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SLUG
November 2005 Vol 16 #203



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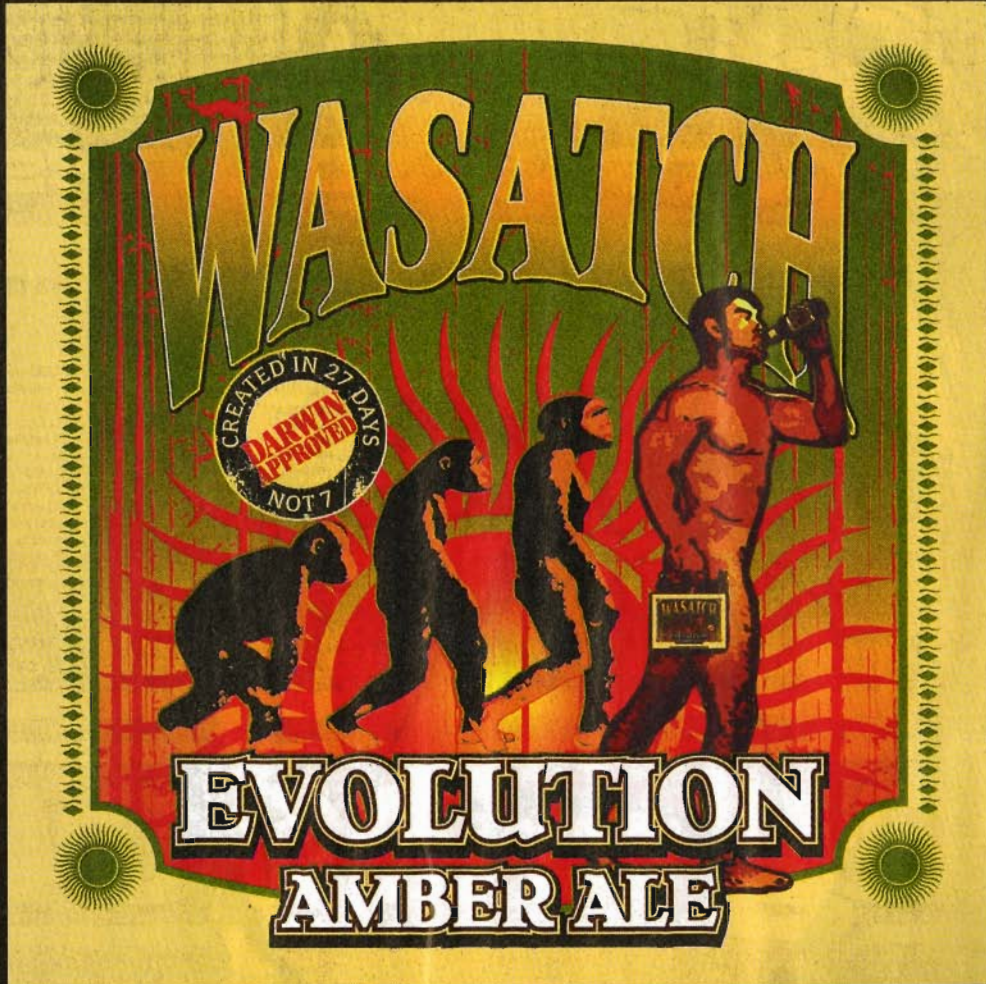
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SIEG HOWDY, PARDNERS!



For those of you still reeling in the wake of *Never Breathe What You Can't See*, here's some more! Further off the deep end and more Melvinoid this time. **Jello Biafra and the Melvins** serve up six more studio tracks (including a cover of Alice Cooper's "Halo of Flies"), remixes by **Al Jourgensen, Dälek**, and the **Deaf Nephews**, and to top it off: an all-new live version of the DKlassic "Kali-fornia Über Alles" - this time about the gubernator, Schwarzenegger himself and riot a moment too soon! Featuring killer artwork by Camille Rose Garcia! Say it loud, say it proud - "Sieg Howdy!"

JELLO BIAFRA WITH THE MELVINS SIEG HOWDY!

F-MINUS

WONT BLEED ME / FAILED SOCIETY

Two EPs and unreleased cover songs comprise this essential album of no-bullshit Hardcore from scene veterans F-Minus. 20 songs of in-your-face, to-the-point, straightforward HC blasts! Featuring Brad from Leftöver Crack, the band employs a killer two-pronged, male/female vocal assault that gets their point across loud and clear!

REPORT SUSPICIOUS ACTIVITY

Vic Bondi of Articles of Faith and ex-Jawbox member and producer extraordinaire J. Robbins join forces to forge RSA from unadulterated anger and politically-charged venom. Punishing grooves, a few post-Hardcore elements, and raw, honest, energy coalesce into a massive album that demands to be heard.



Tarantella.

Esqueletos

From the fertile breeding ground of Denver, Colorado, comes Tarantella. A heady mix of spaghetti western twang, south American mystique, gritty Americana and lush, seductive female vocals, Tarantella sounds like the soundtrack to a movie that would be fucking awesome.

Featuring former and current members of 16 Horsepower, Slim Cessna's Auto Club, Woven Hand, Lillium, and Blood Axis.



16 HORSEPOWER



Olden



Hoarse

From the Rocky Mountain state of Colorado comes "the best band my home state ever produced," according to Jello Biafra. Finally available again, these two albums are essential listening. Somewhere between alt-country, dark Americana, blues, and... a lot of other stuff, 16 HP may no longer be a band, but their music survives them via these mandatory reissues.

turn me on dead man god bless the electric freak

TMODM meld mind-altering psych and mind-numbing heaviness into a musical cocktail of extreme rock that combines everything that kicks ass and leaves out anything that doesn't. "God Bless the Electric Freak" is a lysergic spectacle of feedback-drenched aural decadence!



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SLUG MAG

Nov. 2005 • #203

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Contributor Limelight

and breast tattoos. My palette is cleft by **Acid Mothers Temple**. Sharpies stain my ass pockets, and NPH is, though forgotten, not burnt out. **PIL** rock Brooklyn. Babylon is the new old school. White rap is the old New Jack. **Gwen Stefani** is the hybrid **Bob Pollard**. Ice Hockey is the **White Sox**. God Rest Contax. My ultrasound produces hypnotic light beams meant to soothe the rocks in your drink. I Love The **SLUG** Girls. **Indira Ghandi** has nothing on the Statue of Liberty, so she says after a few sherries in the Jaguar. A tree fort on the upper east side of Central Park is waiting for you with more information. But I'll be under the nets of the Newly Constructed Williamsburg Bridge, buying drinks for **Eric Delphenic**. The dogs are not a problem. Fly through windows, smash into doors. Dismantle the drive train. Engage the parents in law. Love the smashed nasal cavity. And the new baby. Brevity. To Adam. Piss-streams from skyscrapers. Love to Salt Lake, Europe, The World. God Bless **SLUG**,

—Brennan Cavanaugh

SLUG

November marks the second cover New Yorker **Brennan Cavanaugh** has shot for **SLUG** this year. Brennan's imagery can frequently be seen on the walls of Soho Galleries or in big-time glossies like **Magnet** and **Playboy**. When asked to sum up his current career, Mr. Cavanaugh sent **SLUG** the following message: I'm writing a bio. I'm hiring a ghost-writer. I'm flying an airplane right now. A High-Powered Business Man just entered my office. I've been **Valerie Plame** for 18 years now. I am not now nor have I ever been a Sunni. Liberace was my bitch when Mick was his. I mourn **Joe Strummer** and **Johnny Cash** in the same mantra. I am sponsored by Armor-All and kept in a dirt shack by the estate of **Robert Smithson**. The rings of coffee cups and whiskey jiggers are my face

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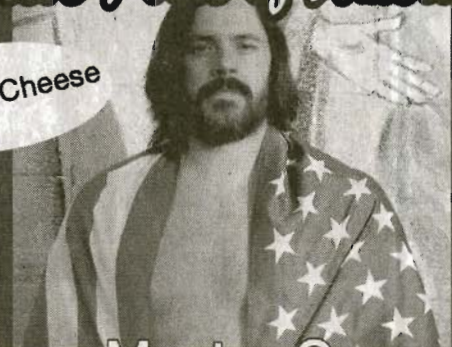
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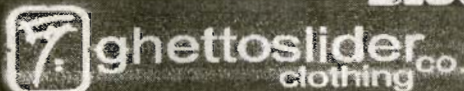
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Thunderfist

12th Ugly Duckling
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17th The Verse
18th Rodeo Boys, Rubes
19th Jinga Boa
22nd Loren Cook
23rd Colin Roberson
25th Conspiracy Freak
26th Starmy CD release,
Royal Bliss
30th Cabaret Voltage
2nd Red Bennies, Wolfs

DEAR DICKHEADS

Dear SLUG,
I have been a SLUG reader for the last ten or so years and would like to say thank for all the hard work and good reads. In your October issue mike brown was reviewing "Suicide" and I would just like to know how he expected to be blown away? This is a Troma film, troma has never been known for generating "a fantastic film." Lyod Kaufman would probably start killing puppies in front of a news camera if he ever was associated with a "good movie." So please acknowledge what troma makes is amezing crap not film noir. I mean expecting an oscar winning performance in a Troma movie is like asking John Waters to not cast divine in every possible movie he made early on, It cannot be expected and if you do expect quality and realistic portrayals of gore and violence from Troma then you haven't seen "Canible the Musical."
-jenny martin

Hi Jenny,
It looks like you have spent too much time watching crappy b-movies instead of learning how to spell fifth grade words like "cannibal" and "acknowledge." Why don't you show us what a real suicide video looks like by putting a gun to your head? Our address is on page 4. We hope you die soon.

Dear Dickheads,
As you may remember not to many years ago New York City was in devastation, I believe it was around September 2001. In the after math of the destruction the city, in hopes of rebuilding and recovering encouraged the world to visit this friendly, cleaner New York. We'll the shine is off of the Big Apple!
I recently went to New York for the College Music Journal Marathon. Now I know New York in expensive but the ticket alone for this event was in the upwards of \$400. Once there you where suppose to be able see over 400 bands in several venues around the city. Not only did I not get to see the majority of the bands I wanted to I was treated like an over weight, acne ridden junior high kid for having this CMJ badge. After being denied entrance to several show's I was informed that the badges where not of much worth, I would have had better luck if I had purchased tickets show per show. "We only let 30% of the badges come in and then 70% are tickets sold to locals." One over zealous doorman informed me. Then the final straw, I was slated to see **Clap Your Hands and Say Yeah** at the Mercury Lounge; again no room in the bar for badge carriers 5 hours prior to them going on, so I joined some friends at CBGB's. Ahh maybe some respect there. I had heard what an amazing venue this was and the long list of musician who had played there. The latest news on the venue had been that after this event it could possibly be closed forever! Property cost where just too high, couldn't effort to buy the building, going condo maybe? Anyway before I left on my trip I was emailed about donating to the cause or buying the \$40 tickets for one of their benefit concerts. Well the night was going well, great sound, good bands new friends and then it hap-

pened, I went out for fresh air and was denied reentry because no more passes are allowed inside. "But I've already been in there, my friends are in there I have a \$10 beer in there", nope we don't care. After all the touts about hospitality even the bar that can't effort to stay open didn't want my business. I've believed in hospitality I believe in customer service I believe in good venues that what to be there for the fans and the bands. Unfortunately I will not only remember how CBGB's treated me but how The CMJ's and New York treated me. F**K them It's all overrated! So if you get an email claiming CBGB's needs your help just remember they want your money but they really don't give a rat's ass about you even if you're their patron!

