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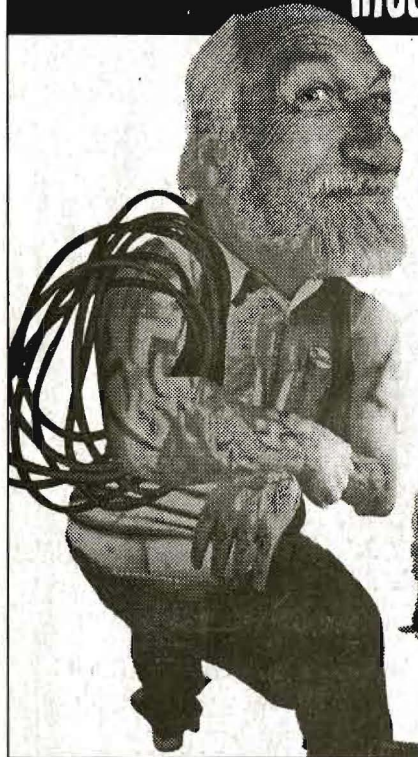
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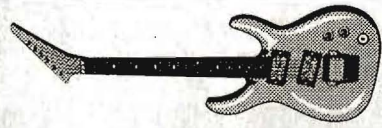
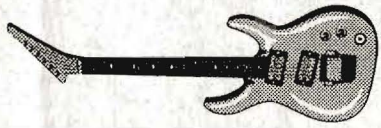
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DECEMBER

2002

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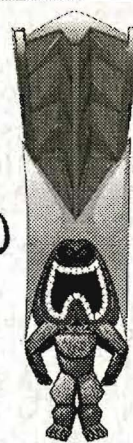
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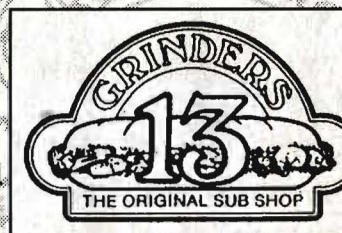


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Dear Dickheads,

Lord Dying of the Ibex Throne cult here. Aside from the usual slogan "Salt Lake City fucking sucks," I just wanted to write to you guys to ask why you are giving less and less space to underground and extreme metal in your dirty little rag? I used to enjoy reading the mag a bit but lately all the music and such in here seems to be leaning more to lighter shit and all that indie rock sleepy time music. You should give more attention to the Salt Lake City underground black and death metal bands as well you fucks! There are a lot of new bands that aren't getting the attention they truly deserve. And alot of these bedroom metalhead kids won't know shit if they can't be informed, we as bands can only do so much, we need help from you fuckers too. Also, if you claim to be the Salt Lake Underground zine, then why not feature some true die hard thrashing underground bands like Black Witchery, Revenge, Graveland, Nargoroth, Vlad Tepes, Gorgoroth, or even shit like Morbid Angel? Written in Blood used to consume like 1-2 pages at least now all there is a fucking 1/2 page section? And no offense really to whoever is writing Written in Blood, but most of the shit featured on there is crap!

Why not have some really underground bands like Krieg, Deathspell Omega, and Vomitor for example on there too and feature labels like Full MoonProductions, Metal War, Drakkar, No Colours Records? We could give a fuckless about big labels like Nuclear Blasst, Metal Blade, those fuckers have full color page ads in every metal mag out there, they don't need promotion from an underground zine anyways! I could write a much better metal column easily! Anyway, that is all the bitching I have time for, good thing I didn't get on an anti-religion rant, but just for good measures death to christian, judaic and muslim fags across the world! BLACK METAL IST KRIEG!!!

-LD

Dude, do you actually live, like, buried under the ground? I'll bet you're the one who's committing the string of pet sacrifices in the Avenues area. I'm impressed that you are able to navigate your way around a keyboard and form complete sentences. Adept hessians, what's next?! How about writing us a letter each month to keep us all enlightened to the darkness which surrounds us, dude. You are the king of the nighttime world! BTW, what's the best way to skin a cat?

For the record- John Forgach, author of written in Blood, has been extremely busy attaining his pilot's license. Due to his current chaotic schedule, WIB may be short at times and absent at others. Forgach has been writing his SLUG column for close to ten years and will continue to do so.

thanks for being here slug, but allow me to bitch about two things...

1) Nicholas Fux - dude, homey, bro, if something sucks... IT SUCKS. It is your duty as a 'journalist' to report the truth. dont be such a fucking pansy. 'i sorta liked so and so' should be "THIS LP IS A STEAMY PILE OF MANTURD!" cmon slug mag, dont lose your edge!

2) the Slug Queen - way to break the mold this year slug mag! you should have had a slightly pudgy, maybe not so gorgeous queen... or one one without <gasp> TATS! but alas, we must reinforce stereotypes of beauty with a pseudo-punk rock slant... way to turn punk rock into a fucking graade-school beauty pageant. PUNK FUCKING ROCK.

with dick in hand,
-Tooole Rulez

We tried to get a slightly pudgy, not-so-gorgeous girl with no [gasp] tats, for the SLUG Queen competition but your mom was in rehab. You should enter next year and show us how a real man would do it.

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I think we can all agree on two things.

ONE: SALT LAKES' s MUSIC SCENE Kick's Ass, and
TWO: It's BEEN IGNORED FOR FAR TOO LONG!

In our attempt s to give local bands maximum exposure SLUG is doing a comprehensive Utah band list in it's 14th Anniversary Issue. Street date: February 5th, 2003.

We hope that this guide will help your band network with other bands, attain club bookings, and inspire you to notice what other local musicians are creating in our market. It's Easy for your band to be listed and it's free! Deadline: January 20th 2003.

Simply answer the questions listed below and fax, email, or mail your answers back to us.

Band Name, Band Description in 15 words or less, CD's released (title. Year), Phone, Contact name, e-mail, website, City in Utah where your band is from, and Genre of Music.

An Open Letter to Rolling Stone by Joan Jett



This letter was written to Rolling Stone after their "Women in Rock" issue was published, but was not printed by their editors.

I tried to find some cleverly-worded way to express my disgust with your "Women in Rock" issue, but what I have to say is really quite simple: You guys are completely retarded.

By RS standards, rock is no longer a style of music but a trendy costume to be whipped up by expensive stylists and slapped onto the latest pop tart barbie doll. Give a girl some tight pants and a spiky bracelet and POOF! She ROCKS!

Your poor choice of cover girls and featured artists brings to mind the Sports Illustrated swimsuit editions. There is nothing necessarily wrong with the breast-baring models inside..but we all understand that they have NOTHING TO DO WITH SPORTS-which just might be offensive to women who are interested in sports or who might even be (gasp) real athletes.

Yes, Britney has a talented stylist and yes, somebody gave Shakira a Guns & Roses t-shirt to wear..but they ARE NOT NOW NOR WILL THEY EVER BE ROCK.

Maybe it's naive of me to expect any glimmer of rock 'n' roll credibility OR respect for women from a magazine whose cover shot is regularly a naked underweight actress. The thing is, I AM a woman musician with a rock band, and as we all are I am STARVED for any little crumb of recognition that real women rockers might be thrown. So like a sucker I find myself short another five bucks ..and pissed enough to write my first letter to an editor. Avril Lavigne gets some studded accessories from Hot Topic so now she's "upholding the brazen tradition of teenage outrage"???!! Are you SERIOUS? And could someone please explain to me why people keep insisting on referring to PINK as rock? Wasn't she doing the white girl hip hop thing a minute ago? Yeah, she performed on the Aerosmith tribute show -big deal..she was on the Janet Jackson tribute show just before that-Whatever's trendy. WHO CARES. She's a Spice Girl reject..but I digress.

Jewel and Mandy friggin' Moore have full page features as Rock Icons...Meanwhile Joan Jett gets one line. ONE LINE. Joan Jett & the Blackhearts, who have never stopped touring, recently did 10 days in the Middle East playing for the troops stationed in Afghanistan. In AFGHANISTAN, Joan would come onstage wearing a birkha, which she ripped off and stomped on before blazing through the purest and nastiest rock show ANYWHERE. But even in the RS WOMEN IN ROCK issue, a story like that gets ONE SENTENCE on the bottom of the last page of Random Notes.

Britney's rock credentials? Well, she butchers the song "I Love Rock 'n' Roll" on her latest record, and when asked about it the genius replies "Well, I've always loved Pat Benatar." And SHE is your rock issue cover girl?? You should be REALLY embarrassed.

Sleater Kinney was the only rock group listed on the cover..and they got only half a page. Ashanti, the R&B back up singer who can't seem to do anything without "featuring Jah Rule," has two pages.

What about the Donnas? The Yeah Yeah Yeahs? The Distillers? A mag like RS has the power to shine important light on groups like these-instead they are afterthoughts, and that valuable spotlight is wasted on the same over-exposed pop princesses WHO HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH ROCK.

In your own letter from the editor you have the hypocritical balls to say "rock radio won't touch female artists, while the pop factory keeps churning out soundalike clones, and ambitious musicians with something to say find themselves left out in the cold."

The pages that follow those words are a blatant display that Rolling Stone magazine is happily working for the factory now too.

If the issue had been called "Women in Music" ..or maybe "Some Cute Girls with Top 10 Records out Right Now" ..I would have no beef with it. Corny as it may sound, ROCK is something which is still meaningful and even sacred to some of us. Use the word "rock" in bold letters next to a picture of Britney Fucking Spears, and you're turning your whole publication into a joke...and an offensive joke at that.

-Joan Jett



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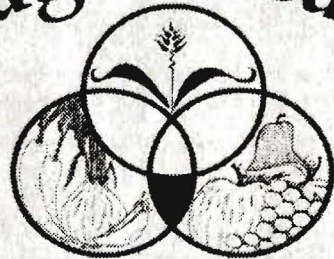


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ZINELAND

By Stakerized

HaveYour Cake!

From 1977 to 2000, Flipside, almost more than any other zine, was synonymous with punk rock, especially the SoCal scene. Flipside supported the scene to the extent that it put on shows and released albums on its own label. The zine's straightforward yet personal style, and even its look, b/w newsprint chock full of in-your-face reading material wrapped in color glossy covers that just about exploded off the newsstand, were influential to an entire generation of zine publishers. After Flipside stopped publishing, one of its contributors, Todd "ReTodd" Taylor started Razorcake, first online only, then in print. At its tenth issue, Razorcake is going strong, partly filling the gap that Flipside left and also expressing the vision of Taylor and co-editor Sean Carswell. RC#10 features bands like **Against Me** and the **Epoxies**, as well as an interview with author/activist filmmaker **Michael Moore** and a historical essay on 18th century anarchist **Emma Goldman**. We chatted with Taylor and Carswell about how they try to keep Razorcake cutting edge. Taylor started with Flipside's demise, an all-too-common punk rock story.

Taylor: Flipside was forced to go out of business because it was owed a lot of money by a distributor, Rotz, who never paid. Flipside won a lawsuit, but the company just declared bankruptcy. (Publisher) Al Flipside went on hiatus for a while, and never started it back up again. A lot of people came over to Razorcake, though one of the old writers is in jail, and another is a postal carrier.

SLUG: Why did you want to start Razorcake?

Taylor: I had a lot of momentum with Flipside; by the end I was General Manager. I met Sean in college; we were both teachers. I was only gonna do a web zine at first, but Sean talked me into going into print.

SLUG: You say that Razorcake has a focus instead of a list of rules. What is the focus?

Taylor: It's kind of like dealing with punk and indie culture as this huge animal. Music is only the tip of the iceberg. We've run features on Emma Goldman and progressive historian **Howard Zinn**. We also include comics and do our own small publishing effort. Sean just hosted a book fair in New Orleans. We are trying to celebrate the good stuff, and not criticize too much.

Carswell: We are also trying to show that indie music is only the start of things; there is a whole world of indie culture and art.

SLUG: You also mention in that same letter from the editor that you try to keep a sense of humor. Why is that important?

Taylor: Humor keeps us from taking ourselves too seriously. I'm a very clumsy person, and try to laugh at myself. We are trying not to be dogmatic or academic. Some of our features are purely humorous, like columnist the Rhythm Chicken, who would just take his drumset and start playing wherever he could. He went to the Dixie Chicks parking lot, and recently became the Rally Rabbit mascot for the Milwaukee Brewers.

SLUG: How is Razorcake different from Flipside, and how similar?

Taylor: It's a similar general focus, but we've sharpened it. We have a lot more editorial control. At Flipside, some of the contributors would just fight with me. Now all the writers are friends. Now with two editors, we can talk to writers more about polishing their articles. Razorcake is half the size of Flipside, but a lot more focused. It's a lot more clean, not as cluttered. A lot of the writers have improved, and it's much more readable.

SLUG: Why was the Emma Goldman story on the cover? What is the importance of anarchism to punk?

RAZORCAKE



RAZORCAKE

Carswell: I did the Emma Goldman story. A year ago I interviewed Howard Zinn, and he suggested I go talk to the curator of her papers. I got to thinking, so much culture in general is about images of people, and we don't know who they are, like stickers of Che Guevara. Punks talk about anarchy, and I thought it was important to show what it is and where it came from. I'm not an anarchist, but the idea that you can revolt against the status quo is important.

SLUG: It seems to me that a whole spectrum of punk rockers, from anarchists to animal rights people, even to the white supremacists in their own way, have taken this notion of thinking for yourself and forming your own ideas about the world.

Carswell: Who represents that better than Goldman?

SLUG: How has Razorcake changed after ten issues?

Taylor: It's kind of like a natural progression. We're hard workers, happy with each issue, but always thinking it could be better. There's been an amazing interest of people wanting to subscribe and talk to us about contributing. There is boring stuff like printers not working, but every issue has been on time. We're struggling, but if something goes wrong we're not gonna be out of the game. We are more comfortable with the writers. We are able to put on shows now. The first issue looked a lot like Flipside, but we have found our own identity by now. We may do a record label, but we spend so much time making things work, it's nice having the luxury of not having too much on our plates.

SLUG: Talk about your writers: why you picked them and what their columns contribute. Why are personal viewpoints so important?

Taylor: That's one of our strong points. Anyone who's a columnist is someone we like as a person too. Designated Dale, for example, has really improved; he's a funny, funny guy. He's extremely knowledgeable, but comes at punk from a different angle. He did a story about why baseball player Juan Marical got angry and hit someone.

Carswell: One thing that's kinda cool, some of the Flipside columns were just lists of favorite bands, but now our columnists are kinda contesting each other, like they are trying to raise the bar for each other.

Taylor: Like Money, I've known him for over a decade. It's nice to see how you can approach punk from different angles. He's like a middle age FBI cover agent. With a different approach like that, you can cover what's going on, and it's not as perishable.

SLUG: It's nice that you are able to give your writers room to stretch out.

Taylor: We try to make it like sitting at a bar, listening to the regulars telling stories.

SLUG: What's your opinion of the current state of punk music?

Taylor: I hate to sound yoga but it's what you make it. We recently threw a show with these great bands **Super Chinchilla Rescue Mission** and **Toys That Kill**. There was a good crowd, a fun time, no fights. It wasn't on the radio or the official press. There are so many bands right now. This time people don't realize a lot of what's happening. As far as albums, I think bands like the **Dillinger Four** are releasing some of their best stuff now. It's exciting, but you have to make the excitement for yourself.

SLUG: The Michael Moore feature, talk about that a little bit; what did that add to the issue?

ZINELAND

Carswell: It added a lot. He's a tricky guy. *Angry White Men*, his book, got almost no reviews but it was a best seller for eight weeks. It's a questioning book. The country is interested in a lot more than the media cover. If mainstream media ignores it, then it's our responsibility.

Taylor: And it also showed our support of (interviewer) Nardwuar. He's talked to people like Gorbachev and Dan Quayle. He talks like a cartoon character and that disarms people, but he can ask questions no one else can. He was banned from Universal Records because he annoyed Beck by repeatedly asking him how he felt to be the voice of a generation. At an LA frame shop he once spotted **Henry Rollins**, and just kept staring at him until Rollins got so angry he went out and punched out his own windshield and took off. Nardwuar is a funny guy.

SLUG: What focus do you try to have on CD reviews?

Taylor: People have to know what they're talking about, and know the audience of the mag. You can disagree with someone, but you can tell if they know what they're talking about or if they're full of shit. Jimmy Alvarado is more addicted to music than anyone else I know, and he wrote for Flipside since 1980.

Carswell: We try to review indies. The major labels already own the mags that review them.

SLUG: What about your small press publishing? Why are several of your columnists good enough to be collected in a book?

Carswell: I was doing books before zines, running a small publishing company, Gorsky Press, when I was living in Florida. Then I came out to

California, to do books with Todd and my wife. The focus of the press is different; it's not straight-ahead punk. There's so much of that now. Rich Mackins writes funny letters to corporations, and we collected some favorites. It's in its third printing. Though funny, it also takes a strong stand against commercial culture. He does readings.

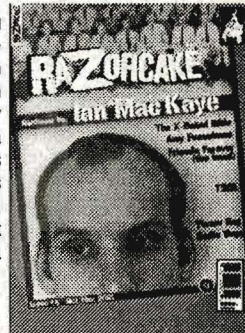
Taylor: He's toured the nation three times!

Carswell: And of course I published myself! I've been writing for zines for a long time. I'm also working on a collection of favorite underground writers, due out in May.

SLUG: What exciting stuff is coming up in Razorcake?

Taylor: We just want to keep covering bands that we really enjoy, that we're stoked on and can share with people. I'm working on a project with Alvarado, on an LA band family tree. It's a strong testimony of how things can change. Punk is such a big thing, people sometimes have blinders on to the enormity of it. Punk in books is always interpreted: who is more important, etc. Like looking at all the groups **Chuck Biscuit** played drums with. I may be a nerd but that stuff fascinates me.

www.razorcake.com, www.nardwuar.com



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LOCALIZED



Interviews by Camilla Taylor

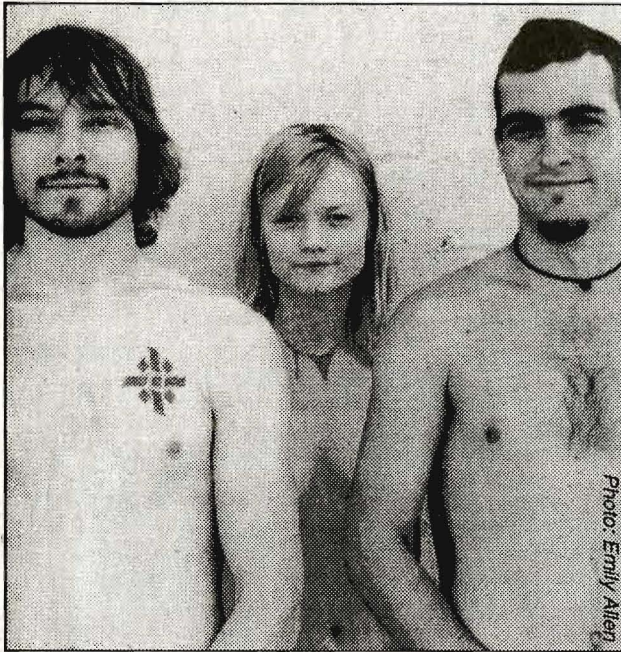


Photo: Emily Allen

Carlo plays a mixture of folk and punk. If I were a kindly old woman, I would describe them as lovely young people. They are very polite.

