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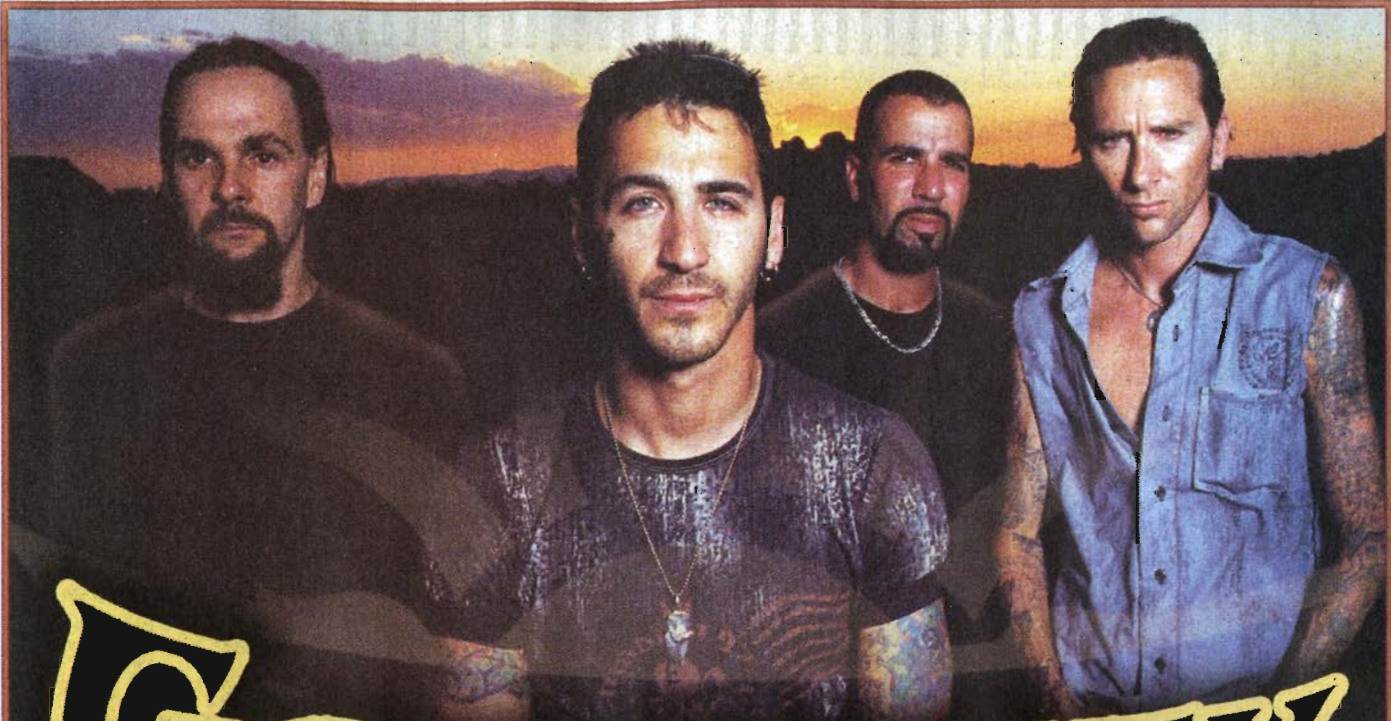
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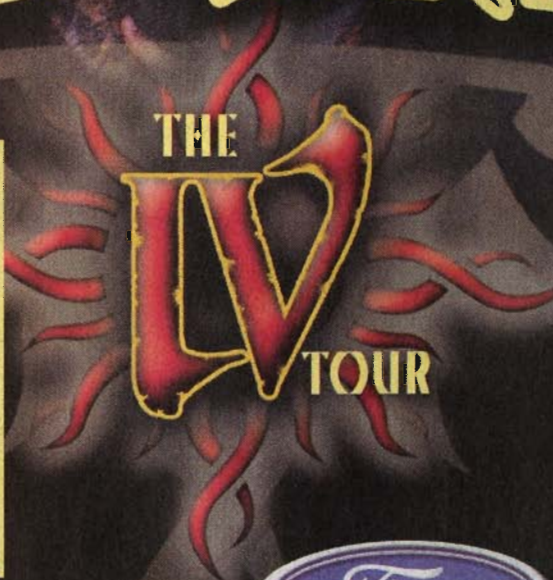


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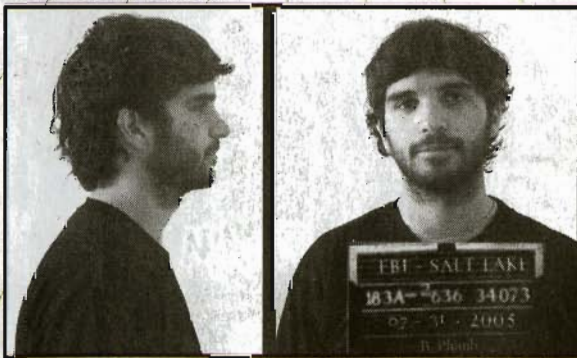
# SLUG

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## CONTRIBUTOR LIMELIGHT

It's a bird, it's a plane ... no, it's artsy, fartsy skate photographer Bob Plumb shooting the illist backspin hip-kick frontside narly nar wallboard sequences for SLUG Magazine! For the ladies out there, Bob loves chatting and hot tea, has a dog named

"Lily" who sleeps on his bed and licks stranger's feet and he has a face that softly coos "cuddle party." When Bob isn't hitting skaters with slow motion f-stops, he can be found eating at the Park Café and working at the Salt Lake Tribune.

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An advertisement for Full# Pipe. It features a circular frame showing a person riding a pipe. The pipe is surrounded by lush green foliage. The text "Full# Pipe" is written in a stylized, outlined font across the center of the pipe. The background is a dark, textured blue.

Full# Pipe

An advertisement for Half# Pipe. It features a stylized skull with a beret and a ruffled collar. The skull is black with red eyes and a red mouth. The beret is black with a red band. The ruffled collar is white with a red center. The background is a solid red color. The text "Half# Pipe" is written in a stylized, outlined font at the bottom.

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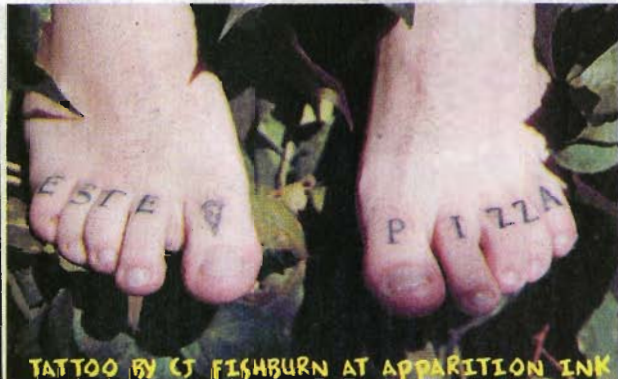


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TATTOO BY CJ FISHBURN AT APPARITION INK

# Dear DICKHEADS

*deluxe edition*

Dear Dickheads

On Saturday, September 9, I decided to test-ride my latest yard sale acquisition around town. The bicycle was a real bargain. I was told it was unrideable due to flat tires. Flat tires are easily repaired, a quick perusal revealed high-end components and the machine was full suspension so I paid cash.

I had the thing running beautifully and I was overjoyed with the bicycle. I was enjoying the night immensely until I stopped by Burt's Tiki Lounge. Burt's has long been my favorite Salt Lake City watering hole. I've patronized the joint for decades. I've written my praises of Burt's dozens of times in current and now defunct street publications.

I carefully locked the bicycle to a parking meter using three locks. I entered Burt's. I was asked for identification and informed that there was a \$10 cover charge. I must admit I was a little shocked. The website had claimed the show would only be \$8. I didn't fight it and handed my ID and \$10 over. The doorman consulted with another individual. "That's not Wild Bill," said the second individual.

I said, "If I were Wild Bill could I get in free?" The cover charge was due to three touring bands on the schedule at the only bar in Salt Lake City that once used the slogan, "Never a cover charge, ever." The doorman replied, "I don't think I can let you in." He was still examining my identification.

I laughed. The doorman handed back my identification. "I can't let you in." He was dressed like Tim McGraw I he was prepared to attend an AFI concert. He wore a black, pre-distressed cowboy hat and black eyeliner as if he were expecting to sit the bench in a high school football game. Jocks wear shoe polish - so he was a poseur from the get go. He wore a black T-shirt with the stereotypical unknown band logo, black jeans and white Adidas, not vintage but trying to be.

I recognized the bartender and I pointed to him. "Ask the bartender if I can come in." The bartender gave me the okay.

I got in and got falling-off-my-yard-sale-bicycle drunk. Burt's filled with boys dressed in black and ugly fat girls dressed in black. The three touring bands were indistinguishable in their musical ability, creativity, genre and style. All members of the touring bands were also dressed in black. The ability to play three chords on a guitar does not make an entertaining punk rock band. The music was dreadful and boring. The boys and girls dressed in black stood motionless staring at the generic punk rock bands on the stage.

This is a music scene? Perhaps I'd worn too many colors? It's late summer. Who wears black in the summer? Or, perhaps it was the backpack again? What in the fucking hell was the doorman afraid of? What did he think I was going to do? Nettie came later. I told her my story. She couldn't believe it and asked if I'd told them who I was. "All I know is that I'm not Wild Bill." I responded. -Wild Bill

Dear Wild Bill,

It's always a bummer to get charged more for a show than was posted on their website, and an even bigger bummer when after you pay the sum the bands end up being so dull that'd you'd rather be in a coma somewhere. Haven't you heard though? Black cowboy hats, eyeliner and Adidas are the new "in" thing. All the cool kids are rockin' that shit. It is what's on sale at the mall. And black? They're just expressing the color of their souls. And I'm sure those ugly fat chicks have such depleted self esteem that they'd fuck anything with nipples. Why else do you think guys that look like deformed love children of Davey Havok and Tim McGraw are kicking it there? It's not like they're getting play from the ladies elsewhere. Fuck, probably not even at Port O' Call. I think it's high time you started pulling the "Don't you know who I am?" line all J-Lo or P-Diddy style. Start going by Wild-B or something catchy like that. Then they'll have to listen to you. Next time skip the bar, remember you can get a DUI on a bike too, and I think it'd be a lot harder to try to talk yourself out of paying for something when you're face to face with a cop. I promise he'll care less about who you are than anyone at Burt's ever will.



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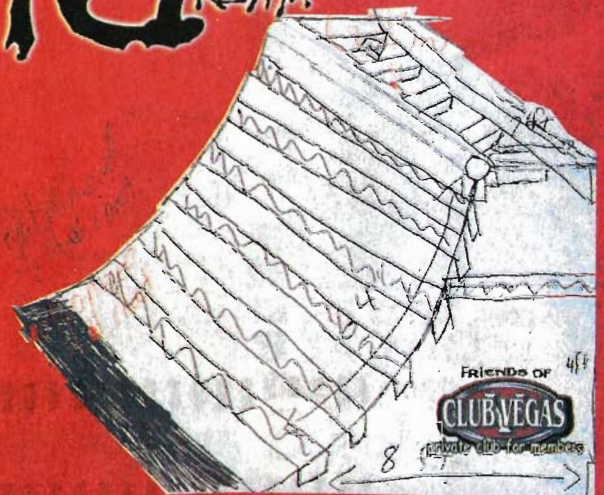
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# GALLERY STROLL

## CELEBRATE DEATH TO ART!

By Mariah Mann Mellus

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

Gallery Stroll is a monthly celebration of local art and artisans. On the third Friday of every month, the galleries and art studios stay open from 6 p.m. to 9 p.m. and welcome the public to enjoy the artist's flavor. I hate to admit that there are months I never make it out of a jewelry bouquet on Pierpont known as *Aphelion*. Other months I make my rounds to the *Phillips Gallery*, *Art Access*, the *Patrick Moore Gallery* or even to the *Circle Lounge's* after Gallery Stroll "Wrap Party."

Gallery Stroll is a night to let go of your agenda and let the art and the conversations take you to places you wouldn't normally go. One place I can't say I would normally expect to find myself is in an old warehouse on *Crystal Avenue (2590 S.)* Stretching from 118 to 132 W. I don't like to venture off the downtown grid except for the hottest new art studios. But for the highly anticipated grand reopening of *Poor Yorrick Studios*, I'll travel. Recently I've noticed a lot of great businesses and studios are calling South Salt Lake home. As the rents increase downtown, the independent businesses have to find new pockets of development with room to grow.

I couldn't be happier that *Poor Yorrick* is reopening. This summer has been tragic for the Salt Lake art community. We have lost some amazing young independent art galleries and it's nice to have an opening to celebrate rather than a closing to mourn.

In the past, *Poor Yorrick* was known for its wild parties and open studio nights hosted in correlation with the spring and fall equinox. A new building has sparked new traditions.

*Poor Yorrick Studios* will open November 3rd with a celebration in honor of the Day of the Dead. The Day of the Dead's origins trace back much further than its well known holiday cousin Halloween. The two holidays are very similar but the Day of the Dead is not about factious people, rather about friends and family members that have passed on. Celebrated primarily in Central and South America people dress as though they are dead but with respect to what the dead wore, painting their faces white with dark circles representing the tired look worn by those that walk the earth waiting to rest in peace.

It's perfect holiday to say good bye to the old *Poor Yorrick Studio* and other art galleries we lost this year while welcoming the new and improved space still known as *Poor Yorrick*.

The official *Salt Lake Gallery Stroll* is October 20th, but just as the *Poor Yorrick* opening will be held November 3rd, art just happens!

I wonder what I should be for Halloween...

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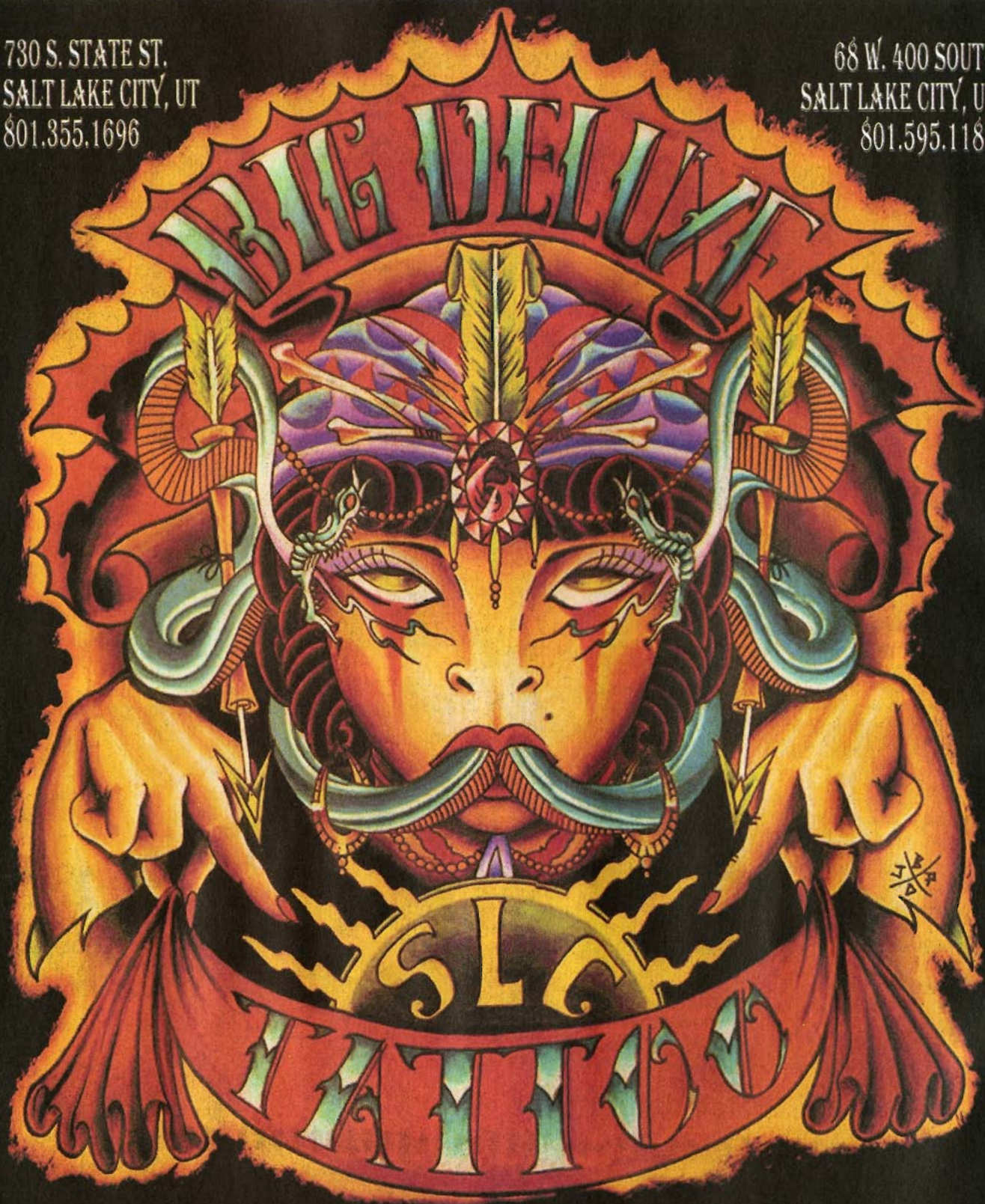
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## DREAMIN' THE BLUES: BAD BRAD WHEELER AND HIS HARMONICA ARMY

By Erik Lopez [erik@slugmag.com](mailto:erik@slugmag.com)

"Everyone has a story about the harmonica," says **Bad Brad Wheeler** of the **Legendary Porch Pounders**. Bad Brad's story about his harmonica started when he was 18 years of age on a dare. He was at a keg party in Ogden, where he currently lives, when someone dared him to play the harmonica. Seventeen years later, Bad Brad is trying to break the Guinness Book of World Records for the largest harmonica band. Previously, a 900-person harmonica band from Poland held the title until someone in Washington State doubled the record to 1,800 people. Now, Brad Wheeler has a goal to organize and execute the largest "harmonica army" ever of over 2,500 people to play "When the Saints Go Marching In" for over five minutes.

Bad Brad's goal to set a world record came to him in a dream after he had taught 7,000 kids to play the harmonica. In the dream, once he had reached 10,000 kids, he would have them all play at the same time.

He brushed it aside as just an amusing dream, but after he told his 98-year-old grandma about it, she told him it was not just another dream, but a calling. She went on to say that he should do it not just for himself, but for everyone else.

Currently, Bad Brad has taught over 10,500 students that harmonica through the Blues in School program. That started six years ago when **Catherine McGue**, then the director of the Egyptian Theatre, asked Brad to teach the blues (and the harmonica) to some school children. He thought it was only going to be about 30 kids, but ended up being 800. From there, he continued to teach kids the importance of the blues not only as the foundation of American music, but as the history of black/white relations in America.

On October 14th at Lindquist Field, home of the Ogden Raptors baseball team, Bad Brad Wheeler will assemble over 2,500 harmonica players to try and beat the current world record. The field has been provided for free and 2,500 "A" harmonicas by Horner Harmonicas will be given to the first 2,500 who sign up. Fortunately for Brad, Horner USA is sponsoring the event and provided \$20,000 dollars' worth of harmonicas for the greatly reduced price of \$4,000 dollars. Even though this is a free event, Bad Brad still needs to raise 4,000 more dollars as well as spend more time spreading the word about his event. Eighty volunteers and many more donations will be needed to make this event a success. But why the harmonica and not the guitar? "The harmonica is a cheap, portable and instant instrument... try shaving a guitar in your back pocket," Bad Brad quips.

Registration for the event starts at 10 a.m., instruction begins at noon and the actual record attempt takes place at 3:05 P.M. 3:05 P.M.? "People in Utah run a little late and it just sounds right," Bad Brad says.

For more information, check out [www.harmonicaarmy.com](http://www.harmonicaarmy.com).

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(12) SLUG

# Glitter gutter trash

A psychotic candyland full of glam glitz, trashy pop, new wave, post-everything, retrofuturisms and distorted beauty. impressionistic garble and oppressive opinion by ryan michael painter rien@davidbowie.com

## Primal Scream

Riot City Blues

Columbia

Street: 08.22

Primal Scream = Rolling Stones + Dandy Warhols' Oddities had it actually worked

The title of the album is a bit misleading. While "riot" may have been appropriate when referring to previous efforts *Evil Heat* or *Xtrmntr*, only "blues" seems to come close to the truth. It would seem these noise merchants have sold their souls and synthesizers for some southern blues, which might seem like an odd departure considering Bobby Gillespie & Co. recent work but really it's a return to the *Give Out But Don't Give In* era that lifted the former Jesus & Mary Chain drummer from a footnote to opening for Depeche Mode in the US and substantial chart placement in the UK. In that light it is somewhat of a disappointment but given time *Riot City Blues* will undoubtedly be one of those albums that proves itself underrated upon further reflection.

## Electroluvs

Bubblewrapped

Ninthwave

Street: 09.05

Electroluvs = Evolving Electro with Ladytron aspirations

Listening to Ladytron's debut a few days ago made me realize how the evolution of their sound smoke screened the inevitable truth: early electroclash might have sounded like a reawakening at the time but it stoled quickly. Had *Witching Hour* been less of a departure their musical impact would have surely faded like Fischerspooner's. Electroluvs haven't completely caught on. *Bubblewrapped* is perfectly named in that it seems terribly safe. It's melodic, thankfully augmented by the occasional guitar and unfortunately rather repetitive without a strong sense of actually containing a memorable song. The vocals and lyrics are glossed over, disinterested and cold and more often than not forgettable. Just compare Daniel Ash's version of "Spooky" to Electroluvs' and you'll get the picture. At least you'd only need to know one or two robotic dance moves to burn this disca down.

