bible Belt, picketers actually created more of an interest in our show."

I tell her that there probably won't be much opposition, seeing as how we have a few strip clubs and a couple of sex shops, and then I proceed to tell her about our strip club laws—you know, no nipples, no lap dances, that sort of thing.

"Oh, that's OK. We wear pasties anyway," she says.

Cecilia Bravo started performing around 1997 in **Vancouver, BC**. The Fluffgirl Burlesque Society began touring in 2001 and relocated to **Toronto** in 2003. The mission statement on their website reads, "Our goal is to bring back the burlesque circuit ... from the different burlesque styling of young strip-teasing starlets to accomplished performers across the globe, a burlesque connoisseur will always be exposed to an innovative show from Fluffgirl!" They incorporate jokes and music as well as scantily clad ladies into their traveling show.

"How did you first get interested in burlesque?" I ask.

"Back in 1997, I was record shopping and I found a series of Las Vegas grind records—there was some art on the back cover that really piqued my interest—pictures of 50s-style burlesque dancers," she says. "The music is actually really good, but I've lost the CDs and apparently they're all out of print now."

To this I ask, "So how did you go from being interested in it to starting up your own show?"

"Well, I would put on my records and perform my own burlesque shows for an audience of one (laughs)," she says. "I had a friend over and we were listening to the records and she was looking at the photos and we were like 'Oh, this is so cool—why don't people do this anymore?' Look, you can dress up in these gorgeous costumes with sequined bras and genie outfits. You know, the whole style appealed to me. At the time, I had a lot of vintage lingerie and sequined gowns and I

loved to wear the stuff, but the only time I could was—well, my friends had this lounge night and I would go out, get really done up with my hair in a beehive, wearing a prom dress. And then one night my friends were taking me to see **The Vandals'** show and I was like 'I'm leaving my hair like this.' Everybody thought I was a freak, but I didn't care. And then I guess I just wanted to create this atmosphere where I could have an excuse to dress up and, you know—who doesn't like to see dancing girls?"

We start to talk about dancing girls and strip clubs and I then ask her what she thinks about stripping compared to burlesque.

"Things are changing. There was a time when strip clubs wouldn't even hire girls with tattoos. But I know that there is still this cookie-cutter image of 'the stripper' and it's just so unappealing. I mean, even though they may look beautiful, they just look like everything else—like, they go to a plastic surgeon and they pick a pair of breasts off the wall ... it just doesn't appeal to me ... and I hate spandex. Burlesque costumes are made to fit your body and so much detail goes into it. I mean, I have seen some cool pole activities at strip clubs, but there isn't much variety, and it's kind of boring."

At this point, I tell her about *Burt's* and what to expect from a typical crowd there. She sounds pretty stoked on it.

"Like any performer, we feed off the energy of the audience. It makes the atmosphere more electric if the people are into it. It's interesting to play the same show in so many different cities and venues and to watch how the audience affects it."

So come one, come all, to *Burt's* on the first Sabbath in August and show these lovely girls of burlesque just how rowdy Salt Lake City can be. **SLUG**





# Off to See the Wizard.

**After** 10 years of avoiding Salt Lake City, *Ozzfest* finally brings its extravagant headbanging musical tour to Utah.

The USANA Amphitheatre will turn into an all-out heavy metal circus Aug. 16 when one of the nation's biggest touring festivals comes to town. Mainstage bands include **Iron Maiden**, **Black Sabbath**, **In Flames** and **Shadows Fall**.

There are 14 groups on the second stage, including **Rob Zombie**, **The Haunted**, **It Dies Today**, **Arch Enemy**, **Soilwork** and **Killswitch Engage**.

Heavy music fans should be out in full force for this momentous tenth-anniversary visit from the Ozzman and his metal cohorts. In its early days, the tour pushed major label crap down fans' throats with supposedly cutting-edge bands such as **Puya**, **Pushmonkey**, **Flashpoint**, **Taproot**, **Slaves on Dope**, **Reveille**, **Shuvel**, **Primer 55**, **Deadlights**, **Methods of Mayhem**, **Beautiful Creatures**, **Union Underground**, **No One**, **Pressure 4-5**, **Crazy Town**, **3rd Strike**, **Grade 8**, **Twisted Method**, not to mention metal posers such as **Papa Roach**, **Linkin Park**, **Limp Bizkit**, **Coal Chamber**, **Disturbed**, **Godsmack** and **Drowning Pool**.

In 2004, the tour became more diversified, bringing more of the underground and, for the most part, heavier music back to both stages. The second stage was predominantly hardcore fare from the likes of **Throwdown**, **Bleeding Through**, **Every Time I Die** and **Darkest Hour**. Growing record label **Century Media** sported two bands on the second stage, adding a much-needed diversity, especially with the likes of **Lacuna Coil**.

On the main stage there was **Nuclear Blast Records'** rapidly growing **Dimmu Borgir**, as well as the reunited **Judas Priest** and of course, the original lineup of **Black Sabbath** headlining.

**SLUG** had the chance to catch up with **Rich Casey**, bassist for the lone hardcore band on this year's tour, **Bury Your Dead**, and **Matt Heafy** of the young **Trivium**, to talk about their presence on *Ozzfest*, their bands and more.

**Bury Your Dead's Rich Casey:**

**SLUG:** In the beginning, the band broke up and then got back

together. Did you ever imagine the band's current success?

**Rich Casey:** I knew we had a pretty good shot at it, just because of our work ethic and because of learning from past band experiences like **Ground Zero** and **Pictures of Gabriel** for me, **Blood has Been Shed** and **Hamartia** for Slim and Mark. I had a good feeling. To be on the largest summer tour right now with things looking the way they are, I can honestly say I didn't think it would go as fast that it has, but I had a gut feeling that we would make some headway.



**SLUG:** How did the band get hooked up with *Ozzfest*?

**RC:** We were on tour with **Walls of Jericho** and **Premonitions of War** and we were all in California at the *Troubadour*. The day before the show, we got a call from **Victory Records**, saying hey, we need you to do us a favor, to put somebody with a plus one on your guest list, and we were like yeah, sure, no problem. Victory

was like, **John Fenton** is coming out to see you; I said, why does that name sound familiar? And they said, you know, **Sharon Osbourne's** management. I thought, are you kidding? None of us knew what he looked like. That night we were all kind of nervous; we checked back at the window to see if he had checked in and he had. None of us had a clue who he was and we just played the most powerful, energetic show that night, stirred the crowd into a pretty ridiculous frenzy, and I guess he was super into it. A week and a half later we're still in the van touring, and we get the call for the invite.

**SLUG:** Last year the tour was somewhat dominated by hardcore bands; this year you guys are kind of the black sheep—**Killswitch** and **It Dies Today** don't count as hardcore in my book. How do you feel about being pretty much the lone hardcore act on the tour?

**RC:** Well, it's a lot of metal, and you look at all the other bands and how they're traveling, and we have a wrap on our bus that says our name and Victory's name all over it. Everything we do right now, even sound-wise, I feel we stick out more so than some of the other bands and I think it's going to benefit us in the long run. Our merch, our backdrop, everything, is just one big package; so far the response has been amazing. I don't think we're the outcasts though, per say.

**SLUG:** **BYD** isn't as well-known as other bands on the tour; when you get up on the stage, what is the crowd like? What kind of response do you usually get? I picture you surprising the shit



# Ozzfest's

By Bryer Wharton  
XInvisibleWounds@aol.com

## Bury Your Dead and Trivium Gear Up to Spellbind

out of the audience, casing them to form massive pits as you sit up there and slay the hell out of everyone.

**RC:** It's weird, changeover is so quick the crowd really doesn't even have time to turn around and look at their friends; it's band after band. When that backdrop becomes visible, the crowd seriously is in an uproar; their hands go up and everyone starts cheering. I never expected that. For the people who are not too familiar with the band, I think our stage show is a shock, and the crowd has no other option but to respond with movement and actually getting into the music.

**SLUG:** How did the band get hooked up with Victory Records and how do you feel about being part of the Victory team?

**RC:** When I first got involved in music, I was definitely listening to a lot of Victory Records bands. I've always said I would love to have the [Victory] bulldog on the back of one of my records later in life. It all came together when we played *Hellfest* as a surprise; well, it wasn't a surprise because we weren't big enough to be a surprise band. It was the last day of the three-day festival, and *On Broken Wings* were supposed to close the second stage under a tent. We just hung out for the weekend, just saying, if you can fit us in, we'll play for nothing, wherever you want to fit us. It took about half the day, but everyone at *Hellfest* finally said, you can play after *On Broken Wings*. Sure enough, everyone starts making cardboard signs and handing out flyers. We didn't expect half the tent to stay because we were playing against *Every Time I Die*. We're getting ready to play and just swarms of kids come over; they couldn't even fit under the tent, they were beyond the soundboard, I bet some of the kids couldn't even see the stage. We started playing and kids were swinging from the bars on the top on the tent and I guess Victory caught all this. Basically, the process started a week after that—it took a while to get the ball rolling. We finally decided to try Victory; we know what their work ethic is and we're not slowing down ours, so we want somebody who is going to be working just as hard as we are.

### Trivium's Matt Heafy:

**SLUG:** Ozzfest has already started. How are things going so far?  
**Matt Heafy:** It is going really good, completely packed shows. Everyone seems to know who we are now, when the banner goes up, everyone starts screaming, kids know the words and they're freaking out for the whole set. It's great.

**SLUG:** From what I understand, the band is pretty young, age-wise; I think you're 19. How does it feel to be up against the older, so to say, more experienced bands on the second stage?

**MH:** I don't really consider it being up against other bands, it's just that we start earlier and happen to be younger. I've been in Trivium since I was 12 years old, so it's not like we're really that new. Some people look at the age thing as a disadvantage; I look at it as an advantage. It is just more time we are going to put in the game now and have more lasting power because 10 years from now, shit, some of us will only be 29.



**SLUG:** For people who have never heard Trivium, how would you describe the band's sound?

**MH:** Metal, nothing more, nothing less, in the vein of old-school *Metallica*, *Pantera*, *Megadeth* and *Iron Maiden*.

**SLUG:** When and how did you learn to play the guitar, and how did you get so good so quickly? There is some amazing guitar work on your

new album, *Ascendancy*.

**MH:** I started playing guitar at 12. Just like everyone, unless they're naturally gifted, I sucked in the beginning. It's really just a matter of practicing anywhere from three to five, six hours a day and not doing anything else but dedicating myself entirely to the instrument for so many years of my life; that's really what got me good. Everyone wonders, how did you get so good so fast? I was like, well, practice your ass off for hours and hours a day and every week, and you should be OK.

**SLUG:** Do you feel there is an insurgency within the underground? This summer you have tours like the *Sounds of the Underground* tour, the *Gigantour*, and of course, *Ozzfest*. Do you think the tours are sporting heavier, more "underground" bands now? If so, how important do you think this is to the metal scene in general?

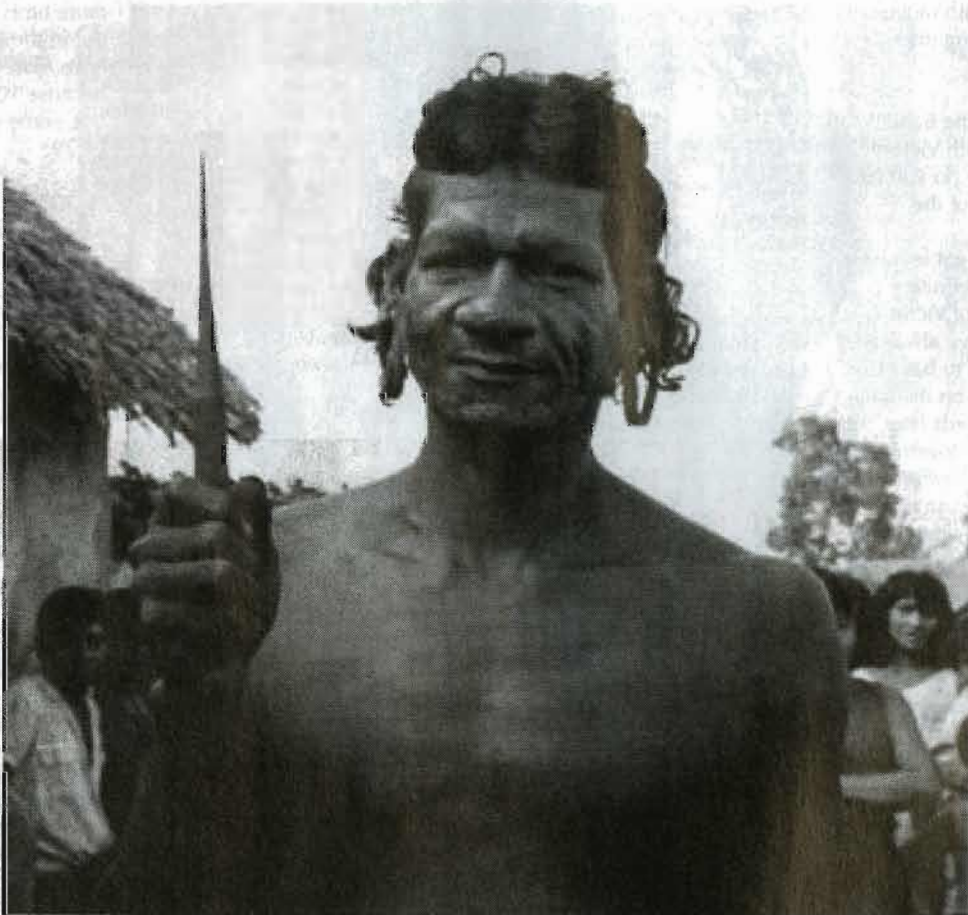
**MH:** I think those tours are great for the scene. Only time will tell what it does for everything. Metal has always been around; it just varies back and forth from year to year. It's good; this kind of stuff needs to stay and keep going.

Doors open for *Ozzfest* at 9am on Aug. 16 at the *USANA Ampe-theater*. **SLUG**



# koi

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# Soccer Dad and the People in your neighborhood: True Tales of a Salt Lake City Cabbie

By The Incredulous Gadianon  
vicdic66@hotmail.com  
Episode #6: The Fifth of July Roofers

**When** I woke up around 1 p.m., it was already pushing 95 degrees. I was thus hiding out in my third-story apartment with my central air watching Azteca America ("Es tu casa") with the sound off, listening to the Sonic Youth opus, Daydream Nation. There were 12 Latin American teens in matching purple carnival suits, scissor-kicking their legs in unison on the television, and their rhythm happened to be matching that of "Eric's Trip." Goddamn glorious, I tell you—one hell of a bastardized media juxtaposition to transition me out of sleep. Since I don't have cable, and since television basically sucks total ass, I often find myself watching Azteca America or Telemundo in hopes of learning Spanish (with the sound on in those situations, of course). Also, they dance and sing a lot, and who the hell doesn't like dancing and singing at random intervals during every show? As I sipped my coffee sans clothing, I peered through the blinds and saw that there were roofers on the building across from mine.

