Out Of The Blue

Exclusive Interviews
RevCo
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Sports Feature
Motocross
Local
Zack Ames

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Local Band Profiles, Columns, Album Reviews, Movie Reviews, Poetry
Out Of The Blue

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Indie Album Reviews, Indie Movie Reviews, Columns, Poetry, Art
Skate Park comes true for youth

Delaware Battle Of The Bands 4 in the works

For a number of years Delaware, Ohio’s youth have been searching for a place to skate freely, without interjection from pointing fingers defying their presence.

Well, it has finally happened! Three consecutive Battle Of The Bands (BOB) annual events, held at the Delaware County Fairgrounds, have contributed to Project Skate Park.

An entire 17,000 square feet dedicated to skating is being constructed this summer.

The 2006 BOB raised $4,100 in advance ticket sales, totaling $6,000 including raffle ticket sales. An estimated 650 attended this year’s event.

The ‘06 BOB winners were Circleville’s Deaf Child Area, taking home $500; second place was Grand Marshall from Buckeye Valley High School, winning $150; and in third place was the youngest band—Unclassified from Delaware Willis Intermediate, who took home a $100 prize.

A thousand youth dedicated their time to organize and hold this year’s BOB. The entire three-year BOB event has raised $12,500.

The continuous project struggle has been publicly known; thus, major contributions by Delaware Eagles, Rotary, Weyerhauser, Verizon, and other anonymous donations have totaled $70,000. That still wasn’t enough money.

A Delaware City Council member said, “If we keep requiring these kids to raise the funds for this skate park, it will be 4 or 5 years before they have enough. We don’t require soccer kids to raise money for the soccer fields, nor swimmers to raise money for the swimming pool.”

City Council finally decided to pitch in over $200,000 to make up the difference for the $400,000 total project cost.

Organizer Greg Snouffer wrote in a press release: “we are proud to announce that the Fairgrounds has invited us back for BOB 4 the last Saturday in April 2007! So, to all the musicians out there, GET READY for BOB 4! We will be announcing in the fall, an all new youth-oriented service project to benefit from the fourth DELAWARE BATTLE OF THE BANDS!”

—Written By Neil Shumate
Zach Ames was three-years-old when he first set eyes on the rough sport of motocross. Fourteen years later, seventeen-year-old Ames has placed in numerous top five national amateur awards, three World Championships at the MGM Grand in Las Vegas, placed 8th in the National Arena Professional Series, and has raced professionally throughout the United States.

The skill involved is unquestionable. Motocross racers must maneuver around bumps, position to balance their bodies to maximize speed, complete risky jumps and battle to ignore flying dirt and dust.

Marion County’s Prospect, Ohio houses one of the nation’s youngest, most talented motocross racers in the United States. Zach races his 2006 Suzuki 450 four-stroke and his 2006 Suzuki 250F with a number of national sponsors backing him, including: F&S, No Fear, Suzuki, Spy Goggles, Alpinestars, Royal Purple, Fass Gass, DC Shoes, Dunlop Tires, Zing, Tech Care Suspension, Freze, Vortex Sprockets, Pro Circuit, Universal, EVS Protection, RK Chains, and many others.

The primary inspiration was derived from a race Zach and his dad attended when he was younger. Zippy (nickname given by his mom) thought: “I’ve got to do this!” Considering the dangerous nature of the sport, Zach says his parents and friends “trust me, and know that I know what I am doing now!”

Zach shows that dreams can come true with encouragement, persistence, and determination. The confidence behind Ames is proved when he told us his biggest motivator is “winning” and that he “never doubts my [his] abilities.” His favorite quotes are “never give up” and “win it or wad it!”

Other than motocross, Zach’s favorite hobbies are “cars and girls!” He also snowboards in the winter. Sometimes Ames uses music as a motivator, preferring “everything but country and most rap.” Ames likes rock music the most, including the alt-rock band Avenged Sevenfold.

In October, 2005 Ames placed 4th in the Toyota AMA National Arena cross in New York. Zach told us to watch for him again this fall. “Starting in October I am goin’ to be racing the National Arena Cross series again, and if y’all want to see me then, tune into the Speed Channel, and I’ll be on there. My number is 8. And, ladies, if you read this, give me a call!”

—Written By Neil Shumate
The Vans Warped Tour’s
distractive groundwork
appropriately compliments
the chaotic DIY punk lifestyle.

Upon entrance a convoy of
tents bearing the names of various
sponsors lead the way to a mirage
of music, vendors, games, and fans
sporting Sid Vicious, meticulously
styled, colorful mohawks.

This, the second stop of a 49
city trek across the country resides
here, in Columbus, Ohio. The
eight stages scattered throughout
Germain Amphitheater house the
music of every explored musical
genre in existence.

The feature of indie label bands
is abundant—from Fat Wreck and
Fueled by Ramen to Vagrant and
Victory.

Kevin Lyman’s eleventh year
run of the Warped Tour features
nine hours of back to back music
with 78 bands traveling in over
120 tour buses, motor homes and
vans that crawl across the United
States covering over 17,000 miles.

On the side, Lyman co-owns an
indie record label and also organ-
izes the Taste Of Chaos Tour
every Fall.

In reference to the atmosphere,
Mike Carden, The Academy Is
bass player, told me “it’s like be-
ing in a carnival; it’s a great life,
just different. Everyday is exactly
the same. I wake up, find our set
time, play the show, do interviews
and autographs, then eat dinner.”

Carden said a difficult part of
the tour is keeping clean. “Yea,
we have to like share three show-
ers between hundreds of people!
It’s been five days for me so far!”

After noticing the location of the
showers near the press area,
Carden commented, “yea, I’ll
probably hit those real soon!”

Less Than Jake sax player Peter

“JR” Wasilewski told me “you
ought to see it here at eight in the
morning! Everyone’s walking
around like a bunch of fucking
zombies trying to find things! It’s
fully a summer camp.”

Idle time is unacceptable at
Warped. While walking around
(oblivious of the fact that well-
kept-hidden-inside pallid visages
would soon be erased by the an-
tipathetic, inescapable fireball
casting rays of intolerable heat
from above) fans can read posters
plastered throughout the venue, sit
and rest at the myspace tent, pick
up condoms at the Trojan canopy,
meet random Warped performers,
play video games or fosse ball,
receive a makeover with face
paint, and have the opportunity to
skateboard.

What about a set list? Nobody
was predictably handed a sched-
ule—instead an enormous blow up
balloon posted band names, stage
names, and set times. Fans were
provided sheets of paper with
empty spots to fill in their favorite
acts to catch for the day.

The two main stages (The Jack-
N-The Box and Teddy Bear) are
housed atop a parking lot, for-
merly known as Germain VIP
Parking.

These stages carry the majority
of attention considering veteran
performances by Less Than Jake,
Buzzcocks, Helmet, NOFX, Joan
Jett, and Bouncing Souls.

The same stages also share the
likes of new wave metal punk core
acts including: Anti-Flag, Senses
Fail, Motion City Soundtrack,
From First To Last and Underoath.

Smaller Warped stages feature
newbies such as rap trio Gym
Class Heroes, AFI affiliated
Aiden, Listed M.I.A., and Amber
Pacific.
The Academy Is’ Carden said “small stages act as an incubator toward reaching the main stage.” The possibility of witnessing every act is 0/78, but we were able to catch some between interviews. From First To Last, fresh off tour with Hawthorne Heights and Fall Out Boy, is more appropriate for Ozzfest—all members wearing black with matching body paint.

Former Limp Bizkit bassist Wes Boreland pranced around in his black underwear while throwing out killer note for note clarity.

Fifteen years and running Less Than Jake preformed a mix of ska and punk off their classic Pezcore and current album, In With The Out Crowd.

JR commented about their long lasting success: “I’m shocked everyday that kids still come to look at us and play. They always expect to hear ‘Johnny Quest’ and ‘(All My Best Friends Are) Metal Heads!’” It’s the Johnny Cash rule man—no matter what, he always closed with ‘Reign of Fire,’ people expected that!”

Buzzcocks and Bouncing Souls represented the closest form of true old school punk pulling it off CBGB’s style.

Buzzcocks hit the stage with “Ever Fallen In Love” and hits off A Different Kind of Tension from 1979 as well as their current release, Flat-Pack Philosophy.

The endurance of this late Sex Pistols era band was hallucinatory. The Manchester band burnt down the house with a Mod-like anarchist style.

Bouncing Souls’ lead Greg Attonito sported a blue business tie with an untucked casual shirt. The band threw out fast-paced hardcore songs from The Good, The Bad, and The Argyle and mixed in some current tracks off The Gold Record.

When Joan Jett and The Black Hearts took stage everyone piled in front to watch the 46-year-old Runaways punkstress sing “I don’t give a fuck about my reputation!” Jett, the first female to launch her own record label, also performed “Cherry Bombh,” and closed with “I Love Rock and Roll.”

Illinois’ The Academy Is, fresh from sharing the stage with Fall Out Boy, Panic! At The Disco, and Hellowgoodbye, pleased fans with their smoldering combo of punk, rock, and pop.

Bass player Mike Carden joined vocalist William Beckett in 2002 after their individual rival bands split up. Carden told me they plan to release a new album following the Warped Tour in early 2007. “It’s real hard writing on the road, but right now we’re working on writing. We’re ready to do something new.”

Highly energized Motion City Soundtrack played Warped with the distinct moog synthesizer aligned with a catchy, rhythmic, fun, danceable, head bopping beat! Motion City’s animated stage presence exceeded the barricade.

Bass player/backing vocalist Matt Taylor told me he recently watched Nine Inch Nails perform and “that show changed me forever. It was a cathartic experience, and I admire those shows as a performer practicing.”

Lead singer Justin Pierre, sporting finger-in-the-socket hair, said he can’t believe how artists like “Superchunk [can jump] up and down and [manage to maintain note for note. They act as role models. Them and Flaming Lips. But, I still need more practice,” laughed Pierre.

Pierre’s advice to local bands starting out: “Play as much as you can. Leave your jobs, go on tour. Try it and keep doing it. Go ‘till your broke then come back home, find a new job, make money, and do it again and again. A lot of luck is involved.”

