

SLUG

mag

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DECEMBER 2003
Vol. 14 - ISSUE 180
ALWAYS FREE

Tiger Army

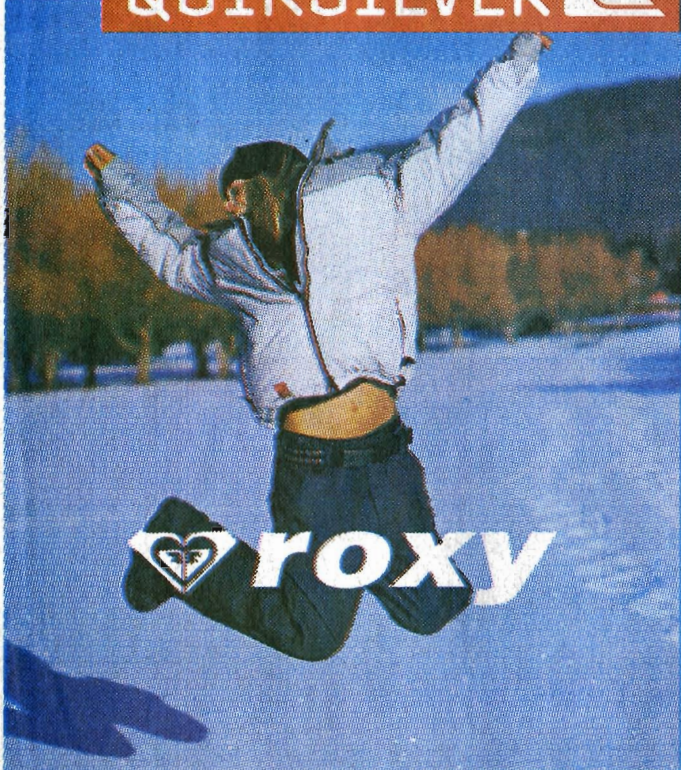
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DECEMBER 2003

"Neither Humorous Nor Appropriate"

14 YEARS !

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dickheads@slugmag.com

This month's letters were answered by The Barnson Family

Dear Dickheads,
Hiya, I read your magazine every now and again and blah blah blah (add>ass-kissing remarks here). It's not bad, I like how you focus on the Salt Lake local scene by interveiwng local bands like Slayer. Oh wait...nevermind. See here's the thing. I myself have a band but we are not terribly famous or popular yet. Yeah, it's proly because we suck and we're not mainstream enough but taking the blame/responsabililty on myself? That would be unAmerican. So now I am

shifting the blame to you guys. That and I think you offended me somehow. I think so. Well either way I am suing you for not making me famous and actually having to work to have a decent band and also for slander... or something. Because my life isn't one big happy fucking rainbow I'm going to sue you guys and... we can have for an out of court settlement of a million dollars thanks. Well... a million dollars or you can make me a regular writer for slug, either or is cool with me. Hopfully I won't have to call the lawyers-

-Paul-

Hey there dumbfuck, Thanks for your letter. Why don't you send us the name of your lil' band and we will put you guy's on the cover instead of some little unknown band like Slayer ... yea I'm sure people will snap up the newest issue with the cover story on Dumbfuck and the Douchebags ... "Hey I saw them at a halloween party in glendale!!". And as for legal matters, I am gonna counter-sue you for wasting my time because i had to read your gay little letter. Fuck you and fuck your lawyers ... asshole.

First of all I would like to apologize to everyone who came to our show and did not get to see a performance from 23 Extacy. I hope all tickets were

refunded without hassle. You would think it to be courteous to let an opening act for a larger event know in advance that they are being canceled weeks in advance, but this was not the case. After 2 months of promoting the Killing Joke show, with our own time and money, rumors spread that there was going to be a fourth band to play with Killing Joke (we thought). As we unloaded the bassist from Killing Joke complained about a "fucking S.L.C. band" opening the show. Sorry for not being rock gods. Soon after, their manager took DV8's middle man for a little chat. Well, all of our efforts were soon shut down. 45 minutes before our sound check we get humiliated in front of everyone and told to leave. 45 minutes! It was explained to us that no one ever agreed to have us on the bill from either side so our performance was not welcome. WHAT THE FUCK W! AS OUR NAME DOING ON THE ADVERTIZEMENT IN THE FIRST PLACE!!! So as we are ready to leave the club one of their piss ants tells me to "get our shit and get the fuck out!". Very appropriate. Thank you for not expecting a gratuity tip after that. In all of my years of gigging I have never experience such poor manners and bad business. We will never perform at DV8 under that staff, not unless they give us 10 million dollars and an apology (ya' right). For all "fucking S.L.C." bands, make sure your promises are on

papper with these guys before you make the mistake we did. Usually I prefer to be polite and try to understand the circumstances at hand, BUT FUCK YOU FUCKING JACKASSES! There is too much talent in S.L.C. too be waisting your time and money on bull shit like this. (and their alcahol prices are outrageous, \$4 for a bottle of beer?)
With best intentions,
-Chris Alvarado (23 Extacy)

Hey there little buddy, Don't take the comments of the bassist of "fucking" killing joke too personally. He is probably just pissed that he wasted so much of his life on a shitty band that will never amount to anything more than a C- (and that being generous klds) level band. Yea, fuck those guys. I saw them open-up at the U of U for the Obvious or some other "fucking Utah band" for free. Fuck them and fuck that rude piece of shit from DV8. I have heard some of the worst bands in town and even after listening to them didn't tell them to get their shit and get the fuck out ... In fact I gave them free beer ... Local music makes you or breaks you asshole! In closing, why don't all you jackasses write a letter to piss me off? the email address is right there at the top of the page! I dare you... Especially you stinky hippie fucks...TAH-TAH shitbricks!

Sluggers

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**DEATH BY SALT UPDATE
DECEMBER 2003**

Alright, sticky-faced lollipop-suckers, the official release date of *Death by Salt* will be Feb. 20 and 21, 2004. Feb. 20 will be a 21+ show, and Feb. 21 will be an all-ages release, so your family, including Baby Newt in stroller, can attend. We'll be celebrating SLUG's 15th Anniversary Party at both events as well, and since "15" is a multiple of 5 or 10, you know it's gonna be big.



We started work on the cover art, which will feature the 3-D sculpture art of Trent Call and the photography of Russell Daniels.

Please support the remainder of SLUG's fundraising efforts for *Death by Salt* by attending our Sunday Sinema Series at Brewvies! The next film is this Sunday, Dec. 7: *The Nightmare Before Christmas*.



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Fri 19 - 'RODEO BOYS' Christmas Party w/ very special guests

Sat. 20 - Le Force / Beard Of Solitude

Fri 26 - **Holiday Hangover:**

SLUG Magazine's Snow Party featuring:

FALL-IN / FOIL KIT LAMPY

Sat. 27 - Fuck Tards

Fri. Jan. 2 - Lisa Marie & the Codependants

Sat Jan. 3 - Middle Distance

Sat. Jan. 10 - SXSW Preliminaries

Fri. 26 - Holiday Hangover

SLUG Magazine's Snow Party featuring:

FALL-IN / FOIL KIT LAMPY

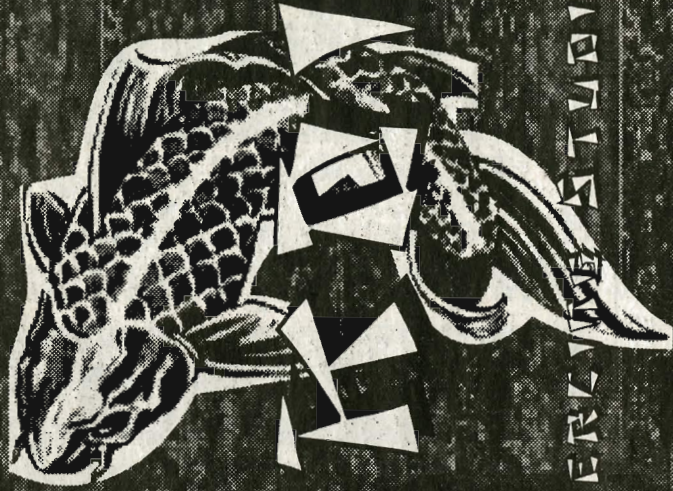
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DAVIS COUNTY GARAGE

A poem by Gared Moses

You really should listen closely to what I have to say, It may very well change your life ... forever.

From 80s love songs to old themes like cheers,
The Brobecks are an indie garage band with passion to spare,
 They grew up together, as if they were brothers,
 They grew up in Clearfield, I don't think they're stoners.

Recording all the music themselves, their album came out quite well,
 It's from a garage, a noble cause, I'm sure they'll turn out stars.
 Named after a girl who hates them, she never really was seen,
 Her last name was Brobeck, her first name unknown,
 I wonder ... Is this girl a dream?

At shows they often have snags, shit just never works right.
 "We always get screwed over, but it's all worth the fight."
 They've been together *four months*, or longer just for fun
 They play *Club Ritz* on Dec. 5, *Matt Glass* plays the drums.
 With *Dallon Weekes* on vocals and bass, his side of the songs never lack grace,
Mike Gross does the same with the six-string, then sings and sings and sings,
 I hope I've made you sick with this pansy-ass poetry thing.
Casey Durrans plays the guitar, while *Bryan Szymanski* pushes the keys down,
 I'm running low on ideas, forgive me for clowning around.



Nate Millard

They frequent *Kilby Court*, and love to play TV theme songs, I know I mentioned *Cheers* before, I fear I've had too much egg nog. Influenced by *Elvis Costello*, *Neil Young* and *The Flaming Lips*, They attend Weber State University, to learn to use their gifts. If you'd like to check out their tunes, log on to brobecks.com— There you can learn all you need to know, unless you're just too dumb. For those of you who love Dr. Seuss, or worship Mother Goose, My hat's off to you, this may've rung true, I hope I smothered your blues. So go see **The Brobecks** play live on the 19th day of December, Merry Christmas to all you nut jobs ... Oh yeah, it's at Albee Square.



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Sage's Cafe



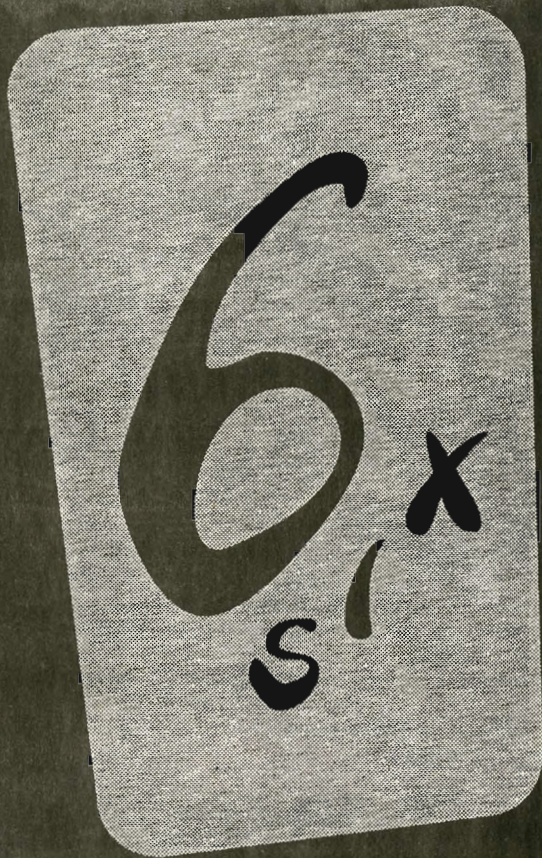
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SOMETHING ELSE

With all the difficulties that go into operating an independent musical endeavor, you have to really believe in what you are doing. But Craig Yuskowitz of Some Records is more than just jazzed about his labels lineup, he's positively gung-ho! You might be too if you had such artists as Hot Water Music, Six Going on Seven and J. Majesty in your stable. Some Records was confident enough to take a risk on Utah's latest musical export in the form of Form of Rocket and New Transit Direction, both of whom have brand-spanking new albums in the offing. If you happened to be in New York City Oct. 23, you might have caught them both, as well as plenty of other great Some Records bands at *Sin-E* as part of the CMJ music festival.

SLUG: How & when did Some Records get started?

Craig Yuskowitz: In 1997, Matt Pincus, Walter Schreifels and Sam Siegler decided to start Some Records after their favorite record store with the same name closed down. Some Records (the store) was a place in downtown New York City where kids went to pick up new hardcore records and hang out. The initial idea behind the label was to try and continue that spirit and community. But since I came aboard in 2000, I squashed that idea in exchange for making loads of cash so we can retire to Costa Rica.

SLUG: What musical niche does Some Records fill? How has the label changed since the beginning?

CY: Our bands don't necessarily sound alike but they all come from a similar cultural movement as young people in America right now. I think all the music from Some sounds really fresh. That's the best way I can put it. We're filling the niche of KICK ASS! At first, the label was more hardcore driven because of its roots, but now we're more diverse. We don't want a bunch of bands that sound alike. That would get old quick.

SLUG: What are some of the most difficult, as well as most rewarding things about running the label?

CY: Working with people that are all trying to achieve similar goals is most rewarding. It sounds cliché, but it's really true. Musicians work so hard at their craft and that's what drives everyone involved to do right by them. The most difficult thing is getting our records into stores. We need some more muscle on that end.

SLUG: How do you get bands for the label? Is there a "Some Records sound"? What kind of bands do you look for?

CY: I'm happy to report that it's becoming increasingly difficult to pinpoint the Some Records sound. As I mentioned earlier, our bands come from similar cultures as young people who grew up wanting to hear more than what MTV and radio fed to them, so they are all connected in some way. But that doesn't necessarily translate in to a specific genre of music. We have a more punk/indie rock/hardcore sound but really, it comes down to us working with whoever strikes a

chord. Most of our bands find their way to us through friends and friends of friends. We signed The Ghost on a demo. That was a first.

SLUG: Why all the interest in bands from Salt Lake?

What do you think is special about these bands? How do they fit into your overall lineup?

CY: It's more coincidence than anything else, although we've had an association with SLC for a while now. Sammy, Walter and Matt have known lots of people from there for years now. J. Majesty was our first band from SLC, though they lived in Brooklyn when we signed them. Form of Rocket played a show in NYC last year and Sammy was there. He got their CD and passed it along to everyone else at Some. We all thought the band was incredible and the more I spoke to those guys, the more I wanted to work with them. They're really smart, hilarious and driven people who are creating some of the most innovative and intelligent music I've ever heard. They turned us on to The New Transit Direction and it's taken off from there. Both bands are a huge part of the present and future personality of Some Records.

SLUG: How did you get the CMJ label showcase, & what do you hope to accomplish with it?

CY: CMJ is a good excuse to throw a party and have all our bands play on the same night so we took full advantage of that. I called up the guy at a club called Sin-e and we worked it out. CMJ has always been good to us, so we're excited about it. The only band on Some that couldn't make it is our latest

signing, Innaway (from Southern California).

SLUG: What are your future plans for the label?

CY: To keep putting out records and turning people on. With each release, Some Records becomes more influential with people and we need to keep that momentum. In the first four to six months of 2004, we'll be putting out records by The Ghost, The New Transit Direction, The Exit and Innaway. With Form of Rocket and Rebecca Schiffman's new albums just out, it's a great string of releases that should keep us busy through the fall when I'm sure we'll be coming with even more KICK ASS!!



www.some.com

LOCALIZED

by Camilla Taylor Photos: Russiel Daniels

Localized is a monthly music spotlight on the second Friday of each month, sponsored by SLUG Magazine at the Urban Lounge, a private club for members only. This month **J.W. Blackout**, **I am Electric** and **Quietus** will be playing. Come see them play and dance in strange ways on Friday, Dec. 12.



Jamison Wilkins: vocals, guitar

Herc: guitar

Jason Rock: bass, vocals

Riley Mills (Lil' Reno): drums

J.W. Blackout met Russell and me at The Coffee Garden on National Buy Nothing Day (the day after Thanksgiving). I asked if they were celebrating and two out of four band members were, with one of them even getting a free coffee so as to avoid buying it.

From the start, Riley decides to opt out from the interview. He goes outside and lights a cigarette. Despite his decision to refrain from participating, he has chosen a spot to smoke not two feet from where I sit; the only thing preventing him from hearing us is a small sheet of glass. His decision is reasonable as he has been subjected to my interviews many times before. He plays in so many bands now that it's a wonder that he ever finds time to practice. J.W. Blackout has been around as a band for around two years now but they evidently have known each other for far longer. They chide each other and share inside jokes with the photographer. They've reached the point where they no longer realize that no one else understands their jokes. They are very funny to watch, like television or traveling street performers. Jason Rock accompanies all of his comments with complex body movements and pantomimes, especially when he tells me about his former job as an eBay porn inspector. He dances in his chair and motions with his hands.

"This is Riley's first time playing with us. He's our fresh meat," Jamison explains. He also declines to explain his purported hermit lifestyle by saying "that's personal."

"You lost your phone, didn't you?" says Herc in response to Jamison's defensive reply. When I get home, I take a look at my notes from the interview. They read a simple and concise "Beer—l'il girls—eBay porn." But the best part was when they suggested that we just go to their practice space in the avenues to take the photographs instead of just outside the coffee shop. So Russell and I meet them in the far reaches of the Avenues at Herc's little house; the interior is all warm wood paneling and there is a basket of yarn on the coffee table. J.W. Blackout plugs themselves into their respective instruments and start playing. They accurately describe their music as rock with a lick of twang. Riley, as was previously mentioned, has never played with them before and he tentatively plays along with the veterans of the band. The music really is good, and it's especially pleasant on this cold day to sit in a quaint little house listening to them practice.

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Travis Lindsey: bass

Eric Bliss: guitar and vocals

Stephen Chai: keyboards, etc.

Shane Ashby: guitar and vocals

Mike Toretta: drums

Following their performance at *Kilby Court*, I interviewed **I am Electric** in someone else's house. The band members assure me that it's OK for us to be in here and I only half believe them. It's cramped in the small front room and with most bands, in my experience, this would not be considered enough room to sit in for fear of being construed as being affectionate with each other. But they don't seem to mind sitting close to each other. A couple of them share an overstuffed chair and the other three sit on the couch.

"It's rock that hits you in the teeth," says Eric Bliss. He expresses discontent with the amount of music supporters in Salt Lake City. "Sometimes, if you go to a show that's a little crowded, it's everyone in Salt Lake. The scene is so small here." Despite or because of this, they say that their favorite show they have played was to an audience made up entirely of people who they had never met before. It meant that those who they played for were there only because of the music, instead of out of obligation to your friends.

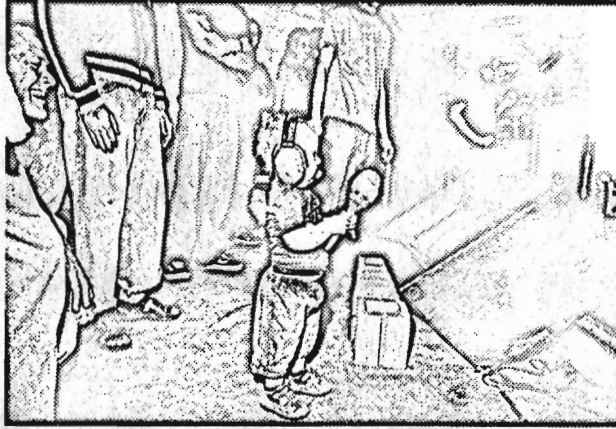
Their music is heavy and post-hardcore. They try to keep it fun to listen to, but they say that they don't cater to its entertainment value; they just want to produce music that other people want to hear. Music that makes people dance instead of standing next to your drink, still and stoic. Eric's dancing onstage has been described as, if I recall correctly, a spastic frog. But he doesn't care. They want to be confident in what they do, instead of being afraid of their crowd's reaction, like describing them as diseased amphibians. They don't play because it's cool; they play because they want to. They want to create and play music that stands on its own, without requiring an explanation. They just want you to hear it and keep on hearing it.