My first thought was, "That looks really fucking hot." From there, I became fascinated by their collective fearlessness. See, I live in a fairly overpriced and tall apartment complex—stucco, fireplaces, a pool—and the building that they were traipsing upon happens to be four stories high. Probably a 50/50 shot of survival if one were to fall and splat the concrete below, but these fellas, who all happened to be Hispanic (save one scrawny white hippie kid), were working quick and hard. They were ripping up the tar and the shingles, filling wheelbarrows and then dumping the loads off the side. They had a four-story-tall tarp hung off the gutter to guide the shit down to the industrial-sized dumpster and to protect the white stucco. The noises were hideously loud as the barrow-loads hit the metal after falling so far. The whole process had an air of violence. And, more than likely, none of them were insured. Any sort of accident would alter their respective lives forever, and yet here they were, running around four stories up for what—10 bucks an hour? If that? I was going to feel like a real asshole when I made my way to the pool, but oh well. Swimming kicks ass.

As I pulled myself out of the chlorinated water and onto my towel atop a shaded pool-chair, I looked up at the roofers. They were giving me some really crusty looks. I wanted to shout up at them that I had worked from three o'clock yesterday afternoon until three in the morning, that an old lush had brazenly told me that he wanted to slice open my Adam's apple and drink from the wound, that I had missed the fireworks, that I had missed all of the Fourth of July festivities because I had "needed the money," that the air-conditioning in Cab No. 5 didn't work and that I had soaked my clothes through with sweat. But the misery etched into their features along with the dirt and the chemicals and the future melanoma wouldn't have been alleviated one bit by anything I could say. To them, I was just some golden boy pissing away the afternoon by the pool while they busted their asses in the heat. To make matters worse, three beautiful girls in bikinis entered the pool area and set up their tanning stations. They were curvy, smooth and primed to be devoured by the eyes overhead. It made the contrast between my situation and the roofers' situation even

more ridiculous than before and I had to get up and leave. Sucks too, because the odor of sunbathing girls in bikinis is one of my personal favorites.

As I re-entered my apartment, I saw that there was a Mexican soap opera on the television. My first thought was, "Damn, I need to start turning things off when I leave." Then, I got another thought. I scanned through my albums and found The Flaming Lips' Hit to Death in the Future Head. It goes great with Mexican soap operas (as well as with road trips, hallucinogenic drug taking sessions and camping). I took another look through the blinds and all six of the roofers were paused and at attention, grabbing respite by lustily checking out the hot chicks. I looked down and all three girls were lying on their front sides and had unburdened themselves of their tops. After a few moments, a foreman of some sort yelled up from the parking lot and they all sprung back to work. I honestly wanted to invite every last one of them over for some mota and a friendly discussion on class war. However, I merely sat down and sang along as I watched a handsome dark-skinned man supplicate to a beautiful dark-skinned girl very dramatically indeed, "Everyone wants to live forever, thinking that it'll be a lot better. Everyone wants to live forever ... oho-whoa-ohoh." **SLUG**



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imposter: one who engages in deception  
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# Glitter Gutter Trash

By Ryan Michael Painter  
rien@davidbowie.com

A Psychotic Candyland Full of Glam, Glitz, Trashy Pop, New Wave, Post-Everything, Retro Futurisms and Distorted Beauty



**Gene Loves Jezebel**  
*Promise, Immigrant, Discover* (Three Reissues)  
Beggars Banquet  
Street: 06.07

**Gene Loves Jezebel = Glam + Goth + Pop + Rock**

There will be those who suggest that the Jezebels were nothing more than a one-hit wonder, placing them among the brilliant and overlooked **Psychedelic Furs**, **Soft Cell**, etc., and in the money-making sense, they might be right, but in every other regard, they're absolutely wrong. No one mixes the glam of the 70s with the excessive flamboyance of the 80s better than Gene Loves Jezebel. *Promise* was a twisted goth masterpiece, *Immigrant* a more focused dark dive into pop music and then, with *Discover* and the infusion of **James Stevenson's** guitars, the Aston brothers forced their way into the reluctant mainstream. These three releases (which will hopefully be followed by the subsequent releases from their Beggars Banquet era) chronicle a band finding itself through a multitude of lineup changes and a touch of drama thrown in for tension. On a smaller level, it is the story of one brother's talent eclipsing his twin's; the foreshadowing of what was to come. Brilliantly remastered and backed with bonus discs, including the majority of the obscure vinyl or cassette-only tracks (the *Glad to Be Alive* live EP being the notable exception) and quite a few unreleased gems, these expanded editions rival the recent **Cure** reissues in quality and quantity and surpass the previous notable Beggars Banquet reissues from **Gary Numan** and **Love & Rockets** (both of which, particularly the latter, should be considered essential). While most of the material isn't new to me, having spent (far too much) time tracking down the rarities and laying down an amount of money that I'd rather not think about, I couldn't be more elated to finally have the bulk of the songs cleaned up and iPod friendly.

**Mazarin**  
*We're Already There*  
1 & Ear Records  
Street: 07.26

**Mazarin = James – Glastonbury + Flaming Lips – Aliens**

Historians have a luxury not offered to the rest of us. Rather than looking forward, they can peel back the events as they happened and find the foreshadowing with a fair amount of accuracy. Of course, there are always those who claim to have seen the future and they've got the postmarked envelopes to prove it. I'm not predicting the end of the world, it's just that listening to *We're Already There* is like hearing **James' Gold Mother** and **Seven** albums. Granted, there aren't festival anthems on par with "Sit Down" or "Born of Frustration," but there is the same sort of experimental pop cleverness that, when James teamed up with **Brian Eno** one album later, produced a twisted pop masterpiece called *Laid*. Mazarin are the sort of band music needs; not content with writing simple pop songs or overblown experimental pieces, they split the difference with the accuracy of the **Flaming Lips** without resorting to the kookiness. Even the occasional echo of **Weezer** doesn't drag this album down. Blissfully anti-pop pop.

**Lapush**  
*Someplace Closer to Here*  
FourFiveSix  
Street: 06.07

**Lapush = Coldplay – grandstanding & misguided egotism**

St. Lewis' Lapush have a sound that suggests you go back to a time when **Coldplay's** ambition to be the biggest band in the world didn't come across as blind arrogance. Taking in the landscape of popular music, the success of a band like Coldplay seemed decisively more attractive than just about everything else that had a reasonable chance of garnering in the American masses; Lapush simmer with that kind of possibility. It isn't that they sound like a Coldplay clone—we've had plenty of those—but clearly, they pull influence from a lot of the same music. *Someplace Closer to Here* is an album that succeeds because of simplicity. Unlike their doppelgänger contemporaries, they've sacrificed the soaring wall of sound for something more barren and intimate. All in all, it makes for a solid debut that suggests a bright future. Sadly, they'll probably be lost in the queue of **Aqualung**, **Keane**, **Athletes**, etc.

**A Northern Chorus**  
*Bitter Hands Resign*  
Sonic Unyon  
Street: 05.03

**A Northern Chorus = Low + Elbow + Strings + Mogwai's Distortion Peddle**

While many might find the pacing of *Bitter Hands Resign* cumbersome, they'd be missing the intricate details that make this melancholy release particularly unique and beautiful. It's all caught up in the shimmering guitars, slight electronics and swirling strings building to a crescendo that allow A Northern Chorus

succeed. Where others may choose to pull back, they push forward, step on the distortion peddle and let the chaos wash the pallet clean before drifting back into the Valium haze.

**Minmae**  
*I'd Be Scared, Were You Still Burning*  
Greyday Productions  
Street: 06.07

**Minmae = Lou Reed – David Bowie + Swans – Brilliant lyricism**  
It's that deadpan vocal, not quite singing but more dramatic than simple narration, that worked for everyone from Lou Reed to **Jarvis Cocker** and in a regard, **Joy Division**. But there is a fine line that keeps the aforementioned from sounding like **William Shtatner**. It isn't that Minmae are full of camp and tongue-in-cheek, but they're far from great storytellers. *I'd Be Scared ...* is like taking **The Swans' Michael Gira** and stripping him into something accessible; the mysterious magic starts to slip away.

**Universal Hall Pass**  
*Mercury*  
Sneaky  
Street: 10.23.04

**Universal Hall Pass = Bjork + Jem + Venus Hum + Sneaker Pimps**

I don't know how this album fell through the cracks and never garnered a lovely amount of hype, seeing as how the general public loves a witty woman with a fantastic voice and a sense of pop music combined with a passion for experimentation. You have all that in **Melissa Kaplan** and her *Universal Hall Pass*. *Mercury* liberally pulls from jazz, trip-hop, electronica and pop and ties them together seamlessly in songs that are both triumphant and vulnerable.

**The Cloud Room**  
*Self Titled*  
Gigantic Music  
Street: 04.19

**The Cloud Room = new wave + post-punk + New York City**

It's hard to get your head around this album. There is evidence that suggests that it is simply a concoction of everything popular in independent music these days. At one turn you've got the bouncy pop tunes that are awkward and catchy with references to the vast influence of **David Bowie**; the next turn leans towards the New York rock revolution that spawned **The Strokes** as well as **Interpol** and then they throw in **The Beatles** sleeping with **Coldplay** on "O My Love." The Cloud Room is a collection of finely crafted songs with great hooks and a sense of sincerity that is missing from the majority of this second-generation post-punk revolution, but there are too many personalities clashing in this one album. There is no denying that many of the songs work brilliantly as stand-alone singles, particularly "Hey Now Now." **SELECT**







# MODUS OPERANDI

by Amy Spencer [oneamyseven@kommandzero.net](mailto:oneamyseven@kommandzero.net)

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

I was wrong to assume that we wouldn't be getting any good shows in these dreadful, roasting summer months. **Kid606**, **Eatstapes** and **Knifehandchop** will bring in loads of beats to *Kilby Court* on Tuesday, Aug. 9. Then only a week later, the artist best known for winning the **Wumpscut** remix contest for "Wreath of Barbs," **Dismantled**, will be at *Kilby Court* Wed., Aug. 17 with openers **Tragic Black** and **Heavenly Hell**. Of course, you won't want to miss one of the most stompy, noise-filled *Localized's* ever with **Redemption**, **Carphax Files** and **AODL** on Aug. 12 at *The Urban Lounge*.

## Converter

*Expansion Pack 2.0*

Ant Zen

Street: 06.03

**Converter = The definition of rhythm noise + Cold Meat Industry + A Satan costume**

What's better than getting a new CD from Converter? Getting two! Two discs and 31 tracks of unreleased material, live mixes and remixes from *Displacer*, *Broken Fabiola*, *Sonar* and *Prospero* (to name a few) make the second installation in the *Expansion Pack* series something for you to break the piggybank for. In the Converter tradition of intense, pounding rhythms, you've got new tracks like "The Expirement" and "d.1k.d" that will satisfy the fans that didn't get their fix with the dark and moody *Exit Ritual*. And for those looking for more *Cold Meat Industry*-style ambience, "Time Through Windows," "Invocation of Lilith" and "Ceremony [Black]" will surely impress. The *Expansion Pack 2.0* leaves no stones unturned with a range of unpredictable darkness, pounding beats and remixes. Aside from the ass-kicking music, my favorite moment has to be a track titled "Listen to Converter," where **Scott Sturgis** calls into a local Seattle TV show to con an Asian woman dressed as Satan to say, well, you guessed it. I don't think I have ever replayed a phone conversation over and over as many times as I have this one. This is THE rhythm noise release of 2005 you won't be able to live without.

## M2

*The Frozen Spark*

Ant Zen

Street: 06.08

M2 = Brian

Lustmord + The ambient side of

**Iszoloscope**

Squaremeter has always been consistent for keeping his signature beeping and for having intense negative space, but changing it up enough to keep it interesting. This time **Mathis Mootz** goes into a completely different direction with ominous, ambient soundscapes filled with hollow whispers and eerie consistencies. The change is reminiscent of the way **Iszoloscope** can flawlessly pull off the grittiest rhythm-noise and then instantly flip into melancholy textured walls of sound on *Les Gorges Des Limbes*. Eight long tracks of icy elements like "acr flow" or "diffraction" will chill your core and then warm you with solid electronic euphoria. *The Frozen Spark* is a shock to the expectations one has for Squaremeter and may take a few listens before being able to be convinced of its excellence.



## Rotersand

*Welcome to Goodbye*

Metropolis

Street: 06.27

**Rotersand = Tom Shear + Stephen Grodi + Ronan Harris**

The 90s industrial act The Fair Sex decided to update their sound and the name of their act to fit the new direction of harsh electronic music—creating their new shape in the form of Rotersand. With *Welcome to Goodbye* as their sophomore release, the act is growing as established dance-floor fixtures thanks to catchy synths and clean, pretty-boy vocals. While the hooks are slick and fun, the originality seems to be lacking, and I can't help but think that they are deliberately trying to sound like the perfect hybrid of *Assemblage 23*, *Apoptygma Berzerk* and *Covenant*. "Storm" and "Eterminate Annihilate Destroy" hit hard with almost original, captivating keyboard lines, but manages to lose momentum a few minutes in. From their debut album last year, *Truth is Fanatic*, it seemed like Rotersand had a lot of potential—that a second album would be the breakthrough release for them—but they missed the target on this one. Maybe the third album will hit it.

## Dismantled

*Breed to Death*

Metropolis

Street: 04.25

**Dismantled = A touch of Frontline Assembly + a hint of Battery Cage**

As soon as I saw there was a cover of **Paula Abdul's** "Straight Up," I couldn't wait to listen to *Breed to Death*, the preview to Dismantled's third album, *Standard Issue*. I was never a fan of Dismantled (the whole trying-to-sound-like-Frontline Assembly thing turned me off), so I was pleased to hear that **Gary Zon** has grown into his own sound that is less epic industrial and more distinctive EBM and is actually good. The original mix of "Breed to Death" gets lodged in your head and the remixes by **Xian "feed" Antkow** and **Psycon Nine** aren't half bad. "War Dream," another unforgettable work, shows that Zon doesn't need remixers to make this EP exciting. It's nice to see **Haujobb** and **Wumpscut** remixes, but they are mediocre compared to the original mixes. If it weren't for Paula Abdul, I may never have given Dismantled a second chance, and I'm glad I did.