Motion City just released a deluxe edition of Commit This To Memory on Epitaph Records.

The Warped Tour is not about success, it’s about fans who attend consistently, every year.

JR from Less Than Jake told us, “When I was younger, I thought it (success) was to sell tons of records. But, that’s not it. Real success is being able to do what you want to do, no matter how much money you make, and see kids still come to our shows. Kid’s get jaded, but they know they can always count on music.”

If you missed the Columbus date, there is still time. Warped will visit Cincinnati on July 26th and Cleveland on August 11th.

Written By Neil Shumate

All Photos By Kyle Wagner
A full throttle force of unstoppable syncopated power bass grooves, face-punching guitar slaps, smashing drum patterns, and energized vocals that could intimidate Chino’s harmonious tones and fracture the deep aggressive pitch of Killswitch’s Howard Jones—these are the sounds which reside in a mass senior citizen home called Marion, Ohio. Scene Of The Crime represents a new brand of hardcore with a well-experienced, talented five member lineup.

The individual experiences originated in ex-Marion bands Five People and Decliff. Stan (drums) and Dustin (guitar) belonged to the late Decliff and Omar (bass) along with Kyle (guitar) were two of Five People. Anthony (vocals) from Newark currently lives in Columbus and fits in tight with S.O.T.C.’s August, 2005 formation.

The origin of the band’s name was put in the hands of Anthony (Alien Robot God). “It just sounded kinda cool and I love sci-fi and horror films. It’s about the struggle for mankind, and it fits well.”

The lyrics of “Crucial” display the horror film interest: “No matter where you run to, we will find you/ the nightmare is real, the realization hits you.”

As a group, Sevendust is a big influence. Eleven-year experienced drummer Stan admires 36 Crazyfists and Deftones. Dustin is influenced by Pantera and Killswitch. Anthony laughed and said he actually likes Coheed and Cambria, even though the rest of the band might disagree! Anthony added, “The real stuff, the good stuff, is local. Local stuff is where it’s at.”

Despite the impact of national acts on style, S.O.T.C performs all original material. The band writes and learns together through trial and error. Dustin said, “every time you turn on the radio it all sounds the same. You gotta be unique. We’re true to ourselves, it’s all original.”

Outside of music S.O.T.C.’s Omar jumps on a motorcycle while other members enjoy the solitude of a video game, watching zombie movies, or just kicking back and relaxing. However, the primary focus resides in the band. The dedication brings the members together every week to practice and maintain their tight unit to blow it up on stage.

Witnessing a live set will further prove the band’s musical capabilities. Anthony, sporting a trademark black outfit with a phantom of the opera bandanna shielding his left eye, works up the audience by jumping off stage and touring the venue while maintaining heavy-melodic vocal clarity. Dustin and Kyle communicate an even structured bouncing-off-each-other guitar effect, while Omar grooves the thick pounding bass riffs. A non-electronic drum machine is powered by Stan, with a mutually energized connection. Marion’s Scene Of The Crime will please any fan of talented musicianship. With a demo recorded at John Schwab studios in Columbus and performing over eight live shows a month, the band is achieving the due rites of passage in time. —Photos / Article By Neil Shumate
In November 2005, four friends came together to produce a metaphoric everlasting gobstopper form of music—each color transition reflects the psychedelic sounds of Ghengis Green, fit to complement the relaxed environment of drinking a cup of Joe.

The Lewis Center, Ohio quartet produces an experimental attempt to share the qualities of The Flaming Lips, King Crimson, and Beck.

For live gigs, singer/guitarist Ben Ahlteen sports a mirage of colorful outfits including, but not limited to, a blue shirt, yellow tie, and yellow pants. Ben’s soothing vocal style of medium pitched, even tones combines a mix of Elliott Smith on the layering of “Not Going Back” and a rap style in “Out Of Orbit.”

Ahlteen told us he’s influenced primarily by his father and The Beatles. Ahlteen writes most of the lyrics for the Gheng Bang which is “something that comes from within, and [he] write[s] mostly in school.”

The band’s name is derived from Ghengis Kahn and gangrene. Ben said, “they’re both about taking over, and that’s what our aim is!”

Chris “Cooter” Cheeseman is the band’s drummer who replaced Ben’s eight-year-old computer manipulated drums. Chris currently maintains the successive background beats.

The Cheeseman is influenced by Pink Floyd, Frank Zappa and “prog-rock.”

Chris, sporting an Austin Powers look, said the writing usually “starts with an acoustic guitar.”

Ian McClain on bass gives credit to Led Zeppelin, Radiohead and King Crimson as major influences.

Dustin White brings the distinct sounds of his keyboards. The hollow spaceship sound mixes well with Ahlteen’s vocals, Cheeseman’s drums, and McClain’s bass grooves. Dustin gives kudos to Queen and The Beatles.

Outside of music, some take up drawing, watching movies, and the necessities of sleeping and eating when time permits.

Ghengis Green just recorded a well rounded demo.

To obtain a copy, contact them on myspace.

Ghengis refrains from representing the everyday, ordinary band—refraining from typical MTV generational sounds.

The local group continues to grow with quality live performances, booking numerous monthly shows since their first show in February, 2006.

You may get lucky and hear the exceptional live covers “Mellow Yellow” and “Clint Eastwood!”

Ghengis Green’s Ian, Ben, Chris, and Dustin. —Photos / Article By Neil Shumate

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**UPCOMING SHOWS**

+ August 4th The Scarlet and Grey Café in Columbus, OH
+ August 10th Brenie’s Distillery in Columbus, OH
+ August 17th The Clubhouse in Grove City, OH
+ September 15th UMC Coffeeshop in Columbus, OH

www.myspace.com/ghengisgreen
merchandise: www.cafepress.com/ghengisgreen
With prominent focus on the negativity and brutality of society, it’s a challenge to form a positive vibe in the music industry. One band has conquered it! Hangtime is worth checking out if you want to dispose of all the media’s force-fed harshness.

Four friends put together this hardcore punk band that hit the streets of Columbus, Ohio, Delaware, Ohio and beyond in the fall of 2004.

Since the first live gig at Bernie’s in Columbus, Bryan/Edison (vocals), Kevin (guitar), Jimmy (guitar), Anthony (drums), and Nick (bass) have released a demo and full length album, Make It Happen. The album was recorded just a few months ago at Ohio’s Electric Angle Studios with Grant.

Hangtime just returned home from their first national tour (alongside Dayton, Ohio’s The Pledge) which kicked off in mid-June.

Nick took time out to tell us about the tour while in Georgia.

“Well, for starters we are traveling in a van with no trailer, except Kevin’s cab. Edison pretty much put the whole tour together. We are in GA right now, just got done playing at Sector 7G! We only had to sleep in the van once so far, so that’s pretty nice. People have been nice enough to let us stay in their house and feed us while we were there. It’s just the five of us on the open road, and it’s really hard to get from place to place when some shows don’t turn out too good.”

The band’s influences are innumerable. Some include Floorpunch, Ten Yard Fight, xLooking Forwardx, and any fast, old style hardcore. Kevin mentioned his current favorites of Set It Straight, Under One Flag, Ceremony, Down To Nothing, and Sinking Ship to name a few.

As far as writing material, Kevin said: “Either Jimmy or I just come up with riffs then play them at practice for everyone. Once we have the guitar parts written for a song, Anthony comes up with the drum tracks and so on. Our way of writing is pretty simple, and we like it that way.”

The future looks promising for this tight-knit band. Kevin said, “We just want to keep doing shows. If a label shows interest in us, great. If not, it’s no big deal, we’ll still keep doing what we’ve been doing.”

Outside of music, Hangtime hangs out, skateboards, and sport their love of piercings and tattoos.

At live shows, the dynamic persevering band primarily performs all original music. At a show you might hear the adrenaline pumping “Hangtime Hardcore” and “Respect.” Hangtime is also working on a solid cover of some Judge songs and a Ten Yard Fight song.

Using the internet to distribute music is becoming the easiest, cheapest way to be heard. Kevin told us, “I love downloading. I think too many artists get caught up in the money aspect and would rather just sell CD’s. Sure, with downloading you might not make as much money, but is that really the point?!”

Check out the Hangtime posi’s killer, energetic live shows that will be sure to make you jump up, sing along, and slam dance all night long!

“Keep a positive outlook / keep a positive attitude / make positive choices / and we’ll make a positive change / HANGTIME HARDCORE!”

—Written By Neil Shumate
—Photos, Headline Graphic Courtesy of Kevin / Hangtime
**Mike:** So you guys are from the Bay Area, how are the local shows around there, do they get pretty crazy?

**Animosity:** We really got it great here in the Bay. Our musical community is nearly completely free of all of the bullshit that gives metal and hardcore a bad reputation. Our scene is focused on music, friends and fun; as opposed to fashion, popularity and being tough. The shows out here are pretty awesome. The honest, gimmick-free bands thrive out here, whereas fake ass trendy conformists are ignored.

**Mike:** How long have you guys been a national touring band?

**Animosity:** I started the band about 6 years ago in of 2000, We have been touring ever since I was old enough to have a driver’s license, which has been the past 4 years.

**Mike:** What motivates your lyrics?

**Animosity:** Unfortunately, my lyrics are usually motivated by the sickening, horrible shit I see in the world. By no means do I carry around mindless hatred and anger with me everyday—I can't just ignore the harshness of our society. Our latest album Empires has a focus on international and societal issues of domination and abuse of power. I expect my future lyrics to be much more personal as a lot has happened to me since the last album, and my mind seems to be in another place at the moment.

**Mike:** Do you have any crazy “on the road” stories you’d like to share?

**Animosity:** One time in Nashville, TN this dude named "trademark" poured gasoline on himself and lit his face and legs on fire for us after the show...Another time in Nevada we were getting on the highway and this dude hopped out of the passenger seat of the car in front of us and drop-kicked an infant onto the side of the road, and then drove off. We called the police, but I don't know if they got him or not. That shit was crazy.