## Casper & the Cookies

The Optimist's Club

Happy Happy Birthday to Me

Street: 07.25

Casper & the Cookies = Happy Days Cuddle Pop

It's got to be hard to write quirky music that incorporates a bit of folk with a nostalgic twist on the pop groups of the 50's and 60's without sounding like a Belle & Sebastian attempt on *Stars in Their Eyes*. It isn't that Casper & Co. sound exactly B&S, at times they sound nearly nothing alike (particularly the ambient guitar and jazz textures). The problem is they feel exactly alike, only in C&C's case there isn't an undercurrent of wit and bite that resides beneath the shiny pop surface. For those who are wistfully romantic and sugary but I've rotted out my teeth on sweeter stuff.

## Crane Under Water

Crane Under Water

Space Rock Music

Street: 07.11

Crane Under Water = Mogwai - The Cure + Prog Rock

Crane Under Water wouldn't have happened if someone hadn't introduced him to Mogwai. I know because he told me sitting in a cheap motel room in Salt Lake City as he drove around the country with his girlfriend posing out CD to just about anyone who would listen. Even with that in mind the album only references Mogwai in the use of quiet shifting to loud and its epic instrumental structure. There aren't nearly the layers you'd find on a Mogwai release and from time to time the guitar dominated songs lean towards progressive rock but instead of completely turning me off to the music it surprises me. With the inclusion of a little violin here and there, some sparse drums and atmospherics the album works rather well without becoming overtly self-gratifying. Not an easy task for a one man band.

## Black Happy Day

In the Garden of Ghostflowers

Silber

Street: 08.29

Black Happy Day = Not quite the Swans

If the Swans hadn't existed this twisted ambient folk album from Lycia's Tara Vanflower and Stone Breath's Timothy Renner might not sound nearly as unnecessary as it does now. Simply Vanflower isn't Jarboe and Renner isn't Michael Gira. It's hard to damn them for it but *Ghostflowers* just doesn't feel as emotionally bare as it should. It's less focused on telling the story, more interested in creating the atmosphere. This doesn't come as a complete surprise considering I often felt the same way about Lycia, lovely people but not nearly as engaging as artists. As I'm not entirely enthralled by the genre I'll stick to the masters while others may be inclined to dig to the second tier in Black Happy Day.



# MODUS OPERANDI

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

By onamyseven

onamyseven@kommandzero.net

This year has been eye opening. Perhaps I was naive about what music fans are really like in Salt Lake. Concert attendance has been low in recent months, so low that promoters are losing even more money, bands are losing the desire to come back and word is spreading that Salt Lake isn't friendly towards industrial acts.

What really bothers me is people's behavior at recent shows. During Snog's September performance, "fans" had the audacity to steal the band's flags displayed on stage. I never imagined that people at a concert would disrespect a band they paid to see. And with Snog's anti-corporate message, it seems even more bizarre that people would do that. When asked if he had brought any extras, David Thrussell replied, "I didn't think we would need them." The promoters replaced the flags, but it's not about the flags anymore; it's the way the Salt Lake scene is being represented. In a city that already struggles with getting live shows, it's sad to see things like this happen.

Not only did Nitzer Ebb have a surprisingly small turnout, but I watched fans concentrate more on watching the show via cellphone than they actually indulged in the aspect that this legendary act was performing before them.

Things are changing in music scenes everywhere. Several notable bands that I have talked to recently mention how much harder it has become to survive making music. It's a shame to see these talented people lose money on their art. The sense of community I once felt for this scene has disappeared. I'm nostalgic for a time when industrial concerts were nearly sold out, everybody was enthusiastic for the live music experience and illegal downloading didn't exist. Now let me wipe away my tears and move on.

Fear not little rivets, I don't plan on giving up the good fight to keep Industrial alive in Utah. Be sure to check out those pretty boys from Sweden *Covenant*, the California cuties, *Imperative Reaction* and the pummeling of Germany's *Rotersand* playing at *The Avalon* on October 10th.

## Bong-Ra

*Stereotype Heroin Hooker*

Ad Noiseam

Street: 06.26

Bong-Ra = sex + drugs + breakcore

*Bikini Bandits Kill! Kill!* Was the first I had heard of Bong-Ra, earning me the ridicule of friends, as my attraction to the bikini girl with a gun on the cover was undeniable. I was sold on the idea of jungle meets reggae

meets breakcore. Guess who's laughing now? The intense and ubiquitous beats thrown down on *Stereotype Heroin Hooker* with now two, bikini-clad girls is just the recipe for caffeinated beats laced with the best heroin in the world. 12 tracks are laid out in an original format – four original Bong-Ra tracks, four "Old Flesh Remixes" from familiar acts like Duran Duran Duran and Enduser and four "Fresh Meat Remixes" from newcomers Dr. Bastardo, Ace of Breaks and Cake Builder. "Coke Sniffah" unleashes the drug-loaded experience with speedy chipmunk-like female vocals and double-time beats to match. "Suicide Speed

Machine Girl" follows the same Alvin-Simon-Theodore vocals this time with powerful jabs that stab in all the right places. Distorted guitars are thrown into the jungle on "Death To False Metal" – who knew metal and jungle could be a winning combination? Drop the Lime and Enduser won me over with their remixes in the *Old Flesh* group, and the new fleshers leave me craving more, especially that *Cardopusher*. Even if you are a breakcore hater, Bong-Ra has the power to seduce you with those hypnotic throbbing beats.

## Battery Cage

Single (digital release only)

Metropolis Records

Street: 10.17

Battery Cage = KMFDM circa Juke Joint Jezebel era + Ministry

I like to refer to Battery Cage as the last of the real Industrial bands. Seriously. I can't think of many bands that I can say are 100 percent pure industrial. The genre, for the most part, has become a hybrid of many other subgenres. Not only do I love Battery Cage because of this, but also their sound is crisp, polished and aggressive. This single has that KMFDM type male/female vocals paired with heavy guitar and drums without dismissing the importance of keyboards. Remember that early *Netzwerk* act, *Manufacture*? They make an appearance remixing "Single" and do it well – albeit confusing, as I had to make sure it was indeed *Manufacture* and not *Manufactura*. "All My Friends Hate Me Now," is a nice 48-second piece full of sinister notes dabbing on sampled voices, simple yet a perfect intermission on the five-track single. On "Histler" they break into harsh guitars, reminiscent of *Ministry* prior to being straight up metal. "I Can't Take This Anymore," is a surprising end with soft piano notes and droning synths finished off with sampled voices rounding out this preview to the upcoming full-length, *A Young Person's Guide to Heartbreak*. It pleases me to no end to see that there is still a band that holds strong to their



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# NAPALM FLESH

A FRIGID JOURNEY THROUGH ALL THINGS DEATH, GRIND, BLACK, SPEED, EVIL AND MOST OF ALL FUCKING METAL!

By Bryer Wharton

It's like Christmas for metalheads! October is upon us, the cycle of life goes on and eventually, all things must die. For this traditionally pagan holiday month, while everyone is involved in whatever fall rituals they have, keep in mind the soundtrack for this time ... embrace the fallen and most of all enjoy that this is the season when everyone gets to act evil.

## Ahab

*The Fall of the Wretched Sea*

Napalm

Street: 10.10

Ahab = Moby Dick metal

Not entirely familiar with the funeral-doom-metal genre? Well, it is as about as dark as metal can get. Speed is definitely not a driving force, nor is the attempt to be more-extreme-than-thou. Ahab could be considered a side project of the group *Midnattsol*, but the aspects of each band are entirely different. The concept is obviously a record about Herman Melville's novel *Moby Dick*. Not only do these three Germans worship the book, they decided to create a band and album entirely inspired by it. At moments I can picture the white whale lurking about in the dark depths of the ocean. The songs are all roughly ten minutes in length, carrying one extreme to the other, both are depressing and instantly conjure up imagery from the novel. There are the ultra down-tuned slow guitars with rough rolling guttural vocals, then soft but sad melodies and acoustic work. For the genre the songs are highly varied and very enjoyable to listen to. As far as concept albums go, this is a great concept brought forth in an unsuspecting medium. All I can say is: call me Ishmael motherfucker!

## Black Label Society

*Shot to Hell*

Roadrunner

Street: 09.12

Black Label Society = Alice in Chains + Pantera + Ozzy

Zakk Wylde may be a little bit cocky, but in a way he has every right. When he released his first solo record *Sonic Brew*, there were obvious influences, but taking these elements he created his own genre. Many albums later, *Shot to Hell* carries an extreme influence from Zakk's late friend and fellow guitarist Dimebag Darrell. Wylde's posturing, riffs and solos all bear a massive stylistic similarity to that of the late Pantera and *Damageplan* shredder. That ultimately means it is the guitarist's most desirable record in years. Everything is catchy and embodies the rock n' roll spirit of getting extremely drunk and breaking things. Wylde is on his way to easily becoming an extremely popular guitarist, not only in the metal world, but in the musical world in general. (*The Depot*: 11.22)

## Draconian

*The Burning Halo*

Napalm

Street: 10.10

Draconian = My Dying Bride + Tristiana + Novembers Doom

Draconian could best be described as an offshoot of My Dying Bride with female vocals. On that note there are many differences from said band. The melodies, while still doomy, retain some passages of light and hope. Unlike MDB, whose sound perpetuates the notion that suicide is a good thing, the orchestral doom-metal style of Draconian takes neither a step back nor forward, but just treads territories already explored. It is the symbiosis and flow of the songs that make *The Burning Halo* stand out. The vocal transitions between the death-metal growls and angelic female vocals are fluid and smooth as glass. There is more promise in this release than many in the songwriting genre alone.

## Goatwhore

*A Haunting Curse*

Metal Blade

Street: 09.05

Goatwhore = Soilent Green + Darkthrone

I was anticipating this album like waiting in line for 30 minutes after five beers to go to the bathroom. After catching the band live on the *High on Fire* tour they played a few new cuts, which sounded stellar. For the most part *A Haunting Curse* doesn't stray from the path that Goatwhore has created. The only change is the production, which was at the hand of *Hate Eternal* main man Erik Rutan, also a well established death-metal album producer ... but the record's guitar sound comes off as sounding a hell of a lot like *Hate Eternal*. The visceral ear scraping of black metal that was *Funeral*



*Dirge for the Rotting Sun* and *The Eclipse of Ages into Black* has turned into a more frigid death-metal sound. The thing that made the band stand out in the past was their raw production and flat-out insane posturing. Unfortunately, *A Haunting Curse*, the band's debut for Metal Blade Records, is their weakest of the three. Don't get me wrong, this sucker still slays the virgins like before, and the drumming is top notch. It's just the spirit in the guitars and vocals that lack. Ultimately what matters most is how the band performs in the live setting where Ben Falgoust (still recovering from a near-fatal auto accident) makes his throat bleed and the new songs thrive, breathing life not heard on the actual CD. (*Kamakazee*, 10.10)

## Lyzanxia

*Unsu*

Listenable Records

Street: 10.17

Lyzanxia = Darkane + Dew-Scented + Soilwork

Being a sucker for this genre for quite some time now leaves me at times highly cynical or extremely open. Lyzanxia have produced a worthy thrash-horns effort. The team of brothers David and Franck Potvin handling guitar and vocal duties is a great effort; metal definitely runs through their family's blood. *Unsu* has the bite and attack of any Dew-Scented album with the rough melodies and keys displayed on any Darkane or Soilwork album. You'd think they were Swedes, but they're French. To the best of my knowledge this is one of the only melodic death acts coming out of that region which for the most part has been cranking out the black metal. It is refreshing to have a new regional take on the genre. Basically, if the latest *In Flames* or *US* efforts are getting you down, feel free to indulge in this particular tasty treat reminiscent of the late-90s era of melodic death metal.

## Tyr

*Ragnarok*

Napalm Records

Street: 10.10

Tyr = Faroese Folk Metal

It didn't seem like that long ago that I reviewed a kick-ass viking-metal album from Tyr called *Eric the Red*. Lo and behold, the band has put out another album for 2006, aptly titled *Ragnarok*. The new record is just a continuation of what the band had established with *Eric the Red*. Things are slightly more progressive but the folk elements still ride high. The thing that makes Tyr interesting is the abundance of clean vocals as opposed to other bands in the genre that use a heavy dose of screaming. You can actually understand what stories these gentlemen are telling. Who doesn't want to hear about "The Hammer of Thor," or "The Rage of the Skullgaffer." In short, there's amazing story telling and great song structures and compositions. I seriously cannot get enough of this band.



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*with The White Buffalo* — OCT 25

ZIGGY MARLEY — OCT 27

EAGLES OF DEATH METAL *with Throtrag* — OCT 30

BT AND KASKADE *with DJ Ebenflow* — NOV 18

THE TOASTERS *with The Phenomenauts* — NOV 20

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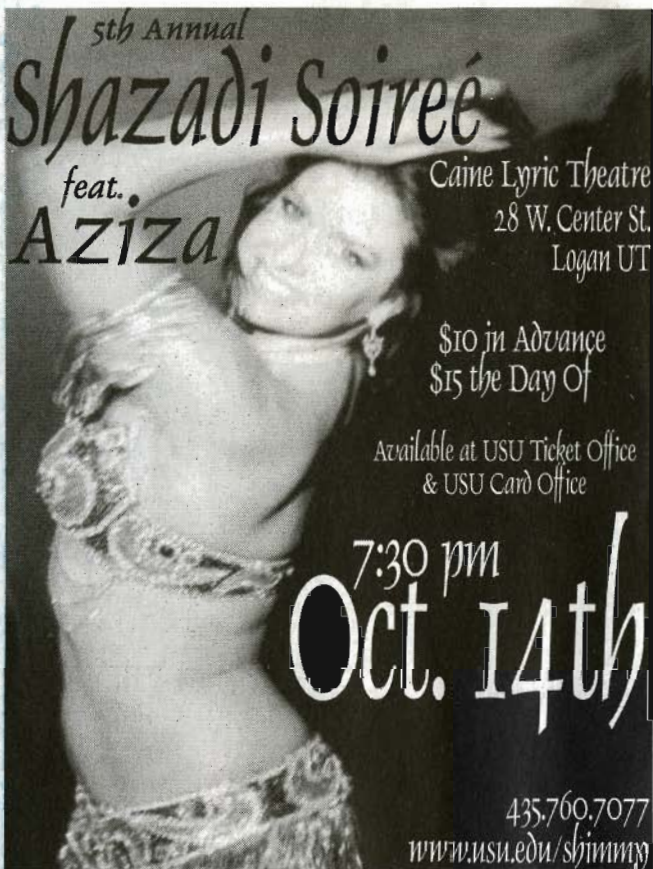
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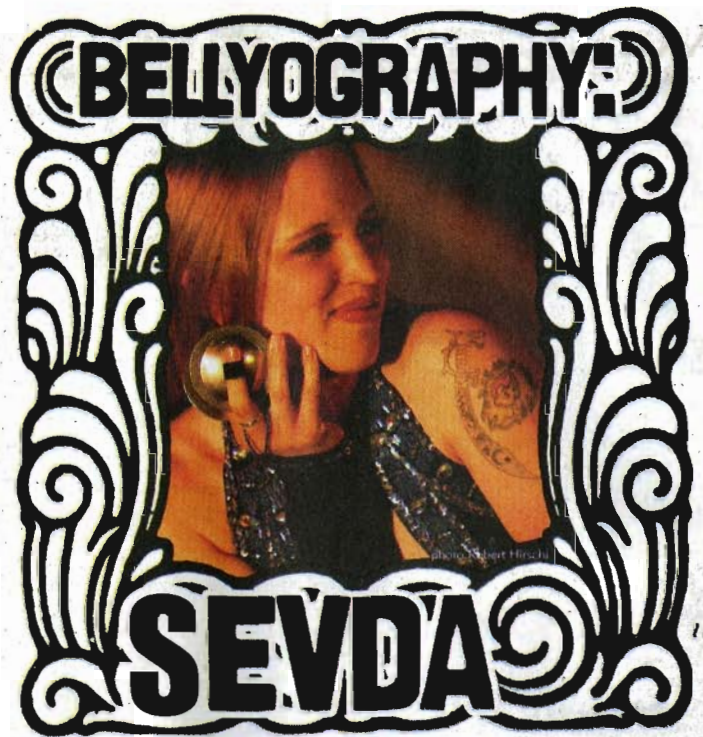
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**(BELLYOGRAPHY)**



**SEVDA**

In Turkish, Sevda means "great love" or "passion." The name, alone, easily describes Sevda, from Logan, Utah. She is a passionate dancer who is also beautiful, dynamic, sensual, talented, and seems to have a great love of dance and performing. She brings a lively and energetic gift of expression and talent to the stage.

Born and raised in Logan, Sevda graduated from Utah State with a degree in Information Systems. "I am a big computer nerd by day, and a belly dancer by night," she laughingly explains.

Seduced by the sparkles of Egyptian cabaret costumes, and an opportunity to be a bit rebellious, Sevda started dancing at age 13. It wasn't long before she was performing at "Tribes" and soloing wherever and whenever she could.

"It truly was the costuming and being able to dress up that mesmerized me. At age 13, I was lucky that my mother totally supported my desire to belly dance. She loved helping me with my costuming, and she also made all of my costumes."

More than anything, Sevda is a consummate entertainer. It is Sevda's theatre training that has provided the ability to connect with and hold the attention of an audience.

"When you are comfortable on stage and you learn to project and emote, you can reach the audience better. But I still get nervous before I dance. My imagination goes crazy just before and my performance anxiety is high. Once I get onto the stage, I am fine."

After dancing solo for many years, Sevda joined the donce company, Shazadi, in 2004, and this summer, she began teaching for the first time. She finds that teaching others enhances her own solo work, as it is "a mirror for your own technique and expression."

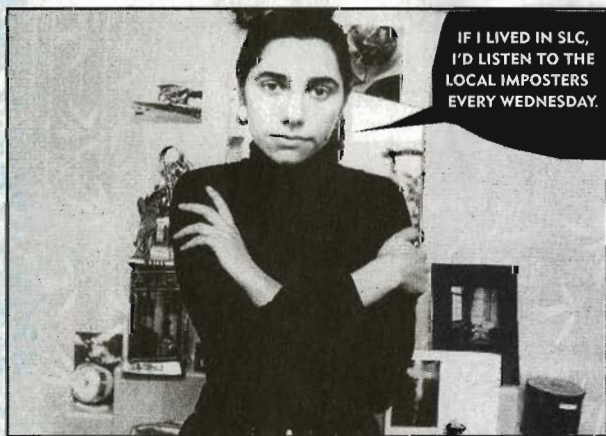
Sevda's favorite style of Middle Eastern dance is Egyptian cabaret, and her favorite teachers include Corrie Walker, Sharavar, and Ansuya.

"I love Ansuya because she is a beautiful dancer and performer, and every time you look at her, she looks right back at you. When she dances, she throws out these moves that are so amazing, interesting, mysterious and exciting," professes Sevda.

The Utah Middle Eastern Dance community is growing an amazing crop of young and very talented dancers. Sevda is in a select group of women that have grasped the nature of the art and technique, and can now expand in any direction they choose. Sevda's artistic and energetic performances always leave me delighted and wanting more.

"I appreciate that many belly dancers in Utah are purists and spend time and energy making their dancing authentic. I love that kind of dedication. But for me, I just want to have fun and wear those costumes! I love getting all dressed up, and I love the rush of performing."

You can see Sevda perform at Shazadi's Fifth Annual Soiree featuring Aziza on Saturday, October 14th. For times of performance and workshops go to [www.edu/shimmy/activities.htm](http://www.edu/shimmy/activities.htm). Watch for Sevda in the Viktoryia Show in January and Spring Fest in March, 2007.