Photo Copier by Stakerizedl

Walking into a record store, what's on the wall is as important as what's on the sound system. Shopping for music should be a complete sensory experience, otherwise why bother to venture out of the electronic box you inhabit in the attempt to every waking moment stay connected? **Felicia Bacca** and **Leif Myrberg** of Orion's help steer people towards happening sounds, but also collect the most mind-blowing visual images from local artists to adorn the walls of the store.

This month's photographer **Russell Daniels** will entice your orbs as you scan the stacks. But it's unlike any photography exhibit you've ever seen before. Rather than glossy prints on slick photographic paper, these images are xeroxed on huge poster size paper, some as large as 3'x5' and altered with Photoshop to increase the contrast to the point where the subjects are almost just outlines.

These posters are about rock n roll and a lot more. From a shot of **Jets to Brazil** at **Bricks** to some random parties at the **Beehive Lounge**, a shoot-from-the-hip, documentary style suffuses them all. A picture of **President Bush** speaking at the opening of the 2002 Olympics spotlights the spectacle of the event. Other pictures include local reggae singer **Raga P** lighting up a spliff and former Salt Lake musician **Andy Cvar**, who moved to New York to be part of the experimental band **Jackle Oh Motherfucker**, in a monkey mask. Cortez the



Lover shows the **Kilby Court** proprietors toddler son with headphones on, **Phil Sherburne** standing off to one side, grinning from ear to ear.

As common or as monumental as the subject matter ranges, it all has the feeling of real life. Daniels has a real documentarian eye. Seemingly random shots taken at parties seem to capture the heart of what is going on. Whether it's just the hands of people holding cans of Budweiser or Jets to Brazil singer **Blake Schwartzbach** showing off an armful of tattoos, the subjects never feel contrived or posed, but feel like just what you would see if you were in that place, at that moment. A shot of the **Dalai Lama** depicts him as warm and approachable as locals found him during his visit. A long exposure of a guy with a Wyoming truckers hat gathers clouds of light from the combined effects of flash and xeroxing to attain an eerie, otherworldly quality.

Daniels enjoys working with other artists like **Cvar** and **SLUGs** **Camilla Taylor**. **Lela Bell** used several of his images as models to make **Kilby Court** flyers from. He will be a part of **Taylor's** exhibit of twenty local printmakers at her studio December 20. The Orion's show opens December 12 with an opening night party at the store, with after-party at **Monks** with the **Kingdom** performing. Prints of these works will be available for purchase in limited editions of 100. The show will hang till mid-January.

monks

december

	05. ridge runners	2 2 2 3	
	06. karaoke	7 8 9 0	
	07. nAdi	.	
	08. student lounge w/LMNO	K H S X	d a i l y
	09. no STAR jazz	A A T U	\$
	10. opposable thumbs	r R U R	
	11. dirtyBIRDS w/waist dEEP	a L D	
	12. RUSSEL D. post photo show party featuring the KINGDOM	c E E	
	13. kaROke	M N	
	14. reDEMPtION	k T	d r i n k
	15. stuDEnt lOuNge w/ dj REBEL	E L L	\$
	17. elite StrEEt	A O	
	18. SLAJO	R U	
	19. big PAPPa lucky	S N	
	20. KaRaOke	O G	
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	23. NO star JAZZ		
	24. the BODY		
	26. on ViBrAtO w/ tba		



Chiaroscuro You! ZineLand

by Lakerized

Dan Gorder

When I walked into the Coffee Garden to interview the staff of local zine *Chiaroscuro*, I was surprised by what I found. Instead of the stereotypical thrift store clothes-wearing zinesters I usually encounter, they were assembled on the couch nattily dressed, looking a bit like the gang of color-nicknamed criminals in *Reservoir Dogs*. But then there's more to Chiaroscuro than meets the eye. Old-school to the bone, Xeroxed with text running every which way, sometimes even text on text, found art collages and stories that range from erudite literary allusions to barely comprehensible rantings: it has everything you could expect to find in a classic zine. Yet every once in a while, something will jump out at you announcing Chiaroscuro is more than the average underground rag. A picture here and there in color on an otherwise black and white page. A CD of weird music. The first issue was only six pages, but they can cram more in six than some put into 30. In November, the zine celebrated its first anniversary, a considerable achievement in zine circles. Again, unlike the zinester stereotype, they have somehow managed to publish once a month like clockwork, and as I sat there quizzing them, perused issue #13, with plenty of surprises of its own...

Editor Tony couldn't be there, but Nino Chiaroscuro, Eric Blair and Shane the Driver juggled my questions like so many circus balls. "Originally, my parents went through a divorce," Eric explained of the zine's founding, "and I was looking for an outlet to express my feelings about that." Shane adds, "I was really lonely, and wanted to look smart." One of the first things you notice when picking up the zine, which you can do at the usual places like local record stores and coffeehouses, is the "Declaration of Principles" on the cover, starting with, "A zine is meant to be lousy" and "Art is filth," both punk/dada statements and self-deprecating humor. "Those are based on *Citizen Kane*," explains Nino, "when he took over the paper. Tony hates zines and zinesters, and he believes ours is an anti-zine."

It's only the first of many literary references sprinkled throughout the zine, some Xeroxed directly from books and some alluded to in stories. "I have a Chuck Palahniuk obsession," explains Blair (whose name happens to be the given name of the writer known as George Orwell). Nino adds, "I do a lot of dadaist stuff, I have my own style. But I'm also influenced by sitcoms." Blair adds, "like Philip K. Dick in *Vaults*, I like to refer to myself in the third person." Although they admit their zine is apolitical, there are items that touch on the political, like general barbs toward the government, or Blair's short rant about Timothy McVeigh. "I just was drawn to him," Blair explains. "I was angry about the way he was used by the government and the media." Adds Nino, "We try to avoid political topics. A lot of zines have a political push; we try to be different."

Although only about 150 copies are printed, those who do read it tend to respond. If two or three percent of *Salt Lake Tribune* readers wrote in, there wouldn't be room to print them. "A lot of our friends feign interest," explains Blair. "We got a letter from a homeless person, and [local blogger/chronic letter-writer] Keith Moore. He said we were dumbing down the language." "We printed his letter with every other letter cut out," inserts Nino. "You know, for space. We also heard from [SLUG's] Uncle Shame."

"The whole objective of the zine is to get laid," Blair reveals. "So far, none of us have gotten laid as a direct result of the zine, and when it does, the zine will end." What else but some kind of attempt to impress the opposite gender could produce the maniacally assembled cut-up paragraphs, sometimes glued in place one word at a time, the unabashed personal confessions, the slavish Xeroxing, the caffeine abuse, the alcohol abuse? "My English professor tried to straighten us out," explains Shane, and Blair concurs, "people have cited the dadaism."

"For a while, we were taping 3-D objects on this page, but they were too hard to Xerox," comments Nino. Blair continues, "We're moderately fascinated with repeating images, reversals, text on text, and weird drawings." Yeah, but can you take it too far? With some of the repeating images, it must have taken close to a dozen Xeroxdings for one page.

"From the beginning, when the zine came together as kind of a fluke, we've started to get kind of a following, and we're trying to build on that," Blair adds. "The biggest change," Nino injects, "is the name change with issue #13 to *Copulate*. *Chiaroscuro* is my father's name, and he didn't want us using it any more. Plus, *Copulate*, you think of fucking, and it might as well be with us. Another thing, Rothschild vodka was a big influence on our early issues, and we put this one together sober."

"I almost had a nervous breakdown," complains Blair. "We are getting more submissions now," adds Shane. Blair agrees. "Submissions are a great way to diversify a zine. I spent a lot of time last month drinking and making bullshit backgrounds."

"This is probably the least self-referential issue," adds Nino, and fewer in-jokes may make it more accessible.

The CD with issue #12 featured ultra-obscure bands interspersed with snippets from Scientology infomercials with the word "Chiaroscuro" dubbed in over the name of that cult, like a *Negativland*-style media prank. The Samuel Powers Trio, a lounge-style band, consists of Samuel Powers, a robot named Kevin, and another guy named Samuel Powers, the C-men explain. This is typical of the entire interview, which has a surreal quality that can't even be conveyed in these pages. Is anything they said the whole time true at all? Are these even their real names, or is their zine real, or did they just concoct copies of it to get into SLUG magazine? Other bands include stuff like the Gothic Rap Project—why hadn't anyone done that before?—pseudo punk rock band IST and "Cowboys of Classic Xmas Shows." Nino explains of the infomercials, "originally, Chiaroscuro was going to be a suicide cult." Blair obsesses, "You find yourself listening to the CD over and over, then you want to have sex with me."

In addition to *Copulate*, they hope to branch into films. "We are trying to organize a festival of short films, hopefully to host at the Tower," says Nino. "Our Mike and Tony Show, a satire of children's TV, has been screened in Canada and in private venues on the East Coast. Probably 45 people have seen it." And the short feature *Nobody Slays Dead*, adds Blair, "under the influence of too much Rothschild's. The SPR3 did the soundtrack. No one liked it. At the end, I take my clothes off. Look for the director's cut with idiots dancing in front of Temple Square. And special features of us just walking long distances."

Still, the zine would seem to remain their driving force. "Each issue that comes out, we're surprised we're still doing it," explains Blair. "Hitting the one-year anniversary was amazing; still here saying some deeply personal things about relationships, and some BS things about it." Tales of riding the bus around town, trying to scrounge up enough money to buy some Rothschild's at the liquor store, lusting after girls hanging around Bluekats, stuff like that will never get old. "We'll never run CD or movie reviews," declares Nino, "or do any pandering to the audience. But we'd like to increase our print run. It's always about money, isn't it?"

E-mail: Chiaroscurozine@hotmail.com

Books **ALoud**

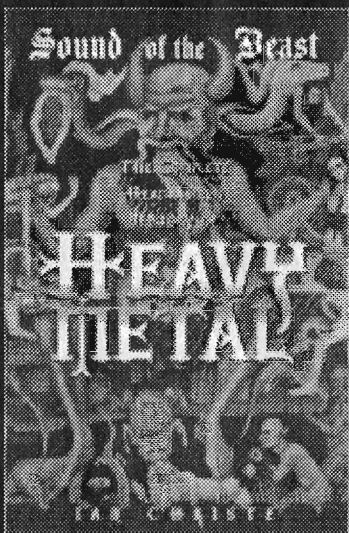
Sound of the Beast: The Complete Headbanging History of Heavy Metal

By Ian Christie

Harper Entertainment

By Rebecca Vernon

Finally, a comprehensive, thorough (very thorough) history of heavy metal, from **Black Sabbath** to butt rock to metal's underground successes over the last decade. Metal has had a huge, uncredited influence, psychologically, technically, musically, artistically and image-wise, on so many branches of music, and anyone into any kind of heavy music would be wise to get acquainted with their roots. Christie's target seems to be metal novices, and he leaves no rock unturned in his breakdown of subgenres within the far-reaching umbrella of metal and his brief highlighting of bands that made their waves in each of the movements, complete with 31 extensive chronological tables. If you were wondering, glam metal



sucks although Hanoi Rocks was a true original, "funk metal" includes **Faith No More** and **Primus** and wasn't anything to be ashamed of, and **The Melvins** are listed under "doom metal." Other categories dissected are German speed metal, hardcore punk, metalcore, grindcore, alternative metal, Scandinavian black metal, death metal, grindcore, nu metal, hardcore rap and metallic techno. Christie traces each movement's beginnings, the influence they had on metal as a whole and the tributaries leading out of each genre's river. Also included is the "Best 25 Heavy Metal Albums of All Time" list and Top 3 Lists such as "Greatest Power Ballads Disguised as True Metal" and "Best Live Albums." Even metalheads who think they know every speck of minutiae about said genre can learn something from this book—it's simply packed with dense research and painstaking detail, not to mention rare photos. Christie has some fascinating documentations of a few prominent bands' entire careers, like **Metallica** and **Black Sabbath**. Although Christie's tone is sometimes fraught with that certain elitist, you-don't-belong-and-never-will 'tude that's almost a given in the metal world (he refers to Cobain as a "grunge martyr"—not in a nice way—and points out that **Metallica's Black Album** sold 2 million more albums than **Nirvana's Nevermind** by the end of 1993), he does do women and minorities in the metal world justice, PC-style, by giving attention to bands like **Girlschool** (part of the New Wave of British Heavy Metal), **The Plasmatics** and **Hirax**. This book is a must-read for metalheads, fans of any of the hundreds of bands contained therein, or anyone who's interested in reading about one of the largest and most influential genres of music created around and since the inception of the electric guitar.

THE **BLUE PLATE** DINER

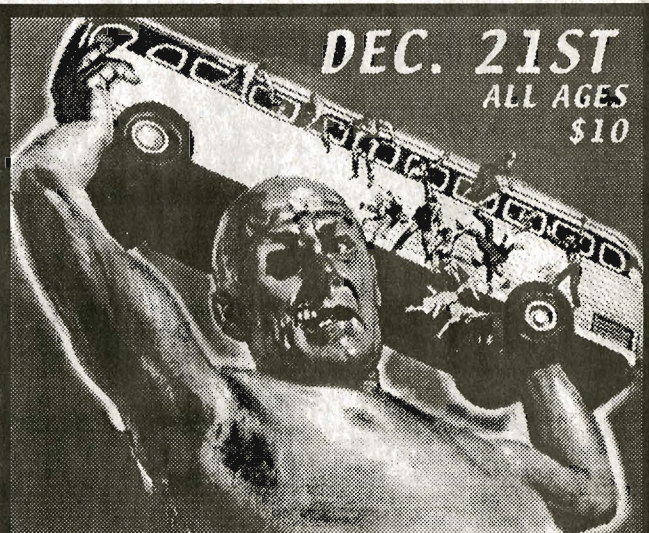
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HeadPhones

by Nick James

How exciting—we have some great tracks to review this month. With New Year's on the end of our date books, we have to prepare for all those gigs that are coming up for grabs. Show those promoters what you've got and drop these tracks. For performances this month:

December 6th IZ Massive V.2 (featuring Dieselboy), **December 6th** 10p.m. Afterlife Radio DJ Sodie <http://www.801-dnb.com/afterlife/>

December 12th @ W Lounge—**Freaky Flow w/ MC Flipside**

December 13th @ (W Lounge or Drink)—**Raoul Kahn***

December 20th @ W Lounge—**DJ Fluid** (Chris Smith)

Any questions or inquires, please feel free to e-mail me at nickjames@slugmag.com

Azania
"Make it Real"

www.mix2inside.com

Recorded in Geneva and remixed in Italy; this track is suited for the true seekers of soul and disco. Tailored in four cuts (five online); there's a mix for the whole family.

Vocals and filters—DJ Dave Tada loves this track! "Make it Real" is captivating in mood, and makes you feel ... good! NO frowns around with this track playing. Keep a look out for future tracks including: Mix2inside featuring Joyce Elaine Yuille—"My best thing."

Orange Muse
"Keep the Funk Alive"
www.souffuric.com

From one of my top five comes yet another well-produced and perfect track.

It's Souffuric—need I say more? Well for you that aren't up on the times, Orange Muse is Swedish Duo Mats Landberg and Tobias Linden. Featuring mixes from Jazz-n'-groove & soul avengers, it's jazz funk at its finest. Heavy on the bass end (for you bigger sounds) and commentated with my afro-stud from the sounds-alike of MLK jr., the crowd reaction to this is uplifting and soulful. Keep the funk alive!

Kaskade
San Francisco Sessions: V4
www.om-records.com


What an awesome achievement for Kaskade, but how perfect: SFSV4. Following in the footsteps of Mark Farina, John Howard & DJ Garth, Kaskade has recreated the sounds of San Francisco Sessions. (On LP) featuring Kaskade, Groove Junkies, Late Night Alumni, Pound Boys, The Beard, Michelle Weeks and Members Only. If you liked the sounds of Miguel Migs and Jay J, "In the House," then you will definitely be adding this to your record collection. Soulful, quasi-deep and well-produced, this is one of the best LPs of the year. Also, keep a lookout for Mark Farina featuring Kaskade, "To Do," released on Om Records.

M-Gee
"Can't Let Go"
www.swingcity.co.uk

M-Gee are back with their follow up to "BodySwerve." Providing club & dub mixes with a Mixapella, "Can't Let Go," is in my bag for the following year. Swing City signature on the production and Fender jazzed-out on the bass end, this peak timer is perfect for the sounds of the complete dedicated househeads. Praise to M-Gee (Grant Nelson & Matt "Asmodeus" Schwartz) for their creative talents and ability to create the perfect blend of neodisco and the future of funk. God bless those boys—keep it up, Swing City.

Groove Junkies
"Midnight"
www.morehouzerecords.com

Is this for real? If I was allowed to spin only five labels, here is one: The sweet sounds of MoreHouse is back, following up Morten Trust and "Oh Lord" featuring Indeya—"Midnight" is bumpin' those booties and giving the heart a murmur. Produced by DJ Evan Landes (check out interview) and Parrish Wintersmith, the Groove Junkies are some of the best American house producers/DJs we have. Featuring three mixes and three DJ tool tracks, you can't go wrong with this one. For all of you that missed Evan and Solara's live PA performance last month at the W Lounge, check out the GJ's site for more info on when you can catch them again.



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WED. DEC 3	DUBBED
THUR. DEC 4	80'S LADIES NIGHT W/GAMMA RAYS
FRI. DEC 5	THE STREET
SAT. DEC 6	MOTHERLESS cowboys
TUES. DEC 9	dj dvs&terance
THUR. DEC 11	80'S LADIES NIGHT W/GAMMA RAYS
FRI. DEC 12	DREAD NAUGHT
SAT. DEC 13	INSATIABLE
TUES. DEC 16	DJ DVS&TERANCE
WED. DEC 17	DUBBED
THUR. DEC 18	PHAT FUNK SOUL
FRI. DEC 19	PRE X-MAS PARTY
SAT. DEC 20	GROUND ZERO MOVEMENT
MON. DEC 22	ZACK PARRISH BLUES BAND
TUES. DEC 23	DJ DVS & TERANCE
FRI. DEC 26	STINKBAIT
SAT. DEC 27	2 WHITE GUYS
MON. DEC 29	ZACK PARRISH BLUES BAND
TUES. DEC 30	DJ DVS & TERANCE
WED. DEC 31	NEW YEARS EVE PARTY BANK SPRINGS LIVE COUNT DOWN COVERAGE ON 12 FOOT GIANT BIG SCREEN AND LIVE MUSIC AND DANCING FEATURING PURDYMOUTH

More than house music Evan Landes is proof 'God is a DJ'

By Nick James – nickjames@slugmag.com

With today's world so diverse in culture and music, it seems a bit of a challenge to gather different faces in one room and observe satisfaction in all of their eyes. I have seen such a place with the *Love Ibiza Parties*. Formed as the new religion of Salt Lake City, there's one reverend that I place above the rest. Born and raised in New York City, **Evan Landes** was relocated from Minneapolis to Los Angeles, though his day has recently joined the roster of DJ/producers to perform behind the Zion curtain.