## Dead Hollywood Stars

*Smoke and Mirrors*

Hymen

Street: 07.11

**Dead Hollywood Stars = Clint Eastwood + Death Valley**

Electronic Americana! Dead Hollywood Stars have pioneered across the dusty plains with spaghetti Western and have panned for gold in the Old West to sift out the finest nugget of country-esque music. After two successful full-length albums of Hollywood soundtrack Western music, **John Sellekaers** and company give us *Smoke and Mirrors*, a stripped-down version of the previous releases. Acoustic guitar and minimal drums blend seamlessly with modern technology in this music that is unlike anything you will ever find among your industrial CD collection. Just close your eyes and you will feel the surroundings of an old Western movie when you listen to Dead Hollywood Stars. *Smoke and Mirrors* is a most satisfying and, sometimes, much-needed vacation from traditional electronic music. **SLUG**



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STABBING  
SIX  
I.R.A.T.E. *Minute Rebellion Against The Establishment*  
DENOTS  
SWITCHPIN  
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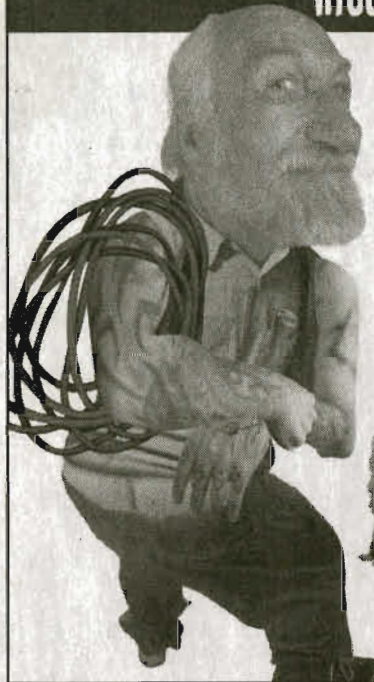
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# BUTCHER'S BLOCK

Death Metal Reviews Written by The Butcher Himself  
Butcher@slugmag.com

## Hate Eternal



ERIK RUTAN GUITAR/VOCALS    DEREK RODDY DRUMS    RANDY PIRO

**Hear my words, mortals!!!**

### Hate Eternal

*1, Monarch*

Earache Records

Hate Eternal = Suffocation +

Origin + Nile

First off, Hate Eternal features Derek Roddy on drums. That name is equivalent to GOD to many progressive or technical metal fans out there. Roddy has played for countless metal bands, most notably Nile, on the *Black Seeds of Vengeance* album. Here we see yet more showcasing of manic technicality with a subtly watered-down production, done purposely, I suspect. To quote Mike Browning of Nocturnus:

"There's only so fast you can play, and so heavy you can be, before it all starts to sound like one big blur!" I think H.E. had reached "blur status," and had to take it down a notch. Not bad for three guys from back East. Imagine: Suffocation, but less sloppy, and much faster. There you have it.

### With Passion

*In the Midst of Bloodied Soil*

Earache Records

With Passion = Bathroom after lots of Mexican food

It's hit-and-miss with Earache Records anymore. It seems as though they are attempting to out-cheese Century Media and Metal Blade by signing SHIT!!! If this were Tattooine, I'd definitely be a Sith, as I've so easily given in to hate towards these bands. They don't make it easy to like them. Just another trend, and it's already

dying. Praise DEATH! Now if we could only wipe them out ... all of them ...

### Beecher

*Breaking the Fourth Wall*

Earache Records

Beecher = See With Passion equation above

See With Passion review above...

### Testament

*Seen Between the Lines DVD*

Escapi

Testament = Slayer + Exodus + (old) Metallica

An entire concert as well as video clips. The traditional stuff for a DVD these days, yes? Originally only available back in the early 90s on video, now it's on DVD. Testament was much along the lines of Exodus back in the day. In fact, their previous singer before the band ever got signed ended up in Exodus. That's about it here—so if you like Testament, go for it.

### Ritual Carnage

*1, Infidel*

Osmose Productions

Ritual Carnage = Hellchild + Hellbastard + Exodus

There's a lot of declaration in metal these days—"1, Monarch!" "1, Infidel!" What's the deal? Anyway, stuff from Japan usually kicks ass, and there's no exception here. This is good, solid thrashing death in the late 80s style complete with an annoying vocalist. I can't get past the vocals on this; they remind of that last album by another failed Earache band, Hellbastard. Good thrash, bad vocals. The future is bright, so make the right decision, guys! **SLUG**

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*The Moroccan Revisited,  
A Long Slow Death and the End of an Era*

*by Rebecca Perrine*  
*rebecca@alamy.com*

"I never wanted to be the earthquake,  
but to be the pebble that would cause the fault line to slip.  
I never wanted to change everyone's mind,  
just the people who would make the earthquake happen.  
Ether was never about changing everyone's mind,  
it was about changing the right people's minds."

*Derek Hanesbeck, ex-manager of Ether and the Moroccan*



Scenes thrive around a center, be it a band, label or venue. Salt Lake venues have long been the catalysts fueling the city's fire. One of Salt Lake's greatest, most influential and most unknown venues of the not-too-distant past was the *Moroccan*, and barely anyone under the age of 24 here knows about it. The *Moroccan* began as a practice space in 1996, transformed into a thriving, illegal all-ages venue in the late 90s, then back into a practice and recording space until recently. Now, the *Moroccan* has finally closed its doors forever, and its closing marks the end of an era.

The *Moroccan* is hard to find, even with an exact street address. It's down the narrow alley and behind Guthrie Bikes in downtown Salt Lake, in a dirty, nondescript gray building. The only thing out of the ordinary is the Arabic writing above the metal door.

Inside, under the 30-foot-high skylight and overhead fan, there is a loft area, decrepit stage, scuffed cement floor and the Moroccan's trademark, several pre-2005 curlicue wood cutouts decorating the space above the stage.

"I think a space retains the energy of the events that took place there," says Dan Thomas, drummer for Tolchock Trio, Red Bennies, The Breaks and Smashy Smashy. "As soon as you walk into the *Moroccan*, you immediately get the sense that, 'Wow, here is a place with a history,' that a lot of interesting, momentous, creative things happened there."

"When you were inside, you didn't know what city you were in, and that's how we wanted it," says Riley Fogg, head of Ether, an experimental noise band that started in the mid-90s, and current leader of Ether Orchestra. Fogg was the *Moroccan*'s leaseholder for almost 10 years. "It was something exotic in a city that was bland. The place itself was an event."

"I was in Salt Lake for a visit, and stopped by the *Moroccan* for a show," says Thomas. "It turns out we had mixed up the nights of the show, but I heard this band practicing there that blew my mind. To find a band with that level of quality, musical knowledge and passion from Salt Lake made me see the city in a different light, like there was this whole underground, secret thing going on that no one knew about. I later found out that was Ether."

"Ether wasn't like a band; they were an event," says Derek Fonesbeck, longtime business manager of the band and the *Moroccan*, and then store manager of the U or U location of Graywhale CD Exchange. Derek currently produces Form of Rocket material. "There were always at least two firebreathers, different costumes and themes at every show and film projects. Ether stood by the 'art first, entertainment later' ethos."

Ether opened for Fugazi at *Bricks* and released their third album, *Music for Air Raids*, on Extreme Records in Australia.

James Acton, Ether's drummer and future drummer for Ether Orchestra, was a waiter at *Cedars of Lebanon* and asked to rent the *Moroccan* from his boss Raffi Daghlian, owner of the buildings behind the restaurant. Once used to house Daghlian's rug-cleaning business, Ether gutted the space and transformed it into a practice space and community art co-op.

"We wanted a place where we had the freedom to do whatever," says Fogg. "Experimental art, performance, music. We started out doing some parties and private shows, and it evolved into an underground all-ages venue."

When the *Moroccan* began, the last unofficial, illegal all-ages venue, the *Hate House* [Appropriately named after the late 80s local band Hate X9], had closed due to constant police harassment.

Ether played the *Hate House*'s last show—one of their "famous naked shows." I ask Derek if the police were pissed upon finding the members of Ether performing in the nude.

"I think they weren't too happy," says Derek.

There finally became nowhere to go for under-agers to hang out.

"The *Moroccan* venue was our attempt to create an alternative nightlife scene," says Fonesbeck.

At first, there were efforts to make every show at the *Moroccan* something special, rare ... and secret. The address never appeared on any flyers. Fonesbeck and Fogg were determined to avoid the mistakes that had shut down the *Hate House*. There were less shows at the *Moroccan* in order to avoid attracting police attention, whose headquarters were a block away, and to keep the quality of the shows high.

Anyone was welcome at the *Moroccan*, but you had to be in the know, which cut down on crowd size. Staying behind the Guthrie and Cedars building protected the venue from prying eyes. The first two years, the efforts worked. The police didn't have a clue what was going on.

Bob Moss played the *Moroccan*'s first show on June 15, 1996. Other memorable shows at the *Moroccan* before 2000 were The Locust, Dub Narcotic, the Bindlestiff Family Circus, The Tight Bros from Way Back When and an International Film Festival. Scott Jenerik, a San Francisco noise artist, sent noise bands from the West Coast to Salt Lake. But the pinnacle for the *Moroccan* was its Dirty Three/Low show, thanks to Riley's friendship with Low's guitarist/vocalist Alan Sparhawk. Fogg and Fonesbeck promoted the hell out of it and 150 people showed up.

"My favorite event that happened at the *Moroccan*," says Fogg, "was when one of the members of a band asked if the *Moroccan*'s bathroom door was the door to the stage. He thought the *Moroccan* was the backstage area. They then refused to play the show."

Many local musicians began or evolved at the *Moroccan*. Puri-Do, In Gowan Ring and Ursula Tree played there, along with the Red Bennies, Power of Means, Birdman, Tarn, Violet Run, The Wolfs and countless others.

Then there are all the *Moroccan* recordings: Red Bennies, Chinese Stars, Stiletto, The Knives, Vile Blue Shades, Shelter, The Wolfs, The Kill, Clear, Le Force, Ether, Beard of Solitude, Elsewhere, Books About UFO's, among many others, recorded there. Andy Patterson, Judd Powell, Jeremy Smith, and Dave Payne all produced bands there. Many people even lived in the *Moroccan* throughout its lifespan, however, was not recommended.

In 1998, the *Moroccan* started renting out the space to local promoters to subsidize rent cost. Alana Kindness booked tons of shows there, as did Tyler Froburn and others. The amount of shows increased and brought in outside crowds that "weren't always sensitive to the dangers of running an underground venue," says Payne. "In other words, more people equals disaster." The *Moroccan* soon fell prey to the very problems that Riley and Fonesbeck had wanted to avoid. The police wised up and soon, the venue was shut down.

In 2000 the *Moroccan* reverted to its roots; becoming a full-time band practice and recording space for multiple bands, with occasional private parties.

Fogg stepped down from landlord duties in late 2004 due to burnout and financial strain. Jeremy Smith and Dan Thomas took over the month-to-month lease, intending to turn the *Moroccan* into a professional recording studio/record label (Ex-Umbrella)/booking agency combo. Unfortunately, Daghlian finally brought in tenants to occupy apartments neighboring the *Moroccan*, and noise rapidly became an issue.

Daghlian told Smith and Thomas last March that they were going to have to leave. Smith and Thomas told him they would invest money into extensive soundproofing. Together with Oliver Lewis of Tolchock Trio, they installed two surfaces of dry wall with a third, floating vinyl wall wedged in between. Smith continued to record bands for an income until the soundproofing could be finished, which

created temporary noise in a tenant's apartment.

Thomas and Smith tried to contact the tenant directly to reassure her that the soundproofing would be completed soon, but she didn't respond and complained to Daghlian, who finally gave Smith and Thomas 30 days' notice in June.

Thomas and Lewis spent roughly \$1500 on soundproofing and other modifications and hours of labor installing the drywall.

"To Daghlian's credit, he let us have the final month free," said Thomas, the equivalent of about \$425.

Fogg states he had never had a problem with Daghlian. "As long as you gave him the money for the space, he left you alone," says Fogg.

"I'm sorry to see those musicians go," says Daghlian. "I enjoyed having them here. I didn't mind the parties or the noise or the shows. It's just that, now, I have tenants."

"Because we weren't on a lease, I told him we'd invest our personal money into making improvements," says Dan. "I can't help wondering if he intended to take it away from us all along; But maybe he genuinely wanted to give us a chance."

"I really wanted it to work out," says Daghlian. "It's just that their soundproofing wasn't good enough. It helped a little, but not enough."

I ask Daghlian if he had known they weren't finished with the soundproofing yet.

"Maybe they weren't completely finished, but they still had put up an entire wall. There wasn't much else to cover," says Daghlian.

"There were still a few vital holes that we needed to cover that were still letting a lot of sound escape," says Thomas. "If we'd only had a chance to finish, it would have made a huge difference. We were even thinking of putting up a third layer of drywall and a second floating wall if that didn't work."

"We are really, really bummed," says Thomas. "Not about the money lost, but about the fact that we are losing the *Moroccan*. It has played such a huge, historical part in this city's scene and it is a shame to let it go."

Smith, still feeling down about the situation, declined to talk about it in an interview.

"I think the *Moroccan* has been dying a long, slow death for years," says Riley. "I went down to check on the space recently, and when I saw the curlicues stacked outside the door, I thought, that's the end."

"My attitude of enjoyment, awe and excitement towards the *Moroccan* turned to frustration and disgust when I started being the subletter," says Payne, who was the primary rent-gatherer for Fogg during the last few years. "It got really hot in the summer and really cold in the winter. I was afraid of getting stuff stolen. People fought all the time over scheduling. The *Moroccan* was a nightmare on every rung of the ladder all the way to Raffi. The people that played there were scumbags, including me, until I turned from a scumbag to resource management."

"But it was a great place to record, the sound was fantastic, and the door led straight to the cars ... you only had to carry your amp 20 feet."

"There has to be a nucleus," says Fonesbeck. "A place. The scene has really flourished as a result of the *Moroccan*. There was so much cultural oppression before the *Moroccan* formed that kids could not get together to create something legally. So when they did gather, it made it that much more powerful."

With the commercialization of underground culture, what was once shunned is accepted, and what was once dangerous and illegal, run by kids for kids in Lord of the Flies fashion, has been made safe, not just in this city but in all cities. Underground music has thrived as it has become more mainstream, but the mystery and intrigue of venues like the *Moroccan* have become a thing of the past. ☺





PICKING UP THE

BY ALFRED QUINN  
THESILVERSPADE@GMAIL.COM

to each other, were sort of feeling that we didn't want to make another record that sounded like *Homemade Drugs*. And we just sort of assumed that the other people in the band wanted to do the same kind of record again, and so a lot of us were considering not making another record and quitting the band. We finally sat down and talked about it and we found that everyone was on the same page, but we were still very much hesitant. We said, "If we try and do something different and it doesn't work, then we just won't make another record." But, as it turns out, when we started writing songs together, we were all really, excited about

**SLUG:** Does the album flow chronologically?  
**PG:** To me, it seems like a lot of the more lyrically brutal songs are more toward the beginning. The first song, "A Toast to the Happy Couple," is lyrically the most blunt, and the most brutal, and the most angry, and that is the first song on the record. Then the album goes into "Jailhouse Rock," which, despite its funny moments, is pretty bleak. "Heart My Home" comes next and it's also really pretty and frilly, but the lyrics are in some ways darker than the first song. There is kind of a progression from this really angry, bitter stuff at the beginning towards this more peaceful understanding near the end.