Sincerely, Whiskey Bones
Dear Whiskey Bones,

It doesn't take a brain surgeon to realize that someone at that club is making serious cash off the legendary name. Every Hot Topic in the entire country sells the CB shirts ... it's no wonder their landlord wanted a piece of that profit—as for the rest of your story...who gives a fuck?

Dear Dickheads,
I hate lemonade stands. Whenever I drive past a lemonade stand I get angry. Who do these little shits think they are? All these lazy over privileged fuckers are doing is selling Kool-Aid. I can go buy a whole pitcher of that shit for 25 cents, when they have the audacity to give you a 6 oz cup for the same price! They should have a little fuckin' blood and sweat in there from the dozens of lemons they should have squeeze (check spelling) in there. There should be visible blisters on their hands. Lazy ass kids now a days don't know a damn thing about work. If they did I just might buy a glass. Only if I neglected to consider the fact that I could be arrested for purchasing the stuff from an unlicensed vendor. Does the fuckin' FDA and BBB have any control over what the fuck goes on in the lemonade? Hell no. We could be drinking toilet water for all we know! One can always argue that, since they are eight they don't really know the implications with their business and can't be held responsible. Bullshit. lock em up. Their cute little faces and backwards "Ds" ain't fooling anyone. They are like all greedy business men, giving you a shitty product at an inflated price. Good fuckin' ethics their parents taught them. I urge all responsible citizens to join me in this fight against them. We must cleanse our society from these blood suckers. The next lemonade stand you see, smash it, destroy it, save that 25 cents for .12 gallons of gas. Don't be a victim!
-Johnny Crystal

Dear Jonny-
Where do you think we live, China? Jesus Jonny, get the fuck over yourself and send us a REAL letter complaining about a REAL problem, like waiting in line to see a crappy band at a crappy venue in a crappy city. Damn you readers ...



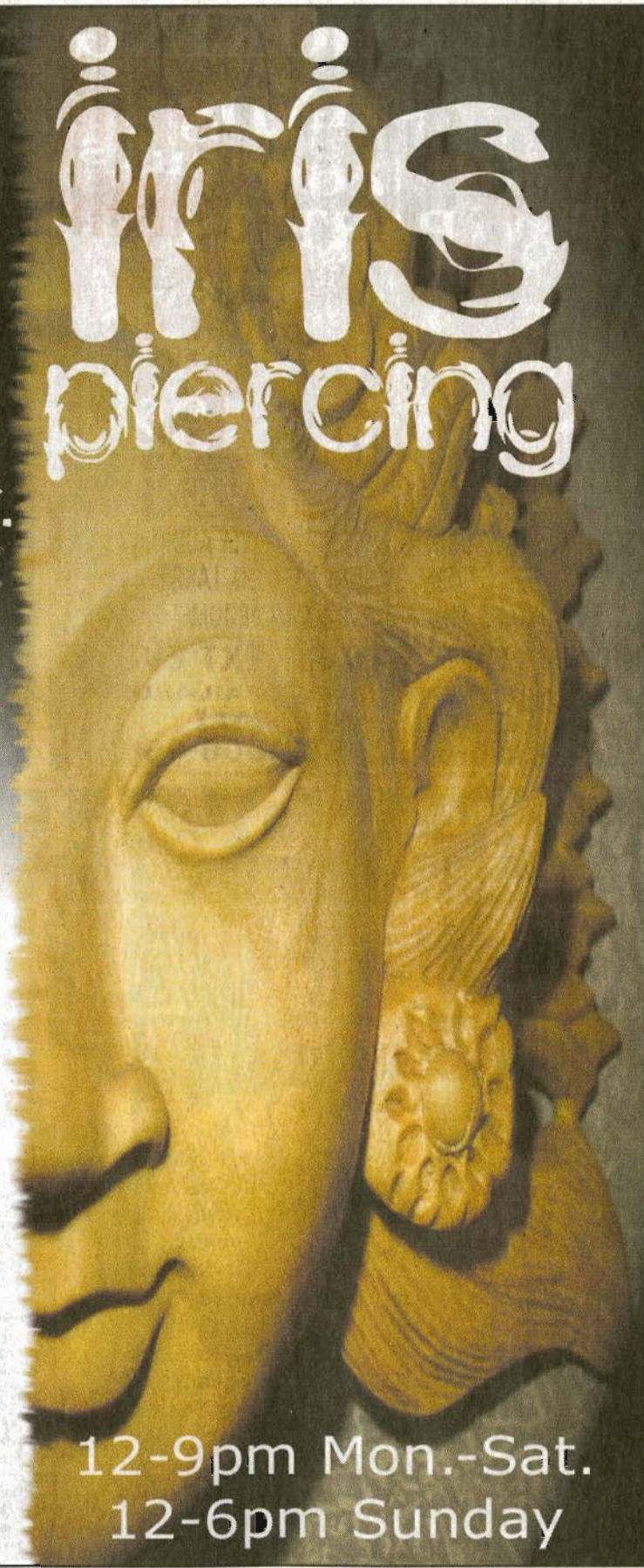
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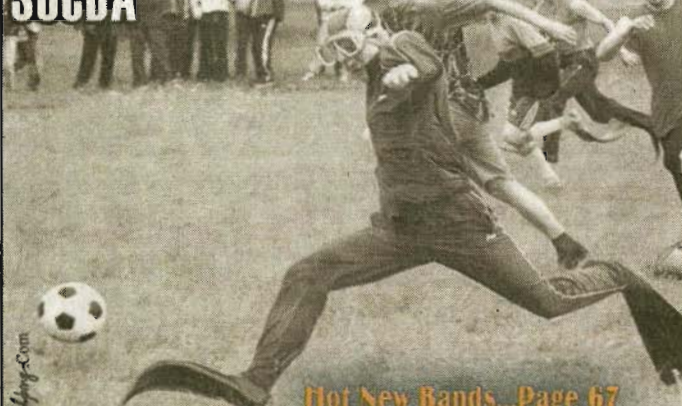
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...Not A Side Show

This Month's HOT-Topic!

SOCBA

Learn all about it from the pros..Page 24



Hot New Bands...Page 67

November 5 - CARTI * November 12 - The Rubes

November 19 - Airliner * November 26 - Kicking Hippy's

December 3 - talchock trio

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Localized Localized Localized

by Diana Whiteside

Hello readers! My name is Diana and I will be taking over this here vessel we call *Localized*. I will be guiding you through the local music scene and giving you the scoop on the new bands about town (and maybe a few who have been around a while). I will interview those wily musicians; I'll ask them probing questions and dig into the dregs of their strange little minds so you don't have to. I'll go watch them play so you don't have to ... well, actually, that part you have to do. You see, on the second Friday of each month, the two bands covered will play a special show. The next LOCALIZED is on **November 11** at the *Urban Lounge*. Now, I know that you're thinking, "But Diana, I go to local shows all the time and most of the bands I see are so crappy." Well, you'd be half right. There are some craptacular bands out there, but some of them are pretty damn good. And here at *Localized* we pick the cream of the crop, so you'd best drop your bad attitude and go see them play.

The Heaters are:

Chris Volume - guitar
Joe Denhelter - vocals
Liam Hesselbein - bass
Taylor Smith - drums

Localized
November 11
Urban Lounge

Thunderfist are:

Jeremy Cardenas - guitar and vocals
Jeff Haskins - guitarist
Mike Mayo - bass and vocals
Erik Stevens - drums

I sat down with these four young men in their practice studio in the basement of *Positively Fourth Street*. **Ruby Claire**, the wonderful *Localized* photographer, had the foresight to bring a bottle of whiskey, which she generously shared. Ah, whiskey and rock n' roll—they go together like apples and Muenster cheese. The Heaters played a few of their songs, which were rockin' sweet. For influences, they cite, among others, **The (International) Noise Conspiracy**, **The Buzzcocks** and the **Murder City Devils**. I could hear elements of all these bands morphed together to form one great sound. Chris busted out a "Johnny B. Goode"-style solo every once in a while, serving the proverbial cherry on the sundae.

For being such cracking musicians they're not the least bit cocky—you'd never know they can play rock n' roll music like their pants are on fire. The Heaters formed in July and already have a very solid set. What else is amazing about this up-and-coming band is that most of them haven't played in any bands previous to this (where have they been?!), except for Liam, who played music in his hometown of Dallas ... but that doesn't count, because that was in Dallas, and this is mother fuckin' Salt Lake City. They are a hard-working band and are hoping to go on a west coast tour within the year. We need more bands like The Heaters. You couldn't ask for a finer group of pleasant young gentlemen.

They're going to be releasing a self-titled EP this month on **Rest 30 Records**. Until then, you can warm yourself up with MP3s from their Myspace page at www.myspace.com/heaters.

Thunderfist is the most sincere band I have ever met. They're just four genuine guys who want to rock. If you can't handle the heat, then get the fuck out of the kitchen. Thunderfist has existed in some form or another since 1998, but have been playing with their current line-up for two years. Their music is strongly reminiscent of **Turbonegro** and **AC/DC** with a touch of the country-rock sound not unlike that of the **Supersuckers**. They describe themselves as a "low-rent, good-time rock n' roll band," and they are just that. Thunderfist plays the kind of music you can really drink a beer to. You won't find **Diesel** jeans or two-toned haircuts on any member of Thunderfist. Oh no, these guys don't bother themselves with such superficialities. They just rock, and the music does the rest—low maintenance, good times. As they put it: "We'll play anywhere - a back alley, a western bar ... just as long as there's plenty of beer."

Thunderfist has recorded five albums to date, but their pride and joy is their full-length album "Loud Fast Rock & Roll." The album was recorded two years ago in Seattle at **Hanszek Audio** and was produced by **Jack Endino**. Yes, my little nerdlings, the same Jack Endino who produced albums for the likes of **Nirvana**, **Mudhoney** and **Hot Hot Heat**. All of Thunderfist enjoys the Pacific Northwest and they hope to get back up to Seattle to work with Endino again.