**Mike:** What song would you say is your overall favorite to play live?

**Animosity:** "Thieves"

**Mike:** If you guys could open for one band, still in existence or not, who would it be and why?

**Animosity:** I don't really know...I guess Jimi Hendrix...because that would just obviously rule. Need I explain?

**Mike:** What bands would you say influences Animosity the most?

**Animosity:** Frank Zappa and the Mother of Invention, Jimi Hendrix Experience. All kinds of Metal, Punk and Hardcore.

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**Check these out**

**Neurosonic, Drama Queen**
Canadian group brings smooth industrial mix. Album drops September 5th on Bodog Music.

**Placebo, Meds**
Back Again with mesmerizing vocals

**Dresden Dolls, Yes, Virginia...**
Pianos, sex, and catchy drumming

**Angles & Airwaves, We Don’t Need To Whispter**
Ex-Blink 182 tame down, great sound

**Flaming Lips, At War With The Mystics**
Super sweet combo of Frank Zappa, David Bowie, and Neil Young

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**Inkwell release Stars and Monsters July 25th**

Indie Florida rockers Inkwell offer up a main platter of punk rock with a side of catchy seasoned choruses on their second release, These Stars Are Monsters.

Inkwell is production moguls Travis Adams and Dave Pierce who create a full four member band sound.

Opening track “Just Take The Money and Leave” opens with a Jimmy Eat World sound and breaks off to a minor chord progression with keyboards and cello.

The time signatures rapidly change in each independent track. “No You Drop It” is sure to gain fans with its catchy mellow claps, drum backings and hypnotic bebop vocal layering.

The entire album welcomes a variety of instrumentation—from acoustic and electronic to piano and xylophone.

Inkwell is currently on tour with Mae and The Spill Canvas.

Get ready for the ear pleasing, poetic and melodic duo’s release on One Eleven/East West Record’s July 25th release.

—Written By Neil Shumate

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**Album Review**

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Get ready for the ear pleasing, poetic and melodic duo’s release on One Eleven/East West Record’s July 25th release.

—Written By Neil Shumate
Local duo unleashes full frontal stylistic raps and rhymes

Project Defective Unknown culminates a sense of style one could only believe to originate in the streets of New York or Detroit.

Who knew LaRue, Ohio could represent old school Wu Tang and Run D.M.C. combined with new school KMK and ICP.

This rap duo with profound energetic talent graces the underground scene with incredible freestyle raps, catchy choruses, and danceable beats.

In May 2006 two best friends, Thomas Montis (Nite Tha Grrness), 19, and Zac Tennar (SINthetichead3000), 28, spent hours in Montis’ professional recording studio to dub tracks, sample, record, loop, warp and edit to perfection.

Montis takes on the role of Berry Gordy Jr. producing the tracks to create incredible clarity in the ex-Thumpfluid recording studio, set up by Montis’ father.

Montis also records some spots on the tracks with background vocals. Tennar writes the rhymes and perfects them to create a smooth vibe reflecting his personal range of influences, including Public Enemy, Lords Of Acid, Mr. Lif and Nine Inch Nails.

Project Defective Unknown plans to release an album of music in the future, and maybe get some live gigs going.

Zac plans to do solo work on the side and is currently looking for a band to collaborate with on some tracks.

You can check out P.D.U. on myspace at www.myspace.com/defectivеunknown to hear “Samsara,” “Flawed,” and “Tha Forecast.” —Written By Neil Shumate

Online Chat with Zac / SH3K from Project Defective Unknown

Following stories of depressive, drug related memories, we begin:

Me: So now you’re 28 and sober, minus a few beers here and there?
Zac: That’s right. I used philosophy to rebuild myself and my son Xavier was the seed.
Me: Who do you study?
Me: How do your past experiences influence your writing?
Zac: What I write comes from a combination of personal, philosophical, and mildly political aspects. I also find what I write to be good learning material. I try to spread knowledge a bit, for people who have come from a life of hell much like I have. I like to show people that one person can indeed bottom out completely, and then rebuild themselves from the inside out. It’s all about acquiring knowledge and discovering yourself.
Me: So when did you get into freestyle/MCing?
Zac: I used to run with a few black guys and they would always sit around and spit rhymes ‘n shit. So one day I figured I’d give it a shot. And when I did, mouths dropped! So ever since then I knew I was on to something.

Me: So how did you and Grrness meet?
Zac: We met at a Micki D’s. We worked the graveyard shift and we’d spit rhymes at each other to pass the time. Later on we found out that we both lived in the same town.
Me: When you rap do u freestyle over the beats, or write first, then the beats?
Zac: Sometimes both. I freestyle a few times prior to writing in order to get the feel down, and after that, it’s like a molding process but with words.
Me: What’s your future goals with your music?
Zac: Success! I have so many ideas and so many songs written that I want turned into songs. I have the stuff I do with Grrness, and then solo ideas.
Me: So you guys don’t refrain from political correctness and vulgar language?
Zac: No, we feel that obscenities are sometimes necessary to fully express what it is you wanna say.
Me: Where do you think the music industry is going now?
Zac: A lot of music seems to be cloning itself. You see numerous artists doing the same thing. It sells like a product. Most music has to meet these certain “requirements” so that it appeals to a young audience.

—Written By Neil Shumate —Photos Courtesy of Zac and Thomas
Oklahoma may seem an unlikely stomping ground for indie rock talent (sans Esther Drang and The Flaming Lips), however; on second glance, there’s quite a bit of musical activity in the Midwest panhandle state.

One of the first experiences I remember from my time there was an annual Tulsa Halloween tradition called MurderFest, the DIY equivalent to pagan revelry. Imagine 10+ hardcore and metal bands…ok, you pretty much get the idea already.

Sandwiched between the plethora of loud chugga chuggas and the ensuing floorpunches, spin kicks and whatnot, a band called At All Costs (soon to be renamed and reformed as Scales of Motion) stuck out as a proverbial sore thumb.

Not only were they incredibly melodic, but forceful and unbelievably simple; with just a guitar, bass and drums their music was anything but sparse and everything but lackluster.

And yeah, they could easily be pigeonholed as an “emo” or “post-punk”; I swore I even heard a breakdown or two. But its bands like Scales of Motion that leave VFW showgoers scratching their heads and bumbling the merch table. So when I heard that Scales would be in Columbus last month, I nearly jumped at the chance.

The boys ripped through their set with dazzling ease. It’s very apparent that they’ve been playing together for quite some time.

But don’t let the modest brothers Skelnik fool you—they know how to rock as well as speak their minds.

These songs aren’t the typical sad bastard tunes on the iPods of teenagers with shaggy black haircuts and black framed glasses.

Dealing with homelessness, adolescent psyche and exhaustion at a young age, Scales shine a light of hope on such dark and mysterious places with occasional sarcastic realisms.

“We’re afraid of silence, of disconnecting from the world and losing track of all that is. Truth is, the times that we allow this quietness to be are when we really start to live.”

The new seven song EP Through a Glass, Dimly is full of uplifting and inspirational nuggets like this; It almost sounds like a self-help CD.

With giant moving riffs and some fun bass lines, this band would be right up the alley for fans of Further Seems Forever, etc.

After being together for nearly five years, multiple recordings and countless regional shows, Scales of Motion hit the road for their first tour. My question was: what took so long?

Chris, bass and vocals, responded that this was their first such opportunity. And that’s exactly the humility and truth to expect from his music.

—Written By Nicholas A. Messer

Not many bands can be considered epic before they are even at the height of their success; however, Between The Buried and Me is defiantly one of those bands.

With hits like “Selkies: The Endless Obsession and Mordecai,” they have left there mark on the music scene.

The new CD The Anatomy Of is special in its own way because it is full of timeless covers.

Not many bands can pull off covering Pink Floyd or Queen, but Between the Buried and Me did just that.

They covered “Us and Them” flawlessly and “Bicycle Race” was right on.

And on the record, when it came time to turn up the old gnarly knob, they were right there to crank out some “Blackened” by Metallica and “Forced March” by Earth Crisis.

To wrap it all up they slay your ears with “Cemetery Gates” by Pantera. And that is not even half of the songs. This CD is a must-have if you’ve ever heard music!

—Written By Mike Couburn

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Delaware OH 43015

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www.curseicon.com
A decision must be made: should I celebrate our country’s birth at Red, White, and Boom? Or, should I see Ministry and the Revolting Cocks live? The decision is quite clear if you know me well enough, although the old dude walking by Newport Music Hall with a Flag hat, Flag outfit attempting to sell patriotic Flags made me lean toward the downtown celebration.

Are you kidding me! The most brutal American Flag disintegrating rocksters are going to take stage in five hours at the best place in the country to see any band! Now that’s reason to celebrate.

The title of the tour would make Dr. Ruth proud: The Masterbatour!
The year I was born is the same year metal madman Al Jourgensen gave birth to a little project known as Ministry.

Eleven albums and five record labels later the industrial metal makers take on Columbus, Ohio with an elaborate anti-Bush theme show.

Stepping on stage: Slipknot’s drummer and Murderdolls founder/guitarist Joey Jordison, ex-Danzig guitarist Tommy Victor, Killing Joke’s bassist Paul Raven, and the man, the sinner himself, Havana, Cuba’s cowboy hat wearing, Al Jourgensen.

The intensity and aggression is indescribable. As I was standing there on the side witnessing mayhem at it’s finest, I was having complications digesting the powerful messages, sounds, guitars, synths, drums, samples, digital effects, and distorted vocals compiled into a right speaker and a left speaker, resulting in pure brutality.

As my face was being forced into my chest from the onstage fury, images of Bush appeared on a screen behind Jordison throughout the set, featuring comparisons to Hitler and murderous motivations.

Jourgensen’s collaboration with William S. Burroughs on 1992’s “Just One Fix” may have rubbed off a bit much considering the acid trip lighting—the nonstop flashing lights of green, red, and blue made the clarity that much harder to follow.

Jourgensen’s screams and moans wailed behind the sound that could impress Phil Spector, creator of the Wall Of Sound.

The hatred of President Bush is obvious as the t-shirt designs feature a black and white caricature of Bush with oil rigs and missiles in the back ground with a thorned halo around his head.

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Prior to Ministry’s show was the legendary Revolting Cocks, also founded by Al in 1985.

RevCo is known for its ever-changing line up and features surprise guest appearances at every live show, similar to the Ministry affiliated Pigface.