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## BOOKS ALOUD

### Book Reviews for the Illiterate

#### Johnny Cash: The Biography

Michael Streissgruth

Da Capo Press [Street: 09.04.06]

What could possibly be said about Johnny Cash that hasn't been said in countless biographies? What many of us don't realize is that much of what we take as fact about the Man in Black is part of our idea of who he is. Much like the belief that he was a hardened convict, our notions of Cash come from his songs in which he was able to easily make us believe he had lived through what ever heartache he sang about. He became what we wanted him to be: a troubled loner who was consumed by his demons and eventually redeemed by his faith, only to have those demons come back to haunt him. It's hard to separate the man from the myth, especially with the recent success of the bio-flick *Walk the Line*; some of these myths have been set in stone (like Cash's drug abuse coming to a halt in the late sixties before his triumphant return with the live record *Johnny Cash Live at Folsom Prison*). Michael Streissgruth details many hours of interviews with friends, family, and bondmates, discovering that Cash's abuse of pills only truly ended after the birth of his first son John Carter Cash. Streissgruth takes a second look at Cash's life, often focusing on the overlooked portions of his life like his stint in the military and the true origins of songs like "Folsom Prison Blues" and "Walk the Line." Cash, with journalist Patrick Carr, penned his own autobiography, which speaks candidly about many of these topics; this account gives a perspective that even Cash couldn't see on his own life. There will be a thousand books written about America's greatest troubadour; this one, however, gets to the heart of the matter; this one tells us about the man we know as the Man in Black. —James Orme

#### Lillian Roxon: Mother of Rock

Robert Milliken

Thunders Mouth Press [Street: 04.10.05]

Lillian Roxon was inarguably the first queen of rock journalism, and even after 35 years, her *Rock Encyclopedia* is interesting reading. Unfortunately, this biography doesn't really delve into Ms. Roxon's personality and is crippled by not having any obvious focus—Milliken spends more time discussing the *Sydney Push* (of which she was a member) than he does the fact that she was truly groundbreaking in her chosen field. Roxon was not only one of the first mainstream journalists to take rock music seriously, she did so with a distinctly feminine voice, honed by her years as a gossip columnist in an era when female writers simply weren't given other options. Milliken focuses on her insecurities and failed relationships (including ongoing sparring matches with *Germaine Greer* and *Linda McCartney*) without ever making that important leap into explaining how her personal life did or did not affect her work, making this book unsatisfying on pretty much every level, barring the Roxon clips that are included in the appendix. Re-reading her work, it becomes clear that she deserved a much better biographer than this. —Marie Braden

#### Nerd Girl Rocks Paradise City

Anne Thomas Soffee

Chicago Review Press [Street: 09.28.05]

Some books require a re-reading to be truly appreciated, and this is one of those. Take it for what it is, and don't slam it for what it is not—because what it is, is a highly-entertaining read. Soffee was the prototypical "music nerd" when she got bitten by the hair band bug, packing it all in to run from the Deep South to Los Angeles. Unfortunately for her rock and roll dreams, she made it there just as the grunge movement broke, and her personal tale is an unironic metaphor for what happened to the "hair metal gods." Even if you could care less about casual encounters with *GWAR* and *Vinnie Vincent* or trysts with seminal punk *Legs McNeil*, her wit shines through in recaps of how she got her first tattoo, how she hid from an overaged stripper during the Los Angeles riots, and how she finally garnered *Glenn Danzig's* respect. If the book has any flaw, it's that you sometimes want, with the vantage of 15 years of hindsight to shake your head and go, "Were you REALLY that naive?" Maybe she was, but she isn't anymore, and this book will have you in laughter and tears simultaneously. —Marie Braden

## WARNING: HARDCORE HEADQUARTERS

### UPCOMING CONCERTS

Tue. Oct. 3: STAGE SESSIONS: Sindolor, Bomb City, Allyptic, Steve Hatch

Fri. Oct. 6: TRAGIC BLACK, Carphax Files, Hellbound Saints

Sat. Oct. 7: TORQUE CD RELEASE, Torque, Frustrations Gripp, Sindolor, Temper

Tue. Oct 17: STAGE SESSIONS: Crosscut Saw, Caufield, The Management, The Cave of Roses

Wed. Oct. 18: DR. CHUD, Die Monster Die, Left For Dead

Fri. Oct. 20: OPAL HILL DRIVE,, Fear of Rejection, Crosscut Saw, Waist Deep

Mon. Oct. 23: ACCIDENT EXPERIMENT, Cavity Burn, A Lesson In Chaos, Murrur

Tue. Oct. 24: STAGE SESSIONS: 4000 Old, Send No Roses, Necrophacus, Separation of Self, Takeover, Hostility

Thurs. Oct. 26: TRASH LIGHT VISION, Eleventh Hour, Crash Parade

Fri. Oct. 27: HALLOWEEN PARTY part 1: The Miranda Project, Separation of Self, The Cave of Roses, Abysmal Abattoir

Sat. Oct. 28: HALLOWEEN PARTY part 2: Kohabit, Drown Out The Stars, FleshPeddler, Gutt Shot, M.A.I.M. Corps

Mon. Oct. 30: SIN CITY ALLSTARS

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# LOCAL CD REVIEWS

By Spencer Jenkins spencedog2000@yahoo.com

## Die Panda Die!

Banned in China  
Self Released  
Street: 10.01  
Die Panda Die = pop + synths + punk

This Orem based power pop band builds songs up from speedy synths with warm distorted guitars and a punk affect. The 80s dance beats recall new wave bands like Devo but a more accurate description may be Elvis Costello crashing into Brian Eno. "Moog," one of my favorites on this five song EP has a quick rhythm that is driven by, yes, a moog synthesizer. I've had a soft spot for the analog moog sound ever since listening to my dad's Tomita records when I was a kid. But this is pop music with enough edge to keep it cool; they are able to have a sense of humor and remain agitating. They also have a good band name. But these guys played their last show this June, so you're only chance to hear them is this album or on their Myspace page that has four of the five tracks.

## Blackhole

S/T  
Pseudo Records  
Street: 10.28  
Blackhole = Enemymine + Melvins + Flipper

Your punk punch plays downright dirty thumb-war with Melvins heavy and No Means No simple-jagged, bass-laden sensibilities. Morphine peeks out via ominous, chromatic-scale sax in "Livin' Life" and "No Entiendá" with additional furious guitar add-ins. Iggy Pop & Lemmy had a love child named Chopper—dinchya hear? His full-bodied chain-smoker's cough in "Praise From Caesar" is more real than your little toe, more real than your dripping STD. Same with the policeman's whistle in "Catch Phrase of the Latter Days" (arrest me). Two basses separate out in the mix with different distortions and by prowlin' around in different octaves. The rest of Blackhole is bass player Paul Butterfield (ex-Red Bennies, Ether Orchestra, ex-Purr Bats, etc.), Dave Boagert on drums (ex-Erosion, and nice to see him back), and Dave Styer on second bass (ex-Horns, ex-Tarn, etc.). Additional players on the album: Mike Sasich, Eli Morrisson, Dave Chisholm and Steven Chai engineered by none other than Andy Patterson. Best songs are "Praise from Caesar" and the slow, gnarly, swaggering hairball "Rosa"—the kind you wanna lick, digest and throw up, relishing the taste of rancid vomit on your lips. —Rebecca Vernon

## Form of Rocket

Men  
Sick Room Records  
Street: 10.23  
Form of Rocket = City of Caterpillar + The Jesus Lizard + Shellac

In the three years since their last release, Form of Rocket have improved every aspect of their music. The drumming, bass, guitars, vocals, lyrics and production all make your jaw drop. Just put on the first track, "This is Occupation," and you'll get an immediate idea of what I'm talking about. The songs are more uniform while remaining complex; technical without becoming too cluttered. From the starting line it's right in your face. Men is more concise and focused with more weight put on the singing. Curtis Jensen's inimitable vocals are more up front beside the tough guitars and drums. A lot of the lyrics are taken from Curtis' last book of poetry, *Watch Me Dig A Hole*. I could have spent the entire review just quoting some of the incredible lyrics. If you don't listen to this, you're missing out on some of the best music SLC has to offer. I can't help but picture Steve Albini nodding his head in approval.

## Joaquin McCloud

Shannon Sossamon  
A Star Recordings  
Street: 05.26  
Joaquin McCloud = Guided By Voices + Sonic Youth + movie stars

Like a musical take an Andy Warhol, Joaquin McCloud play songs with a pop structure but with what sound like alternate tunings and a freer range of experimentation. There are songs named after Paul Giamatti from *American Spendar* and *Sideways*, William H. Macy, from *Fargo* and *Magnolia*, Nicole Kidman, Steve Buscemi, Phillip Hoffman and of course, Shannon Sossamon. There isn't an obvious connection between the actors and their respective songs beside the title track that has a recording of Shannon talking about a party with strippers in a confessional voice. Joaquin McCloud is the project of Garrick from *The Paper Cranes* and like everything else on their label this band is innovative and individual from anything out there, even from the other acts on the label. Most of the songs have two guitars (electric and acoustic) that deliberately keep left of center and a broken-down drum kit. The vocals can be compared to Thurston Moore slightly atonal, nasal and appealing. It's pop art with emphasis on the art.

## Nitrogen Audio

S/T  
Self Released  
Street: 10.01  
Nitrogen Audio = Isolee + Fridge

Nitrogen Audio is the solo project of Mike Bourgeois from Syracuse, Utah. He says that from living out in the isolated location he developed a taste for music in a bubble of internet downloads and music suggestions from people outside of the state. He doesn't necessarily consider this an album but a collection of singles, or experiments with techno, industrial, rave, electronica and noise. He says, "My music is partially motivated by a desire to experiment with what's possible with a particular style of music given a particular set of sounds." My favorites are the songs in the sub-genre Mike calls happy techno, like "Time Moves On" and "Halo." The album is perfect for studying, jogging or riding your bike around town. Throughout the repetitiveness that is typical of techno are versatile and accomplished melodies that make it easy to listen to over and over.

## Polestar

S/T  
Bctopus Records  
Street: 03.31  
Polestar = Melvins + The Misfits + The Stooges

If you listen to commercial radio at all, you know the formula all of the songs have to fit into: short tunes with plenty of hooks so the listener won't get bored, change the station and thereby lose advertising dollars. For some bands it is clearly their ambition to live up to this standard while Polestar seems to consciously undermine it every way they can. This metal band starts with an idea that most good bands end with, sustain it for several minutes then drive the tension over the top in a way that only few can. The second song on this ten track album, "Skin," is over eight minutes long and allows itself the room to start big, meander for awhile then come around to kick your ass again and again. The entire album spits in the face of commercial radio. The long songs betray a deft songwriting hand that can sustain an emotional thread and push it to incredible heights. There are also four live tracks that show this same level of intensity with the excitement of a crowd.

## Vile Blue Shades

We're Here, We're High  
Exumbrella Records  
Street: 08.26  
Vile Blue Shades = Talking Heads + Velvet Underground + drugs + more drugs

Part of my fascination with the VBS stems from growing up watching the Talking Heads' *Stop Making Sense* video. It's probably the excessive amount of people on stage playing percussion and the danceable, artsy songs that draw the comparison. On this long overdue album are the studio versions of "Legendary Arcade," and "No Shane," two songs that Shades fans already know by heart. Just try to sit still while you're listening to this. Another track that I put on repeat was, "Asphyxiation," a ballad-like song that is sadder than anything they've released before. There are drum machines, a killer sound production by Jeremy Smith and incredible cover art by Sri Whipple. A lot like their live shows, the songs are only two minutes long, at the most. So this is an album of thirteen compact songs. With the depraved lyrics and loose, intoxicated style, this makes for a convincing pro-drug advertisement.

## Wendy Ohlweiler

Calico Sea  
Self Released  
Street: 10.01  
Wendy Ohlweiler = Joni Mitchell + Jefferson Airplane + Loretta Lynn — the southern accent

Wendy Ohlweiler's many influences in this new album cover country western, folk, rock and jazz. Which if you think about it, all have the blues as their common denominator. A country song like "Scatt's Bluff" has the flavor of the red rock country and sagebrush while "Wide World" recalls daa wop and psychedelic rock. One of the excellent songs on the album, "Arcadia," is a slow, soulful ballad oriented in the blues. It is more Portishead than Janis Joplin but probably influenced by the later. The seventh track features yet another contribution by Joe and Dave Chisholm on the trumpet and trombone. Largely inspired by southern Utah, Wendy Ohlweiler's next shows will be played in Escalante and Torrey Utah. The weaker songs are just a little more predictable and less fresh but as a whole this is very enjoyable with a compelling personality that carries you through the length of the album.

# LOCALIZED

BY JAMILA ROEHRIG JAMILA@SLUGMAG.COM

## RIEN



PHOTO: RUBY CLAIRE

RYAN MICHAEL PAINTER GUITAR, VOCALS AND ANYTHING ELSE THAT NEEDS PLAYING

**SLUG:** What instruments do you play, and who else do you/have you performed with?

**Ryan:** Primarily, I'd consider myself a guitarist, but because Rien is essentially a one-man band at the moment, for the purpose of this show I've played bass, keyboards and did a quite a bit of programming for the drums and samples. Live, expect me to be strapped behind a guitar with some technological contraption keeping time. There will be singing as well, but I'm not about to comment on the quality. Over the years I've had the opportunity to play with some rather talented people, but that's been completely behind closed doors. So after all these years of silence why am I making my debut? Who could pass up the opportunity to play on Friday, October the 13th? There are too many good and bad omens involved, and I think that's part of the mystery and thrill. This show is meant to be a thank you to all those people who have been persistent in asking me, "So when do I get to hear your stuff?" Initially I flirted with the idea of this being a complete one-off, regardless of how it goes, but I no longer feel that way at all. Maybe it's like Robert Smith promising every album will be the last The Cure ever record, but the closer he gets to the end the less he wants to let go.

**SLUG:** How long have you been performing locally?

**Ryan:** I think it would be more accurate to ask how long I haven't been performing locally. I did a few gigs and house parties with the band Passion Play, but got myself and the bass player tossed out of the band when we went to see the Sisters of Mercy in Philadelphia.

**SLUG:** What are your thoughts on being a part of *Localized*?

**Ryan:** Without *Localized*, I don't know that I would have ever played live. There is always that fear that no one will show up, but *Localized* has a loyal following so you know that you won't initially be playing to an empty venue. The *Urban Lounge* is a no-frills sort of place and yet only a couple weeks ago, Frank Black was strumming his guitar on the stage I'll be standing on. It's rather humbling.

**SLUG:** What do you think of the Salt Lake music scene?

**Ryan:** I think music in Salt Lake is in danger. I honestly believe, and keep in mind this is coming from a person who has never had a drink in his life, that a venue not being able to be all-ages and still serve alcohol is killing whatever scene might be left. There is a great youth movement right now that can't get into local shows because the majority of them are in bars. It's ridiculous to think that you can buy a beer and sit with a bunch of kindergartners at a sporting event but you can't have all age venues for concerts. Hasn't anyone realized that most underage drinking happens before they reach the club? Until things change, local and national music is going to suffer.

**SLUG:** What local bands are you currently into or been influenced by?

**Ryan:** When I was asked who I'd like to play with, the obvious choice was Subrosa. They're reckless and noisy in the best kind of way. Even if I'm horrible, they won't leave you feeling disappointed. I love the success that Lapsed has had; locally he's still an enigma but he's well respected in the IDM circles. Elsewhere was the local band that I loved the most. In many ways I didn't feel like I needed to write music, because they had a sound at the time that encapsulated what I wanted to do on my own. I think that bands like Tragic Black and Redemption are both solid acts, and I'm very intrigued by the shock cabaret that Domiana has shaped themselves into but I've lost a lot of the affinity I had to the goth community in general.

**SLUG:** How would you sum up your sound?

**Ryan:** I'm not going to escape the fact that my favorite bands are the likes of The Cure, Jesus & Mary Chain, Clan of Xymox, Bauhaus and the David Bowie/T. Rex 70s thing, but I'd like to think my interest in jazz, Kylie Minogue and The Waterboys shows up in there as well.

REBECCA VERNON: GUITAR, VOCALS • SARAH PENDLETON: ELECTRIC VIOLIN, VOCALS



JULIE STYER: BASS, VOCALS • BONNIE SHUPE: DRUMS

My interview with Subrosa began with drummer Bonnie and guitarist Rebecca – then Bonnie had to leave halfway through and violinist Sarah showed up to finish the interview.

**SLUG:** When did you start playing music?

**Bonnie:** I played bluegrass growing up, and I played drums with my sister in a band called Slaying Mantis.

**Rebecca:** My first band was the High Rollers in Provo, and since then I've been in bands for about 10 years. I've been in Stiletto and Violet Run recently, and then Subrosa started about eight months ago. The seeds [of Subrosa] were being sown last summer, but we didn't start playing shows until last December. We have an album out, too [*The Worm Has Turned*]. We have a couple songs up on Myspoce.

**SLUG:** How would you describe your sound?

**Rebecca:** We are heavily blues influenced, the really droney repetitive blues with distinctive riffs ... also stoner rock [like Black Sabbath]. We have this sort of occultish sound. We're also really influenced by P.J. Harvey.

**SLUG:** Did you set out to be an all-girl band?

**Rebecca:** The all-girl thing was totally by accident.

**Sarah:** I think people who look at us and see "all-girl goth-rock band" should try improving their vocabulary and imagination. Just because we're girls and we tend to wear dark colors and maybe we seem moody ... *laughs*

**SLUG:** How do you feel about playing Localized?

**Rebecca:** I'm excited; I played it with Violet Run about four years ago.

**SLUG:** What do you like/dislike about the SLC scene?

**Rebecca:** There's so much innovation and creativity here. There are amazingly cool people; we all work together and there's a DIY ethic I really like. The thing I don't like is how almost no one from outside the state really pays attention to [the SLC scene]. But I don't care if we get recognition or not, that's not the reason I play music.

**Sarah:** What I like is the fact that I think we're extremely loyal toward each other; the community is a little more tight-knit than in other cities. I think we feel like we're struggling so much against the dominant culture that we look at each other as family even if we come from different sides of the spectrum, whether metal or indie or whatever. There are really vibrant, amazing scenes in other cities ... I've lived on the East coast and the West coast, but it's always really divisive there between musicians from different genres. It's not like that here. What I don't like about the scene are the clubs here ... I think we need more all-ages venues. I'd just like to see more diversification in the clubs here.

**SLUG:** Any tours coming up?

**Rebecca:** We were going to go to Seattle at the end of this month, but it sort of fell through. We're going to try again at the end of November; it's probably going to be a weekend tour, like Boise, Seattle and Portland ... we really want to make that part of the agenda.

**SLUG:** What are you working on right now?

**Rebecca:** We're working on a new album, and I'm writing it right now – I've got about half done. I want to start recording within a month and hopefully release it at the end of the year. I think we're going to call it Strega – it's Italian for "witch."

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SUBROSA

HAVING BEEN SHARPLY COERCED INTO WRITING THIS MONTH'S LOCALIZED COLUMN WITH PROMISES OF JUICY CHEESEBURGERS AND CASH MONEY. AFTER ALL I SAID AND DONE, PERHAPS REIMBURSEMENT IS UNNECESSARY. OCTOBER'S LOCALIZED PROMISES EXTRA-HAPPY-FAMILY-FUN-TIMES BECAUSE IT FEATURES THE VENERABLE RYAN MICHAEL PAINTER AND REBECCA VERNON, BOTH CREATIVE GENIUSES AND ICONS IN THE HISTORY OF SLUG MAGAZINE. THIS MONTH'S LOCALIZED WILL BE ON FRIDAY, OCTOBER 13 [SP-SP-SPOOKY?] AT URBAN LOUNGE. SO MEET ME IN THE LOUNGE – IT'S GOIN' DOWN.

A PRIVATE CLUB

EMERGING FROM THE PAST, SUITED FOR THE FUTURE: AN INTERVIEW WITH:

# LADYTRON

BY LYNNE SCOTT





Between the late 90s and early 2000s a resurgence of electronic music was reintroduced with a secret synth handshake of the electroclash movement. Whether you loved or hated electronic music and 80s new wave, this new blend of analog synths, glamour and discotheque are nearly impossible to resist. Fischerspooner, Chicks on Speed and Felix Da Housecat were names that became synonymous with the genre. An explosion of the catchy electro beats followed a time when the rave scene was dissolving.

During this time danceable electronic and synth-laden acts were getting regular spins at nightclubs by a group of four like-minded individuals. These four people's collaborative DJing experience and love for analog synths formed the infamous act, Ladytron. "We all met in Liverpool in 1998 and '99," said one-fourth of the act, Reuben Wu. "I was DJing with Danny in clubs and Helen was a music student there. We met Mira through a mutual friend."

Although the sounds of the android-like foursome paralleled the electroclash scene with their debut release in 2001, titled 604, the melancholy female vocals and robotic analog synths played a key role in separating the retro-futuristic sound and image from getting lost in the shuffle of the burgeoning music trend that will lose momentum from the abundant one-hit-wonder acts who were emerging.

One could get a taste of Ladytron before 604 was officially released through the single of "He Took Her to a Movie," and the video for the single, "Playgirl." The band was praised for these songs, but mysteriously, nobody knew anything about them beyond these dance-floor fillers.

Harmonized vocals from the girls instantly became the bands signature sound along with the archaic sounds churning out of their vintage keyboards. With the sweet and innocent voice of Helen Marnie adding a layer of richness melting and dripping along the swanky synths, the crisp and angelic words from the Bulgarian-born Mira Aroyo are instantly captivating. Rather than creating a feeling like traveling back to 80s synthpop and new wave, they transport listeners to the future with their innovative, hybrid sound. The vocals merge together unlike any other act, showing that this four-piece is cut from a different cloth.

To become a groundbreaking act required each of the players to be on the same page, pulling-off something that would turn heads and perk ears. Wu commented, "We all had common interests, but going on tour has really focused what we are all about - as a bunch of friends and as a band." The focus has paid-off and the band has virtually become a band that handles the design and branding of themselves.

Ladytron's branding is the personification of their playing-style and look - including album art and merchandise. The public's first impression is important to Wu as he pointed this out during our conversation. "Every band needs an image of some sort. I think what did it was the use of those black uniforms, which we've since eBayed. Now we wear stuff that is a little less restrictive and a bit more expressive." Although fashion is important, and nobody can forget the uniforms that Ladytron were wearing when they first introduced themselves, the band never lost sight on their music. "We've definitely evolved our image," Wu said. "We have avoided connections with the fashion industry. We like nice clothes, but not when it distracts people from the music."

In 2002, Ladytron released their second full-length album, *Light and Magic*, on the Emperor Norton label and it was the perfect sequel to the previous years' album 604. "Seventeen," "Blue Jeans," and "Evil," the three singles spawned from *Light and Magic*, show the band's ability to write music beyond one memorable album.

By this time people had become familiar with the name and image of Ladytron and could easily identify the band posing stoically in serious black frustions with chic, impish hairdos while donning heavy black eyeliner like it's their dayjob. The four band members are like the real-life versions of Kraftwerk's famous robots. The image aspect of Ladytron doesn't stop at clothing. "We keep tabs on every aspect of the band's image, from designing our own merchandise, designing our own record sleeves to deciding what live visuals to use."

Between live performances, the members of Ladytron spend their free-time touring with DJ gigs. In 2003, the band showed they were not limited to electropop when they released a compilation, mixing genres under the title *Software Jukebox*. Tracks from acts like Fannypack, My Bloody Valentine, The Fall and !!! were among the 18 hits in the jukebox. Of course, the album wouldn't be complete without a remix of Ladytron's "Blue Jeans," plus the opportunity to do a rock n'roll cover of Tweet's, "Oops, Oh My."

This wasn't the first time they did a cover song. On a tribute album to Human League, Ladytron performed their rendition of "Open Your Heart." Wu adds that they enjoy doing covers and have a surprise cover for this fall's tour.