Linked with his wife **Leneth** (a.k.a. **Solara** featured on *Deeper*), they have made perhaps one of the biggest direct impacts in our dance community that I have witnessed. Since their recent performance at the *W Lounge* (Nov. 22, 2003) under their well-known moniker

The Groove Junkies (GJ), SLUG Magazine had the honor and excitement to catch up with Evan, and inquire how he has become the archbishop of West Coast house music and the path that he has followed. Destined or prophesized, you decide.

©Dave Tada

"First off, one has to have a bit of direction and focus of where you want to go and what you want to do," Evan proclaims. In his DJing career (which has now exceeded 20 years), Evan began cultivating the art of songwriting. His career path lead him to *National Academy of Songwriters (NAS)* around the summer of 1989, where he met a woman named **Kay Parker**, who soon became his mentor; and from there helped cultivate the maestro—his music knowledge and talent. Evan advises, "Try to tell a story in a way that it's never been told before; establish a solid arrangement; come up with a killer hook; strong melody and interesting lyrics." Soon around 1993, he began co-producing with his first real partner, **Michael McGregor**. Having written 15 to 20 tracks over a three-year period, the duo had a Billboard chart release titled "The Deep Side" by **Bass Symphony** featuring **Ja'nell** and "Treat Me Right" by Temple of the Groove featuring Portia Griffin. "That was my first real taste of success with original productions and remixing," says Evan.

In the mid 90s, Evan soon hooked up with his original GJ partner, **Chico Bennett**, where a variety of releases were placed on different labels such as *Virgin Underground*. The Groove Junkies were the first artists signed to the label and after releasing *Everybody Needs to be Loved* on *Virgin Underground*, soon they

began having challenges with underdeveloped representations; the journey of trial and error and being in the right place at the right time. In *Winter Music Conference* of 2001, Evan, with his wife Leneth, created **MoreHouse Records** with their current partner and co-producer **Parrish Wintersmith**. "Be prepared for rejection—especially when putting yourself out there for others," Evan

mentions, speaking about songwriting and production. With "inside my soul" featuring

Solomon Henderson and "Gonna get by" featuring **Indeya** as the first two releases on the

MoreHouse Label, Groove Junkies soon

gained great respect and support from

legendary godfathers

such as

Frankie Knuck-

les,

Masters at Work,

David Morales,

Bobby & Steve,

Paul Farris and

Swing City.

"The best is yet to come ... we are on the verge of breaking through in a big way and touching those that will appreciate uplifting and soulful music," Evan prophesizes.

With MoreHouse Records' newest releases, "Midnight," featuring **Diane Carter** and "Love has come around" by **Morten Trust** and recent celebrations such as the remix of **Ben Watt's** "Lone Cat" on *Buzzin Fly Records*, featuring Solara on the GJ's remix and dub-mix, Evan is honored and excited to create the way the dance community is perceived. "Have a game plan—make it solid," he mentions near the end of our conversation, referring to the bright futures of those passionate about music production and a career in the music industry. Soulful grooves and uplifting lyrics, this is the addiction of The Groove Junkies. After one dose of them, you'll be hooked until you try rehab, only to find you're on the best drug around—music.

"All we want to do is what we love... makin' music for the people." —**Ben Watt**

Check out **Groove Junkies** on their website
www.morehouserrecords.com

Glitter Gutter Trash

By Ryan Michael Painter
rien@davidbowie.com

Of all the bands to stroll into the spotlight in the 90s, **Suede** (or London Suede, as they were delegated in America due to a folk singer's possession of the name) were the greatest. You needn't agree; it won't put the band back together. The writing was on the wall and those of us who saw it could only wait in sad anticipation for the inevitable: Suede is dead. Get the biography now; just don't expect a happy ending. Buy the jittery Singles collection (available basically everywhere except for America) but be warned, the glamour of Suede existed not in their singles but the cohesive whole of their albums. After all, singles are fine for clubs, radio and B-sides (which, coincidentally, were often equal to or better than the song they were backing). Albums are soundtracks of experience laced together between the artist and the audience. I've shared a lot of the last 10 years tethered to Suede. As clichéd as it may sound, I wouldn't be the same without them.

Eulogies are for the dead, tributes for the living. Brett, Mat, Simon, Richard, Neil, Alex and yes, even you, Bernard: See you in the next life indeed.

Marc Almond
Heart on Snow
Psychobaby

Marc Almond, known primarily as the vocalist for 80s duo **Soft Cell**, returns with one of the more triumphant recordings of his career. *Heart on Snow* is a beautiful tribute to Russia in the flavor of Almond's more theatrical/cabaret albums

(particularly his more exotic work with **Marc & the Mambas** and his two French-themed releases, *Jaques* and *Absinthe*). Yet there is something that transcends the simplicity of this being a fantastic album with a guest list of Russian performers previously unknown to me, who are not only stars but icons in their country. It is exotic, mystical, magical, an act of love and quite frankly, the sort of achievement that most artists strive for but rarely achieve. Backed by piano, orchestra or guitar, Almond's voice navigates a journey through the history of a people who searched for hope and dignity in times of despair and uncertainty. Strangely enough, in a time when British contemporaries **Boy George** and the **Pet Shop Boys** have written musicals, it is *Heart on Snow* that tells the most compelling story.

British Sea Power
The Decline of British Sea Power
Rough Trade

Brighton, home to white stone beaches, the occasional pilgrimage of **The Who's** official fan club, a beautiful decaying pier and apparently a one-time **Culture Club** session keyboardist (don't ask, long story) brings us the new darlings of the UK press: **British Sea Power**. Rather than just pulling sounds from the early or later end of the 80s, **British Sea Power** take a bit of both mixed in with their contemporary love for the occasional rock 'n' roll moment (as also seen on recent albums by **The Vines** and **Jet**). You'll be casually reminded of **Echo & The Bunnymen**, the crop of bands that emerged to fill the void when **The Smiths** called it quits, but

not as blatantly as say, **The Rapture**, who, though talented, remind the listener of how good **Robert Smith** and **Johnny "Rotten" Lydon** are when firing on all cylinders. Here's to the hope that they'll survive the backlash that always follows when you're tagged as "the best band in Brittan."

Spiritualized
Amazing Grace
Sanctuary

Midway through their recent performance in Salt Lake, a slightly drunk and belligerent fan demanded that I name one band, any band, that is better than **Spiritualized**. Rather annoyed that I had been pulled abruptly from enjoying watching **Thighpaulsandra** (recently a favorite collaborate of **Coil** and **Julian Cope**) twiddle with his keyboards while keeping one eye wide and locked on **Jason Spaceman's** nodding head, I spit out, "There isn't one," and ignored said fan for the rest of the night. Not far from the truth, really. Who else dares infuse avant garde jazz with irreverent hymns turned up to 10 with the distortion peddle on? These past few years have certainly been a-rockin' for **Spiritualized**, tripping through record deals and constant touring. Yet if there are signs of fatigue, it is simply that *Amazing Grace* is the sort of album that ends far too quickly.

The Network
Money Money 2020
Adeline

Rumors insist that the **Network** are in fact **Green Day** plus a couple blokes on keyboards. Yet don't let that persuade or dissuade you from this release. Having listened to the album before and after hearing the rumors, I can conclude that I don't know and don't really care if **Fink** is really **Billy Joe Whatshisface** (although "Supermodel Robots" is very suspect and **Adeline** so happens to be **Green Day's** pet label). The music is **Devo**-esque (a rather popular theme as of late) with lo-fi recording, space analog keyboards, themes that echo a rather love-hate relationship with technology and costumes that recall substandard professional wrestling characters who had more freak show in them than sex appeal. Underneath the front, are they any good? Yes. Perhaps not quite as entertaining or witty as **Ima Robot**, but they sure can write short, catchy pop songs with the proper amount of disconnection the act requires. Preferable, then, to the band they may or may not be in.

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modus operandi

Between the holiday months and the end-of-the-year, not a lot happens in this particular scene. Possibly the only live show to take the year out will be **Pigface**, December 9th at *Albee Square*. With their line-up it more than makes up for the lack of live events.

Congratulations are in order to Salt Lake artist, **Lapsed**, who has just been signed to German label, *Ad Noiseam*. The full-length album, *Twilight*, is due out in February.

Our Salt Lake musicians are doing better than ever by making moves to successful labels and putting Salt Lake on the map. I want to wish you all the best in the year 2K4.

I have to admit that I haven't listened to much KMFDM in the last 5-10 years. Before that, they were one of my top 10 favorites. The previous album, *Attak*, was pretty disappointing and I concluded that this would be where KMFDM and I would part ways. After seeing them perform in October, I had a change of heart. KMFDM is still the guitar-driven industrial that I loved from their *Wax Trax* era. The concept of *WWIII* was developed while on tour last summer, before the American Invasion on Iraq. **Sasha Konietzko** comments, "Once again, KMFDM has a slightly prophetic angle." The album starts with the title track, "WWIII", lending promise to the rest of the album. Female shrieking/vocals from **Lucia Cifarelli** is a nice contrast to **Sasha's**, AKA **Kapt'n K**, growling German vocals. The album sticks to the metal guitar riffs and political lyrics that they are known for and proves to be their most accessible album since *Nihil*. As KMFDM's 15th release, fans can plan on the expected, but still connect to **Kapt'n K's** German angst.

KMFDM

WWIII

Sanctuary
Records

4

Top 10 for November

1. Tarmvred - *Viva 6581*
2. [;s.i.t.d.;] - *Stronghold*
3. Empusae - *Funestus*
4. VIA - *Soundwave Assassins*
5. Hocico - *Hate Never Dies*
6. Aslan Faction - *Sin Drome of Separation*
7. Larvae - *Fashion Victim*
8. Meat Beat Manifesto - *Storm the Studio*
9. Iszoloscope/Antigen Shift - *The Blood Dimmed Tide*
10. Pow(d)er Pussy - *One Day*

For being only 4 tracks long, Tarmvred creates a powerful release with *Viva 6581*. This album could successfully reach those fans of both synth-pop and noise alike. With the Commodore 64 sound as inspiration it's hard not to fall in love with this kitschy release. The music of Sweden's Tarmvred could truly bridge the gap between noise and the rest of the industrial genres.

Tarmvred

Viva 6581

Ad Noiseam

4

Two Salt Lake labels have teamed up to release the *Soundwave Assassins* compilation. Musicians from **Backscatter** and **Dungeon Recordings**, in addition to a few other artists, have given us 12 tracks of their latest works. **23 Extacy** starts the album with heavy beats on "It's Time to Die" - originally released earlier this year on *Download the rapture*. Next is **System Syn** who rip it up with dancefloor EBM. A remix of **Symbiont's** "Fear in Justice" ("Not Afraid" mnx by **Forced**) is one of my favorites. With Symbiont's latest remix album, *Broken Silence*, it seems this was maybe a track that was cut. **Lapsed**, who was recently signed to German label, *Ad Noiseam*, gives us a taste of his forthcoming album, *Twilight*. **Little Sap Dungeon's**, "The Children Sleep", has some great samples and screaming backed by some nice tribal beats, from *Silent Entities*. **Algorithm Deconstruct** side-project, **Kill Component**, touches in the rhythm noise area with "Reactant" - I look forward to hearing more from this project. *Soundwave Assassins* finishes up with **Roses & Exile's** "Stained Confessions", with a beautiful melody and dark Peter Murphy-like vocals. I'm normally not a fan of this sound, but it works very well in this case. *Soundwave Assassins* is a great place to catch up on what the Salt Lake artists have been up to for 2003.

Various
ArtistsSoundwave
AssassinsBackscatter/
Dungeon
Recordings

3.5

WRITTEN IN BLOOD: HARD MUSIC FOR A HARD WORLD

SHAXWIB-WIBLOOD2004@MAILBLOCKS.COM

BY JOHN FORGASH



THE END/SCARLET:

The album *Parallels* is the full-length debut for Sweden's **Seethings**.

This band sounds young (I envisioned late teens/early twenties), but a majority of

the guys have been making music together in various incarnations since 1994. Their "young" sound comes from an infusion of indie rock into what would be an otherwise tired-sounding nü-metal approach. The genius Daniel Bergstrand (co-producer) did a huge favor for this band by steering away from the big-label/big-production sound that would have certainly sterilized their music. What's left is a mass of noisy rumbling guitars and drums, mostly clean vocals, tons of hooks and some pretty damn good songwriting. Although the music and vocals coexist in stark contrast to each other, the stripped-down production brings the vocals out in front, striking a balance between the two. Vocalist Lawrence Mackrory has come a long way since I first heard his very aggressive vocal approach on Darkane's debut, *Rusted Angel*. Lawrence left Darkane, but later re-appeared with clean, progressive rock vocals on Andromeda's debut, *Extension Of The Wish*. Lawrence sings cleanly on the majority of *Parallels*, breaking out his more aggressive edge as songs peak in intensity. Either way, this guy's got range. Where I would normally be the first to miss a guitar solo, this album isn't really hurt by the nearly complete lack of solos. The one solo I can remember hearing appears on the Tool-sounding track 10, "This Hole." ---- The debut *Believe In Angels* from the progressive/power metal band **Seven Seraphim** starts out on shaky ground with the overly dramatic "Atmosphere Collide." Tracks 2 through 10 are equally as "spirited" as track 1, but fortunately, the band stuffs a sock into some of their more dramatic musical tendencies. Each member of this band is formidable on his respective instrument, including vocalist Greg Hupp, although it's apparent the core of this band revolves around guitarist Andrew Szucs. The music of *Believe In Angels* is the stuff the guitar bands of the 80s were recording—Impellitteri, Masi and Racer's X come to mind. Vocally, at times Hupp sort of reminds me of Steve Perry from Journey. Yes, I'm familiar with the band Journey. Some of you don't realize that the early 80s were lean times for metal. You had to supplement with a little Journey, REO Speedwagon, Styx and Jefferson Starship (at one time, Craig Chaquico's guitar of

choice was a B.C. Rich Mockingbird—the most metal of all guitars!). I'm not really into the majority of the power metal bands that are out there, but Seven Seraphim grew on me. There's no denying this is a good band.



CENTURY MEDIA:

Enemies Of Reality from **Nevermore** has been out since July, but in keeping with my strict "last-to-know" policy, I just received the album in the mail

this month. This is the fifth full-length album for this band, and for that matter, the same number for this lineup (not to include a couple of world-class second guitarists (Pat O'Brien—Cannibal Corpse, Tim Calvert—ex-Forbidden) that came and went over the years). As of their last album, *Dead Heart In A Dead World*, sole guitarist Jeff Loomis filled the void and brought a new color to Nevermore's musical palette with an extra string on his guitar. As with *D.H.I.A.D.W.*, Jeff kicks off the title track of *Enemies Of Reality* with the deep-throated power that can only be extracted from a seven-string guitar, setting the tone for the rest of the album. The music Nevermore is currently playing is everything they've done in the past combined with the newfound heaviness they've discovered since the beginning of 2000. Track 1, "Enemies Of Reality," is a continuation of *Dead Heart ...*; track 4, "Tomorrow Turns Into Yesterday," and the somber track 8, "Noumenon," hearken back to the moody *Dreaming Neon Black*; and track 5, "I, Voyager," hints of *Politics Of Ecstasy* (1996). My single gripe with this release is the production. The band switched from Neil Kernon (producer from first release through *Dreaming Neon Black*) to Andy Sneap on *Dead Heart In A Dead World*. This time around, the band went with Queensryche/Dokken producer Kelly Gray. The music loses some clarity for the sake of a thick production. Everything sounds good individually, but the mix has certain components of the music competing. Other than that, just like every other Nevermore release, *Enemies Of Reality* is a must-have. ---- I hate to bitch (it's so unlike me), but I was so damn pissed when I drove 50 miles to Saltair and waited in the freezing cold for what seemed like hours, just to find out that Arch Enemy didn't show to open for Slayer. WTF? There better be a couple of lost limbs to explain their absence. I'm in a pissy enough mood to slam the new **Arch Enemy**, *Anthems Of Rebellion*, but just my luck—it's the best thing I've ever heard from

this band—and I've liked their past releases. The Amott brothers (Christopher and Michael) are writing such catchy songs these days, without the music sounding simplistic or superficial. *Anthems ...* is the quintessential metal album for its time. It combines groove-laden, traditional metal hooks with the aggressive movement so popular in today's metal. Michael Amott has really brought this band along to new heights. Ever since his time with Carcass, Michael has added the needed touch of class to heavy music. I'm totally into his solos too (which there are a lot of on this album). His fluid style smacks of a Michael Schenker influence—very nice. Vocalist Angela Gossow has really settled in as well. Her vocals, while it might be argued need to expand beyond her one-dimensional death metal delivery, fit pretty well with the music. I'd like to hear a clean, melodic element within the vocals in the future. I do like the few clean male vocals done by Christopher Amott (I think) that show up on *Anthems Of Rebellion*.



LEVIATHAN:

Greek guitarist Gus G. is back with **Firewind**, one of his many bands, to release *Burning Earth* as a follow-up to the 2002 debut release,

Between Heaven And Hell. In the recent past, Gus spent time with the band Mystic Prophecy and is currently juggling his time between Firewind, Dream Evil and Nightrage. The songs from *Burning Earth* seem to be more anthemic in nature than what appeared on the debut. The release starts off with an unnecessary minute-long spoken intro (no, it's not on a separate track that you can easily skip over—so suffer), which transitions into the hard-hitting "Steal Them Blind." The next three tracks all follow a questionable anthemic recipe. Track 5, "The Fire And The Fury," is an awesome instrumental that Gus should have done more of. Track 6, "You Have Survived," reverts back to the anthemic crutch, but is then followed by the very cool "Brother's Keeper." The heavy "Waiting Still" and power ballad "The Longest Day" round out the album. I really like Gus G. as a guitarist. At 22, this guy has tons of potential—hell, he's better than most guitarists out there already. I'm just not crazy about half of his songwriting. Enough with the anthems already!

WASTED LIFE

BY
DAVE BARRATT

dave@slugmag.com

No disjointed rambling about government conspiracies this month, December's column will be all hardcore, all the time. For upcoming shows, check out **Defiance** at Albee Square on Sunday, Dec. 21. Local bands playing will be **Endless Struggle**, **Time Bomb** and **All Systems Fail**.