Carlo is:
Chad Stieg: *Guitar and vocals*
Ryan Gee: *Drums*
Lindsay (Loop) Pulsifer: *Bass*

SLUG: So, here we are interviewing. Any thoughts?
Lindsay: I think it's bullshit when people say that politics and music shouldn't mix. I think that as an artist of any sort you can take your music and say your ideas and beliefs, and often those are political. Music is just another way of releasing how you feel.
Ryan: I think it's difficult not to put it into your music, especially when you look around and you see everything that's going on in the world right now.
Chad: I really don't think that any of our music is politically motivated, per se; I just think that it's a good forum to have a stand on certain things- because none of our music is anti-society, really.
Ryan: It's just an expression of who we are and all that sort of thing. We don't directly focus on any issues.
Chad: We just get our rocks off onstage. Unwind. Sometimes people spend a little too much time in their own space.

SLUG: Why do you play music?
Chad: It gets our rocks off. That's really the only reason why anyone does anything.
Ryan: People do things because it makes them feel good or it makes them feel bad. There's not much more to it.
Lindsay: I just can't imagine not playing music.
Chad: What else do you guys want to say? For a rockin' good time, come see Carlo at Localized.
Lindsay: And read *Adbusters* magazine. Get a subscription to *Adbusters*.
Ryan: And eat at Sage's Café. They make me feel good.
Chad: There you go, give 'em a free plug so that they'll feed us. One thing that I would like to restate is that I suggest all children in the Salt Lake area come together in an urgent resurgence of local music and muse of all sorts. Art is good. Immerse yourself or

die. That's not anything but saliva that I got on the microphone. It's not snot. Anyway, do stuff.
Ryan: Have you ever noticed that they don't make movies with fairies and robots coexisting? I think that fairies are robots.

I met up with the three members of **Danny Vesper** and the **Grandchildren** at Salt Lake Coffee Break and we chatted over a cup of inhumanly strong coffee. The music of the Grandchildren is achingly beautiful, this description putting them fairly squarely in the indie rock emo category.

Danny Vesper: *Guitar and vocals*
Allan Godwin: *Roads and keyboards*
John Búrdic: *Drums*

Dan: I think that we do play music just because we really love it. We obviously aren't doing it because we think that we have some twinkle in our eye and are going to make lots of money, because we're getting old.
John: As a matter of fact, it's cost us

a lot of money.
Dan: It's the only thing that keeps us happy. In my life, it's the only thing that's stable; it's the only thing that I have all of the time.
John: It's probably the most unstable part of my life. I always know what time I go to work, but I never know what time band practice is or whose showing up, or whose going to play bass for us this week
Dan: I think we do it because it's the one thing that we really love and that we're good at, if that. We're probably not any good at it, but still...what else would you like to know? **Adam Palcher** is going to put out our new record on *My Sweet Records*.
John: So, we'll give you the rundown on the record and then you can delete it from the interview. The record was finished in February.
Dan: And Godwin said it sucked.

Allan: I said half of it sucked
Dan: I disagreed, but now I concur.
Allan: Because I know a lot about music. Danny can write really good songs, but the problem is that he's a little bit cocky about his songs and he thinks that all of them are--
Dan: Brilliant. Yeah, well I have a lot of bad ideas. For instance, thirteen seconds. I wanted to put thirteen seconds between every song.
Allan: No one knows how funny that is, because no one has ever heard us, but we're really slow. People would not just fall asleep with this record, they would physically shut down. They would become comatose. We could be to music what that seizure inducing cartoon in Japan is to television.
John: I hate people who kiss their guitar. Like Danny.
SLUG: Does your guitar have a name? It has a girl's name, doesn't it?
John: You didn't? You named your guitar?
Dan: I'm not going to tell you.... Sweet Gail. I named it Sweet Gail.
(An uncomfortable silence follows this revelation)
Allan: Wow, that was a lull. To answer your first question, of why we are musicians, it's because of that, lulls in the conversation.
Dan: We honestly have nothing to say to each other.
Allan: If I'm angry with Danny, I sit down at my piano and sometimes Danny doesn't get it but sometimes he does and he will just walk out of the room. And then we won't play to each other for hours because we are so

angry.
John: I just can't play to you right now.
Allan: Really; that's how we communicate to each other. We play. I'm surprised that we can talk to you right now because I'm very nervous right now. I could drum on the table, but I'm not a drummer. I don't speak that language. I can understand it if it is spoken to me, but I don't speak it.
Dan: I just want people to love us like our grandparents love us.
John: I used to work as a janitor in an office building and I had to work on Christmas and Thanksgiving because the people at Fidelity Investments (you can print that) would freak out if their garbage can wasn't emptied the next day. We didn't go in one Thanksgiving and we got yelled at.
Allan: You know why you got yelled at though? Because that garbage can is the only thing that those people have to go back to that is their own.
Dan: I was the guy at Qwest who the people in the cubicles would call when their garbage can was full. And you would not believe the things that these people would call me for. They would call us for the stupidest lamest shit. It's true; these people in offices have given up on life. They sit in cubicles day after day and they build up all this aggression-
Allan: That would be a good band experiment. When we practice we'll set up cubicles around each other and see how our relations progress.
John: We'll have to answer phone calls from irate customers every so often.
Dan: And we would have to call each other to communicate. "Godwin, umm, I think that we'd like it if you'd turn down the roads. The whole department has mentioned it, I don't want to name any names, but..."
(Some one in a car drives by and moons us)
SLUG: We've just been assed.
John: I thought it was a sleeping bag. That was an ass? There was a drive by ass-ing. Yeah, the interview sucks, but there's an ass at the end.

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Photo: Emily Allen

SUBTERRANEAN SECT



DARK TRANQUILLITY - DAMAGE DONE

Gothenburg pioneers Dark Tranquillity continue to build their influential musical dynasty with *Damage Done*, an album that the band themselves describes as "a very diverse offering featuring musical traces from all stages of our 12-year career as well as a host of new influences."

IN FLAMES - REROUTE TO REMAIN

As seen on tour with Slayer and Soulfly. "The 14-track set sees the group further refine its dynamic sound, an amalgamation of classic hard rock riffs, thrash-like rhythms and harsh, extreme vocals. But *In Flames* doesn't shy away from catchy choruses; in fact, the band's aggressive accessibility originated the underground movement now known as 'melodic death'." *Billboard Magazine*



HAMMERFALL - CRIMSON THUNDER

Hammerfall's dueling axe attacks, wailing air-raid-siren vocal harmonies, rolling bass thunder and steadfast, precision drumming are coming to North America in December with the legendary Ronnie James Dio! *Crimson Thunder* combines the vitality and integrity of *Glory To The Brave* with the heaviness and maturity of *Renegade* to create their most skillfully crafted metal opus to date. The North American version features the bonus cover track of the Kiss classic "Detroit Rock City"! Hammerfall's *Crimson Thunder*, in stores now!

BLOODBATH - RESURRECTION THROUGH CARNAGE

Resurrection Through Carnage is a murderous album featuring the bestial growls of Mikael Akerfeldt, the eviscerating guitar riffs of Anders Nyström, the poisonous bass pulse of Jonas Renske and the crypt-defacing drum work of Dan Swano have all returned to give us a mindful testimonial to the undying legacies of prime-era early '90s Swedish death metal from the likes of Entombed, Grave and Dismember!



ICED EARTH - TRIBUTE TO THE GODS

Tribute To The Gods is a compilation of heavy classics that have fueled Iced Earth along all these years. Originally issued in the ultra-limited import *Dark Genesis* box set, *Tribute To The Gods* is now available as a single CD for those that were not lucky enough to acquire the coveted box set. Covers include hits by Kiss, Iron Maiden, AC/DC, Blue Oyster Cult, Judas Priest, Alice Cooper and Black Sabbath!

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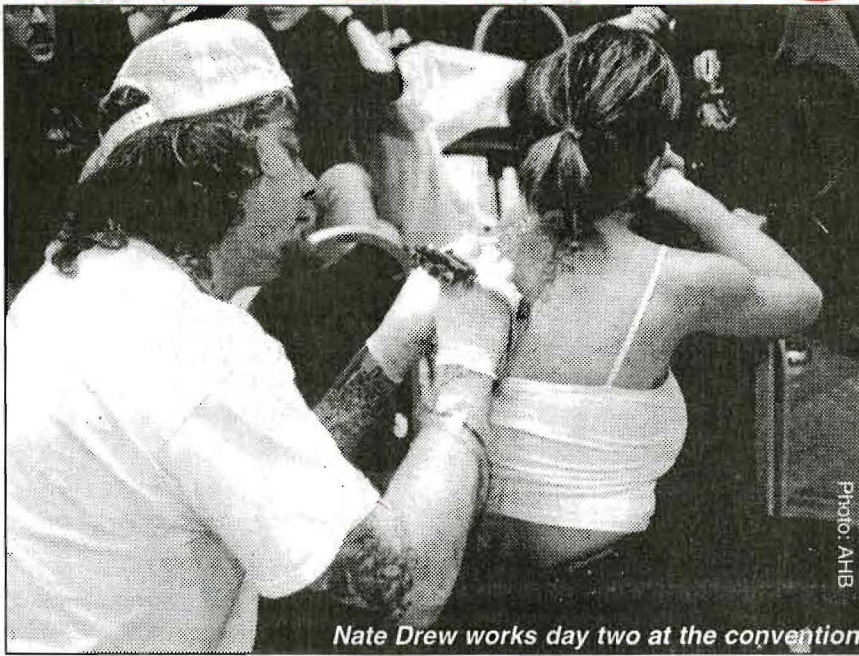
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TATTOOED IN 2002

The last week in November some friends & I went on vacation to Richmond, Virginia. "What does that historic place have to do with Salt Lake & me," you ask? Well, a lot. Besides there being many kick-ass bands from Richmond, **Sixer**, **GWAR** and **Avail** to name a few, Richmond is also home to one of the longest running tattoo conventions. Held every November, 2002 was the **10th Annual Richmond Tattoo Arts Festival**. Put together by **BIRD Productions & Sacred Heart Tattoo**, it's sponsored by some of Richmond's local underground businesses, including **Red Dragon Tattoo**. Red Dragon was a starting point in the careers of two great tattoo artists: SLC's own **Nate Drew & Anthony Anderson** of **Lost Art Tattoo Studio**. Three years ago I had the pleasure of going to the RTAF with some of the tattooists from Lost Art. Since then I've been to other tattoo conventions, but RTAF is the best. With artists like **Bugs**, **Scott Sylvia**, **Civ**, **Grime**, **Jeff Whitehead** and **Cap Szumski** (who apprenticed **Keet**, also of **Lost Art**) all working in a beautiful, lively city, how could it be any better? It's inexpensive to get in, so you can attend all three days. Once inside you have a plethora of artists, cool merchandise, shop t-shirts, tattoo contests, and local band performances. In the middle of our fun-filled weekend my friends and I made it to the convention so I could scope out an artist for my next infliction of pain via needles-a purple skull in my armpit-by **CIV**. (Yes, the skull pit hurt!) When we got back home I interviewed Nate Drew at his shop with tattoo machines (not guns!) humming in the background. I didn't get a chance to talk to



Nate Drew works day two at the convention

Photo: AHB

Anthony because he stayed in his home state for an extra week to work. A funny, modest, friendly guy, Nate likes to skateboard or snowboard when he's not working. Late at night he's with his family or going out with friends & talking about anything but tattoos. I've been getting work done by Nate since Lost Art opened five years ago with only two artists. Now in their third and final location downtown, there are six different tattoo artists working at the Salt Lake shop, with five more at the Ogden location.

SQ: What tattoo trends have you seen come and go in SLC?
ND: When we first opened our shop we weren't geared toward a lot of mainstream images. We were doing more custom work- more drawing, not as much flash from the walls. The popular stuff was the Tasmanian devil in the 80s and the sacred heart in the 90s. I haven't figured out what the popular tattoo for the 2000s is yet.

SLUG QUEEN: Yeah, I've got my sacred heart. Compared to SLC, how are the trends in Richmond?
NATE DREW: Well, I deal with a lot of the same kids. I tattoo a lot of straight edge kids in Richmond. Ya' know, straight razors & traditional stuff. I don't know, usually I just kinda push what I'm into at the time. Like right now I'm kinda lost between Japanese & traditional American styles.

SQ: Have you been to Japan?
ND: I sure haven't, but I'd like to go.

and **Adam West**. No, not Batman. They were bikers.

SQ: How old were you when you started at Red Dragon? How long did you work there?
ND: I was 21. I worked there for six years. I worked at another place down the street for three years before that, **Creative Designs**.

SQ: Oh yeah, your friend Jessie in Richmond was telling us about some other known artists who started at Creative Designs, like **Chris O'Donnell**.

ND: I met Chris at that place. **Bill Thiedman** worked with us. Before that **Fip Buchanan** and **Patty Kelly** worked there- they own **Avalon Tattoo**. It's still there.

While Nate started a new tattoo on someone's shin our conversation turned to bikers, more tattoos and fights; then went back to the original conversation.

SQ: After Red Dragon you moved to Salt Lake? Why'd you move here?
ND: My brother was a professor up at the University. I came out here to visit him and I liked it. Lots of tattoos to do.

SQ: What artists have you had guest at this shop?
ND: We've had **Jennifer Billig**, **Adam Barton**, **Schmoe Dog**, **Timothy Hoyer**, **DoughBoy**, and **Duel** from LA. He's a big black guy with long dreads. I met up with him in Zurich and everyone thought he was a WWF wrestler.

SQ: What other tattoo artists, specifically at the convention, do you think do quality tattoos? Whose work do you admire?
ND: Hmm...there's a lot. **Martin Lancaster** (North Carolina). **Brady Duncan** (Maryland). A lot of unheard of artists. That's where a lot of great artists are, more underground. Like **Mikey LeBlanc** (NYC) has been tattooing for over 12 years and almost no one's ever heard of him. You

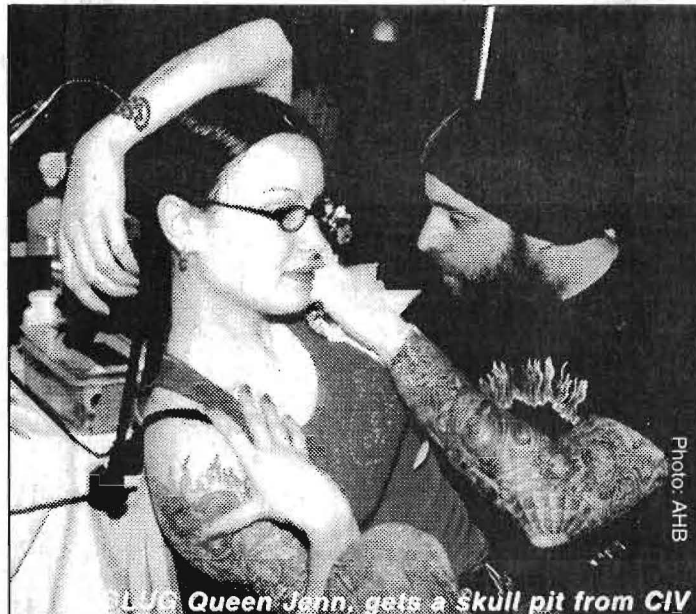


Photo: AHB

Slug Queen Jenn gets a Skull pit from CIV

said something about styles earlier- it's whatever styles the customer would like. I think that's the main thing about a tattooer & a lot of people are missing that nowadays. Not just having one style, but being a well-rounded artist. Tattooing whatever the customer wants; whether it's a portrait or traditional or whatever.

SQ: What do you look for in an apprentice? Obviously artistic talent, but anything else?
ND: Heart. You've got to want to tattoo. To live, eat, and shit tattoos. No rock stars. I'm just sayin' I don't sit in front of a mirror doing my hair then come to

work to put tattoos on people. I put a hat on, do my thing, come in and fucking tattoo.

SQ: About your inks—you guys mix your own pigments, correct? Why?
ND: Yes, we do. For my satisfaction of knowing what's in it. I know I can trust it. A lot of colors out now don't have an ingredients list. Some are very faulty. Everyone in the shop uses our pigments.

SQ: Cool. Do you have like, a kitchen in the back?
ND: We have a pigment mixing station downstairs where we have a workshop to fix our machines. I feel like a tattoo artist should know every aspect of his tools.

SQ: Anything else you want to say on the RTAF or tattooing?

ND: If you're going to get tattooed, research it. Think about it. I'm not necessarily saying come to



Photo: AHB

Nate Tells SLUG why Richmond locals call him DNN

us, but go to someone who does it correctly and is professional. Ya know, I don't go to a car dealership to buy a sandwich. Why would you go to a head shop to get a tattoo? If you're going to get something put on your body for the rest of your life don't be cheap about it.

SQ: Wise words from a man who is prime in his craft. Thank you Nate for your time. I'll be seeing soon you for another appointment, and maybe in

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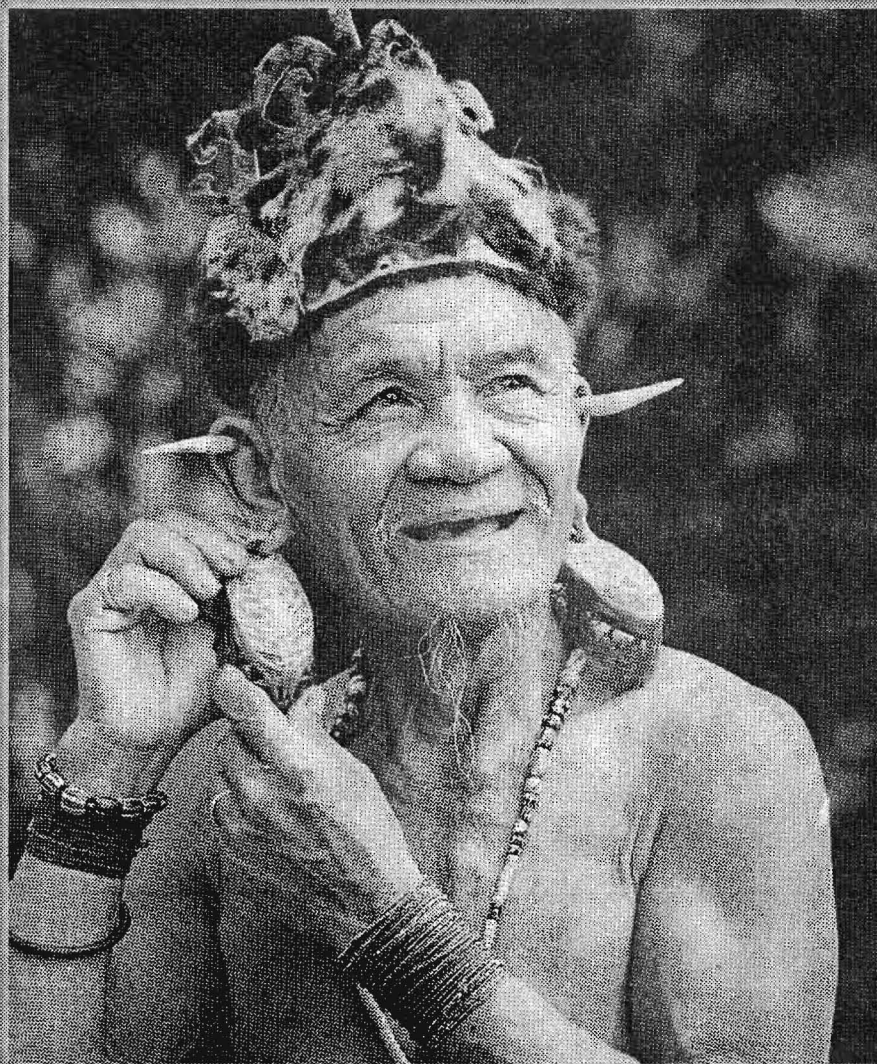
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JENERIK PUTS THE FIRE IN SOUND SCULPTURE



Story by Stakerized! Photo by Joe Johnston

San Francisco based Scot Jenerik literally plays industrial music—fashioning instruments out of blowtorches and oil drums. His music is released in creative packaging such as a hand sewn canvas CD cover, a cassette tape encased in a brick and a record made out of cement. His scorching show hits the Urban Lounge Dec. 19 and Trasa Dec. 20.