It seemed like a long three years of anticipation for the 2005 Ladytron album, *Witching Hour* on Island Records; however, label shopping kept the album from coming out almost a year earlier. The critically acclaimed third full-length showed the maturity of the band and took an unexpected angle breaking out of the mold of the strictly analog format. Rich guitars blending into a harder rock sound was a surprise, yet the band maintained their integrity through the same richness of analog synths and gentle female vocals. Wu said that it was a conscious effort to hold onto the original sound of Ladytron. "There is as much synth on this record as there is on our previous records. We've just been able to experiment with the sound and broaden our range of instrumentation."

The songwriting process has become a collaborative effort, according to Wu. "Danny used to do all the songwriting because there was a time when we had to keep jobs. But now we all do it. *Witching Hour* is the most collaborative and the best so far."

Adding guitars to *Witching Hour* came naturally to the band. "We use synths as a foundation for our music and build on top of that. We don't try to stay within one realm of instrumentation. It's all sound. We treat a guitar like a synthesizer, but with strings."

With three out of the four members of the act being DJs it seemed natural for Ladytron to slip in some vinyl scratching, blending the beats in the vein of Portishead. Reuben said they tried, but it was a "bad idea." What about male vocals? Wu suggests listening very carefully to "International Dateline" on *Witching Hour*. The subtleness of male vocals rewards the listener paying close attention.

Aside from the discography complete with three full-length albums and 11 singles, Ladytron has spent time recording music videos for "Seventeen," "Blue Jeans" and most recently, "Destroy Everything You Touch," to name a few. The art direction, like every other aspect of the band, is well thought out with attention to detail. Wu added that although he has enjoyed filming and creating the music videos, he would still like to work with directors like Michel Gondry or Spike Jonze, "But Chris Cunningham is probably the highest on my list." And really, who wouldn't want the director of Aphex Twin's, "Come to Daddy" to direct their video?

A double disc EP/DVD, *Extended Play* treated fans in April of this year with remixed songs from *Witching Hour* as well as new tracks and the bonus videos, satisfying those of us who cannot wait until the next album. Music videos for "Sugar" and "Destroy Everything You Touch," as well as a short Ladytron tour documentary during their time in China showing them beyond their superhuman band personalities round out the short, but sweet DVD. Remixes, most of the time, come from whoever the band asks to work on their tracks, Wu said. "We ask people whose music we like, like Vicarious Bliss, Jazzy Kooner and Soulwax." Wu also admitted that he occasionally will throw down some Ladytron songs while he is DJing, at the rest of the DJs in the band.

As Ladytron prepared to embark on their upcoming tour, Wu told me how the live show for the band involves two additional members playing guitars and drums, allowing the quartet to focus on their synths. Because the band records with old original analog keyboards that break and often need repairs, it's not practical for touring with all that vintage gear. Instead they travel with MS-2000B's, Korg's analog modeled synthesizer. Wu contributes, "We have about nine synths onstage and many more back in our respective studios." Each of the four have given their synths a name, just to keep them identifiable during a sound check. The names, "Gloria," "Babylon," "Ulysses," and "Cleopatra" don't have any other meaning than that. Wu explained their live shows are full of energy and the U.S. audience is their favorite, "seconded by the Russians."

Following a busy year of touring, Ladytron plans to return to the studio and work on their next album. The band is unpredictable and strays from the parameters of any set genre. Perhaps we can count on the routine analog synths and the angelic voices of Helene and Mira. One thing that is certain with Ladytron, a band who does everything with perfection, it will be brilliant.

Ladytron performs with *Cansel De Sun Sexy* (CSS), October 10 at The Depot. Tickets are \$15 in advance, \$17 the day of the show.



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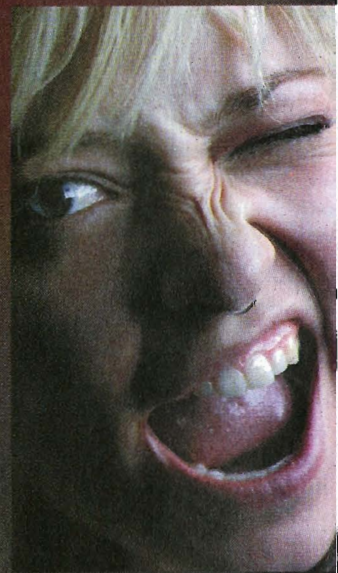
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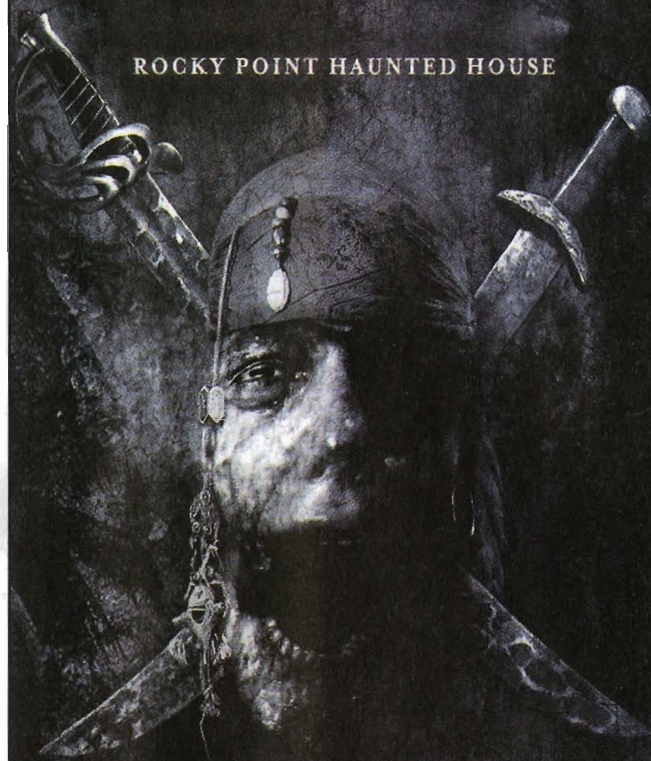
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# LAGOON!!

BY MIKE BROWN

MIKEBROWN048@HOTMAIL.COM

I have a handful of friends who live outside the great state of Utah and they sometimes ask me how the fuck I'm able to live here. I understand and accept the fact that our state isn't as progressive as many of our neighboring states. I'm fine with dwelling within the "retarded little brother" of the Union. I know that Utah is the last state to still give our retarded president a positive approval rating. It's no big shaker, great minds think alike and living amongst such a huge population of retards and mongoloids just makes me look that much smarter.

But every once in a while, I discover something quirky and unique that makes me happy to live in Utah; things like our death penalty still allowing prisoners with the option to die via firing squad. How cool is that? Sure, you can have an ounce of weed on you in Colorado now, but do they get to exterminate their inmates with a Beretta? I don't think so.

One of these little quirks that made me happy to be a Utah was the following recent discovery: you can bring beer into Lagoon, Utah's largest amusement park! The next time one of my friends from California asks me why I don't move out to the West Coast, I can simply explain to them that there's no point because I'm pretty sure you can't pack a twelver into the Tea Cups at Disney Land.

If you think about it, it just makes sense to get drunk at an amusement park - even if you aren't wasted there's a good chance you're going to piss your pants, or barf or pass out, you might as well be sauced. I'm willing to bet that Lagoon is one of the only places on the planet where you can piss your pants, barf on yourself, and pass out while maintaining your dignity.

Think about it, if for some reason your pants get in the way of your natural bodily function of pissing and you're at Lagoon, just hop on the log ride thing and get a little wet and no one's the wiser. If you barf in front of the Tilt-A-Whirl, is anyone really going to second guess your sobriety? And what if you block out from the G forces of the Musical Express? A 12-year-old boy might think you're a pussy but any out-of-shape adult would sympathize.

Try doing any one of those three things at any bar in Salt Lake and not getting kicked out ... you might even get your private membership revoked. (Except for peeing your pants at the X-Wives, that's OK [I also happen to think that peeing your pants is the coolest!]).

The other thing I like about getting pilled at Lagoon verses my favorite taverns is the lack of authority you have to deal with. I've been kicked-out of a bar or two in my day ... and rightfully so, now that I look back on the situations with the beer goggles off. But when I nearly got kicked out of Lagoon last time I was there it was just plain cute.

Here's what happened. I go to Lagoon with my buddy Abu. We get a little faded but nothing too crazy. We make our way towards that big ass slow moving ferris wheel they have. I hadn't been to Lagoon in years and that bitch was new since I was last there. I wanted to mellow out and look at the Great Salt Lake or something.

Alas, a problem arose. It was 8:31 p.m. and that particular ride closed at 8:30 p.m. "No big deal," we thought. This is when I realized that Lagoon as a whole is run by high school sophomores from Davis County. I don't think I saw one person over the age of 17 running shit at Lagoon. I'll bet even the front office of the place looks and feels like a high school stage crew club (nothing against High school sophomores from Davis County, but the kids running Lagoon have very a little concept of authority and the responsibilities that come with it). Much like our presidential cabinet, there is a total abuse of power at the ferris wheel of Lagoon in the form of a 17-year-old named Josh.

We asked a girl whose job it is to stand at the end of the ferris wheel line and make sure no one gets on after 8:30 if it's cool if we just sneak on by. She clearly didn't give a shit and said, "I don't care," in such a manner that I really knew she didn't care if the ferris wheel fell over and fucked a bunch of people up. I admired her honesty. This is when me and Abu ran into Josh, or at least that's what his name tag and walkie talkie said. Maybe the walkie talkie was named Josh and he was someone else, I just don't know.

3Josh clearly had a problem with us trying to squeeze in a mellow adventure on the Ferris wheel. It's like he knew we were going to smoke a joint on the thing! How did he know? Maybe that's why the higher-ups at Lagoon gave him that walkie talkie. Because seriously, we were going to smoke a joint on the ferris wheel.

Josh was abrasive and asked us just what the heck we were trying to do. We pointed our fingers at the girl who let us in the line, "Hey, Josh, she said it was cool, man. Relax buddy." But people wearing name tags hate being referred to by their name tags, I don't blame them. Turns out the girl who didn't care gets her kicks out of watching

Josh get his panties in a bunch. Again, that's something I admire and respect in a person; being honest about how you feel about your job is important.

Abu didn't take kindly to the tone that Josh was using with us and tried to negotiate a ride on the ferris wheel. I thought for sure this was a problem that a crisp new Abe Lincoln could solve. I pulled out a fiver and waived it in Josh's face and said, "are you SURE we can't ride on the Ferris wheel? Wink, wink!" Josh looked at me confused like he had no idea what I was talking about. Dummy, that could have been the easiest five bucks Josh made all day.

Instead of taking me up on my fiver, Josh thinks that someone in our entourage called him the F-word. He then gets very upset and says, "I can see that you guys have been drinking! You think it's funny to call me an effer? How would you like it if I got you kicked out of this park?" ("Effer," if you don't know, is what Mormons say instead of the "F" word - Fuck. In my opinion, they should just say "Fuck" because I don't think there's any difference between the meanings of Effer, and Fuck, but that's just me. If Josh only knew the places I've been kicked out of before).

We were like, "What are you talking about?" And I realized that I was still holding out the Abe Lincoln. So then I offer him the five spot to calm the "Effe" down, and I notice he happens to be standing right under a sign that says you aren't supposed to bribe the employees at Lagoon. Fortunately, Josh was too stupid to realize again what I was trying to do.

Me and Abu were like, "Fine - go ahead and get us kicked out, Josh." We walked off to ride the Rocket (which kicks some serious ass by the way). It then became apparent that Josh wasn't allowed to leave his post at the ferris wheel. If he was able to, he would have followed us and looked into our lack of sobriety with a little more than just an idle threat.

I thought it was kind of cute the way Josh abused his authority, kind of like when a little puppy dog gets mad at you and you just go, "Oh, Wook at tha Wittle Poopy Dog!!" I'm also guessing, by Josh's actions that this type of thing happens a lot to him. I'm not mad at him at all. He just doesn't know better yet and is a good example of why you shouldn't give walkie talkies and power to a person before they are ready for it.

He may be mad at me too having been drunk that day, but I'm mad at him for trying to be a good Mormon by not saying, "Fuck," but then working on a Sunday. Come on Josh, don't half-ass your religion. All or nothing, Baby.



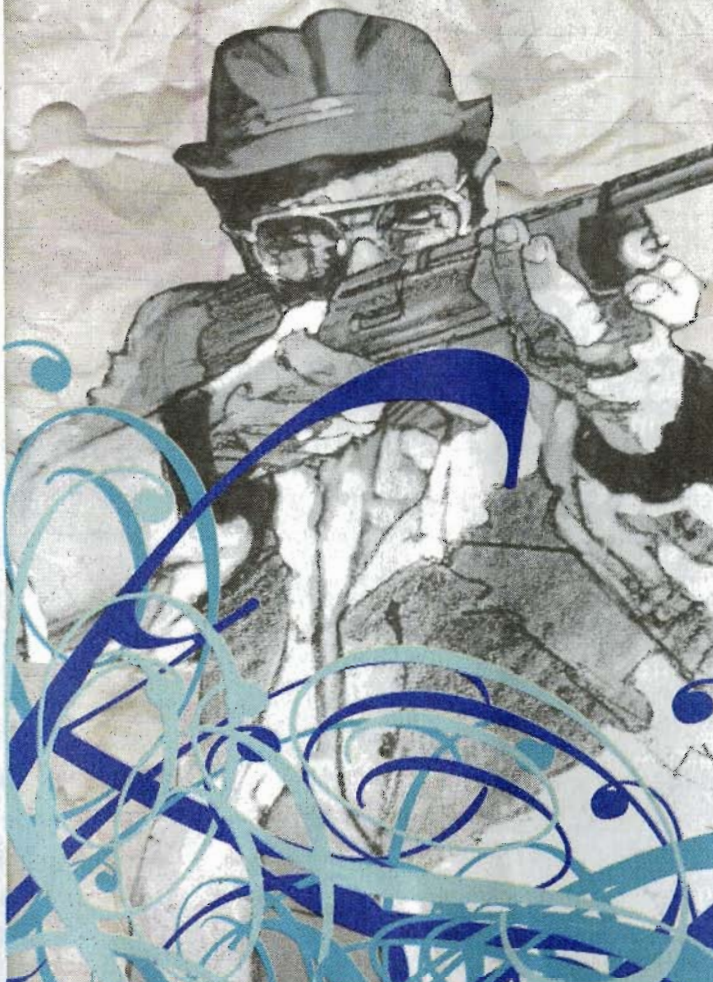
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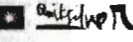
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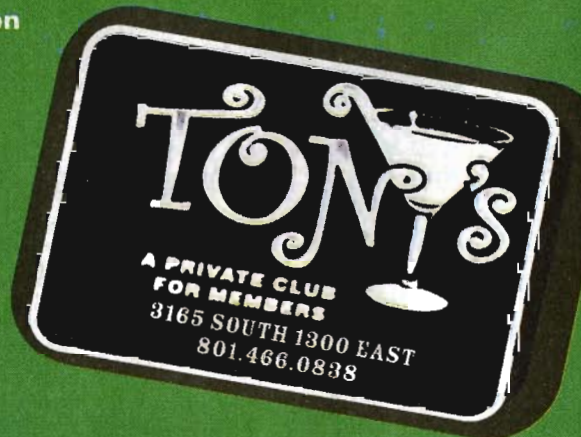
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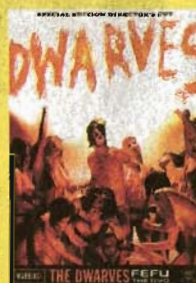


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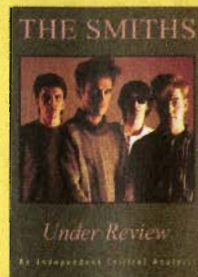
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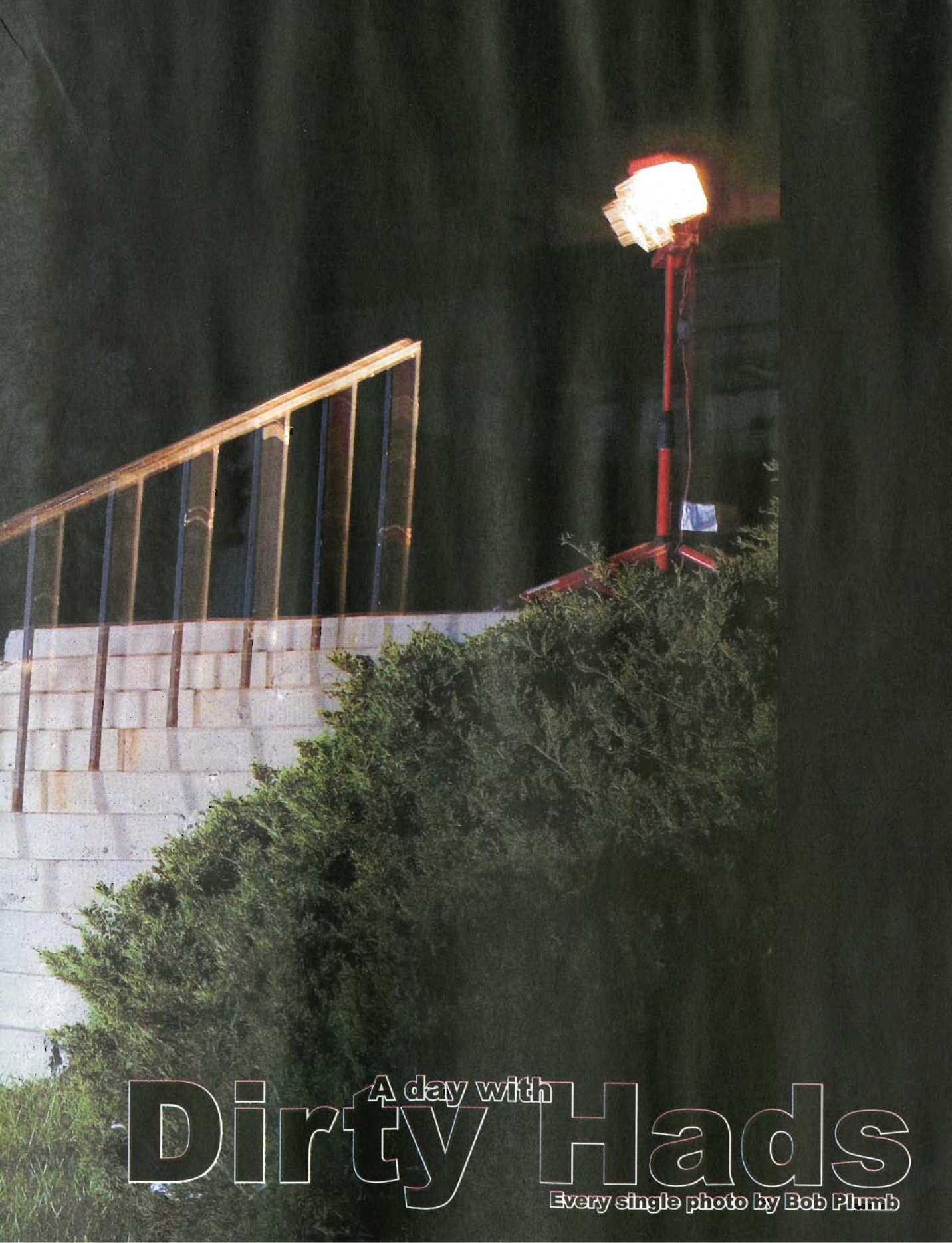
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## RANDOMNEWSFROM THE SK8 WORLD:

BY: PETER PANHANDLER

Congratulations to one of Utah's finest snow and concrete rippers: **Adam Compton**. Compton married his lovely wife, Jennifer, on September 23, 2006. Good times were had by all those who attended.

We had a little snow scare for a while. It is still warm enough to skate for about another month. All snowboard dorks can kick it on their couches and iron their bandannas for a little while longer. The only 50-50's you'll be doing are those Euro fag joints you guys smoke.

**Adam Dyet** was in the running for this year's *King of the Road M.V.P.* **Darkstar** came in second overall to defending champs **Zero**. Speaking of Dyet, he also got a first place finish at this year's *Tampa Neanderthal Brawl*. This was a little different for Adam since it was his first mini-ramp contest. He walked away 500 bucks richer with a new title under his belt. Look for his pro-model skateboard in '07.

**Lizard King** had a stellar interview in *Skateboard Magazine*. Sick pictures were taken and he personally destroyed **Austin Seaholmes'** career. Thanks; that kid needs to be shot in the face, not **Terry Kennedy**.

**2612 Skate Shop** in Ogden has changed its location from Washington Street to 25<sup>th</sup> Street. Check it out, bitches.

**South Jordan Skatepark** has lights now and is open until 10p.m. Keep the spraypaint out of the parks.

**Snuggles** received mass injuries from bombing a hill. Try it next time sober, or at least not with a beer in hand.

**Indian Hills School** is new with sick shit to skate and a hill to bomb. Break the windows and we break your face.

**Technique's** DVD should be out by the time you read this. Buy one. **WEAST** has also hit the black market and even a few shops. If you don't know, you better recognize.

**Livity Clothing Company** picked up **Lizard** to sport their hats and hemp. Snow bro **Forrest Shearer** gets his back for sho'. Eubonics, fool—it's the only Spanish I know.

Oh yeah, everyone can suck it. Being positive is for people with AIDS.

## PRODUCT REVIEW:

BY PETER PANHANDLER

**Sacrifice:** to surrender or give up, or permit injury or disadvantage to, for the sake of something else.

The name says it all. This company is out of the **Inland Empire** and they are not in the game for the money or the fame. They're in it for you, the skateboarder. How they hooked up with **Neil Heddings** has got me stumped. Neil is currently serving time and doesn't look like he'll be skating **Burnside** anytime soon. Hopefully some of the proceeds from his deck sales go to him; that way he can get some smokes from the commissary or maybe a new prison tattoo.