I run into people once in a while who think it's weird or funny that places like Mexico and Japan have hardcore punk, when they've had the 'core as long as anyone else. **Kill from the Heart** is a giant website that documents the roots of hardcore punk from every corner of the world, including South Africa, Turkey and Russia. It includes photos, interviews and discographies for almost every hardcore band on earth that existed before 1989. Everytime I think I've heard all the 'core I could ever want, I go to **Kill from the Heart** and find a million more bands that I want to listen to. You can find **Kill from the Heart** at <http://homepages.nyu.edu/~cch223/main-page.html>

Born Dead Icons *Unlearn 7"*

Born Dead Icons is one of the most consistent bands in DIY hardcore these days. They've released three full-length LPs and four EPs, each proving their love of classic anarcho-punk like Antisect, Rudimentary Peni and Amebix. With every new record I know exactly what to expect, but every time I'm shocked that the new record is as epic and memorable as the last. If you like gloomy hardcore full of rage and despair, Born Dead Icons are the best. (Born Dead Icons, PO Box 64, Station C, Montreal, Quebec, H2L-4J7, Canada, or borndeadicons@yahoo.ca)

Disclose *The Sound of Disaster cassette*

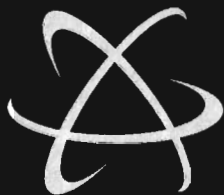
This band has the most hair-raising distortion I've ever heard. It sounds like machine-gun fire, explosions and screaming all at the same time, which is perfect when all of your songs are about war, your hair is charged, your leather jacket is bristling with spikes and

you play full metal jacket raw hardcore punk. Disclose has always been good at that, and it's nice to see that the cassette format is being used more these days, so punks from anywhere in the world can listen to it. (Distort Label, PO Box 3400, Wallington, NJ, 07057)

Think I Care *Self-titled LP*

Think I Care have got to be one of the most sincerely hateful hardcore bands I've ever heard. Using the word 'hate-core' conjures images of right-wing jocks beating on kids just for the fuck of it, but Think I Care point their anger at worthy topics, like posers, religion and working shitty jobs. Every song is like a punch in the face, and the lyrics are absolutely perfect. For example "I'm sick of struggling to keep my head above water/I'm sick of worrying about one thing then another/I'm sick of working every fucking day/I'm sick of receiving shitty fucking pay..." I'm sick of fucking indie-rock hair, I prefer shaved heads and Think I Care. (Deadaliver Records, PO Box 42593, Philadelphia, PA, 19101, or <http://www.deadaliverrecords.com>)

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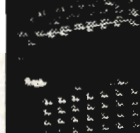
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Local Reviews

By Rebecca Votaw


Local bands! Please start including your website, or at the very least, an e-mail address that I can list after your review so your legion of future fans can find out more about you, buy your release, book you, etc. (I won't print phone numbers unless you indicate otherwise).

Edgar's Mule, *Tighter, Just Blue*




One of my bigger pet peeves is when not-so-original bands say in their bio that they can't be categorized. That's an insult to the bands that really can't be categorized, and suffer for recognition and respect as a result. But complaining aside, Edgar's Mule mixes alt-country folk-type elements with straight-ahead rock. Think The Lemonheads, but with a decisively more country feel (that's where the whole "mule" thing comes in, folks!). The extent of the band's daring can be heard in the circus-like horns of "Skid Marks." Their music isn't that original, and it *can* be categorized, but the lyrics are excellent, and it is well done for what it is.

Friend, *Self-titled demo*




Who needs mastering, anyway? Friend is a meandering, sedated walk through blue, hazy meadows with geese swimming in lakes that of course reflect the sky like a mirror. Harmonica, muted vocals, acoustic guitar and brushy drumming with a folk-rock overtone make you feel like you're in a coma. The vocals are good—they're on pitch, which is more than you can ask for from most locals—and they're strong and confident, and in the singer/songwriter tradition, albeit with a lot of reverb. The production of this album is a mess—everything sounds as muddy as trying to breathe through Everglades water. Better production next time around should make a difference.

The New Transit Direction, *Advance single*



TNTD's strident two-track single is a tempting appetizer from their upcoming album, *Wonderful Defense Mechanisms*, the first to be released on Some Records February of 2004. If this single doesn't convince you that you must go out and buy the album the millisecond it comes out, then something's wrong with you. "Survival 101" comes in with a sound like a jet engine powering up. Intense, pleading vocals sashay with beats like precise, complicated dance steps. The second track, "Out the Lights," is my favorite. It's the slowest New Transit song I've heard—perfect production makes everything airy, full and well, perfect ... and I swear, something about the opening riffs and verses remind me of Pink Floyd's more epic ballads. It will be exciting to see where the hot, hot boys of New Transit go next. www.tntd.net, www.some.com

Some Records, *Promo compilation*




As long as we're on a Some Records kick, we might as well go all the way with this 8-song sampler of some wicked Some Records bands. Innaway begins with the piano-laden, lush "Wild," then The Ghost (my fave of the non-SLC bands) pound away with "Banished and Loving it," a lo-fi "rockcore" (yeah, I invented the word) number with agitated vocals. The Exit's polished emo crusher "Sit and Wait," then New Transit's "Survival 101" (see above) and Form of Rocket's "I Would Sell You for Crack." Aaaaahh. Back to The Exit with "Tell Me All Again," then Rebecca Schiffman's folksy indie wildcard "Burn Down the School." It ends with The Ghost's "Diffuser." I have no idea if this is available to the general public, but I'm sure if you e-mail Some at info@some.com and are real, real nice, they'll sell/give you one. Oh, and Curtis from FoR is on the front. www.some.com



State & Stereo, *Grey Ribbon Rapid Crash*

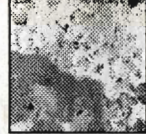
"Dear friends at SLUG," writes Matt in a piece of white paper slipped into the homemade CD sleeve, "This is a super lo-fi recording I did in my basement with an 8-track. I worked really hard on it," etc., etc. For being just what he said it is, I'd say State & Stereo are off to a pretty healthy start. "All That's Left" opens with emo-touched rock, displaying songwriting that's head and shoulders above most bands, fading out with weird noise clips. "One More Casualty" is the best—raging, textured guitars are rough in all the right ways under vocals that claw and scratch with furious, distorted screaming. With its raw anger, it's too strong to fit in the "screamo" category. "Sexing the wraith" is the poetic lyric byte written by "One More Casualty," and "Scourged bodywork laced with beautiful" is next to "Moas Natobode." Maybe all emo bands should go lo-fi.

The Middle Distance, *Foreword*




For starters, Devin Greenleaf is one of the nicest guys on the planet, and you better tip him well when he serves you at Evergreen. "Between" is one of my favorite tracks on this 5-song EP, released on Young at Heart Records from Huntington Beach. Weren't they signed to My Sweet Records, the stepping stone to the big boys, for like, 2 minutes? I guess they were just too hot of a potato to stay on for long. "Between" has the big, catchy, emo-pop sound of Jimmy Eat World: "My days go by like sails between directions," sings Greenleaf (I hope I heard that right), and you do get a feeling from the song of the quickly changing, never-returning seasons. "Digital" also has the big sound of the emo giants. Middle Distance is really coming into their own with *Foreword*. I predict world domination by Easter. www.themiddledistance.com

Luath, *O'Wisp my Soul, O'Wake*



There's a whole underworld of noise/experimental music here in Salt Lake, and you should dig into it, because a plethora of hidden treasures lurk there. Cory Bury of Hoth(e), Kqwiet and Syzygy contributes a great deal to this world; he produced *O'Wisp my Soul* and pulled together a collage of musical ideas from all three members to give birth to the album. Dreamy, repeating keyboards and strings weave a mystical net of iridescent light. At the forefront is the lovely, haunting voice of Lisa Olivea Ward, who was a member of lush, folk Eastern world band Obelisk (with Gentry Densley guesting) and Marijuana Lisa, and who has contributed her talent to In Gowan Ring. "The Wind a Whisper" sounds like Sigur Rós around the 9-to-10-minute mark, then breaks into chanting that sounds like the groans of ancient stones buried in the caves of *Lord of the Rings'* Mount Doom. Discover Luath or live to regret it. www.dreamwater.com/music/hoth/arrival.html

Erosion, *No One Can Hear You Scream*



Poetry + rock = Velvet Underground, but poetry + rock + demented revivals + strung-out blues + swamp rock = Erosion (R.I.P.) If you didn't get to Erosion's last show, you're either a complete loser or you were in New York. Either way, you missed out. Released on Pseudo Recordings, Erosion's last hurrah! boasts all the grappling bass lines, twisted self-deprecating lyrics that seem to laugh at the same time as they kill, snapping guitars and aggressive drum beats you could ever hope for. Mark Scheering sings in "Whistling in the Dark," and of course, "The Spider," my favorite, with Jon Bean's catchy melody line, is awesome. Erosion practiced diligently three times a week for five years, wrote and released dozens of songs, and set a hard-hitting standard for other Salt Lake rock bands to live up to. Erosion was one of Salt Lake's longest-lasting original rock bands. We've lost a gift to our music scene and true fans better not forget them. www.erosionarts.com

Replace Engine with Lego Motor & Pour Sugar in the Gas Tank: Disabling Commerce & Industry with Jeff Ott

By Fat Tony

How often do you hear a band that really matters? Not just a band that sounds good, but one that is really making a difference. Well, I've got one for you, and their name is **Fifteen**. These guys don't just make music, they make music with a message, and they've been spreading that message for over a decade. Fifteen was born out of the ashes of Bay area punk rock icons **Crimpshrine** back in 1988. It was singer/guitarist **Jeff Ott**'s vision to create music that didn't just rock, but had something important to say as well. Getting audiences to move is one thing, but getting them to think is another thing altogether, and Jeff has succeeded on both counts. True, in the grand scheme of things, put against major label bands, Fifteen is a relatively small grain of sugar in the meshing gears of commerce and industry, but being so can also mean being powerful and using the camouflage of scale to wonderful effect. Some of the burning issues they've tackled include how and why Jeff quit smoking, his 10 years of homelessness, native American rights, rape, 101 ways to disable a car (including "replace engine with Lego motor"), and not forgetting the government's car bombing of activist Judi Bari. The tough and controversial social questions continue in Jeff's book, *My World, Ramblings of an Aging Gutter Punk*, and his new solo acoustic album on SubCity (an imprint of Hopeless Records), *Will Work For Diapers*. Fifteen also has a new SubCity album out, a reissue of 1995's self-produced *Extra Medium Kickball Star (17)*. A portion of the proceeds earned by the former album will be donated to the Ruckus Society, a organization that provides instruction in strategic campaigning, grassroots organizing, and other non-violence philosophy techniques to a wide array of struggles for the environment, human rights and social justice. A portion of the proceeds earned by the latter will be donated to Any Positive Change, an HIV/hepatitis prevention organization. Recently, Jeff was cool enough to grant me an interview via e-mail. I sent him some questions; these are the answers he sent back:

SLUG: What are some of your hobbies you enjoy when you're not busy working?

Jeff: I've been learning about building websites, some home repair and deck-building, stuff like that. So far, I've made anypositivechange.com and home.mchsi.com/~15xv/.

SLUG: Why did you select Any Positive Change and The Ruckus Society to be the charities to receive proceeds from your Sub City albums?

Jeff: I chose Any Positive Change because it's a totally non-paid organization, and because it is basically the only radical thing that exists in the place I live. Ruckus because I'm really attracted to the idea of amplifying other groups' work.

SLUG: Are there any organizations out there you might want our readers to check out and help with?

Jeff: The ACLU, earthfirst.org, poormagazine.com, kwru.org, Food Not Bombs, harmreduction.org, berkeleyfreeclinic.org, dpf.org/homepage.cfm, purpleberets.org, justicewomen.com,

feminist.org, Planned Parenthood, amfar.org/cgi-bin/iowa/index.html, nasen.org, hiv.com, posimages.org, epidemic.org, nationalhepatitis-c.org, mumia.org/freedom.now, prisonactivist.org, prisonradio.org/index.html, sentencingproject.org, racetractor.org, russellmeans.com, leonardpeltier.org, informationclearinghouse.info, iraqbodycount.net. I should probably stop myself ...

SLUG: It's no secret you used to be an addict. What's your stance now towards drug legalization/addiction treatment?

Jeff: I would say that marijuana should be completely decriminalized, everything else (including alcohol) should only be in pharmacies, and you should be able to tell your doctor that you want a medication for recreational or emotion-suppressing purposes. Treatment should be just another part of state paid-for universal medical care.

SLUG: Would you ever consider running for any type of office yourself?

Jeff: If your readers send me \$410.00 I will run for county supervisor in my district in 2005. Two years ago I didn't have the \$380.00 it cost then to run.

SLUG: For those of us culturally marooned here in Utah, is there any possibility of an upcoming tour for either Fifteen or your spoken/acoustic solo stuff, and if so, could Salt Lake City be a possible stopping date?

Jeff: I think that will be possible in the summer; right now I'm just doing dates in between semesters, so I don't think I'm getting too much farther than Arizona.

SLUG: What's next for you? Any more solo records, books, or autobiographical made-for-TV movies in the foreseeable future?

Jeff: The next thing will be book number two, which I'm working on, slowly.

SLUG: What is one question you've always wanted an interviewer to ask you?

Jeff: Why punk bands aren't representative of the general population (i.e. - 50 percent white, 13 percent black, 13 percent latino, etc.)



Ex-junkie, gutter punk & dead-beat dad, Jeff Ott now spends all of his free time with daughter, Grace.

By himself, Jeff Ott is little more than nothing. Yet, armed with the hard ideas and ideals of years of thoughtful protest, he continues to bend the ears and shape the minds of thousands of people; show by show, album by album. If you listen carefully to Fifteen's albums you'll know how effective thousands of grains of sugar can be when strategically funneled into an unsuspecting gas tank.

TIGER ARMY

by Carly Fetzer and James Orme

Go to any **Tiger Army** show, listen to any Tiger Army record, and you are bound to hear the war cry "Tiger Army never die!" There's no time for dying for this East Bay trio; they're too busy recording their third full-length album *Tiger Army III: Ghost Tigers Rise*, running around the country, raising Hell with **Rancid** on the **Hellcat Records** tour, and getting shot in the head. As frontman **Nick 13** will explain, Tiger Army's motto, "Never Die," has come to mean something significantly more in the past year.

SLUG: You guys call yourselves "American psychobilly." What is the difference between American and European psychobilly? Maybe give us a run down of the history of psychobilly.

N13: The majority of psychobilly has definitely come from Europe and elsewhere in the world other than the States. It started in England in the early 80s, mostly by a band called **The Meteors**, and kind of spread through the rest of England and Europe from there, and for some reason, it never really came over here in a big way. Basically, by calling our music "American psychobilly," it's a nod to the fact that it didn't start here, but it's also a way of saying that we're not trying to imitate what's come before, even though we're inspired by it. From day one, we wanted to do our own take on psychobilly, which to me is what the coolest psycho bands have always done.

SLUG: Drummer **Fred Hell** was shot earlier this year. Can you tell us about that and what's been going on?

N13: Well, he was at a friend's apartment back in March when a



Photo: BJ Pappas

home invasion robbery happened. He wound up getting shot four times—one of those in the head—and he has a bullet in his brain which will be there for the rest of his life, which miraculously doesn't seem to affect him that much. He's doing really well. He sounds good behind the drum kit and he's going out with us for the first time since this happened.

SLUG: So how was your Halloween?

N13: Pretty uneventful. There were a couple of things going on last night and I wound up not doing any of them. It was raining really hard, and I was really tired. I was going to go see **AFI** at the **House of Blues**—they were playing a kind of special show there—and I found out that it was cancelled because the power went out on the whole block, and I wound up just watching *Halloween 3*, which was cool, actually. It was raining really hard; it was kind of creepy. I was into it.

SLUG: Speaking of Halloween, in your songs you often use the supernatural as subject matter. Do you really believe in ghosts and vampires or are they just interesting to write about?

N13: Ghosts I believe in to some extent. Vampirism is more of a metaphor. There is definitely vampirism that occurs in the world: It might not be the kind you see in the movies or in stories, but it's out there.

SLUG: Horror movies have been a big inspiration to psychobilly. What are some of your favorites?

N13: One of my favorite horror movies of all time is called *Carnival of Souls* from 1962. A lot of it was actually shot in Salt Lake City. Some of my other favorites are Hitchcock's *Psycho*, I'm a big fan of **Bella Lugosi**, the original *Dracula*, *White Zombie* and *The Black Cat* are some of my other favorites.

SLUG: How does your band's tiger motif fit in with psychobilly?

N13: There is a lot of symbolism that surrounds the tiger. One way it ties in is that in Eastern philosophy, the yin and the yang



(the light and the dark) are also represented by animals, the light being represented by the dragon and the dark being represented by the tiger. I was born in the year of the tiger; it ties in that way for me. But also, there is a certain spirit associated with tigers—a ferocity and an independence. And behaviorally as animals, they are definitely loners. I relate to that, and I think a lot of people that listen to our music relate to that as well. Basically, a Tiger Army is not just the band, it's anyone who's into what we're doing and feels a little out of place; but not out of place in a bad way, but out of place because you think for yourself.

S: Would you ever consider tackling social or political issues?

N13: For me personally, I've never been interested in writing about politics. I think music should be timeless, and when you listen to a punk record from the 80s it might be a great song, but it's really dated because it's about a really specific time and place. Also, I'm more interested in encouraging people to think for themselves and to live how they think is right.

SLUG: Not necessarily spreading your own mantra.

N13: Exactly. I think that was one of the reasons I was drawn to psychobilly. Psycho came about as a reaction to a lot of the scenes that were more political in Europe at the time. So when so much of punk was going extreme right wing, or extreme left wing, psychobilly wasn't about politics. It was and is about a release to a certain extent; it's about having a good time.

SLUG: So who do you think some of the better psychobilly bands are?

N13: Gosh, I just woke up. From the States, there's starting to be a lot of cool newer, younger psychobilly bands starting out. **Graveyard Shift** from Seattle is cool; there's a band called **Left for Dead** from Arizona that's cool; there's a really cool band from Long Beach that are kind of younger guys, teenagers, called **The Black Rose Phantoms** who I like a lot.

SLUG: You guys are currently on Epitaph/Hellcat, and it seems lately that the bigger punk bands, including the ones on Epitaph/Hellcat, have been going to bigger labels. In the punk world, it's considered a no-no. What does the psychobilly world think of that? What do you think of that?

N13: As far as psychobilly goes, that kind of thing is not really an issue in the real psycho scene. The first psychobilly record, *In Heaven*, by The Meteors, was on a major label, and **Madsin**, one of the bigger European bands from Germany, was on **Polydore** for a while, and nobody in the psychobilly scene cared. To me, that whole debate has more to do with

punk rock and I don't even really understand it. I know where it came from; from that *Maximum Rock n' Roll* article. But a lot of people forget that **The Clash**, **The Ramones**, **The Sex Pistols**—their first albums were all on major labels, so when people say something can't be punk and be on a major label, I don't understand that. As for us, we don't really have any plans of going anywhere. We're happy on Hellcat, and as long as that works for us and they want to have us, it's a good situation.

SLUG: I wouldn't be really surprised if Tiger Army has a major label release in the future. Because after Rancid and **The Distillers**, you guys are right up there for Hellcat.

N13: It's not something that I'm for or against. It's something

that every band has to decide for themselves when the time comes, but as far as bands like Rancid and **AFI** go, I can speak from personal experience that those bands have more artistic integrity than 90 percent of the bands on independents, let alone the majors. What matters to me is that if you're true to your art and you really believe in what you're doing, it doesn't matter what label you're on.