SLUG: Coming from Ogden, Utah originally, how did that shape, or should I say warp, your musical development?

Jenerik: Well I wouldn't really say I came from Ogden, just served some time behind the Zion Curtain. I'm originally from Vermont. But, growing up in Utah with a rather large disdain for the home team got me used to operating outside of the "mainstream". It also heavily reinforced a punk DIY attitude, as if I wanted to see or hear something I had to do it myself.

SLUG: Where do you get the ideas to create your own musical instruments?

Jenerik: I tend to look at my sound production from a sculptural standpoint. Both in the sonics and in the instrumentation. I have a fine arts background, so I'm really just making sculpture with sound. The individual instruments are thought of in a combination of what sort of sonic potential or pallet I want to hear, along with the visual dynamics of the live performance. Fire is an integral part of this, as it becomes a collaborator in the piece, it forces me to move in ways that I wouldn't otherwise.

SLUG: Where do you draw the line

between music and noise, or is there a difference?

Jenerik: Yes there is a difference, but it's hard to explain as it relates to a level of visceral acceptance. Noise is more conceptual, more about evoking a particular state of being. Music is more about rocking out. I like to blur the line between the two.

SLUG: After putting out a record made out of cement, where can you go after that to design a more idiosyncratic musical artifact?

Jenerik: I'm less interested in one upping myself than I am in creating things that I need to see/hear in the world. If something already exists then I don't need to reproduce or emulate it. But if what I really want to have in the world doesn't exist then I have to produce it. It's essential for my sanity.

SLUG: How do you plan to shake up the land of Zion when you play here?

Jenerik: Ape Shit Overdrive World Domination! With pyromaniacal tendencies. I'll be playing "Volatile," an amplified percussion instrument that shoots rather large fireballs. It's not confirmed yet as to whether it'll be a solo gig or if I'll be bringing out two other collaborators for an F-Space performance. F-Space incorporates my solo work into a "band" with Ethan Port (guitarist and percussionist of Savage Republic) and Joel Connell (Drummer for Bastard Noise and the Savage Republic reunion tour).

More about Scot Jenerik at:
<http://www.mobilization.com>
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Tues 17

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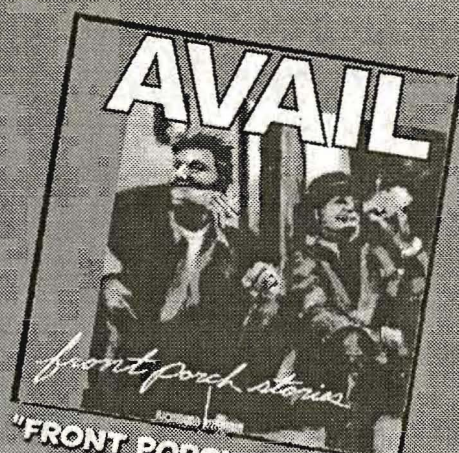
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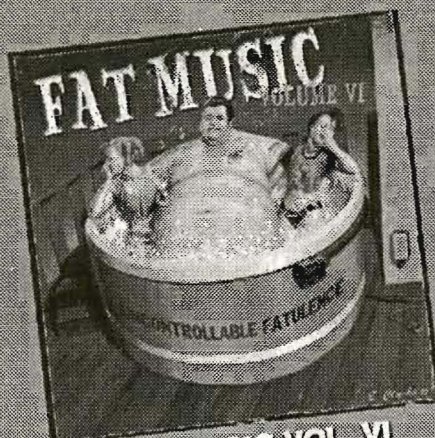
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GLITTER, GUTTER, TRASH



by Ryan Michael Painter

Sitting down to write this month's trash, I have found it very difficult to put into words my recent experiences while in Germany. I witnessed three brilliant performances by **the Cure**, two of which are rather historic, and a day spent in the Jewish museum, a mix of joy and pain and the thin line that connects them together. Even the three energetic **Suede** performances and a visit to the Tate Modern in London paled in comparison.

DARK AGES: EXCERPTS FROM A CURE TRAVELOGUE

Nov. 9 Hamburg Color Line Arena

Rushing from the airport to the hotel (an absolute dive in the middle of the "world's longest" red light district) to the Arena left little time to breathe, let alone rest. For a show that seemed initially to be a bonus to go along with the Trilogy (*Pornography/Disintegration/Bloodflowers*) concerts that would follow in Berlin two days later, it proved to be a brilliant example of the Cure's depth and talent. Not a single track from the Trilogy was played until the fourth encore, some three and a half hours into the set. Pulling obscure tracks and pop singles from every other album save *Wild Mood Swings*. Who would have thought "Grinding Halt," "Push" and "Drowning Man" would make an experience?

Nov. 11 Berlin Tempodrom

I decided to wander toward the

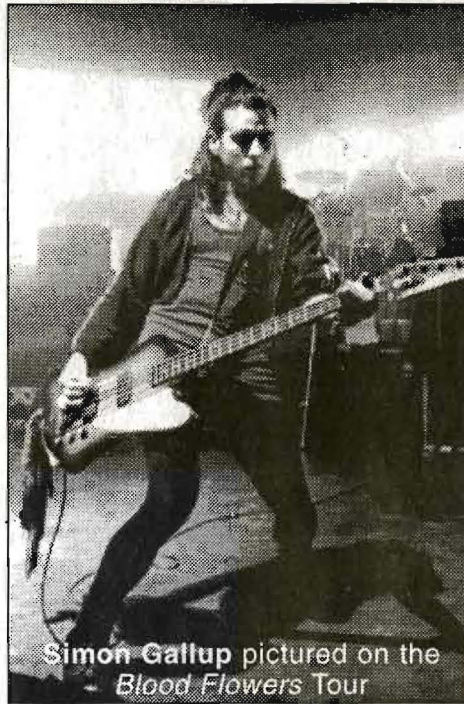
venue after spending the better part of the afternoon at the Jewish Museum. It was nearly 4:30 and doors wouldn't open until around 7 but I figured I'd feel better if I knew exactly how to get there. Just as I found it a large black bus pulled up and five or six of us cheered like idiots as the band walked quickly from the bus into the venue. Four hours later I found myself fighting for position as the drums of "One Hundred Years" started to play. The band was in top form, tighter than they've been since Porl's departure. The *Disintegration* set was a dream come true. I remember the night vividly that the Cure played Denver on the *Prayer* tour; I was sitting in my room with the stereo turned up to drown out the disappointment of being too young to just pick up and go. The *Bloodflowers* set felt rather anticlimactic, considering I've always regarded *Disintegration* as the finest, most significant album I've ever heard. An encore that included a blistering version of "This Kiss" with the most vicious guitar solo that I've ever heard out of **Robert Smith**. "Play for Today" and the sing-a-long refrain capped off the best concert I've ever been to.

Nov. 12 Berlin Tempodrom

The band's energy level wasn't quite as high as the night before but ultimately seeing it all from a few feet further back proved to have its own rewards. I was happy to see that even the encores were being filmed for possible inclusion in the DVD the band intends to release sometime next year.

Nov. 13 Berlin Tegel Airport

If the story had ended there it would have been more than enough to justify the pilgrimage, but fortunately there was one last adventure in store. Exhausted from the experience, I made my way through security on my way to collapsing into a hard plastic chair until my flight to London was ready to board. In front of me was a man dressed in combat boots, jeans and a black jacket with short messy black and red hair. I instantly tagged him as someone who had been at the concerts and wondered how he got away with having two carryon bags. There was a blonde man



and woman with him and they all shared a similar tired look. It wasn't until we had all passed through security and moved into the waiting area that I knew for certain that the man next to me was **Simon Gallup**. For the life of me I couldn't think of ever reading an interview with Simon. I sat down next to him and complimented him on the three gigs, particularly the diversity of Hamburg's set list when compared with the two shows that would follow. For the next 30 or so minutes we talked about the band, touring, sign-

ing autographs and such. Meanwhile, a girl in a t-shirt from the concerts sat wide-eyed in shock. Finally getting up the courage, she asked Simon to sign her street guide to Berlin. He asked her if he left her in the middle of Berlin could she find her way. Somewhat confused by Simon's effort at small talk, she asked for a photo. He obliged on the condition that she let him take a picture of her and boyfriend with her camera. I'm struck by his kindness and willingness to interact with his fans. I asked if he was sick of signing autographs. He shrugged and asked, "Well, it really isn't difficult is it?" He talked of missing home while on the road, sadly not because he misses friends (he claims to have none) but because of the simple comfort of familiarity. When I asked about the near future he admitted to not wanting to touch a guitar for ten days. Instead he'll be consuming time with whatever is on television and his Playstation. After that the band will work out the schedules and see what happens (although Robert's "See you next year" at all three shows could be an indication).

As far as myths about the Cure go, he insists that Robert isn't a dictator. What will his roll in with the Trilogy DVD be? He'll just make sure he doesn't look like a "cunt." He smiled and told me I've made his day by trying to convince him he isn't old. Perhaps when he watches the film footage he'll see what I and 3399 other lucky fans saw; a band that sounds as fresh as they did 20 years ago when getting old seemed a thousand miles away.

[end] I have been thinking back to so many great things that have happened this year in the industrial (and related genres) music community. I don't remember Salt Lake having so many great shows in one year. There have been so many other exciting events and special club nights that have been note-worthy. Local acts, **Carphax Files** and **Symbiont**, have proved that the Salt Lake scene is alive and strong. Having a goth/industrial club open three nights a week is something I haven't seen in any other city. **SLUG Magazine** is another wonderful music resource that again, I am only aware of being in SLC. This is all possible because of the music fans, such as yourselves, that read this and attend club nights and support local bands. Thank you all for a great year.

One last great show for the year: **Deathline Int'l** with **Carphax Files** on Monday, December 16th at Sanctuary.

TOP 10 FOR 2002

1. **Beefcake - Drei**
2. **Panacea Shares Needles with Tarmvred - S/T**
3. **Manufactura - Regression**
4. **Hocico - Signos De Aberracion**
5. **Pzycho Bitch - Big Lover EP**
6. **VIA - Forms of Hands 2002 [ltd.1000]**
7. **Pain Station - Dead is Dead**
8. **m2 - The Bitter End**
9. **Symbiont - Ology**
10. **Mlada Fronta - Oxydes**

TOP 10 FOR DECEMBER

1. **Mago - Definition of Raw Moments from a Different Perspective**
2. **Assemblage 23 - Defiance**
3. **This Morn' Omina - 7 years of Famine**
4. **Ars Moriendi - Memorandum**
5. **Mimetic - Sensitive**
6. **Covenant - Northern Lights**
7. **Hypnoskull - Operation Tough Guy**
8. **Hypnoskull - Operation Mean Machine**
9. **P.A.L. - M@rix**
10. **v/a - Maschinenfest 2002 [ltd. 800]**

Assemblage 23
Defiance
Metropolis
Rating: 4.5

Tom Shear is back with another dark-electro-pop release on Metropolis. He is the master of emotionally impacting the listener with dark ballads while balancing the melancholy with catchy dancefloor tracks. As the third album for this Seattle-based artist, the maturity and progression in the sound makes Defiance not tired of the Assemblage 23 sound (which is still very recognizable). I am not a person who enjoys lyrics - especially in the industrial genre - but Shear manages to entice me to read through the CD booklet. *Defiance* makes me truly believe that EBM is not quite dead yet.



Mago
Definition of Raw Moments from a Different Perspective
Ad Noiseam
Rating: 4.5

The layout and artwork of this cd was what first caught my attention. A red digipack with a stuffed bunny rabbit being tied up seemed humorous, but once looking in the unbound booklet I was fascinated with the beautiful nostalgic photography and handwritten poetry. The music itself is incredibly fitting for the colder months. The somber effect of the music wouldn't be the same if it were warm outside. Soft piano and subtle vocals lay sadly over analog moods. About 3/4 of the album is dark and soothing, but a few surprises pick up with emotional scratchy vocals and some heavy drum beats. When first hearing the CD it seemed like something that would be nice background noise, but after listening to it in my car I have picked up so many intense layers and sounds. The musicians (**Sanctum** and **Azure Skies**) originally created this release as music for a dance performance. *Definition of Raw Moments from a Different perspective* is amazingly beautiful.

Funker Vogt
Survivor
Metropolis
Rating: 1

"This is new? I think I already have this one." Yep. That is what the kids on the street are saying about Survivor. And I think Funker Vogt CD's can be summed up by saying, "If you have one, you've got them all."

Mimetic
Sensitive
Parametric
Rating: 4

If you are familiar with Mimetic you know that an additional name is added to Mimetic. The double disc release has one cd by **Mimetic Sensitive** and the second by **Mimetic Beat**. Both names appropriately fit the music on each disc. The second release on the Parametric label is entirely different from all other Mimetic releases. *Sensitive* comes in a digipack loaded with catchy rhythm noise featuring remixes from **Sonar**, **Roger Rotor**, **Somatic Responses** and more. Jerome Soudan, also a drummer for the neo-folk act **Von Magnet**, creates sample powerful layers of danceable material. *Sensitive* would appeal to fans of danceable rhythm noise and EBM.

For I have heard the drums of the Lord and I must answer my Savior with a Loud Voice and Joyous Heart. Let the Wicked, who hear but do not Listen, cleave to their homes and hearths. But the Righteous shall come forth and Dance the Lord's Dance and Sing the Lord's Songs. Lo, they will even raise up their Hands and bear Witness to His Glory! It is Right and Just that those who can Hear and can See gather in One Place to praise the Most High Lord Our God. Suffer the Pure of Heart and Happy of Spirit to come before the Lord's Drummers and thereby Cleanse themselves of All their Sins of Remission and Purience. They will surely be filled with the Holy Spirit and Dwell in the House of God forever, World without End. Amen - Psalm 69 Book of Songs

by JD Zeigler



American Dream

by JD Zeigler

When Elvis' was just a young boy he had a recurring dream. In this dream he wore a golden suit just like Jesus wears in heaven. In this dream his parents lived forever. In this dream he married a beautiful young woman who looked a lot like him. In this dream he was the friend of powerful men, like the president of the United States. In this dream he was a king, garlanded with flowers by his adoring subjects; he loved them very much and sang beautiful songs to make them happy. At the end of the dream young Elvis would stand in front of his own adult self and ask what it all meant. And each time grown-up Elvis would answer, "Well, I just don't know, son, I just don't know."

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By Rebecca Vernon



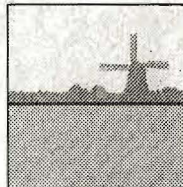
I.C.B.M., 357 Vacation

The wedding of hip-hop, funk and rock that Rage Against the Machine did so well permeates the tunes of I.C.B.M. with flair. Sprawling basslines covering two octaves, wah-wah guitars and hard choruses with hard, tight riffs and the earnest, clear vocals shouting defiance all gather together to support the holy matrimony. It's pretty impressive stuff, once you get past the dry cover art: the songwriting's creative, forceful and very energetic, with each song able to pass for a rock anthem, thanks to the matter-of-fact hip-hop vocals added to the force of rock choruses. Also interspersed is a man's voice saying random things into a phone, like "I then pressed her body against mine." But I.C.B.M., why did you have to add "Oi, oi, oi" to the chorus of "Every Fact?" Stop while you're ahead!



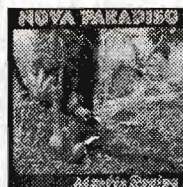
The Opposable Thumb, Seven

The photo of the hard-as-grits boys on *Seven's* cover lent me to believe that they were churnin' out metal or hard rock, so when I put the CD in and heard organic, slow noodling that had more to do with world music than metal, I thought something was seriously amiss. Much to my relief, the familiar, grungy guitars of metal broke through my stereo system on track No. 2. What the Opposable Thumb lack in innovation, they make up for in energy. Standouts are the melodic, almost pretty "Sold," the biting sarcasm of "Perfekt" and "Recluse," which goes from a driving metal into a slower, more acoustic riff, then after a beefy drum fill, goes right back into metal oblivion. It's moments like these that make up our rock n' roll lives. Or metal, take your pick.



Hello Amsterdam, How Are You?

Get it? Hello Amsterdam, how are you? And thier cleverness isn't even limited to their CD title! Hello Amsterdam mixes the profound feel of harder emo with a frisky, upbeat lyrical approach. "Waiting" has the melancholy feel of one standing at a crossroads with its arpeggiated guitar, soon changing into a big, spacious outro with honey-coated chords. "The Cold to Come" is a melancholy, slow song that reminds one of the death of fall—it captures perfectly that thin moment between the autumn's close and the first killing frost. Production overall is amazing, very warm and harmonious: the cover of the album is done in yellows and oranges, and that's exactly the color of Hello Amsterdam's music, if you know what I mean. But I want to know, when are you guys dressing in pioneer drag again? That was dangerously sexy.



Nova Paradiso, Mantis Recipe

When Nova Paradiso's album starts out with a violin that sounds like the opening of an acid-jazz version of "Rock the Casbah," you know you're in for a treat. Nova Paradiso remains one of Salt Lake's most talented groups of musicians, welding together Indian elements, world music, Latin influences, wooden xylophones, warm trumpets, saucy female vocals that sound like throaty little songbirds, acid-jazz, funk, fusion, opera, musicals, cabaret, groove and ... country ... yes, country in *Mantis Recipe*, the chorus of which has all the overtones of a hoedown and the verses have trumpet parts that sound like Barcelona right before the running of the bulls. And yet, it all works. And not even just in a yeah-they-pulled-it-off sorta way. Nova Paradiso doesn't "pull off" their strange soup—they create an entirely new, solid concoction.



Magstatic, Country vs. City

Magstatic's downhome, straightforward rock with countryish overtones sends thrills up your spine and makes you want to pop-dance all night long. The dark, gritty rock-riff of the title track reminds one of Edie Brickell's catchy "What I Am" riff, oh yeah, you know the one. The poppy, no-nonsense riffs of "Somedays" changes into a flowing, riveting chorus. "Jewel Thief" has plenty o' treble guitar, a strutting, straight rock approach and a chorus that is not just what you'd call cool, but coooooool, the way every rock song should. "Home" is gilded with an emo overlay, and "How to Play Good Golf" mixes pure angst with a certain sadness that lies curved like a tear just underneath the words. "In Jail" mixes a very high-and-low melodic line with vocals that sound like a tender banshee ... if banshees could be tender. Way to rock, Magstatic.



Phono, Dementia

reviewed by Stakerized!

Phono is Joe Ashton, though he performs live with other local musicians like drummer Rebecca Vernon of Violet Run. On this disc, though, he plays, or is it "programs" everything you hear. Somewhat industrial sounding keyboards and rhythms echo NiN, yet the polished vocals and otherwise placid surface textures recall Depeche Mode. Sleeve art including a chemical diagram, absinthe bottle and Kabbalah geometry increases the sense of mystery. Lyrically there is the requisite darkness, doom and pain, but also a search for meaning. He concludes the last song, "Questions," "these questions will take me away," to a place without dementia one hopes. The album doesn't really live up to the title; the elegance outweighs the chaos. There are some really astonishing instrumental subtleties, but the vocals wear their influences on their sleeve a bit too obviously.