It’s nothing but a dance party with covers and industrial chants, including the hit shout “Steers, Beers, and Queers!” Past RevCo members included lead Christ Connelly, Trent Reznor, Dead Kennedy’s Jello Biafra, live word samples approved by Timothy Leary, and Cheap Trick’s Robin Zander and Rick Neilson.

Tonight’s RevCo fit seven members on stage including four singers: Jorgensen, RevCo founding Belgian member and Front 242 vocalist Luc Van Acker, Phildo Owen from Skatenigs and Snow Black, and Josh Bradford from Stayte. On bass was Anna K formerly of Drain S.T.H., Opiate For The Masses drummer Seven Antonopoulos, Society 1’s guitarist SIN, and Stayte’s keyboardist Clayton Worbeck.

The fun atmosphere is unlike anything else. The Cocks performed an Iggy Pop/Jorgensen collaboration called “Fire Engine” found on the new album Cocked and Loaded.

The cocks paid homage to Rod Stewart with “Do Ya Think I’m Sexy” to close the set with Columbus chicks dancing on stage.

This is officially the loudest concert I have ever witnessed. Three days later, my ears remain home to the sound of a mosquito brothel. —Written By Neil Shumate
NIN dominates Germain with Bauhaus

The climate couldn’t have been more appropriate: overcast with rain, wind, and lightning. Creatures of the night piled into Columbus, Ohio’s Germain Amphitheater to witness an all star cast of Goth rock.

Peaches opened the evening with Lords Of Acid-esque samples, raps and rhymes. Thirty-eight-year old Merrill Beth Nisker (Peaches) jumped on stage clad in a pink two-piece bathing suit. (Wait a sec … are we at Sirens?)

Peaches indeed hides very little with her enthusiastic stage show, accompanied by two keyboard/guitarists sporting matching outfits, and a chick drummer who rolls out samples and dance beats.

Peaches writes, produces and performs all recorded tracks on her three albums.

Peaches performed the Lost In Translation track “Fuck The Pain Away” and showed off her guitar capabilities with “Rock Show.”

Lawn fans were soaked head to toe as the stage evolved into a smoke-filled cavern.

The rare, fortunate chance to witness the Godfathers Of Goth with Peter Murphy became a reality. Bauhaus formed in 1978 and introduced a new sound of dark hypnotic beats, creating a British style mixed with the glam rock of David Bowie.

“Double Dare” opened the show as Peter Murphy stepped onto stage wearing an eloquent British outfit that could easily suit Bela Lugosi’s corpse.

“Bela Lugosi’s Dead” was the Goth-rock crowd pleaser of the night. Murphy reinvented the cryptic sounds with precision.

In 1983 Murphy was struck with pneumonia, ultimately the seed to the band’s breakup.

Bauhaus ex-members David, Daniel, and Kevin formed Love and Rockets two years later while Murphy released solo albums.

It was pure pleasure to be in the presence of the talented fathers of pre-industrial.

Fans dried out after Bauhaus and prepared for headliners NIN.

As trademark, Trent Reznor runs onto stage when least expected—halfway through sound check, cutting live into the ceremonial speaker juke box with the presence of house lights revealing startled fans.

After two minutes into performing The Fragile’s opening track “Somewhat Damaged” the house lights finally flick off, allowing the sight of an enormous barred steel cage holding NIN.

The band was tight as ever, performing Reznor’s span of seventeen years, for over an hour and a half.

NIN surprisingly touched roots with “Down In It” and “Get Down Make Love.” A focus was placed on Broken including the fast-paced drumming of “Gave Up,” fist fucking “Wish,” and Reznor, Pigface collaboration “Suck.”

The light show was top notch, with various color effects cast on the occasional lowering of the steel barricade. Reznor’s sobriety has proven effective with vocal intensity and guitar jams.

Reznor’s gone through his fair share of tour buddies; however, this talented band line up marks the best.

Drummer Josh Freese has a range of credible experience. In the past, Freese has drummed for The Vandals, Devo (as a permanent and current member), A Perfect Circle (as a permanent member), and Suicidal Tendencies.

Bassist Jerodie White joined NIN after auditioning for Metallica and Queens Of The Stone Age, as well as performing as Twiggy in Marilyn Manson’s outfit and lead bass on A Perfect Circle’s Emotive.

Alessandro Cortini on keyboards is the lesser known member, who happened to impress Reznor after a live audition. In the past Cortini has performed as tour guitarist for Everclear and The Mayfield Four.

The youngest member of touring NIN is twenty-six-year-old Aaron North on guitar, who sports a red handkerchief in his back pocket.

North sports the most onstage energy as he flips his guitar around his back and front again, just in time for his part.

North tends to be the only member to destroy his instrument The Who-style.

Trent is much tamer now. No more breaking bulbs, or throwing shit around, with the exception of tossing the mic stand during “March Of The Pigs,” matching the music video.

continued on next page
NIN closed with “Head Like A Hole.” Trent and Co. did perform “Hurt,” but the song no longer concludes the set.

The evening was complete. Reznor has reportedly mentioned writing new material and releasing another album after this tour. We continue to wait patiently, anticipating Reznor’s next step, and hope for yet another phenomenal tour showcasing his “nothing can stop me now” lengthy career.

—Written By Neil Shumate

Cage with NIN. Photo by Cheryl Shumate

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**AL JORGENSON VS. TRENT REZNOR**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>48 years old</th>
<th>41 years old</th>
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| Formed Revolting Cocks and Ministry | Formed Nine Inch Nails
| Former Live touring members of Ministry formed Pigface | Collaborated with Revolting Cocks and Pigface
| Current tour drummer, Joey Jordison | Current tour drummer, Josh Freese
| Released a 1985 album called Twelve Inch Singles | Named band in 1988, Nine Inch Nails
| Nominated for a 2000 Grammy for “Bad Blood” | Received a Grammy for Best Metal
| Ministry made a cameo in Spielberg’s A.I. in 2001 | Performance of “Wish”
| Ministry’s 4th Album released on November 14, 1989 | Made a cameo in Light Of Day in 1987
| Worked with producer Adrian Sherwood | NIN Pretty Hate Machine released on October 20, 1989

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**NEW ALBUM**

**Until There’s Nothing Left Of Us**

**RELEASE**

August 1, 2006

One of the best albums to check out this summer.

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**Album Review**

**Protest The Hero’s Kezia**

Born out of the ashes of traditional emo music comes a band with a little bit more to offer to emo’s somber teenage fan base. Protest the Hero combines a nice mixture of different genres of music.

Their music is a kind of melodic harmony, which emo bands are known for, but with a punk twist, and in-your-face new-school metal guitars.

The album shows good musical talent and a lot of depth. PTH plays on the whole emotional aspect that emo music uses to grab its fans, yet they don’t refrain from throwing down like a seasoned metal band.

PTH’s album *Kezia* covers a lot of musical ground. At first, listening to this CD it appears to be all metal, but when you get into it, it shows multiple talents. The CD explodes with the metal infused song “No Stars Over Bethlehem,” then jumps into the almost radio-friendly single “Heretics & Killers.” “Heretics & Killers” is lighter than most of the album, but still gets the job done with a very metal breakdown.

The third song, “Divinity Within” might lead you to believe this is a CD about God, but it’s just a neo-metal CD with religious undertones, not a sermon. The next few songs are taken from the playbook of older metal.

Here, PTH shows it’s not all Christ and Love. The middle part of *Kezia* contains the two best songs. “Blindfolds Aside” talks about life changing events, and does it with heavy guitars and melodic vocals.

Unlike other bands, PTH demonstrates their ability to go from metal to acoustic guitars and heavenly women’s vocals, and back again all in one song. The next best thing to “Blindfolds Aside” is one of my favorite songs, “Turn Soonest To The Sea.”

This tale of life, death, and murder is amazingly haunting. The guitar parts ring so clear and the vocals, especially in the bridge, will leave chills in your spine. By far one of the band’s best songs.

Finally, the band slams their music home with the fierce yet beautiful song, “A Plateful of Our Dead.” The song proves to be a fitting end to a fitting album.

PTH’s *Kezia* is a great change of pace for people looking for something beyond the status quo. If you like Killswitch Engage, 36 Crazyfists, and A Static Lullaby, I strongly recommend listening to *Protest the Hero.*

—Written By Tony Rowe

For more, visit www.protestthehero.com
Helmet frontman Page Hamilton talks music, education, and latest album release

Minor keys full of distorted vocals and guitar riffs combine ripples of syncopation to create a distinctive metal groove. Sinking farther, the inner ear canal becomes engulfed with water, creating muffled time signatures.

The innovator of this divergent metal sound recently took time to sit down with me.

Helmet founder/guitarist/singer/writer Page Hamilton is no newbie to the music scene. With six Helmet albums under his belt, playing past guitar parts for David Bowie, and producing records, Hamilton can no doubt share insight to current trends.

“Right now there is a huge indie scene, Pro Tools has opened up many opportunities. Computers allow for easier recording. I mean, some bands are complete crap for that!” Hamilton mentioned Radiohead and Linkin Park as examples.

“Radiohead kept progressing. I mean Pablo was iffy, then The Bends was okay, then Kid A totally blew me away. Technology totally worked for them in a unique way. But, for Linkin Park, that’s all cut and paste. Anyone can do that, I mean, there is talent, but it’s not hard stuff to do.” This shed light into Helmet’s March, 2006 decision to change from Interscope to independent record label Warcon Records for their new release, Monochrome.

“We just didn’t fit into the machinery anymore. We’re not 21-year-olds with hot tits anymore!” Hamilton mentioned a recent music video shoot.

The video director requested more close-ups. Hamilton laughed, “Our band manager turned around and said, ‘C’mon man, he’s not fucking Jessica Simpson!’”

Helmet’s Monochrome is in stores now and Hamilton told me the album is “a stripped down back-to-basics rock album.” The recording welcomes back Strap It On and Meantime’s producer/engineer Wharton Tiers to reform Helmet’s early 90’s sound.

Hamilton’s personal influences include a wide range of artists with a jazz focus. “I’m open to all forms of music—Nugent, Led Zepp. But moreso, I like to play like John Coltrane.

