

CITYLIFE PICKS



CLPICK
Iron Maidens

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APR 17
 editor offered me a cookie if I
 the deeper sociological subtext
 rist Tom Everhart's Peanuts-
 e artwork, I accepted the chal-
 . Surely I could peer beneath the
 y Snoopy grins and concoct some
 servational utterance relating the
 me larger, global meaning.
 w, come on. It's Snoopy! He naps
 doghouse. He wears floppy-eared
 ets to battle the Red Baron. He
 ny faces. He wears a beret and
 ures, or dons a fedora and bends
 pewriter, working on his Great
 Novel. Yeah, so he's kind of a
 ce dog. It's no surprise that
 ell for the canine, but the painter's
 had more to do with line. Namely,
 Peanuts creator Charles Schulz's
 s, which he then transferred into
 larger scale works.
 a true expressionist's fervor,
 es manage to tap into a side of
 at reminds us, perhaps, how to live.
 ning once. Go a bit crazy. Bite the
 efriend a yellow bird. Care a little
 eople will think of you. Work for
 you have to. K.S.

May 1
 ent Galleries in the Venetian
 Vegas Blvd. 5.

TUE APR 18
 Tribute bands are typically a sad bunch of
 aging rockers struggling to make car payments
 by imitating their teenage heroes on the
 stages of dive bars in their home-
 town. Not that there's anything
 wrong with that, of course. As *Spin* writer
 Chuck Klosterman perfectly illustrated in his
 essay "Fargo Rock City," even the lowliest
 Guns n' Roses tribute band offers moments of
 touching hilarity and joyful despair.

metal
 But we at *CityLife* are pretty confident
 that the Iron Maidens, the world's only female
 tribute to metal band Iron Maiden, offer
 nothing but balls-to-the-wall rock action. OK,
 so we're not exactly sure what the point of the
 Maidens might be. Are we dudes (and
 dudettes) in the audience supposed to have
 our cake (songs like "Powerslave") and see its
 frosting (i.e., the Maidens' hot bods) juggle,
 too? Or is the point even women can throw
 those devil horns in the air with as much atti-
 tude and proficiency as the guys?

Whatever the case, the Maidens are
 stopping at the Empire Ballroom as part of
 their "Route 666" tour. Expect these lethal
 ladies to perform covers from all eras of
 Bruce Dickinson and company's catalogue.
 And brace yourself for the Maidens' own
 giant puppets: Eddie, the Grim Reaper,
 Lucifer. After all, even beautiful young
 female metalheads need to make car pay-
 ments. *Jarret Keene, jarret.keene@yahoo.com*

The Iron Maidens
 Empire Ballroom
 3765 Las Vegas Blvd. S.
 702-415-5283
 10 p.m.
 \$5

WED APR 19
 It's tempting to peg Milwaukee electronica
 artist Matt Sims as a joker; he asked for it
 when he assembled Mount Sims, a dark,
 delicious little retro-grind crew comprising
 himself and two sex-drenched dancers func-
 tionally known as Erin and Lisa. Listen to

electronic 2002's *Ultimex*, though, and
 you'll realize there's more
 going on. This is seriously sexy, sexily seri-
 ous stuff. If Beck had cracked fewer surreal
 smiles on *Midnite Vultures*, it might have
 come out like this. True, there's humor slid-
 ing in and out of these tracks from start to
 finish, but that smirk isn't Mount Sims', it's
 yours. You're stifling a guffaw the same way
 you did in seventh grade sex-ed, when the
 deadpan stream of filth you were hearing
 from the track coach collided head-on with
 what you knew then and hopefully still do:
 that sex isn't "completely natural," it's com-
 pletely bizarre, hilarious and sexy.

Mount Sims will be at alternative club
 Krave's weekly "Sound Clinic" event this
 Wednesday, and they won't slap you with
 detention for laughing. Go ahead, get it all
 out at the show. But dance while you do it.
 Dance hard enough, and you just might fall
 into the funny (although not ha-ha-funny)
 seduction they're ultimately offering. *Dave*
Surnatt, desurnatt@cox.net

Mount Sims
 10 p.m.
 Krave at the Aladdin Casino
 3667 S. Las Vegas Blvd.
 836-0830
 Free