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SAHARA HOTNIGHTS

I don't get it. All of the following quotes are copied from articles about **Sahara Hotnights**.

"They arrived in America in fall 2002 to release Jennie Bomb, and the timing was perfect. Pop kids were mad for the likes of the White Stripes, the Hives, and the Vines, but Sahara Hotnights gave the new millennium rock push a bit more swagger."
"The members' cocky rock star attitude in interviews and in the lyrics, shouldn't be underestimated as a factor behind their success, but there is more to them than that."
"Until now the only music Sweden has exported is from the likes of Abba and Ace of Base. But, with the growing success of the Hives, Sweden is now producing some interesting young bands for our consumption."

Way back in September when *Jennie Bomb* was released, quickly followed in October by Sahara Hotnights' appearance at Liquid Joe's opening for the **Mooney Suzuki**, the national and local press was hot for the four ladies of Sahara Hotnights. All the pop kids wanted them. They were gorgeous, they were young, they were female and they were Swedish! Who knew Sweden produced any music besides the aforementioned Abba and Ace of Base? Now it's December and the world has moved on. *Jennie Bomb* has dropped from the top of the CMJ charts. It would appear that Finland has replaced Sweden as the country rocking the hardest in the attention span-challenged and trendy world of rock music. Fellow *JetSet* label-mates **The Flaming Sideburns** now appear on the CMJ charts, although neither band has usurped the popularity of Utah's own **Used** on the *Billboard* Heatseeker chart.

Before providing a few quotes from two of the four Sahara Hotnights I obtained during a brief conversation, I'd like to analyze the above, written two months ago when America was familiar with the band. Why were pop kids mad for the White Stripes, the Hives and the Vines? Because the television told them they were. Are the Sahara Hotnights cocky in interviews? As you will soon read, not exactly. Has Sweden ever

exported any music besides the Sahara Hotnights, Abba and Ace of Base? Well, those who can remem

ber as far back as 1997 might recall **Drain STH** – four females from Sweden playing rock music. Those with a mild interest in so-called "garage rock," the niche occupied by the Hives and the White Stripes, and to a lesser extent the Vines and Sahara Hotnights, at least in the minds of so-called "music journalists," might be familiar with the **Backyard Babies**. That combo was formed in 1987. **The Nomads** formed in 1980 and exported their music to America prior to Ace of Base. **The Hellcopters** arrived in the late 1990s as a Swedish export and the Hives first appeared with recorded product on these shores in 1996. In fact Sahara Hotnights formed around ten years ago when they were eleven-years-old! They are hardly an overnight sensation. The next topic has to be sex. In various articles written about Sahara Hotnights you will encounter references to the **Donnas** and the **Runaways**. It's like females didn't play "garage" or "punk" between 1979, when the Runaways folded, and 1998 when the first Donnas' record appeared. **Tribe 8**, **Team Dresch**, **the Smears**, **L7**, **7 Year Bitch**, **the Butchies**, **the Trashwomen**, **the Red Aunts** – should I continue? How about the **Starlets**, **the Girls**, **the Ladybugs** or even the **Shaggs**? Girls were playing "garage" and "punk" in the mid-sixties and in the 1950s you had **Janis Martin** and **Wanda Jackson**, to name only two. Get a memory.

Josephine Forsman plays drums. **Johanna Asplund** plays bass. Both fielded questions and neither one was especially cocky, or even interested in providing much more than a sentence or two. Some romantic links exist between the Hives and the Hotnights and I was looking for dirt. How are the Hives on tour? "Well, they're really calm guys." So many articles compare the Hotnights with the Donnas and the Runaways. Both groups had a behind-the-scenes middle-aged male. **Kim Fowley** was the Runaways' "mentor" and in the early stages the Donnas had a similar Svengali. How about Sahara Hotnights? "We toured with the Donnas but I don't really think we sound like them. Maybe it's easy for people to tell people we sound like them just because we're girls." Perhaps the question was not phrased properly? "Did an older male shepherd you around when you began?"

"Oh, no. We started out ten years ago. We met our manager in '99."

Thank god. An older man was not

involved.

Since Sweden is such a rockin' place all of a sudden I asked the ladies who they favor. They mentioned the **Hellcopters** and then, "They have a band called **Soundtrack of Our Lives**. They have a lot of bands in Sweden that haven't been here yet. There's a band called **Isolation Years**, **Randy...ah.**" I read **Johanna** and **Josephine** the **Abba/Ace of Base** quote and waited for a reaction. "Ah, I don't know. That's sad maybe. We don't care." How do they feel about the hype machine surrounding them? The next big thing factor? "I mean, yeah. We have done pretty good shows and there's a lot of people who think about us and buy the record and they love the performance. It feels good to me to do a tour finally that we get something back for it. We've been touring in England for many tours and the only kids who get it there are indie zines...people forget that a lot of bands have been going on playing for many years now. When you come from Sweden people think that you are a very new band, or they are just coming here because of the Hives thing."

Perhaps the saddest thing about this interview was the missing **Maria Andersson**, the lead vocalist and songwriter who also contributes her guitar. I was hoping to pick her brain about some lyrics I perceived as dealing with sexuality and politics. **Johanna** and **Josephine** could only say, "We don't write the lyrics, but she is a woman so she writes about things that affect her and come from her perspective. I don't think that we write just feminine lyrics to disprove something. We just like to play...Maria doesn't just write about partying, it's not all about that. I guess that it's some kind of statement."

Josephine and **Johanna** were just really pleasant young Swedish females, attractive, but not especially glamorous or possessed of rock star attitudes – off stage. On stage is another matter entirely.

Even though the trend has passed, the Sahara Hotnights might catch on in a year or two, just like the **White**

Stripes self-titled album released in 1999, or **Bratmobile** or **Babes In Toyland** or...



The End Records

The End Is Here

Just a few months ago an established record label moved from Los Angeles to Salt Lake City. This news hasn't appeared in the pages of your local daily newspapers, on the evening television broadcasts of what is purported to be "news" or even on the morning television broadcasts of what is no longer even promoted as news. As much as mainstream news appears to support small businesses in Utah, that all depends on the nature of the business and their ability to purchase advertising. *The End Records* is the name of the label. The music "genre" is metal.

When I entered the office/warehouse space of The End Records I immediately noticed four or five large bags sitting by the door. A few minutes later a gentlemen entered the office to remove the bags. As label founder Andreas informed my companion and I, those bags were that day's mail order shipments. Five bags of mail order sales may not seem like a lot unless one considers the size of a CD, and the packaging used to keep it safe while in transit. Five large bags were enough to bring a small complaint from the driver assigned to pick them up.

The End Records was started in 1998 by **Andreas Katsambas** and **Sergey Makhotki** as a hobby and as an outlet for demo tapes they had from bands without a record deal. Andreas worked as a writer for *Ill Literature*, a publication begun by current *Century Media* President **Marco Barbieri**. He eventually became a full-time *Century Media* employee and survived on his salary from that job while building his record label on the side. Today the distribution side of the business provides for his living expenses as he continues to build the label with just two assistants, **Tomer Pink** and **Efrat Libkind**.

SLUG sat on the carpeted floor of The End Records' new Salt Lake City location and chatted with Andreas. The End Records is a niche label and as such most reviews of the music released by the label appear in fanzines. Andreas has experience as a writer so the first question addressed his thoughts on the reviews his bands receive. Andreas answered with, "I see reviews pretty much like a CD - good CDs, bad CDs, good reviews, bad reviews. When I see a review, and it doesn't have to be just my releases, it has to describe the album, what kind of music it is, what



ANDREAS KATSAMBAS, FOUNDER/OWNER

is the writer's personal opinion because I think that's important and then, me as a buyer, what does the review tell me? Is it something I'm going to like? Should I go and buy the CD or not? Many times all you get is a very, very brief description stolen from the biography. That is very common, and then, a very kind of witty remark from the writer. That's about it. It can be one word like, 'Oh, awesome, buy this.' Just because you say it's awesome I don't have to go and buy it you know. Tell me what it is. Tell me what it's about and then I'm going to make my mind up on it. I would say for every release we have we get about a hundred, a hundred and fifty reviews. I would say ten to fifteen are great and some I just see them and it's just straight (He makes a trash tossing motion.) without even reading them."

After some unimportant chitchat with the goal of getting to know Andreas a little better I asked him specifically about the music he releases. Some of the bands on the label lean towards what I would term prog-rock with orchestration and even ambience similar in my mind at least to some of the *Projekt* label releases. Call the music thinking person's metal or even metal for musicians. Andreas fielded the vague question very well. "When people ask me about our music the first thing I say is this is not Metal 101. It is not something that is going to be on the radio, or very popular these days with that nū metal thing that broke. You listen to that and I wouldn't call that music. It has no substance, it has no value, it offers nothing. I would call it something that is easily digested and easily targeted toward teenagers. Of course you have mass appeal, but once you go beyond that point and you want to find something with substance, then you should look for us, or for our music. I've been listening to music for close to 20 years now. When I first got into music my cousin would bring me Led Zeppelin, Pink Floyd and Black Sabbath. I would say from early on I got into quality music, music with emotion and people who put their souls into writing songs. Since then that was always what I was after. When I

come to signing a musician I'm looking for art. I don't care for the commercial aspect of the music. What do they have to offer as an artist? Metal started in the late sixties with Black Sabbath — it has developed so much — I'm trying still to find something unique and one way to get it unique to that point, you have to blend some other genres. That's why when you listen to our music you hear some gothic elements or some ambience. I think by blending a few elements together they come up with something that comes from other music but is still new to the scene. That is one of the big factors when we sign a band. You have to have a unique sound. Actually what I tell everybody, every time I'm going to sign a band — it has to sound different than anything else we have on the label. If you like **Agalloch**, don't expect Agalloch Number Two from the label any time soon. We are going to look for something different.

The follow-up question has to be, "Do you look for bands with technical proficiency, instrumental prowess?" "The first thing I look into is the emotion. How emotional does it sound? How do I feel listening to it? The thing with metal, there are so many layers in the music, they all have to be really good musicians to pull it off. In metal it's emotion, but a lot of layers in the music, a lot of orchestration.

Agalloch, they use up to six guitars in the same song at the same time. To do that you have to be a really good musician. We have other releases like **Antimatter** which is very basic music, but it's very emotional at the same time."

Antimatter's *Saviour* album struck me as close to being pop. Andreas said, "It's actually members of another really, really big metal band called **Anathema**. They left the band and started their own project, they kept the music very dark, very depressing, but they're not metal anymore. I wouldn't call their music technical, but when you listen to it, it's very emotional." By now it was apparent that Andreas prefers dark music and as he said, "You're not going to find any happy music on our label anytime soon."

As I've already mentioned The End Records also runs a distribution company. Visit theendrecords.com and click on mailorder to reach the Omega online store. The depth and variety of titles available is really quite incredible. The label also has distribution through IDN so there is a remote possibility your local Wherehouse, Media Play or Virgin might have a title or two, although I don't encourage shopping at such outlets.

The chain stores and the big labels are among the biggest whiners and complainers about downloading and burning your own. What are Andreas' opinions? "**Winds' Reflections of the I** was coming out in April. We sent promos out in February. Then you go in all the chat rooms and you will find the whole album available for download. That was two months before the release date. Just by knowing that you can see there is going to be a negative impact on sales. There is no way to control that. We just try and explain to people why they should buy the CD. If they have to pay twelve bucks — why does it cost so much? You have to realize that the band has to go to the studio and someone has to pay for that. The advertisements, pressing expenses, all the flyers, all the promotion we do — that all comes from sales. People have to realize that if they do not buy the CD and we don't cover the expense, we are not going to be able to do another Winds release. Everybody loses. The band is going to lose, we are going to lose and eventually the fans are going to lose because they're not going to find music they like eventually. If they want to think long term they should go the honest way - buying the CD and supporting the bands they like." There is another point to consider. The label isn't gouging the customer by charging \$20 for a CD. The music is available on the web site for \$11.

Andreas is a fascinating man. As he said every band on The End Records is

totally different. I believe his answer to this next question provides some insight into his personal side — his belief system, his standards, his honesty and integrity. Agree or disagree at least he has convictions and he does stand by them.

I stumbled across some discussion on **Nokturnal Mortum**, the second band signed to The End Records, a black metal band and a band Andreas has severed ties with. "When we signed them they were more like about, they're from Ukraine so they're talking about their Slavonic heritage, all they sang about was that pretty much. Slowly, on their third album they started gearing to more extreme ideology. Like adding some nationalistic elements into their music and some racist comments. For the third album I had the music for about six months before I got the artwork so I was really, really into it.

Then I get the artwork with the lyrics and I was very shocked when I saw it. I called them up and said, 'we're not going to do this or if we're going to do it I'm just going to put out the cover. No lyrics, no comments,' and I released it. They were not too happy because they wanted to portray what they're all about nowadays. I said no. We're a music labels, we're going to promote music. Then they came to me saying they wanted to work on a new album



TOMER PINK, SALES

and ideology should be more important than the music. I said, 'This is against my personal beliefs. We've been working together for three years now, but if you want to continue that the agreements, the contracts we have are not valid. You are free to go to any label you want to.' There was some controversy. Why did you drop them? People were asking and I was honest and I was telling everybody what was behind it. Some supported that, some thought it wasn't the right thing to do, but I'm not doing this to keep someone else happy. The band wasn't happy because I wasn't pushing the ideology, so I thought it was better to just let them go."

Contrast that view with the view the accountants and middle-aged men have at the big labels and agree or disagree, at least give Andreas credit for integrity. He isn't out to make a buck on something he personally disagrees with.

Not everyone enjoys shopping on the internet. The web site is great for learning about the label, but for a more personal experience visit Orions or the Heavy Metal Shop. Both locally owned and operated music retailers carry The End Records' titles and if they don't have what you desire, hell, the label is only a few blocks away. www.theendrecords.com

By William Athey, photos: AHB

NOT QUITE WEIRD, BUT DEFINITELY CHEESEY

by Jamie Gadette

In 1994, four boys from Santa Barbara emerged from their suburban garages to take the world by storm. Their practices had been intense, fueled by Van Halen wishes and Sammy Hagar dreams. Soon after their formation, Nerf Herder paid tribute to the band behind the hair-sprayed rocker with their first hit single, "Van Halen." Parry Gripp, Steve Sherlock, Dave Erhlich and Charlie Dennis never expected their efforts to manifest into anything solid. However, the inherent humor in their punk-pop tunes has infected thousands of fans, and led to an admirable cult following. Their unique sound even caught the ear of the creators of television's own Buffy the Vampire Slayer, who recruited Nerf Herder for the show's theme song.

Part of the appeal of these guys is their ability to turn the personal into a universal experience. Nerf Herder refuses to take themselves too seriously. Songs such as "Sorry," "Diana," "Van Halen" and "Pantera Fans in Love," are clever parodies of the American experience. Their fourth album, *American Cheese*, remains true to original vision, keeping the band firmly entrenched in nerdcore.

After weeks of phone tag, I finally caught up with Parry as he cruised through the desert in a rusty RV.

SLUG: During my freshman year we used to play your songs when we felt a little blue. I think "Sorry" enjoyed the most airtime

Parry: Oh good I'm glad you like that one.

SLUG: Are your lyrics based in real experience?

Parry: Some of them are and others are made up. All of them are based on true feelings though. A lot of the content comes from stories that I've heard and sort of stuck together. The first record was mostly real material.

SLUG: Did you really crash through your ex-girlfriend's window on acid?

Parry: (laughing) No, actually I did not.

SLUG: Is *American Cheese* pretty much just more of the same?

Parry: Well, it's a lot like the first record, I don't think it's as good though. I liked the first one a lot.

SLUG: Well, suppose you could just have it reissued. That seems to be a popular trend as of late.

Parry: I wish I could, but it's tied up with Arista. It's stuck there until someone pays a lot of money to have it reissued.

SLUG: In the meantime, you could rely on the success of your latest, which is out on Honest Don's. How does your experience with that label differ from Arista?

Parry: They're really cool. Everyone there is very friendly and easy to deal with and they don't expect too much from us which is good, because I'm lazy.

SLUG: Is this your only occupation or are there also day jobs for the band?

Parry: My family owns an orchid orchard up in Santa Barbara so that's where I am when I'm not on the road. Dave is an accountant-type guy, Steve is a graphic designer for a t-shirt company and our new bass player Ben works for a bank office in Los Angeles.

SLUG: Are you really obsessed with Sammy Hagar?

Parry: Oh no! I hate him. I liked Van Halen a lot in high school.

SLUG: How long have you been playing music?

Parry: I started when I was in high school. I think every kid that has a guitar pretty much wants to be in a band. I didn't think it would happen like this. This was accidental. Our buddy Joey [Lagwagon] dug us enough to help us out and it just took off from there.

SLUG: What do you think about comparisons to *Weird Al*?

Parry: I think that's kind of funny. What we do I pretty different, I mean he really does song parodies. I think it would be great to do as well as him, he sells a lot of records. *Weird Al* if you're out there, please have us open for your band!

Nerf Herder comes to X-Scape Dec. 10.

NERF HERDER



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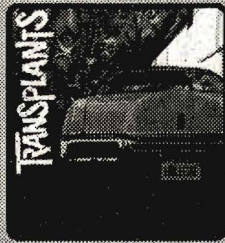
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by Walter

Los Straitjackets – 'Tis the Season for Los Straitjackets – Red Eye. 'Tis the season for some of the worst music ever recorded. Does Celine Dione have a Christmas album? Does Charlotte Church? Does Michael Bolton, Maria Carey, Garth Brooks or 'NSYNC? Of course they do. Barry Manilow has a new Christmas album this year and the Mormon Tabernacle Choir has 19 Christmas albums. Collect them all. There were several "surfing" Christmas albums released in years past. While Los Straitjackets might take offense at the "surfing" description because their creations go beyond "surf," that term will suffice. The masked quartet flavor the surf with plenty of south of the border references, not an uncommon occurrence for them or other surf combos. A couple of highlights are worth a mention. "God Rest You Merry Gentleman" is wrapped as a Christmas version of Junior Brown's infamous "Surf Medley" and "Feliz Navidad" quotes "La Bamba." The guitar tones are clean and favor tones unknown to most "modern" stylists. Perhaps the drums are key, an odd statement to make when the band is led by one of the more talented guitarists in the land, Eddie Angel, but still true. Check the skin slapping work on "Sleigh Ride," which quotes "Walk Don't Run." Los Straitjackets even pull off an acceptable version of "Little Drummer Boy." This disc will undoubtedly stand the test of time and join classics like the Wave Benders *Surfin Christmas*, *You Can't Stop the Christmas Bop Volumes 1 and 2*, *Happy Birthday Baby Jesus Volumes 1 and 2* or *Merry Christmas Baby* on the Paula Records label.

Hot Hot Heat – *Make Up the Breakdown* – Sub Pop. In a departure from the normal "retro" geriatric

emphasis comes *Make Up the Breakdown* from Canada's Hot Hot Heat. And yet, something is tragically wrong. Rolling Stone has described Hot Hot Heat as a "retro-punk" band. The band risks attracting "old" folks with a Dave "Baby" Cortez LP in the collection by extensive use of an organ. I'm guessing the nauseating, infectiously grating vocals of Steve Bays will drive that crowd off in a quick minute. The emotional nature of the songwriting is targeted toward whatever bunch is left wearing too small T-shirts and thick black glasses. The trendies of the world moved on to garage rock two months ago. However, the masses are slow, Hot Hot Heat is not. Bays enunciates with marvelous rapidity. He and his mates don't let their troubling interactions with the opposite sex deplete the energy level. The disc provides an enjoyable listening experience throughout, once the grate of the vocals becomes more familiar and there are a host of bands with worse singers and less songwriting and/or musical dexterity.