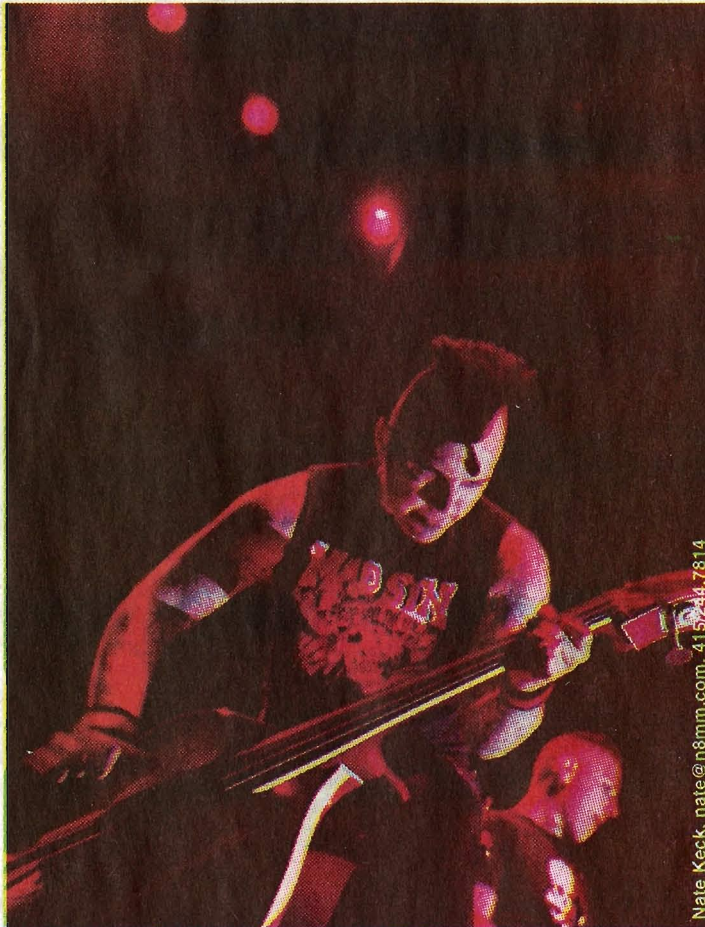
SLUG: With all the dark themes you deal with, would you say you are an unhappy person?

N13: That's an interesting question. I don't know that I consider myself a happy person. I'm definitely not unhappy all the time. There are cycles with everything in life, and there are definitely days and weeks where I feel a certain way and then times where things are really good.

SLUG: Would you ever write a really happy, upbeat song?

N13: I don't purposely stay away from a song sounding happy or unhappy in terms of lyrical content. I guess the stuff I write is more of a reflection of my psyche. I wouldn't say that I never would; I'd just say that it's probably not likely. I mean, there are songs that are dark in a certain way that aren't as immediately obvious, but I think there is always going to be that little thorn behind the rose.

In the forest's darkness around midnight, you'll discover what Nick13 and Tiger Army are singing about. A darkness and a light. Loneliness in the middle of a crowd. A tiger and a dragon. You'll find a purity in music that is rarely matched. Come and see the psychobilly voodoo live when Tiger Army plays the Horticulture Building at the fairgrounds with **F-minus** and Rancid on Dec. 20. Also, look for the new album, *Tiger Army III: Ghost Tigers Rise*, on April 27, 2004, and do not fear the darkness. ☉



Nate Keck, nate@n8mm.com, 415.244.7814

"I Remember Being Struck When I Went to Death Valley by this Giant Fly:"

Hannah Marcus breaks down *Desert Farmers*

By seven5eroryan

The record *Desert Farmers* is a dark, somber world created by poet/songwriter Hannah Marcus in collaboration with **Godspeed You! Black Emperor** and author **Rick Moody** (*The Ice Storm*, *Purple America*). We had a brief discourse on the nature of this project, her poetry and the paradigm she has created. Her fourth full-length album, released on **Bar None Records**, is her first joint effort with other artists. How did this musical collaboration come to be? After listening to numerous Hannah Marcus albums in their van, GYBE toured with Hannah in Amsterdam and Germany. The chemistry was undeniable, and the band accompanied Hannah to Montreal to record and play on *Desert Farmers*. The offspring was distinct from the previous works of either artist, the bastard child defining new boundaries for cinematic poetry-rock.

"What is different about this record is not necessarily that GYBE was imposed upon it; the songs were free of a certain other kind of production, a free flow," Marcus says.

The free flow Hannah talks about emanates strongly to create a fusion of music and poetry which coexist interdependently, each carrying an equal weight in the final product. I asked her if the free flow mentioned during the production carried over into the creation of these works.

"I pored over most of the writing. The only spontaneous creation was the beginning of 'Strip Darts.' I really liked the germ of the song, but I didn't like the way it had played out. The day before it was recorded, I came up with that melody, and it was so much better than the first that I used it on the record."

This was also the first time she had taken poetry from another source. She was able to flawlessly intertwine the characters from outside writings into her own writings taken from experience. For the track "Purple Mother," she looked to Rick Moody's book *Purple America*.

"The mother in the story is speaking to her son's girlfriend about what it is like to be his mother. It is evident that it is not the author speaking, but a character."

Hannah continues, "I don't have kids; the 'mother' has nothing in common with me. However, for 'Hairdresser in Taos,' every line in it is absolutely true. It is a story about me. At the same time, I become a character."

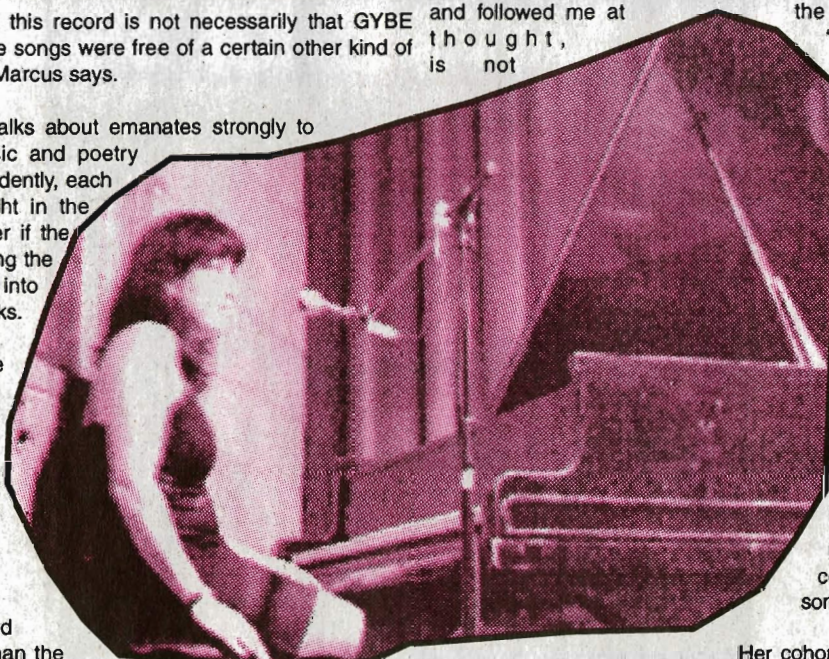
Even with poetry from other authors, all of the poems in *Desert Farmers* are intimately self-orientated; they never take an outside perspective.

"I think that writing is a struggle to get out of a solipsistic loop. I find it really hard to write in the third person, even when I am writing about someone else. I always feel like, rather than describing

someone from my objective position, I'd rather try to get inside him or her. I think it can be my handicap, but also my forte."

In the world she has created, the epic image of the desert arises repeatedly in *Desert Farmers*, as seen in the lyrics to "Strip Darts:" "When you got clean you took your loot/and sunk it into dragon fruit/You went off to become a desert farmer/You cover up the rows with tarps so that the brutal/sun won't scorch their tender hearts. This desert/heat is like a knife." Carrying significant influence in her writing, I asked Hannah to share a little about her personal relationship with the desert.

"I remember being struck when I went to Death Valley by this giant fly who kept following me. It actually followed when I got in my car and followed me at the window as I drove. I thought, 'That's something. There is not much to eat around here. This fly is counting on me.'"



After seeing what the desert environment had brought to life for Hannah, I was eager to see what the New York atmosphere was to spawn.

"Imagine the polar opposite of *Desert Farmers*, more Magnetic Field-orientated, but it's almost like, and I hate to say this, **A Mighty Wind**. We had conceived of this before *A Mighty Wind* had come out. Like calypso songs in the early 60s."

Her cohorts in her new country/folk project are Rick Moody and Dave Grubbs (**The Red Crayola**, **Gastr' Del Sol**). The trio goes under the name **The Wingdale Community Singers**. They are currently working on recording an album.

Anxious to see *Desert Farmers* performed live, I asked her if she is planning to go on tour, possibly with accompanying musicians.

"I'm not sure," she replies. "I am going out on the West Coast, but I am not planning a massive tour. I may tour with a band, but the fact that it doesn't depend entirely on other people makes it nice and easy."

Today, Hannah resides in New York and remains active in both literary and music scenes. She has been performing selected tracks from *Desert Farmers*, both as a solo act and with other artists. Although never able to deliver the perfect record sound live, *Desert Farmers* remains as organic as its creative process. In the present, performances range from wildly experimental versions of "Hairdresser in Taos" to a minimalist presentation of "Strip Darts." *Desert Farmers* continues on, the album representing a small glimpse into the world of a constantly progressing creature.

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CD Reviews

Joshua Beckman & Matthew Rohrer Verse Press

Nice Hat. Thanks./Adventures While Preaching the Gospel of Beauty

—Nate

Poets Beckman and Rohrer sent us at SLUG a book they'd jointly written and an accompanying CD. The CD completely sucks ass, so my first impulse was to chuck it and simply write a book review for *Nice Hat. Thanks.*, but I then decided to use this space to make a point instead. **UNLESS YOUR NAME IS MUMS THE SCHEMER DO NOT PUT OUT AN AUDIO ALBUM OF YOU READING POETRY. IT IS FUCKING BORING.** The book is great, but we'll get to that in a second. The CD is who-the-fuck-knows many minutes of these guys reading off their improvised poetry, some of which is nothing more than them having audience members shout out a word and them talking about it. It's dismal, and I have more to bitch about, but I'd hate to run out of room before I got a chance to say how the book is good. It's divided into sections: one-, two-, three-, four- and five-line poems, plus some longer ones. These too were supposedly mostly improvised, but at least their editors got their hands on them before they spat them out for public consumption. They use simple, direct language often focusing upon a single scene or feeling and dabble occasionally in symmetry and rhyme. Many of the short poems are good, but a lot of them scream to be longer. Hence why improvisation is problematic. It would have been nice to see these two free young souls expand on their initial good ideas, instead of cutting them short for the sake of purity and wishing they were **Williams Carlos Williams**.

Belle & Sebastian

Rough Trade

Dear Catastrophe Waitress

—Stakerized!

Belle & Sebastian are sometimes too cute for their own good. They still capture a moment that not many stateside are familiar with—a perfect pastiche of British pop from the mid-60s, with orchestral and jazz flourishes, before that decade's experimentalism got way out of hand; smart comments on the sexual revolution before lyric writers fell into drug-induced gibberish. Producer Trevor Horn, best known for the **Buggles'** "Video Killed the Radio Star" new wave hit in the 80s, adds a kind of leisurely light that complements their compositions well, an improvement over comparatively lackluster recent releases. "If I could just do one perfect thing I'd be happy/they'd write in on my grave when they scattered my ashes/on second thought I'd rather hang about and be there with my best friend/if she wants me," muses Stuart Murdoch, but art and love somehow combine in the best of both worlds here. The ambiguously fey sensuality of their sound, and perhaps some of their listeners, is evoked with "Piazza, New York catcher, are you straight or are you gay?" Speaking of odd bedfellows, the dual guitar shuffle of "I'm a Cuckoo" is consciously meant as an homage to **Thin Lizzy**. "Roy Walker" positively rocks out, and "Stay Loose" is a new wave guitar and organ epic. This release takes the sweated Scots' supposedly retro sound properly into the new millennium.

Big John Bates

Devil Sauce Records

Mystiki

—Kevlar7

Big John Bates is back!!! Not only is his spooky bad-ass self back in all his old hellfire-burning glory, he has cut a disc that is arguably one of the best psychobilly discs in a long time. I have not heard a greaser disc that is track by track absolutely brilliant. Think the first **Tiger Army** and **The Cramps'** *Stay Sick*. Switchblade-sharp guitar chords with pulsating stand-up bass slaps twist and turn like a rockabilly gig held under the moonlight at a local cemetery. The werewolves and mummies will shake and twirl to the ass-shakin' nightmare of the band's B-movie anthems. The ghouls and zombies will drool at the site of The Voodoo Dollz and Big John Bates' sexy go-go dancers who also sing backing vocals. This disc tops his last disc, *Flamethrower*, which is an excellent disc in itself, but *Mystiki* takes the band to the stratosphere. Perhaps that would be the lowest depths of hell—if that's the case, then the Devil is probably a groupie of Big John Bates, that's for sure. Check out www.Bigjohnbates.com to find how y'all can make a deal with Bates.

Chromatics

Gold Standard Laboratories

Chrome Rats vs Basement Rutz

—seven5zeroryan

Chromatics began as an evolution of **The Soiled Doves**, following the departure of vocalist Johnny Vade to concentrate on his alter-ego with **The Blood Brothers**. The Chromatics' debut full-length is a musical departure from both of the aforementioned bands, floating through eight tracks of sobering, sassy garage rock. The empty, minimalist noise rock Chromatics form captures the echo-driven sound of **The VSS** while creating the dark, mysterious atmosphere of **The Get Hustle**. The unwavering beats and catchy discordance in these eight tracks are absolutely mesmerizing. Far from a noisy record, the soundscape is reminiscent of an old guitar going in and out of tune in a painfully empty garage while the rhythm incessantly forces the listener to bob his/her head. Occasional fits of screaming and finger snaps litter the record delightfully and add an interesting dynamic, helping each subsequent listen of *Chrome Rats vs Basement Rutz* to become increasingly hypnotic.

Coheed and Cambria

Equal Vision

In Keeping Secrets of Silent Earth: 3

—Carly Fetzer

Coheed's first album, *The Second Stage Turbine Blade*, took me quite awhile to love, but love it I do! The band has a rare approach to rock n' roll that involves science fiction, intricate story lines, heroes, villains, one of the most unique voices since Getty Lee and as a result, a tendency to catch people off guard. But they truly are a matchless force in the world of boring rock. Their second album is a masterpiece even more compelling than the first, combining a little bit more pop (and therefore accessibility) with their expected cryptic lyrics and metal guitar riffs. My favorite tracks are the sugary sweet "Blood Red Summer," "A Favor House Atlantic" and "The Velourium Camper 1: Faint of Heart." You haven't lived until you've seen Coheed live, with their flying V's flying and Claudio's fro bouncing along to the music that you can't even comprehend.

dakota/dakota

Arms Reach Recordings

Shoot in the Dark

—seven5zeroryan

Straight out of Chi-town, dakota/dakota brings to the field intensely intricate instrumental indie rock guaranteed to make the emo boys and girls learn to play some scales on their older brothers' Stratocasters. With guitar work reminiscent of **Minus the Bear** and the song structures of **Dillinger Escape Plan**, one would expect this album to be absolutely breathtaking. Unfortunately, the major chords and scales leave you feeling like you're listening to crappy jazz records from the D.I. crossed with a wussy emo band whose singer has finally gone ahead and killed himself. Good riddance. Vocals would make this album even worse. The acoustic guitar track somehow reminded me of playing *Zelda* when I was 8, or a deep dark desire to learn to play *Dungeons and Dragons*. Listening to this musical masturbation is as exciting as your 6th-grade math teacher.

Daughters

Robotic Empire Records

Canada Songs

—seven5zeroryan

Gatling gun blastbeats increasing in speed exponentially and climaxing in an absolutely crushing discordant breakdown alongside death screeching vocals—yeah, that would be the sound of Daughters' chaos-grindcore. *Canada Songs* is the long-awaited follow-up to the immensely popular debut 7-inch on *City of Hell Records*. Hailing from Providence, Rhode Island; Daughters is comprised of ex-members from **As the Sun Sets**. They have come a long way since their math-metal-core days, emerging with the songwriting skills of a calculus professor and a drummer who is probably a robot on mescaline. Building upon the chaotic sounds of **Discordance Axis**, **Converge** and **Orchid**, these Providence boys take what they have learned, crank up the speed and intensity about a zillion notches and emerge with something unidentifiable. Daughters just may be the best grindcore band ever, but *Canada Songs* is going a step further and clearly defining a new standard for all hardcore bands in general.

CD Reviews

Decibully

Polyvinyl

City of Festivals

— Rebecca Vernon

Decibully is mellow, alt-country meanderings of quiet twanginess and slide guitar, down to the subtle banjo-picking in "Beyond Hope." Thick, winding backup harmonies unite with indie-rock sensibilities to result in a *Carissa's Wield* kind of Kilby Court evening of disconnected introspection and cathartic release. Decibully boasts former members of *The Promise Ring* and *Camden* (William Seidel and Ryan Weber), and has seven members. You know an album's good when next to the cast are included such stuff as: "Rhodes," "Juno," "Wurlitzer," "Moog," "lap steel" and "choir member." Although *City of Festivals* not destined to be the "original, fresh cornerstone in any record collection" that their press release describes, give them some time, let 'em get their sea legs, and maybe one day they'll live up to their pioneering claims.

Eitro

Absolutely Kosher Records

Past and Present Futurists

— Alisa Leonard

What do you expect from a band that proclaims it's "out of touch" and that aligns itself "with no musical movements, real or fabricated, of substance or style"? As the name suggests, these guys have unabashedly disregarded the "guitar rock is back" ethos and proudly mix up mesmerizing electronic beats. *Diana Precourt* delivers chanted incantations of a robotic kind with a heavier, more surreal edge than *Broadcast*. You get the sense that these guys are watching you from a room of a thousand TV screens as you wander the dreamy urbanscape they've created. They sing about dolphin fins and supernovas, automobiles and feeling "happy like a truck," and the whole experience is something like a detached computer trance. It's definitely catchy, belying its ultra-mod qualities and wandering white noise effects. *Past and Present Futurists* is good stuff from a group whose take on music is their motto, "We believe the splendor of the world is in the beauty of the vacuum." Exactly.

Evil Beaver

Johanns Face Records

Pleased To Eat You

—Kavlar7

This band is all about two chicks that know how to kick ass by bringing a grinding metal sledgehammer down on their listener's head. A two-piece comprised of bass and drums only that sound like a middle point between *godheadSilo* and *L7*. Their music is a metal sludge that is accented by the growling snarl of their bass player, fiercely melodic at times and powerfully sexy at others. Tracks like "Pot P" sound like an addition to *The Melvins* repertoire, while "You Suck! Sucker" rocks with 70s-style punk fury, and "Where's the Beef?" is a total *Black Sabbath/The Breeders* hybrid. Actually, if one gets past the silly name and listens to the bands dynamic compositions, one will discover a solid rock album that is sonically superior to almost anything out there that claims to be a metal disc. The sound that comes out of the bass player's instrument is unbelievable and musically complex. A solid disc made up of two talented female musicians that truly amaze me every time I listen to it. www.ridethebeaver.com.

Grandpaboy

Fat Possum

Dead Man Shake

—Stakerized!

Paul Westerberg (whose father died hours before I wrote this, PW followers) teams up with Fat Possum for a disc of what the label does best: lowdown dirty blues. Grandpaboy, his alter ego, is a dead character who still plays rock n' roll. "It seemed like this is a perfect extension of taking a lot of drugs and being wasted and swinging from chandeliers," PW has said, and that's how freewheeling this album is. It seems the persona has allowed him to attain the spontaneous energy of early *Replacements* releases once again, and some of his choicest guitar-playing in years. "Vampires and Failures" takes a *Stones*-like riff and shakes it up. Other numbers range from rave-ups like "MPLS" to the sauntering "No Matter What You Say," covering the spectrum of the blues lexicon. Ironically, the title tune is the liveliest of the bunch. And his shambling cover of "What Kind of Fool Am I?" sounds like he could go toe-to-toe with the Rat Pack in a drinking contest any day of the week.