**SLUG:** Do you think that's kind of biographical of how things happened for you in 2003?

**PAUL:** I think that progression from all of those really intense emotions—you never give that up—is still always there; you understand a little more about it and learn to live with it, which is really what the last song is about.

The Jim Yoshii Pile-Up has recorded with **Christopher Walla** (of **Death Cab for Cutie**), **Xiu Xiu** and members of **The Swords Project**. They are about to embark on the most extensive tour they have ever done to support an album. **SLUG**

**PICKS** *Us Apart*, the new album from **The Jim Yoshii Pile-Up**, serves as a memoir for **Paul Gonzenbach** (lead singer/songwriter) and his summer 2003 bout with severe mental illness. The songs have cold, disturbing lyrics painted beautifully on the canvas of intelligent pop music. The messages of grief and despair are unpretentiously laid out before you as if you were watching your best friend contemplate jumping from the top of a building on a beautiful afternoon. *Picks Us Apart* is not all doom and gloom: There is a lot of hope in the unspoken lines.

The music of JYPU is at times mellow and lush but can also be fuzzy and angry. The lyrics are, for the most part, autobiographical, similar to the lyrics of the **Red House Painters**; they also have the disposition of **Joy Division**, and can be brutally cynical, much like **Morrissey**.

I talked to the lead singer/songwriter **Paul Gonzenbach** about touring, songwriting and the homoeroticism of **Elvis Presley**:

**SLUG:** How's everything going with the band? Are you getting ready to tour?

**Paul Gonzenbach:** It's going pretty well. We hadn't really practiced in about a year, because when we were recording, we weren't practicing or playing shows or anything, so we're just sort of getting back into playing together and it's really nice.

**SLUG:** While you're touring, do you make any time to write new material?

**PG:** Writing tends to go on the shelf when we're touring or when we're recording. When you're sitting in a van and you're dirty and hungry and tired, and somebody else is blasting the stereo so that they're not falling asleep while they're driving, the last thing you feel like doing is getting out your guitar and writing something.

**SLUG:** Let's talk about your new album. What went into making this album?

**PG:** All of us individually, without talking

we really them.

**SLUG:** Tell about the "Jailhouse Rock."

**PG:** I started writing that before ... everything fell apart for me in 2003, and so I wrote most of the first verse, and then the rest of it just sat unfinished for about nine months or so. I became intrigued by the first line of the **Elvis Presley** song "Jailhouse Rock."

**SLUG:** Really?

**PG:** "The warden threw a party at the county jail." Just because it's just so ridiculously homoerotic, and the whole premise is there in the first line. So I decided that I was going to write a song sort of poking fun at that. But when I went back to finish it, the whole story developed. I don't know if it's still this way (in America), but I know it is in Britain: If you have a terminal illness in jail, they send you home to die. This whole narrative came out about some guy with AIDS who's dying, and he is sent home to die.

**SLUG:** I read the track list, and I saw "Jailhouse Rock" and I immediately thought that it was going to be a hillbilly song.

**PG:** That's the other really funny thing for people who know us; the idea of us covering "Jailhouse Rock" is pretty funny in and of itself, so that [was] another reason why I wanted to steal the name.

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# CD Reviews

**A Million Billion**  
*Today We Love You*  
**Filthy Schoolgirls**  
Street: 08.30

**A Million Billion = Squarepusher + Xiu Xiu**  
Though **Ryan Smith** (the sole member of A Million Billion) spends much of his time composing electronic scores for modern dance companies, and despite the fact that his debut album possesses certain soundtracky elements, nothing about this work seems incidental. Too often, non-danceable electronic compositions fall victim to the world of synchronicity, and hence, have trouble standing on their own. By coupling minimalist bleeps, drones and plinks with lush vocal treatments, Smith has ensured himself a more independently listenable release. Additionally, the vocals remain surprising and arresting throughout, always unforeseen rather than an anticipated constant. Overall, the sound departs from the blippy aesthetic of **Kid 606** or the refined minimalism of **Matmos** and occasionally approaches the lush pop of **New Order**. The structure and balance are impeccable (like a good dance performance, but better for your ears). —*William Franklin Burch, III*

**Anger**  
*Releasing Anger*  
**Dialectic Records**  
Street: 06.24

**Anger = Vast Aire + Mike Tyson + Organized Confusion**  
The only way this guy could ever get a record deal is if he started his own label—oh, wait ... that's exactly what he did. Anger (a name that completely negates his rhyme style) derives from Portland, Maine; a locale that's not too prominent in the hip-hop scene. To put it nicely, Anger constantly changes up his style throughout the album from Southern boi to Jamaican mon to speak-and-spell contradictory crap rap. If someone told me that this whole album was freestyle, I would, doubtlessly, believe it. In fact, I think this album would be more respectable if it were purely freestyle. However, I've heard worse. The whole assortment of miscalculated and awfully simple Fruity Loops/Reason instrumentals are correlated with dreadful and offbeat rhymes that are plainly stiff and apprehensive. The last song, "Outro," sounds like an excerpt from the Bible (Leviticus Chapter Three), which makes me think Anger needs more than a prayer to sell this record. —*Lance Saunders*

**Ari Ari**  
*There's A New Sheriff In Town EP*  
**Friction Records**  
Street: 5.05

**Ari Ari = Melt Banana + More Volume + estrogen + testosterone**  
Ari Ari have been described as a spazzy indie four-piece, which does not do the band justice. There is so much more going on with this post-hardcore proto-punk wad of goodness. The ripping, grating, beautiful female vocals are complemented perfectly by convulsive rhythmic guitar, vicious fat synths and articulated drumming. The music is unrelenting and cacophonous, but still retains an element of humor. Song titles like "Kim Jong Il Communication" and "Liquored Up and At 'Em" are a good contrast to the very rhythmic, slanted sound of this EP. Clocking in at about 12 minutes, Ari Ari make great use of their time in producing a very listenable and energetic prequel to an upcoming full-length. The short length of this EP is a good thing considering the energy that is required to listen to the constant tempo and syncopation changes. They are a definite must-see live. (*Kilby Court: 08.09*) —*Andrew Glassett*

**Beautiful Skin**  
*Everything, All This, and More*  
**GSL**  
Street: 06.21  
**Beautiful Skin = Computer Cougar + Mars Volta - afro + The Rapture**

**Nick Forte** formed this band around and in 2000 in the aftermath of **Computer Cougar** and other such bands. Now, if you know the Nick Forte I know, you well know that any project he has his hands in are two of two things: 1) synth-based and dancey and 2) amazing. That latter requisite is only one man's opinion, but this album seems to prove again and again my No. 2 reason for liking Nick Forte in all his glorious incarnations. But listener, be forewarned! This is a demo, outtake and rarity CD that compiles some recordings of them as a four-piece,



some demos as a duo and the first 7" they ever did. This album rightfully reminds me of **Wire**, gently whispering sweet nothings in the ear of **New Order** after a quiet cuddling session after watching *The Pornographers* by **Shohei Imamura**. *Everything, All This and More* is blessedly smooth, jazzily synthy and danceably laudable in its arrangement and musical endeavor. For a compilation of the dregs of a great band that released one album, this record is a WIENER! —*Erik Lopez*

**Cheeseburger**  
*Gang's All Here EP*  
**Kemado Records**  
Street: 07.07

**Cheeseburger = Murder City Devils + RPG + The Stooges + Drunk Horse**  
For having a kind-of dorky name, this band sure does rock hard as hell. Basic non-pretentious 70s-sounding rock n' roll that jabs with solid guitars, bass and drums that send the songs leaping forward with head-banging fury. The vocalist snarls and rants like a bastard child of **Iggy Pop** and **Danzig**. What makes it really fun is the raw production that is able to capture the essence of every sound that the three instruments make without burying the vocalist in the mix. This is available on 12" vinyl and only has six tracks, but I guarantee it's worth the purchase, especially if you're a true rocker. Not enough guitar solos would be my only complaint, but this sleazy, raw and greasy morsel of junk food is worth the few measly cents it costs to nourish one's rock craving. Check it at [www.kemado.com](http://www.kemado.com) or [www.cheeseburgernyc.com](http://www.cheeseburgernyc.com). —*Kevlar7*

**Cloud Cult**  
*Advice From The Happy Hippopotamus*  
**Earthology Records**  
Street: 06.19

**Cloud Cult = Blind Melon - Elf Power + Granddaddy**  
The **Cloud Cult** is my new musical phenomenon. The first mental image I had of them based on their name was of a hippie jam-band touring the country with visual artists and a DIY agenda. I could not have been farther off the map. It's true that singer **Craig Minowa** lives on an organic farm, founded **Earthology Records** (a nonprofit record label) and serves as an official advisor to the UN, but after a few listens, I was hooked. This is music that someone loves to make and has put full energy into every detail of it. Studio recordings, live performances, spoken word, four-track songs and solo acoustic songs make up some of the 25 tracks on the album. The songs stir up your emotions; they make you feel and think. A few of the album's highlights include "Living On The Outside of Your Skin," "Transistor Radio" and "That Man Jumped Out The Window and What Comes At The End." Everything fits together—not for marketing ploys, but as life put together with its pain, frustration, angst, joy and hope put to music. —*Josh Scheuerman*

**Business Lady**  
*Self-Titled*  
**Deathbomb Arc**  
Street: 5.30

**Business Lady = Pere Ubu + Arab on Radar + Wives**  
Off-kilter art punk from San Diego, **Business Lady** might just be one of the most entertaining bands to watch, ever. Think giant stuffed animal mask heads that look they are from hell, faux fur bodysuits and a lot of audience-attacking. The music is so abrasive in live form that the reserved nature of recording brings an entire new light to the musicianship and influences that shaped this band. If everyone in **Television** got really into the **Germs** but couldn't play punk rock, I think the result would be somewhat similar to the **Business Lady's** apoplectic surge of staggered energy and beats. Apparently, a new album is in the works, but if you can't wait, they play **Salt Lake** on Aug. 21. (*Monks: 08.21*) —*Ryan Powers*





**Chevron**  
**Self-titled**  
 Schapendoes Records  
 Street: 7/26/03

**Chevron** = part US Maple, part Slint, part Ghosts and Vodka + dilute + directions in music with a hint of PDEs thrown in for the mathematical amazing. Now, I come from a humble humanities background where math and science are as foreign to me as moving car parts, who made the Internet and the finer art of nature survival. But one thing is for sure; this CD is like receiving a guitar-whipping from **Steve Albini** and enjoying every minute of it. So here is what they sound like in mathematical terms: For what real values of  $x$  does the following inequality hold:  
 $4x^2 / (1 - \sqrt{1+2x})^2 < 2x + 9$ ? Yes! The pure joy and chaos of such a problem creates the screaming within a layer of labyrinthine guitars and drums, each of which disharmoniously interjects within a given system of mutually beneficial likes and/or dislikes. But really, the interest lies mostly in taking the time to sit down and dissolve the problem, put it in its component parts and then build it back up again, plug in for  $x$  and know that that isn't the only answer. Is there a better way? Energetic obsession for numbers tinged with an enjoyment for listening in a paratactical synthesis.  
 -Erik Lopez

**Cursive**  
*The Difference Between Houses and Homes (Lost Songs and Loose Ends 1995-2001)*  
 Saddle Creek  
 Street: 08.23

**Cursive** = Fugazi + Hüsker Dü + Mission of Burma. The post-punk of the early-to mid-80s was so remarkable and fresh that it is easy to see some comparisons to the timeless musical creations of 60s rock. **Paul Westerberg** is the 80s version of the 60s **Bob Dylan**. **Sonic Youth** could be the equivalent to **Neil Young**. **Mission of Burma** is like **Cream**. Of course, the great post-punk area isn't anywhere near as prolific and they won't ever see the fame or fortune of **Dylan**, **Young**, etc., but what they share is that for about 10 years, they released incredible, archetypical music. After each period of creation comes the artists who were influenced by the earlier music. The 70s brought bands like **Led Zeppelin**, **The Faces** and **T. Rex**. The 90s brought us groups like **Nirvana**, **Fugazi**, **Dinosaur Jr** and **Radiohead**. **Cursive** almost makes the list of the great post-punk bands of the 90s to current. This collection of B-sides and previously unreleased tracks paints an honest picture of their tortured songs filled with strained vocals and beefy guitars. It is a great collection of songs; not **Dino Jr** great, but pretty damn good.  
 -Alfred Quinn

**Daikaiju**  
**Self-Titled**  
 Reptile Records  
 Street: 07.26  
**Daikaiju** = **Dick Dale + Ultraman + King Crimson** - epicness + **Godzilla**

The name of this crazy Japan-like band means "mysterious or strange beast" and is a popular term in Japan referring to such crazy creatures as **Godzilla**, **Mothera**, etc. This crazy creature is half surf band, half prog-rock destruction, and is completely devastating like a tsunami. The whole CD plays like a soundtrack to the heroic aptitude of such fantastic monsters. It starts off in an unassuming city when, all of a sudden, an earthquake shifts the landscape into an aggregate of its former self. Stomping through the countryside, as the music shifts into more ominous overtones and gigantic guitars, is a winged fallopian tube! Monoman leaps from the sea, flashes an award-winning smile, and the battle begins! Afterwards, both sides tired and worn out, the city in destruction, the average Joe once again feels protected and saved by the monumental order. It's a track-by-track musical soundtrack to economic renewal and urban destruction! Way to go, surf master!  
 -Erik Lopez

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 -Erik Lopez

**Dose One**  
**Ha**  
**Bell Weather**  
 Street: 08.16  
**Dose One** = **Slowdeath + Pelt + Greenthink**

In the past year or so, Adam "Dose One" Drucker has been very engrossed with numerous projects including **Subtle**, **13&GOD**, **Pelt**, **Themselves**, **cLOUDDEAD** and **Boom Bip**. So you could understand how the release of this album came to me as a surprise. After several minutes of heavy breathing, the songs finally start, as if Dose is very nervous to begin the first song. In a complex and orchestrating environment, you can barely hear the raw nostril phonics emanating from his cavernous lungs. However, this isn't just a normal hip-hop album including barbed wire bundles of beats and rhymes, but a multifaceted assortment of embellished cut-and-paste samples, pick-and-pull verses and butchered Dr. Sample drums. The uncertain sound of ambiguity paints itself over every melody and word. *Ha* is not the best Dose record to date, but hey, I suppose he did an exceptional job with the time given.  
 -Lance Saunders

**Goldrush**  
**Ozono**  
**Better Looking Records**  
 Street: 08.23  
**Goldrush** = **Verve + Jayhawks + Radiohead**

It is amazing how almost the entire world hates America but loves our music. On a 2004 American tour, the band **Goldrush** spent some time in the South, rented a barn in Ozona, Tex., and recorded an electro-pop country album. They've been making the electro-pop stuff since 2001 in the UK, but once they got a taste of the real Americana, they broke out the slides and the country shuffle to mix with their synths and spacey sounds. It took a couple of listens for me to really dig on this disc, but now I think it is brilliant. There are the Radiohead-like guitar solos on "There's A World," and the last track on the album, "Outro," leans heavily on the classic early 70s **Rod Stewart** and his *Every Picture Tells a Story*. The blokes in the band started the UK label **Truck Records**, which holds an annual music festival that has/will feature bands like **The Ravonettes**, **British Sea Power** and **Electric Soft Parade**.  
 -Alfred Quinn