Suicide – *American Supreme* – Blast First/Mute. Suicide, viewed by hipsters as the grandfathers of another shiny genre, electro-clash. RIFYL Ladytron or some damn thing. My memories of Suicide have more to do with rockabilly, as in fucked-up rockabilly, as in Jon Spencer fucking up the blues or the nearly forgotten Shockabilly. Alan Vega maintains the echoing vocals on *American Supreme*. His partner Martin Rev isn't revisiting Suicide's past as he contributes odd noises with rhythms attached. The duo began as acid casualties anyway. They have survived the associations envisioned by the band name and returned with a disc old acid casualties can eat up like dosed sugar cubes. Souls more attuned to the more modern dance and club-drug

scene can likely wrap their ecstasy and loving arms around the disc while relaxing in frigid rooms.

John Doe – *Dim Stars, Bright Sky* – BMG. Old punks never die, they just turn into singer-songwriters. John Doe, for those who somehow love the punk rock of X and think I'm geriatric, is 48. A bunch of famous guests appear but don't interfere with Doe's vision for the album. There are enough electronic gadgets and gimmicks present to remove the album from any solo singer-songwriter association, but the only way to catch one of those today is live because gadgets and gimmicks are now synonymous with "acoustic" music. The disc succeeds because Doe is a poet. He deserves better than I'm giving him here. Listen to the lyrics. Quietly enjoy the layered musical background, if that sort of thing is appealing and don't even consider *Dim Stars, Bright Sky* when looking for "alt.country" or country-rock. That it is not.

The Sadies – *Stories Often Told* – Yep Roc. The Sadies are another example of misguided classification. The band is most often associated with the alt.country, even though their albums are resplendent with surf influence. Take for example the opening number "Lay Down Your Arms." The instrumental has the surf influence, but spaghetti western music is far more prominent than surf. The more astute among the reading audience might know that Neko Case was at one time associated with the Sadies. Rather than waste anymore precious space I'll simply opine that *Stories Often Told* is a companion to Case's recent *Blacklisted*. Perhaps not as spooky or as moribund, but still recalling Ennio Morricone, Lee Hazelwood and latter day Dick Dale.

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Lame Ass Concert Previews

With your host Kevlar7

Friday 6th : Sounding like a cut n' dry version of mid-western "alternative" rock bands with a western twang, but with more dynamic songwriting skills is **Valhere**. Check 'em out when they play at the *Zephyr Club* and be entertained as the tracks off their disc *The Lonely Highway* comes alive in the senses of those weaned on terrible radio music.

Friday 6th : A lot of people might laugh until they choke at the idea of going to see a white rapper by the name of **Cex** at the *Urban Lounge*, but, this guy actually writes some pretty intelligent hip-hop. Cex makes a statement of self-mockery and takes potshots at the whole concept of suburban Caucasian rhymes. Cex is witty and engaging, like a long lost brother of the Beastie Boys. When he isn't being candid about his manliness, Cex breaks out some phat instrumental beats, complete with old school record scratching. His latest release *Tall, Dark, and Handcuffed* is the perfect party album when the house is ready to be shaken down to the ground. Also on the bill is **Stars As Eyes** and **Numbers**, who describe their music as "not so intelligent dance music." That, ladies and gentlemen, is humbleness in a music world full of inflated egos.

Saturday 7th : Hailing from Texas is the fiery pop-punk band **Riddlin' Kids**. Their disc on Sony records, *Hurry Up and Wait*, is chock full of power chugging guitar chords mixed with emotional vocals that drive a spike in the wall of contemporary radio friendly kiddy punk. What sets them apart from the Blink 182 clones is the southern-fried injection in their music. The band even records an honest to goodness faithful rendition of R.E.M.'s 'It the End of the World As We Know It (and I Feel Fine).' From anyone else, a cover of this song would be sacrilege, but these guys stick to the guidelines while throwing in a bit of the Riddlin' Kids over-the-top antics. Opening the show in the *X-Scape Basement* is **Allister**. Taking up residence on Drive-Thru Records, Allister is similar in Top 40 pop drenched guitar chords vocals about heart wrenching breakups. New Found Glory and The Starting Line fans will eat this up. The rest of y'all who demand more fury and power in their punk will want to skip this one.

Saturday 7th : The next big band out of Utah will hopefully be **Starmy**. Doubt me? Listen to Starmy's disc and try to tell me that these guys would wipe the floor with those garage rock wannabes, The Strokes. Starmy would rip those guys to pieces and still look good afterwards for their video shoot. So make sure to cheer on Starmy at *Urban Lounge* for their **Atlantic Records Showcase**.

Opening is **The New Transit Direction**, who front a healthy dose of 1st generation sourding emo-core. Those fans of Drive-Thru records should check out New Transit for an assault of passionate singing that jumps into throat-scalding screaming. Musically the guy's music twists and turns like two snakes fighting each other over a dominant position in a small hunting ground. New Transit will knock the breath away and leave y'all on the ground begging for more.

Tuesday 10th : A group whose name was taking from the best of the Star Wars films, *The Empire Strikes Back*, is the truly hysterical **Nerf Herder**. Their latest *American Cheese* on Honest Don's Records is a sci-fi nerds wet dream. With tracks like 'Mr. Spock' and 'Welcome To My World', the Herder is posed for global domination with hi-tech space laser guitar attack and secret alien codex vocals that hint at the inevitability of Nerf Herders conquest. Be Warned. Nerd Core lives!! Also on the bill that night at *XSCAPE* is **Ultimate Fakebook**, a band that wants to follow in the footsteps of Weezer. Blending cheese metal with nerd pop, these guys are the Winger next to the Molley Crue of Weezer

Thursday 12th : Members of Big Wig make up the stellar group **Near Miss** who will be at *Suite 13*. Making sure that it was worth the long drive for the audience members, Near Miss will kick out the driving buzz saw guitars and melodic vocals for those assembled on front of their stage that night. A band with an amazing amount of energy and explosive enthusiasm, Near Miss's songs off their Fearless Records release will plow through the aural senses of those daring enough to not wear earplugs. Also on the bill is **Knockout**, who will sucker punch any fan of powerful music somewhere in the same vein as Mest, Student Rick, Rise Against, and Showoff. Very hard hitting music with an attitude problem.

Thursday 12th : For those who would rather get out and dance until they puke, check out **Behrouz and M V** at *Club Axis*. In support of the **In House We Trust 2 Tour**, these two D.J.'s will be mixing tribal, deep house, and progressive acid beats for all those who like to fill their head with thunderous

Bass and wake up the next day completely stone deaf.

Friday 13th : It's that time of the month again. **Localized** is a SLUG-sponsored event to help gain attention for local bands through a Friday night showcase at the *Urban Lounge*. Anyone who has attended this event in the past knows that this presentation of talented local music is a good fucking time. The liquor flows and the music crashes. This month SLUG's Localized features **Danny Vesper and the Grandchildren**, **Carlo** and **Nothing Ever**. It's on Friday the 13th of all days and I'll wager a bet that this Localized is a helluva lot more fun then watching the hockey-masked Jason movie reruns on cable that night. Support local music!!

Saturday 14th : Probably one of the coolest shows of the month is at *Urban Lounge*, my favorite new venue to see bands perform. First up is **Coyote Hoods**, a new band with the new guitarist for the Red Bennies, who played in a band from California called Gamarra, and the vocalist / guitarist Dave Payne, also from Red Bennies, who will be playing drums for this band. They describe their music as, "haunting and beautiful music of twisted and broken hearts"

Sounds like an interesting blend of musical talents. Next up is **Stilleto**, a local all girl band made up of Carrie, the bass player from The Wolfs on vocals, Julie from Lovesucker on guitar, Rebecca from Violet Run on drums, and Dave Payne's wife Leena, in her first band, on bass. Stilleto will perform, in actual stilleto heels!, a form of sassy 60's inspired garage hybrid punk rock that they promise will be hot!! And last on the bill is the CD release of **Alchemy**, a noisy deconstructionist band that is somewhere in the middle of Starmy and Erosion, but much more scary.



EL VEZ

try band **Fruit Bats** and the psychedelic epic tranquility pioneered by **National Skyline**. Dreamy tracks of their disc *Empty Rooms* float in the air with beauty and sadness, while noise distortion grapples with twangy slide guitars and pulsating organs. The music is powerful but mellow and engaging to say the least. When this band plays at *Urban Lounge*, it will be hard not to be drawn into the vortex that Canyon creates.

Monday 16th : Oh shit man, I can't wait to be standing in the audience at the *F-Center* with all of West Valley's and Magna's mullet-wearing thirty year-olds, decked out in my tight ripped up acid washed jeans waiting for **Def Leppard** to hit the stage. Mark my words, it is only a matter of time until every dance club and radio stations will hearken back to a time when guitar solos sounded the same, women had big hair and the men had even bigger, and illicit sex was the topic of every song!! Now that's what I'm talking about!

Wednesday 18th : Playing tonight is the Latin lover **El Vez**, singing all the Elvis songs in Spanish and performing all the moves on stage. In the tradition of the great one's recording career, El Vez has released an entire disc full of Christmas songs just in time for the holidays. He will be showcasing these festive hits at the *Zephyr Club* for a tour entitled "Snow Way Jose". Make sure to bring the gifts for a man who proclaims that, "This Christmas would be blue without you."

Thursday 19th : For those old enough to remember the crazy pagan performances by Crash Worship, or those who wish they had seen them, then don't miss **Scot Jenerick** at *Urban Lounge*. Jenerick uses handmade blowtorches to set his instruments on fire. These instruments are made up of sheet metal and oil drums on which Jenerick literally bangs on to make a unique "industrial" sound. Watching Jenerick pound his fist on flaming sheets of metal, build and play percussive fireball cannons, and strip paint at fifty feet with a flame throwing instrument should spike the curiosity of any individual, pyromaniac or not.

GALLERY STROLL

WITH MARIAH MANN

Friday 20th: **The Bastard Sons of Johnny Cash** are coming back and they have two discs full of great honky-tonk compositions to showcase in front of the audience at the *Zephyr Club*. Their latest, *Distance Between* is full of powerful raw emotions. Acoustic guitar backed by a steel guitar rolls like a galloping horse, juxtaposed with a rockabilly inspired bass fits together like a classic Chevy, beautiful and built to last, giving the band staying power with the average listener.

Sunday 22nd: When a band describes itself as Goth Metal band, I start to get scared. In the case of locals **Absinthe**, it works with stunning results. Think of a cross between the dark artful styles of Bauhaus and "Anti-Christ Superstar" era Marilyn Manson with maybe a nudge by Godflesh. Absinthe grinds out the metal chords with a creative divulging in the pitch blackness of carnal and primitive music. They will be playing at the *Manhattan Club* as part of their **Fetish Night**. The perfect soundtrack for people who equate pleasure with pain, or love mixing the bizarre with desires of the flesh.

Tuesday 31st: Big surprises for New Years Party revelers who want to dare



CIRCUS CONTRAPTION

the freezing-ass cold in search of open air live music with plenty of drunken festivity. For the **First Night Party** downtown SLUG is sponsoring an **Alternative Stage** which will feature such outstanding local acts, such as **Stormy, The Wolfs, & Redd Tape** that the citizens who naively attend this stage will be in danger of spontaneously combusting. The rest of us will be dancing in a drunken swagger after partaking of too much Bailey's Coffee and Irish Crème in preparation for another goddamn New Year.

Tuesday 31st: After spending the early evening at SLUG Mag's Alternative Stage, then y'all have two choices as to how to spend the final hours of New Years Eve. The first choice is taking **The Wolfs** at the *Urban Lounge*. Rumor has it that this will be the band's new CD release party (cross your fingers!). After having heard **The Wolfs** new songs live, I'm proud to say that they are some of the band's finest work ('O Cigarette' fuckin' rocks!!). Taking the 60s inspired garage rock to larger highs, **The Wolfs** are the ultimate party band for those who like to dance to simple but progressive melodies that get the body orgasming to the masterful. Check out their first two EPs and then pray that New Year's will culminate with brand new recorded tracks by **The Wolfs** for home consumption after the hangover wears off the next day.

Tuesday 31st: The other possibility for New Years Eve after partaking of SLUG Mag's Alternative Stage earlier in the evening is taking the bizarre antics of **Circus Contraption** at *Club Axis*; complete with act like "Beer, Bread, and Cheese", an insect-tamer act, a shadow puppet rendition of a drunken animal song, a glow-ball juggling act, a "spank the audience" game show, and other nutty performances. The group best describes it as, "crawling into the deep recess of child psychology; twisting traditional circus art". Delightfully sinister live music performed by the troupe using traditional instruments and vaudeville inspired songs compositions.

Whatever the plan, may y'all have a fun but safe night of drunken mayhem and have a fucking good New Year 2003. May it be better than the last, with a shitload of great shows.

Those clever local artists are up to it again, and they have figured out a way for you to give that special person in your life a completely original present: the gift of art. The month of December is never like the rest of the lazy daisy months of the year; it's a little different, and so is the Gallery Stroll. Normally held on the third Friday of the month, the galleries know that December is just too busy, so the official Gallery Stroll, aka the Holiday Stroll, will be held on the first Friday of December, December 6th. Some of the shows run all month for those last minute shoppers and, alas, some will run one night only. I have included a guide to where, when and how long.

Art Access, located at 339 West Pierpont Avenue, will host its annual HOLIDAY GROUP EXHIBITION SHOW. It will feature local artisans **Lee Dillon, Dennis Papworth, Maria Elen De Avila, Bonnie Sussec, Kurt and Rebecca Knudsen, Marcee, Blackerby, Downy Doxey-Marshall, Jeronimo Lozano, Jamaica Trinnaman, April Motley, Heidi Moller Somsen, Anthony Siciliano, Harry Taylor, Brian Kershnik and Joe Adams**. A special Art Access Christmas tree will be on display created by Jean Irwin. That is a lot of talented artists in one room! I would suggest a nice kaleidoscope or hanging glass for that hard to shop for person. This show runs until December 20th with the main reception during the Holiday Stroll on December 6th.

Walk of Shame Studio, located at 351 West Pierpont Avenue, is celebrating its second year as a local studio and source for the local artists to display their work on Gallery Stroll. The three wise men who put this all together are **Derek Mellus, Alex Ferguson and Erik Delphenich**. These gentlemen have been a large source of inspiration to the local artists, always putting themselves out there for the art community and never taking a commission. In the true spirit of the Walk of Shame, a Holiday Celebration for all the Gallery Strollers will be held one night only, December 6th, 6pm to 10pm.

Finch Lane, aka The Art Barn, located at 54 Finch Lane, celebrates the nineteenth anniversary of the ever so popular HOLIDAY CRAFT EXHIBIT AND SALE with handmade work by over five-dozen local artists and artisans. **The Park Gallery**, located in the lower level of Finch Lane, has been transformed into an emporium of jewelry, glass, pottery, wearable art, ornaments and accessories. In the main level of the gallery they will continue to display the photographs and photo silk-screened works by **Dan Arsenault** and the oil painting of **Jeff Clark**. If you were not able to attend the opening on November 22nd, make this part of your trip to the Art Barn. The Holiday Craft Exhibit opens Gallery Stroll night from 6pm to 9pm, and will run Saturday and Sunday from 1pm to 7pm until December 22nd.

Angles Coffee and Deli, located at 511 West and 200 South, has a whole month of local art planned. The month's shows start with an interactive exhibit where December 6th Gallery Strollers are invited to write or draw on blackboards for World AIDS Day. Local artists have also been invited to express their wishes on World AIDS Day in the same medium. The collection will then be donated for charity. What better to do on Friday the 13th than a NIGHTMARE BEFORE CHRISTMAS SHOW. Local tattoo artist **Alex Hinton** has a vast collection of eerie and sometime controversial art. The Nightmare Before Christmas show is a week-long event. On December 20th, Angles will focus on last minute gift ideas for the procrastinators like myself including prints, alternative Christmas cards and other affordable merchandise.

Trasa Urban Arts Collective, located at 741 South and 400 West in the Old Pickle Factory, presents its first one man show! They will present **Bjorn Shuster**, concrete and chrome oil paintings and graphite drawings investigating the new face of our western landscapes. Rather than focusing on the traditional open canyons, red buttes, cowboys and horses, Shuster looks at the new landscape encroaching. Vast networks of multi-lane freeways, overpasses replacing natural arches, these are the images that now define our experience of the west. Shuster's work is not of nostalgic scenes of the west but represent the present, and his investigation is into the beauty of the New West! Bjorn Shuster's work will be on display from 6pm to 10pm on December 13th and 21st.

As always, this is just a limited guide to start you strolling. If you have an upcoming show and would like to tell your friends at SLUG, feel free to email me at mariahm@worldstrides.com

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The Ghetto Gourmet- Volume 2

Welcome to the Ghetto Gourmet, SLUG magazine's monthly chronicle of ultra-affordable dining solutions around SLC. Angela, SLUG's editor-in-chief, will generously tap the SLUG piggy bank every month in hopes of nourishing my malnourished mouth as well as offering solutions to silence the grumbings from the stomachs of struggling college students, gutter punks, homeless, and other degenerates of SLC.

This month's featured grub shack, **Cher's Delicatessen**, is a family-owned establishment located at 300 South, 219 East.

Cher's especially caters to the carnivorous crowd, with an assortment of lunch meat possibilities. Daily sandwich specials rotating between tuna, liverwurst, egg salad, ham, turkey and salami mildly dent the pocket-book at \$1.39 for "regular size" and \$1.69 for "hero size." For only 60 cents more (that's \$2.29 for anyone who sucks at math as badly as I do), corned beef or roast beef are also reasonable options. With the exception of cheese, which costs 20 cents extra, limitless lettuce, tomato, onion, olives, and jalapeno peppers can be stacked as high as your shriveled stomach will allow.

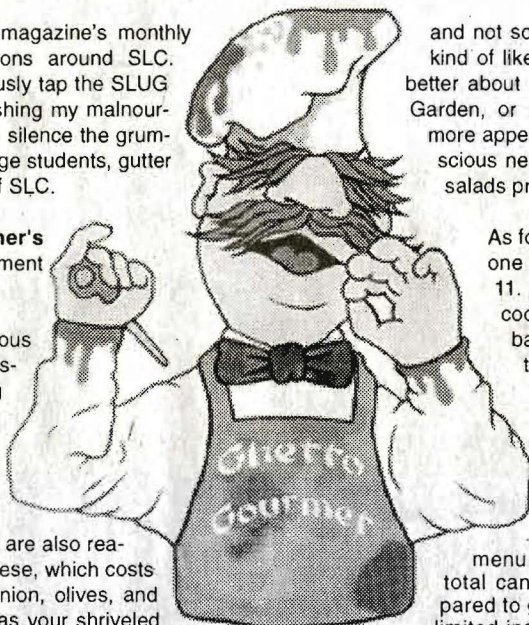
Aside from hefty hero sandwiches, fresh sushi is prepared daily. For only \$2.99, a portion consisting of eight "California rolls" can easily become two satisfying meals. Honestly, the price does no justice to the tastiness of the sushi. Yeah, a little soy sauce is necessary, but for god's sake, \$2.99 for sushi! And to top it off, the fish is prepared by a pro from Asia

and not some greasy teen from Sandy...what a steal! It's kind of like experiencing *real* Italian food. Would you feel better about eating rigatoni boiled by Joe Smith at the Olive Garden, or do Mama Rosa's homemade meatballs sound more appealing?!? By the way, vegans and the health conscious need not worry. Sizable portions of rice and large salads provide inexpensive vegetarian choices.