The artist draws the picture, it doesn’t matter how you get there to focus, or what gets you there. For me, that now is Coltrane.”

When asked about music in education, Hamilton believes music should be encouraged much earlier in schools as a way of free expression.

“It’s a simple lesson: Mozart, a fucking genius, Britney Spears, not a genius!”

In 1999 Helmet split up and the founder toured with David Bowie playing guitar. He also worked with Nine Inch Nails and more recently produced songs from Gavin Rossdale’s new band Institute.

Sharing the guitar series with Metallica’s James Hetfield and Slayer’s Jeff Hanneman, ESP guitars and basses recently announced a new signature Page Hamilton guitar using DiMarzio pick ups instead of Seymour Duncan.

Despite all the industry changes, band set backs and side projects, Hamilton’s heart is instilled in Helmet’s music. Proof can be heard with the band’s reformation on 2004’s Size Matters.

“I never cared about being on the cover of Rolling Stone. Playing music is still my top motivation. Music makes the world go around.” Catch Helmet on a solo tour following the Warped dates.

—Written By Neil Shumate
—Photos By Kyle Wagner
Mister Peanut (that yellow monocle, top hat bastard) sits on a heap of newspapers in an anonymous urban alley. He mumbles something about the IRS and throws an empty Colt 45 forty against a dumpster and he studies his Mickey Mouse gloves, caked with boogers and gravel and urine and he listens to the steady hum of City traffic with road rage curses and anti-lock brake moans and he recalls how he once traveled through the same streets in a limousine with DVD monitors and mini-bars and he recalls how his face once graced interstate billboards and tin can labels of salty honey enticement and he sees. He sees Big Dave hobbling down the alley with a fifth of Mad Dog and back-issues of TIME Magazine stuffed in his sweatpants and he despises his elation his happiness his excitement in meeting Big Dave with a fifth of Mad Dog, because he knows he knows he knows he will be drunk soon. Mister Peanut's knees crack as he grunts and stands to welcome Big Dave to his heap of newspapers, and bits of moldy dumpster sandwich slide down his yellow nut-shell abdomen. His back pops as he straightens his posture and he adjusts his monocle which is cracked and smeared with the businessman semen he had to milk in order to buy a forty last night. He licks his soiled index finger and slicks his prominent eyebrow and all this, all this with Big Dave TIME-crinkling his way through the rubbish, waving his 40 proof prize and smiling with stubble chapped lips and no teeth.

"How goes it P? Gots some nourishment here for us, I do." Big Dave's offering oozes out of his mouth and floats toward Mister Peanut's grimy face in wavy green stink lines, which Mister Peanut deftly dodges at the last possible second. Peanut accepts the bottle and chugs until his eyes water and Big Dave takes his turn as they squat on the heap of newspapers. Ten minutes of silence and gulping pass and Mister Peanut is drunk enough to enter the confessional period of the binge—he feels inclined to remind his esteemed guest, of course, that

"Things weren't always this bad for me, you know."

To which Big Dave nods and squints and farts and says:

"But things ain't so bad. At least we have each other, right?" But this is barely audible on account of the sputtering machine-gun fart which accompanies the statement, like some lewd chorus from a B-movie soundtrack. Mister Peanut vomits his Mad Dog into his lap in response to the stench, wipes chunks of moldy dumpster sludge away from his right-angle nose. Big Dave sees Peanut's puke distraction and he lunges and he's on top of Peanut, who screams for help and kicks his wiry legs but Big Dave is too heavy, too filthy, too strong and too drunk and he licks Mister Peanut's salty body and he forces his warty testicles down Peanut's throat, along with a TIME article about the dangers of insider trading.

Written By John Shumate

Echotic
Blossoms of lime are drifting in time
Passion of radiance, hypnotic, sublime
Twisting like dreams upon sparkling streams
Her voice is a whisper even when she screams

Written By Kyle Smothers

Peach
Skin the peach, underwater
A glass of chardonnay for your daughter
Richness of the heart is my supplement
Through the water’s surface her reflection is bent

Written By Kyle Smothers
You And I
As I lay here
Gazing into the darkness
Beholding your face
Though it is only a vision
I can see every beautiful line
Every inch of your skin
Even the colour of your eyes
They cloud my vision with thoughts of you
I can feel your hands gliding over my body
Your body close to mine
I can hear your voice
Strong and powerful
Guiding me down deep
Into a hell of nothing
Into a vast spectacle of pleasures
One only sees in dreams
And pulling from me
Screams and moans never before heard
By myself
Nor anyone else
Do you know what you do?
Do you dream of me?
And if you do
Do you see what it is you have done?
And when you are alone
Do you think of me?
And pleasure yourself?
And if you do
Know that I feel you
I feel what you do
And I can fit within you
Just as if I were your very soul
And know that
When the daylight fades
And the darkness of sleep
Overtakes you
I will be within your dreams
Your nightmares
Your fantasies
And within those
You and I
Will
Be
One
Written By Susan Nix

Today I rode my bike to the shop from Sarah's house. It is just over 16 miles. It takes me an hour or so to ride and I was soaked within the first five minutes. I was going through puddles so deep that my shoes where going under water as I peddled down. The ride down Broad Street to downtown was rough—I had a head wind all the way. However, the fact that I was playing in a thunder storm made up for that. Once I hit High Street and headed north, I was kicking ass. I had the wind at my back and off in the distance was the most awesome storm clouds I had seen in a while. With a flash of lightning, every twenty or thirty seconds, and my headphones blaring eighties metal, I felt like I was at my own private laser light show. That's my kind of bike ride! When I got to OSU campus, and the sky changed from day to night, and the wind changed directions, I didn't even look for tornados. I just turned up the music.
-Written By Dave Kelso-

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Drawing By Nate Burns
mewithoutYou: poetic and moving? mewithoutYou sucks

Never trust internet directions. How many times had I heard that? At least ten? I found it out the hard way on my recent trip to Cleveland’s elusive Grog Shop in the Euclid Heights area.

Sure, the internet is an information superhighway chock full of blogging communities, World Cup scores and porn, but when you’re out on the open road, I ask you, where is your precious internet?

In a last ditch effort – supposedly contradictory to the laws of man—I stopped and asked for directions…thrice. Finally, a kindly employee of the local coffee shop pointed me the right way; so much for human interaction as well.

The sound of the night for me was Philadelphia indie rock band mewithoutYou.

Spawning from the creation of lead singer Aaron Weiss, he wanted a band that made music for him to “holler over.” And holler he does – for those of you unfamiliar with mwY, the focal point is Weiss’ concentrated recitation of a somewhat beat poetry.

Think of a middle class library card-carrier leading a cacophonous, unruly art punk band, but let it be known that the music doesn’t necessarily sink into the background.

With heavy influences of early 90s indie punk (Frodus, Jawbox and even At The Drive-In), there comes an expectation of higher creativity and exploration, and mewithoutYou delivers.

Churning guitars with driving bass and drums can easily transpire to cascading air within the same piece, yet the melodies produced early in the songs are catchy and downright haunting (i.e. twothirtyeight).

Overall, intensity is the name of the game for this band and I don’t believe it can be fully appreciated until seen live.

This was my second mewithoutYou show and it’s no surprise to those experienced that it is definitely Weiss’ show.

Occasionally spreading flower petals, wearing a tambourine as a hat and constantly prancing around stage might seem a bit much for the first time, but his fervor and zeal come only second to his message; showgoers can almost rifle off lyrics faster than Weiss himself. His ramblings have strong themes, such as community, suicide, romance and the metaphysical life, yet he doesn’t necessarily wear his heart on the sleeve of his sweater.

You get the feeling that Weiss is sincere and authentic; he’s singing and dancing to his life. Vivid imagery, in particular the biblical and Christian spiritual references, give us an environment as to gauge the pieces. “O brother, let’s go down/Let’s go down, won’t ya come on down…Down to the river to pray?”

He sounds less like an indie rocker and more like a you know what, albeit none of it is convicting–at least not in a pious sense.

I overheard many a conversation during their set. Some called it “moving” or just plain “good.” Others found it hard to get used to poetry in such an intense punk rock setting. One guy even mentioned that Weiss “had his own thing going.” How many times can you say that about a band? Be that as it may, mewithoutYou is an interesting listen and an exciting watch.

I once was lost, but now am found. Hallelujah.

—Written By Nicholas A. Messer

Movie Review

Tucker’s

TransAmerica

From gender bending, lies, deceit, and manipulation comes a conservative’s socially unacceptable tale of a man who is now a woman. Director Duncan Tucker introduces us to a comedic-something-seen-before film.

Bree, played by Felecy Huffman (is she really a real woman anyway?) meets her teenage son (Kevin Zegers), whom she is the father to.

Bree drags out the secret revelation along a journey across the country; a journey in which the final destination marks Bree’s final “man to woman” alteration.

Some comedy creeps in as the two spend the night at a hotel with not-so-edge-of-your-seat suspense played upon the realization that she is indeed a he.

The son falls in love with his father/mother/tranny friend. Then, of course, the weak suspense can no longer be held—the truth must be told, otherwise the boy would become a fatherfucker—and there’s no need for that, or a TransAmerica II.

The most comedic portion comes toward the film’s close: Bree’s sister’s sarcastic bluntness is enough to crack a gut.

Maybe John Waters could have done something more respectable? Nevermind, I forgot about Pink Flamingoes! Although, Felecy Huffman does play a better chick than Dustin Hoffman in Tootsie. But no one can beat Wesley Snipes in Too Wong Foo, Harland Williams in Sorority Boys, Robin Williams as Mrs. Doubtfire, Rob Schneider in The Hot Chick, or the Wayans Brothers in White Chicks.

I guess gender identity and self-discovery is a Hollywood hoot.

—Written By Neil Shumate
FEATURE INDIE FILM PICK
Amateur filmmakers capture what mainstream news media neglects

It was about two weeks ago that I turned on the CBS Evening News to see a blonde bombshell--complete with British accent--reporting on Darfur, a region in the western Sudan war torn and stricken with poverty.