Thunderfist is a shining example of what a real rock band looks and sounds like. You can check them out at www.myspace.com/thunderfist. Oh yeah, and they're really big **Helen Hunt** fans, so if you bring them a picture of her, they'll buy you a beer. **SLUG**



Local CD Reviews

by Cindi Robinson

The Rubes

Mutiny to a Revolution

Recorded by Matt Dixon. Track # 4 mixed David Payneful.

The Rubes = The Rolling Stones + The White Stripes + The Strokes

This could be really good. For starts, they should take out the obvious rip-offs of everything that is famous from the 70s and develop their own sound. Then, do a professional recording. Sloppy playing and tones that are all over the place drown what possibilities they had at blowing my clothes off. They've got good basics, but no originality. The album could

dick is a foot ... smoke it like a bong." Oh yeah, I will. Especially in the form of mid-80s pumping punk. **Thunderfist** will fuck you, fuck your beer, and then fuck your mom. It's fun for everyone. They're perfect for a *Burt's* recording but it sounds more like a **KISS** recording. Meaning, this sounds "really" good for a live *Burt's* recording. It is 20 minutes of pure punk: raw, fast, raunchy punk. Wish I could smoke a dick but I'll smoke while rockin' out to these dicks instead. Cheers!

The Handsome Promo CD

Recorded by Christopher Stearman and Dane Hansen

The Handsome = Pixies + The Cars + Weezer

A perfect band for the back-to-school soundtrack of *The O.C.*, full of lovelorn and **Beach Boys**-ish summer fun. They carry a heavy **Weezer** influence, with good singing and a pretty good recording. I don't like the guitar distortion, though; it sounds too much like cheap metal riffin' for such a fun, pop-rockin' group. They're good, but they could be tighter. Their approach is a little footloose and fancy-free. It's a bit of alright.

GAZA

Homeless Urine Sessions

Recorded by Andy Patterson

GAZA = GAZA

Love it! Love it, love it, love it, love it! This is the most recent three-song release of **GAZA** and I love it! One of the heaviest rockin' and riffin' gruff-havoc rock bands ever. Screw whether they're from Salt Lake, I think they're one of the best bands ever. Thankfully, they miss the common emo-voiced breakdowns, and they're chockfull of solid, throat-throbbing assaults of smutty, full-range monster vocals. Of course, they're backed by a tight, iron-clad attack. It's flawless. Not to mention a guest vocal addition from **Trevor Sternad** of the **Black Dahlia Murder** on track two that mixes right in. It's awesome!



CD Release Party 11/18
Urban Lounge

use more range as well. From one song to the next, they are quite monotonous and whiny. **The Rubes** are definitely a mutiny of THE revolution, not an addition to. Attend their CD release Party and make your own decision (*Urban:11.18*).

The Annuals Repondez

Recorded by Jay Henderson and The Annuals

The Annuals = The Connells + Cat Stevens + Cub Country + Indigo Girls

Soulful and sweet, **The Annuals** create a soft alt-country heart-felt emotional vibe. Drifting with layers of mandolin, harmonica, bitchin' upright bass, and humble female backup vocals, they're rollin' with a basic rock foundation that really kicks ass. Noteworthy are the great singing and songwriting. Sonically, the drum and bass tones sound delicious in the tracking, but seem dumbed-down in the mix. This recording definitely concentrates on the guitar varieties and vocals; not so much on the full soul effect. Regardless, it's a nice lazy-afternoon disc.

Thunderfist Live at Burt's

Recorded by Andy Patterson

ECG Records

Thunderfist = Black Flag w/ Rollins

I love dick. This band is full of dick. Therefore, I love this record. "My

NOISE

Redbox

Recorded by Jeff Shell

AODL = noise

All I can say is that this is an hour-and-a-half of solid noise. If you can sit and listen to electronic, metallic noise, then cool. If not, sample these guys for the next introspective metal mood moment. Good sounds, but not a good chillin' record.

Kohabit Self-titled

Recorded: Kevin from Day Two

Kohabit = At the Gates + Kill Switch Engage + Unearth

They could have been straight off of *Headbangers Ball*, because **Kohabit** sounds like the next **Victory** band. Loaded with current speed metal "juga juga," they fit in perfectly with the hardcore madhouse. The intro to this promo release is drastically misleading. I thought I'd be bumping to some new **Fisch Loops**, only to be thwarted by mainstream vocals, typical emotional singing, and basic pit moments. Sad to say, the recording doesn't give these guys justice; it's super thin. What could have been thick and heavy has been recorded weak. I think this band is just as good as what's out there right now, and I hope they do a real record. **SLUG**



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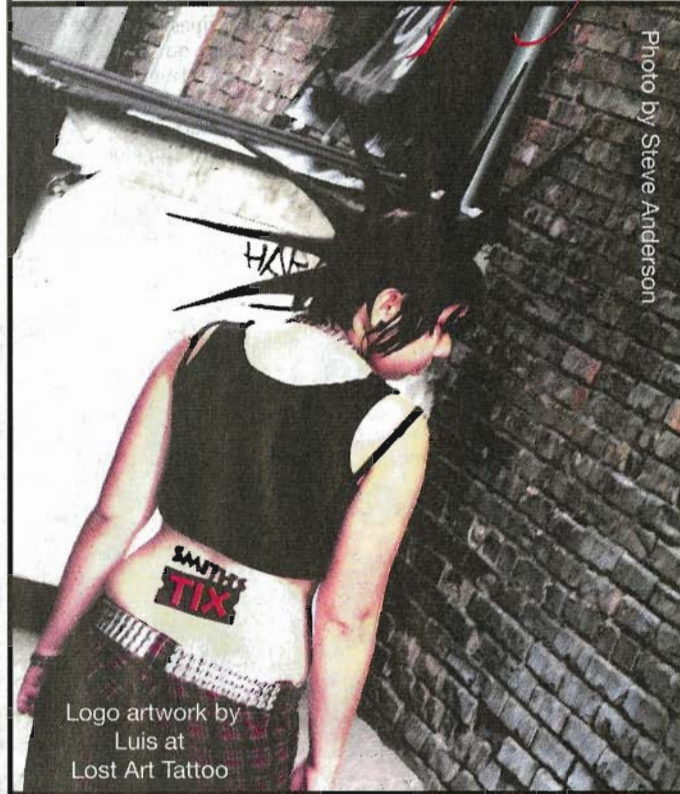


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By Dave Madden

Jello Biafra has finessed the serious activist-cum-comedian technique since the late 70s. Whether fronting the **Dead Kennedys** or a host of other musical projects, running for mayor (he came in fourth!), performing and recording spoken-word, fighting financially-crippling censorship battles, outlining his campaign for potential Presidency (he was drafted as a nominee for the Green Party in 2000) or running his record label **Alternative Tentacles**, Biafra maintains a caustic, clever wit while pushing his need for personal, political and global reform.

Biafra's latest album, his sophomore joint venture with the Melvins, *Sieg Howdy!*, is as solid as Alcatraz. Biafra's poison pen meets those post-**Sabbath** thrashy grooves the Melvins are famous for, and with a dose of **Tool's Adam Jones'** obtuse, alternate-tuned prog-mania on several tracks, and remixes by hip-hop gods **Dälek** and **Sir Al Jourgensen**, you've got yourself a deal! The crew (yes, this sounds like a crew, not a project) stomps with both animated glee and seasoned know-how as they address the irony of perverts put into power at airport security ("The Lighter Side of Global Terrorism"), religious zealots ("Caped Crusader") and re-tool a classic with "Kalifornia Uber Alles 21st Century" (this time blasting **Governor Ahnold**, **Fox News** and **Enron**).

Judging from the album and my conversation with Biafra, he still retains an ever-boundless fervor and the epic personal agenda he refuses to give up. Thank God.

SLUG: When I was 16, the only tape my friends and I could agree on while skating was *Bedtime for Democracy*. At the time, I don't think I really got the message of "Chicken-Shit Conformist Like Your Parents", but the song was a catalyst for sort to start me thinking about what was going on outside my insulated skate-world.

Jello Biafra: (laughs) I thought that one would be pretty blunt. I learned, really early on, after no one could figure out what "The Man With the Dogs" was about, that I would rather take away all the obscure art and just whack people over the head with what you want to get through to them. After all, in a **Disney**-fied society where people actually believe what they see on television, there's a value to shock value.

SLUG: Absolutely – which is how I responded to Dead Kennedys covers. I mean, your new album (with the Melvins) is called *Sieg Howdy!* At first I laugh at the ridiculousness, then sigh after the realism sinks in.

JB: Yeah, sometimes I think I should quit writing all these worst-case scenario pieces because they keep coming true. "Islamic Bomb" came true before the album even came out – you know, Pakistan, with our help, gaining nuclear technology, which of course the C.I.A. thought they'd never get and then selling little gift-wrapped, do-it-yourself,

build-a-nuke kits to Libya, North Korea and Iran for sixty million dollars apiece. So, both in the nuclear way and in the suicide-bomber way, globalization – that we direct – is once again spawning real terrorists who want to kill our ass.

SLUG: What scares me now is that it seems that **Bush**, unlike a lot of presidents we've had, is not just a figurehead, following orders, but very passionate about carrying out his personal conservative, traditional values and apocalyptic agenda.

JB: Yeah, I don't agree with that at all. I think he's like **Reagan**, where he was put in to pretend to be the president because he looks good on television and can act like a rootin'-tootin' tough cowboy. The difference is that at least Reagan knew he wasn't really president. He was just an actor put there to pretend to be president to soothe the populace while his friends loot-ed the country. Bush is so dumb he doesn't know how dumb he is: he really thinks he is president.

And all they have to do is steer him along, like someone rolling down a **Hot Wheels** track, or something, and say, "Okay, this is what's going on, this is what needs to be done," and he'll immediately think he thought of it himself. I mean, why do you think they had that receiving device under his suit at the debates? Just feed him his lines, he says and he thinks he's being spot-on point. You'll notice that he didn't even try to answer a lot of the questions in those debates. He just kept running around and acting like some loose circus animal that needed a chain around his ankle to keep him from mauling his own audience while he said, over and over again, "Fight terror. Spread freedom. Fight terror. Fight terror." "What about the number of homeless people in the U.S.?" "Fight Terror!"

SLUG: Despite the unpopularity at the polls, it would seem that people are convinced of his roll and that he is doing all these things.

JB: Well, the other part of the equation that's scarier still: you'll notice he doesn't like to admit that he's wrong about anything. He's never made any mistakes, and the reason he's never made any mistakes is because he's convinced he's getting all his orders from God – just like **Bin Laden**. He thinks he's God's vessel to execute the will of the Almighty. There was a religious-right DVD produced before the 2000 election called *Faith and the White House* that claimed there is a little hill on Bush's toy ranch in Crawford, Texas where he likes to go up and hang out there all alone, talking with God. That's why he has such wonderful ideas and he's never wrong (laughs).