As for the goodies selection, you could easily mistake one little corner of **Cher's** for the snack section at 7-11. A number of possibilities from macadamia nut cookies to Doritos, blueberry muffins to Snickers bars, and countless others await your journey to the checkout register. The drink selection is as plentiful as the snack racks-milk, juice, water, soda, energy drinks-you name it...thirst is not an option!

Assuming you take full advantage of the daily specials, a sandwich, cookie and drink will only cost around \$3.00. Even if you opt for menu choices outside of the specials, your meal total can easily stay under \$5.00. Ultimately, be prepared to grab your order to go because seating is rather limited inside the deli.

Besides great prices and quality food, there hasn't been a visit to **Cher's** without receiving a friendly smile on the way in or out. Courtesy goes a long way with the **Ghetto Gourmet**, but cheap, tasty food goes even further. So regardless of whether your broke, hungry, or a combination of both, do your bank account a favor and eat at **Cher's Deli**.



by Jenna

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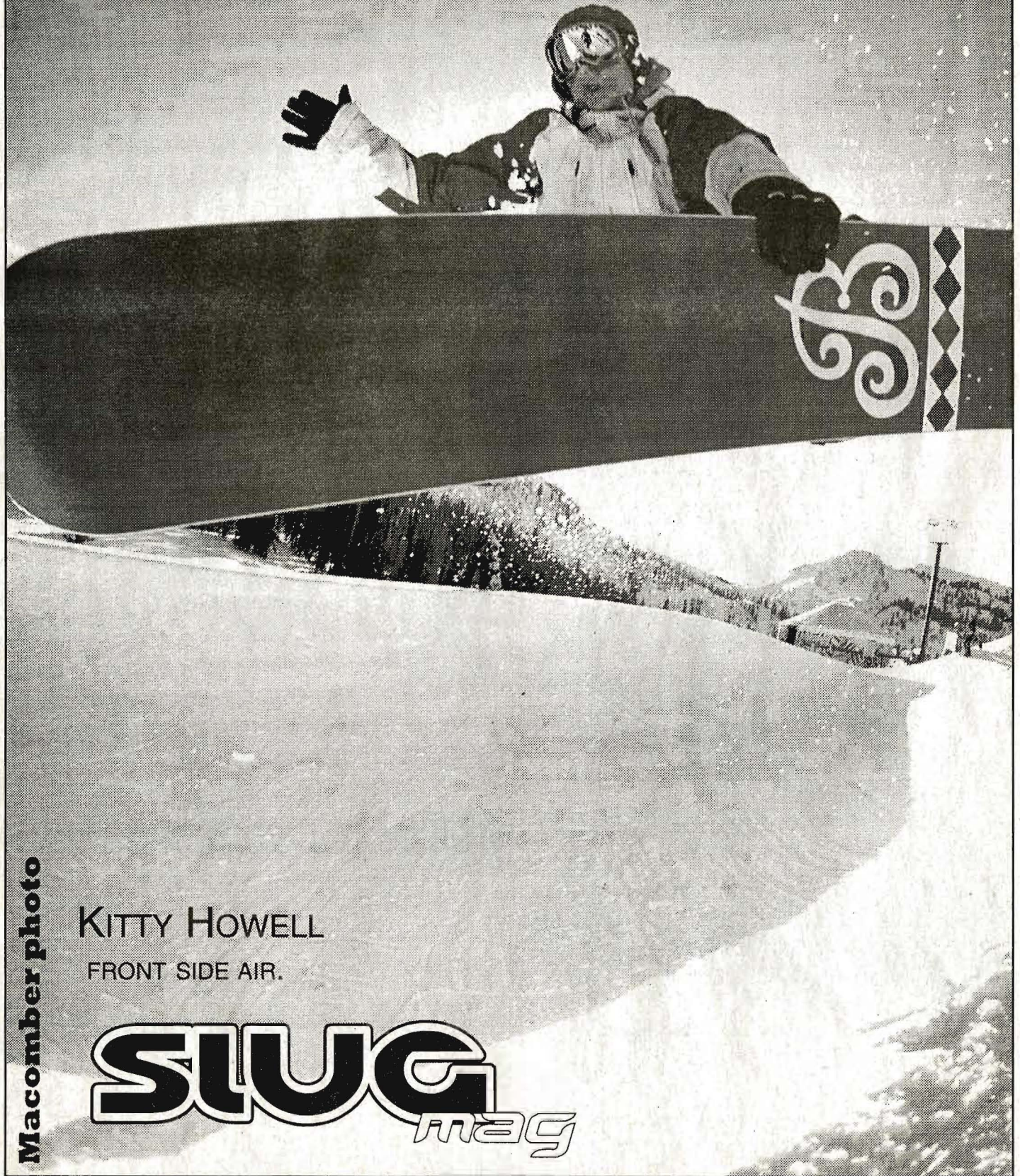
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Macomber photo

KITTY HOWELL
FRONT SIDE AIR.

SLUG
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Resorts
Buy Pros...**

**Our
Mountain
Grows Them.**



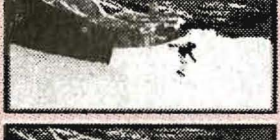
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Fresh and Tasty. Hips That Rip. Jessica Dalpiaz. Third One is A Charm

An Interview by Dick Rivers



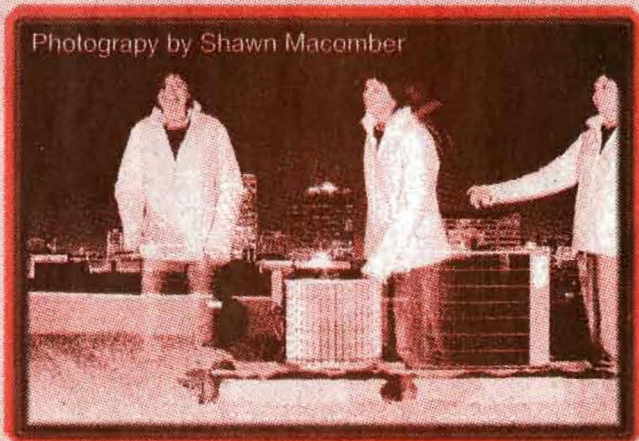
It's a damn small world. Back in the late 60s, Jessica's father was flying a Navy helicopter to a space capsule splashdown site with none other than my father in the back, ready to jump out and help the astronaut. Now, thirty-something years later, the pilot's daughter and the SEAL's son are sitting down together for an interview.

Jessica Dalpiaz is the most recent addition to the Park City All-Stars Snowboard Team. She joins other well-respected local riders such as **Jeremy Jones, Chris Coulter** and **J.P. Walker**. "I'm really stoked to even have my name associated with them in some form. They are the best of the best." The All-Stars all get to design their own signature rails and of hers Jessica says, "Well, I knew the boys were going to do something gnarly, so I wanted to do something that everyone could hit...something that everyone could practice new tricks on and it wouldn't be gnarly or anything. I wanted it to be like a real handrail. You know how park rails are always flat and wide as sidewalks? It's round like a handrail and it's shaped like a handrail. It's about 5' flat and 7' down. It's just a basic handrail." I asked her if it had a name yet, something like the 'kick-ass blaster' and she replied, "Maybe after I hit it a few times I'll tell you what the name is. It will probably be more like 'The Up-My-Asser.' No, just kidding. The artwork will have something to do with it." Jessica's friend Kami Wilde is going to paint the wood under the rail. "Maybe a cityscape-type-thing. I'm not sure."

In the past few years, Park City Mountain Resort (PCMR) has evolved and realized that snowboarding is here to stay. This year is no different, and PCMR has upped the ante. "I'm excited about a resort in Utah actually realizing the benefits that snowboarders have given to them for so many years and putting the effort into giving something back. Finally, someone is trying to make an effort to do what has needed to be done here for YEARS. Everyone knows how ridiculous it's been." The snowboard parks in Utah have been a joke for quite some time now. PCMR is about to deliver the punch line. "There's something like 30 rails! I think there's going to be a gnarly park and another mellower park. It's going to be a good mix." PCMR has hired **Jim Mangan** (check out the interview in November's SLUG) to perform the makeover. "From what people have seen Jim do before, I think it's going to be really cool. He really knows how to build parks. It should flow really well...a little more exciting than what Utah has to offer now."

Jessica has been snowboarding for 12 years and rides for **Roxy, Gnu, Vans, Dakine, Roxy Eyewear, Eden Ink** and **Blindside**. She and a few friends also formed Headlight Productions and are making their first snowboarding film, *Shot in the Dark*. Some of her other interests include "any kind of outdoor things...I like to play, watercolor and decorate my house." She would definitely rather read the book than see the movie because "the movie never tells the whole story."

Photography by Shawn Macomber



By Chris Disabato

Rails Don't Just Grow On Trees

Taking things for granted can be a hard habit to break. Case in point: A trip to Park City Mountain Resort. Odds are, the majority of winter riders expect most aspects of their day on the hill to go over without a hitch. For example, who wouldn't expect things like lifts, food services, hot tubs, and flowing beer taps to operate flawlessly. We all have to remember, however, these functions of the mountain resort experience could not take place without diligent and responsible individuals behind the scenes. The same holds true for our beloved terrain parks. Our halfpipes, funboxes, and rails don't magically appear as the first snowfall coats the Wasatch. There aren't jars labeled "Magic Rail Seed-Plant in November" resting on shelves in the mountain operations storage shed. So how do jib features find their way into the terrain parks? SLUG caught up with welder and rail creator, Brad Pugh, to figure it out.

One of the most refreshing things about Brad is his passion for riding (skate and snow). He's not one of those 'corporate resort types' who has lost sight of why we lose our minds on powder days.

Brad started out as a sponsored rider for a local shop in his hometown of Flagstaff, Arizona. Shop owner, Brian Harper, would become Brad's mentor into the world of terrain park construction and design. "[Brian] got me into building wooden halfpipes and bowls, and [eventually] led me into welding about four years ago up in Oregon. We built some snowboard rails together and after that he kind of quit doing the snowboarding thing. I went to welding school in Phoenix, AZ, got certified, and decided I wanted to build skateboard parks." While in Oregon, Brad began building rails for Windell's Snowboard Camp at Mt. Hood. Pugh's craftsmanship caught the eye of Park City's Freeride Team Manager, Jim Mangan, and Brad was asked to construct the rails for Park City's monumental terrain park. With the help of local SLC welder Jared Winkler, the entire park looks to reach completion by early December. When asked about any immediate plans after completing the Park City terrain park project, Brad responded, "I was just going to take it easy and ride." Considering the magnitude of the endeavor, it will be a well-earned rest. Teaming up with Winkler could possibly benefit B-RAD Welding (Pugh's company) in the future. Brad explained that although his focus has been geared solely toward the skate and snowboard industries, larger business ventures are a possibility. "Later on in a few years I'll definitely pursue [that option], but right now I basically just want to snowboard and skateboard. My whole goal was to build rails for myself and do photos on them, but it turned into [individuals] and resorts really wanting them. Then, BAM! There's money there, and I can't deny that!" Could anyone deny stacking cash by doing something they love? Hell no!

On behalf of all hardcore riders, a 'thank you' goes out to Brad Pugh (and others) for making rail sessions with our bros possible. If you get the urge to set up your own jib park in the backyard, and need to talk to Brad, look for him in any of Park City's three terrain parks. More than likely, he'll be grinding on his own handiwork all winter long.



Radical Records	5¢ Deposit -CARY FULLMER We Have Your Daughter	5¢ Deposit has been on the scene for years, but just recently signed with Radical Records in August, making this their "official debut," even though they have been on countless compilations and even released a 24-song demo in 2000. If you like MxPx, Screaching Weasel, and the more steady-tempo tunes about drugs, sex and teenage rebellion, then <i>We Have Your Daughter</i> is a wise investment. 5¢ Deposit is one of the few bands doing the whole power pop punk thing very well these days. Although I would have to say that I'm more interested in their carpeted, couched, bedded school bus turned tour bus than I am in their music, I have to admit that it's a solid disc.
Brick Records	7L & Esoteric -CHRIS D Dangerous Connection	By all rights, any hip-hop CD that drops original beats and comes at you with tight, forceful lyrics should be highly regarded. Undoubtedly, MC Esoteric and DJ 7L have refined their respective crafts after ten years on the independent hip-hop scene, but one glaring annoyance mars a potentially fantastic hip-hop release...repetition. The loop "you know what we're here for, lay some treats on us," coming from what sounds like the voice of Fat Albert, is repeated in nearly every joint on the 14 track CD. The loop itself is original, but the redundancy of the loop and its track placement proves a distraction from the ingenuity of <i>Dangerous Connection</i> . In all fairness, I can't and won't trash this Boston duo's second full length release for two reasons: One, you've got to respect the fact that 7L & Esoteric have gained respect and notoriety in a community seemingly accustomed to crumbling under pressure from major labels and corporate glitter. And two, if you listen to the tracks singularly, and are unaware of the annoying repetition, you will find precise music of high quality.
Space Records	A.D.H.D. -NATE Loser Street	People with attention deficit disorder aren't stupid, they just have a hard time concentrating on things. That's the kind of feeling I get when I listen to this album. It's not terrible, but I just can't seem to pay too much attention to it. My mind starts to wander, and sooner than I know it I'm thinking about hot dogs and scratching my ass instead of listening. Wait, what was I saying? Oh yeah. Song titles like "Killing My Bitch" and random chants of "God Bless America" certainly don't help much. A.D.H.D. seem like they were going for a signature TKO type sound, but they fall almost pathetically short. Shit, shit, shit.
Doghouse Records	AK1200 -J-RUSS Shoot to Kill	Unlike fellow Florida breakbeat producers whose technobass bounce beats at booty clubs, AK1200's new full length sounds like a UK producer who is trying to cross over to the US market. AK1200 has been the leading figure for drum 'n' bass/jungle music in Florida, and has gained worldwide respect for his DJ & production skills. He leans heavily on drum'n'bass rhythms throughout the album but adds some heavy-guest artists to mix up the influences. Reggae great Junior Reid brings the rasta vibe on the opening track and goes into one of the best reggae/jungle choruses I've heard. The rest of the album may not have as much soul power, but tracks with "Terra Deva," "Last Emperor" and "Phife Dawg" are great additions to the drum 'n' bass music. The slick hip-hop track at the end adds a nice finishing touch.
Tea Pec Records	The All-American Rejects -MASE Self Titled	B.B. Mak, The Beach Boys, and Blink in a blender. What more could power pop aficionados ask for? I'll tell you. A dashing duo whose prose, lyrical ear, Anniversary-like synth and song-in-your-head melodies combine in this strong debut album for The All-American Rejects. The songs have tendency to get you mindlessly chanting the chorus to your steering wheel while your head stupidly bobs along. Signing last summer to Doghouse with the likes of River City High and The Get Up Kids, the so-called "rejects" have already caught the spotlight on MTV's <i>Undressed</i> , and warmed the crowd for The Flaming Lips. Apparently The Reunion Show bobbed too, they invited the duo for a mid-west tour. Final say: This album is sure to make these guys All-American and all but rejects.
Honest Don's	Bad Astronaut -RYAN M PAINTER Houston: We Have A Drinking Problem	Bad Astronaut is caught between genres. Musically, you can hear the strumming and electronic experimentation of Radiohead or Granddaddy, but their American rock roots, particularly in the vocals, push the band away from further comparisons. The band which features Joey Cape (Lagwagon, Me First and the Gimme Gimmes) on vocals, Marko 72 (Sugarcult, Nerf Herder, Swingin' Utters) on bass and Derrick Plourde (Lagwagon) has expanded since their initial 10 song EP <i>Acrophobe</i> to include four additional members, including producer Angus Cooke, who further pushes towards the space rock electronics, strings and backing vocals elements. The album is a solid bridge between UK and US indie rock, a surprising combination that will please fans who have been waiting for the best of both worlds.
Her Royal Majesty's	Bif Naked -SHAME SHADY Purge	Even if you've never heard of Bif Naked, you've probably heard her feel-good hit from last summer "I Love Myself Today," which General Motors picked up to push their 2003 automobile line. Where Joan Jett meets Blondie with sugar and a cherry on top, this CD is a bad trip through the 80s. Replete with bad new-wave dance tracks, soft cock-rock ballads, bad hair, bad clothes and bad metaphors. "I thought it was my candy but I'm choking on the truth?" She's choking on something, but I'm sure you can't handle the truth. A great gift idea for the teenage mistress or the sister-in-law.
Hemline	Birdsaw -KEVLAR Fainting Room	It's great to see this female-fronted band approach music with an artful, bombastic direction to their music. The music soars with guitars, bass and drums that are both a menacing darkness and a breathtaking beauty. The songs are not built on a simple pop format; instead, the typical song structure builds itself with twists and changes that climb into climactic crescendos. The vocals remind me at times of PJ Harvey, and of Concrete Blonde's vocalist at others. Having seen this band perform live on Halloween at Urban Lounge, I know how much these guys love playing their well crafted music that pulsates as a creature all its own. Their live energy is transferred masterfully onto this disc and is a worthy addition for those who enjoy a hearty female vocalist.
Fearless Records	Brazil -CARY FULLMER Dasein	I know it's sacrilege to compare any band to At The Drive-In, but Brazil's experimentation and completely unique and filling sound really reminds me of ATDI. No, they're not Jets to Brazil, they're Brazil, and no, <i>Dasein</i> is not a made-up word, it's German for "existence." This six-song EP from the band's six members doesn't fall into the rap of many instrumentally experimental emo bands: repetitive, 12-minute long songs void of meaning. It has just enough pop, heavy guitar riffs, voice overs and pianos to keep it interesting and innovative, but not obscure or abstract. Brazil is one of the few bands who can believably call their work "art."

Moontron Records

Campfire Girls

STAKERIZED!

Delongpre

There are legendary addresses in the annals of rock music: the Band's house in Big Pink, the Beatles' London digs and of course Graceland. Then there is the art of self-mythologizing. In the mid-90's, LA band Campfire Girls lived in a house on Delongpre Street, where this album was recorded. The fact that Scott Weiland urged the recording of this set as well as another session in 2000, set for next year's release, tells you more than you need to know about the band. Don't hold that against them. Though this disc sounds a bit dated with its post grunge period angst, it hints at the potential for better things to come. Dirge-y riffs rise to more stirring tempos & volumes. Mondo depresso never completely goes out of style, does it?

Smallman Records

Choke

CARLY FULLMER

There's a Story to This Moral

Say you were playing punk rock Name That Tune. Which element of the band would you listen to to help you win? The lead vocals, right? Cause all the music sounds pretty much the same. Well in the case of Choke, you wouldn't even need the vocals to tip you off. Their rare breed of technical/slow/fast/complex/tempo-changing music stands on its own as the band's most distinguishing feature. If I had to label Choke's inexplicable style, I would call it math screamo, but please tell me I don't have to, because it doesn't feel right to pigeonhole these four Canadians. The two singers are superb and gruff and the drumming is fantastic. This album is great. If you have the means, I recommend picking one up.

Sub Pop

David Cross

STAKERIZED!