HorrorPops

Hellcat Records

Hell Yeah

—Nate

It is upon very rare occasions that a CD by a band that I have never heard of is assigned to me for review and ends up in regular rotation in my player. *Hell Yeah* has hardly left my stereo since I got it; I take it in the house with me when I come home, and back out to my car when I leave. Bands' press releases are often accompanied by copies of interviews that they did with publications more auspicious than *SLUG* ... the HorrorPops sent a piece done on them by *Vogue*, featuring OC psychobilly fashion. These ladies rock it like *Stouale*, *Joan Jett*, *Blondie* and the *Reverend* all rolled into one (and although they'd probably never admit it, Patricia's vocals sometimes veer towards the style of fellow Anaheimian *Gwen Stefani*). Stand-up bass, a love for the morose and a band that grew up in the 80s mix together to form a sound as original as their "tight, dark, wide-cuffed Lee jeans and lots of gingham." The best songs are "Julia," "Cool Flat Top" and "Psychobitches Outta Hell." I can't wait to see them live and check out their Go Go Dancers.

Kinski/Acid Mothers Temple

Sub Pop

Self Titled Four Song Split

—Stakerized!

This release pairs the Seattle space-rock quartet with Japanese psychedelic, ber-group Acid Mothers Temple, each performing one of their own songs, bookending two combined efforts in the middle. Kinski's opener starts out with clean, languid guitar lines, then layers on distortion, a bit of math rock and slightly sped-up shoegazer. The duet "It's Nice To Hear Your Voice" begins with an ambient hum, then background becomes foreground amidst insect/alien noises. You think it's the chill out, but it's the lull before the drugs kick in, in the next song. "Planet Crazy Gold"'s sitar-sounding synth may have you both contemplating your navel and watching the walls breathe before it's over. The Temple's solo number "Virginal Plane" brings things back down to earth with a garage-y guitar riff, the extraterrestrial instruments played about until everything collapses into ecstatic chaos. These tracks are long enough that the disc is as long as many albums; over an hour. Google on the groovy 60s artwork while you dig the new space sounds.

Audra Kubat

Times Beach Records

Million Year Old Sand

—Stakerized!

This is the Detroit folkster's attempt to break out of the pigeonhole of being a regional artist. You don't usually think of Motor City as a mecca for any music involving acoustic guitar, and the usual assumption is that folk music emerges from a rural environment. She ably puts the lie to both these clichés with evocative strumming and vocals reminiscent of *Joni Mitchell* and *Tracy Chapman*. "Superior Sunsets" even demonstrates the inspirational possibilities of the Great Lakes region in compelling a passionate songwriter. Her fingerpicking on the song ripples like currents in a vast body of water, and "This road it leads nowhere/faster and faster then before" may be interpreted as a commentary on the local industry.

Ladybug Transistor

Merge Records

Self-Titled

—Stakerized!

This release is the first for this Brooklyn ensemble since 2001's *Argyle Hair*, perhaps the most sedate and "iterate sounding" (whatever that means) of the *Elephant Six*-influenced bands. Guest appearances by Paul Niehaus and Denis Cronin of *Lambchop* show a definite influence from that band on the LT sound, but not to the point of that band's country leanings. It's more an urbane, stately pop here, emotions emoted precisely by being held in check. "The Places You'll Call Home" and "NY-San Anton" create a kind of travelogue, a well-traveled sensibility, as opposed to *Argyle Hair*'s comparatively innocent pastorale. "Don't forget what you've left," Gary Olsen struggles to remind himself, and the listener as well.

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CD Reviews

Maxeen

Side One Dummy Records

Self-Titled

— Carly Fetzer

This L.A.-based trio came together a little over a year ago, but managed to get themselves a killer record deal with Side One Dummy, a few great tours (including Warped) and great production for their debut album, released on Nov. 18. The album itself is fast and intense, jumping from one toe-tapper to the next without so much as a breath. The riffs and sexy yelps in songs like "Please" lead me to believe that the three boys in Maxeen are longing for the days of hair metal, while tracks like "Lead Not Follow" ring with overtones of U2. Their pathetic stab at a political track, "White Flag," brings up one of the few pitfalls of the record: the lyrics. I find Tom Bailey to be a bit of a rhyme slave, which leaves his lyrics a bit dry and running low on meaning, but the accompaniment nearly makes up for it ... nearly.

The Mountaineers

Mute Productions

Messy Century

— Josh Scheuerman

As the album title suggests, **The Mountaineers** blend instruments created throughout the century—a messy century indeed, but not messy music. Each member hails from Wales, in the small town of Hope, reared up in the bloodline of gypsies and among traveling circuses and traditional music, which makes it difficult to place them in any one category. Ranging from dance club hits like "Apart from this" to the acoustic closer "Silent Dues," even the opener, "Ripen," looped sample sounds to the point that they could pass for Wu-Tang songs. Each track creates its own experience, held together by singer **Alex Germans**. If **Coldplay** had eaten acid with **Syd Barrett** and went to a dance club, hooked up with **The Coral** for drinks in a jazz lounge and ended their night listening to **The Beatles'** *The White Album* while coming down driving through the English countryside, we would be getting closer to pinning them down.

Moving Units

THREE.ONE.G Records

Moving Units EP

— seven5zeroryan

L.A.'s Moving Units attack the too-hip indie scene with a dance party onslaught guaranteed to wear out your best chucks in one night. Their new EP, released by San Diego's THREE.ONE.G, brings geometric punk out from its hiding place. Moving Units was formed in November 2001 by Chris Hathwell (the former drummer for **Festival of Dead Deer**), singer/guitarist Blake Miller and bassist Johan Bogeli. They began as L.A.'s best-kept secret before exploding on tour with labelmates **The Locust** in spring 2003. Their punchy bass lines fuse onto your brain and feet, while noisy, tight disco beats send you into a seizure-like twist. The **Gang of Four**-meets-**The Rapture** sound is pulled off perfectly in this four-track EP, the abruptness of which leave fans screaming for more. This is the downfall, as the EP format tends to cut the party a little short, but the 20 minutes you get is longer than you last in bed and a hell of a lot better.

My Chemical Romance

Eyeball/Reprise

I Brought You My Bullets, You Brought Me Your Love

— Fat Tony

A newly signed deal with Reprise Records in hand, New Jersey five-piece My Chemical Romance brings a unique, honest and brutal sound to the scene. Described when playing live like "a swarm of vampire bats," MCR creates a truly unique tone. Think **Elliot and Falling Forward**, **Texas Is the Reason** and the **Misfits** and you might find the stem cell beginnings of this band. The band then meshes together a musical legacy ranging between the somber substance of **The Smiths** and **The Cure**, the raging fervor of **Black Flag** and the careening rhythms of the **Descendents**. While Geoff Rickly, vocalist for **Thursday**, produced the album, their musical style takes the "emo" out of "screamo" with scarcely a sentimental lyric to be found. Instead, what you're left with are brilliantly constructed metaphors and fast punk-driven guitars and drums to introduce each song, which come complete with either soaring vocals or call-and-response scream solos.

The Peels

Self Released

The Peels EP

— Alisa Leonard

Singer **Robyn Miller** announced herself as "Queen of the Scene" upon arriving in Seattle in 2001; a big hefty statement for a newcomer to make in a city that considers itself the epicenter of all things musical. As regular performers at Seattle's Crocodile Café (the throne) and armed with rock-star attitudes, these guys have certainly plugged a name for themselves. Their self-titled, self-released EP, *The Peels*, grooves in new pop-rock style. Heavy guitar riffs that bear a certain similarity song after song and manic drumming give it a certain retro quality. Miller's vocals echo "the 80s-are-back" à la **Blondie**, characterized by cat-like squeals that are somewhere between neat and annoying. "You Talk Too Much" and "Leave Me" will stick in your head with their catchy guitar riffs and bass lines. It's energetic and tight, and the Queen is all sexed-up and ready to go.

Neil Perry

Level-Plane Records

Lineage

— Kevlar7

This is a double disc set that is best listened to in small chunks instead of the whole thing all the way through, unless one is huge fan of the sonic schizophrenia that bands like **The Locust** and the early **Blood Brothers** produced. Neil Perry and his band want to prove that they have the songwriting skills that match and, in effect, top those aforementioned bands. However, what sets Neil Perry and his band apart from the rest of the pack is their blending of ethereal, atmospheric parts and hardcore power chords into the same mathematical equation. This adds a lot of depth and structure to a musical genre that is usually devoid of those elements. Neil Perry has throat-shredding vocals that perfectly back up the chaotic fury of his songs, occasionally switching over to more melodic singing styles. There are 40 songs on this double disc that contain both short and longer songs, all of which pack a solid punch.

The Red Thread

Badman

After The Last

— Stakerized!

Badman Records has quietly over a few years amassed one of the most impressive lineups of music with integrity, from **Swell** to **Red House Painters'** **Mark Kozelek's** acoustic covers of **AC/DC** tunes. Jason Lakis' band isn't exactly alt-country, but they take on a song like the opener, "Spread Thin," with pedal steel inflections not exactly leisurely or deliberately, but with a kind of patience for it to open itself up and reveal its secrets, or unravel like a deeply knotted dilemma, like it wasn't music at all but life itself, delicious yet somehow agonizing. They are unself-conscious about what they are doing. With the kind of assuredness they show, the Red Thread isn't spread thin at all.

The Shins

Solo Pop

Chutes Too Narrow

— Josh Scheuerman

2001 was a great year for the exploding pop of The Shins. *Oh, Inverted World* was put up on everyone's Top 10 lists before the band had even toured. If their first release was "acclaimed," their second may very well be "stunning" by the same standards. Keeping the songs sweet and to the point, and clocking in at roughly three minutes each, singer James Mercer stays between the cleverness of the **Beatles**, the harmonies of **Belle Sebastian** and the lyrical twists of **Rufus Wainright**. *Chutes Too Narrow* is a pleasant walk through the Woods of Pop with no sharp surprises, just the occasional shortcut to a rock single ("Fighting In A Sack," "Turn a Square") and then a casual stroll along Pop Lane once again.

CD Reviews

Sigmatropic

Thirsty Ear

16 Haiku & Other Stories

— Nate

This is quite possibly the most beautiful recording I've ever heard. Not beautiful in the sense that I was personally deprived of my breath in a moment of surreal ecstasy though; it's more of a stereotypical beauty (is that an oxymoron?), as if they set out in the beginning to actually make the most beautiful recording of all time, so it loses quite a bit in its superficiality. This album is the poetry of Greek poet laureate **George Sefaris** translated into English, read by indie rockers like **Sonic Youth's** Lee Ranaldo and **Stereolab's** Laetitia Sadier and set to the ethereally spacey music of *Sigmatropic*. The poetry is good, but this recording overall is a bit unbearable. For one thing, most of the poems are haikus (very short) and the songs are all two or three minutes long. This leaves, in some cases, quite a bit of dead space while the listener is craving more words, or in others, a lot of repeating single lines while the listener wishes they would shut up. I'm torn on whether or not to recommend this album, and if I do, who exactly to recommend it to, so I'll puss out and take the safe bet by saying, "Try reading a book, you uncultured, illiterate slob!"

Street Dogs

Crosscheck Records

Savin Hill

— Nate

I'm told that society's view of economic class in this country is skewed because no one accepts their lot in life; everyone is obsessed with entering a higher tax bracket. This may be true for most people in the Land of the Free, but not for many in the Irish working-class community in Boston and certainly not for Mike McColgan, former DKM singer and current vocalist for Boston's Street Dogs. This man has no disillusion of his standing in society, and is more proud of his blue-collar life and heritage than any yuppie is of his new BMW. Some may say *Savin Hill* is *Do or Die* regurgitated, but that's a fuckload more than most punk bands today can say. McColgan made the **Dropkick Murphys**, and his passion hasn't wavered an inch. He sings, "How am I going to make my mark?/When am I going to get my star?" Mike, to anyone that's familiar at all with Dropkick, and there are a surprising lot of us, you already have. This man pays his respects to his colleagues and mentors, and now he deserves yours. I have a feeling these dogs are just getting started.

The Six Parts Seven/The Black Keys

Sulicide Squeeze Records

Split EP

— Kevlar?

This is a must for fans of The Black Keys. While the disc does open with a single track from The Six Parts Seven, which is not a bad **Mogwai**-sounding ambient song, it's the three tracks from The Black Keys that rock this disc into thumbs-up territory. These were recorded live for a radio station on which The Black Keys must have done a studio promotion gig. "The Moan" is what I believe to be a new track, since it does not appear on either of The Black Keys discs. It contains all the elements that make this two-piece such a musical masterpiece: electrified traditional blues guitar backed up with pulsating rhythmic drums, accenting the gravely-deep Southern blues vocals. The remaining two tracks are live performances of "Thickfreakness" from their album of the same name and "Yearnin'" from their first record, *The Big Come Up*. These tracks give testimony to the fact that The Black Keys not only make great records but are able to perform those tracks live with maximum effect.

Stunt Monkey

UTR Music Group/Transmission

Self-Titled

— Fat Tony

Truth be told, you're familiar with Stunt Monkey's sound. You've heard something like it before, though maybe with a different riff or lyric. And yet, the self-titled, first label-backed effort from the relentless D.I.Y. Northern California outfit is unique in that it's fueled by a consistent combination of fast-charging punk rock and memorable hooks that don't pander to the commercial mainstream but don't drown in the obscurity of the underground, either. The album marks a huge step forward for the band, who self-released their three previous albums. Produced and recorded by punk rock legend Bill Stevenson (a member of seminal acts **Black Flag**, **the Descendents** and **ALL**), this album combines Stunt Monkey's strong songwriting and solid performances with hard-charging production.

Statistics

Jade Tree

Leave Your Name

— Alisa Leonard

Here we have another side project (of a side project) from that prodigious, melancholy **Saddle Creek** brood. **Denver Daley** of **Desaparecidos** has ventured out to create a solo album much unlike the fast and raunchy guitar-rocked social manifesto that he created with **Conor Oberst** in *Read Music/Speak Spanish*. Although there is familiar *Desa* guitar work and those same self-examining lyrics you've come to expect from Omaha, *Leave Your Name* is definitely a unique start. Spacey and heavy on the synth, these expansive songs are meant for long hours lying on your floor crying over histories and apathy. "Chairman of the Bored" and "2am" are beautiful string-based songs showing Daley's versatility with sound and composition. By using audio samples and hazy distortions to fill in between songs, the album progresses seamlessly, ending with the lush and appropriately titled song, "Circular Memories." It's a hell of a start for a guy who might have otherwise stayed under the shadow of Conor's self-indulgent and cathartic brand of indie rock.

Sunday Driver

Doghouse Records

A Letter to Bryson City

— Stakerized!

Sunday driving can mean a lot of different things, from elderly meandering to the life-hazardous hotrodding of youth. But whatever else, the name connotes an escape from the everyday, and this band fits the name well. The Miami quartet has toured with **New Found Glory**, **Strongarm** and other bands, but they don't fit punk or emo pigeonholes. Just where you think the most emotionally wrenching section of a song might be, they throw in something like acoustic guitar. Recording the album in the woods of North Carolina added extra distance from much anything else, though the sound of typing a letter on the start of the album is a little clichéd. They may be going off in many different directions, but are never wandering aimlessly.

The Stratford 4

Jetset Records

Love and Distortion

— Chuck Berrett

Psychedelic space rock swirls around beautiful melodies and honest songwriting on The Stratford 4's second album. They deliver the goods for any fan of 1960s psych or dreary rock. On the track "12 Months," you are lured in to an acoustic ballad only to be dizzied by distorted slides like that of wayward jets to the ground. There is a lot of romantic difficulty and imminent tragedy laced in throughout the lyrics. For a band with such a mediocre name and boring layout artwork, *Love and Distortion* stands out as anything but middle-of-the-road. I hope music continues to welcome artists to play like this. There may be hope for rock music yet.

Superchunk

Merge Records

Cup of Sand

— Stakerized!

The third singles and rarities collection by Superchunk isn't a case of overkill at all; rather an embarrassment of riches that was worth the substantial wait, since the last such collection was issued in 1995. This set shows the band as seminal in a way that debunks their too-common underappreciation in the shadow of some more highly touted. Superchunk is too often respected, not often enough loved. "The Majestic," "Thin Air" and others weren't just as bracing as a slap of cold water in the face in the morning; they defined a musical moment when pop hooks and punk energy collided, and coalesced instead of crashing. And then a downtempo number like "The Length of Las Ramblas" is moving almost beyond description. Covers of "Beat My Guest" and Bowie's "Scary Monsters" are both precise and devil-may-care; a rare accomplishment.

CD Reviews

Sunshine

Gold Standard Laboratories

Necromance

— Rebecca Vernon

Anything from Gold Standard Laboratories is sure to be a tasty treat, and Czech band Sunshine's latest is no exception. I first saw Sunshine at a random show at Kilby and thought, man, these guys should be far bigger than they are. After buying an album and hooking my roommates on them, I lost the CD and lost track of the band until *Necromance* showed up at SLUG several weeks ago. Although it's not as good as the previous album that I owned, their trademark surging, driving sound that is most evident in the beat and which is like a cross between *Stabbing Westward* and *Massive Attack*, comes out well in "Daydreams About White Lines." Steely calm, monotonous vocals loaded with reverb explode into frantic desperation in the choruses. A European edge permeates the music while retaining its accessibility, and layers and layers of instrumentation make Sunshine thick, bold and unrelenting.

Those Unknown

TKO Records

Self-Titled

— Chuck Berritt

This is the re-release of Those Unknown's 1995 debut record. This album was heavily influential to the American street punk scene in the 1990s. Sloppy, slurred and skill-impaired, these guys stomp carelessly through all 14 tracks on the record. Every song is infected with drunken back-up shouting and gargling lead vocals about the same old subject matter. Maybe I just don't get it, but I guess I really don't want to. I don't know how many times punk bands can re-write the same songs over and over under different names. Even if they were the first to do some of this stuff—it's still not anything eventful enough in which to find any real substance.

Tora! Tora! Torrance!

The Militia Group

A Cynic's Nightmare

— Nate

Someone needs to send out a memo to all persons thinking about starting a post-punk band informing them that being weird does not necessarily mean that you are creative. If such a memo exists already, TTT must not have received it. Fortunately for them, I am a cynic. And, as an objective music critic, I understood the obvious connotations of their album title and realized that my view of them as weirdos may be due to my negative outlook on life in general. This being so, I stared at the ceiling for awhile and thought of things that made me happy, and lo and behold, the music improved drastically. This is not to say these boys are hippies or anything—far from it, actually. They could be more aptly categorized as conscious noise mechanics, well versed in the schools of simple description and abstract contemplation of things that make most people uncomfortable. This being said, I can't get past the fact that the singer's voice bears an uncanny resemblance to Justin Sane of *Anti-Flag's* voice. It's kind of a strange connection to make, but then again, Tora! Tora! Torrance is kind of strange. Oh well, it's a lot more interesting than being normal.