SLUG: If George Bush were **Richard Nixon**, do you think he would have been impeached by now? Meaning, if circumstances now were the same as those of the early '70s...

JB: Absolutely. I was in my early-to-mid-teens at that point, and I remember very well the **Watergate** hearings – the best reality show ever! And I remember when the news media actually took their jobs seriously and reported actual news; I remember when there were actual differences between the **Democratic** and **Republican** parties.

SLUG: Anarchy always seemed like a great war-cry, but in your experience do you think the word anarchy is just a synonym for apathy?

JB: I don't think that, no. I do think the best hope for anarchy is to live your own personal life in such a way that you don't need some baby-sitter, like a cop, to keep you in line. But whether we've evolved high enough as a species to make pure anarchy work on a mass scale, I have my doubts. I think dolphins are much better than that; they don't seem to need real estate or need to put up barbed-wire fences everywhere, or your so-called "gated communities." But I also stress in my spoken-word shows the need for people to look back at the different revolutions that all went down around the late 80s-early 90s, and how some places are really fucked-up now and some are measurably better, though far from perfect. The inspiring ones to me

remain the former Czechoslovakia and South Africa where, in both cases, nobody expected the dictatorships to fall when they did. Luckily, the hell hardcore radical opposition had some idea of what the hell to do if that power vacuum ever occurred. The same can't be said for Romania, the former Yugoslavia or someplace like the Congo.

I think the radical, political underground here is a long way from having any real consensus or concept of that they do like and what they like to do. Everybody knows what we don't like, but okay, how do we fix this shit? So I encourage people to do little brain-stretching exercises where you think, "Okay, what would I do about this particular issue if I was president or governor right now? What would I have to do if I had a chance to get this mass transit system down to Provo actually built? What would I do if I were in place of the boss I hate so much at work? How would I run the place better and make it work?" There's not going to be magic answers every time, but it can't help but make you smarter. At least you'll have better questions when you look around and start asking. Hopefully, in the long run, people identify what they know and are good at that they can contribute in one day corporate dictatorship falls and, either we run this place right, or the loony rednecks with the monster trucks and the gun racks and the Confederate flags run it instead. We can't let that happen.

SLUG: I like your statement about punk on "Those Dumb Punk Kids (Will Buy Anything)" off *Sieg Howdy!* I thought you got it perfect: the old-school ripping on the new-school and the new-school trying to pretend...

JB: I'm not into this whole "school" thing, at all. When punk, as we know it today, first broke out, there was no goddamn school. We were blowing up the school; we were blowing up the **Hotel California** and all those other stupid clichés that made the '70s such an empty, stale time to live in rock town. Talk about never being able to overcome childhood wounds. What torments me on a daily basis is that the **Eagles** still exist, and people still listen to them.

SLUG: (laughs) and pay \$300 a ticket to see them. **JB:** And now it's spawned ten million pop-punk clones who want to be the next **Green Day** or **Blink 182**, but basically just sound like the Eagles with loud guitars: the same whiney vocals and the same stupid lyrics. As soon as I hear that coming out of my stereo, out the window it goes! Your time on my demo-CD *Cong Show* is finished (laughs)! I have no patience for people who put in their rooms and say "There's no good music anymore. Go outside! Be curious! I would get back together." Go outside! Be curious! I mean, a lot of the best shit I've ever heard in my life was completely random. At first it was the free box at the used record store right near my high school, and in later years it was **Tim Yohannan's** closet at *Maximum Rock n' Roll* where he was selling me anything he didn't think was "punk". It hipped me to **Foetus**, **Public Enemy**, and I got all the cool and unclassifiable Japanese music coming out at that point. It was great!

SLUG: You've got **Dälek**, one of the greatest hip-hop groups no one has ever heard, on the new album ("Dawn of the Locusts (March of the Locusts Deadverse remix)"). How did that collaboration come about?

JB: When people started talking about remixes, (Al Jourgensen wanted to do one ("Enchanted Thoughtful (Enchanted Al remix)") and Adam (Jones) from Tool was gonna do one. I figured there's gotta be somebody from the hip-hop world who's gonna want to do this. The engineer I work with in San Francisco, **Matt Kelly**, works a lot with **Hydroglyphics** people and **The KU**, but none of them really wanted to do it. You, know Melvins' releases are on **Ipecac**, so **Greg Workman** at *Ipecac* – who used to work at *Alternative Tentacles*, of course – asked around a little bit and the **Dälek** people

were like, "Hell yeah!"

SLUG: Oh hell yeah...

JB: It's a really good remix, too. It sounds nothing like the original song, and to me that makes it better. To me, if people cover my songs, I always like it best if they mutilate the fuck out of it.

SLUG: What types of demos do people send to *Alternative Tentacles*?

JB: They cover the musical spectrum. Occasionally, we get aspiring country singers. Of course, we get a lot of horrific sound-alike pop-punk – sometimes with full-color press kits with law offices as a return address. The real fallout from *American Idol* – besides *Dead Kennedys'* "Viva Las Vegas" mysteriously turning up there behind my back – is that there are now pushy stage mothers sending *American Idol*-type demos of their teen-age daughters to *Alternative Tentacles* – of all places – thinking we can somehow make them another *American Idol*. "Look at her, isn't she pretty? And she's a cheerleader and she's in the French club, and wait 'til you hear her sing 'Redneck Woman.'" I'm not making this up (laughs). The weird thing is that this girl did have a good country singing voice, but with the shit like that going on, what do you bet that she's going to wind up, age 18 or 20, absolutely hating music. But we get underground hardcore, heavy Melvin-oid shit, psychedelic stuff, hip-hop, you name it. We get demos by the crate-load. I try to keep up with them, partly because of my curiosity as a fan.

SLUG: Can you even laugh at the irony that **U2** is considered a "political" band and you're viewed as a terrorist?

JB: I've never heard that direct comparison – except for (DK guitarist) **East Bay Ray** justifying suing me, saying we could have gone on for years like **REM** or **U2**. But the first time I heard the term "cultural terrorist" was when a suburban daily newspaper around San Francisco called me that, and I took it as a badge of honor. I've always had a soft spot in my heart for pranks, and if my music and my art is one big prank on a corporate anthill society I hate, so much the better (laughs). I'm grateful that anyone's still interested when I'm almost 50 years old; it blows me away that anyone would want to come see me perform after all this time. That sure hasn't happened with a lot of bigger names from the 60s, 70s and 80s. Of course, it adds that extra pressure that I'd better deliver something worth listening to.

Jello Biafra & the Melvins' Sieg Howdy! is out now on **Alternative Tentacles**.

SLUG



Still Pissing 'Em Off

Rob Chaos discusses punk rock, his life, band and label

By Jeanette Moses
jeanette@slugmag.com

He laughs, remembering that time in Houston.

RC: Those were some crazy times. I had forgotten about a lot of that stuff. We've had some problems recently, and I thought these guys were gone, man. Nothing compares to as bad as it was in '95, though.

The conversation then switches back to the earlier years of Total Chaos and the scene in general.

SLUG: How'd you get into punk-rock?

RC: How'd I get into punk-rock? Well, back when I was 12 or 13 my brother and I used to skate around the neighborhood. At around the same time, there was this punk-rocker that had moved from Boston who would skate with us. He was a lot older than us, maybe 18 or 19, but he stood up for us and when he was around, none of the neighborhood bullies messed with us because he was some crazy punk rocker. He also took us to some of our first shows.

SLUG: What were some of the first punk rock shows you went to?

Everyone's first punk rock show holds a special place in their heart ...

RC: I saw **DI** in '83 and then in '84 I saw **Social Distortion**, but that was back when **Mike Ness** spiked his hair, wore eyeliner on stage and would just get drunk before they played shows. There were a lot of backyard parties for punk bands to play at in the 80s too ... so I saw a lot of bands.

SLUG: Why are so many bands on your label from the late 70s/early 80s?

RC: I love the older bands. I think the kids do too. Right now the **Adicts** are bigger than any band out there. They can get 5,000 people at a show without being on the radio and without any promotion. It just shows that the kids are into the older stuff too.

SLUG: Did you have any trouble getting any bands to agree to tour and re-release their older albums on the label?

RC: Most everybody was pretty willing to do it. I had to work on **Wattie** (from the **Exploited**), though it took years to get him to tour the US. I'd been trying to convince him since about '94. He just had a real bad experience here; he was ripped off by a lot of promoters and just a lot of bad stuff. Right now I'm working on getting **Blitz** their first US tour.

SLUG: Are you kidding?

RC: No, I'm real excited about it. It's their first US tour ever.

SLUG: Are they coming to Utah?

RC: Yeah, they will probably be booked at **Lo-Fi**; I hope they sound good. I've never seen them live. I've never even seen any live footage of them. All their songs sound good though," He says.

SLUG: So are there any bands that are going to be signed to **SOS** in the near future?

RC: I don't really want to say, but the label is getting big. In the next three to four years I'm guessing every punk band will be on it. Most of the stuff **Epitaph** has been putting out lately is lame, and they haven't really been supporting the punk bands. And then there is **Hellcat**, but it's basically the same thing as **Epitaph**. **Ezzat** has been supporting punk bands since the late 80s, and has basically saved the punk scene three times over. I think punk bands

will get sick of not getting support from the other labels and sign onto **SOS**. The big thing I'm working on right now is putting together an all punk-rock festival to travel around the US. No commercial bands like **Warped Tour** has though. Just good punk-rock bands.

Total Chaos will be playing with **Blitz** and **Endless Struggle** on Thursday, November 3 at the **Lo-Fi** and this is one show that shouldn't be missed.

SLUG

Rob Chaos is a very busy man. He has been touring with his band **Total Chaos** for nearly ten years, and in 2003 he and his partner **Ezzat Soliman** started **SOS Records**. **SOS** has been responsible for reissuing some of the greatest punk-rock albums and convincing some of the most influential punk bands to tour the US. And between all this, Rob Chaos and Total Chaos have finally released their seventh album: **Freedom Kills**. **Freedom Kills** is the band's first album in four-and-a-half years, and like most of Total Chaos's previous releases, it's pumped full of heavy, fast, street-punk songs that scream out about the injustices being done to the American people by their government.

Freedom Kills was released shortly after the 2004 presidential elections and because of its timing, a lot of the songs on the album are more politically charged than earlier songs.

SLUG: Did you vote in the last election?

Rob Chaos: I did vote, because I had to. I didn't want to because there was no one I really wanted to vote for. I just didn't want [George Bush in office. I personally believe it doesn't change anything. If voting really changed anything, it'd probably be made illegal. I just think that we need to take our government back over if we want real change. There was an old statement made, I believe by **Thomas Jefferson**, that when the rich control the government, it's time for the people to take the government back. When the rich control the government, like they do now, they only care about the rich and are only out for their own interests. They aren't there for us at all. They try and pretend like they are, so that we feel like we have control, but really we don't.