O.K., as far as the boards go, these things are some quality goods. Most of their shapes are made for the older bowl, troll types. That means they are wider, longer and have a realized wheel base—not those pinner joints you and your friends roll. I'm not sure who presses their boards, but it's a good guess that it isn't China wood. This shit has got pop. I know 'cause I rode one of these things into the ground.

This board also has a clean shape and is made for the smaller ones. It is 7' 3/4" by 31" 1/4. Nice clean graphics to boot. If Neil never gets out, of prison, it is also going to be a great collectors item.



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Thurs. 12 CAPTURED BY ROBOTS

Fri. SLUG Localized: Subrosa, Rein

Sat. THE MOTHER HIPS, Marcus Bently and the beat surrender, Band of Annuals

Sun. 15 THE NUMBS CD release party, The Know it alls,

Tues. 17 Califone, Tolchock Trio

Wed. 18 JUANA MOLINA, Adem, Kathrine Cowles

Thurs. 19 Josh Martinez, MS DOS, Sinthesis

Fri. 20 Form Of Rocket CD release bash, Le force, The Novelists, Pleasure Thieves BITCH!

Sat. 21 GLASS CANDY, Chromatics, Vile Blue Shades

Sun. 22 Dusty Rhodes and the river band, Marcus Bently and the beat surrender, Band of annuals. For the love of god shorten your band name!

Mon. 23 Alias and Tarsier, Electric President, Astronautalis

Wed. 25 ZION I and THE GROUCH, Deadbeats

Thurs. 26 THAT ONE GUY, Kid Theodore

Fri. 27 Make Believe, Ecstatic Sunshine, Vile Blue Shades

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## Ad Astra Per Aspera

*Catapult Calypso*  
Sonic Unyon Records  
Street: 10.03  
Ad Astra Per Aspera = Cursive + Black Heart  
Procession + The Blood Brothers



After two EPs and signing with Sonic Unyon Records, Ad Astra Per Aspera is finally releasing their debut full length. *Catapult Calypso* smacks the senses like a brick to the face. There is nothing on this record that deserves anything less than your full and undivided attention. Even if you tried not to listen closely to the blissful disunity exhibited throughout *Catapult Calypso*, it couldn't be done. There is something inherent within us that makes us curious and causes us to want to know more about things that are mysterious, things that we don't immediately understand. In the four short years since AAPA's inception they have mastered how to draw the listener in and make them so curious that they feel compelled to explore further and further. Ultimately, it is impossible to avoid getting caught in the chaotic web of noise that is AAPA's debut full length. The first listen will draw you in, but it may not convince you. It's the second listen that will draw you in, hit you like a brick and render you helpless.

-Jeremy C. Wilkins

## Alan Sparhawk

*Solo Guitar*  
Silber Records  
Street: 10.01  
Alan Sparhawk = Windy and Carl + Slowdive  
"Pygmalion" + Godspeed You Black Emperor!

You might expect to be in a world of trouble when the equation above is mixed together with the name Alan Sparhawk: While mostly known for his central role in Low this solo work (finally!) shows the truly tortured artist we have always wanted out of Sparhawk. Recorded live in a church with just guitar loops and some reverb, Sparhawk is drenched in mid 90s shoegaze, a *Twin Peaks* episode from Season One and Canada. Amazing. Layer upon layer of textured attack and cease-and-desist restraint resonate as the album moves deftly between an architecture of brooding build up and orchestrated sea faring. While Low is the pop side and Black-Eyed Snakes is his rockin' side, Alan's solo stuff is a 90s mid-life crisis finally shoed out the door. This release is A+ if you like the drone - not to much and not to little.

- Erik Lopez

## Animal Collective

*Hollinndagain*  
Pow Tracks  
Street: 10.31  
Animal Collective = cowboys + Indians +  
fatal urgency



On their first US tour with Black Dice, Animal Collective felt inclined to present new material at each show. Seven of those tracks, never recorded in a studio, are available here. Though the rendering certainly leaves something to be desired, *Hollinndagain* serves as both a great departure point for the band's oeuvre and an important historic document for completists. We find the band sounding more like a psychedelic marching band or a pack of clamoring child prodigies than the complex pop band of current. That said, considering there was apparently a mountain of recordings from this time period, why not add a few more tracks to the CD release? The true connoisseurs dropped \$80 on the LP anyway. - Justin Thomas Burch

## Ambitions

*Question*  
Think Fast! Records  
Street: 09.19  
Ambitions = Ignite + Shelter + With Honor +  
Dog Nasty

It's difficult to write a review that heaps praise onto a CD without it sounding like the sugar-coated gilded one-sheets I get with the albums I receive. I must say though, the effort on Think Fast! is superb. 3/5 of the members of Ambitions have full-time gigs in With Honor, but to call this a side project would be a misnomer. *Ambitions* stands on its own two feet. The guitar work is obviously Jay and Jeffrey Aust, but they are more solid and less hurried than they are in With Honor, which makes the songs not only more accessible, but better songs period. Complexity is sometimes the thorn in the side of good songwriting. There are seven songs and 15 minutes of rock on this bad boy - which only leaves you wanting more. The vocals are mostly sung in a Ray Cappa/Zoli sort of way. No whining here. There's an occasional yell thrown in here and there, but not in an effort to feign intensity. It's funny how you can tell when a band really cares and feels what they're doing. This is honest and unlike most things being released these days. No open chord breakdowns, no tough guy stances, no AP endorsement here, just good punk/hardcore. - Peter Fryer

## Barton Carroll

*Love & War*  
Skybucket Records  
Street: 10.06  
Barton Carroll = Nick Cave + Nick Drake +  
the AP English reading list



Somehow, from the prolapsed miasma that is Seattle, a Southern-style troubadour has emerged with a disc that should appeal to the orch-tweediness of black-turtlenecked hipsters everywhere. Carroll's music is, in itself, unthreatening and familiar, and lyrical themes as overwhelming as the titular "love" and "war" are bolstered by his re-treads of Elie Weisel and Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, instead of his own experience. His dolorous reading of the soul classic "Dark End of the Street" manages to have a poignant beauty that helps underline just how universal and heart-wrenching the personal can be, though, and helps save the CD from collapsing under the weight of his extensive reach. - Marie Braden

## The Blackhiv

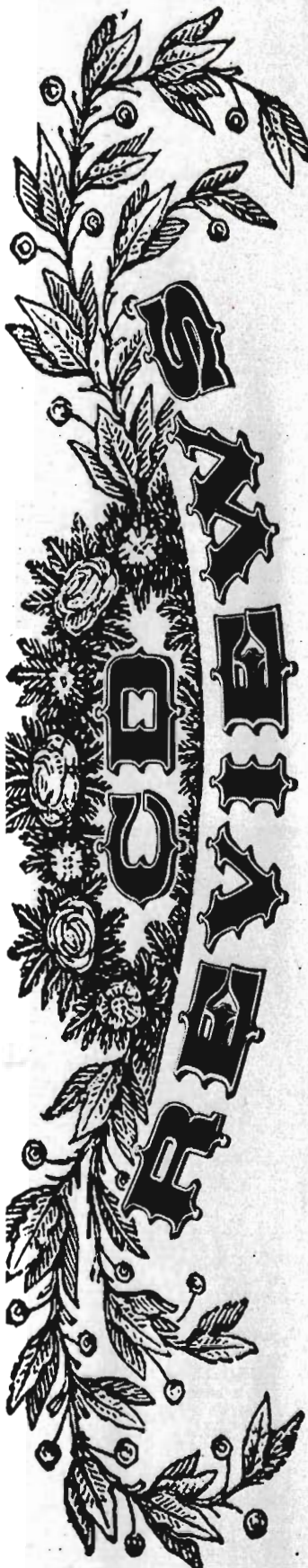
*Anyway She Wants It*  
Lucid Records  
Street: 09.26  
The Blackhiv = worthless + brainless

Recorded live from a radio broadcast in Iceland, The Blackhiv present to us their first release, *Anyway She Wants It*. I'm not sure and don't know that I care how she wants it, but I do know I never want to listen to any of these songs again. I wish that the recording of this broadcast would have burned in a terrible, terrible fire so that nobody would waste his or her precious existence here on this earth listening to it. Judging from the complexity - or lack thereof - of these five tracks, The Blackhiv have no idea that it takes more than singing about sex, drugs and drinking to make music that people won't want to punch themselves in the face for listening to it. One of the joys of reviewing CDs is that after you, the album becomes yours. I've never been so thankful for that, because after I listened to The Blackhiv enough to write this review, it was intensely gratifying to throw it in the trash. -Jeremy C. Wilkins

## Burn In Silence

*Angel Maker*  
Prosthetic Records  
Street: 07.25  
Burn In Silence = Death + Thrash + Metalcore  
+ Singing

Every hero needs an antithesis. Nobody





wants to see He-Man prancing around Eternia in tights. Well, almost nobody. That's why there was **Skeletor**. **Optimus Prime** had **Megatron**, **GI Joe**: **Cobra Commander**, **Samurai Jack**: **Aku**, **Jedi**: the **Dark Side** and so on and so forth. So, it would stand to reason for every poppy metalcore act there needs to be a more interesting, intense, dare I say villainous act. Where the current metalcore trend is to get on the playlists of the local metal station and the next action movie's soundtrack, **Burn in Silence** plays a technical blend of death, thrash and metalcore that's designed for those who secretly were hoping the bad guy would lay waste to the good guy. What truly sets **Burn in Silence** apart is the technicality and precision of their music. It doesn't pander to impatient listening, it takes a few spins to get it. Unfortunately, they rely on open chord breakdown riffs a little too often, and the keyboards can be a bit overpowering. Those things aside, the musicianship packed into this CD is top notch, as is the recording. **Burn in Silence** is a more complex, dark side of the force metalcore. (10.16 *Boom Vo*) - *Peter Fryer*

### Califone

**Roots & Crowns**  
Thrill Jockey Records  
Street: 10.10  
Califone = **Bodily Drawn Boy** + **Nick Drake** + percussion galore

**Roots & Crowns** is destined to be one of the most overlooked albums of the year. It has no edge or new idea presently within its 13 tracks; it really is just a simple roots record with fantastic performances. It will also be overlooked because this really is "folk" music. There is no tinge of emo or a political slant of any kind. This album shouldn't be overlooked because it has an intrinsic purity of purpose. Its purpose is to set a scene of a particular landscape and the different feelings and sounds that happen within that scene. In other words, real folk music. Half of the songs feature stunning acoustic guitar matched with honest vocals that could have been sung on the porch of a back country home. Other songs are inexplicably tied with swamp or boogie type music that really expose the mystery of an eerie dark swamp. This album may be overlooked, but it doesn't matter to the creators because they know they have produced something that is real, something that has spiritual connectivity. -*Andrew Glassett*

### Cancer Bats

**Birthing the Giant**  
Distort  
Street: 09.06  
Cancer Bats = **Led Zeppelin** + **Black Flag** + M.O.D.

With most punkmetalcorefusion bands, searching for the melody is a task of Sisyphian proportion. Not so with **Cancer Bats**, although their vocals are the easily-repetitious screeching that quickly wear on the brain and ears. This is better than most of the punk-laced bubblegum aimed straight at the **Hot Topic** demographic, but it was much better

done 20 years ago by bands like **Youth Brigade**. Maybe my problem with this CD is that it just seems too calculated, as if it were recorded with the distinct goal of being in heavy rotation on **Headbonger's Ball**, in their perennial attempt to sound relevant. (*Club Boomvo*: 10.30) - *Morie Broden*

### Chin Up Chin Up

**This Harness Can't Ride Anything**  
**Suicide Squeeze Records**  
Street: 10.10  
Chin Up Chin Up = **TV On the Radio** + **Will Sartin**



I first heard these guys on a **Flomeshovel Records** compilation and found myself returning to their catchy, breathy sing-talk track often. The songs on **This Harness Can't Ride Anything** haven't strayed far, but don't sound so distinct and buoyant en masse. The indie-rock is honest and straightforward; not much flirts with the fringe, keeping things nice and tight within genre-imposed restraints. Although safe, it is pretty solid and wholesome, kind of like oatmeal. (*In the Venue*: 10.17) - *Spencer Young*

### China Shop

**21 Puffs on the Cassette (NYC, 1979-1990)**  
**Anthology Records**  
Street:  
China Shop = **No New York** compilation + **Bad Brains** + **Konk** + **Sonic Youth**

Anyone who has delved deeper into music outside of the standard pithy emotional stylings of today's emo rock has probably at one point or another come across the seminal no-wave scene of the late 70s. Such movies as **Kill Your Idols** show the genesis of the no-wave scene from the above (and oft) name-checked **No New York** compilation to today's no-wave inspired bands like the **Yeah Yeah Yeahs**, **Liars** and **Black Dice**. What goes untold are the more obscure no-wave bands such as **China Shop** and its brand of funk-induced **Teenage Jesus** and the **Jerks** noise scabble with a healthy mix of **Red Krayola**. This is a highly recommended quirky mixture of genre-bending no wave. -*Erik Lopez*

### Cougar

**Law**  
Layered Records  
Street: 10.24  
Cougar = A Midwest dream sequence where statisticians and blue-collar employees finally see eye-to-eye and meet toe-to-toe

**Cougar's Low** is clean and efficient like neoclassical economist rhetoric; while it serves no practical or pragmatic purpose, it sounds nice. These tracks won't convince you of perfect information, but they've got the "hooks" to continue the institutional stronghold (see: post-rock). Sterile with sharp, straight lines, **Cougar** draws on old paradigms to create well-organized, palatable music. The **Low** supplies and the ears demand, yet **Adam Smith's** hand has nothing to do with this. These agents move in unguided patterns, fine-tuning and plucking their guitars when they see fit, often retracing their path, but not without logic. -*Spencer Young*

### Colour Revolt

**S/T**  
**Esperanza Plantation**  
Street: 09.12  
Colour Revolt = vulnerability + the Devil's throat



**Colour Revolt's** debut *self-titled* EP features splendidly mature songwriting with countless key and time changes. Their songs naturally range from the nonchalance of a folk verse and melody to a full-throated dark-side, indie-rock revival; in moments the vocals acknowledge the ease and multiplicity of **Jeff Tweedy**, while in others they are the dregs of **Isaac Brock** - equally strong with endowment and dissent. It's morose rock with a large focus, and a five piece of talented musicians pull it off, including three guitarists who frame their ideas between points of brilliance. The guitars seem to justify themselves with feedback and natural resonance for a moment before paying off with maximal towers of sound and well constructed transitions. Listen. - *Josh Nordin*

### The Curtains

**Calamity**  
**Asthmatic Kitty**  
Street: 10.24  
The Curtains = **The Unicorns** + **Enon** + **A Fisher Price Instrument Sponsorship**

With his hands already dipped in the delicious **Deerhoof** jar, **Chris Cohen** is also the man behind **The Curtains**. A garage or kitchen seems more like the appropriate setting given the simple, organic sound of **Calamity**. Wholesome pop elements - akin to home-baked bread and the lovely smell that emits from dryer vents - single-handedly carry the songs through whimsical spinnings. **Calamity** would be great music to play hopscotch or jump rope to while wearing

pastel-colored thrift-store clothing. The **Curtains** have the potential to lure you in. - *Spencer Young*

### Dark Meat

**Universal Indians**  
**Cloud Recordings**  
Street: 10.06  
Universal Indians = **Athens, GA** "not-quite-supergroup"

**Dark Meat** fall squarely in the middle of true psychedelic tradition. While revisionist history focuses on the limitless talent in groups such as **Big Brother and the Holding Company**, **Dark Meat** are more along the line of the brassy, formless jams that were the true legacy of the **San Francisco** scene. There's a nice stomp in songs like "Well Fuck You Then," and the girl-group harmonies on "Angel of Meth" are particularly pleasant. It wouldn't be going too far to say that **Dark Meat** have managed to compress an entire **Summer of Love** and 30 years of '60s hangovers into 51 incredibly catchy minutes. They meander and crash simultaneously, reminding the listener of exactly why the **Haight-Ashbury** moment could never be more than just a moment. - *Marie Braden*

### The Drugstore Cowboys

**Chapter 3006**  
**Lujó Records**  
Street: 09.18  
The Drugstore Cowboys = **The Mars Volta** + **Genghis Tron** + **System of a Down** + **Linkin Park**

Someone tell **Cunt Chocula** that somebody turned the suck up too loud. Put away the shitty digital keyboards, tired lap top beats and neo-fusion music. Making it all of the way through this album is like eating a whole plate of month-old Chinese you found in a broken refrigerator in your grandma's basement. It is just a bad idea, and probably full of bumper-inducing shit biscuits. Mixing genres takes considerable musical talent, a good ear and willful restraint; none of which are present on this masterpiece. Oh and probably lots of friends, which they will most certainly lose shortly after this album's release. - *Ryan Powers*

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## Benjy Ferrree

*Leaving the Nest*

Domino

Street: 11.07

Benjy Ferrree = a mole, more folksy version of Teagan & Sara

Ok folks, prepare yourself for some bluesy and romantic folk rock. Hailing from LA, Benjy Ferrree originally moved there to be an actor. But after becoming rejected he decided that he'd be better at music. It was a good career choice. Smooth and emotional, *Leaving the Nest* is very easy on the conscious (or unconscious) mind. This album is some of the best folk goodies I have heard in years. —Sarah Edge

## The Fix

*At the Speed of Twisted Thought*

Touch and Go Records

Street: 10.10

The Fix = Minor Threat + Bad Brains + Meatmen



The Midwest is a boring place, but The Fix is not a boring band. If you don't know who these guys are, it's time to dig yourself out from the hole you've been living in for the past two decades. The Fix was one of the first hardcore bands formed in the Midwest, and also one of the first to release something on Touch and Go. *At the Speed of Twisted Thought* combines tracks from the *Vengeance 7"*, the *Jan's Room 7"* and various live tapes recorded at their shows during the one year period that they were together. The Fix play loud, they play fast and most of all they sound fucking great! If you don't feel like paying \$1500 (and someone did) for one of their 7" on Ebay, this is the release for you. All The Fix you could ever want in one place. —Jeanette Moses

## Giant Squid

*Metridium Fields*

The End Records

Street: 08.22

Giant Squid = Neurosis + System of a Down + Sleepytime Guerilla Museum + The Debonaires

I don't know what I was expecting out of Giant Squid, but I think I was expecting to be stung, liquified, then ingested alive by ginormous riffs. But what they lack in heaviness they make up for with uniqueness. Droney, Middle-Eastern-chord-progressing guitar riffs are interspersed with exotic guitar-picking

and Aaron Gregory's decidedly Serj Tankian-timbred voice. Wife Aurielle Gregory adds soft, swelling harmonies. Wavery, ancient-sounding organ with plenty of tremolo gives one the feeling of attending Catholic mass at an underground cathedral surrounded by curious mermaids. Song titles like "Neonate" and "Ampullae of Lorenzini" add to the otherworldly, Lilliputian-like air. There is something forever gentle about Giant Squid that stands in direct contrast to their name. Careful phrasing and unusual, deliberate rhythmic wording brings to mind the high-quality, perfectionist-executed theatrics of Faun Fables. The album was engineered by Billy Anderson (Neurosis, Melvins, High on Fire). I'll bet that live, this band squeezes you to death in their loving but deadly arms. —Rebecca Vernon

## The Good Good

*Furrows*

Menlo Park

Street: 10.01

The Good Good = organized chaos + musical talent + Dr. Seuss

The Good Good sound like a mob of lunatic Brooklyn hipsters running rampant inside of an elementary school. This explains why my i-tunes decided to categorize The Good Good as "Children's Music." No child I know would understand what the hell these guys are singing about. The Good Good, who are actually only three people, mix nursery rhyme-like lyrics into the songs, like in opener, "Silhouette." The rest of the album is a mix of intense guitar lines and off-kilter singing. There are samples of kid's voices singing and almost psychotic giggling. The beginning of the third song, aptly titled "All the Voices," sounds like the soundtrack to a Chucky-type horror movie, with a whispered voice saying "I believe in you." This album is quite short, clocking in at under a half hour, but is a smart sampling of an entertaining amateur band with intriguing instrumentals, video game spacey electronics beneath shouting raucous brash vocals, and disharmony. This record is all over the place, creating a short shelf life in terms of continued listens but a worthwhile listening experience in short doses. —Judy Nelson

## Miho Hatori

*Ecdysis*

Rykodisc

Street Date: 09.19

Miho Hatori = Cibo Matto - Yuka Honda + Flora Purim + Beth Gibbons

You might remember Miho Hatori as front of the phenomenal act Cibo Matto, a band whose debut drips with the hippest and trippiest of hap and features lyrics almost entirely about food (Cibo Matto is Italian for "food crazy"). After a stint of maturity with guitarist Smokey Hormel as part of the bossa nova duo Smokey and Miho, Hatori returns with an album full of frisky songs with titles like "In Your Arms" and "A Song For Kids." Musically, she reaches for a mix of trip-hop, jazz, funk, multi-ethnic instruments (i.e. clay pots,

djembe, shakers, guiro), atmospheric synth textures and electronic squiggles (a la Björk's "Hyperballad") that sounds surprisingly up-to-date. Over this steady din, she pours her soul via her vocal chords, sometimes elegant (the sultry, biting "Barracuda" and come-hither-alright-I'll-be-right-over "Today Is Like That"), sometimes chirpy (the J-crunk "A Song for Kids" and narrative "Walking City"). A beautiful, self-produced offering with an equal balance of quirk, sass and sex, perfect for Sunday morning coffee (and for what happens after Sunday morning coffee ... get it!) —Dave Madden

## The Heart Attacks

*Hellbound and Heartless*

Hellcat

Street: 10.26

The Heart Attacks = Dead Boys + Rose Tattoo + River City Rebels



Jesus Christ, these little fuckers can play some rock n'roll with attitude. The Heart Attacks could give Johnny Rotten lessons on being snotty. This band is a testament to the fact that raucous, noisy punk will always exist just to piss some one else off. Lars Fredricksen lends his producing skills, and I can't help but think that his background is somewhat responsible for the huge guitar sound on this record. Joan Jett helps out on vocals and gives these boys a deserving credibility. This is crude rude punk rock n' roll that sweats attitude through your speakers. —James Orme

## Heavy Heavy Low Low

*Everything's Watched, Everyone's Watching*

Ferret Music

Street: 09.19

Heavy Heavy Low Low = Deadguy + (ald) Dillinger Escape Plan + Burnt By the Sun

With a name as ridiculous as Heavy Heavy Low Low, it would be easy to write this band off into obscurity. That would be a mistake. This is a bunch of kids (averaging 19 years of age) that know exactly what they're doing when it comes to playing crazy-as-fuck technical grind. According to their press sheet, they have "no musical training" but it's really not apparent. The mathy, jazzy riffing and manic time changes are enough to impress even the toughest of grind critics. The vocals are the best part though. Screams dying into clean but tortured, almost whines, give this a ... not really original, but classic feel, very reminiscent of Deadguy. I'd even go

as far as to say that Heavy Heavy Low Low are doing what Deadguy would be doing right now if they were still around. And who doesn't like Deadguy? They should seriously consider a name change though. —Chris Carter

## The Hope Conspiracy

*Death Knows Your Name*

Deathwish Inc.