Apparently the fighting had lasted for quite some time, yet news agencies in developed countries had neglected the fact that a war was in existence. Open a paper and you’re sure to see the front page coverage on the war in Iraq, yet nameless African casualties are shoved on page thirteen, after sports and entertainment. Shrugging their shoulders, sipping their lattes, some shoot the lost cause answer of “Well, that’s Africa.”

Righteous indignants explain that exposure is “dangerously consumer unfriendly” in which the masses are unprepared to handle. In either case, does it really take three inexperienced college students from San Diego with an eBay camera to bring us the news from Uganda? Invisible Children: Rough Cut (the final cut should be out later this year) documents the life and times of those living in Acholiland, the region of northern Uganda terrorized by insurgent faction The Lord’s Resistance Army.

Led by Joseph Kony, a self-proclaimed spiritual witchdoctor, the LRA is steeped in an unusual interpretation of millenarianism and will stop at nothing to destroy the Ugandan government and set up a state of their own.

Since 1987, their rebellion has led to the displacement of 2 million civilians and about 12,000 casualties, with more passing due to malnutrition and disease as a direct result. Using fear and intimidation, the LRA kidnaps and brainwashes children, some as young as four or five years old, in order to use them as soldiers or sex slaves.

It is estimated that about 30,000 children have been abducted; it is impossible to say exact numbers because most of the internally displaced children have no documentation or records.

In order to protect themselves, every night thousands of children walk (sometimes up to 12 miles) to well-lit areas in towns and cities just to sleep in peace. Since no one seems to know or care about them, the directors have dubbed them the “invisible children.”

I know you’re thinking this is just another bleeding heart Africa film (in the vein of Soldier Child or Faces and Voices) with a different name slapped on it, but Invisible Children is unique in the fact that it is focused almost solely on youth. I was amazed with the solidarity and spirits of the children; you’ll see songs and dances with the directors swarmed in the mix. After all, Jason Russell, Bobby Bailey and Laren Poole are but kids themselves—humorous, naive and unrelentless in searching for the truth.

They admit early on that this is their first film, where they “just opened up [their] lens and tried to capture any story,” and yes, at some points it is apparent. Hopefully, it won’t be their last. Since their return, Invisible Children has become less of a movie and more of a movement.

The boys now raise funds and awareness by sending teams to show the film in schools, universities, cultural centers, churches and virtually anywhere that it can be shown. Volunteers even visit Uganda to help former child soldiers reintegrate to normal life through education and psychological evaluation and treatment. On April 29, 2006, kids worldwide joined the children of Uganda in making their trek to the middle of major cities and sleeping outside.

The Global Night Commute attracted about 80,000 participants in 130 major cities, showing the film and raising awareness, specifically asking people to write their congressmen and women.

To learn more, visit www.invisiblechildren.com and be sure to keep your eyes peeled for the full-length feature!  —Written By Nicholas A. Messer
Dressed in black and escorted by a lovely female, Anti-Flag’s tall, slender lead singer Justin Sane reaches to shake my hand. He then places himself on the couch with exhaustion, following his energized Warped tour set just an hour prior.

“Things are great,” commented Sane, “yesterday I actually got to sleep after three days!”

Pennsylvania’s Anti-Flag have been putting out hardcore punk albums since their 1996 debut, Die for the Government. Their latest release For Blood and Empire doesn’t shy from the theme of their first album’s title.

The only difference is, this album was the first recorded by a major label, RCA—some fans believe it was a bad move, or shall I say, not very punk of them.

Justin snickered and replied, “This is the most political record we ever made! The core base is still there, things are exactly the same with the indie label. Except now, we have more access to media outlets, which is good to promote what we are saying.”

The message is clear: Bush sucks, stop the war. The charismatic guitarist/vocalist elaborated his viewpoints with profound intelligence.

“Eye for an eye will not make things even. It won’t bring an end to anything. The White House has created an enemy to sell guns and benefit themselves. Look at the Carlyle Group in D.C. Look at who all this is benefiting from the economic side—it affects the people who put him in office, but we’re certainly not benefiting, we’re dying.”

Sane touched his meticulously shaped black mohawk as he looked away and told me about an encounter with an ex-war soldier.

“I spoke to a soldier [while on tour] yesterday and it was pretty amazing. He told me his whole platoon rallies with Anti-Flag music! He doesn’t support the war—most join for college money, health care, or just to get out of a bad situation.”

Anti-Flag and Representative Jim McDermott (In 2004, McDermott praised Anti-Flag for encouraging children to vote in a U.S. House of Representatives speech) have teamed up to form the “Military Free-Zone” petition sign-off.

The No Child Left Behind Act requires schools to turn in private information to the U.S. Military unless parents and children opt out.

“Play in a band for fun, don’t do it to be famous or be a rockstar! Don’t get frustrated even though it can get difficult.”

With that, Sane stood up, smiled, thanked me, shook my hand, and walked straight-edge alongside his female friend.

—Written By Neil Shumate
—Photo By Kyle Wagner
Like many dance steps, The Running Man is deceptively simple on the surface, but open to plenty of variation and nuance for the experienced ska fan.

One must practice his or her Running Man before attending a ska concert—I chose the elevator in the Hampton Inn, near downtown Cleveland, as my Running Man Practice Area, though any location will do.

First, step out with either foot. Slide said foot backwards, without leaving the ground. Repeat with the other foot, hence giving the illusion of running while essentially standing in the same place.

The arms are free to do virtually anything, but the traditional Running Man consists of an exaggerated motion, lifting the elbows high in the air, to further the comical illusion that the dancer is running very, very fast.

When the arms are forward, wiggling the hands in a friendly waving gesture is also acceptable.

To achieve a perfect Running Man, one must be clad in a black suit, black tie, with white dress shirt underneath. To complete the ensemble, a pair of dark sunglasses and a fedora are appreciated.

On the elevator, doing the Running Man, preparing for my first Pietasters concert in nine years, I was, regrettably, not clad in the standard ska suit, hence my Running Man was inherently sub-par.

But my lack of ska attire was forgivable, because I have never been a hardcore, dedicated ska fan.

I listen to ska on a regular basis, of course (from The Specials to The Bosstones to Madness to The Toasters), but I do not live and breathe and eat and shit ska, as some of those attending the concert at The Grog Shop clearly did. I was also an old ska fan, which was something of a rarity early on in the festivities, as the dark, smoky bar was slowly overrun by high school kids.

I remembered being one of those kids, and I was both terrified and reassured that another generation of ska freaks were creeping out into the night, to get their two-tone fixes.

This was my twentieth ska concert, and my girlfriend Casey's first ever. We had three opening acts to stand through before The Pietasters took the stage.

Ska, as a genre, has been around for two decades and some change. First, there was punk. Then, there were British punk rockers (such as The Specials and Madness and The Toasters), who thought it would be cool to stir in a little reggae and big band into their punk.

Those said British punk rockers then put on suits and ties and began doing the Running Man, because it just seemed like the proper thing to do when singing punk mixed with reggae and big band.

Thus ska was born, shipped overseas, and marketed to folks such as myself, who immediately ate it up by the spoonful.

Ska is punk-lite. Ska is also anti-racist. There once existed a social clique known as The Sharps (Skin-Head-Anti-Racist-Punks) which would frequent the ska scene, yelling at unruly high school kids who insisted on moshing when The Toasters were on stage (ska bands are also anti-violence, and so moshing in their presence is a big no-no).

Ska bands have a favorite inebriant: alcohol. Any alcohol at all will do. They often sing about this. Really, they don't care what kind of alcohol it is. As long as they get some.

Yes, I felt old as the teenagers gyrated and hollered and bumped into each other and straightened their ties and fiddled with their mohawks, but when the third opening act came on (Big D and the Kid's Table), I felt positively ancient.

The kids rushed the stage as a thin, shirtless guy began screaming into the microphone, accompanied by a bassist, a drummer, a trumpet player and a saxophonist. I had no idea who these people were, and I had very little interest in the schlocky, pseudo-punk, overly screechy noise they spewed forth. But these damn kids, they ate the shit right up!

Pietasters show Cleveland what The Running Man dance is all about

A needed review that will welcome hilarity, for your reading pleasure
Out_of_the_blue646@yahoo.com

Interested in submitting your own review or column?
Send them our way!

Out Of The Blue
P.O. Box 388
Delaware OH 43015
Out_of_the_blue646@yahoo.com

continued from previous page

When the spectacle ended, the teenagers dispersed, which blew my mind. They were all leaving, even before the Pietasters appeared! Curfew ended their fun early, apparently, being a Wednesday night and all. Shame for them. The poor bastards couldn't even stay for the main event.

For every dispersed teenager, a twenty-something drunk appeared.

Suddenly, I was with my own people, my own generation, my own gang of burnouts who remembered a sweeter time, before Big D had even considered forming his Kid's Table.

This was a calmer, nostalgic crowd, wishing, as I was, to enter a time machine and return to high school, via our Gods for the night, The Pietasters, who unceremoniously filled the stage at eleven o'clock sharp.

Stephen Jackson, vocalist, strolled up to the mic, surrounded by a saxophonist, trombonist, trumpet player, bass player, lead guitar player, drummer, and keyboard player.

"We are the Pietasters, and this one goes out to all the alcoholics in the audience."

Most of their songs go out to the alcoholics, or the lustes, or the potheads in the audience. This is standard.

Jackson is a huge, muscular man, and he was wearing his traditional black suit with traditional plaid button-up underneath.

He doesn't wear a tie. Technically, this is against the rules. But Jackson is allowed to break the rules. After all, he helped make them.

It didn't take long for me to figure out this was a greatest hits tour. They covered their classics, one after the other, and I had the pleasure of singing along to them all, while Casey just kind of bobbed up and down and smiled. Everybody was smiling, in fact. Ska tends to do that to you.

"Well I woke up this morning to your bang-bang-bangin' at the front door," Jackson reported in his raspy, gritty voice, singing one of my all-time favorite Pietaster songs, a little tune called "Girl Take it Easy," about a fella who got a bit sloshed the night before, and subsequently woke up in a hotel bed, next to a lovely lady. "I thought to myself a-God what have I done? I've been drinkin' again, and havin' too much fun." Stephen went on, the whole time (the whole performance, really) holding a bottle of beer, which he managed to nurse without spilling a drop.