Lots of the songs on Total Chaos' older albums are not only politically driven but also address other problems in society, especially in the punk-rock scene. One of these problems are the Nazis.

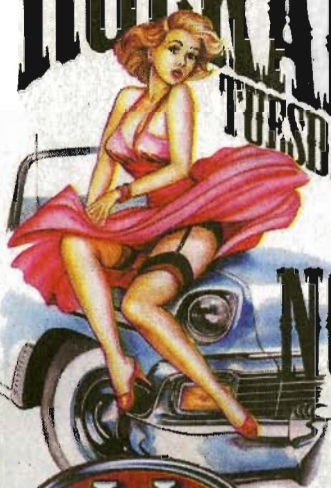
RC: We wrote "Kill the Nazis" because back in the 80s we had a lot of fights with Nazis. They were trying to run the scene; showing up to shows, fighting with kids, and stealing their boots. Then in '92, I got jumped because my girlfriend was black. I was stabbed in the back and was in the hospital for some time. Then, I wrote "Boot Party" and "The End of White World Supremacy." They tried to stomp me out, saying things like I was a race trader. So, I just wrote more anti-Nazi songs. When **Patriotic Shock** came out in '95, we were considered one of the biggest threats to the Aryan Nation. We had the Aryan Nation guys, the **American Nazi Party** and **Ku Klux Klan** guys showing up to our shows. We had a rally in front of our show in Orlando, our tires were slashed in Lancaster, death threats in Jacksonville, and some Nazis jumped our old guitar player in Miami. That all happened on one tour too. The next year in '96 people from the **Anti-Nazi League** showed up to help us out. In Houston, Texas Nazis started shooting into the crowd during a drive-by shooting. After that happened, all the Anti-Nazi Leaguers pulled them out of their car and started beating the shit out of them.

**Total Chaos,
 Blitz, Endless
 Struggle
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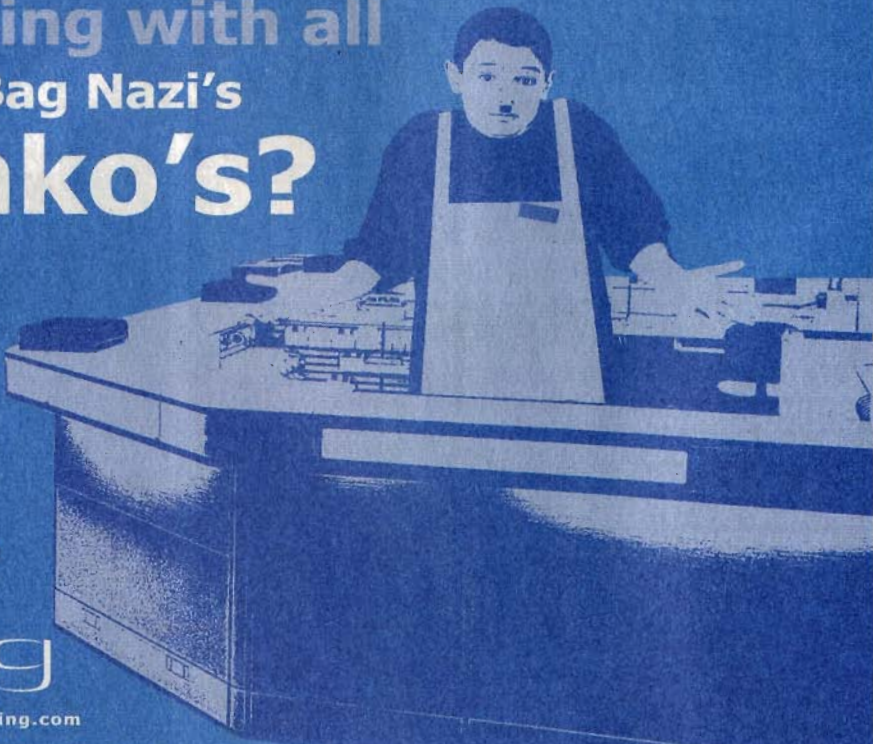
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From the broken mind of ryan michael painter rien@davidbowie.com



Depeche Mode
Playing the Angel
Mute/Reprise
Street: 10.18

Depeche Mode = Synth Kings – Vicious Bite + Revival of Misery & Discontent
Playing the Angel is the best album Depeche Mode has recorded since **Alan Wilder's** departure following the *Songs of Faith & Devotion* tour. While that might not seem an impossible task considering the here-and-there quality of *Ultra* and *Exciter*, it does silence doubts that the group was lost to mid-age mediocrity. From the opening track "A Pain I'm Used To" to the fifth track and lead single, "Precious," the album is solid. *Playing the Angel* is an updated twist on the *Some Great Reward* sound with a more dominant role for guitar (which has slowly become more and more prevalent since *Music for the Masses*). From there, things become less interesting as the ballads (minus that sort of grandeur and delicacy that they once had) dominate through to the end with the sharp turning of "Lilian" being the only major exception. The three songs written by **Dave Gahan** are lightweight, despite the strength of his recent solo release. I do highly recommend the limited edition version that contains a 5.1 surround mix of the album (boosts even the more meandering songs), the fantastic video for "Precious," a documentary, and a moody reworking of *Violator's* "Clean." There is also a re-recorded version of "Waiting for the Night" available on-line that is quite lovely. All in all, a rather good release from a band that once spilled out untouchable classics (**E Center: 11.12**).

Devo
Live 1980 (CD/DVD Dual Disc)
MVD
Street: 08.23

Devo = Ed Wood + Michael Moore
When a group of politically charged nerds in bad B-movie costumes take to the stage playing no-wave pop with **Kraftwerk** electronics thrown in for bad dance-floor antics, a disaster can't be far behind. Devo might be hard to pin down (not exactly men but definitely the anti-KISS), but they are certainly more than the plastic hats and contamination-spacesuit imagery that they've become notorious for. At the heart of it, Devo is a politically charged pop/punk act. If "Freedom of Choice" has been their mega-hit, you still might not confuse them with the **Dead Kennedys**, but you wouldn't lump them in with a lot of the senseless pop music that the 80s offered. The live show on this disc catches the group at the pinnacle of their artistic and commercial success and includes a fine balance of the early guitar-driven tracks as well as the analogue synth that flavored their later releases. It is also striking, as the intro suggests, that the political statements they made then are seemingly more relevant now (that is, if you are looking for a message, which

might be asking a bit much). Yes, the footage constantly reminds you it was shot in the 80s; the effects, film quality and even the stage show are dated but the sound is brilliant. Aesthetically, as a document, it might not equal the **Talking Heads' Stop Making Sense** but is equally important. Between the Heads and Devo, the old standard of lip-synched T.V. appearances are about to become taboo and a crutch for lesser bands who couldn't pull it off outside the studio. Believe me, you will like Devo a whole lot more than you think you do. Admit it; you've always been a spud.

The Mission UK
Lighting the Candles
SPV
Street: 10.25

The Mission UK = Led Zeppelin + T. Rex + David Bowie + Mormon upbringing
While the **Sisters of Mercy's** inactivity continues to steal press, **Wayne Hussey**, who spent his days in the Sisters as well as a brief stint in **Dead or Alive**, has been prolific through varied line-ups and record labels. *Lighting the Candles* is a celebration of the band's legacy and a reminder that goth isn't just about the drum machine and thundering bass lines. Old video clips, acoustic performances, a collection of tracks from various shows, as well as a full concert from last year's **Brethren** tour – while yet another live CD from the band might seem superfluous, considering it wasn't that long ago that *Ever After Live* was released, the track listing has very few overlapping tracks, including new material pulled from their celebrated *AurA* release. Besides Hussey, the entire band lineup has changed. Such changes are bittersweet, not because those who have replaced the empty roles as band members went one way or another, but because there is something about an original lineup, particularly when that lineup was together for the bulk of the band's success. After watching the old promo videos from the 80s when the band was playing to massive crowds, the recent concert footage seems tame. Lost is the unbalanced hysteria that passed between the crowds and the band. Nonetheless, the journey, which covers the entire history of Hussey's wanderings since leaving the Sisters, is an enjoyable one. The majority of the standards are covered from "Butterfly On A Wheel" to "Wasteland" with the occasional album track (the brilliant "Daddy's Going To Heaven Now" and "Hymn (For America)" both pop up in fine fashion) thrown in for the faithfully devoted. If there is any true criticism, beyond the uncontrollable lineup changes, it is that because the concert was originally recorded for television (the swaying out of the camera to catch the neon sign that reads "Rockpalast" won't let you forget it) in a rather intimate venue with a limited number of cameras the visuals leave you feeling a bit claustrophobic. The director's bag of tricks runs out long before the set ends, and having been fortunate enough to witness the band live, I

can't help but feel like the band deserved static representation – second DVD is with acoustic along with a and discography, with by Wayne. I just wish it was **Adams, Hinkler and Brown**, or even **Cousin and Thwaite**, because I'm nostalgic. Absolutely essential.

Richard Hawley
Coles Corner
Mute
Street: 09.06

Richard Hawley = Elvis + Sinatra @ Sun Studios
Having served his time in the **Longpigs** and as one of **Pulp's** live guitarists, Hawley returns with his third solo release, which just happens to be his finest yet. Caught somewhere between retro-chic and Las Vegas at 4 A.M. after you've lost everything, **Coles Corner** sighs along with a sincerity that **Chris Isaak** could only dream of. The sparse reverb of the guitar and the occasional use of orchestral arrangements hang on you, but it is the drawn-out vocal that makes the songs feel immense and carry that sort of wistful romanticism found in **Morricone's** best cinematic scores. Don't be surprised if **David Lynch** falls in love and has him co-team with **Badalamenti** for his next film. Perfect listening for the brokenhearted and bewildered.