Street: 09.19

The Hope Conspiracy = broken glass + broken teeth + misanthropy

In an effort to listen to this CD as much as possible, I took it to work and listened to it on my PC speakers. I wasn't super impressed - thinking the riffing repetitive and that it lacked the focus and intensity of their prior releases. I was afraid something had happened in the 4 years since their last album *Endnote* was released. Maybe they went soft? Maybe they ran out of ideas? Then I went home for lunch and put it in the stereo. I cranked it and approximately 15 seconds later the air guitar was out, teeth were clenched and I was thrashing about the apartment. I forgot, hardcore is supposed to be ear bleeding loud, and it's the only way to listen to The Hope Conspiracy. "Hell yes!" I thought. The Hope Conspiracy is back, they're not stale, and *Death Knows Your Name* is ultra-pissed. Like you just drank two liters of water pissed. Lyrics like, "It's war/it's blood/it's money/hanging from the cross". Yeah, as far as THC is concerned, it's an. Most of the lyrics surround religion and a general disdain for mankind. The music is heavily tinged with rock and roll riffs and I like the inclusion of the feedback from the guitars. It sounds raw. The only low point of the album is "Sadistic Sacred Whore" which features Dwid from Integrity. It sounds purposefully epic, and is drawn out needlessly. However, THC shines when the songs are searing and fast, and fortunately that's the good majority of this album. —Peter Fryer

## The Horrors

*Self-Titled*

Stolen Transmission Records

Street: 10.24

The Horrors = The Buzzcocks + The Cramps + The Fall

The Horrors are a band that appeal to the darkest goth kid rockin' a fishnet shirt, the 80s dork who loves the Sounds and can be found at Area 51 every Tuesday and Thursday night and pretty much anyone else with an appreciation for excellent music. All of the songs on their five-song EP sound heavily influenced by the Cramps, from the lyrical content about death, murder and girls being described as parasites to the rockabilly punk-rock injected with a massive amount of psychedelic keyboards and guitar. This band could probably even get away with covering a Cramps song, which is by no means an easy task. My favorite tracks were "Jack the Ripper" and "Crawdaddy Simone." I just wish this five song EP was a 10-15 song full-length. —Jeanette Moses



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## The Number 12 Looks Like You

Put On Your Rosy Red Glasses (reissue)  
ECA/Piermont Records  
Street: 10.10

The Number 12 Looks Like You = The Blood Brothers + Botch + From Autumn To Ashes

The Number 12 is not for the faint of heart and neither is this reissue of their first recording. If you missed the bands' live performance last spring while supporting Thursday, you missed the ferocity of what is captured on this album. These anthems of heartfelt and blistering screaming and head-pounding noise originally went out of print soon after its original pressing and release in 2003. I say, "Welcome back." —Jeremy C. Wilkins

## Ouija Radio

Oh No... Yes Yes!  
Crustcocean Records  
Street: 10.10

Ouija Radio = Le Tigre + Yeah Yeah Yeahs + The B-52's



I hate everything about the aesthetic of this album. I hate the name Ouija Radio. For some reason it seems very cliché for a girl fronted indie-pop band. I hate the album name Oh No... Yes Yes!, which also feels very cliché for a girl fronted indie-pop band. I really don't like the album art either. So yes, I'm judging a book (album) by its cover. But hey, we all do it. What's inside actually surprised me. While it is almost everything you'd expect from a girl fronted indie-pop band with vague pseudo-feminist lyrics, infectious sing-along, and enough sugar to rot your teeth out, there are a few extras that make it a worthwhile listen. For me, it's the creative use of keyboards and electronics throughout the album. This band is kinda like Le Tigre with better production and a better sense of composition, so if you're into dancy, girl fronted indie-pop, this should slide into your collection easily. —Chris Carter

## Outer Space

Blood Brothers  
Babygrande Records  
Street: 09.26

Outer Space = Dreddy Kruger + Chief Kamachi + Tony the Tiger

All the crunk-drunken monkeys can crack a brew to this Cadillac snatch of an album. Apparently, Outer Space locked hip-hop down and came to reign while claiming their spot on the wall of fame. Emcees Planet and Crypt reflect everything that

influenced their early years of hip-hop from artists like Gangstarr and Mobb Deep to EPMD and Public Enemy. But reflections can often be adverse. They rap about being historical and creating something new in the shadow of Daddy Kane and Rakim's world of bling, bitches, gold and whips. Could it be? Something new? Nope. They're still rapping about bling, bitches, gold and whips ... just in an evolved way, I guess. These guys take their bedside diaries and turn them into drive-by music. It's all in the delivery these doys; once everyone finds out that fact. We'll have some evolved hip-hop on our hands. —Lance Saunders

## Parasites

Retro-Pop Remasters

Go Kart Records

Street: 09.19

Parasites = pop-punk ala Descendents and Screeching Weasel

The Parasites' music reminds me of a time before pop-punk bands were as generic sounding as Western Family mac and cheese, a time when a punk band could sing a song about love and it wasn't called emo. Though the bulk of Retro-Pop Remasters was recorded and released in the mid 90s, the vibe and overall attitude of the record is what makes the tracks feel much older than they really are and give it more of a vintage feel. Although the 14 tracks on this "best-of" compilation come from six different releases, they mesh together to create an entertaining album from start to finish. This is a record that talks about love and relationships that you don't have to feel embarrassed listening to. —Jeremy C. Wilkins

## Relay

Still Point of Turning

Bubble Core Records

Street: 10.03

Relay = Thick muscles covering the entire body

While I don't think Relay deserve the entitlement of bands like Sonic Youth and My Bloody Valentine, they do deserve — and earn — the reference. The movement and distribution between each member is right on. The only problem: there is too much blanketing. The warm and the fuzzy in most of the tracks blur anything that might have been distinct. Every instrument (vocals included) blend into a charged current worth noting, but some definition would do some wonders here, as things can get a bit too cloudy. This works for dazin' and shoegazin', though, hyper-attention should be triggered because there is too much peripheral going on that needs to be recognized. Also, for obvious reasons, Relay might be urged to change their name to "Delay." Restrictions and reservations aside, Still Point of Turning is damn impressive. —Spencer Young

## The Sadies

Tales of the Rat Fink

Yep Rock

Street: 10.01

The Sadies (on this record) = Link Wray + The Venture + Dick Dale

When director Ron Mann needed a sound track for his highly original animated documentary about artist and hot rod custom culture legend Ed "Big Daddy" Roth, the job fell upon a highly original band themselves, the Sadies. This versatile band that has backed Neko Case and John Spencer has created 26 interesting instrumentals that almost tell the tale of Big Daddy Roth themselves. Fast and gritty, these tracks blast through surf, blues, garage, everything in between, and even a little further. Much like Roth himself, the Sadies are limitless in what they can create on tape. —James Orme

## Shedding

What God Doesn't Bless, You Won't Love; What You Don't Love, The Child Won't Know

Home Tapes

Street Date: 10.24

Shedding = Stars of the Lid + subdued

Black Dice

This album is destined to be one of my favorites of the year, mainly because of its dependency upon the listener. One of the requirements of the album is that it should be listened to at near maximum volume in order to experience the full dynamic range. This is very experimental considering how the music was recorded. Engineers use a process of compression to make sure that an album is loud and that the dynamics don't change much. Shedding has set these industry standards aside and have made an album that has more intrigue, passion and eeriness than anything in the current market. Organic soundscapes hide themselves among each other as they rise and fall within an enormous dynamic range. Three tracks amass 40 minutes of music leaving the listener with a sense of beauty, mystery and psychedelic redolence. —Andrew Glassett

## Soccer Team

"Volunteered" Civility and Professionalism

Dischord

Street: 10.09

Soccer Team = mellow Yo La Tengo + The Beauty Pill + Lilys

Over the past few years, Dischord has been releasing a varied range of genres. One core ideal remains the same: representing the DC music scene. Soccer Team, while not reminiscent of anything similar to Dischord's most famous band that-will-remain-nameless, has put forth a quite meaningful debut album. Turns out this cute pair know exactly what's up at Dischord: they are both current/former employees of the label. All of the songs, short but sweet, were done on four track cassettes and eight track quarter inch tape recording, most likely in totally different recording sessions. From the first echoing, rambling, ambling tune "So You Like It Vague, Huh?" to the title track, an instrumental with throwback Yo La Tengo influences, to "Cavity Comes Home", a lo-fi masterpiece, Soccer Team has put out a beautiful record in the perfect musical climate, bridging pop sensibility with indie rock mentality,

calling to mind all of the right influences. Lyrically, the album gets stronger at the end, with "Johnny Hart's BC" as the ironic sexist song, proclaimed "No wife of mine, will work at home, she can't complain, cause I provide." Well worth your time. —Judy Nelson

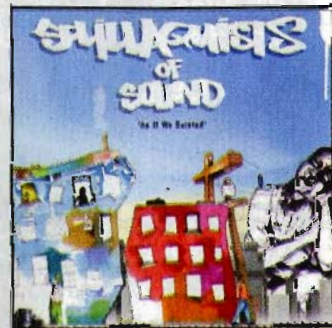
## Sol.iLLaquists of Sound

As If We Existed

Epitaph/Anti

Street: 09.26

S.O.S. = Typical Cats + Fugees + Common



It's been a while since the spitfire rapper Sage Francis kidnapped the Sol.iLLaquists and completed two world tours with them. Now they finally have a full-length debut album that acts as Velcro to your psyche. Fronted by the polyrhythmic Swamburger, and backed by the Midi Production Center wizard DiVinci, S.O.S. brings an organic element to the colder side of the digital world while Tonya Combs and Alexandrah bring harmonious, spoken and contemplative urgency to the beat. This album also includes a slough of extra goodies to make you wonder "how'd they do that?" These soul bleeders began in Orlando, Florida inside a cramped social club and went from abstract activists to conceptual collaborators in the same boat-out-at-sea mind state. The music is enthralling, the rhymes are intellectual, the poetry is conscious, and the singing vocals are melodious without even trying. As four distinct forces, Sol.iLLaquists definitely play their own tune all at once. —Lance Saunders

## Some Action

The Band That Sucked the Life Out of Rock n' Roll and Killed Itself In the Process

Gigantic Music

Street: 10.03

Some Action = The Hives + The Stiches

Some Action has an infectious sound that will stick on you like Krazy glue. The songs are based on the simple rock formula with some funky guitar riffs thrown in, and a singer with a shit-ton of rock n' roll swagger packed into his raspy voice. "Take Your Medicine" and "Done With You" sound as if they could be found on the River City Rebels album Hate To Be Loved, while "Live and Learn" is more reminiscent of The Briefs or The Stiches. The Band That Sucked the Life Out of Rock n' Roll and Killed Itself In the Process is a lighthearted catchy release,

perfect to play while cruising around, stereo turned up to 11, singing at the top of your lungs and looking like a wack job. — Jeanette Moses

### Strike Anywhere

*Dead FM*  
Fat Wreck Chords  
Street: 09.05  
Strike Anywhere = Rise Against + Good Riddance

Strike Anywhere has hit gold with their latest release and Fat Wreck Chords' debut, *Dead FM*. The three years since their last full-length, *Exit English*, must've been the right amount of time to continue to evolve and grow as a band, and it shows. From the opening screams of "Sedition," to the melodic singing at the beginning of "The Promise," Strike Anywhere blurs the lines of hardcore and punk rock and create their own brand of melodic hardcore and punk rock. *Dead FM* charges through 14 tracks in just over 31 minutes and leaves the conscious listener wanting much more - but not because what they got wasn't good enough, but because it was so great they don't want it to end. What makes the album a success though isn't just the fact that it sounds good, but that it has lyrical substance. The songs have meaning as opposed to the bulk of music that is made these days to make money and appeal to the masses. Strike Anywhere focuses on social and political issues, *real* issues, not crap like getting dumped by your high school girlfriend. We'd all be better off if we took note of half of the things *Dead FM* deals

with and tried to be part of finding the solutions (*Club Sound* 10.23).

—Jeremy C. Wilkins

### The Suicide Commandos

*The Commandos Commit Suicide*  
Dance Concert  
Anthology Records  
Street: Hi, I'm too lazy to look it up.  
Suicide Commandos = Mission of Burma + Hypstz + Suburbs

Before there was Husker Du or The Replacements in the Minneapolis punk scene, there was the Suicide Commandos. They were part of PS Records (pre-Twin/Tone Records) and played fast, loud and direct punk rock. They only released two albums as a band - one recorded and one live. This live recording is a testament to the influence of punk rock in other towns and in other places and shows the distinct and accented flavors it could inspire. Picture some really awesome cool guys who want to be rebellious, maybe even pop punky, who decide that trigonometry and role-playing games just don't do it quite as it used to. Now give those guys some guitars and restless angst and you will see what kind of trouble they can get into. At parts rockabilly, at others proto punk and still others pappy, *The Commandos Commit Suicide Dance Concert* shows the genesis of what was to become the midwestern punk scene. Important indeed. —Erik Lopez

**Tokyo Police Club**  
*A Lesson In Crime*

Paper Bag Records  
Street: 10.10  
Tokyo Police Club = technicolor + hyper-paranoia



*A Lesson In Crime* opens with sirens wailing speeding across a suspended highway in the back of an ambulance. It's a moment we all collectively recognize, as a result of our injuries, the truth of our mediated existence; and yes, "the robots rule the planet, and the moon and Mars as well." Each pop confection on *A Lesson In Crime* is conceptually realized - and balanced - and comes at you in bursts no longer than 2:48. The brevity is a key to the sound, which allows you to enjoy the residue of their post-punk and emo forefathers without giving you enough time to feel as though they're aiming for philosophical heights; they're making an EP about robots and the end of the world, and they know it. The guitar arrangements quickly convey the harrowing truth, and the drums give the proper buoyant viscosity to the mixture - juxtaposing in sound to give visual shot and reverse-shot moments of action as it

all comes spiraling down - combining in force to reveal an interesting perspective on our resistance to the applied forces that surround us. — Josh Nordin

### Various Artists

*The DFA Remixes Chapter 2*  
Astralwerks  
Street Date: 10.03  
The DFA = LCD Soundsystem + UNKLE

With bands such as LCD Soundsystem, The Juan Maclean, Hot Chip, Black Dice and The Rapture on the roster, DFA records pretty much rules the school. While duo James Murphy and Tim Goldsworthy have the knock to sign (and form) bands that put on the most amazing shows you've ever been lucky enough to see (Coachella only comes once per year), their remix work is a different animal, particularly on this offering. While *Chapter 1* presents a bit more "umph" in the dance-floor department - The Le Tigre, Fischerspooner remixes being something you hear every week in clubs across the globe - this set is geared more for a long train ride across Berlin, iPod in hand, or a clever PowerPoint, or an artful ad for a company with little vision as far as marketing is concerned. That's not meant as a pejorative reflection on the quality of the music, but the long, fluid nature of the tracks (Nine Inch Nails "Hand That Feeds" mix coming in at nine minutes, Goldfrapp's "Slide In" pushed to 13 minutes) lends itself to a more relaxed and almost background aesthetic. —Dave Madden

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# L.A.R.P.ing:

## So Tuff At Carrus A Two Handed Double Edge Battle Axe

By Sarvas Berry mctradskin@yahoo.com

illustration Garek Dean



At one time in every kid's life they come in contact with D&D (A D&D for the fan boy fags) or anyone who played it. Remember the long nights in your parent's basement rolling your die and building a character or quest. The Dungeon Master would moke the plight of the game as you battled scary monsters, chugged Mountain Dew and ate chips or Oreos until dawn.

If you never played, you knew someone who did, and it was never really that nerdy until you got to high school. Then only the kids that smelled like sour milk, bad ocne, and clothes that mom dressed them in played. They could be found playing in study hall or getting beat up by jocks. It took guts to carry the torch of roll playing. Those kids had balls of steel, they were martyrs of the gaming world. They took beating after beating just to play a game. Most of those kids grew up and became super cool after high school because they invented computer programs like Yahoo, Google and Myspace. Some discovered the guitar and are now putting out CDs that you have in your compact disc player. Some of them draw and then got into tattooing, those kids opened their own shops and tatty zap your ass, making bank out of it.

Some don't grow out of it, they take it to the next level and to this day it blows my mind. Live Action Role Playing or L.A.R.P. is playing those dice games but acting it out as if it were real. They fully suit up and become warrior, elf, beastman or wizard and wield a battle ax or double-edged sword made out of Styrofoam and duct tape to attack their foes. They take damage and make damage, casting spells and living out their fantasy as if the fantasy world were here and now. Nothing is as rewarding as gaining experience and/or a level because you and your guild destroyed a small army of goblins or a rival guild of mages\*\* and knights.

I met up with a gaming group that rented out *Wheeler Farm* for the weekend. From start to finish the players remained in character, even while sleeping. During the event breaking character is frowned upon. I watched an argument between two players, they broke character and yelled the fuck out of each for some reason. I don't know why. This shit was amazing, the first half hour I was there I couldn't speak.

I couldn't ask any questions, I just stared at the weapons that were painted to replicate



the real deal. There were about 12 girls and nine guys, in cloaks, chains or leather chest plates with metal spikes. The elves wore fake pointy ears, the wizards had mages\*\* and their necromancers had little beanbags that they would throw at people to cast a spell, if the bag hit you then damage would be taken. As anyone would attack they would either call out damage, or a spell. Some of them would sing songs or play guitar to cast a spell to put the enemy in a trance.

At one point in the night there was a large battle on a knoll and it moved into a more forested area. We ran after them like spectators at a sporting event. As we chased after them they turned and came back toward us. I had to jump out of the way so not to be slayed with a huge broad sword that this guy pulled out of nowhere. "13 normal, 13 normal\*" was yelled out by this girl with a morning star as she hit him. I ran out of the way and didn't hear what he said as he was hit because a mage\*\* threw beanbags and cast sleep on a few orcs that were attacking.

When a player died he would act out his death, I was told that acting out your death in snow was better because when you fell the snow would poof out around you. Dying didn't make you lose or have to exit the game, a necromancer or mage\*\* would cost a spell and raise you to full or half strength to join back in. If you play a monster character like an orc or goblin you just wait 15 seconds or so and jump back in to attack. Mind you, none of the contact made in the attacks

will hurt, but if things get too intense you might get a bruise or two.

After that night, every time my friend or anyone says that they have no plans, I wish that we can all break in to a battle around town and fight monsters and armies. I would love to suit in armor and fuck some shit up. But the fact is that I'm too scared to join in and be a L.A.R.P.er. I can't. I can't take beatings. I can't even come close to hanging number one, I'm too weird for even L.A.R.P.ers plus no one really understands the heart put into it. It's not for nerds, it's for people who got too bored with everyday life and stood up and said, "Fuck yeah, I'm o hero, I'm a wizard throwin' magics!"

\* The amount of damage that had been done  
\*\* A magician

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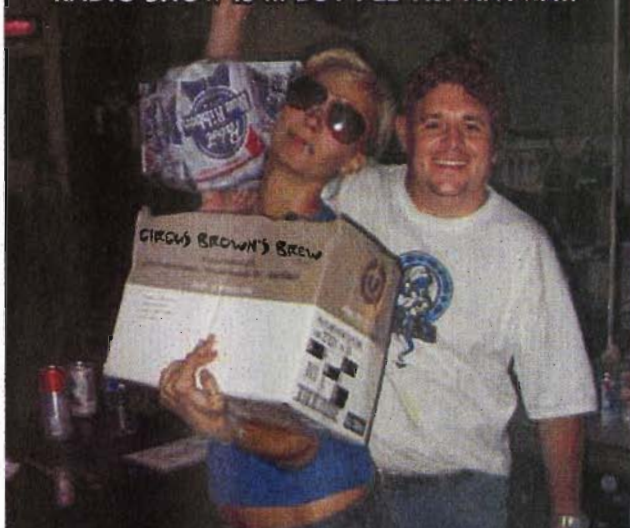


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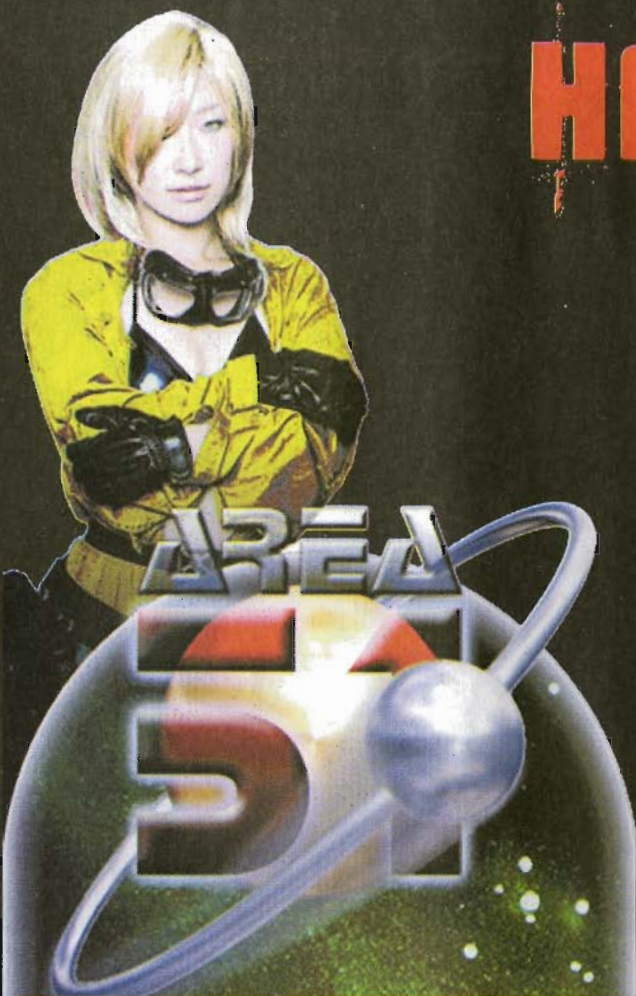
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The Spirit of '06: An Interview with Pete Chilton of

# BANE

By Peter Fryer [Peta\\_fryer@hotmail.com](mailto:Peta_fryer@hotmail.com) illustration: Eric Himle

7:30 a.m., approximately half an hour before I usually rise out of bed, I was dialing up Pete Chilton, boss player of the monumentally popular hardcore band Bane. Considering the early hour, I hoped that my brain would function well enough to carry on a somewhat intelligible conversation with a member of one of the most revered hardcore bands of the last 10 years.