**Horna**  
**Evaatnags Eilos Solf Esgamtaavme**  
**The End Records/Woodcut Records**  
 Street: 08.09

**Horna** = **Mayhem + Darkthrone**

Sometimes strange band member names, i.e., **Satanic Warmaster** and **Shatragu**, not to mention corpse paint, spikes, leather, bullet belts and flaming torches make it hard to take a band seriously. **Horna** has some credit, as they started out in 1993 when the black metal craze first started to emerge. Though the band has a history and a past member's catalogue that could fill a novel, one might wonder what's in the water (or alcohol) across the Atlantic. That said, this Finnish band and their eighth album are what one would expect: grim cult-necro black metal played with low-end production, but played rather well. They have all the atmosphere and talent that any black metal band should have, but sometimes, one wonders why these bands go to such theatrical lengths. It's unexplainable.  
 -Bryer Wharton

**Made Out Of Babies**  
**Trophy**  
**Neuro Recordings**  
 Street: 06.28  
**Made Out Of Babies** = **Babes In Toyland + The Jesus Lizard + Kylesa**

These guys are a quartet from New York City who launch severely raw rock music into knots of nauseating space. (Contin. on Pg. 30)



# CD Reviews

(Contin. from Pg. 29) Vocalist Julie Christmas will lure you in with childishly sweet words like an evil Joanna Newsome or Bjork, only to jump out from behind the speakers in pure Jarboe and Bliss Blood form with vocal witchery and madness. The band is heavy in a way that few bands are anymore. The production alone is reminiscent of psychotic mid-90s rock when the guitars were dirty and threatening as opposed to digitally manipulated and pampered with effects. This is not a metal band, nor is it a punk band. This is a rock n' roll band summoning beasts with nightmarish chants and simmering into lullabies for children of broken faith and spirit. I loved this record; it is true Neurot Recordings-grade and in no way a slip into sounds we're all too familiar with. One of the best and most powerful rock records I've listened to all year.  
—Chuck Berrett

May 23<sup>rd</sup> 2007

The Kallikak Family

Tell-All

Street: 08.23

May 23<sup>rd</sup> 2007 = Piers Whyte + Music for Airports + morons everywhere

Brian Eno wrote that *Music For Airports* was supposed to be about the dull music airports played while making you wait for your death. In *Music for Airports*, this "death wait" was conceptualized by using all the available space and time on each side of the LP (2 x33 1/3). The cover of May 23<sup>rd</sup> 2007's album, a sketch of "Anytown, USA" sparsely drawn with an airplane flying over it, bespeaks languid reminiscences of "any-moment-anywhere" and vague gut reactions. So if Eno's album is the album in which to delay a sense of other-awareness, *The Kallikak Family* is the self-conscious renewal of what it means to create moments of encounter in between those times of long, aphoristic interruption. —Erik Lopez

Mobius Band

The Loving Sounds of Static

Ghostly International

Street: 08.09

Mobius Band = The Strokes + Fuel/Filter/Silverchair

*The Loving Sounds of Static* is one of the most generic, radio-friendly albums I've had to review in a while. The Mobius Band sounds like all those "alternative" bands from the *Can't Hardly Wait* soundtrack trying to make a comeback after hearing that throwing in keyboards and bleeps is "all the rage" these days. The songs could blend in easily on MTV, and *Rolling Stone* will probably hail them as the next band to "keep an eye on." Do yourself a favor and don't believe the hype. Like *The Killers* putting on flannel and calling themselves grunge, this is embarrassing, boring electronic pop-rock hailing from a kooky small town called Shutesbury where it's still 1998 and *Third Eye Blind* RuLeZ! —Janila Roehrig

Moggs

The White Belt Is Not Enough

Absolutely Kosher

Street: 08.09

Moggs = early Modest Mouse + Death From Above 1979 + feminine energies

Oddly enough, this album is neither hard nor soft, neither abrasive nor placid. That sentence is stupid (but true). From the rhetoric, it seems like we have some run-of-the-mill indie album on our hands, a band that wants to rock and be in touch with their sensitive side simultaneously. But let me assure you, this album is good and after weeks of inward contemplation, I finally figured out why. We always take great interest in acts that successfully translate, interpret and undoubtedly embellish music of the past for a contemporary audience (call it post-modernism if you want, and tell me I've made something trite of the concept, you smart English major, you). Moggs seem to have enacted this process on mid-to-late 90s West Coast indie rock, something that shouldn't have happened for another decade or two. I guess this is ahead of its time. That sentence is stupid (but true). —William Franklin Burch, III

The Moribund People EP

The End Records

Street: 07.12

Peccatum = Experimental metal and electronics + Emperor + Star of Ash + Arcturus

With a title like *Moribund People*, you get what you'd expect: a series of dark and depressing tunes. Marking the band's fifth



release and featuring in its ranks Ihsahn of Emperor and Ithriel of Star of Ash, this three-song EP follows closely in the footsteps of the band's last full-length, *Lost in Reverie*. It transitions from ambient electronics and angelic female vocals to Emperor-style guitar and Ihsahn's snarls, all the while maintaining an eerie, humbly organic sound. It is no wonder *Peccatum* is acclaimed for pushing the boundaries of metal. Among the three tracks is an ultra-unique cover of Bathory's popular tune, "For All Those Who Die!" Also included on the EP when you pop the sucker in a computer is the band's first-ever music video and—surprise—it's as off-the-wall as the group is. Find out what it's like to be near death: Explore the depths of the mere 15-minute *Moribund EP*. —Bryer Wharton

Orange

Welcome to the World of Orange

Hellcat Records

Street: 08.23

Orange = Good Charlotte + Sum 41 + Green Day + New Found Glory

Orange may be a color, a flavor and a county, but not a band to keep your eye on. On their debut album, *Welcome to the World of Orange*, they crank out 11 songs that fried so many of my brain cells it's as if I'd dropped acid nonstop for 10 years. The lack of variation of drumbeats, guitar riffs and bass lines make the tracks blend into one miserable mush of teenage garbage. These boys are all of high-school age and their music shows it. The lyrics of the song, "Why Won't She Go Out With Me?" ooze so much teen angst and overactive male hormones that I wanted to vomit. The song "Cool Mexicans" left me wondering if Good Charlotte had released a new version of "Lifestyles of the Rich and the Famous." Orange is a generic pop-punk band to say the least; they use their glammed-out looks to distract from the mediocrity of their music. —Jeanette Moses

Benoit Pioulard

ENGE EP

Mood Gadget

Street: 07.08

Benoit Pioulard = Iron and Wine + Malcolm Middleton + Sufjan Stevens

Twenty-year-old Thomas Meluch, who for reasons unbeknownst to me, goes by the auspicious moniker Benoit Pioulard, has accomplished what so many others have failed to do with a debut release—leave me anticipating future releases. Simple and dreamlike acoustic guitar melodies float weightlessly on waves of hypnotic samples while Meluch uses his voice more like an accompanying instrument rather than a vehicle for words. That he is only 20 may be the most intriguing (Contin. on Pg. 33)

Odiorne

Heavy Wish

File 13 Records

Street: 07/26

Odiorne = Mercury Rev + Joy Division

Presumably, the name of this band is derived from Odiorne Point State Park in coastal New Hampshire, and the album has a very windswept feel: sometimes gently psych-delic, at other times rough and rocky. Led by former Mercury Rev drummer Jimmy Chambers, whose voice at times is reminiscent of Ian Curtis, Odiorne is like art-rock with driving guitar lines. Perhaps early Pink Floyd is also an apt comparison. The band is a four-piece and has a rich, symphonic sound. The use of horns gives *Heavy Wish* a brassy feel, and songs like "The Diver," "Sirocco Pts. 1 and 2" and "Crooked Sky" made me feel like I was right there with them, standing on the edge of a coastal cliff and seeing some serious tracers. Odiorne is a one-time side project that could surpass the original band, especially if Mercury Rev's Jonathan Donahue won't stop whining. —MC Welk





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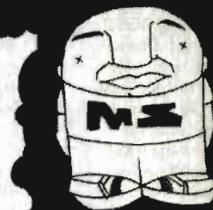
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**Von Iva**  
Self-titled  
**Cochon Records**  
Street: 07.05  
**Von Iva = The Knack + Berlin + Devo + Janis Joplin (vocals)**

Bands like **Radio 4**, **The Rapture**, **Bloc Party** and **Moving Units** combine techno electronics with **Gang Of Four** staccato guitars and reggae-influenced bass. Other bands like **The Bravery**, **Ima Robot** and **The Epoxies** are about melding rock music with 80s new wave—that is where Von Iva fits in; with their 80s keyboards, funk-induced bass and techno-influenced drum work that is all backed up by the singer's strong vocals that do **Aretha Franklin** proud. Seriously, there was one song where I thought the keyboards were lifted from a **Berlin** song and then the singer broke into this **James Brown**-style rant; my jaw was definitely on the ground. This is some pretty interesting stuff that is either going to impress people or turn them off instead. Hard to believe that the bass player used to be in **7 Year Bitch**, but it is interesting to see her trying new things. Expect to hear this being played at **Club W** for **Ready Steady Go** on Wednesday nights. —Kevlar7

(Contin. on Pg. 30) aspect of *ENGE*. Historically, youth has been the treasure most sought after by men—a treasure marred with naivety and ego; Meluch has neither. Indeed, Benoit Pioulard is ahead of the game that his contemporaries so often drown in. Only 300 of these 7"s were printed, and, with no news of an LP release any time soon, I feel very fortunate to have *ENGE* in my collection. —Ryan Shelton

**Portastatic**  
**Bright Ideas**  
**Merge Records**  
Street: 08.23

**Portastatic = Superchunk + Preston School of Industry**  
More than 10 years ago, after sneaking back into my house from an all-night party, I heard Superchunk's *Home At Dawn* ringing in my ears. Fast-forward to 2005 and again, I hear that same voice filled with the same youthful longing singing on *White Wave* from the new Portastatic album: "Wake up one morning and it's not fine, but you can recite every line. Don't want to be another rock tower in time, but you can recite every line." **Mac McCaughan** has put his full energy back into the music he loves. That youthful pull he created has become a whirlpool of "ideas" and memories. With their latest full-length release and Superchunk on hold, Mac had the time to record in a real studio and with the help of his brother, **Matt McCaughan**, on drums and fellow bandmate **Jim Wilbur** on bass. He took his years of experience and crafted a stirring collection of Polaroid images of life, love and living through your past. *Bright Ideas* is for all those years between returning home at dawn to the title track ("Every step I take is part of my path"), which is perfectly guided. —Josh Scheuerman

**Second Hand Poets**  
*Virginia City Lounge*  
Self-Released  
Street: 06.19

**Second Hand Poets = Gin Blossoms + Gigi Love**  
People who write press kits should seriously have their head checked before they sit down at their computers. Second Hand Poets; press kits states, "One part demented and quirky lyrics, a dose of punk, rockabilly guitar riff and vocal twang." Bullshit!! I say again, bullshit! It's easy to see how these college frat-boy hippies started their band smoking dope while listening to their **Dave Matthews** CDs. This disc is so boring and sterile that I actually fell asleep while listening to it. When they actually do something interesting it sounds forced and lackluster. Even *Dawner* (that's my sweet lady numero uno) looked at me with a funny look on her face and said, quote, "This shit sucks!" and she has a very open mind about music. **Local Imposters**: KRCL 107.5: 8:30-10:30 p.m.) Here's my new press kit for the band. "Ahem. Second Hand Poets are a band that lacks anything interesting musically. They sound like a hippie alt-country band that writes songs for Top 40 stations. Their fanbase consists of burnt-out pothead mountaineers and 19-year-old college girls who do not shave their legs, listen to **Ani DiFranco** and are confused about their sexuality." —Kevlar7

**Seventeen Evergreen**  
*Life Embarrasses Me on Planet Earth*  
**Pacific Radio Fire**

Street: 08.23

**Seventeen Evergreen = Mercury Rev + Boards of Canada**  
Quite often, we read about albums that sound best through headphones. More often than not, the music follows the lead of acts like **Radiohead** and **The Flaming Lips** into the realm of "atmospheric" pop. The appeal seems to come from the implied transcendence of the urban experience. The buildings are big; the synth pads are bigger. Seventeen Evergreen certainly possess some of this bombast (never mind that I've never heard of their label and hence, they won't be changing the emotional outlook of everyone with an iPod anytime soon). From falsetto vocals and organic plucking to IDM breakdowns and washes of electronic bliss, this duo seems to know where to find this generation's heartstrings, the aural stratosphere. Most could find something to enjoy here (though few will probably get that chance). —William Franklin Burch, III

**Suffjan Stevens**  
*Come On Feel The Illinois*  
**Asthmatic Kitty**  
Street: 07.04

**Suffjan Stevens = Bright Eyes + Fairport Convention + love of concept albums**  
Suffjan Stevens teeters over the edge of falling into an annoying **Conor Oberst** breakdown, singing with his undistinguishable-ey indie murmur for the length of his latest album, *Come On Feel The Illinois*. The album, an ode to the state of Illinois and its history, is complete with 60s British concept album song titles like "Decatur, or, Round of Applause for Your Stepmother" and "They Are Night Zombies! They Are Neighbors! They Have Come Back From The Dead!! Ahhhh!!" As per usual, Stevens injects a good amount of non-ironic religion into his songs, but somehow it doesn't seem weird. His gentle voice is evened out with epic, sometimes bombastic tracks about **John Wayne Gacy** and **Abraham Lincoln**, and the album is replete with hippie-folk guitars, horns, freakout breaks and a girly chorus. While not everyone will like this, and many might find it a bit pretentious, you have to admit Stevens has a vast knowledge and understanding of the love-it-or-hate-it concept-album genre, bringing it into the 21st century with ease. (*Lo-Fi Café*, 07.28) —Jamila Roehrig

**V:28**  
**SoulSavior**  
**Vendrus Records**  
Street: 06.20

**V:28 = Red Harvest + Emperor + Fear Factory + Velvet Acid Christ**  
Coming from the depths of Norway, V:28 is ready to provide a transfusion of some odd cold metallic substance into your veins. This isn't your average Norwegian metal, boys and girls—the darkness and emotion pouring out of *SoulSavior* is impeccable. Freezing guitars bellow against machine-precision drumming and a hefty growl, with ambient and sometimes techno beats layered in the background. All provide an eerie substance so thick and heavy you could only slice through it with bolt-cutters. If there was such a genre as industrial black metal, V:28 play it at its finest. The record is the second of what will be a trilogy, so go dig up the first album—it's just as powerful. Produced and programmed by industrial metal fiend **LRZ** (*Red Harvest*), the quality of recording is, of course, outstanding. —Bryer Wharton