Program The Dead
Program the Dead
Low Altitude
Street: 10.25

Program the Dead = Head Automata – Brit-pop + a drop of The Used + 1" of Jimmy Eat World
This is one of those cases where the band I saw live a few days past doesn't seem to be the same group who recorded the album credited to them. Live, Program the Dead are bombastic, raw and swinging around the **Black Crowes**, with screaming winning out over singing. They swagger, straight out tell you they're the best band you've never seen before, taunt you, drink the house dry, ask you to come around after the show if you're attractive, and do it again the next night. On plastic, they sound far more produced and packaged for a sensitive pop market that is generally unthreatening. While you could say "the album band" is more listenable, they are also more forgettable. This is completely opposite of their live performance, which sticks with you even if you're indifferent to the music. **SLAB**

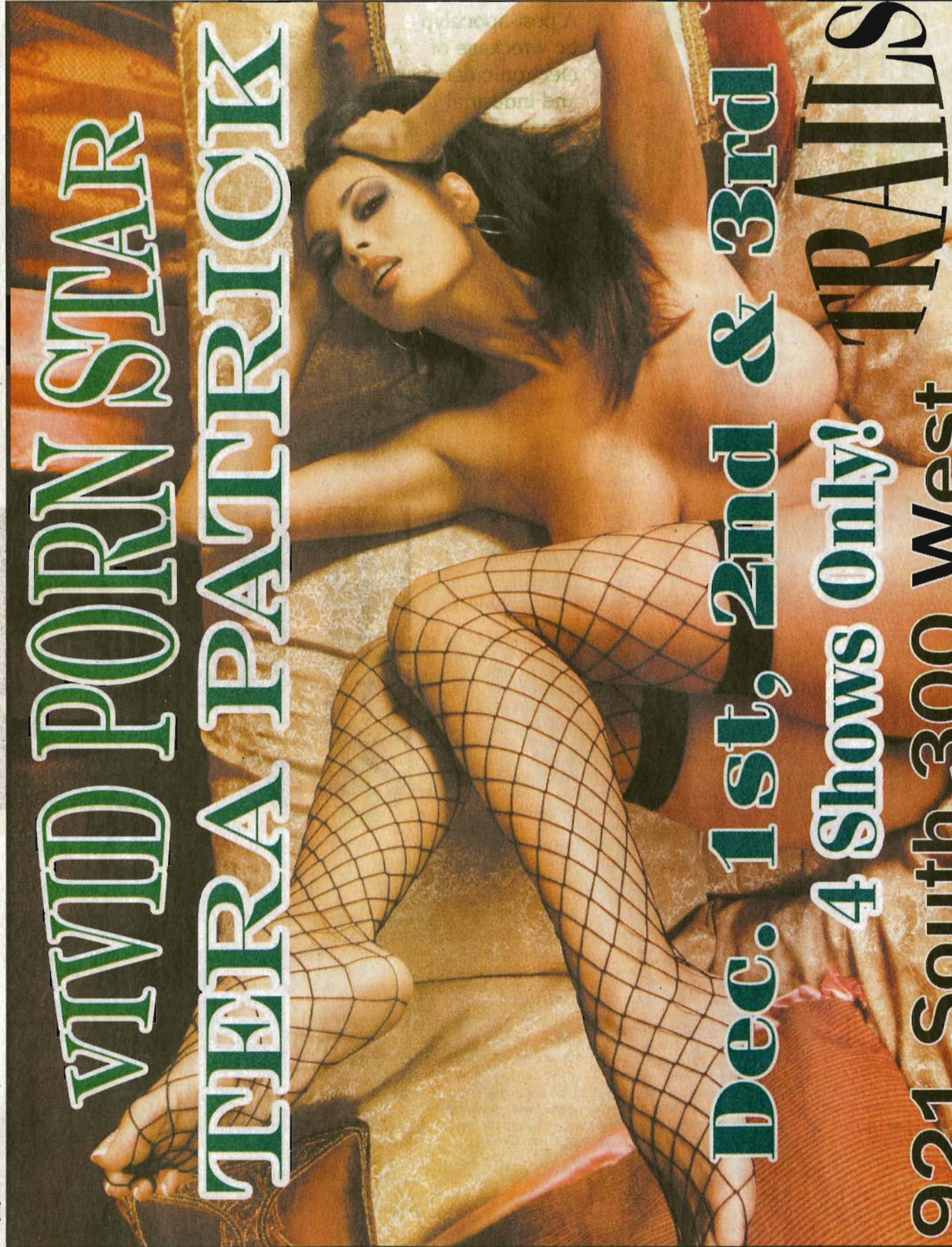
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Lapsed
Lapsed
Ad Noiseam
Lapsed = Hip Hop + IDM + "Funkastic"
Street: 9.30

By Amy Spencer oneamysseven@kommandzero.net

Ok kids, I have a **bone to pick**. Last month I mentioned about six goth/industrial shows that were not to be missed, and guess who missed them? Yeah, you know. It was a huge disappointment. I'm guilty of not going to each and every show, but for concert attendance to be around 25 people is a rotten shame. Promoters, myself included, get so much crap for not bringing in shows - I have read all sorts of "Fuck Salt Lake promoters" sentiments on the Internet, but the truth is that promoters simply cannot bring in shows when the attendance is an utter embarrassment. Word gets around about the attendance of these shows and then the SLC scene loses credibility with other bands. It's a vicious cycle and the only way to end it is to show your support for every show you can. I had the luck to see two of the best industrial concerts all year in October and I'm sorry that there were only a handful of people there to enjoy them. Excuses only amplify your lack of support. Even if I had a free concert where I personally picked up people from their homes, there would still be excuses. The point is, you would be there if you wanted to be there. It's up to the people who care about the music and the scene to make a difference. On that note, there is one show this month where you should show your support. **Tuesday, Nov. 15, W Lounge** will host the CD Release party for the new Lapsed disc and will have performances by **Lapsed** and **Non Non**.

Decoded Feedback
Combustion
Metropolis Records
Decoded Feedback = killer guitar + sexy growling vocals + gritty electronics
Street: 9.12

Forgive my hating on guitars and females vocals (see Modus Operandi, Oct. 2005); Decoded Feedback is one of those rare acts that pull it off with perfection. Perhaps that is due to the healthy dose of powerful synths and growling vocals. The two-year gap between *Phoenix* and *Combustion* came as a time for Decoded Feedback to meticulously craft the explosion of wicked synths and volatile beats - 12 hard tracks that will launch you to the dance floor. The title track, "Combustion," opens the epic release with a beautifully raw breed of heavy electro. The real treat on *Combustion* is the cover of **Metallo & The Fixers'**, "Sacrilege." The irony runs thick as it seems almost sacrilegious to cover this legendary act, but it's well done and Metallo is surely flattered. "Psy-Storm" is really the only track with female vocals and it's just the girly **Delerium**-type "doo-dee, daa-daa" stuff. Decoded Feedback always ensures you get your money's worth, this time with a video for the new single "Hyberia." As a fan of their slower melodic music, *Combustion* is a bit excessive on the BPMs, but Decoded Feedback can do no wrong in my book and this comes as a strong contender for top ten of 2005.

Enduser
Bollywood Breaks
Ad Noiseam
Enduser = Bollywood + Breakcore
Street: 9.30

Themed albums hold a place in my heart, it showing strong focus and direction- especially in breakcore where the melody has to be strong, otherwise the message gets lost. Enduser has proved himself as a leader in this scene and *Bollywood Breaks* is the perfect example of "How to Make Breakcore 101." Layered with bellydancing music and the tunes from *Bombay House*, the marriage of these two sounds is amazing. Someone who is a fan of neither will be impressed with the innovative collage. Three original tracks and three remixes seem short, but is perfect for not overdoing it and force you repeat the album over and over. **Mad EP**, **Larvae** and **Line47** show off brilliance in remixing, strip away the breakcore and add their own spices to the Indian flavor. The vinyl version of *Bollywood Breaks* was originally released in October 2004 and is now sold out. The draw of this disc is a pimped-out video of "More Distant Than You Think" directed by Larvae. Enduser has shown he's a leader and is one to watch for.

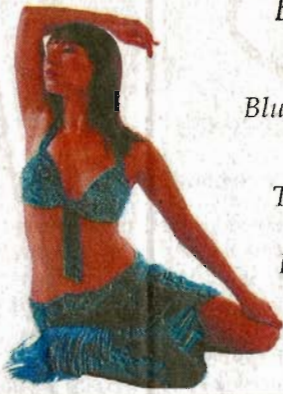
Ad Noiseam released the self-titled Lapsed album just in time for his live appearance at *Maschinenfest 2005*. An audience of hundreds of people from around the world got to immerse themselves in the dark, doom-filled beats that I praise on a regular basis. Straying slightly from the IDM-Glitchiness of the first album, *Twilight*, Lapsed twists the glitch into an IDM laced, hip hop concept. "Break Ya Neck" is loaded with crisp cuts and droning ambience for the perfect introduction to his sophomore release. The hip-hop influence is evident on "Deconstructing Failure," "Hapless Plastic" and "Till the Break of Dawn" complete with **Justin Timberlake** samples. Groovy melodies on "Cracked Mirror" and "We Run With Doom" capture the essence of Lapsed's new direction and rank as personal favorites. Japanese horror movie directors should purchase the rights to "Mechanical Specter" for it's spooky samples and record-skipping eeriness and commission **Jason Stevens** to score a brilliant and bloody movie. **Urusai** joins Stevens for a genius collaboration of "Where Were You?" and **Air Inspector/Aaron Spectre** remixes "Break Ya Neck" to round out the 12 tracks of pure bliss. Salt Lake artists, **Kelly Badger** and **Andy Pitts** combine photography and design elements, making the cover the optimal interpretation of music and visual. This is a definite top ten for the year and these words I am spewing cannot convey how much I adore this album.



Photo by Kelly Badger

Kattoo
Megrim
Hymen
Kattoo = Beefcake - Gabor Schablitzki
Street: 9.12

You know the music that is so beautiful that it brings tears to your eyes? Kattoo could teach a class on it - **Volker Kahl** is the master. In the tradition of Beefcake's *Drei*, Kattoo compiles 20 short tracks that really measure up as one long track or small chapters in an aural storybook. Symphonic strings, subtle clicks and cuts, background droning and sampling work harmoniously to create music that will wet those tear ducts. I know it doesn't seem right to talk about crying in an industrial column, where tears would rust our metal exteriors, but these tears of acid rain will sooth the dents and round out the rough exterior. Waves of street noise or exotic chanting blend into violin and soft melodies for the second release of one-half of beefcake. The music of Kattoo has and always will make me feel like I'm watching some type of tear-jerker movie. The music is powerful enough with amazing composition that you would cry were it in the latest comedy - and not because of the sheer horror of a Hollywood movie. **SLUG**



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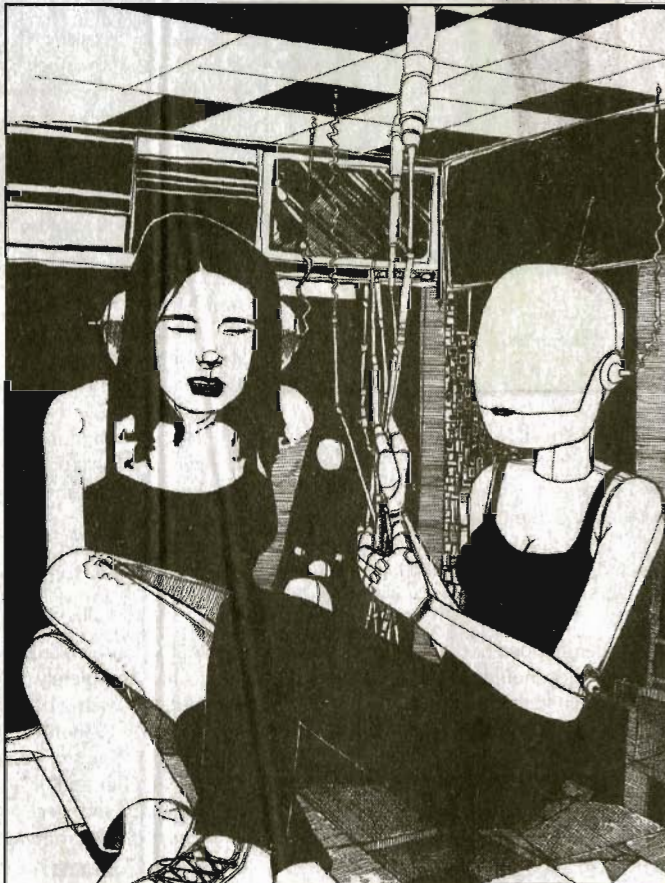


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AND THE PEOPLE IN YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD

True Tales of a SLC Cabbie Episode #9: Fluffy (RIP)

The term 'bipolar' is almost always attached to somebody in a derogatory sense and, I suppose, rightfully so. I mean, we manic depressives are an unpredictable lot, rife with riotous mood swings, suicide attempts and the innate ability to bum everybody out. Depression is so familiar and comfortable to me after all these years of chemical imbalance that it many times feels like warmth. But as much as I love me some sadness, I think that the best part of being bipolar is the irrational and manic elation I experience when the happy chemicals take over.