Shut Up, You Fucking Baby!

One thing we have retained since 9/11 is our inalienable right to comedy—give me Neil Hamburger or give me death! This is a live double set by one half of the creative team behind Mr. Show—one of the most brilliant comedy shows ever, or at least in the 90's. Some of this is (not quite pants peeing) funny, but Cross is better with an ensemble cast to play off. Irony is a two-edged sword, as his jibe at every crappy performance artist as 'not letting the terrorists win' could be applied to himself. Shots at the Bush administration and its militarism are pointed but not terribly original. He supplies an antidote to Jeff Foxworthy—you might NOT be a redneck even though you are from Atlanta if you just pepper everything with cynical college boy irony. Perhaps fittingly, his funniest stuff is pointing out how fucked up the Bible is. No, YOU shut up!

Go-Kart Records

Daycare Swindlers

CHRIS D

Heathen Radio

Over the past twenty-five years, punk rock has witnessed its share of peaks and valleys involving style and trend changes. The Daycare Swindlers thankfully refuse to conform to the "bubble-gum pop-punk" that has been polluting the airwaves in the recent past. *Heathen Radio*, the band's debut release on Go-Kart Records, revisits a punk style characterized by short, seamless, frenzied auditory onslaughts. Spanning less than thirty minutes, the disc is relatively short for today's usual hour + industry offerings. The Washington D.C. natives undoubtedly make up for it with their balls-out raucous delivery and uncompromising old-school tempo. It's a sound driven by passionate fury shoved right into your ear-hole, urging an active response. The brand of music offered by these vets of the east-coast underground scene makes you want to live hard, ride hard and party hard...just how it should be. Punk rock will never die!!!

Yep Roc Records

The Forty-Fives

KEVLAR?

Fight Dirty

This shit is so sexy good that it makes me want to strip naked and run down the street while singing the words to "Out of my Mind." Seriously folks, this band is one of the best as far as the garage-rock sound goes. Right up there with The Mooney Suzuki, The Boss Martians and The Flaming Sideburns. Funky-rock guitars break into squealing solos that vanquish the memory of cliché-driven 80s glam solos, soulful vocals soar and Hammond organs explode with 60s groove. More soul and rock than all the three Austin Powers movies put together.

MCA

H2O

CARLY FULLMER

All We Want

Ladies and gentleman, what has happened to H2O? I had to listen to it a couple of times to be sure, but yes, in the song "All We Want," the word "shit" is in fact blocked out. I'm not saying that a song has to swear to be good, but I am saying something about artistic integrity. I wish I could tell you that the big bad major label was completely responsible for this watered down excuse for an H2O album, but the truth is that it's been coming for quite awhile. Sorry to all you old school fans, but this album sounds a lot more like the whiny, poppy harmonies of Good Charlotte than the hard, fast H2O we all knew and loved.

Mr. Lady Records

Tami Hart

JAMIE GADETTE

What Passed Between Us

Perhaps if Tami Hart had donned a tie and snarled at the camera, perhaps if she had skateboarded down Sunset Blvd., perhaps then she would have made the cover of *Entertainment Weekly* and blown up the pop world. She didn't though, and now young Avril Lavigne is reaping the benefits for representing the latest wave of female rock. Like Lavigne, Hart jump-started her career before she was legal, recording her first release at eighteen. Mr. Lady Records (responsible for bands reconfigured from riot grrrl remains, i.e. electropunks Le Tigre and Kaia), is the label behind *What Passed Between Us*, thirteen tracks of stripped down melodies anchored to an agenda for clearing the air. This is Hart's chance to get a few things off her chest, and though she seizes the opportunity with gusto, her approach is free of reckless animosity, self-pity or anguished cliché. Hart's not as raucous as her predecessors. "Trapped in Your Blood," "Complication," "Brian Adams" and "Chances Taken" are the only numbers channeling real sonic rage, spitting it out with scratchy vocals, jabbing chords and riffs reminiscent of early Thurston Moore guitar. The remainder of the album drifts into introspective slumber, with songs good to sing when you're breaking someone's heart.

Element 115 Records

Hello Detective

STAKERIZED!

Plastic Hearts EP

Can good music be engineered almost genetically, by just combining whiz kids and hoping that the whole is at least as much as the sum of the individual parts? Short film director Armitage (first names only here) met Kirby, who was en route to a Mensa competition, of all things. Their introduction over the former's Mercury Rev t-shirt is a good reference point, since they share that band's knack for creating evocative sonic topographies of moderately lush instrumentation without leaving melody off the map. This is a good sampling of an 'intelligent' band that bodes well for the future. Having founded their own label, Element 115, in Oklahoma City, a Flaming Lips comparison to the fellow Okies isn't unwarranted either.

Goofin' Records

High Noon

KEVLAR?

What Are You Waiting For?

This is very traditional rockabilly. So traditional in fact, that it might be a hard listen for those who like psychobilly or more electric modern rockabilly. These guys don't even have a drummer, which doesn't really complicate their whole energy or vibe. They have been around for a very long time and it shows in their simple arrangements that are crafted with catchy melodies. Unfortunately, the disc suffers from too many slow honky-tonkish tracks that are kind of limp and dry. This kind of unevenness complicates the whole disc, which has great tracks but loses a lot of the enjoyment due to mediocre slow songs. Those greasers who really like the hop sound of traditional rockabilly will dig this. Personally, I'll stick with Cave Catt Sammy, he writes better songs.

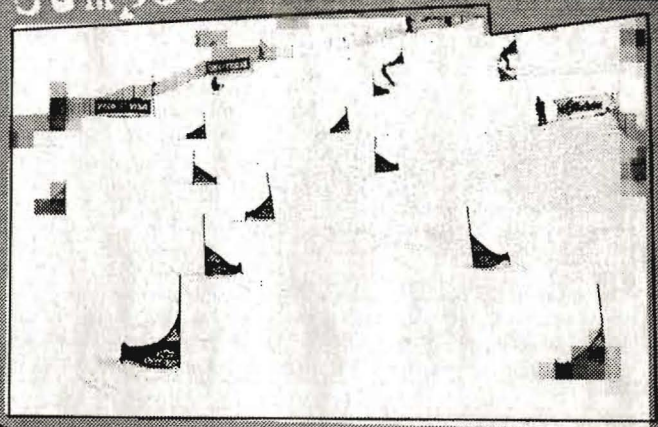
Absolutely Kosher Records	The Jim Yoshit Pile-up CARLY FULLMER Homemade Drugs	There's not enough sound coming out of my speakers when I listen to this record, especially considering that there are at least two guitarists in this five-piece band. The lyrics are very good, deep and depressing, but the accompanying music doesn't hold my attention or beg me to listen to the next track. This album would be great background music for one of those really artsy, depressing movies or documentaries about how much life sucks for college graduates and cappuccino junkies that live in coffee shops. The vocals sound a little like The Dismemberment Plan, which is a good thing, but overall, I'm gonna have to say that you shouldn't buy this record if you've had any sort of depressive episodes in your past, unless you're begging for a relapse.
	Mike Johnson JAMIE GADDETT What Would You Do	Mike Johnson opened for Doug Martsch at the former Built to Spill frontman's most recent Salt Lake appearance. In the dugout of Club Xscape, the former Dinosaur Jr. bass player lulled an audience of mellow hipsters into a hypnotic state of affection. This man must gargle with rocks before performing. His voice drags heavy, emitting sounds that reach your stomach before they find your ears. I can picture him harmonizing in a bar with Tom Waits in a battle of the gruffest, competing for doldrums supremacy. Though bone-chilling vocals are certainly the most provoking element of his performance, Johnson also plays a mean guitar. The few departures from foreboding aural orchestra on his fourth solo effort feature the licks of a shred artist: speed and fuzz, definite feedback and stellar sustain. Most of the songs do tend to trudge down a path thick like molasses, sinking into the echo-oriented ambience of an organ/pedal-steel combo. In answer to the query posed in the title, I imagine I would put this record on when the rain starts to fall. It's a sultry soundtrack to gray fog days, composed by someone less intent on finding the silver lining than telling it how it is. In the cavern of his music you'll find comfort, but be prepared to face the accompanying pain.
Up Records	Knockout CARLY FULLMER Searching For Solid Ground	Knockout as in, "He got knocked out and leveled to the ground?" Or Knockout as in, "Wow, she's a knockout!?" I think that both the positive and negative interpretations of this band's name are accurate. On one hand, you have a very typical, cookie cutter, pop-punk band with textbook harmonies and vocals reminiscent of The Starting Line. (Knocked out and leveled to the ground). On the other hand, you have a high-energy, tight, catchy collection of songs that even experiment a little with traditional tempo and key changes. (Wow, what a knockout). Honestly, the CD starts to get on your nerves towards the end, but it's good quality pop-punk that I would love to see live and sing every word to. PS-The artwork for this record is superb.
Fearless Records	Liar's Academy CARLY FULLMER Trading My Life	I love EPs. They're a light serving of four to six songs that are easy to digest yet substantial enough to temporarily satiate your hunger for good music. Tonight's EP appetizer is brought to you by the former members of Cross My Heart and Strike Anywhere. They have collaborated to create an amazing four-song snippet, a precursor to tantalize your taste buds and prepare you for the main course full-length album due out early next year. This EP steams with melody, drips with pop sensibility and crunches with just enough edge to make the songs more than poppy emo, but less than punk. The title track is my favorite, and a song about a twist to the cliché ending to relationships, "It's Not Me, It's You," takes a close second.
Equal Vision Records	Loudermilk KEVLAR The Red Record	Listen hear kiddies, y'all heard it hear first. My prediction is that in the next, ohh... five years, eighties glam rock will make a comeback. Think I'm joking? Take for example this disc. Loudermilk, stupid name aside, produce glossy top forty power ballads and metal-influenced rockers. Even the lead singer has the Vince Neil delivery. Unfortunately, what kills the record is that the band is so set in writing a hit single that they have done what killed so many heavy-metal hair bands in the end: saccharine and bubblegum. The danger element is taking out by slow songs that showcase the bands "sensitive" side. Hey man, I though sensitivity burned out with shitty nasally emo. If these guys concentrated more on writing for themselves and not for record exec's in suits, these guys would be a top notch rock band, like other major label retro-metal outfit Beautiful Creatures. Instead, Loudermilk is just inexcusable shit that should be passed up by music realists.
Dreamwork Records	MC Paul Barman J-RAPS Pauellulujah	The MC Paul Barman comes fresh with his clownin': over-intelligent nerd raps, annoying east coast jewish white guy voice, and circusfunk/soul/hip-hop? beats on his first full-length album. Discovered and produced by the legendary leftfield hip-hop producer Prince Paul (from Stetsasonic, De La Soul, Gravediggaz, etc.), MC Paul Barman delivers some of the wackiest rhymes ever. He claims to be the first rapper to incorporate palindromes into his verse and rhymes about everything from serious topics like school reform and the war on terror to juvenile topics like screwing celebrities, burping and farting. On the first listen, this album was hard to get through. His dorky voice and dorkier subject matter was hard for me to swallow, but suprisingly enough, I found myself craving repeated listens. Maybe it's the unappealing nature of this album that I found appealing. I also like that he doesn't try to be black. Wiggas beware.
Coup d'Etat	Mike V & the Rats DAD COOL Self-titled	It's official, y'all, there's a hardcore revolution brewin' from the mountains to the prairies, to the land of Mickey Mouse. Skate rats, Mike Valley, Jason Hampton, PT and Gish be kickin' out the jelly oldschool stylee. With their tough-guy belligerence, intimidating lyrics and radical 'spirituality,' these bruisers bear more than a passing resemblance to Rollins Band. More precisely, Mike V is a dead-ringer for Henry Rollins. Track 2, "Another City", with its angst ridden spoken word intro, and track 3, "Never Give Up," with its 'I'll beat your punk ass' vibe, would be at home on any Rollins Band record. But dread not, no Rollins Band song has attained the pummeling precision that Mike V & the Rats deliver with a fierce flair on this short but brutally sweet debut. Stuff this in your stocking and smoke it! It was punk music that inspired Mike to become a Pro Skater and now he's come full circle, perhaps to inspire a new generation.
Indecision Records	Mississippi Fred McDowell & Johnny Woods MONKEY 33 Mama Says I'm Crazy	I just assume y'all know about Fat Possum Records and what they've done to bring truly great blues from the backwoods of the south to the forefront of all music scenes. On November 12th they released <i>Mama Says I'm Crazy</i> from Mississippi Fred McDowell featuring his long time pal on harmonica, Johnny Woods. This is the first in a Fat Possum series of recordings made in the 60s and 70s from the archives of George Mitchell. No other blues artist was as much of a direct influence on R.L. Burnside and Fat Possum Records in general, than Mississippi Fred. The album is full of cool, laid back, classic old blues with regretful vocals, bottleneck-style guitar playing, and Wood's relentless harmonica, all recorded at McDowell's home in 1967. It's ironic; this amazing blues from the past riddled with experience in despair is so refreshing you can't help feel things could be on the upswing. Even though this recording is 35 years old, I can honestly say it is still the best new release of 2002.
Fat Possum		



2002 SUPERSTARS

ROSS POWERS
 JJ THOMAS DANNY KASS
 KELLY CLARK CHRIS KLUGE

Scheduled to Compete!



DEC. 19 FOG

9:00 A.M. start - CB'S RUN

DEC. 20 SUPERPIPE

9:00 A.M. - 3:00 P.M.
 SUPERPIPE QUALIFIERS

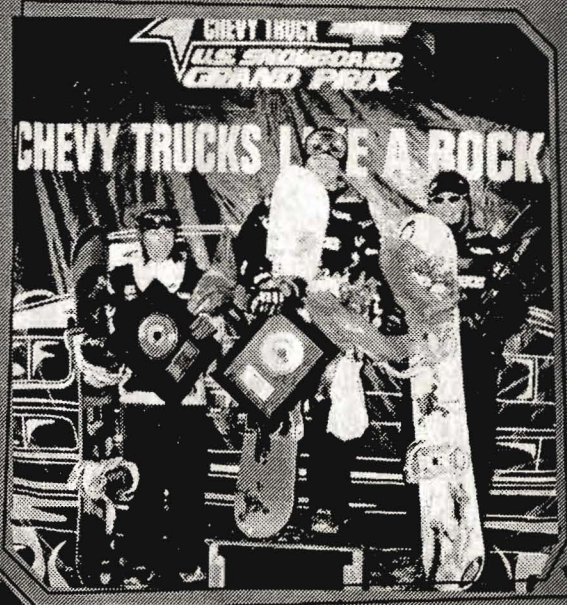
5:30PM - 6:30PM

SPECIAL PERFORMANCE BY THE
RED HOT CHILI PEPPERS

7:00PM - 9:00PM SUPERPIPE FINALS
 TICKETS AVAILABLE AT SLUGMAG.COM OR 800.688.1155

DEC. 21 JIB JAM

12 P.M. - 3 P.M. at the Eagle Arena



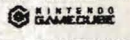
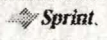
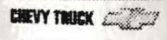
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DEC. 19-21 2002



12/21 10PM EST + ESPN 1/29 3PM EST



Fat Possum	Mustard Plug Yellow #5 <small>CAREY FULLMER</small>	This album is nothing special. It's something to skank around in your bedroom and tap your feet to, but it feels to me like Mustard Plug has stopped evolving. They found a good thing about three albums ago: ska rhythm guitar, sporadic horn lines, Less Than Jake-ish vocals, and they're sticking to it. The fast funk bass line on "You Want It, We Got It" is definitely something different for the six-piece, but other than that, there aren't really many changes to the repertoire. Come on guys, music is about evolution. Strain yourselves a little.
Fearless Records	Near <small>CHRIS D</small>	The Gentle Art of Making Enemies <i>The Gentle Art of Making Enemies</i> is a spirited representation of refined skate punk. Many of the tracks have a sense of radio friendliness, yet maintain the raw energy necessary to keep from labeling them just another punk 'boy band.' Just when you think you've heard it all before, Near Miss twists their delivery into something all together appealing and uplifting. Without a doubt, Fearless Records did the right thing by signing these kids. Let me put it this way, if a punk band evokes emotions of grinding rails and dropping 30 ft. cliffs into a sea of Wasatch powder, they kick ass! The only thing missing from Near Miss is a live show in S.L.C.
Vagrant Records	Rocket From the Crypt <small>KEVLAR</small>	Live From Camp X-Ray Pure rock n' roll, ladies and gentlemen. Arguably not as kick-ass as Rocket's last disc, <i>Group Sounds</i> , but still worth every penny of the purchase price. Rocket shines with some of the most greaser-influenced intricate guitar chords, with the horns (sax and trumpet), placing more thunderous depth to the tracks on this disc. Through the many bombastic songs, it becomes apparent that these guys mean business when it comes to destroying the stagnation of emo, nu-metal and pop-punk in the music world. This six-piece band has been around for a long time and they know how to write rock sounds that are full of energy and amazing progressions. On this latest release, it's easy to see that they still reign as the kings of rock n' roll.
Ipecac	Ruins <small>DAVEY PARISH</small>	Tzomborgha Within <i>Tzomborgha's</i> Asian-ancient-ruin-themed photography, the Japanese duo of drummer Ichiraku Suzuki & Totsyuda Koizumi, as Ruins, return to their past of an almost 20 year history together and remind us of how they simultaneously reinvented themselves and developed a unique and influential sound. That sound is a Noh theater narrative of madness, in a punk-jazz stream of consciousness. Makes absolutely perfect sense that it's on Mike Patton's label.
Good Ink Records	Shuggie <small>JAMIE GADSDY</small>	What It Is... And How to Get It Picture this: two newly graduated roommates trying to make it in the big city. One is from the Midwest. He's naive and easily persuaded to indulge in any wacky brainstorm the other might conjure up in order to pay for their oversized apartment. Cut to lead-in. Roommates and compadres frolic to a soundtrack provided by Shuggie. The Seattle based quartet makes music fitted for sitcoms. Power pop and generic vocals are pasted together like travel mad-libs. This band churns out songs that are neither offensive nor memorable. Their sound has been described as good ol' rock and roll, a reference that apparently views classic rock as simplistic music for a nation kicking back cold ones. If I wanted to do that, I'd put on some Lynyrd Skynyrd. Appealing and catchy, they'll have you bouncing 'round the room like a Kewpie doll as you wonder what it might be like to live in a Technicolor existence. However, if you're searching for something comparable with a bit more substance, you might want to rifle through the used section for guilty pleasures found in the likes of Cheap Trick.
Thirsty Ear Records	Marky Ramone and the Speed Kings <small>KEYLAK</small>	Legends Bleed If Joey and Dee Dee could hear this they would turn over in their grave. What is most disgraceful is how the band uses the Marky Ramone name to push the band. Granted he is the drummer, but with the way the title of the record and all of the pictures of Marky are presented, you would think he would have a bigger role in the band. Alas, no. And that is what pisses me off. It's almost capitalizing on the Ramones to push the Speed Kings. Still, if one can get over that hump, (I can't), they do write after-burner rock n' roll with a metal/punk rock tip, with tracks like "Fuck Shit Up," "Burning Rubber," "Fuck Me," "Beaver On My Mind" and "Weenie Hair." But, then the band further exploits the Ramones by closing the disc with four live Ramones songs. That's just not cool. Maybe they should say, "Hey, we're the Speed Kings! Marky Ramone happens to be our drummer. And we like to play a couple of Ramones songs, but only 'cause we like 'em, not because Marky is in the band." Rest easy Joey and Dee Dee.
Touch and Go Records	The Standard <small>KEYLAK</small>	August Beauty and sadness. Larger-than-life music that taps feelings of pure emotion. The Standard's music is deceiving, in a good way. Their songs build with momentum in mind. A majority of their tracks start out really slow and mellow, then suddenly kick into gigantic sagas that make the heart swoon and skip a beat. Keyboards add subtle depth to The Standard's music, giving more weight to the entire compositions. The sensitive vocals never become cheesy, and are breathtaking enough to bury any comparison to emo. Instead, the similarities to epic math-induced rock bands like Juno, Shiner, Hum and Sunny Day Real Estate come to mind.
Anticon	Themselves. <small>CHRIS D</small>	the no music Themselves. are doseone and jel, two kids from the Midwest (Cincy and Chi-town) who have transplanted to California in search of artistic freedom. The experimental menagerie grinding from jel's drum machine coupled with doseone's chaotic delivery produce a sound teetering on the verge of electronic psychedelia amidst dark, head-bopping hip hop. The two artists are members of the anticon. family- an 8 member collaboration fully encouraged from within to explore realms of singular expression. Although the sound and style of Themselves. is hard to grasp and at times hard to appreciate due to its complexity, the music is undoubtedly the kind of expression that cannot be disregarded. Having toured with the likes of dj spooky, dj krush and Atmosphere attests to the ingenuity these kids bring to the table. Look for the functional dysfunction of Themselves. sometime this fall during their world tour.
Pigpile Records	Three Day Threshold <small>KEYLAK</small>	Behind the Barn Working with the bluegrass, honky-tonk, rockabilly model, this four-piece takes all those elements and incorporates them with banjo and guest musicians who play fiddles, slide guitars and harmonicas. Great southern-fried music for drinking PBR and Nat'y Light to. Songs like "Rock N' Roll Country Music," "Pub With No Beer," "Black River Gold" and a fiery remake of the traditional swagger, "Drunken Sailor." Kick-ass songs that get the juices pumping and the liquor flowing.