**V/A**  
**Kamikaze Ass Chomp N' Stomp CD Sampler Vol. 4**  
**Estrus Records**  
Street: 06.07

**Estrus Records = Kamikaze + 60s and 70s garage rock + your local bar scene**  
Washington State is obviously notorious for the grunge scene of the early 90s, but unknown to much of the world, it is not the only kind of music that is produced there. Take for example **Estrus Records**, which produce a smattering of surf, garage and trash bands to varying degrees of success. There are a few better-known bands such as **Gas Huffer**, **The Von Zippers** and **The Dextateens**, but for the most part, the bands are unknown and most likely, local heroes. The tracks are hit-and-miss, some being annoying; others sounding like a fun night out on the town. The Dextateens provide the best song; bluesy and gritty "Take Me To The Speedway" sounds like something you would listen to on the way to the speedway—of course. Other bands, such as **DMBQ**, produce music that sounds like a soundtrack taken from the local bar scene. —Andrew Glassett **SLUG**



# LOCAL CD REVIEWS

By Rebecca Vernon  
Rebecca@slugmag.com



## Agape

### Self-titled EP

Agape = (ABBA + I Am the World Trade Center + Wesley Willis) x (insert any GSL band here)

One might compare Agape to Gold Standard Laboratory Records bands, and yeah, that'd be accurate, but one-man-band Ryan Powers kind of leaves 'em all in the dust if you ask me. (Ask me.) Seeing Agape's power-dance techno-driven crunch-buzz blastball live is far better than anything that could be put on a one-dimensional CD, yet still, this is one of the best local CDs of the year: The aural assault of Agape's simple, stripped-down, abrasive, bleepy, insectoid, video-game, brutal synth lines encompass *Kill Me Tomorrow*, *The Locust*, *Atom & His Package* and *Some Girls*, but imbue the sincerely danceable basics with much more shocking violence. Whether that violence is good-natured or murderous is the question, the question that will keep you awake at night. [www.agape-technology.com](http://www.agape-technology.com) (Aug. 21, Monk's)

### Beard of Solitude

*Broken Brain EP*, *Beardo II EP*, *Fun in the Afternoon* single  
Croakfrog Records

Beard of Solitude = your mother's record collection – the crappy, cheesy stuff

Y'know, I don't even know if I was supposed to review this, but hey, it'll be fun. It's a whole buncha Beard stuff on one CD for my convenience, and I'm beginning to realize that bands whose initials backwards are S.O.B. have the edge on charm. Hard to believe some

of these guys were in *The Cronies*, but even the toughest bitches have a tender side? Acoustic-driven pop-rock oddly recalling *Mission of Burma* and other late-80s art-alt bands come out in the *Broken Brain EP* (2003), with some *John Denver* overtones. The last song is the best. It sounds like *Thin Lizzy* moistening up *Sonic Youth*. The *Beardo II EP* picks up where *Broken Brain* left off, going in more of the classic-glam-rock direction but with the art-punk providing the backbone. A *Magnetic Fields* feel combining with *Hendrix*' "Waterfall" comes through in track 12 (sorry, no song titles). Things get spastic in track 14. *Fun in the Afternoon* is much more experimental and has some *Tom Petty* "Free Falling"-sounding drum beats in track 19 and 20. Overall, the Beard is sloppy and careful, raw and refined, all at the same time. If you don't understand that, then you don't understand anything.

### Day of Less

#### Porcaria

#### Exigent Records

Day of Less = Gaza (of course) + High on Fire + Converge (kind of)

Um. Yeah. This is probably the heaviest music I've heard come out of Salt Lake since *The Kill*. I don't even think *Iodina* was this heavy, cowboys. I'm glad it fell on my last column, too, because I can honestly say it's one of the top five SLC releases I've heard in four years... Post-hardcore wall-of-black-noise with desperate melodic guitar-picking *Converge* breakdowns meets creepy *Benedictine Monks* out-of-hell chanting and plenty of discordant chromatic guitar-riffing. Serious. Not only is Day of Less as tough as Hell's Angels, they will get under your skin in the worst—or best of—ways, depending on how badly you need woken up. Waking up is painful. [www.exigentrecords.com](http://www.exigentrecords.com), [www.dayofless.com](http://www.dayofless.com)

### August CD Release Parties:

Fri., Aug. 5, The Tremula CD Release- at Kilby w/Vile Blue Shades, Paper Cranes

Fri. Aug. 21, Agape at Monk's

### De La Vega

#### 5-song demo

De La Vega = Incubus + Phish

As if their full-length wasn't enough, De La Vega sends another rap-metal-reggae release that wants badly to be *Rage Against the Machine* spooning with, say, *Staind*, but comes off like a horrible suicide-drink slime *Sublime/Phish/P.O.D.* hybrid. It's grounded in some pretty catchy riffs, but is still doomed to fail. Throwing in some political commentary and piano doesn't make it all better, baby. [info@dlymusic.com](mailto:info@dlymusic.com)

### Quiet Color

#### A Choir of Electricity

Quiet Color = Circa Survive + Armor for Sleep

This is the follow-up to their demo from a few months ago, and it isn't bad, but isn't great. Quiet Color know the value of reverb; they know that it, coupled with fiery guitar solos, can make special the most common chord progressions and pop blueprints. They have a knack of smithing bright, massive choruses that swallow you for breakfast, in contrast to the more plod-along verses. "Sometimes, I" and "Glass Face" are particular standouts and almost make up for mediocre rockers like "Drowners" and "Knife Fighting." I'd say half this CD is good, half is boring. 50/50 situations are good in gambling, but fail you out of college. What side is Quiet Color on?

### Erin Haley

#### Catastrophe Fantastic

Erin Haley = Ani DiFranco + Regina Spektor – Russian accent

It's clear Erin Haley is loaded with talent, and luckily, she has a great recording to promote herself. I probably hear two or three new hopeful major-label piano/singing divas appear on the musical horizon every month, and Erin has just as much talent as any of them. Quirky, minimal piano interlaces with Erin's rich, smooth voice. My only complaint is that the Ani DiFranco influence (in the vocal rhythm especially) comes out too much sometimes, down to spoken-word poetry, except with more piano than guitar. But at least Erin's voice is way better than Ani's, coming closer to *Fiona Apple*'s quality and tone. [niregirl@hotmail.com](mailto:niregirl@hotmail.com) **SLUG**



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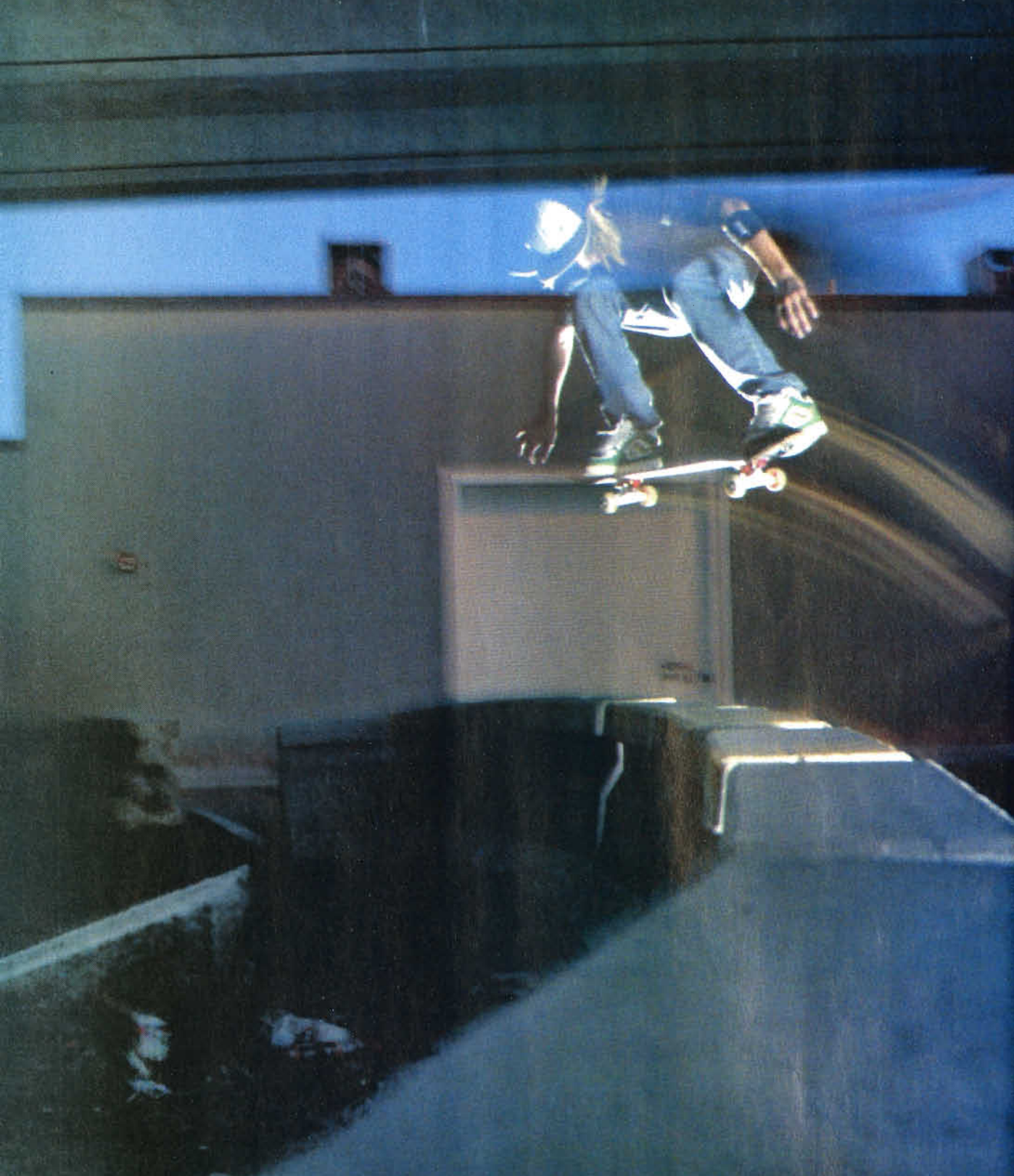


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**Summer Of Death O-Town Results:**

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2. Justin Wallace
3. Josh Offeret

**Intermediate**

1. Conlin Hooley
2. Nolan Cope
3. Nash Saxton

**Advanced**

1. Christian Serika
2. Dirty
3. Levi Faust

**Best Trick: Nate Miller/ Switch Hard Flip into the Bowl, Back Flip Out of Bowl**



# SUMMER OF DEATH



Christian • Photo: Bob Plumb

# JUNK KILLER AUGUST 6<sup>TH</sup>

that's on a Saturday at the Gateway Mall, in that back parking lot by that fountain where all the suburbans bring their kids to run through it, get wet and ruin the upholstery in their mini-vans.

oh, yeah, bring \$10 to register at 11 am. the shredding starts at 12 noon. call 801.487.9221 for more information.

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SLUG Magazine



summerofdeath.com



# Whacktastic Skateboard Antics and The Morning News

By Mike Brown [mikebrown048@hotmail.com](mailto:mikebrown048@hotmail.com)

I really fucking hate the news. I also hate people who believe the news. I guess I'm a big believer in "no news is good news." So when I got asked to show some newsy how to ride a skateboard, I was at first hesitant. But then when they told me it would be a live broadcast for the morning show, I became less hesitant. I started thinking of all the bad things I could get away with on live news that I couldn't get away with on an edited piece of broadcast shit. Like saying, "Felch!" and other dirty words of that nature (I managed to say, "OH Felch!" twice during the broadcast, by the way!)

Anyway, I was supposed to meet **Kelly Chapman** of Channel 2 News at six in the morning at *Guthrie Skate Park*. Due to the short notice, I really had no idea what they expected me to do. The only instructions I received were to round up a couple of skaters and bring some safety equipment. Instead, I brought a long-board, an old-school poop ripper and a couple of dirtbag skaters with me.

There's a reason I don't skate at six in the morning. It's fucking hard. I don't even get up at six in the morning—with the exception of an unexpected bowel movement—let alone to go skate.

Groggy-eyed and saggy-pantsed, I got out of my friend's car and entered the skate park where Kelly was standing. She introduced herself and showed me how to put on the wireless microphone. Then she explained how this shit was supposed to go down. Every half hour or so, the studio would broadcast us live from the park. Much to my surprise, Kelly had somewhat choreographed what we would be doing during each segment.

Now you're probably wondering why I find Kelly's preparedness surprising. Well, let me tell you some things about Kelly. First off, she was pretty nice. But she definitely creeped the fuck out of me for a couple of reasons. Mainly because that annoying energy she carries with her on air stayed with her when the camera was off. Yup, she was exactly the same off-camera. I started wondering if this former **Miss Utah** was really a robot built by Viacom, like I suspect **Britney Spears** is. I wondered what would happen if I unplugged her wireless mic? Would she shut down? Or was there some way I could save Kelly and get her out of the Channel 2 matrix?

Probably not, seeing as how her job forces her to get excited about shit she doesn't or shouldn't care about. Like hotdog-eating contests, who grew the biggest zucchini in Davis County, or, on this particular morning, learning how to skateboard with Mike Brown. But I am glad she was nice to me, because after meeting **Fox 13's Shauna Thomas** last week, it's apparent that people on the news think they don't have to be nice to anyone. Shauna was a total bitch, but that's another story.

The first segment began with Kelly asking me why the long board I had was so big and long. I'm

thinking, "What a stupid question." So I responded with a stupid answer: "This board is designed for older, heavier skateboarders. Mostly hippies and college students ride these things." I said.

"Why the hippies?" Kelly replied.

"Because they can't do tricks," I said.

I didn't know it at the time, but the newscpeople in the studio were just making fun of her on live TV. The weatherman was particularly mean. He looks like a washed-up porno star who probably got fired for not being able to get a boner, so now he tells people where the sun does and doesn't shine. I wonder if he hit on Kelly at the company party and she shut him down and that's why he's so mean to her.

During the second segment, Kelly asked me questions about skateboard slang. I told her that skaters always say things like "gnarlshious!" which means good. And "whacktastic," which means bad. I also convinced her to say on live TV, "off the shizzle!" and "fly Betty!"

It was so hard to not laugh at her while she was saying shit like, "I must be the old hippie today because I'm riding a long board!" She seemed oblivious to the subtle degrading of skateboard culture.

But the real trouble came in the final segment. I couldn't have planned these events out better myself. First, she mildly chastises me for not bringing any safety equipment. So I make a point to let the viewers know that it is important to skate within your abilities. I also lied and said I wear pads while skating aggressive terrain.

Then this little skateboard buddy and his dad show up at the park. They were excited to see their local park on the news and the dad was excited to see Kelly. He was perving out on her pretty hard.

The little skateboard buddy was the epitome of a lot of shit that's wrong in skateboarding today. Crooked bicycle helmet, cheap Wal-Mart skateboard in hand. The kind of kid you have to yell at all day to get the fuck out of your way at the skate park and you run him over anyways, thus giving him a harsh but much-needed lesson in skate park etiquette.