"Remember to tip your bartenders, ladies and gentlemen," he belted out between numbers.

This was not the first time I've heard him say this. "If you don't tip them nice, they'll never let us come back again. Be kind to your bartender, lustes. Without him, where would we be?"

This comment was followed by a Pietaster classic—a ska version of the old drinking song "Maggie Mae," from Ireland, I believe.

The longer they were on stage, the more I felt I should be drunk. I didn't partake, however, because I had to drive back to the hotel.

A fan handed Jackson a glass of booze in the middle of the show, which Jackson guzzled down in one shot.

"More beer here," he said after recovering from the liquor. "More alcohol over here please." Immediately, all band members were graciously supplied with more bottles.

The band erupted into a song I was not familiar with, entitled "Drunken Master." The tune went, essentially, something like this: "I am the Drunken Master. I am the Drunken Master. I am the Drunken Master. I am the Drunken Master. I am the Drunken Master. I am the Drunken Master. I am the Drunken Master."

By the time he made it to this song, Jackson was undoubtedly the Drunken Master. There was no denying this; there was only hopping up and down and smiling and wishing you were the Drunken Master.

As Jackson left the stage I turned into a high school kid, which was, of course, the point of coming to see them.

Jackson stomped off the platform and walked into the crowd, passing right next to me. I grinned a huge grin and slapped Jackson right on the shoulder. I was completely stoked.

Starstruck. Pleased and amazed, elated by being there, right at that moment, to make physical contact with one of my favorite singers of all time. I had touched a ska legend. Mission Accomplished, as far as I was concerned.

The band waited in a dark corner behind the small stage as fans cheered for them to take the stage for an encore.

In the end, one voice shouted above all the others, and this was the one which convinced the Pietasters to return:

"Pietasters!" A man somewhere near center-stage screamed, with a clearly British accent. "Pietasters! I came all the way from London to hear you fuckers! Get back out here!!"

"Now that," I said to myself, "is dedication."

—Written John Shumate
Free usable tips offered to aspiring musicians

After many moons of being a musician myself, 700+ attended shows (local and large), seminars, conversations with managements, A&R’s, promoters, etc…, I have a lot I want to share with all for FREE!

Though I cannot cover it all in one article, I’ll start with what I feel is important. Read it, learn it, live it, use it.

Live Performance Issues and Cures
This is a simple list of tips that will improve overall live performances, and gear a good band for larger venues or showcases.
If a band can follow these steps live, the performance will surely improve and the chances of landing better crowds, larger venues, management, and a label will increase.
1: Have roadies who know everybody’s equipment and habits, how to tune a guitar, and trouble shoot any situation that may occur during a show and with quickness.
2: Equipment: Don’t use junk or overkill.
a: Guitarists: Make sure the guitars are warm and tuned before ever seeing the stage. The stage is not the place to tune a guitar. It’s also best that all of the guitars are tuned by the same tuner. If a guitar cannot hold a tune for the duration of a show, throw it on ebay and buy one that will. Make sure the strings are fresh and bright, stretch them good when installing. Make sure your straps are fastened well and your cords are good and attached, so they won’t pull out. I always recommend a tuned back-up guitar and cords that are ready to use if needed. If possible, warm the tubes in your head—it makes a huge difference in warmth. If you do not have tubes, WTF? Make sure that ALL batteries are fresh. Tape the cords to the stage. Picks should be within reach.
b: Drummers: Have at least two sets of new sticks. Don’t show up with shit drum parts. The stage is no place to tune drums. If your symbols are junk, borrow some.
c: Vocalists: If you have a mic that works well with you, and better than any mic you have ever used, bring it. Not every vocalist carries the same frequencies nor projects the same power/air. No two mics ever seem alike. If you are up with today’s onstage vocal effects and are planning to use them, make sure all cords are good, the levels are correct, and the cords are taped down so you don’t trip on them—although it makes for good entertainment to see someone fall, they don’t want to see that here.
d: Bassist: Pretty much follow the guitar rules. I know that new strings are outrageously priced, but they do make a world of difference. Trust me.
e: Keyboardists: Make sure the signal levels are not too hot and your programs are ready. Tape down the cords (make sure they are all good first).
3: Dress to fit the fashion of the songs. Bigger guys, wear black. No baseball caps. Take a shower. Try to wear a smile the whole time. Stand fucking tall, as if you are the best there and you know it.
4: Performance advice:
a: Everyone: Eye contact is mandatory. Each band member must, and I stress this, MUST make eye contact with each and every person watching at least twice in each song. If you look out and see someone looking at you, look them back in the eye and smile, wink, tongue, point, etcetera. This is a key rule. You are telling a story with your music, and this will bring the audience closer to that story.
b: Don’t turn your back on the audience unless you have a really nice ass and want to flaunt it (there are exceptions ya know).
c: Do your best to avoid looking at each other on stage. When members look at each other, mainly for progression changes, it shows incompetence. This is something done at practice and not on a stage. If you don’t know the song, don’t play it! It’s ok to look at one another, if it’s just being goofy or part of the show. If you must look at one another, make a goofy face or something. It’s always cool to see some sort of synchronization for showmanship’s sake.
d: Perform the songs back to back. Dead air space is not entertaining in the slightest. It shows that you are unprepared. Jokes may be ok if being a comedian is your goal—unless it’s a damn good joke and part of the show, don’t do it! Practice the songs you plan to use in order, and nail them.
e: Try not to trip. If you do, make it part of the show and don’t stop playing. Lick your wounds later.
f: If someone fucks up, don’t look at them. Play on like it never happened. Covering up booboos is an art only time can tell.

—Written By Sagabu

Read More Tips from Sagabu in the next issue!
Just two hours before a show in Fort Lauderdale, Florida, Revolting Cock’s singer Josh Bradford took time to speak with me on the phone.

Bradford and keyboardist Clayton, from California band Stayte, were announced as the newest RevCo members by founder and Ministry creator Al Jorgensen on April, 2006. Bradford is also the man behind his personal project, Simple Shelter.

6:34PM, Sunday, July 9th, 2006

Josh: Hey man! You had great timing. I’ll be walking around, so I hope there’s not too much interference!

Me: No worries, it shouldn’t be a problem!

Me: I saw the show in Columbus, Ohio on July 3rd, and it was unbelievable. The energy on stage looked like a hell of a lot of fun! When you’re on stage you wore a tux with a bow tie. Is this something you brought to RevCo from Stayte?

Josh: That is from Stayte. I always play in a pink stripe suit or sometimes I dress like Harry Potter or something. I love to perform looking nice, especially with that music. It’s just the opposite of what to expect. I mean, when Stayte was heavier, I would go to a metal bar and wear a dress, looking like an idiot!

Me: How did you and Clayton become part of RevCo?

Josh: We used to be managed by Vicki Hamilton who broke out Guns and Roses. She is friends with Angie who is Al’s wife and they were hanging out and saw us [Stayte] play. Angie wanted Al to hear us and she sent Al the CD, he wanted to sign us on his record label. He really loved our stuff, so we were going to be the opening act of the tour. The more and more he listened to Stayte and saw a live DVD taping, he called Clayton and I up and asked us to join Revolting Cocks! He flew us to ElPaso where we lived with them for about a month, practicing and prepping. It was about being in the right place at the right time.

Me: So, what’s it like touring with Ministry?

Josh: I’m a huge Ministry fan. Huge Chris Connelly fan. It’s big shoes to fill in front of Chris and Al. Everyone on the tour is great though. To tour with Ministry is amazing. Working with Al is amazing.

Me: Was it difficult to transition from Stayte to the legendary Cocks?

Josh: It’s up the same alley which is cool, and it was real natural for me to step on stage. The big difference is Al’s writing style. We were performing songs already finished. RevCo and Ministry may sound pretty straightforward, but all the counting is very strange and intricate. Al will do a little break between verse chorus, then a sample three times, then sample four times, then sample seven times. He keeps it very interesting. There are little things that are subliminal that makes him an amazing songwriter.

Me: Before a show to pump yourself up?

Josh: Nothing! You just step up there and the energy is there. Al’s right beside you, Luc Van Acker is there. It’s easy. Rituals go on throughout the day, and I’m the only singer that warms up!

Me: What bands are some of your major influences?

Josh: Nails and Ministry growing up. Janes Addiction and Porno for Pyros. David Bowie is the biggest influence. As a singer, it’s too embarrassing to tell you, well, because I’m in RevCo!

Me: You worked with Peter from Porno for Pyros on Simple Shelter.

Josh: Yea he is an amazing, amazing guy. He was battling cancer, and he’s such a role model and just keeps on going. He’s terrific.

Me: Is there any current band that has caught your interest?

Josh: No bands are caught my interest.

continued on next page
Josh: To be completely honest, I stopped listening to the radio and TV years ago. The music industry is so desperate. I mean, I’m sure there is some exceptional stuff out there, but I honestly don’t have the energy to sit down and plow through all the shit out there. Bad music and the same old crap, and watching the music industry struggle is the biggest bummer. I would love to find a band that rocked my world, and I hope we can do the same for others. Right now I usually hear of bands from other people.

Me: When you write lyrics for Stayte or Simple Shelter, what’s the source of your inspiration?

Josh: Simple Shelter is more personal and intimate for me. Stayte tries to be fairly personal. I’m a big fan of good poetry, so I love imagery and try to paint a picture with words. I have a strong political view, but never been able to capture that in music. I don’t really like the term “political”—it’s a label for someone or an idea for someone who is enlightened, but I do respect it in music when artists can use politics.

Me: Do you think politics are sometimes overdone in music? I mean, I saw the Skinny Puppy show and they played on the anti-Bush, anti-war theme pretty heavy. Do you really think all this will make a difference?

Josh: As long as it’s good music, it has the ability to affect all. I think it’s amazing when an artist has gained money and power and takes responsibility for that money. I respect what Al is doing and I hope that always continues. But you always need balance. I caught the Skinny Puppy show too. The tricky thing is, if you wanna go see Skinny Puppy and you don’t wanna take in the politics, it makes it difficult. If you’re young like me and yourself, politics doesn’t play a huge role until we’re older. I mean OGHR and Al, the first thing they do is flip on the news. So they’re expressing what their life contains.