The Twilight Singers

Howlin' Wuen! Media

Blackberry Belle

— Chuck Berritt

When *The Afghan Whigs* decided to call it quits, vocalist Greg Dulli formed this band as a huge collaboration of various musicians. Featuring backup vocals by *Mark Lannegan* and beat work by *DJ Muggs*, this sophomore release is eclectic, to say the least. Dulli's vocals are sultry and menacing and his songwriting is absolutely loveless. The album comes in like a sex-crazed lion, but goes out like a lamb. There are some questionable electronic drum sequences, but the fluttering pianos (think early *Springsteen*) drown out every other instrument anyway. Don't expect the dirty soul that *The Afghan Whigs* were famous for, but rather, an orchestral score to 11 sinister and lonely nights as an animal loose in the city.

The Unicorns

Alien8 Recordings

Who will cut our hair when we're gone?

— Josh Scheuerman

Back in high school, I discovered three spacemen that went by the name of *Supernova*. They sang about outer space and even wore space suits while they played here on earth. They created magic through short pop songs and I believed in them. Now, almost 10 years later, another magical gathering is accruing, but this time it's *The Unicorns*. Apparently, the ark didn't wait for them, but they're not extinct. The pop world is once again being rewritten with the same imagination that most adults have forgotten. They sing about ghosts (tuff ghosts, sea ghosts and mountain ghosts), magic crystals, the fear of death (two songs) and of course, being Unicorns. At first listen, I couldn't decide if I was listening to a terrific or an average band. After each listen, I began to understand the cleverness of their writing highlighted by guitar, drum, keyboards, penny whistle and sampling. Ranging from electro-pop to electro-rock but staying within their own boundaries in the land they have created, I now believe in them as well.

The Unseen

BYO Records

Explode

— Nate

I actually heard that one of the guys in the Unseen quit the band and now lives in SLC, looking like a fashion punk because he let a stripper do his hair. The weird shit people talk about. Anyways, the Unseen are actually quite visible nowadays. With solid main-stage performances at last summer's Warped Tour and a consequential headlining spot on the Van's Off the Wall Tour, these Boston boys have been making quite a name for themselves. It's about time they got some respect. Fuck, they've only been around as long as I've been alive. Bands like this explain why punkers wear leather jackets: any other material would surely have disintegrated after two decades of constant abuse. *Explode* is just another album in the Unseen anthology, spreading hope and knowledge to disillusioned, underprivileged youth, and fueling identity crises of upper-middle class 12-year-olds with mohawks who don't have a fucking clue, but love pissing their parents off.

Various Artists

These Bricks are Mine

Advanced Calculus: 88.3 FM Pittsburgh Compilation

— Rebecca Vernon

I really like reviewing compilations, even though lotsa reviewers hate it for various reasons. I like to think of compilations as little windows cut into someone's walled-up house, the house in this case being Pittsburgh's music scene. What's going on in Pittsburgh's house, you ask? Unfortunately, not much. *Black Moth Super Rainbow* is excellent, *Creta Bourzla* is catch-you-off-guard rockin', *Mihaly* will make your head spin with their unique riff in "Brains," *Lorelei's* great, as is *Conelrad's* "Life is a Hoax," and *Pay Tollets'* "Better Than Murder" is probably the best track on the whole comp. *Modey Lemon* (Birdman Records) is also here. There's some good hip-hop near the end of disc 2 (which is much better than disc 1), but there's so much generic stuff that it kind of detracts from the truly innovative material. But hey, if you like checking out various undergrounds throughout the nation, compilations are the way to go. And *Advanced Calculus* more than reveals what's basically going on in the three-river city. Can I just say though, Salt Lake kicks Pittsburgh's ass? I think I can.

Various Artists

Off Records

Wig In A Box: Songs From and Inspired By Heavy And The Angry Inch

— Chuck Berritt

It doesn't get much better than *Fred Schneider* from *The B52's* singing with *Sleater Kinney* on their rendition of "Angry Inch." In all honesty, there are some of the best collaborations I've heard in a long time on this compilation. *Yoko Ono* with *Yo La Tengo*, *Cyndi Lauper* with *The Minus 5*, and *Ben Kweller* & *Ben Folds* with *Ben Lee* are among the album's more brilliant moments. *Bob Mould* makes a failed attempt at rekindling his career with an obnoxious techno track, and *Robyn Hitchcock* comes up a little short. All is redeemed, however, by *The Polyphonic Spree's* amazing performance of "Wig In A Box." Other featured artists are *Rufus Wainwright*, *They Might Be Giants*, *The Breeders*, *Frank Black*, *Imperial Teen* and *Spoon*. Charities from the album go to the *Hetrick Martin Institute*, home of the *Harvey Milk School* (the largest accredited public school devoted to lesbian, gay, transgendered, bisexual and questioning youth).

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CD Reviews

The Voodoo Organist

Dead Teenage Records

The Return of the ...

— Kevlar7

If it is at all possible, The Voodoo Organist is an even more demented version of Tom Waits and Nick Cave. The 'Organist is a one-man band that is actually very entertaining with his crazy organ, drum machine, theremin and whiskey/gin/cigar-abused vocals. The sound is a mixture of demonic gospel, carnival and lounge; music to drink and dance to. The Voodoo Organist's first release was *Exotic Demonic Blues*, which was chockfull of menacing jive, humor and soul. This follow-up is much more engaging than his previous work; the songs are better produced and are more diverse. Psychobilly kids will also probably dig this due to lyric and song-title content. For example: "Pitchfork Man," "Crash and Burn," and "I've Got the Fire" all have those greaser anthems that deal with the devil and his minions. A great album for maximum party fun for those who want to get drunk and dance to some demonic dance tunes that are definitely for the faint of heart. www.voodooorganist.com

The Wednesdays

Reservation Records

You Will Gasp and They Will Breathe

— Kevlar7

This band is unique in the fact that they blend revival rock n' roll with punk rock into a twisted progressive mix that many indie rock bands strive to emulate. What makes The Wednesdays unique in a field of bands that are trying to take all these elements and blend them together is that they don't sound pretentious. Many bands just sound fake and the ultimate poser tag gets slapped onto them. However, The Wednesdays sound fresh and energetic, and when they rock out, they mean it, dammit!! They just like to make their music sound different, with various sonic ideas thrown into the mix to try and keep their sound non-segmented. They have soul-style singing and blues-drenched guitar riffs, but keep the high-energy punk rock n' roll on the offensive throughout the whole record. *You Will Gasp and They Will Breathe* never gets repetitive, or for that matter, boring in the least.

The Wrens

Absolutely Kosher Records

The Meadowlands

— seven5zeroryan

Seven years after their last full-length album, *Secaucus*, The Wrens' self-produced *The Meadowlands* continues categorically where they left off—stuck in 1996. Their particular élan of emo-pop has been so played to death since their last release that this album is an exercise in time travel. Thirteen vocally driven tracks later, listeners can expect intense feelings of nauseating nostalgia back to the time when no one cared in the first place. To their credit, once beyond the problematic issue of writing a good emo-pop record, The Wrens' concordant arrangement of sound is infinitely more mature and honest than the 100 emo-teen bands still trying to rip off their last album. It is almost a shame, because *The Meadowlands* is a well thought-out record. Written over the span of four years and recorded in the band's living room, the end product is an intimate, personal record; and the style that has now become cliché is in fact theirs once again.

Rachael Yamagata

Private Music

Self-Titled EP

— Stakerized!

On the heels of a musical season in which Norah Jones' success showed that jazz phrasing can coexist with colossal commercial success, Chicago club favorite Rachael Yamagata debuts on major label Private Music, a BMG subsidiary. These understated arrangements are an ideal introduction to the songwriter whose soft-spoken stylings recall Beth Orton. "Collide" and "Known For Years" have a subdued rhythm, and "Worn Me Down" is built on an insistent dance rhythm. "The Reason Why" is a piano ballad, and on "Would You Please," she accompanies herself on acoustic guitar. "I can't believe in miracles," she confesses, "not like I did before," but how likely is a commercial miracle for a relative unknown in a crowded musical marketplace?



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40 HANDS

by Alex Woodruff
& Tia

Pepsi currently has a commercial running that states, "Pepsi, the only cola that makes everything alright." That is an outright goddamned lie. Now, there is a cola out there that makes everything alright, but it sure ain't Pepsi. That cola is called beer. Everyone can agree that it makes things O.K. At least O.K. that evening. In the morning, when you feel like someone split open your head and poured in hot nickels, that's a different ball game. So in the spirit of bacchanal, we one evening decided to celebrate that wonderful beverage in a creative way called "40 Hands." Now before I get going, let me just say, for the love of God, don't try this at home! Hell, if you value your pride and any friendships you may have, don't try this at all. If you decide to anyway, here's what you will need:

- 2 liquor store 40-oz. per person (GAS STATION WILL NOT DO!)
- 1 pig's head (or similarly gnarly object)
- 1 roll of duct tape
- 2-3 of your good friends

Here are the rules and the object of the game. A 40-oz. is duct-taped into each hand. You are to finish these as quickly as possible. While you are doing so, you cannot smoke or take a leak. Puking is alright, as long as you make it out the window. It is, however, punishable by taking an early bite from the pig's head, which by the way, is one of the gnarliest things to ever occupy my refrigerator. And believe me, I have had some horrific stuff in my fridge. Anyhow, the first person to finish both 40 ounces and chew through the duct-tape bonds is the winner and is thereby rewarded with a piss and a smoke. Everyone else are losers and are punished by having to take a large bite of the pig's head in the middle of the table. Do keep in mind at this point, the losers have each consumed the better portion of 80 ounces of warm, 8 percent malt liquor. You try not to chunder after that tough guy.

For our "40 Hands," we had four competitors.

(pictured below L to R)

At 165 lbs, Lance (from The Body)

At 120 lbs, Tia (the SLUG Queen)

At 178 lbs, Greg (the Universal Music Rep.)

At 165 lbs, myself (the Low-Life)

As we prepared to enter the arena of battle (a.k.a., my living room), inside we all felt like the gladiators of old, about to take the field and meet our maker or our fortune. Before we got taped up, one of the spectators demanded that we name our 40s. As I remember correctly, I was the only one that named his or her beverages. I named mine two Viking names: Torshavn and Skaalshavn. I hoped this would maybe intimidate my competitors. Plus, it made me feel more "black metal." We soon got taped up and were under way. Right out of the gate, Lance and I took up close positions tied for the lead. The tension in the air could be cut with a knife. And after Lance and I had each drunk our 40s down to the duct tape, Lance decided to ease that tension by having a cigarette. Now as I mentioned before, there was to be no smoking. However, Lance was not having it and started trying to free a cig from his pack using his mouth. I'll tell you what, I was pissed. Not because he was cheating, but because I didn't have a cig in my mouth. We put it to a vote and 3 to 1 decided we could smoke so long as we could get the smoke and light it with no hands. Let's just say, you get real creative when you are addicted to something like nicotine. Anyway, the event went forth. Ashamedly, I puked first and had to christen the filthy sow's head. Tia, at this point, was pretty wasted and had forgotten that puking was no foul. For the rest of the game, she was swearing at Lance and I and calling us cheaters. That's alright though, since I finished both my 40s first and won the privilege of relieving myself before by bladder burst like an over-inflated balloon. Next to finish was Lance, followed by Tia. Greg, on the other hand, hadn't really trained for the event as well as the other athletes. He blacked out and was seen stumbling around my apartment mumbling incoherently, with one empty and one half-full 40-oz. duct-taped to his hands long after the rest of us were done. He eventually finished, mumbled something, and walked out the door. In the end, when I look back, it was a good time. Anything that was broken could be fixed, and nothing really bad happened. Well, except for us

getting evicted, but what can you do? I think this statement from one of our friends that came over pretty much sums everything up: "After everything I had seen, as soon as I left, I wanted to go straight home and take a shower."



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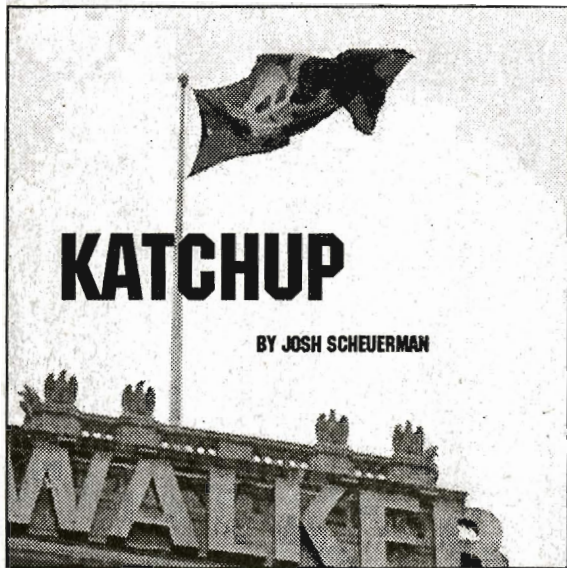
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KATCHUP

BY JOSH SCHEUERMAN

What's that saying? ... "The more things change, the more they stay the same," and no truer words could be said about life "in the fish bowl" that is Utah. It's snowing again and almost all of our resorts are open, from Panguitch to Wolf Creek. The terrain parks are going up a whole lot faster than they used to and the skating has still been good at all the new skateparks in the city. With so little time on your hands to make the most of life, this column is dedicated to give you a rundown of events that can take up that precious little time you have left. Finding something to do has always been a problem—"What should we do tonight?"—so now you have your answers pressed between your ink-stained hands. As our fair city tries to challenge the norm and grow into a full-blown city, hopefully what makes this city unique (the people) won't be left behind. Here's the news for the month and some useful information to pass along.

"Four members of the **FUNK skateboarding team** qualified and went to Klamath Falls for the Best of the West finals. They got 1st, 2nd and 5th in the Grom division and second in the beginners. Check the story and the article by one of the moms at www.funkskateboarding/bestofthewestfinals.html"

So how many skateparks are there in Utah? 10,20...30? So far according to www.funkskateboarding.com there are 42 either completed or being constructed. That is a whole lot of concrete to cover. There is also a shorter list of the major skateparks with photos at www.rideutah.com

Moving from one accident waiting to happen to another, anyone who grew up snowboarding in the Wasatch Front has most likely started out riding as I did, night boarding at **Brighton Ski Resort**. Starting Dec. 4, relive all of those memories with friends again, but don't forget to pick up your two-for-one vouchers or freeloader cards.

Todd Richards has jumped on the bandwagon of professional athletes telling their life stories of debauchery. His new book, *P3*, is out now and He will be personally signing purchased copies on Dec. 6 from 1p.m.-3p.m. at the Gateway "Hawk" store and Park City "Quicksilver" from 5p.m.-7p.m.

Ride Snowboards is doing a demo at Brighton Ski Resort during the same day. Try out the latest Ride Snowboards brand new decks!

Utah Winter Games is hosting their learn to Ski or Ride program at The Canyons. Join us for the annual Utah Winter Games learn-to-ski and snow-clinics. Visit www.utahwintergames.org for more details.

board

Finally, "**Pipe Dreams**," starring locals **Ricky Bower, Emily Cook and Joe Pack** will be at the screening of their Sundance-nominated movie. It'll be showing at Trolley Corners 6:30p.m. and 9p.m, with proceeds going to the *Utah contemporary theatre*.

Speaking of benefits, on Dec. 10, **Brighton** will be hosting a benefit for Utah Food Bank. Help make the holidays special for hungry persons this season! The \$10.25 lift ticket is available when you donate a "sack of food" at Brighton. (Sack of food, at lift ticket office discretion). For information on the types of food needed, go to www.utahfoodbank.org.

For those that will be visiting family in the pokey this holiday season, make plans to run by the state prison on Dec. 13 for **Ogio's Rail Contest**, located at 14926 S. Pony Express Road, Bluffdale (Prison Exit). Look for flyers about all the details, but this should be going down inside their warehouse with back packs to carry your prizes home.

Dec. 13 is also the "**Demo Day**" at **The Canyons** from 9a.m. to 4p.m. Companies include Arbor, Atomic, Burton, Garmont, K2, Scarpa, Tua, Rossignol, Voile and more—**FREE** (with a lift ticket). The demo will take place at mid-mountain, adjacent to Red Pine Lodge.

After demolishing someone else's board, head over for the opening of the **Kings Crown Superpark** at **Park City Mountain Resort**. Sponsored by DC shoes with free giveaways, beanie exchange, pro signings, free hot chocolate and warm smiles. While taking a breather from bro'ing down, watch the duel moguls that will be going on at the same time at the "Pro X-Style-4" with a cash

purse pushing 10 G's. Ice cold indeed.

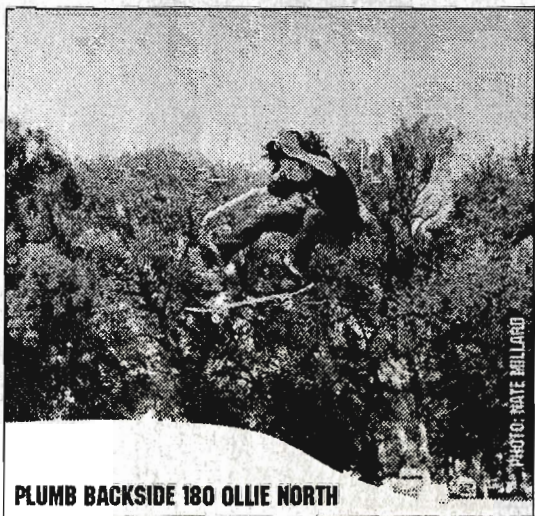
Smith goggles will be holding their annual Christmas Giveaway half way up Park City's Main Street at **Plan B** on Wednesday, Dec. 17. This *Nightmare Before Christmas* theme party will be one party not to miss. **DJ Paradox** will be spinning in between a set by **Wicked Diamond**.

Return with your \$100 season pass (damn kids) on Dec. 19-21 for round two of the **Chevy Truck U.S. Snowboard Grand Prix** tour at Park City Mountain Resort. The feature that everyone talked about for the rest of the season was the "city rail" feature that **Kab Innovation** built. The park city rail showed up in various videos this season and plenty of photos as well. **Jared Winkler** and **Steven Duke** are at work on this year's secret project that will be "blowing doors of hinges" this season. Visit www.kabinnovations.com (that is spelled with two 'n's) for a portfolio of work you have most likely already been riding.

Dec. 22-25. Is there any bigger way to blow the cover off this age-old conspiracy than to see "jolly 'ol fat bones" shreddin' the day before Christmas? I think not. Snowboard with Santa at favorite ski resort.

Dec. 26 will be a day of joy and sorrow. Since you will most likely not be getting what you really want for Christmas **SLUG Mag** has the perfect remedy for you, a big party with lots of beer, cute girls (or guys) and loud rock-n-roll. What more could you have asked for? This month's snow season party will feature **Fall-In** and **Foil Kit Lampy**, sponsors include **Milo Sport** and **Oglo** backpacks.

Dec. 31 Happy New Year one and all. Always remember your New Year's resolutions are a waste of your time, so just avoid them. It's your New Year's actions that matter more. So until then...



PLUMB BACKSIDE 180 OLLIE NORTH

PHOTO: NATE BAILLARD

STUPID
OLD
PISS-POT!