Anyway, Kelly is talking to him about the importance of wearing helmets and then decides she's going to ride my skateboard down the shallow bowl at Guthrie. I ask her if she needs some help. I put my hand on her shoulder as she's about to roll in.

Then it happened. Kelly ate some serious shit on the live morning news. And to make matters better, it looks like I pushed her. I swear I didn't, but after my girlfriend reviewed the tape and got to see how I was acting during the rest of the show, she's convinced I did.

I don't think that Kelly was seriously hurt or seriously pissed. She showed signs of neither as she got up laughing. I reminded her that she was skateboarding outside of her abilities and



Switch Frontside Flip - Photo: Bob Plumb

To watch the footage of Mike Brown fuck with Kelly Chapman log on [www.slugmag.com](http://www.slugmag.com). In the meantime, enjoy this pic of Lizard.

she ended the broadcast by saying,

"That was whacktastic!"

Whacktastic, indeed. **SLUG**

## Skateboard Update List:

By **Broadie Hammers** [Broadie@slugmag.com](mailto:Broadie@slugmag.com)

1. **Isseah Bey** almost became a father. He also skates for Salty Peaks.
2. **Kordel Black's** knee hurts.
3. Some kid named **Jake** got caught stealing at **Blindside**. Blindside Management is offering discounts to anybody who spits on him.
4. Number of e-mails **Broadie Hammers** has received: 0. Maybe will start a **Myspace** account.
5. **SLUG Summer of Death** continues Aug. 6 at the Gateway with **Junk Killer**. Whoever ollies over the fattest homeless guy will win.
6. **Paul Callis** is back from the **Piss Corps**. He also lost 15 pounds and is no longer weird.
7. **Fairmont Park** is still a great place to get a \$5 hand-job despite a skate-park being there.
8. **Mike Murdock** now does hippie jumps for **Blindside**.
9. **Oliver Buchanan** skateboards in slippers better than you, but has completely lost his mind. He is rapidly becoming the **Jim Morrison** of skateboarding.
10. **The Salt Lake Tribune** will be reporting on skateboarding and other action sports in the near future. May God have mercy on all of our souls. **SLUG**



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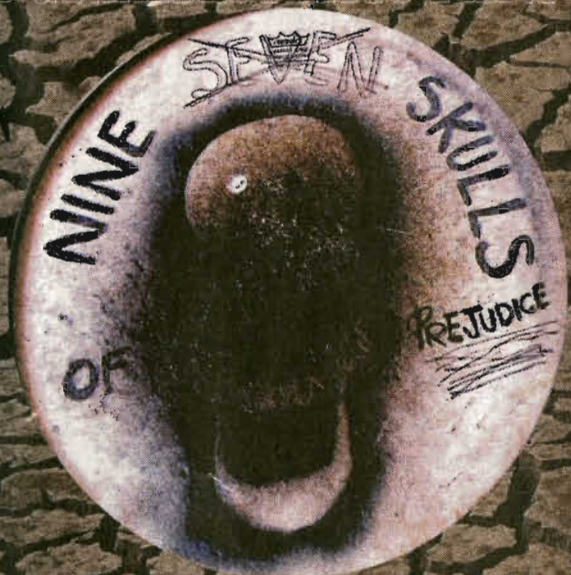


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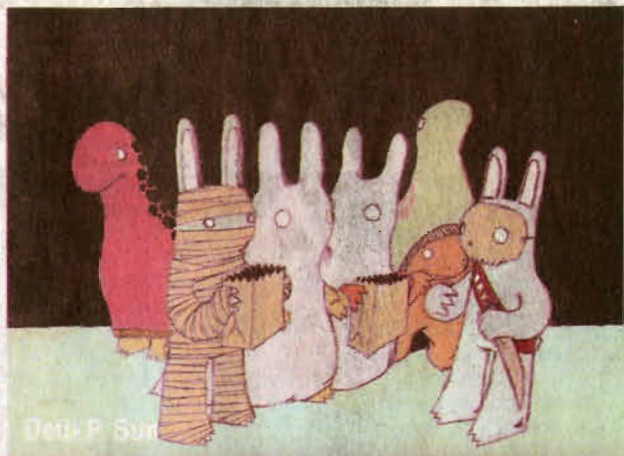
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## Giants from California Invade Salt Lake

By Mariah Mann Mellus [mariah@slugmag.com](mailto:mariah@slugmag.com)

**Gallery** Stroll is a changing of the guards, if you will—the time when last month's show becomes a thing of the past, and shiny new art, with new motives, processes and interpretations, comes out for the masses to contemplate. The shows we are privy to in Salt Lake rank with those in any coastal city. Take away the traffic and high prices, and you have a metropolitan experience unlike any other. Escape from the mundane. Escape the inevitable. Escape the reality of it all and stroll with us.

The *Unknown Gallery* located at 353 West 200 South in downtown Salt Lake City is this year's new darling on the scene. They have brought us D.J.s and models to spice things up, but for Aug. they kick up the heat with 11 intense—not to mention talented—artists from California. The show is entitled "*Friendless Outsiders*," and while some of the artists may seem like outsiders to us, they are well known on the west coast and welcome to the Salt Lake scene.

The grouping is unbelievable. Each of these artists have shown all over the United States, and a few have had their work showcased on the world stage as well. **Ogi**, who just finished a t-shirt design for **Weezer**, also recently finished a postcard book, *War of the Monsters*, and is being featured in a digital zine from Italy. **Deth P. Sun** exhibits no less than eight shows a year; **Omar Lee** has done freelance work for the *Village Voice*, *Bitch Magazine*, *New Times*, *Sony Music* and currently, *Business Weekly* and *Tivo*. Other famed artists include **Derek Wood**, **Jack Gabel**, **Bailey Winters**, **Evan Fah**, **Jeana Sohn**, **Brendan Monroe**, **Derek McCall** and **Marci Washington**.

The common denominator in most of these artists' work is the influence of the multimedia magazine "*Giant Robot*," a magazine I was unfamiliar with before researching for the show. I felt a little un-cool for not being apprised of this powerhouse in pop culture. *Giant Robot* covers the Asian-American pop culture scene. It features original paintings, **Jackie Chan** coverage, comic books and even the must-have candies to suck on while you're on ecstasy or trying to quit smoking. If you are looking for anything uniquely cool, you can find it here. Or for more info on many of these artists, go to [www.giantrobot.com](http://www.giantrobot.com).

I give props to these artists, their ambition, their drive and the organizations that support their flourishing. One day all of these artists will make more money than I can fathom, and they deserve to do so. Come to the show early and buy what you can while you can. We are just one stop on their way to the top. At least you can say, "I knew them when..." Take advantage and utilize life's experiences.

Support Art! It supports you! **SLUG**



# AJA Hassett

The New Bill Board Model  
Photo By: Grant Heaton

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# Headphones

Highly Recommend Summer Releases

## Hardsoul ft. New Cool Collective

### Bounson

#### Hardsoul Pressings

It's here, the long-awaited debut release of *Hardsoul Pressings*! The boys from Amsterdam (**Roog** and **Greg**) arey continue to go from hit to hit with strength, they're in demand and the studio work is more profound than ever. This features top Dutch act **New Cool Collective**, a 19-piece band of fresh and exciting players which began over a decade ago. With soul, jazz and Latin roots, this highly danceable number is a match made in heaven between DJ and musical genius.

Receiving support from **Martin Solvieg**, **Brian Tappert**, **Jon Cutler** and **Copyright**, this release is set in the history books. Remixed includes **Dj Jeroenski** and **Dj Pippi**. [www.hardsoul.nl](http://www.hardsoul.nl)

## Matt Caseli

### Regina's Sax Experience

#### Soulfulric Deep

Ibiza legend and longtime *Pacha* "Funky Room" resident **Matt Caseli** returns with another chapter in the life of "Regina." If you're a native of Salt Lake City, you probably have seen Caseli mix down one of his mean sets @ the *W Lounge* on one of his many trips into the city—but if you're a true househead, than you would know this UK-born bloke knows sexy house. "Regina's Sax Experience" is a full-floor bumper. Steamy and sexily spoken Spanish vocals mix with a Coltrane-ish saxophone: This one is in my bag this summer. Includes a "Porn Mix," "Funky Room" and "a cappella." [www.soulfulric.com](http://www.soulfulric.com)

## Off the Cuff

### "Shake"

#### Soulfulric Trax

From northeast England, the production duo of "Off the Cuff" are **Karl Frampton** and **Si Liliker**. Welcoming them to the *Soulfulric* team with new single "Shake," these folks know the nectar of the house fruit. Aside includes the swingin' talent of **Martin Ikin** and **Darren Giles** for the "Solid Purpose mix". It features an uplifting spoken-word piece, synth stabs and the classic soul-house guitar; and on the B-side, **Primo** (from *Device*) for the "Primo Mix." Taking it deeper, adding a US-Chicago sound—damn; you ain't goin' wrong with this one. It includes an a cappella of spoken word—wicked, mate. [www.soulfulric.com](http://www.soulfulric.com)

## Grant Nelson

### So Special

#### Swing City

**Grant Nelson** is back! Just in time for *Balearic Season*—this hot little number is right off the back of the "life" single, released earlier this year. Including "club" and "dub" mixes, this disco groover will top charts in full swank. Featuring vocal stabs, GN beats, funky ass bass, keys and guitar, think **JJK** mixed with a little **Deepswing** and tracks such as "Just for You" by **Free Spirits**. Guaranteed the value, this start-to-finish pool party will rock the panties right off this year's clubgoers.

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# BOOKS ALOUD

Book reviews for the SLUG reader with a library card and actually uses it

## Cruddy

### By Lynda Barry

#### Simon & Schuster

Just get it at [amazon.com](http://amazon.com)

If you think your life is bad—and, judging by statistics, it probably is—then you have to read this book, cause it'll make you run outside, kiss the soil and thank God you're not *Cruddy's* **Roberta Robbeson**, or "Clyde," as her father, who wished she had been born a boy, calls her. Anti-hero Roberta's life is the most depressing life in literature that I know of, and the only thing that makes it bearable is *her*—her sarcastic, knowing voice, her wit, intelligence and misanthropy. *Cruddy* follows Roberta from her dysfunctional home life across the Nevada desert to Area 51 with her father on a murder spree (with knives named Little Debbie and Sheila) that makes *Natural Born Killers* look as banal as Pepto-Bismol. Every scene in *Cruddy* is repellant—bodies rotting in trailers, rotting heads falling from restaurant ceilings and exploding on the floor, puppy killings, half-eaten pizza stacked on plates. *Cruddy* is one of the most demented rides you'll ever take, but at the same time, Roberta's sane observations in an insanely unjust world are hilarious. When Roberta kills herself at the end, the only thing you'll question is how she held out so long. Did I just give away the ending? —*Rebecca Vernon*



## Thinking in Type: The Practical Philosophy of Typography

### Alex W. White

#### Allworth Press

[www.allworth.com](http://www.allworth.com)

*Thinking in Type* is lauded by **Ed Benguiat**, a typographic designer, as being "a practical, exciting reference book," so you can imagine my disappointment when I came to find out that such a highly praised book on something I know nothing about, i.e., graphic design/typography, turned out to be an ironic display of self-indulgent pageantry on the history, culture and education of said topic. The book constantly stresses one main point: the need to use proper white spacing, font, etc., to convey the correct meaning for the correct content, but the odd thing is that the book goes ahead and breaks this rule time and time again with words bleeding over from one page on to the next, putting distracting history and culture lessons of type facing awkwardly on the opposite page, and furthermore, cluttering the pages with all sorts of superfluous imagery. The book, while interesting in nature, is pompous and hard to read. It makes the reader work for information that should be more readily accessible and interesting instead of having to wade through mountains of information groaning, kicking and screaming. —*Erik Lopez*



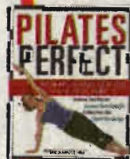
## Pilates Perfect: The Complete Guide to Pilates Exercise at Home

### Diane Daniels, MA

#### Hatherleigh Press

[www.healthylivingbooks.com](http://www.healthylivingbooks.com)

You never thought you would see a review for an exercise book in *SLUG*, did you? Especially one on an exercise craze sweeping the nation: Pilates. But Diane Daniels' book on Pilates is right on target. I don't exercise as much as I should, and when I saw this book in *SLUG's* illustrious library, I thought it would be a perfect time to get in shape and find out whether an exercise regime like Pilates actually worked. I set to work reading the book and getting myself ready to pilate. I was skeptical at first about whether such a vehicle of exercise even turned out results, but I still did it every day for about 30 minutes. As of this writing, I don't see a lot of improvement, but I do see some: I feel my general overall health is a bit better; my abs feel firmer, and my buns are like sturdy plastic. The book comes recommended to those who want the health benefit of exercise, but don't have time to do heavy-duty exercise or just don't plain want to. Remember, though, that exercise alone doesn't get you into shape—it also requires laying off the Zingers. —*Erik Lopez* **SLUG**





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# The Daily Calendar

Submissions are due by the 25th of the previous month

## Friday, August 5

Sound of Birds—*Sugarbeats*  
Koufax, Limbeck, Kiev, The Annuals—*Lo-Fi*  
The Lions, The Jackets, Flight 409—*Muse*  
The Tremula, The Vile Blue Shades—*Kilby*  
Heiruspecs—*Ego's*  
The Red Bennies—*Brewskis*  
Wicked Diamond, The Ramones Alive—*Burt's*  
Debi Graham, Stiletto—*Urban*  
The Heaters, The Rotten Musicians—*Todd's*  
Screaming Condors, Charlie Don't Surf—*Monks*  
MÖTLEY CRÜE, Silvertide, The Exies—*USANA Amphitheater*  
The Sass, Last Response, Less Than Never—*Vegas*

## Saturday, August 6

Racetrack, The Rattails—*Kilby*  
Agents Of The Sun, DJ Curtis Strange, The Heaters—*Burt's*  
Bayside, Schoolyard Heroes, Vendetta Red—*Sound*  
Biiirdie, Del Rey—*Urban*  
Fry Sauce—*Brewski's*  
SiX—*Velvet Room*  
Eddie Spaghetti—*SnowBird*  
Marmalade Hill, 2 1/2 White Guys—*Port O' Call*  
Long Form Femme Fest—*Sugarbeats*  
Seven Vials—*Esquire*  
The Rubes, Bronco, Edgar's Mule, The Cunted—*Todd's*  
**Summer of Death: Junk Killer—Gateway**

## Sunday, August 7

Sworn Enemy, Scars of Tomorrow, Agents of Man, Full Blown Chaos, Strength in Numbers, Winter Solstice—*Lo-Fi*  
Fluff Girl Burlesque—*Burt's*  
Radio Bago, Diamonds Under Fire, The Sass—*Monks*