Me: How do politics impact you?

Josh: I don’t feel a lot of impact. I keep myself isolated from politics, I know the importance and effects, not only in politics but in corporate America and advertising. That’s my political side. It’s like advertising and buying into things. Politicians and corporations have their claws dug deep into people. I mean, even this phone conversation we’re having. Think about the guy at Verizon and how much we’re paying for this. Even the government can track what we are saying now! We’re giving our power away just by talking on cell phones. If you make a choice not to buy into fashion and advertising, you take a lot of your power back, those are things I focus on.

Me: It’s like conformity.

Josh: Yeah. It’s good to be awake and aware, but it’s also good to enjoy yourself.

Me: So, the tour ends in Texas in a couple of weeks. What’s the first thing you’ll do when you get back home?

Josh: First I’m going back to El Paso to help Al edit the live Ministry DVD I’ve been helping film. And then I’m going surfing for a week! I’m not even a surfer really, I was for a couple of years, but I’m gonna find a spot and just be me in the water. No clubs, no people, just me hearing the sound of crashing waves, that’s all I want. Josh laughs. And then I’ll find some crack cocaine and a couple of whores!

Me: Of course! That’s what rockstars do man!

Josh: Oh yeah!

Me: Okay, one more question. We feature local bands in Out Of The Blue. You guys have been together in your own projects, as well as others, for close to ten years. Do you have any advice to offer our local musicians?

Josh: The biggest thing is, if you’re going to do it, do it with all your heart, no regrets and for no other reason than your heart and soul. If you’re gonna do it half-assed, remember the dangers. It’s a serious decision, the music industry is very difficult, it’s taken me over 10 years to get here, it’s very tough. Don’t look back.

7:02PM, Sunday, July 9th, 2006

The MastabaTour is coming to a close on July 20th; however, the Revolting Cocks, Stayte and Simple Shelter all have big plans in the near future.

Keep up-to-date with the myspace links:
www.myspace.com/stayte
www.myspace.com/simpleshelter

—Written By Neil Shumate
—Photos Courtesy of Sarah and 3QuarterMoon
On a sun-beating Saturday, the show started out with the Billiards Club Battle of the Bands winner: Varian. These guys are new to the scene but host some potential. With a strong vocal front they opened up Blitz Bash '06! After a brief intermission, Sighlo took stage. Sighlo put on a great show, with their hit song "My Calvary." Despite some technical difficulties at the end of their set, they were energetic and fun on stage with a great sound.

Next was the first national act, Halestorm. Female fronted, with a sort of Southern Rock meets 80's vocals sound, they rocked the LC. Back to the local stage, This Fires Embrace put on an amazing show with a special guest appearance from 99.7 the Blitz's very own Hannibal during "Home Again." Their cover of Killswitch Engage's "End of Heartache" is a crowd favorite. Evans Blue took over main stage, opening with their single "Over." Their music was on key with their album; however, the visual show was a bit lacking. The guitarist seemed more interested by a hat being tossed around than his own music. Their cover of Pantera's "Respect" caused a rather intense crowd reaction. The hit single "Cold (but I'm still here)" was followed into their closing set... a switch to the local stage, Bobaflex just finished setting up. These West Virginia natives were thought to be better off on the main stage, and their show proves that. Goofy faces and signature stage moves aside, these guys rocked the stage.

After winning a few rounds against major name bands (including taking out SLAYER) on the Blitz, they took the stage with "Better Than Me." Shinedown then took the stage and owned it. Playing a powerful show with hit's such as "45," "I Dare You," and "Save me" among others. These guys really shined at the LC. Closing the local stage, Volume Dealer performed. The headliner of the night, Trapt, started with the hit "Stand Up," and the crowd stood up, indeed! They followed with "Head Strong," "Victim" and "Disconnected (Out Of Reach)."

The band was rather stationary though. Their $300+ wireless systems could have been put to better use. Each member seemed to stick to one part of the stage, barely venturing out of their safety box. The Blitz Bash proved to be one of the summer's best concert collaborations.

Written By Josh Davis / Sixner —Photos By Neil Shumate

DIY has taken on a new definition with Detroit, Michigan’s art-rock-funk-pop Love Arcade. The persistence of Marvin Gaye caused Barry Gordy, Jr. to crack and nineteen-year-old Snowhite (Christian) imposes the same determination. Snowhite is the producer, writer, recorder, singer, guitarist, bass player, keyboardist, drummer, engineer, mixer, videographer and graphic designer for this royally fun self-titled debut album. Past comparisons of Love Arcade include Beck, Weezer, Supergrass, and Cheap Trick.

Opening track “Keep It Comin’” welcomes a mirage of happy toned lyrics, backing synthes, rhythm guitars and crisp radio-friendly textures. The bubble gum style evokes a positive attitude with intricate writing, intertwining comedic gestures. The mature sounding “Moses” introduces a serious side with a moving piano background and high-pitched Mick Jager vocal variation display’s Christian’s ground-breaking talent. Butch Vig and Shirley Manson would approve of this track. Also check out “Candy” and “Open.”

On stage Christian is known for wearing a white suit with fluffy angle wings, putting on a show of happy dance and laughs! Christian has assembled four young musicians (including his uncle and cousin) to bring his music to life on tour, soon hitting the road with Yellowcard and Morningwood. Love Arcade has already set up "Arcade Brigade" street teams across the country. Experience the diversity of Love Arcade on their Gotizm/East West Summer release.

Written By Neil Shumate
Introducing SINthetic Edits Column: We leave you with this witty piece of mind

First off, I would like to thank Neil for giving me an opportunity to write some shit in this much needed magazine.

The man devotes himself to creating a way for local musicians and various other sorts of artists and poets and psychotic dwell-abouts like me to get some sort of attention. I personally feel that the dude has got a vision, and I truly respect what he's doing.

Anyways, he's the journalist not me. It's his job to observe and report and it's mine to just spill whatever twisted ideology, points of view, sexual innuendos, urban philosophies, and witty fuckin' humor that is compiled within my uniquely furnished braincase, so without further ado I must welcome you...mutants.

I realize that when people stumble onto magazines and articles, and publicized shit of that sort, they usually know what to expect within. I personally feel the same way from time to time, and I get bored easily when I try and read something only to see that it's the same 'ol shit, same 'ol styles of writing, same 'ol anal retentive attempts at trying to mold explanations and evaluations into idealized articles of opinionated perfection.

Whatever you wanna call it, it's boring and it makes me wanna learn witchcraft, black magic, or some form of voodoo so I can place curses on these fucks and turn them into brain dead masturbatory zombies that have absolutely no use for writing, much less even trying to think.

When it comes to capturing a reader's attention through writing, you have to wield vocabulary like a clenched fist that busts a fucker in the mouth at random intervals...yeahhh.

Gotta make 'em say, "What the hell was that for?" and then you notice you have their strict and undivided attention.

Then you can continue rambling off like some cellulite-ridden crackwhore bitching at her landlord for putting an eviction notice on her fisthole-splintered front door.

Creative writing (or random nonsense as it were) can be much more enjoyable to read than let's say...Sports Illustrated or Lifestyle of the Fake and Soulless.

Hootchie mags such as YM and Cosmo also have a tendency to bore the shit outta me. To be honest though, I read through one every now and again just to see exactly what it is some young dumb bimbo wants me to do to her in the bedroom.

These magazines dilute, calcfy, brainwash and manipulate American women into trading in their inner sense of pride for the sake of looking like calendar girls with the morals of a slut on acid.

I guess you could say it works for me too...by reading through these magazines I can gain a gram of pseudo-wisdom that will enable me to feed one of these bimbos exactly what it is they wanna hear.

Moving along now right into the next thing, which I have a tendency to do so bare with me (or fuck off, I could really care less which you choose to do). I just wanna shed a little bit of light on something for a moment, much like the art of meditation.

Just so you know that last line was not a swipe at Buddhism or by any means a sarcastic gesture, but the one about your fat mother that I am now writing is, so joke's on you shithead.

Anyway, work with me here and wipe that ridiculous grin off your face. You can't very well keep reading on with your head all wobbly from laughter...you look silly attempting it so just take a second and "breathe," and then continue reading.

The world is a serious place, I hope you know, and our corporate masters don't really like it when we spend too much time smiling and gigglin n shit like little school girls talkin about how hot Usher is. We have to remain obedient.

Anyway, as it were... fuck Usher and fuck our corporate masters!! It's soul suckers like that who try and mold, design, and influence every aspect of our daily lives for the sake of profit, dominance, and control.

It scares them when individuals such as myself decline their way of life and choose to take our own routes, but then again when they see that what we "do" and "achieve" appeals to people they try to grab it up, put a price tag on it, market it, and tax it for the sake of them getting to suck down more Singapore slings in some fuckin hot tub somewhere in a hotel room, getting sucked off by a coked-up hooker, while talking on the cell phone with their corporate buddies on topics such as "How hard they ass-maimed little Harold at the office and fired him, fucked his wife, and framed the sono-fabitch for crimes such as fraud and embezzlement."

These are the people who run our lives ladies n gentlemen, so don't expect the future skies to clear up anytime soon.

The world is made up of various different groups, corporations, origins and cultures and we pick each other off for the sake of competition, greed, fear of change, dominance and most importantly......our right to survive.

Till next time,

SINthetichead3000 (Zac Tennar)
Top left, going across: Sighlo, Shinedown, Halestorm
Middle left, going across: All Of Eve, Aiden, NIN, Evans Blue
Bottom left, going across: Bobaflex, Halestorm, Joan Jett guitarist

Photos by Neil Shumate, except NIN, Aiden, and Joan Jett guitarist by Kyle Wagner

Check out the myspace page for updated pic content after every concert Out Of The Blue covers!

www.myspace.com/out_of_the_blue646
Fans wait patiently for the mainstage act at the LC. —Photo By Neil Shumate

Stage diving—does it get any better than that? —Photo By Neil Shumate

Next Issue Preview

Exclusive Interview with Kill Hannah and others
Reviews from Ozzfest, 311 and more
Interview with author Kim Harrison
Local band features, indie album reviews, indie movie reviews, more from our brave columnists

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