

FRIDAY, AUGUST 30

DJ Bostich, Hijo de Santo at Lucha Va Voom!, Downtown Palace Theater.

Nortec Collective padrino and sampler of exercise records DJ Bostich (named for either the Yello song or the fastening tool) streaks the club atmosphere with crisscross contrails at this screening of Santo vs. the Martians (1975), sponsored by Velvet Hammer. Introducing the film will be Hijo de Santo — son of El Santo (Rodolfo Guzmán Huerta, 1917—1984) — the most-beloved luchador in el cine de luchadores (Mexican wrestling films). Lucha libre has been a spectator sport in Mexico since the 1930s, and Santo debuted in 1958 with Santo Contra el Cerebro del Mal (Santo vs. the Evil Brain), then starred in more than 50 films through the next two decades. Such stars as Mil Mascaras, El Demonio Azul and El Borbah have ascended to a specially

Network vary from city to city as he makes his worldwide rounds; his local stop will be aided by Chris Guttmacher (drums), Kevin Lee (theremin, Moog), Ryan Kirk (guitar, bass), Tommy Grenas (guitar, bass, keyboard), Len Del Rio (percussion) and Keiichi Miyashita (guitar), many of whom were on hand at Damo's amazing shows at Spaceland last time around. You, too, can aid the cause by leaving your expectations at the door. (John Payne)

Divine Playground with Christopher Lawrence, Simply Jeff, The Bassbin Twins and more at Qtopia.

Another Labor Day weekend means another excuse for escapism, and in the dance-music world nobody trips out bigger or better than Insomniac. This year the promoters are conjuring up an enchanting world with three areas of

livers maximum thump 'n' bump: Tight yet untamed, Lawrence's trance mixes are perfectly elevating. And Simply Jeff will give up plenty of breaks (but won't give you a break from the nonstop boogiethon) when he commandeers the decks with his crispy, funkified grinds. 6021 Hollywood Blvd.; (310) 288-3436. (Lina Lecaro)

Irving, Radar Bros., Pine Marten at Spaceland.

Did you miss Irving and Radar Bros. at Sunset Junction? No worries — these local faves will be even tighter now that they've done a major music festival. On Irving's magically delicious *Good Morning Beautiful* (Eenie Meenie), guitarists Steven Scott and Brian Canning along with bassist Alex Church trade off on vocals or meld for that groovy '60s-style harmonizing to go with the lysergic swirls of keyboardist Shana Levy. "Eyes Adjust to Light" and "Sleepy Inside" will no doubt sparkle your ears, but

tears and you alt-country fans burning your record collections. (Andrew Lentz)

WE ALSO RECOMMEND:

LAMPSHADES at the Improv Olympic West.
UTOPIANS, MANSIONS, APE HAS KILLED APE at CIA.
LLOYD BROWN, WHIRLWIND MOVEMENT, DADDY GOALIE
at Fais Do-Do.

CHICKEN HAWKS, CHEAP CHICK at the Garage.
LISTING SHIP, I SEE HAWKS IN L.A., THE WEDDING'S OFF at
Mr. T's Bowl.

EYEDENTITY at the Temple Bar.

TWINEMEN, MIA DOI TODD at the Troubadour.
DIOS at Sea Level Records (see Other Rock & Pop).
I SEE HAWKS IN L.A. at Amoeba Music (see Other Rock & Pop).

RUBÉN MARTÍNEZ & THE BORDER BALLADEERS at Espresso Mi Cultura (see Other Coffeehouses).

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 1

Hot Snakes at the Troubadour.