## Monday, August 8

Jim Yoshi Pileup, Fleet Streak, A Heartless Solution—*Kilby*  
Society's Finest, Becoming the Archetype, Embrace the End, To No Avail—*Lo-Fi*  
Morning Wood, Pleasure Thieves, Shiny Toy Guns, Almost Undone—*Urban*  
D.J. Curtis Strange, City Mouse—*Burt's*

## Tuesday, August 9

Ari Ari, Kid 606, Eats Tapes, Knifeandchop—*Kilby*  
John Hiatt and The Goners, Shawn Colvin—*Red Butte Garden*  
Augustana, Embrace, Longwave—*Urban*  
Overdrive A.D., Fuck The Informer, Dead Rif To Drag—*Burt's*  
Terminal, June—*Lo-Fi*  
"T" Broussard—*Brewski's*  
Matterhorn Manor—*Todd's*

## Wednesday, August 10

The Spinto Band, Head of Femur, Kathryn Cowles—*Kilby*  
Jem, Brandi Carlile—*Velvet Room*  
MindState, Brothas on the Slide—*Liquid Joe's*

LKN, Nova, Smashy Smashy—*Urban*

## Thursday, August 11

Neva Dinova, Mayday, Whiskey's Wake—*Kilby*  
A Day at the Fair, The Mile After, Madison, The Suicide Pact, Ayrton—*Lo-Fi*  
Old School Freight Train—*Downtown Plaza*  
David Grisnam Quintet—*Galivan*  
Lifehouse—*In the Venue*  
Chubby Bunny, Manta, The Kallikak Family—*Todd's*  
Jinga Boa—*Urban*

## Friday, August 12

**SLUG Localized:** Redemption, Carphax Files, AODL—*Urban*  
Heaters, The Hotness, The Invisible Rays, Unfinished Business—*Kilby*  
Skeleton Key, Form of Rocket, Under Radar—*Vegas*  
Jason Perkins Band—*Brewski's*  
Dreadnought, Life By Accident—*The Circuit*  
The Jaded Band, Earwig—*Muse*  
The K Liners—*Sugarbeats*  
Starmy, The Red Bennies—*Burt's*  
The Claustrophobics—*Todd's*  
Spork—*Monks*

## Saturday, August 13

The Thieves, J.W. Blackout, Simekka—*Burt's*  
Sybris, CAT-A-TAC, Dead Riff to Drag, Glacial—*Kilby*  
Breaking Benjamin, No Address—*In the Venue*  
Cowboy Mouth—*Velvet Room*  
The Havoc, Cheap Sex, Career Soldiers, Negative Charge, Frankenhoozers, Skint—*Lo-Fi*  
No-Fi Soul Rebellion, Agape—*Urban*  
Lamer Face, Ancient Wings Unfold, Lynch—*Ironic Ashes*  
Bob and Barn, Chris Stuart and Backcountry, Hammer Down, Jake Armerding, Lonesome Sisters, Nancy Hanson, Sweet Sunny South, Uinta Serenade—*Galivan*  
Bloodworm, Even Lower, Fuck the Informer—*Todd's*

## Sunday, August 14

Built Like Alaska—*Kilby*  
Hockey Night—*Monks*  
Allison Moore, Steve Earle and the Dukes—*Red Butte Garden*  
Kaddisfly, Pale Pacific, Small Town Burn a Little Slower, The Static Age—*Club Boom*  
Zombie Fest: Nathan Brown, Carrion Crawlers, Empire Of Robots, Little Sap Dungeon, 23 Extasy, Violent Run, Sonic Disorder, Aold, The Urie Circle—*Lo-Fi*

## Monday, August 15

Partylane, Chubby Bunny—*Kilby*  
D.J. Curtis Strange—*Burt's*

## Tuesday, August 16

Pelican, Red Sparowes, Union of the Snake—*In the Venue*  
Black Sabbath, Iron Maiden, As I Lay Dying, Black Label Society—*Usana*  
PeelanderZee, Thunderfist, Die Monster Die—*Burt's*  
Tinsley Ellis—*Brewski's*  
Last Response, The King Hen, One

night Stand—*Kilby*  
Pattern is Movement—*Urban*  
The Ebb & Flow—*Sugarbeats*  
Sixes and Sevens—*Todd's*

## Wednesday, August 17

Kal Corps Xen—*Burt's*  
Shooter Jennings—*Velvet Room*  
Cabaret Voltage—*Urban*  
Outside of Society, Travesty, Endland, Listo, Patrick Buie—*Kilby*

## Thursday, August 18

Gorch Fock, Tia Carrera, Form of Rocket—*Kilby*  
Bob Schneider, Shelby Lynne—*Galivan*  
Old Haunts, Devin Davis—*SpiceDay*  
Gorch Fock, Tia Carrera, Form of Rocket, Day of Less—*Kilby*

## Friday, August 19

Reckless Kelly—*Ego's*  
Salt City Bandits—*Vegas*  
The Hurt Process, Aiden, The Junior Varsity, The Audition, Fail To Follow—*Lo-Fi*  
The K-Liners—*Brewski's*  
Annesty, Larusso—*Kilby*  
Reaper—*Urban*  
The Breaks, Andale, The Heaters—*Monks*  
The Ebb and Flow—*Sugarbeats*  
The Clusterfux, The Last Priority, All Systems Fail, Racket—*Burt's*  
Gallery Stroll—*Pierpont Ave.*  
**SLUG Action Sports Night w/ Medicine Circus, Super So Far—Todd's**

## Saturday, August 20

CKY, The Knives, Fireball Ministry—*Lo-Fi*  
The Suicide Machines, Lost City Angels, Bullets to Broadway—*Club Sound*  
The Sun House Healers—*Brewski's*  
Seve Vs. Evan—*Kilby*  
Starmy, The Body—*Urban*  
River City High, Midnight Riot, Abby Normal—*Mo's*  
The Rodeo Boys, Vile Blue Shades, The Utah County Swillers—*Burt's*  
Real Life—*DVB*  
The Dick Squadron—*Todd's*

## Sunday, August 21

The Life and Times, Paris Green, Tera Melos—*Kilby*  
The Blind Boys of Alabama—*Red Butte Garden*  
Agape, Business Lady—*Monk's*

## Monday, August 22

Finding New York, This New Empire, Victrola, X Marks—*Kilby*  
Engine Down, Des Ark, Bella Lea, I Am Electric—*Lo-Fi*  
Lucky Boys Confusion, Melee, The Working Title, Dropping Daylight—*Club Boom*

## Tuesday, August 23

Attractive and Popular, Flee the Century, Jessica Something Jewish—*Kilby*  
Old Scars First—*Burt's*  
Kasey Chambers—*Red Butte Garden*  
Eddie Shaw—*Brewski's*

## Wednesday, August 24

Xiu Xiu, Yellow Swans, Nedelle—*Kilby*  
Big Wu—*Velvet Room*  
**SLUG's Black and White Party—Room 32**

## Thursday, August 25

Keller Williams, Zilla—*Galivan*  
Ted Dancin—*Urban*  
Runner, Foma—*Kilby*

## Friday, August 26

I.R.A.T.E., Six, Denots, Payface, Narcotic Self, Switch Pin, Aggressive Persuasion, Six, Northwest Royal, Unred—*Club Vegas*  
Citizen Cope, Marc Broussard—*Velvet Room*  
Tolchock Trio—*Brewski's*  
Even Lower, Left For Dead, Charlie Don't Surf, Dead Rif To Drag—*Burt's*  
Longshot, Hand Job Involved, Glade—*Todd's*  
Salt City Bandits—*Monks*  
Pleasure Thieves, Black Hole, Out Time in Space—*Urban*  
O Discordia, Annuals, Stuf Grundy—*Kilby*

## Saturday, August 27

The Briefs, Brain Failure, Le Fray, Even Lower, Negative Charge—*Lo-Fi*  
Pirkulators, No Self Image—*Mo's*  
Left For Dead, Even Lower, The Body—*Burt's*  
Cosm—*Ego's*  
The Wolfs, Art of Kanly—*Todd's*  
Dirty Birds—*Urban*  
Lethal West, Take the Fall, Fall to Follow, The Yearbook—*Kilby*

## Sunday, August 28

Starfuckers Inc.—*Club BlowScene*  
Smegnamous—*Fraggle [Crack]Rock*

## Monday, August 29

Domeshots—*Coyotz*  
Redwalls, The Colour—*Urban*

## Tuesday, August 30

A Change of Pace, Lorene Drive, So They Say—*Lo-Fi*  
The Zach Parrish Band—*Burt's*  
The Spill Canvas, This Day and Age, Mashlin—*Kilby*  
The Jujubees—*Todd's*

## Wednesday, August 31

Hidden In Plain View, The Academy Is, Spitalfield, Over It—*Lo-Fi*  
Particle, Gabby La La—*Velvet Room*  
MIT City, General Confusion—*Burt's*  
Cabaret Voltage—*Urban*  
Red Pony Clock—*Kilby*

## Thursday, September 1

Retribution Gospel Choir—*Kilby*  
Vinyl—*Ego's*  
SuperHeavyGoatAss, Iota, Los Rojos—*Burt's*  
Flogging Molly—*In the Venue*

## Friday, September 2

Hella, Kind of Like Spitting, Airliner—*Kilby*  
Glass Candy, Channing Cope, Danava, The Red Bennies—*Urban*  
Murdock, The Mass, Thunderfist—*Burt's*  
Our Time in Space—*Todd's*





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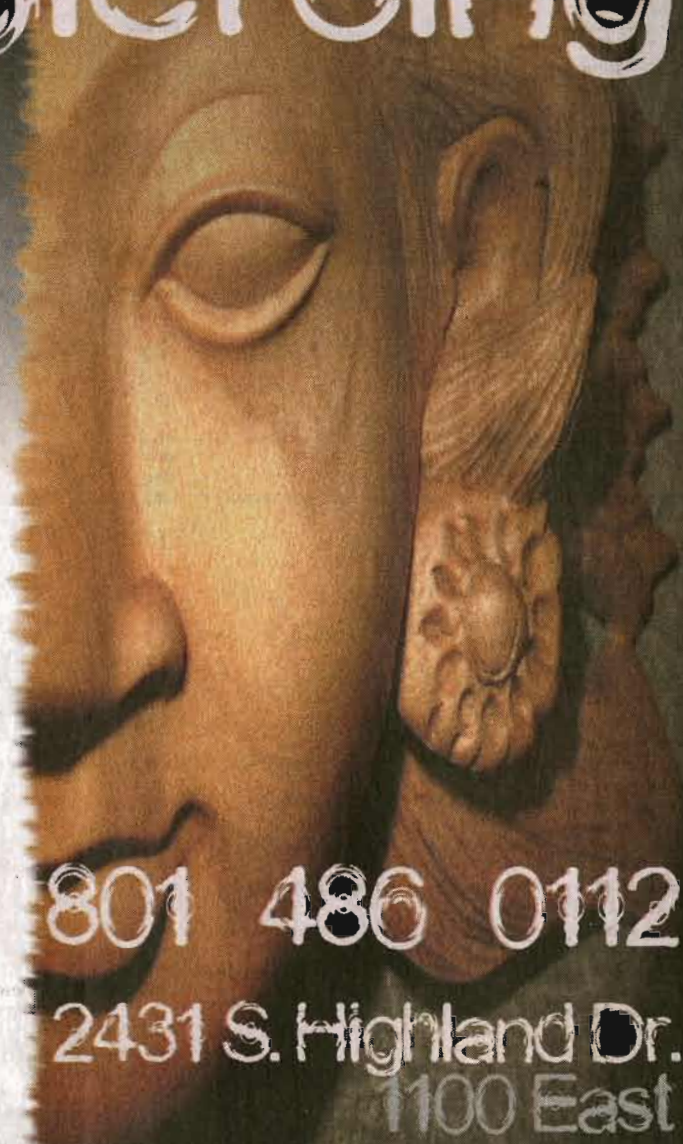
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## Kilby Court Calendar AUGUST 2005



mon	1-Aug	THE STARVATIONS, Loiter Cognition, Red Bennies	Annesty, Larusso	fri	19-Aug
wed	3-Aug	SOUTHERLY, Mother's Coconut Pregnancy, Sikema, Lauren Wood	Seve Vs. Evan	sat	20-Aug
thur	4-Aug	MINUS STORY	THE LIFE AND TIMES (Al from Shiner), Paris Green, Tera Melos	sun	21-Aug
fri	5-Aug	the Tremula tour send off, Paper Cranes, Vile Blue Shades	FACING NEW YORK, This New Empire, Victrola, X Marks	mon	22-Aug
sat	6-Aug	RACETRACK, the Rattails	ATTRACTIVE AND POPULAR, FLEE THE CENTURY, Jessica Something Jewish	tue	23-Aug
mon	8-Aug	JIM YOSHI PILEUP, Fleet Streak, A Heartless Solution	XIU XIU, YELLOW SWANS, NEDELLE	wed	24-Aug
tue	9-Aug	KID 606, EATS TAPES, KNIFEHANDCHOP	RUNNER, FOMA	thur	25-Aug
wed	10-Aug	THE SPINTO BAND, HEAD OF FEMUR (members of Bright Eyes), Kathryn Cowles	O Discordia, Annuals, Stuf Grundy	fri	26-Aug
thur	11-Aug	NEVA DINOVA, MAYDAY, Whiskey's Wake	Lethal West Cd Release, Take the Fall, Fall to Follow, the Yearbook	sat	27-Aug
fri	12-Aug	the Heaters, the Hotness, the Invisible Rays, Unfinished Business	The Spill Canvas, This Day and Age, Mashlin	tue	30-Aug
sat	13-Aug	SYBRIS, CAT-A-TAC, Dead Riff to Drag, Glacial	RED PONY CLOCK	tue	31-Aug
mon	15-Aug	PARTYLINE (allison of Bratmobile) Chubby Bunny	RETRIBUTION GOSPEL CHOIR (featuring Alan Sparhawk from LOW and Mark K. from Sun Kil Moon)	wed	1-Sep
tue	16-Aug	Last Response, THE KING HEN, One Night Stand	HELLA, KIND OF LIKE SPITTING, Airliner	thur	2-Sep
wed	17-Aug	Outside of Society, Travesty, Endland, Litso, Patrick Buie	SUB POP NIGHT: ROGUE WAVE, FRUIT BATS, CHAD VAN GAALEN	tue	7-Sep
thur	18-Aug	GORCH FOCK, TIA CARRERA, Form of Rocket, Day of Less	BUILT LIKE ALASKA	wed	8-Sep



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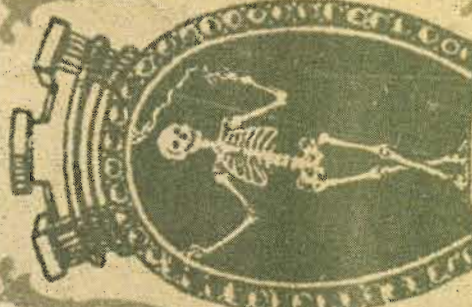
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