Aezra Records

The Toadies

—SHAME SHADY— **Live From Paradise**

Live from Paradise? Where's the joke, yo? Don't fail to recognize that I'm a Toadies fan so I reserve the right to beg to differ. When I first heard this advance sampler, I figured it was a bootleg. It's a prime example of what not to do on a 'live' record: suck total ass. Todd, man, what did you do with all the money your mom gave you for singing lessons, bro'? Is this why the band broke up? If Rollins is correct (and he usually is) and 'live' is the only way to know for sure, then it's probably just as well that the Toadies called it quits. Sorry dudes, but if this is what it sounds like in Paradise - I'll see you in Hell!

Hellcat Records

The Transplants

—NATE— **Self-Titled**

Tim Armstrong is about the closest thing that I have to a hero, so I can honestly say that it pains me to write this review. In case you're an idiot, Tim fronts Rancid and played guitar for the legendary Operation Ivy. If you're not an idiot, you already knew that. Anyways, this CD pretty much sucks. Tim, Travis Barker, and newcomer vocalist Bob Aston have put together a disc that is neither interesting nor exciting. Many of Rob's vocals sound ridiculously similar to gangster rap, which may go over well in the ghetto stylee district, but just don't float my boat. The only real vocal highlights are when Tim sings (do I sound biased? I am), but even then it just sounds like Rancid rehashed. I hoped for reconciliation through at least one of the many guest appearances on the album, but they all seem too little, too late. Davey Havoc is unimpressive, Matt Freeman's basslines are lost underneath the (ugh) drum loops and mixes, and Brody Armstrong utters but a few words. The one decent guest appearance is made on track four by Son Doobie of Funk Doobiest, who's smooth style flows nicely over the repetitive beats. Nice try, guys. Don't quit your day jobs.

Drag City

Mick Turner

—STAKERIZED!— **Moth**

Turner is known for his fretwork in the Dirty Three, one of those bands that are like the musical equivalent of cinematography slowed down to a snail's pace, letting every flicker of sunlight dance in the air as if suspended from a string. This opus, entitled "Moth Parts 1-11" doesn't include much in the way of explanation, or really require any. Some of it sounds like he's just tuning up, but then he can do more just picking up the instrument than many artists can with their entire repertoire. The texture on this album is so placid you could just about hear a moth take wing. This is the perfect background music for you to write your bad poetry to. On the minus side, to quote a Mr. Show sketch, friends don't make friends pay to watch them dick around on the guitar.

Volcom Records

Vaux

—KEYLAB— **On Life: Living EP**

Twisted. Bent. Disjointed. Descriptive words for the sound of the four songs on this powerful EP. Harmonic, passionate vocals accented by grinding guitars are backed with some amazingly complex and frantic drum work. Reminiscent of the bands Fairweather and Open Hand, Vaux blends epic aggression with sensitive and harmonious noise. Not to be easily dismissed as second-rate cliched emo-core, Vaux takes these sounds and makes it their own, shining greatly with the recorded outcome. If this is a sign of future discs by the band, then I greatly look forward to their work in the music world. Apparently, these guys tour like crazy and come to this state quite frequently. If their live performance is just as powerful as this disc, then Vaux is a band that must not be missed.

Self-Sister Foundation

We Ragazzi

—STAKERIZED!— **The Ache**

The Italian name translates roughly as "we boys," and there is a boyish enthusiasm and charm in their sound, but also a sophistication. Perhaps it's the pairing of jagged guitars with fluid keyboard lines, or the lyrics of songs like "I Want You 2 Love Me So Much I Can't Stand Up," "Forever In the First Stages of Love" and the title track.

They have found the knack of communicating that adolescent ache that some of us never shake. A favorite of the "Chicago non-angular music scene," this band is emotional without being emo.

Absolutely Kosher

Xiu Xiu

—DAVEY PARISH— **Chapel of the Chimes**

Xiu Xiu set out to carve sonic razor cuts into your ear in a 5-song EP of suicidal dance hits. A wide palette of minor key classical instrumentations soak through a gauze of musique concrete, covering the fresh, sticky wound caused by the vocals. It's got the loner appeal of a Syd Barrett as produced by a young, aspiring John Cale courting the Casio jesters. Throw on a giddily neurotic Joy Division cover ("Ceremony") to come down from the carbon monoxide haze of the crash course in desolation.

Kung-Fu Records

The Vandals

—NATE— **Sweatin' to the Oldies**

I tend to shun most technological advances, mostly because they usually aren't really advances: they just turn out a new, expensive, high-tech version of the same shit that was already there. Of course, there are exceptions to every rule, and the exception to my technological cynicism is that of DVDs. I love 'em. The sound and picture are so much better, there's no rewinding, and bonus features almost always offer some sort of entertaining supplemental information. Such is the case with this DVD. If you like the Vandals, then you've seen the original VHS version of this video released in 1993. This new DVD version puts the first to shame. Sure, the new version has all of the same songs, the same dances, and the same butt bongos as the VHS, but it also has hilarious outtakes, insightful band commentary, and Joe's entire interview with Bjork. The only real disappointing aspect in the transition would be the omission of the "I Have a Date" and "It's a Fact" videos, which were at the end of the VHS version. Oh well. If you love the Vandals, then nothing I could have said here would have stopped you from buying this DVD, but if you think the Vandals are a bunch of kiddy/pop/sissy/trendy/sellout/ posers that give your precious punk scene a bad name, then get a fucking sense of humor.

DVD Review

King Bee Records

The Dead Heroes/ The Thirteens

—NATE— **Self-Titled/
King of the Streets**

The first time that I listened to this album, I was annoyed by the detuned guitars and seemingly purposefully low voices of both bands. Then I realized that I had forgotten to switch my turntable's speed from 33 to 45. Fuck I'm an idiot. That aside, this is a kick-ass split. I had never heard of either of these bands before I reviewed this record and I have no idea to this day where they are from. This is a good thing. It shows that there is still a thriving underground that has not whored itself out to popular interest, and it might actually take some effort (god forbid) to find out what some of the really good underground bands out there are doing. It's fast-paced, in-your-face, down and dirty punk rock. I would advise you to purchase this record, but I'm fairly certain that no one out there has that much interest in any sort of music that isn't, in one way or another, shoved down your throats, so never mind. Read on.

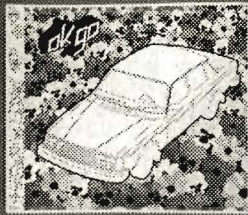
7" Review

Daily Calendar

Submissions for SLUG Calendar are due by the 1st of the month. Fax to 487-1359 or email dickheads@slugmag.com

- Thursday, December 5**
Madcap, One Man Army, the
Explosion- *Bricks*
Violet Run, Optimus Prime, Death
Thru Grace- *Burts*
Shaved Apes- *Dead Goat*
Curtsey Laughter- *Junction*
Danger Kitty- *Liquid Joes*
Fetish Night- *Sanctuary*
Get Hustle, Urban Vendetta, Smashy
Smashy- *Urban Lounge*
Clumsy Lovers, Luvapple- *Zephyr*
- Friday, December 6**
Sketch- *ABGs Provo*
Form of Rocket- *Burts*
Lisa Marie & CoDependents-
Dead Goat
Life Over Law, Day of Less, Take the
Fall, ATS- *Garage Band Central*
Waist Deep- *Gettys*
Sun House Healers- *Hog Wallow*
Special Edward, Contingency Plan-
Junction
Orpheum- *K-OSS Brigham City*
Caroline's Spine- *Liquid Joes*
DJ Merry- *Monks*
Ross Coston- *Murray Theatre*
Straight Up- *Salt Creek Sports*
@Nephi
Buckle Busters, Jesse Thurgood-
South Valley Unitarian
Phil Vassar- *Thanksgiving Point*
Go Metric- *Todds*
Cex, Numbers, Stars as Eyes, Ether-
Urban Lounge
Valhere- *Zephyr*
- Saturday, December 7**
Valhere- *ABGs Provo*
Sunhouse Healers- *Club Esquire*
@Logan
Woolf-Bell Band- *Dead Goat*
Tori Amos, Howie Day- *E Ctr*
IAMA Benefit for County Youth
Services music program- *Ft Douglas*
UTK, Mr Trout, EEWEE-
Garage Band Central
Waist Deep, Chronic Funk Disorder-
Gettys
Desmo, Old Man Johnson, Froglick,
Forget Tomorrow- *Junction*
Caroline's Spine- *Liquid Joes*
Suzy Bogguss- *McKay Orem*
Before Braille, Rated Hero, the
Founding- *Papa Lees Provo*
Altan- *Peerys Ogden*
Straight Up- *Salt Creek Sports*
@Nephi
Second Rate Superhero- *Some*
Dude's Playground
Day of Less, Her Black List, Never
Never- *Todds*
Stormy, New Transit Direction-
Urban Lounge
Rat Fink Reunion- *Wendover*
Riddlin Kids, Allister, Don't Look Down-
Xscape
Stoned- *Zephyr*
- Sunday, December 8**
High Ball Train- *Burt's*
Irish Session- *Cup of Joe*
Willis Clow Trio- *Monks*
Bohemia- *Todds*
Fab- *Zephyr*
- Monday, December 9**
DJ Curtis Strange- *Burts*
Big Bill Morganfield- *Dead Goat*
Sig 9, Dropside, 2 Pump Chump-
Kamikazes
Lionhead Records Presents- *Monks*
Signal Path- *Zephyr*
- Tuesday, December 10**
Bluegrass Irish Jam- *Burts*
Creed, Our Lady Peace, Stereo Fuse-
Delta Ctr
AganG- *Gettys*
Bassline Shift- *Liquid Joes*
Beer & Poetry open mike- *Monks*
Nerf Herder, Ultimate Fakebook,
Fairview, Contingency Plan- *Xscape*
Pissed On Arrival- *Todds*
Terrance & Will Trash night- *Urban*
Lounge
High Strung- *Zephyr*
- Wednesday, December 11**
Paul Oakenfold- *Bricks*
Closet Poets Slam- *Dead Goat*
Brad Paisley, Daryl Worley-
Dee Events Ctr
Daniel Day Trio- *Monks*
Ready, Steady, Go!- *Urban Lounge*
Frame of Mind- *Zephyr*
- Thursday, December 12**
Dirty Birds- *Burts*
In House We Trust 2- *Club Axis*
Trouser Trout- *Dead Goat*
Danger Kitty- *Liquid Joes*
Near Miss, Knockout- *Suite 13*
Breakbeat Summit- *Urban Lounge*
McCloskey Brothers- *Zephyr*
- Friday, December 13**
Zion Tribe- *Dead Goat*
Take the Fall, Day Two- *Garage*
No Release- *Liquid Joes*
Suek- *Monks*
Knockout, Near Miss- *Papa Lees*
Provo
Four Bitchin Babes- *Peerys Ogden*
Jason's Killers- *Todds*
SLUG Localized: Danny Vesper &
Grandchildren, Nothing Ever, Carlo-
Urban Lounge
Rubberneck- *Zephyr*
- Saturday, December 14**
John Flanders Double Helix-
Dead Goat
Bacon Bros- *Eccles Park City*
Good as Gone, 2nd Rate Superhero-
Garage Band Ctr
Sun House Healers- *Plan B Park City*
Chunk, No Delay- *Some Dude's*
Playground
Eclipse, Andy Shelton-
Soularium Studios
Dirty Birds, Rodeo Boys, Sherflock-
Thinglesing
Utah Food Bank Fundraiser: After
Eden, Preacher & the Parasites-
Todds
Red Bennies, Coyote Hoods, Stiletto,
Alchemy CD release- *Urban Lounge*
Contingency Plan, No Release, Royal
Bliss- *Xscape*
Jackass, Old Man Johnson, Unlucky
Boys- *Xscape basement*
Rubberneck- *Zephyr*
- Sunday, December 15**
High Ball Train- *Burt's*
Scarface, Eric Sermon- *Club Axis*
Bohemia- *Monks*
Canyon, Rodeo Boys- *Urban Lounge*
- Monday, December 16**
DJ Curtis Strange- *Burts*
Todd Tijerina Band- *Dead Goat*
Def Leppard- *E Ctr*
Lionhead Records Presents- *Monks*
Barbara's Graduation Party-
Urban Lounge
- Tuesday, December 17**
Bluegrass Irish Jam-
Optimist Prime- *Monks*
Plain White Tees, Hudson River
School, Serene- *Papa Lees Provo*
Books About UFOs- *Todds*
Tolchock Trio- *Urban Lounge*
- Wednesday, December 18**
Zaireeka Listening Party- *Bluekats*
Annie Quick- *Burts*
Cab Ride- *Dead Goat*
Daniel Day Trio- *Monks*
Ready, Steady, Go!- *Todds*
El Vez- *Zephyr*
- Thursday, December 19**
Serene- *Burts*
Trace Wren & Her Delightful Band-
Dead Goat
Jim Brickman- *Kingsbury Hall*
Danger Kitty- *Liquid Joes*
Willis Clow Trio- *Monks*
Hudson River School, Serene-
Papa Lee's
F Space, Scot Jenerik, Ether, Optimist
Prime- *Urban Lounge*
Boneshakers- *Zephyr*
- Friday, December 20**
Dave Clark Band- *ABGs Provo*
Thunderfist- *Burts*
Harry Lee & Back Alley Blues Band,
Michael Kelsey- *Dead Goat*
Sever End, Loosefunk- *Gettys*
13th Ave Band- *Hog Wallow*
Weber River Blues- *Jordy's Ogden*
Dirty Birds- *Monks*
Corleones, Love Misery- *Todds*
F Space, Scot Jenerik- *Trasa*
Raf Pros- *Urban Lounge*
Bastard Sons of Johnny Cash- *Zephyr*
- Saturday, December 21**
Naked & Shameless- *Burts*
Backwash- *Dead Goat*
Contingency Plan, Bad Apple,
Capacity 3- *Junction*
UTK- *Some Dudes Playground,*
Layton
Badapple, Carlo, Go Metric- *Todds*
No Release, Downers- *Urban Lounge*
Cosm, the Stove- *Zephyr*
- Sunday, December 22**
High Ball Train- *Burt's*
Sleepovers- *Monks*
Decomposers Reunion- *Todds*
Fab- *Zephyr*
Absinthe- *Fetish Night Manhattan*
- Monday, December 23**
DJ Curtis Strange- *Burts*
Guitar Shorty- *Dead Goat*
Lionhead Records Presents- *Monks*
- Tuesday, December 24**
Bluegrass Irish Jam- *Burts*
- Wednesday, December 25**
Merry Fuckin' X-mas!
- Thursday, December 26**
West Side- *Dead Goat*
Danger Kitty- *Liquid Joes*
Ghostowne- *Urban Lounge*
High Water Pants- *Zephyr*
- Friday, December 27**
2 & Half White Guys- *ABGs Provo*
Henry Turner Jr & Flavor- *Dead Goat*
Critical Mass Bike Ride- *Gallivan 5pm*
Go Metric- *Monks*
Lady Bug- *Todds*
Buckettooth- *Urban Lounge*
Jerry Joseph & Jackmormons- *Zephyr*
Absinthe- *Getty's*
- Saturday, December 28**
Zach Parrish Blues Band- *Dead Goat*
Two & Half White Guys- *Port O Call*
Hog Nursers- *Todds*
Love/Misery, Salt City Bandits-
Urban Lounge
Jerry Joseph & Jackmormons- *Zephyr*
- Sunday, December 29**
High Ball Train- *Burt's*
Ruby's Birthday- *Monks*
Slickshop- *Todds*
Leftover Salmon- *Zephyr*
- Monday, December 30**
DJ Curtis Strange- *Burts*
Junior Watson- *Dead Goat*
Contingency Plan, Pasty Whites, the
Paper District- *Junction*
Lionhead Records Presents- *Monks*
Leftover Salmon- *Zephyr*
- Tuesday, December 31**
Doublewide- *Burts*
Circus Contraption- *Club Axis*
The Sensations, Money Shot-
Dead Goat
Waist Deep- *Gettys*
DRC- *Let's Play Sports*
Lionhead Records Presents- *Monks*
King's Irish- *Salt Palace*
Deathline Intl, Carphax Files-
Sanctuary
Stormy, Redd Tape, New Transit
Direction, Wolfs, Mates of State-
1st Night, SLUG Stage 115 S. Main
Thunderfist, Chinese Stars- *Todds*
Undying, Misery Signals, Judas
Cradle, Wage of Sin- *Uprok*
Wolfs, Stormy- *Urban Lounge*
- Wednesday, January 1**
First hurl of the new year!
- Thursday, January 2**
Face to Face- *Bricks*
Danger Kitty- *Liquid Joes*
Spleen- *Urban Lounge*
- Friday, January 3**
Loiter Cognition, Vaddict- *Junction*
The Used, Taking Back Sunday, Blood
Brothers, New Transit Direction-
Xscape
- Saturday, January 4**
Stay Home Do Laundry
- Sunday, January 5**
Madcap, One Man Army, the
Explosion- *Bricks*
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Dec 10
Dec 14
Jan 3
Jan 13
Jan 18
Jan 27
Feb 13

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From Autumn To Ashes

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w/ Noise Ratchet, My Chemical Romance @ Xscape

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w/ TBA @ Xscape

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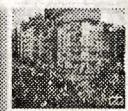
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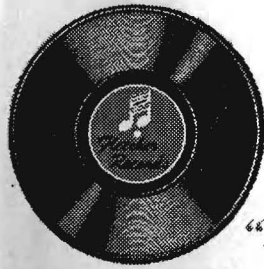
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