So I was floating about in just such a manic episode on a Wednesday night smirking like a half-wit in cab #14. I was listening to **Renee and Dawn** (*Local Imposters* on **KRCL 90.9** Wednesdays 8:30-10:30 P.M.) like I always do on Wednesday nights, and it was like they knew just what to play to accentuate my tra-la-la contentment. Because I had just helped an elderly lady to her apartment with her groceries, I was feeling like I deserved a refreshing beverage. Cruising down 300 South towards the 900 East Maverick, the speakers began to belch out "Hungry Wolf" by X. Ahhhhh.

Although the night had descended and I was embroiled in singing along to the radio, my eyes managed to lock onto a young girl running towards the road across a yard just ahead of me and to my right. I instinctively slammed on the brakes, but before I could come to a screaming stop, I felt and heard a thump. I cringed. I froze. I shifted the car into park.

As I exited the vehicle, I saw that there was a barbeque of some sort going on in the aforementioned yard. The young girl whom I had seen running across said yard was now crying out in a language I didn't understand and was crouching over something a few paces back on the road. Various people were racing towards her. My brain and heart exploded with thoughts of death – and my responsibility for it – as I walked slowly towards it all.

I should mention that I don't have a stomach for gore. I like it in movies and actually think that it can be hilarious (*Evil Dead 2* makes me laugh from start to finish), but when I've encountered it in real life, I haven't fared well. This was no exception. The long-haired black cat's head and shoulders were basically flattened to the asphalt as its hind quarters erratically kicked and danced. It was too dark to be sure, but I think that there

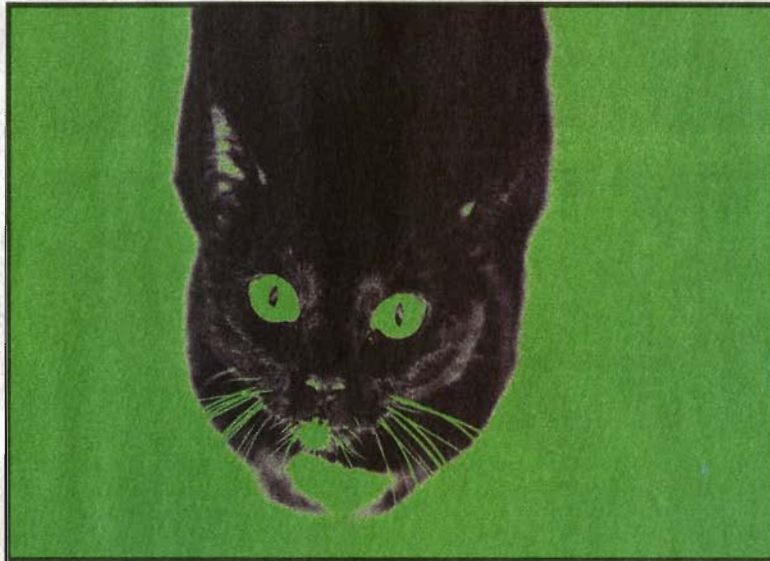
By *The Incredible Gadianon* vicdic66@hotmail.com

were brains oozing around with the blood. I just stood there and felt the night swirl around me as my happy-happy brain chemicals went caput. It was all chaos as the people, who all happened to be of some sort of Oriental persuasion, carried on and cried and panicked. I noticed that I was incessantly whispering "I'm sorry" about the same time that I noticed I was being cussed out in a foreign language by three different women. Somebody picked up the little girl and carried her back towards the yard. A few seconds later, a man wearing cowboy boots and a righteous handlebar mustache stood over the still-flailing cat and stomped down on its head, effectively ending the remaining movements in its legs. It was compassionate and brutal, and it silenced everybody for a second or three. As soon as the silence ended, though, ten people or more stood around me and commenced cussing me out. It was either Vietnamese or Laotian, I think. All I know is that I wanted to run away. Fast.

As I debated what I should do, the shock and paralysis in my body intensified. The verbal abuse was causing me to slouch – almost to the point of collapse. Although there wasn't a damn thing that I could've done differently to not squash the cat, I felt indefensible and filthy. I also remember that I was feeling awe for life's ability to bitch-slap me when I think that everything is right and good with the world. I began backing towards the cab when suddenly an old woman emerged from the angry faces and shouted something louder than all the other voices combined. She then uttered another unintelligible (well, unintelligible to me, at least) phrase or two and the mob's voices weakened to mutters. The old woman then stepped towards me, reached up and gave me a hug. I noticed that she smelled like Oil of Olaf as I tried not to flinch.

In broken English she said, "It's ok. You ok. It was accident. You ok."

I then gripped her like I would my own grandmother and looked over her shoulder at everyone else. Her actions had completely dissipated the tension and everyone dispersed, either walking back to the barbeque or attending to the remnants of the cat. I then loosened my grip and stepped back from the woman. She smiled. I smiled. Talk about your **Kodak** moments. I thanked her and walked back to the car. It was the sweetest thing that a stranger had ever done for me. And I felt those happy chemicals regrouping in my beaten-down brain.



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Bellyography Vashti By Astara

Ah, Vashti! Beautiful, mysterious, elegant, graceful, mesmerizing...
Vashti!!

"Dance is really who I am," Vashti told me. "It is how I express myself. I'm not good with words. If I need to express an emotion, I dance it."

A Salt Lake native, Vashti's dance background is diverse. While pursuing a dance career in the 1980s, she was informed that because of a birth defect, she would have to give up dancing or be in a wheelchair by age 40. She gave up dancing, but entered into a time of deep depression and sadness.

In 1988, she met **Courtney Montgomery**, a belly dancer, who offered to assist Vashti out of her depression and negative body issues by teaching her Middle Eastern Dance. It saved her life!

At first, it felt very uncomfortable and unnatural. But I slowly became enthralled and wanted more and more to be able to move like Courtney.

Eager to learn as much as possible, Vashti studied with everyone in Salt Lake, becoming a member of **Kairo by Night** as a percussionist and a dancer, and then a member of the **Kismet Dance Troupe**. Her epiphany came while attending the **Mendocino Middle Eastern Music and Dance Camp** a few years ago. She was introduced to the variety and richness of dances from Turkey, Morocco, and Algeria. Teachers like **Susie Tekbilek**, **Ahmet Luleci** and **Tayyar Akdeniz** from Turkey, **Amel Tafsout** from Algeria, and **Helene Erikson** and **Laurel Victoria Gray** from the United States changed her forever.

I had become bored with cabaret-style of dance. It didn't fit me anymore. What really drives me is to learn about different people and cultures. Why they do the things that they do, how they think, their culture and how that changes the way a person thinks or feels. Folkloric dance gets to the roots of

the people. Music and dance is their voice. I came back from the dance camp with a renewed passion for Middle Eastern dance.

I love all the different styles of Middle Eastern dance, but Turkish is truly my passion. It is raw. Happy. Really out there. It just feels right on me and I resonate with it.

I love Moroccan music. It is poly-rhythmic and very different from most Arabic music. The dancer can focus on so many different parts of the music because there are so many different things going on. It provides an entirely new means of expression.

Vashti's interpretation of Middle Eastern folkloric dance and music is spellbinding. When she is on stage, I barely breathe as I am caught up in the magic that she is feeling through the movement. She brings to the dance a creative depth and expression that is rare. There is a truth and honesty when she performs, and a commitment. And we, the audience, for one brief moment, are given a glimpse into her heart and soul. What a gift!

For more information regarding Vashti's performances, classes or workshops, contact her at

swampdancer@hotmail.com or visit
www.utahraks.com.

SLUG

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The FALL

DISCOGRAPHY

- 1979 Live at the Witch Trials
- 1979 Dragnet
- 1980 Gratesque (After the Gramme)
- 1981 Slates
- 1982 Hex Enduction Hour
- 1982 Room to Live (Undilutable Slang Truth!)
- 1983 Perverted by Language
- 1984 The Wonderful and Frightening World of ...
- 1985 This Nation's Saving Grace
- 1986 Bend Sinister
- 1988 The Frenz Experiment
- 1988 I Am Kurious, Oranj
- 1990 Extricate
- 1991 Shift-Work
- 1992 Code: Selfish
- 1993 The Infotainment Scan
- 1994 Middle Class Revolt
- 1995 Cerebral Caustic
- 1996 The Light User Syndrome
- 1997 Levitate
- 1999 The Marshall Suite
- 2000 The Unutterable
- 2002 Are You Are Missing Winner
- 2003 The Real New Fall LP (Country on the Click)
- 2005 Fall Heads Roll

Mark E. Smith:
Talking about The Fall, thinking about the
Fall, listening to The Fall in the fall...

By MC Weik

Mark E. Smith is The Fall. There's been more than 30 band members over the years, but he has been the constant in the release of nearly an album a year since 1979. Many of them are brilliant, including the recent *Fall Heads Roll*, which seems to harken back to the rawness of the band's early sound with driving repetitive rhythms and often-inscrutable – yet enlightening – lyrics.

Smith seems like a regular guy, but I was intimidated to talk to him. I'd heard he didn't much fancy the press and this SLUG interview was only one of three he'd agreed to for the current album. I'd been warned not to ask him about the past, about the drunken punch-ups and fallouts with ex-band members, but at the time I hadn't yet heard the new record and his back catalog changed my life. All of my fears melted away as he spoke to me from his home in Manchester.

SLUG: Fall's just coming on so it's a good time to be talking to you.
MES: Oh, right, right, right ...