It was 9:30 a.m. in Massachusetts, and I caught him just after he finished taking the garbage out. The punk rock lifestyle apparently never lets up. Since I wasn't sure how the conversation would go, I hoped we'd have something interesting to talk about. The beauty of the hardcore scene is that no matter whom you are speaking to, there's automatically a common bond. Pete and I chatted about the current state of things and what the "scene" meant to him. He even divulged to me that the record that got him into hardcore was the *Inside Out 7*. "Zach looks so intense. I bought it randomly. I listened to that 1000 times. It had so much passion that I hadn't experienced before. I had grown up with MTV; something in that 7" was different than what was on MTV," he said. This tends to be a pretty common occurrence among those in the punk/hardcore scene - for me it was *Minor Threat*.

I asked him what direction Bane was taking as evidenced by the changes in lyrical and musical content over the last few albums. "We've been doing it a long time. In 11 years we've grown older and experienced more." I asked what lead singer Aaron Bedard wanted to convey. "Aaron writes more about how it should be and what he expects from the scene and from hardcore in general. He wants to give his two cents on what he's learned from being around, as opposed to in the beginning how he'd talk about exactly what was happening."

"The scene is huge now. There are so many bands on the fringe of hardcore. mainstream labels them as hardcore, but they aren't. 1000 different bands are doing the same thing, which is fine, it's just all getting lumped," he said. It was also interesting to Pete that a scene once comprised of outcasts was now the popular style. "It's weird because when [those bands] were first going to shows they were outcasts. That scene culture is now popular. It's the pop of 2006."

Since nothing can last forever, this current wave of popular hardcore is going to go away at some point, and be replaced by something else. Pete and I agreed that neither one of us knew what the next big thing would be. If we did we would be making millions. He did talk about how mainstream heavy music is moving away from singing/screaming dynamics and moving towards "...more technical metal. The next level in extremeness will become the next big thing. That Mastodon is on a major

label blows my mind. How can something so technical and heavy be popular?" No kidding!

As for the hardcore scene itself, Bane has weathered the storm of metalcore, screamo, pop-hardcore, and all the other kinds of core. Currently, quite a few bands are reviving the 80s style of hardcore punk. "There's a resurgence of hardcore punk acts doing well," Pete explained, "[They] have something to say. They're not pop driven, we're ready for that. They're sick of MTV latching onto the scene." To Pete and Bane it seems that things are finally heading in a more positive direction.

"It's important to address crews and the violence that has plagued the scene. Bands are fed up, kids are fed up. It's been negative for so long. They're tired of it." Pete said. This is certainly Bane's position, since they've been talking about it since "Can We Start Again" on *It All Comes Down to This*. "It became us against us, it needs to go back to us against the world." The next step to Pete is to "bring it back to a place where the scene is its own thing and everyone else is different. Instead of the scene being split and divided." I believe the oft-used punk rock motto is unity. Bane contends that violence stems from people being unhappy with themselves, then lashing out and projecting that anger on others. To them, the most important message is "don't be worried about what your friend is doing. Be happy with what you're doing and know exactly why you're doing what you're doing. Go with your ideals."

I asked Pete about Bane's recent tour with *Modern Life is War*, *This is Hell* and *Outbreak*. Fully expecting a patent "It was a great tour, we had a lot of fun," Pete actually responded with a very heartfelt answer. "When we were in Europe we thought about bands we could tour with. Those three were at the top of the list. Chances were slim, but it came together, it was a miracle tour." He talked about how all of the bands were doing their own thing and how energized they were. He said it reminded the veterans in Bane "How fun this is and how lucky we are." It's nice to know that a band that has been on tour 10 out of the last 16 months, and consistently for the last 10 years, can still be inspired and admit that they have something to learn.



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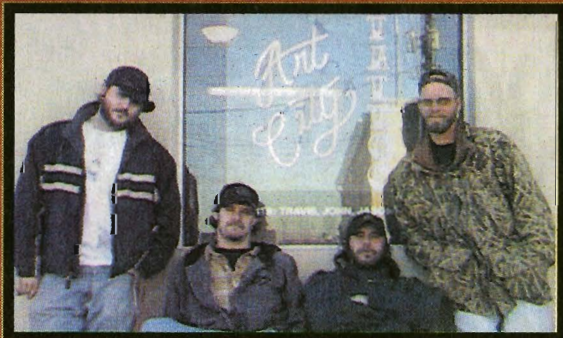
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# Panda and Angel

## and the Beehive

Spencer Young — [endtransmission@gmail.com](mailto:endtransmission@gmail.com)

Carrie Murphy of Seattle's Panda and Angel is a former Utahn. So as any Utahn would ask another, I asked Carrie, in a painfully slow, frog-like slur, "What do you think of the ol' Beehive State?" She replied with a big smile and a giggle.

Ever hear of the old local band that went by the name of Fumamos? Well, Carrie was a member, as well as an active participant in the Salt Lake music grid. She cited several local favorites: "Red Bennies, Vile Blue Shades, Rotten Musicians — my brother's in them, Chubby Bunny, Purr Bats..." and explained her nostalgia for Salt Lake music, "There is such a tight-knit scene in Salt Lake ... such a community where everyone goes out to everyone else's shows. I miss that, where everyone is supportive."

Carrie has strong feelings for Seattle too, possibly more so than Salt Lake, given her move five years ago. When I related my own experiences in Seattle as being bleak and depressing because I was usually there in the winter time, she quickly rebutted, "I really like it here. It's beautiful and the music and people are wonderful. You ought to give it another chance, especially in the summer when the weather is nice." I slowly countered, arguing that she plays sad songs. Panda and Angel have a syrupy gloom that runs through their latest EP. And while pleasant and musically enjoyable in its own right, their music nonetheless casts a shadow and causes chins to drop. I ask her if it is sad to play sad songs. "Not really. It's almost a joyful feeling. I really like that kind of sad feeling in music; I appreciate it in other peoples' music. It's not this overwhelming sadness; it's like ... this melancholy and reflective state. An expression of what is." That makes sense: Sad can be happy and happy can be sad. Just like the possibility of the impossible and the impossibility of the possible.

Panda and Angel's songwriters: Carrie (vocals, guitar) and Josh Wackerly (guitar,

electronics) both write the songs in aspirational moments when they don't feel well. Lyrics such as, "It makes you feel so sick wanting something you can't have ... Hey, hey, it's a fever here, but in a bad way," and, "Before the pills I loved you more," elicit the emotional pull that record labels (like Jade Tree look for Carrie answered how they were signed, "They [Jade Tree] responded immediately with enthusiasm and so we went with them," Panda and Angel will be part of the Jade Tree Showcase at CMJ this year and are expected to put out at least one more record on the notorious emo label. The new record is expected to make more use of samples and electronics, in addition to more pop-centered numbers.

Panda and Angel — who take their name from an idiot-savant, drug addict ("Panda") and his biker girlfriend ("Angel"), from Wackerly's hometown, Mansfield, Ohio — set out to resonate through the nation on a two-month tour starting in early October. With them they'll be taking Kara Kikuchi (also a former Utahn), their keyboardist and recently graduated doctor in natural homeopathic medicines as well as an Epi pen. "A what?" I stammered. Carrie explained, "The thing most likely to go wrong on tour is Josh getting stung by a bee; he's deathly allergic. If he gets stung we can save his life by sticking him with the Epi pen — an emergency device. We need one whenever we go on tour." Well, watch out for the Beehive State, I warned in my cowboy drawl.

Turns out Panda and Angel will be flirting with death more than once this tour. They're set to play Utah twice: *Kilby Court*, Oct. 14th and *The Urban Lounge*, Nov. 15th. Come watch the rock, but leave the stingers at home, kids.





# RAISING CANE=

A CRIPPLE'S JOURNEY FROM THE MID-90S THROUGH THE

# TOUCH AND GO

## 25TH ANNIVERSARY BLOCK PARTY

By Erik Lopez [erik@sluggmag.com](mailto:erik@sluggmag.com) • Pics: AHB

My experience at *Touch and Go's 25th Anniversary Party* is far from the cut-and-dry music journalism that I should have been doing by writing notes, taking aim at songs and crowd reaction and generally crafting a story in the midst of the action, not unlike a photographer grabbing the moment's emotion in a snapshot. Instead, I leaned towards going to those days when music, any music, was the most exciting thing ever and my complete abandon to the sights and sounds of not only the festival's acts, but the corresponding city that nurtured it, were what mattered. In the end, this is a story of one cripple's will to rock against all odds.

Only weeks earlier I had fractured my pelvis in a bike accident, so the first day of the *Touch and Go* festival saw me hobbling on a cane. I had just switched from using crutches to rolling around with a highbrow walking stick. The first band of the festival was *Shipping News* and I almost missed them between checking into a crazy hostel, unpacking and learning the transit system – all the while winding up with unbridled enthusiasm for one of this year's biggest musical events. The *Shipping News* boasts members from both *Rodan* and *June of '44*. Their set consisted of angular bass lines triangulated with sharp guitar and muted drums. The whole kit and caboodle (vocals included) brought me back to my math rock days where the changing of the time signature every minute created complex, sometimes dissonant harmonies that in the end seemed to work wonders to the tried-and-true rock structure of bass, guitar and drums. The show stealer of the first night, however, was *Girls Against Boys*. They played an explosively tight set from their first *Touch and Go* release *Venus Luxure No. 1 Baby* from start to finish (with all the original members in tow!). It was a *Flipper*-esque move but with a faster, bass-heavier approach. It just goes to show that the older acts know how to rock the hardest.



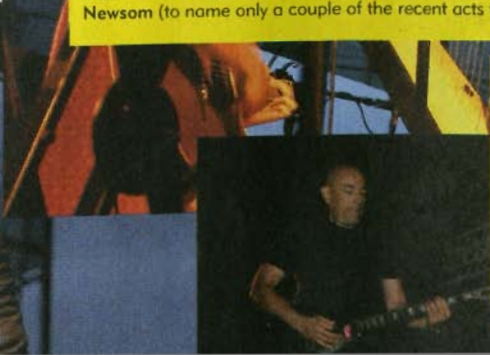


Speaking of long-time rockers, the second day of the Touch and Go festival sold out and featured, among other seminal Touch and Go luminaries, **Big Black**, **Scratch Acid**, **Didjits**, **Pegboy** and **Killdozer**. If the first day had me shaking my leg at the dance-rock ender !!!, the second day had me waving my cane. And waving my cane is exactly what I did. The day started out easy enough with the **New Year**; after that it was a blistering and burning run-through of the great mid-90s bands that defined the Touch and Go sound. As the day went on, I drank more and more in my excitement to see bands I would never be able to see again and to catch up with ex-SLUG writer-turned-music journalist extraordinaire **Nate Martin**. By the end of the night, amidst meeting up with absent friends and rocking out my bad leg, I got so drunk that I ended up back stage for Big Black talky-talk-talking away and crazy with delirious joy. At one point during the show, I actually went up on stage and for a full set-and-a-half (through Big Black to **Shellac**) I danced and danced and danced and waved cane, all the while ruining fantastic press shots for other magazines. Adding to the ridiculousness was my clothing: I was dressed in blue old-man pants that poofed out the sides and a creepy cream-colored button-up shirt with stone and mortar castles all over it. Nate Martin summed it up the day best when he said, "I have never seen so many **Amphetamine Reptile** shirts in one place in all my life." Indeed, the old men had come out to relive their old glory and had probably formed the best circle pit of a 35+ crowd I had ever seen during **Negative Approach**. And to boot, there were people crowd surfing. Luckily no one broke a hip...or a pelvis.

While the rock end was definitely up to snuff with pummeling guitars, fat guts of old drummers now living in Memphis and the abrasive non-sense attack of full-on aggression, the flip side of the spectacular experience was getting to meet some of my favorite musicians. With the rush of being backstage, I was able to run into and talk to **Jeff Pezzati**, bassist of Big Black fame and, alternately, on the final day of the festival, was able to talk to both **David Yow** and **Rick Sims** of **Scratch Acid** and **Didjits** fame, respectively.



Finally the last day had arrived. While not as good as the other two days (depending on who you talk to, but this gentleman begs his own account), it was well worth the price of admission. Multiple hangovers, late late nights and a recurring need to be an old man and fall asleep in chairs with cane in lap made it hard to get overly excited about what lay ahead. I was never that big of a fan of **Three Mile Pilot** or **Pinback**, so the day lent itself to some sore disappointment at what otherwise was a great festival. But mediocrity in the line-up aside, it was the Japanese shoegaze band **Seam** whose blend of noisy pop was reminiscent of one too many **Smashing Pumpkins** albums and who were also contemporaries to bands like **Low** and **Ida** that broke up the sad indie vibe of the beginning of the day. The highlight of this day was seeing an amazing live performance by **Cocorosie**. **Cocorosie**'s live performance completely beat the pants off what they sound like on a recorded album. It was an evocative mix of operatic drama, hip-hop, lush and at times whimsical uses of both harp and Fisher Price toys and hauntingly scratchy vocals that were reminiscent of Bjork and are almost now the norm in the female indie-rock vocalist circuit. If it isn't indie neo-folk coyness, then it is a unique vocal mix that makes or breaks current female-fronted bands such as **White Magic** and **Joanna Newsom** (to name only a couple of the recent acts to fly high in the face of bad lyricism offered by the less adept singer/songwriter).



My Touch and Go festival experience can be summed up not by what I saw, who I talked to or just the fact that I flew from Salt Lake City to Chicago to see a show. Oh no, the trip's core gem lay in the others who I met at the hostel where I stayed who had traveled further than myself, like Japan and Australia, to see four songs performed by their favorite band. It is altogether something amazing, some may say even magical, that can compel someone to travel that far of a distance to support a record label for a three-day event that went off without a hitch (note: the whole festival ran so smoothly that ALL OF THE SETS WERE ON TIME!). The flip-side of the fan support is the artist's enthusiasm and thanks for the man behind the label, **Corey Rusk**. For everyone to come together for such an event is incredible – even better when it is for local charities. No one made a dime and it was all for the love of the game.

# MAN...OR ASTROMAN?

## A FAN'S CHICAGO PILGRIMAGE.

BY JAMES BENNETT • PICS BY AHB

I'll be the first to admit that I'm stuck in the 90s. I still wear Vans half-cabs and drive a '97 sedan. I still think that *Seinfeld* is one of the worst ideas for a TV show ever, just like I did when I watched it the first couple of times. People still give me shit for hating *Seinfeld*, just like they did in '94. Not a whole lot has changed. But nowhere does my 90s obsession ring truer than with music. You will never be able to convince me that any album rocks harder than **Rocket from the Crypt's** 1995 effort *Scream Dracula Scream*. And you'll never be able to persuade me that any band is better live than Auburn, Alabama's **Man...or Astroman?**.

The first time I saw Man...or Astroman? was in April of 1997, in a small bar in Tempe, Arizona. This was five years after the band had originally started playing, conquering stages across the world with their unique blend of punk, electronica and surf music. After a solid two-hour set and a double encore, the band capped off the evening by setting off a Tesla coil in the middle of the stage, sending thick, purple lightning through the club. As impressive (and frightening) as the light show was, the power surge melted part of the venue's electronics and blacked-out parts of suburban Phoenix for the better part of three days (this due to the clubs



power substation). This was how music was supposed to sound — not like that damn Dave Matthews or whatever the hell else was playing on the rock station back then. Now I understood what Huey Lewis meant when he said that “the heart of rock n’ roll [was] still beating.” But what Mr. Lewis was blissfully unaware of in his post-80s cocaine-head-fog was that true rock ‘n roll was so far from mainstream music in the nineties that a person had to look really hard to find it. It wasn’t on the radio. Rock n’ roll wasn’t touring the county fair music circuit alongside an older and lousier Huey Lewis and the News. This night, in an Arizona club recently deprived of electricity, the disembodied heart of rock ‘n roll was alive. It was with four guys from Alabama, touring under the guise of stranded space aliens playing intergalactic surf punk. I had just seen it — live and in person. The Astroman set provided such a powerful spectacle that I marched over to the merch table and bought every record the band was selling. To this day I buy every Astroman record I can find (at last count, my 7-inch collection was at 47). From literal sparks and sound, an obsession was born.

Fast forward almost a decade and I found myself in Chicago at Touch and Go Records’ 25<sup>th</sup> anniversary bash. The main reason why I had traveled there was to catch the newly-defrosted Astroman set (according to the band’s current mythology, they had been cryogenically frozen for the lost five years). In the fading light of an overcast evening, a collection of nerds, dweebs, surf-purists and math geeks had forgone watching the legendary David Yow and Scratch Acid on the east stage so that they could vie for position in front of the stage where the Astromen would hold court for the final time. The stage was set with television monitors. They were playing old sci-fi films, a concert film of Sun Ra and simple, fuzzy black and white static. Clear plastic tubing and yellow wire framed the area around the amps and in front of the drum set. On the right, just out of view of most of the audience, was the dreaded Tesla coil. If things went well tonight, the boys just might succeed at melting part of Chicago.

As the stage lights behind us faded out, Scratch Acid bid their adieu — off to play one more show in Seattle before calling it quits for good. The spotlight came up on the Astroman stage, and the crowd settled in.



The guy who had been doing a half-arsed

job introducing bands for the last day and a half said something about the cosmos and how Alabama and outer space are remarkably similar. He may have even made an anal-probing joke. Then the reverb guitar kicked in. For a fan of psychedelic surf music, nothing sounds sweeter than a heavily reverbed guitar. For the next 45 minutes, the band plowed through a set of almost a dozen anthems. Traditional instrumental tracks like “Time Bomb” and “Man Made from Co2” alternated with rarer vocal tracks “9-Volt” and “Uronus is a Planet.” The band was in rare form that night, with every single note pushing the audience closer to a collective, orgasmic cheer. How is it that this powerhouse of a band hadn’t played out in so long? And was this really the end?

It was the end. The band had fallen victim to the scourges of line-up changes and careers. Almost six years had passed since their last tour. But this set was significant for other reasons as well; not only was it the last time the band would play together (there are currently no plans for any other shows), it was the first time in over a decade that the original line-up was onstage. The band was originally comprised of four people: Coco, the electronic monkey wizard on bass, Starcrunch and Dr. Deleto (and his invisible vaportron) on guitar, and Birdstuff on drums. Dr. Deleto left the band early on. I’ve never been able to figure out exactly what happened to him. If you asked about Deleto at a show, the band would always say that he had been converted into a text file, was printed out, and then shredded. Whatever the case, he was replaced by Captain Zeno. Zeno left shortly after and was replaced by Dexter X, the man from Planet Q (who had previously played in the band Supernova, but not the phony TV band featuring Gilby “I’m a famous musician, really I am” Clarke. Come on people, Supernova. Doesn’t anyone remember the song “Calling Hong Kong” . . .). After one particularly grueling stretch of touring, both Starcrunch and Dexter left the band. That’s when things got really strange. In the time immediately after this

final line-up change, two different touring clone projects, containing no one who had ever been in the band, performed under the name *Man...or Astroman?* The Alpha Clones, an all-male astro-clone band, and the Gamma Clones, who were all female, simultaneously toured in the summer of 1998, playing full Astroman sets to scores of confused fans (uh, where’s Coco?). No one was really sure what to make of this chapter in the Astromen’s history. When the band resurfaced two years later, Birdstuff and Coco had been joined by Blazar, the probe handler and Trace Reading, at least one of whom had been a touring astro-clone. *Man...or Astroman?*’s career slowly fizzled as the spacemen’s human alter-egos took on more responsibility and stopped releasing albums. Coco started a company that makes and distributes bio-fuels, and launched a recording studio in Atlanta called Zero Return. Though the studio is state-of-the-art in every respect, it is renowned in the music-recording world as one of the premier analog studios on the east coast. Birdstuff continued musically, playing with the bands Servotron (along with Dexter X), the Humans and Polyphonic Spree. He also started a Birmingham, Alabama club called the Bottletree. Starcrunch wrote the theme song to Nickelodeon’s *Jimmy Neutron* and began an Athens, Georgia based record label called Warm Electronic Recordings. God only knows what Dr. Deleto has been up to, but at the time of the Touch and Go performance he had grown his hair out considerably.