MEANWHILE, THE 48 CREW TRAVELS TO SAN FRANCISCO



Mike Murdock- BS 50-50



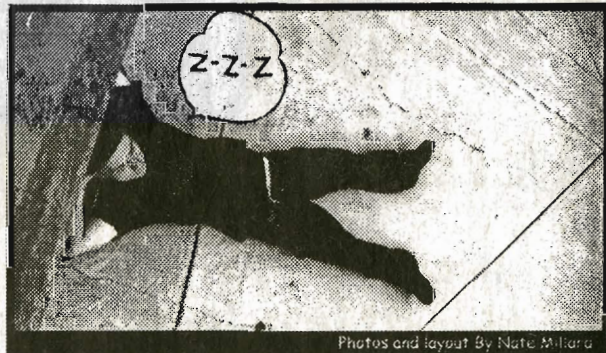
Andy Pitts lays down a smooth frontside noseslide.



Andy Pitts is at it again. Frontside bluntslide.



The ninja himself, Greg Wratnaik, executes a frontside 180 nosegrind.



Photos and layout by Nate Miliara



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Casey Loter gets totally sweet
with a nosepress.



SLUG
UNCENSORED SINCE 1983 - ALWAYS FREE *mag*

Photo: Nate Millard

C²

By Josh Scheuerman

The ancient Zia Pueblo tribe believed in the number most often used by the "Giver of All Good Gifts:" four. There are four seasons in a year, four times in a day (dawn, daylight, dusk, dark), four ages of a man (infancy, youth, adulthood, old age), as well as four directions to a compass with everything bound together in a circle of life and love; without beginning, without end. In the summer of 1998, four friends journeyed from New Mexico (with the Zia symbol emblazoned on their licensed plate) to capitalize on Utah's snowboarding community. **Chris Coulter** and **Chris Taylor** were two of these friends that had tasted what Utah could offer and could not get enough.

This, however, is the middle of the story, so we must go back to the beginning of how these four came to be.

Growing up in New Mexico offered a tight community of snowboarding friends, but nowhere to really bust out on a national level. Ridging at local Wolf Creek, which was three hours from their home, the two started riding for local reps and competing and winning the national competitions. These two started their friendship by competing against each other before riding with one another. Out of high school, Taylor was riding for Never Summer and Coulter was riding for Solomon when a trip to Salt Lake to help then-Burton rep **Jason Bowes** with the outdoor trade show changed their lives. After riding at Solitude for the day, they made a decision to move here the following year with two friends, **Jeremy Ingle** and **Kipp Hinkley**. Already knowing people upon arrival, the two had help from locals to secure jobs at resorts. Taylor started going to the Community College, snowboarding and working while Coulter snowboarded and worked. One year later, three more friends, **Dustin Anderson**, **Shan Gallagher** and **Adam Cunningham**, would move to Utah and all seven would live in the New Mexico house.

With help from **Dan Malstrom**, Coulter worked the next season in Brighton's terrain park, learning the backcountry and filming as much as possible. In 2000, Taylor also worked on Brighton's park, but in 2001, both moved on to teach Snowbird's snowboard team. In 2002, Park City would start the trend for Utah resorts by catering to freestyle snowboarding and pump up their budget for terrain parks and promotions through their All-Star team. Coulter would join this team with the help of **Jim Mangan**. Taylor would stay at Snowbird for one more year before leaving to ride again at Brighton.

Soon Coulter was filming with both Kingpin Productions and Finga On Da Trigga productions, enjoying coverage in both *Transworld* and *Snowboarder* magazines. He's been traveling around the world to film and for the last year, has not been home more than 15 days at any one time.



Taylor switch frontside board

Nate Millard



Nate Millard

Coulter backside 540 in

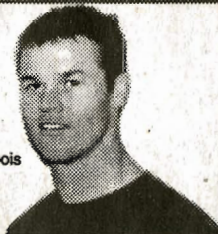
Taylor has filmed with *Straight Jacket Films* and *DFS Productions*. Taylor also recently won SLUG's 1st video contest and will have his "sponsor me" video available on SLUG's new DVD featuring 2003 skate and snowboard contests along with a gift certificate to Spy Hop, where he has been learning sweet video editing. In December issue of *Transworld Snowboarding*, Chris Coulter picked Taylor's photo to run in "pro pick," sharing the same page in the world's No. 1 snowboarding magazine!

Although both friends have journeyed here together, they have helped other friends with shelter and each other with their passion for snowboarding. Coulter had plenty to say about the media's suppression of the truth about the Iraqi war and the distorted view that Americans buy into. He believes America is a wonderful place, but there are also other amazing places to live with a high standard of living besides America.

Taylor knows that without cable TV, he feels sheltered, but also ignorant to a lot of what the world is facing now. He hopes to stay healthy, become more aware and stay in the game for as long as possible. (Injury = Game Over).

Starting out with only a flag to go by, I learned more about these two friends than they told me. The Zia also believe man has four sacred obligations: he must develop a strong body, a clear mind, a pure spirit and a devotion to the welfare of his people. I believe that they are fulfilling their callings.

Name: Chris Coulter
Age: 24
Home Town: Albuquerque, NM
Home Mountain: Brighton, Park City
Years Riding: 13
Residing: Cottonwood Heights (sick skate park)
Local Support: Dan Malstrom, Jared Winkler, Cole Taylor, E-Stone, Mikay LeBlanc, Shane Charlebois
Local Hotspot: Manhattan Thursday nights
Local Venue: Kilby Court
Last Good Concert: Fugazi at Brick's
Sponsors: Vans, Sapient, Ripcurl, Techline, Anon, Dakine, Nixon, Milo, Park City, Bluebird Wax, Beach Zone
Stance: Goofy
Favorite Trick: BS7
First Car: '68 Plymouth Valiant
Favorite Food: Japanese
Injury List: Blown both shoulders and knees, four broken arms, etc.
Word Describing Chris Taylor: Diverse
Legendary Snowboarder: Peter Line



Name: Chris Taylor
Age: 24
Home Town: Albuquerque, NM
Home Mountain: Brighton Sid Resort
Years Riding: 14
Residing: Cottonwood Heights (best rac center in town)
Local Support: Dan Malstrom, Benny Peiligrino, Shawn McComber, Brian Oliver
Local Hotspot: Manhattan Thursday nights
Local Venue: Bricks (for concerts only)
Last Good Concert: Modest Mouse at Bricks
Sponsors: Flow, Smith, Nixon, Ogio, Blindside, Brighton
Stance: Goofy
Favorite Trick: FS7
First Car: '85 Jeep Cherokee
Favorite Food: Homemade, no fast food.
Injury List: Serious left ankle sprains
Word Describing Chris Coulter: Solid
Legendary Snowboarder: Peter Line

VS.

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DAILY CALENDAR

SUBMISSIONS FOR THE SLUG CALENDAR ARE DUE BY THE 1ST OF THE MONTH. FAX TO 487.1359 OR EMAIL DICKHEADS@SLUGMAG.COM

Friday December 5

Spit, No Intent, Ten Pound Liver- *Big Easy*
Unsound Mind, Time Bomb- *Burt's*
Vaux, Day Two, Her Candane,
Pieces of Eight- *Kilby*
Ridge Runners- *Monk's*
The Rocket Summer, Watashi Wa,
The Electoral College- *Muse Music*
The Brobecks, Aloran, IPX, HoloH- *Ritz*
Day of Less, Nimh, Orpheum,
Middle Distance- *Scooter's*
El Toro, Stormy, Glacial- *Todd's*
Nicholas Payton, Sonic Trance- *U of U*
Numbs- *Urban Lounge*

Saturday December 6

Aesop Rock, Mr. Lif, Akrobatik, Foekus,
S.A.- *Albee*
The Fallen, Other Pocket- *Burt's*
Return to Sender, Even Lower, Tony Lake,
Brownham, Gift Anon- *Kilby*
Remedy Motel- *Port O' Call*
Mikey Dread, Afro Omega- *Suede*
Magstatic, Alchemy, KV Armada- *Todd's*
Dregs, The STD's, 12th Street Stagers,
Hostages, Frays, Butthawks- *Undergroundz*
The Downers, Delicato,
6 Sided Box- *Urban Lounge*

Sunday December 7

**SLUG Sunday Sinema Series: A Nightmare
Before Christmas- Brewvies**
Sweatin' Willy- *Burt's*
NADi- *Monk's*
Da Verse- *Urban Lounge*

Monday December 8

DJ Curtis Strange- *Burt's*
Theta Naught, Half Step- *Kilby*
Student Lounge w/LMNO- *Monk's*
Short Sword, The Powerless, Monkey Grinder,
The Solar Project- *Muse Music*

Tuesday December 9

DJ Linux, Diablo Syndrome, Dope, Pigface,
Professional Murder Music, Rachael Stamp- *DVB*
Far Sighted, The Habits, All Boy, Broke Bot- *Kilby*
No Star Jazz- *Monk's*
Return to Sender, The Dave Edwards Band, The
Matt Lewis Band, The Danburrys- *Muse Music*
Deftones, Thrice- *Saltair*
Mismash- *Urban Lounge*

Wednesday December 10

Two Dirty Birds- *Burt's*
3% Hero, Decoder Ring, Postcards Home, Hifi
Massacre, Less People More Robots- *Kilby*
Opposable Thumb- *Monk's*
Everyone But Martin, Days Later, Levi Leavitt,
Abika- *Muse Music*

Thursday December 11

The Matches, Offset, Desa- *Aztec Palace*
Three Phase, Smackwater Jack- *Burt's*
Dirty Birds, Waist Deep- *Monk's*
Sauce, Simple People, Brinton Jones,
Descention- *Muse Music*

Friday December 12

Salt Lake City Bandits, Unlucky Boys, Debonairs,
Igniters- *Albee*

Chimaira, Bleeding Through, Soilwork,
As I Lay Dying- *Bricks*
Form of Rocket, New Transit Direction- *Burt's*
Enex, Enough Said, The Pirates, Last Response,
Andi Camp, We're from Japan, Winifred El- *Kilby*
Russell D. post-photo show party
w/The Kingdom- *Monk's*
Nonetheless, Buttonhooked, Sweet Haven,
Mute- *Muse Music*
Outset Phonic, Cartell- *Todd's*
**SLUG Localized w/ Quietus, I am Electric,
JW Blackout- Urban Lounge**

Saturday December 13

Ibex Throne, The Obliterate Plague, Terra Noir,
Incendiant, Compound Fraxure,
All Systems Fail- *Albee*
Red Bennies, Furbats- *Burt's*
Ashford, Fallen Stars Forgotten, Sold Separately,
The Trademark, Watashiwa, ___ist- *Kilby*
Pro-X Style-4- *PC Mountain Resort*
Edgar's Mule, Common Ground,
Corey Frye Trio- *Todd's*
Mary Sound Transit- *Urban Lounge*

Sunday December 14

Sweatin' Willy- *Burt's*
Rude Awakening, The Prids, Mammoth,
Someone Else's Hero- *Kilby*
Redemption- *Monk's*
Devotchka, The Kingdom- *Urban Lounge*

Monday December 15

Qui, Alchemy- *Burt's*
Jerry Joseph (solo)- *Hog Wallow*
Radio Berlin, Quietus, On Vibrado- *Kilby*
Student Lounge w/DJ Rebel- *Monk's*
Debi Graham- *Urban Lounge*

Tuesday December 16

Seconds Away, Red Admiral, Morrisite War,
Sonic Circus- *Kilby*
Lagna, Quant- *Urban Lounge*

Wednesday December 17

Blood In/Blood Out- *Albee*
Junk Drawer- *Burt's*
Elite Street- *Monk's*
Ja Speed, La Nuit, Malleasa,
The Manumission- *Kilby*
Smith Optics Nightmare Before
Christmas Party- *Plan B*
Lionhead Presents Dub Club- *Urban Lounge*

Thursday December 18

Ithaca Melody, EEP, TMMC- *Kilby*
SLAJO- *Monk's*

Friday December 19

The Brobecks, Alpha Brown- *Albee*
Sevendust, Ill Nino, The Accident- *Bricks*
Crackwhore- *Burt's*
Spunk, Earthbound, Atherton- *Kilby*
Big Pappa Lucky- *Monk's*
Rodeo Boys, Callow X-mas party- *Todd's*
Tolchock Trio, Purbats, The Switch- *Urban
Lounge*

Saturday December 20

Integrity, On Broken Wings, The Agony Scene,
Bring It Down- *Albee*
Salt City Bandits- *Burt's*

Le Force, Beard of Solitude- *Todd's*
Rancid, F-Minus,
Tiger Army- *UT State Fairgrounds*
Redd Tape, 6-Sided Box- *Urban Lounge*
Numbs, Filphy Units, D.A.L., Tyront, Dolo,
Raspros- *Uprok*
Spit, Hurricane Dan, Somewhat Gone- *Zip Code*

Sunday December 21

Defiance, Endless Struggle, Time Bomb,
All Systems Fall- *Albee*
Perspiring William- *Burt's*
Pro-X Style-4- *PC Mountain Resort*
Phono- *Urban Lounge*

Monday December 22

DJ Curtis Strange- *Burt's*
Student Lounge w/LMNO- *Monk's*

Tuesday December 23

No Star Jazz- *Monk's*
Spork, Kill Star- *Urban Lounge*

Wednesday December 24

The Body- *Monk's*

Friday December 26

The Igniters- *Burt's*
On Vibrato- *Monk's*
**SLUG's Holiday Hangover w/ Fall-in,
Foil Kit Lampy- Todd's**
Spleen- *Urban Lounge*

Saturday December 27

Waste and Whiskey- *Burt's*
Contingency Plan, Redd Tape, Truth Effect- *Kilby*
Fucktards- *Todd's*
Zion Motel- *Urban Lounge*

Sunday December 28

Sweatin' Willy- *Burt's*

Monday December 29

DJ Curtis Strange- *Burt's*

Tuesday December 30

Nehemiah, Coma Eternal- *Albee*
Belle & the Dragon, Lifetime Warranty- *Kilby*
Remedy Motel- *Urban Lounge*

Wednesday December 31

Die Monster Die- *Burt's*
Ether Orchestra- *McFly Manor*
The Wolfs, Red Bennies,
The Switch- *Urban Lounge*

Thursday January 1

Pay Your Taxes

Friday January 2

Lisa Marie & the Codependents- *Todd's*

Saturday January 3

Lower Class Brats, Endless Struggle- *Albee*
Middle Distance- *Todd's*

Sunday January 4

Get Ready to Start Second Semester Tomorrow

Monday January 5

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As I Lay Dying

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12.19 **Sevendust**
Ill Nino
The Accident

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December 2003...

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- 05- Vaux, Day Two, Her Candane, Pieces of Eight
- 06- 6:00pm - Return to Sender & Even Lower
8:30pm - Tony Lake, Brownham and Gift Anon
- 08- Theta Naught, Half step
- 09- Far Sighted, The Habits, Alli Boy, Broke Bot
- 10- 3% Hero, Decoder Ring, Postcards Home, Hifi Massacre, Less People More Robots (6:00 show start time)

- 12- 6:00- Enex, Enough Said, The Pirates, Last Response
9:00- And I Camp, We're from Japan, Wierfrid EI
- 13- 6:00- Ashford, Fallen Stars Forgotten, Sold Separately
9:00- The Trademark, Wat - ashi wa & - ist.
- 14- Rude Awakening, The Prids, Mammoth, Someone Else's Hero
- 15- Radio Berlin, Quietus, On Vibrado
- 16- Seconds Away, Red Admiral, Morrisite War, Sonic Circus
- 17- Ja Speed, La Nuit, Malfeas & the Manumission
- 18- Ithaca Melody CD Release, EEP, TMMC, ETC.
- 19- Spunk, Earthbound, Atherton
- 27- Contingency Plan, Red Tape, Truth Effect
- 30- Bell & the Dragon, Lifetime Warranty...



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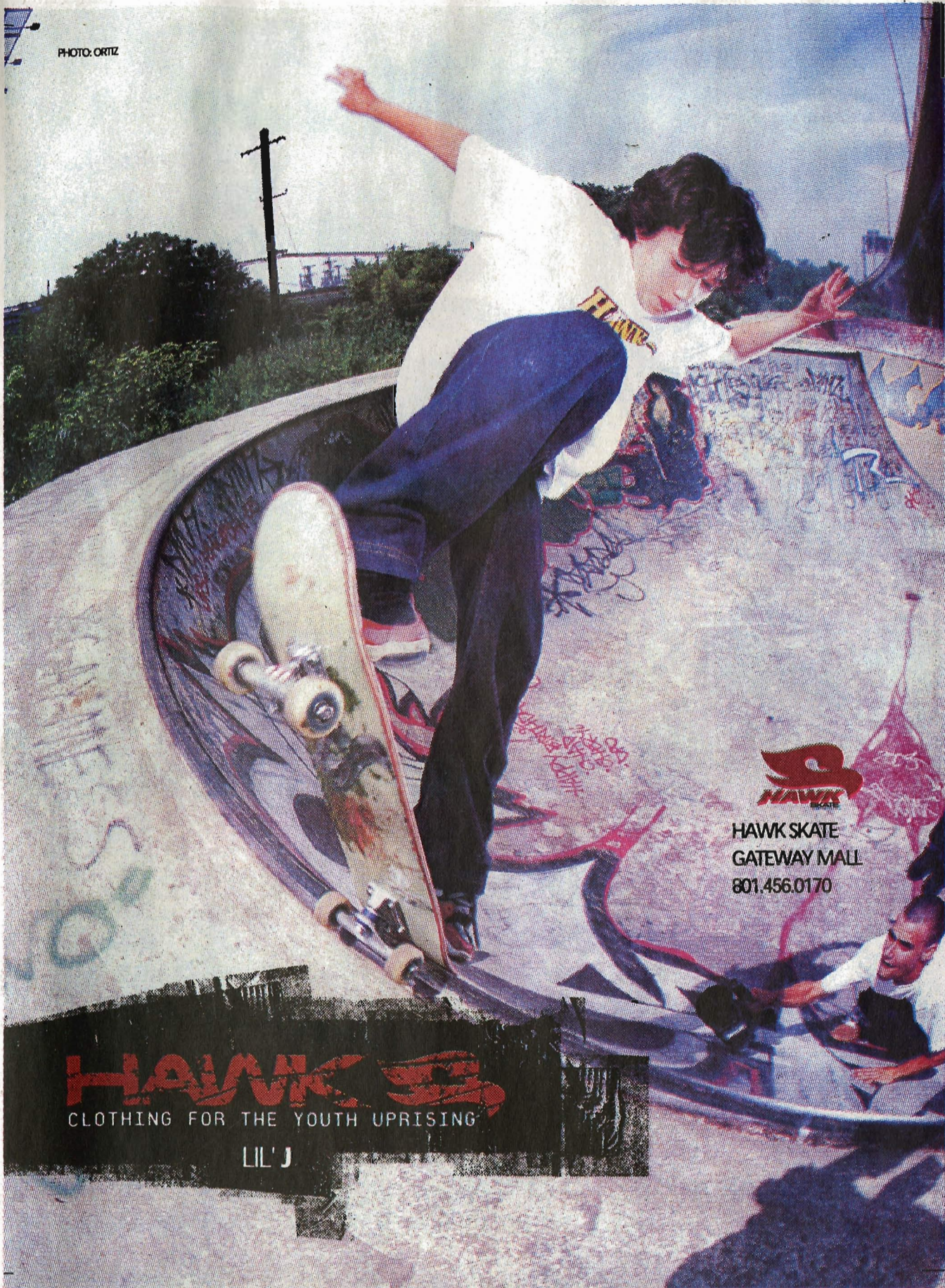
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