When Rocket From the Crypt's John Reis isn't trying to attract the eyes of record-company execs with flashy guitar noodling and a greasy hairdo, he gets back with his high school buddy Rick Froeberg (who teamed up with him in San Diego's Drive Like Jehu) and makes music that satisfies folks over 15. Hot Snakes' second album, Suicide Invoice, is out now, and you can tell the boys preplanned this time rather than piling on the overdubs the way they did on 2000's Automatic Midnight. The Mysterians-derived keys-but-no-bass spookiness remains, but the one-note melodies, combined with crumbling-wall power-chord churn, coalesce into streamlined rock and penetrating guitar blare. In Hot Snakes one can hear how Reis and Froeberg's gristly union once pounded out a path for kids making a racket down in Diego and beyond. And we don't mean Blink-182. (Wendy Gilmartin)

WE ALSO RECOMMEND:

JULIE RITTER, MERRICK, JOHN GOLD at the Derby.
RADIO VAGO, 400 BLOWS, TEXAS MAFIA, NEW DETECTIVES at the Garage.

MUTABARUKA, MICHAEL ROSE, REGGAE REVOLUTION at House of Blues.

VIBRATORS, SKULLS at Martini Lounge, 3 p.m.

RHONES, 1976, MAPS TO GREAT SPEED, 16 YEAR OLD GIRLS, PAULO DIAZ at Spaceland.

SACCHARINE TRUST, MIDGET HANDJOB at the Westchester Bar & Grill.

SILVERSUN PICKUPS, PINE MARTEN at Sea Level Records (see Other Rock & Pop).

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 2

WE RECOMMEND.

SAVE FERRIS, CHARLOTTE MARTIN, JONNEINE ZAPATA, LILI HAYDN at El Rev.

LILI HAYDN at El Rey.

BLUE SHADOWS at the King King.

CALENDAR Scoring the Clubs







Scoring the Clubs continued

Sharp Objects," the crystal-clean hooks, dense arrangements and layered vocals translate into the sort of anthems that stay with you, revealing more with each listen. Of course it helps that Bert McCracken can actually sing, going from a raw caterwaul to a breathy purr in an instant. Just so you know, the Used were signed to Reprise by Craig Aaronson, the same dude who plucked Glassjaw from label limbo, so you know good things are afoot. (Andrew Lentz)

WE ALSO RECOMMEND:
BETH HART at the Mint.
HIDDEN, LOS HALOS, VERMICIOUS K at Mr. T's Bowl.
KRIS DELMHORST at the Temple Bar.
RICK SHEA, KATHY ROBERTSON at Crazy Jack's.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 4

Meg Lee Chin, Chris Connelly at the Knitting Factory.

Meg Lee Chin and Chris Connelly are embarking on a 32date tour to support the re-release of her first album, Piece and Love (Invisible). The erstwhile lead singer for Garbage, Taiwanese-Irish songwriter and chartreuse chanteuse Chin brings back this syncopated scrapbook, recorded by Public Image Ltd. swain Martin Atkins and featuring dissections of, dissertations on and disgustipations with the world as it is. Connelly, late of Fini Tribe (cf. the essential You Bet We've Got Something Against You compilation LP) and Acid Horse (with Cabaret Voltaire), has mellowed but not ripened/rotted, gravitating toward acoustic storytelling ruminations with his latest, Private Education (Invisible). These releases are in fact records — documents of a person's condition at one point in time but not acting as aesthetic tachyons, traveling endlessly through the past. (David Cotner)

Slow Motorcade at Bigfoot Lodge.

With its ringing guitars, seismic drums and satin-trousered swagger, Slow Motorcade's Sex, Drags & Rock 'n' Roll could pass at first listen for a lost arena-pop classic from '70s peacocks like the Babys or Silverhead. But while songs like "Missing in Action" and "Life in a Moment" get over on classic popcraft alone, the explicitly populist politics of "Have and Have Not," "Juggernaut (At What Cost)" and "Martial Law" reveal that there's more to this album than just cars and girls. Guitarist-songwriter-bandleader Anthony Castillo describes his band's mission as the perpetuation of "pop music on a grand scale," though he also clearly wouldn't mind if the Cheap Trick-esque "Union of One" became the new marching anthem for the AFL-CIO. Tonight's record-release party will certainly be more rock extravaganza than labor rally, but it's still highly recommended for anyone who can appreciate some protest packed in with the power chords. (Dan Epstein)