Despite the years in career storage and the myriad offline-up changes, they were back. Here they were: fresh, original and reunited — brought together for one last show at the request of Touch and Go owner and co-founder Cory Rusk (in the interest of full disclosure, they did play one warm-up gig at Birdstuff’s club in Birmingham, so there were really two last shows). When I asked Birdstuff, or Brian as he is called in real life, what his thoughts were on the one-off reunion, he was humbled by the magnitude of it. It was strange for him to see how important his band, something he had been a part of since he was 19, had become to the fans. He was amazed that people had contacted him from as far as Brazil and the Netherlands pledging that they would be there for the show and wishing him good luck. When I asked what it felt like to revisit something so far in his past (the original



line-up hadn’t played live since ‘94) he said

that it felt exciting but kind of perverted. He described the feeling as being similar to how one would feel if, as an older man you were able to revisit the first person you had ever had a serious relationship with, only they were exactly the same as they had been at the time of the relationship. Then you were asked to pick up in the same place, you as a creepy old guy and she, just as radiant, innocent and virginal as she was in the beginning ... and here you are trying to massage her breasts. And everyone wants you to, and is shouting words of encouragement. It seems intriguing, but it still seems eerie, and a little wrong.

None of the trepidation that Brion conveyed was visible during the show. The crowd held on tight for every hook of every song. The 45 minutes passed far too quickly. The band came closer to the end of their set. Coco traded his bass for a theremin, and slipped backstage after some rather embarrassing go-go dancing. As things came to a close, Starcrunch climbed atop the TV monitors and launched into a heavily distorted solo. By the end, he wasn’t even playing the guitar, only scraping the fret board against the amp. Birdstuff rose to his feet, knocking his drums across the stage, and to the amazement of the crowd, he gave away pieces of his kit to shocked members of the audience. The lights got dimmer. Coco re-emerged from the back wearing an orange rubber safety suit. He pushed the Tesla coil center stage. The lights went out. The crowd roared. Starcrunch continued to abuse his guitar, though even this was getting softer and softer. Everything came to a magnificent stop, and then it happened. Purple lightning. Purple motherfucking lightning. It wasn’t nearly as menacing outdoors as it had been in the club all those years ago, but it was still the perfect encore. The band never sounded this good. The surf rock masters walked slowly out of sight for the last time. I wiped away a tear. The world’s greatest live band was no more.

# OCTOBER DAI

## Friday, October 6

Planes Mistaken For Stars, Novelists, God's Revolver - *Broken Record*  
Tragic Black, Carphax Files, Hellbound Saints - *Vegas*  
Rancid, Strung Out, Skint - *In the Venue*  
Cryptobiotic, Hate Cheri - *Burt's*  
Off the Veil - *Alchemy*  
Agape, Le Force - *Monk's*  
The Evil Dead - *Tower*  
The Woolfe Bell Band - *Pat's BBQ*  
Blue's On First - *Owl Bar*  
Eric Sopanen - *Celsius*  
The Legendary Mr. Joe McQueen - *Wine Cellar*  
Red Top Wolverine - *Brewski's*  
Happy 40th Shawn Rommenick - *Monk's*  
Dirty Copper, Drop Dead Julio, Swann Juice - *Liquid Joe's*  
Lauren Sky Wolf Art Show - *Lucky Pirate*  
Mindstate, Demise 1, Blue Coller Theory, Know-It Alls - *Urban*  
Roby Kap - *Pat's BBQ*  
The Bradbury Press, Brinton Jones - *Cabana Club*  
Mushroomhead, Soil, The Autumn Offering, Brand New Sin - *Avalon*  
Ellis Paul, Ryanhood - *Depot*

## Saturday, October 7

The Bradbury Press, Royal Bliss - *Part O' Calls*  
NoMeansNo, The International Playboys, Neutral Boy, The Screaming Condors - *Burt's*  
Lily Tomlin - *Kingsbury*  
Tony's Unplugged - *Tony's*  
Colin Robison, James Shock - *Alchemy*  
The Evil Dead - *Tower*  
The Breakfast - *Pat's BBQ*  
Brad Nubian In-Store - *Uprok*  
Brad Nubian - *In the Venue*  
The Legendary Parch Pounders - *Ogden Farmers Market*  
The Sisterwives, Lil' Andrew Goldring, Rosedale Power Co, Legendary Parch Pounders - *Park City Family Fun Fest*  
Badgrass, Stillborn, Mean Mollies Trio - *Urban*  
Spazmatics - *Liquid Joe's*  
Torque CD Release Party, Frustrations Gripp, Sindolar, Temper - *Vegas*  
Sherwood, The Contingency Plan - *Kilby*  
Nominous Umbra Art Show, Le Force - *Broken Record*  
Insane Clown Posse - *Saltair*

## Sunday, October 8

Architecture in Helsinki, CYHSY - *Sound*  
Julie Loyd, Rich Wagstaff - *Monk's*  
The Legendary Parch Pounders - *Iron Horse*  
Peelander Z, The Purr Bats, Shackleton - *Burt's*  
Down to Earth, New London Fire, The Audition, The Forecast, Umbrellas - *Avalon*

## Monday, October 9

Halou, Less Than Never - *Urban*  
The Independents, Left for Dead, Spooky, Deville - *Burt's*  
Spinto Band, We Are Scientists, Art Brut - *In the Venue*

## Tuesday, October 10

Goatwhore - *Kamikaze's*  
DJ Sum I Am, Mugshots, DJ Chase One - *Liquid Joe's*  
Covenant, Imperative Reaction, Rotersond - *Avalon*  
System and Station, Fromanhole - *Kilby*  
Warner Drive, Master/Slave - *Broken Record*  
CSS, Ladytron - *Depot*  
Happy B-Doy Fletcher ... Fletcher Booth!

## Wednesday, October 11

Larin Cook, Jeremiah Maxey, Gabriel Edgar - *Burt's*  
Swollen Members - *In the Venue*  
Causey, Interstate 1 - *Liquid Joe's*  
DJ Portia & Lyndsie - *W Lounge*  
Short Film Screening - *Tower*  
Park City Movie Premiere: New York - *Park City Resort*  
Trapped by Mormons DVD Screening - *Ken Sanders*  
Coliseum, Art of Kany, I Am The Ocean - *Broken Record*

## Thursday, October 12

Captured By Robots - *Urban*  
Yo La Tengo - *In the Venue*  
High Beams - *Piper Down*  
The Metal Gods - *Liquid Joe's*  
International Water Balloon S Business Man Day - *On the Streets!*  
Capitol Years, National Eye - *Broken Record*  
Lucybell, Dulcesky - *Depot*

## Friday, October 13

Localized: Subrosa, Rien, The Lollipop Guild - *Urban*  
When In Rome - *Depot*  
An Evening w/ John Waters - *Tower*  
Roby Kap - *Pat's BBQ*  
Albert James & The Aces - *Pat's BBQ*  
Afro Omega - *Monk's*  
Supernatural In Store - *Uprok*  
Mary Tebbis - *Alchemy*

## Friday The 13th - Tower

Premier of "Push" - *Suede*  
The Motherhips, The Band of Annuals, Marcus Bently, The Beat Surrender - *Liquid Joe's*  
Guys N' Ghouls Zombie Prom, SSM - *Broken Record*  
Monochrist, The Grimmway - *Burt's*

## Saturday, October 14

Help Break the World Record for World's Largest Harmonica Ensemble - *Lindquist Field*  
Spazmatics - *Liquid Joe's*  
Jake Haugne - *Tony's*  
Blue Ribbon Jibbin' Freestyle Ski & Snowboard Rail Jam - *Gallivan*  
DJ Prozac, DJ Roksteady, Deadbeats, Soul Redemption, DJ Knucklez, Supernatural - *Gallivan*  
Art Show Featuring Sri Whipple and Carolyn Pryor - *Alchemy*  
Flash Cabbage - *Johnny's*  
Friday The 13th - *Tower*  
Andrew Goldring - *Pat's BBQ*



## CANSEI DE SER SEXY TUES., 10/10 AT THE DEPOT

5th Annual Shazdi Soiree Featuring Aziza - *Caine Lyric Theatre*  
Panel Discussion with Sundance Institute - *Broadway*  
Stanley Tucci's Big Night in SLC - *Italiana Gala*  
All Systems Fail, Dysmorfic, Population Reduction - *Burt's*  
Jason Anderson, Panda and Angel, Hudson Bell, Golden Boots, The Moon The Sea - *Kilby*  
The Killers - *Saltair*  
Sam Eye Am - *Broken Record*  
The Mother Hips, Marcus Bently and The Beat Surrender, Band of Annuals - *Urban*

## Sunday, October 15

CD Release Party: The Numbs, The Know It Alls - *Urban*  
Wheatus, Brandtson, Melee, Mayday Parade - *Bleachers*

## Monday, October 16

Sound and Shape, Schwa Grotto, Your Basic Band and Soultree - *Burt's*  
Cannon of Judah - *Monk's*  
Thunderbirds Are Now!, You Say Party We Say Die, The Monikers, The Hotness - *Kilby*

## Tuesday, October 17

Starting Over - *Monk's*  
Chin up Chin up, Cursive, The Thermals - *In the Venue*  
Califone, Tolchock Trio - *Urban*

## Wednesday, October 18

The Early November, Cartel, Limebeck, New Found Glory - *In the Venue*  
The Fold - *Kilby*  
DJ Portia & Lyndsie - *W Lounge*  
Mr. Chud's X Ward, Die Monster Die, Left for Dead - *Vegas*  
Big Bad Voodoo Daddy, Soul Survivors - *Depot*  
Roanoke, Black Plague, Desolate Realm - *Burt's*  
Adem, Juana Molina, Katherine Cowles - *Urban*

## Thursday, October 19

Michael Franti, Spearhead - *Saltair*  
The Metal Gods - *Liquid Joe's*  
Pack FM In-Store - *Uprok*  
Pack FM - *Monk's*  
Bonnie "Prince" Billy - *Depot*  
Pagan Love Gods - *Piper Down*  
Josh Martinez, MS DOS, Synthsis - *Urban*  
X-Ray OK, Touching the Awesome - *Broken Record*

# LY CALENDAR

Birdmonster, La Rocca, Calm Before the Crash, Hanging Station – *Kilby*  
SuperHeavyGoatAss, Skullfuzz, Iota – *Burt's*  
Lucero, Rocky Votalato, William Elliot Whitmore – *Sound*

## Friday, October 20

### Gallery Stroll – *Pierpont*

Roby Kap – *Pat's BBQ*  
The Reverend Payton's Big Damn Band, Zach Parrish Blues Band – *Burt's*  
CD Release: Form of Rocket, Le Force, The Novelists, Pleasure Thieves – *Urban*  
Cabin Fever – *Tower*  
Bad Luck Blues Band – *Pat's BBQ*  
John Brown – *Alchemy*  
Royal Bliss Unplugged – *Tony's*  
Valencia, Permanent Me, Sound the Alarm – *Avalon*  
Opal Hill Drive, Fear of Rejection, Crosscut Saw, Waist Deep – *Vegas*  
An October Evening – *Regency Theater*  
The Trademark, Skullfuzz – *Broken Record*  
The Power Cords, Say Hi To Your Mom, Metal Hearts – *Kilby*

## Saturday, October 21

Underminded, Across Five Aprils, Morello, This Moment, Autonym – *Boom Va*  
Spazmatics – *Liquid Joe's*  
Cabin Fever – *Tower*  
Clint and Eddy – *Tony's*  
John Brown's Body – *Suede*  
Kris and Christian – *Alchemy*  
Glass Candy, Chromatics, Vile Blue Shades – *Urban*  
Colin Mochrie, Brad Sherwood – *Abravanel*  
Books About UFOs – *Burt's*  
Sam Eye Am – *Broken Record*  
The Loved Ones, Single File, Form of Rocket, Tolchock Trio – *Kilby*  
Alabaster – *Starry Night*  
Protest the Hero, Seemless, The Sword, Trivium – *Avalon*

## Sunday, October 22

4000 Old – *Monk's*  
Dusty Rhodes and The River Band, Marcus Bentley and The Beat Surrender, Band of Annuals – *Urban*  
Manuok, The Hat I.Q.'s – *Broken Record*

## Monday, October 23

Irving, Blue Sunshine Soul – *Kilby*  
Dashboard Confessional – *McKay Events Center*  
Czeczomor – *Piper Down*  
Accident Experiment, Cavity Burn, A Lesson In Chaos, Murmur – *Vegas*  
Alias and Tansler, Electric President, Astronautalis – *Urban*  
Burton Team Autograph Session and Burton Movie Premieres – *Gateway*  
Bane, A Global Threat, Strike Anywhere, This Is Hell – *Sound*

## Tuesday, October 24

Cabaret Voltage – *Urban*  
David Sedans – *Capital Theatre*  
+44 – *In the Venue*  
Paleo, The Silent Years – *Kilby*  
4000 Old, Send No Roses, Necrophacus, Separation of Self, Takeover, Hostility – *Vegas*  
Eric McFadden Trio, Utah County Swillers – *Burt's*

## Wednesday, October 25

The Bouncing Souls, Street Dogs, Left Alone, Whole Wheat Bread – *Sound*  
Fiona Apple – *Huntsman Center*  
Street Dogs In-Store – *Big E's*  
DJ Portia & Lyndsie – *W Lounge*  
Evanescence – *In the Venue*  
The Tyde, The Kingdom, The Precinct – *Kilby*  
Donavan Frankenreiter, The White Buffalo – *Depot*  
Zion I, The Grouch, Deadbeats – *Urban*  
The Hudson Falcons, Knuckle Dragger, Resident Saints – *Burt's*

## Thursday, October 26

That 1 Guy, Kid Theodore – *Urban*  
The Metal Gods – *Liquid Joe's*  
Maceo Parker – *Suede*  
Casual In-Store – *Uprok*  
Casual – *Monk's*  
Trash Light Vision, Eleventh Hour, Crash Parade – *Vegas*  
Golden Shoulders, Echoe People – *Broken Record*

## Friday, October 27

Aiden, He Is Legend, It Dies Today, Man Alive, Silverstein – *Avalon*  
Ziggy Marley – *Depot*  
Dead City Lights – *Monk's*  
Glade, Jeremy, Marsha Delfinden – *Alchemy*  
Left for Dead – *Brewski's*  
School of Rock Halloween Show – *Pat's BBQ*  
Ecstatic Sunshine, Make Believe, Vile Blue Shades – *Urban*  
Roby Kap – *Pat's BBQ*  
Make Believe In-Store – *Slowtrain*  
Rocky Horror Picture Show – *Tower*  
Halloween Show Part 1: The Miranda Project, Separation of Self, Aysmal Abattoir, Cave of  
Roses – *Vegas*  
Lyrics Born, Cut Chemist – *Suede*

Guster – *In the Venue*  
El Certo, Polly Panic, Glacial – *Broken Record*  
Briertone, Sparrow's Gate, Now It's Overhead, Paris Green – *Kilby*  
Vice Squad, So Unloved, The Willkalls – *Burt's*

## Saturday, October 28

Thunderfirst – *Foo's*



## PEELANDER Z SUN., 10/8 AT BURT'S

Ozma, Everybody Else, Neon Trees – *Kilby*  
Spazmatics – *Liquid Joe's*  
Dave Tate – *Alchemy*  
Crack Whore – *Johnny's*  
School of Rock Halloween Show – *Pat's BBQ*  
Halloween Fetish Ball – *Area*  
Aldo Presents: Halloween Bash Featuring DJ Infamous – *Tony's*  
Rocky Horror Picture Show – *Tower*  
CD Release Party: Black Hole, Wolfs, Paper Cranes – *Urban*  
Halloween Show Part 2: Drown Out the Stars, Flesh Peddler, M.A.I.M Corps, Kohabit, Guff Shot – *Vegas*  
The John Popper Project – *Suede*  
Electric Halloween Party – *Broken Record*  
Die Monster Die, Left for Dead, Spooky Deville,  
Black Market Babies Burlesque Show – *Burt's*

## Sunday, October 29

Hardcore Halloween: The Hard Goodbye, Her Candane – *Broken Record*

## Monday, October 30

Alexisfire, Moneen, A Change of Pace, Cancer Brats – *Boom Va*  
Blue Man Group – *Delta*  
Eagles of Death Metal, Throwrag – *Depot*  
Sin City Allstars – *Vegas*  
Awesome Color – *Urban*

## Tuesday, October 31

Mike Watt – *Springdale*  
Dead Beats – *Monk's*  
Halloween Party – *Area*  
Kan'Nal – *Suede*  
Rocky Horror Picture Show – *Tower*  
All Hallows Eve: Royal Heritage – *Alchemy*  
Ted Dancin Halloween Dance Extraveganza – *Urban*  
Pagan Dead – *Vegas*  
Retribution Gospel Choir, Love Runner – *Kilby*  
Bombs and Beating Hearts, Dead Virgins, Acro – *UTA Trax*

## Wednesday, November 1

English Beat – *Depot*  
DJ Portia & Lyndsie – *W Lounge*

## Thursday, November 2

Sparta – *In the Venue*  
J-sans & El da Sensei In-Store – *Uprok*  
J-sans & El da Sensei – *Monk's*  
The Metal Gods – *Liquid Joe's*

## Friday, November 3

Pick Up The New SLUG – *Any Place Cool*  
Plain White T's – *Sound*  
CD Release: Black Hole, Fatecage – *Broken Record*  
Roby Kap – *Pat's BBQ*  
Pet Shop Boys – *Ford Theatre*  
Let Go, The Secret Handshake – *Kilby*  
The Orphans, Fuck the Informer, Shackleton – *Burt's*  
Western Underground – *Depot*  
Poor Yorick Grand Opening – *118 W. Crystal Ave.*

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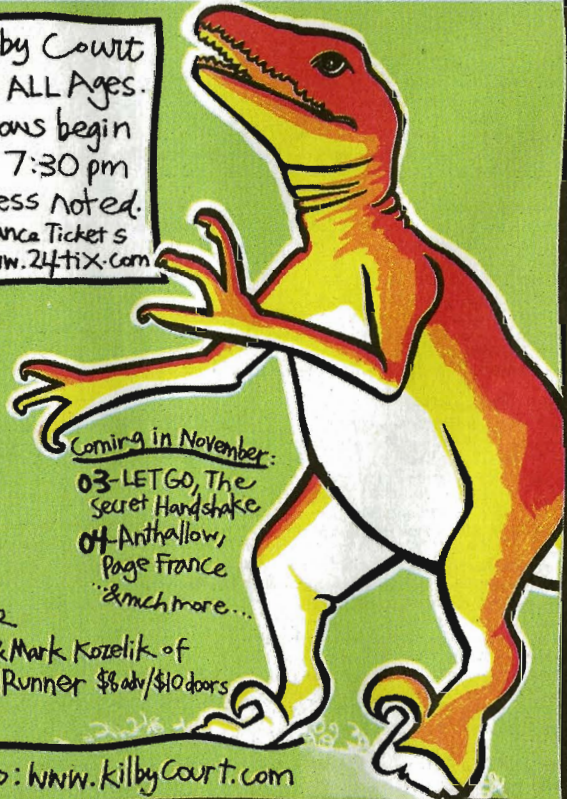
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# Kilby Court Calendar October 2006

- 02-SOUTHERLY, Peter Carroll \$6
- 03-OAKLEY HALL, Josh Rosenthal, Jordan Young \$7
- 05-SUPERSYSTEM, ZOMBI, OK Ikumi, \$8
- 07-SHERWOOD, The Contingency Plan, tba \$10
- 10-SYSTEM & STATION, FRO-MANHOLE \$6
- 14-JASON ANDERSON (Wolf Alone), PANDA & ANGEL, HUDSON BELL, Golden Boots, The Moon The Sea \$6 adv/\$7 doors
- 16-THUNDERBIRDS ARE NOW!, YOU SAY PARTY WE SAY DIE, The Monikers, The HOTNESS \$7
- 18-THE FOLD, tba
- 19-BIRD MONSTER, LA ROCCA, Calm Before the Crash, Hanging Station \$7 adv/\$8 doors
- 20-SAY HI TO YOUR MOM!, THE POWER CORDS, METAL HEARTS, tba \$7 adv/\$8 doors
- 21-THE LOVED ONES, SINGLE FILE, Form of Rocket, Tolcheck Trio \$7
- 23-IRVING, Blue Sunshine Soul (Members of Band of Annals)
- 24-PALEO, The Silent Years, tba
- 25-THE TYDE, THE KINGDOM, The Precinct. \$6 adv/\$7 doors
- 27-BRIERTONE, SPARROW'S GATE, NOW IT'S OVERHEAD, Paris Green \$7 adv/\$8 doors
- 28-OZMA, EVERYBODY ELSE, Neon Trees \$10 adv/\$12 doors
- 31-RETRIBUTION GOSPEL CHOIR (featuring Alan Sparhawk of Low & Mark Kozelick of Sun Kil Moon), Love Runner \$8 adv/\$10 doors

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For more info on tour dates and locations go to [www.burton.com/movie](http://www.burton.com/movie)

**Cities:**

**Japan:**

October 12-17

**North America:**

October 19 Los Angeles  
October 20 San Francisco  
October 21 Sacramento

October 22 Denver  
October 23 Salt Lake City  
October 25 Portland, Oregon

October 26 Vancouver  
October 27 Toronto  
October 28 Burlington

October 30 New York City

**Europe:**

October 27-November 11



# FOR RIGHT OR WRONG

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Mads Jonsson and Jeremy Jones. Edited By Jeff Roe. Director Of Photography Matt Goodman. Executive Producers Bryan Johnston,  
David Salzberg. Producers Carl Harris, Martin Trejo, Tim Tortora. Written By Kip Konweiser & Kern Konweiser and Sean Mortimer.  
Directed By Matt Goodman.



THE FALL IS COMING...

THE FALL  
OF 07