SLUG: I think about 26 years ago this month you were recording *Dragnet*, but I have to ask you this important question: What do you think about Manchester United [soccer team] being purchased by that American carpetbagger Malcolm Glazer?
MES: Well, have you heard about the new team? We have the team called F-C-U-M. They're set up about two miles from my house. They're called 'fuck 'em.'

SLUG: Do you still consider yourself a *prole art threat* after all these years?
MES: I should think so. Yes.

SLUG: Maybe more than ever ...
MES: Probably. If you turn on the TV and the radio, you have to keep going up.

SLUG: What do you think of all the crap that's going on in the U.S. with the class struggle coming back to the fore?
MES: Has it?

SLUG: I read somewhere that you were a Civil War buff.
MES: Very much so.

SLUG: And, in some ways, the Civil War is still going on in the South.
MES: Yeah, but we get very sanitized news here. Prime Minister Blair is a close friend of your president, so it's all very watered-down. The only truth that you get is if you watch fucking German or Greek telly, to be honest.

SLUG: It seems like you have a special place in your head for German culture.
MES: No, not at all.

SLUG: Well I'm thinking of songs like "Bremen Nacht" and ...
MES: Oh, right, right, right.

SLUG: ... and I assume from "I am Damo Suzuki" that you were a fan of CAN.
MES: Yeah, very much.

SLUG: I try to explain some of your more Euro-centric references to my friends, but I don't have a lot of luck because they're pretty thick to begin with. For one who is new to The Fall, what would be a good starting point? What influences you philosophically? Where should one begin? There have been so many reissues ...
MES: Yeah, it's very confusing, isn't it? It's funny because a lot of the reference point to teenagers at the moment is *Hex Enduction Hour*, which I find quite amazing, really, because I'd just been a teenager when I did it. So I'd say *Hex* and the last two LPs. That's who I am.

SLUG: You sounded in fine form on your *Peel Sessions* last August as well. It sounds like you're rocking out more, not doing as much

of the electronic stuff.
MES: Yeah. That's the group. They're a good ten years younger than me. That's the good thing about it.

SLUG: I had to laugh back in the late 80s and early 90s when you were doing more electronic stuff; there was a backlash among the supposedly cool people here, like, 'The Fall sells out.'
MES: Yeah, [Steve] Albini and all that bull ... you know he wanted to do the new LP?

SLUG: That might be interesting from a production standpoint.
MES: Oh, fuck off.

SLUG: Who produces you now?
MES: Me.

SLUG: Good.
MES: You'll like it when you hear it.

SLUG: It's interesting that you mention Albini because he's originally from Montana, and there were some kids in the record store the other day who had driven down from Montana to buy Fall records because they couldn't get any up there. You might be surprised at what a groundswell of support you have here in the Mountain West.
MES: I know that. I just did an interview with somebody in San Francisco and I was trying to explain it to him and it was like talking to a brick wall. He was like, 'What are the best places to play?' I said 'Texas, the mid-west ... you know, places that most British groups don't do well in,' but he can't understand that.

SLUG: I'd say that Salt Lake City has some of your most ardent fans anywhere.
MES: You're joking me. My auntie lives there, you know.

SLUG: We're just like the non-Catholics in Rome, except the [LDS] church is a cult.
MES: I know. I've been there. I went to visit me Auntie Joan. She was a GI bride. She had six kids.

SLUG: I know you tour a lot, so hopefully you can come here. I assume you're *fit and working again*. I know you had a fall last year and busted some stuff up.
MES: Yeah, I'm walking now. It's amazing actually.

SLUG: Some of the covers that you play indicate that you're into American roots music. What covers are you playing these days?
MES: Well, you know we did *The Monks* covers on *Extricate*. We just did [another] one because they're making a film about The Monks, which was quite interesting.

SLUG: "Black Monk Theme" helped me get through my divorce.
MES: That was the second divorce for me, actually.

SLUG: Do you still do "White Lightning"?
MES: Oh, of course ... every night. It sounds really good now with the changed group. We do it a lot more rockabilly.

SLUG: Do you see any parallels between your work and that of Captain Beefheart?
MES: Sometimes I do, sometimes I don't. The best thing he ever said was 'It's all in the drums, and if you don't get the drums right, forget it,' and I've always agreed with that.

SLUG: Maybe that's why *Hex* works because you have ...
MES: ... the two drummers. Yeah.

SLUG: You're very self-deprecating and I think people don't give you enough credit as a writer.
MES: Yeah, right.

SLUG: I know you've done some spoken word in the past couple of years, but you never really went the Nick Cave literary route. I think I'd rather read your stuff than his.

MES: It's all lost to me now, you know. It's funny that, because I [had] a literary agent yesterday talking to me. It's a different world, that, and I don't know if I can fit into it. Last time I saw Nick I said, 'What are you up to?' and he said, 'I've stopped writing the books,' and I said 'Well that's good news all around, that.' [Laughs] He said, 'I've got to be a songwriter,' and I said, 'That's right. I could have told you that from the start.' That's the last thing I said to Nick. He hasn't talked to me since.

SLUG: It seems like maybe you don't care whether people understand what you say or not.
MES: Yeah. There's a lot of it. I don't like giving things away too easy.

SLUG: It would be interesting to read a primer for those of us who don't understand the inside references.
MES: I find that Yonks and Belgians and Irish people, they know fucking exactly what I'm going on about. Obviously you do. You know what I mean. I think in Britain they're a bit illiterate, really. I mean, you just said you liked *Hex* the best. No fucking DJ or writer would say that to me in Britain. They just think it's noise. Their idea of poetry is John Lennon and Paul Weller and all that.

SLUG: You mentioned the DJs and the radio over there. Now that John Peel has passed away, what's radio like over there? Are there good shows to listen to? What's going to play The Fall's records now?
MES: I don't think anybody. I don't think we'll be playing again, to be quite frank. The great thing about Peel was that he was on the world service, so you got fans in Brazil and Russia. That's a great thing which you wouldn't have, but I wouldn't put too much emphasis on it. We're always at arm's length with anything like that. The BBC's like the 'golden organization'; we've never been a Manchester group, we've never been a London group ...

SLUG: You're misfits everywhere, yet you fit in everywhere.
MES: Yeah. Yeah. A lot of people have said, 'What're you gonna do now that John Peel's gone?' Oh, it doesn't really affect us anyway.

SLUG: Aren't you supposed to play at a John Peel Day celebration?
MES: Yeah. I'm trying to find out what it's about. We'll just do a half hour and fuck off. There are a couple of other groups on it and I know for a damn fact that, although I didn't know Peel very well, he hated the guts of them groups. I don't know what's going on to be honest. You know what it's like? It's like when Johnny Cash died and suddenly all of the journalists in Britain are into Johnny Cash. When I used to say I liked Johnny Cash, they used to call me a fascist swine. Now, suddenly, they're all writing about Johnny Cash.

SLUG: Somebody told me that Marc Riley [early Fall bossist] is a DJ now.
MES: Yeah, on *Radio One*. Maybe he'll get the job. It's none of my business, my friend. I keep well clear of it.

SLUG: Do you ever talk to any of the old bandmates like [guitarist] Scanlon?
MES: No, I don't. That's a common question. People think it's weird. Do you think it's weird? I mean, I don't want to talk to them. Do you talk to the people you went to primary school with?

SLUG: Nope, nor my ex-wife.
MES: Do you talk to your ex-wife?

SLUG: No.
MES: [Laughs] Good for you. Don't do it.

With that he said he had to get off of the phone to do another interview. I didn't believe him, but I felt like *the man whose head expanded*. *Fall Heads Roll* is out now on *Narnack Records*.

WILL SARTAIN
Says: Let's
Hang Out
Naked

by Curtis Jensen
curtismjensen@yahoo.com

Will Sartain is the music that he plays; there is no separation between what he plays and who he is: DIY romps as the bass player for **The Tremula**, fragmented lyricisms as the drummer for **The Buttery Muffins**, or the simply put melodies of his solo project, all of these are Will. He is recently returned from a six-week tour with The Tremula that was marked by a drummer that quit, Hurricane Katrina, and difficult customs officials of the United Kingdom. As a solo artist, Will has toured extensively through North America and Europe. As a promoter, Will held the calendar for Kilby Court from Sept. 2003 to July 2005, and currently he promotes shows around Salt Lake City under his **WS Presents** moniker.

SLUG: How was the tour?

Will Sartain: It was good.

SLUG: Trials and tribulations?

WS: We were in Texas, and we were supposed to go to New Orleans, but the first hurricane came like two days before that, so we were stuck in this little college town, Nacogdoches. We missed two shows, one in Baton Rouge and one in New Orleans.

SLUG: **Lindsay [Heath]** quit. How'd everything go after that?

WS: **John [Patterson]** just started playing. It was OK, it worked. There were some parts I liked a lot more, some parts I didn't like as much. We did two more weeks after she left, and then we were going to go to the UK, but we were sent back.

SLUG: Wait, what?

WS: We just figured it'd be fine; we went in last time with the Will Sartain stuff the same way, and it was totally fine. The plan was to say we were coming in for one day, going to Amsterdam, then coming back and picking up our work permit at the harbor. Three of us got in, then **Scott [Fetzer]** got a guy that didn't want to let him in. We were in, we were downstairs with our luggage, but he got stopped and we got sent back home.

SLUG: What is the current state of DIY music and culture?

WS: People still want to be liked. People want other people to like their band, I feel that a lot. For instance, even if people are doing something weird, these people are insecure people who want other people to say that what they are doing is cool. I've been thinking about the roots, you know, heavy boom-boom-boom (swings his fists, puffs his cheeks, bobs his head). Look at **Vile Blue Shades**. That is what is it right now, and it's not even about the people who are doing it because I could say, "I want to play

Will Sartain's palm was read for the first time by Annie Hawkins on October 16, 2005.



"These are points of originality, your true talents – the things that make you different from other people."

"This is your heart. Your heart rules your life."

"Your lifeline is fucking huge. I've never seen one this long. You will have a long life, and you will have good luck at its end."

"Your great love will peak its head in the next couple of years, when you are 27 or 28 years old. Love is OCEANS for you, it is HUGE."

with you guys," and they'd be like, "come on down."

SLUG: It seems like in Salt Lake there's been a shift back to some of those more primal emotions. A little less irony, a little less, I don't know, love-songy ...

WS: Totally getting back to the ...

SLUG: Big ...

WS: Yeah. Perhaps it's a way to connect with people on a broader level instead of writing this stupid-ass mopey song that applies to only these few people. I want to do something where everybody's boomchicka-boomchicka (swings his fists again, puffs his cheeks again, bobs his head again).

SLUG: Do you look to make a living from music?

WS: I don't even know anymore. The greatest benefit has been traveling; I don't know if I want to make a living from it. Already I'm getting sick of it.

SLUG: Of traveling?

WS: No, not of traveling. Just the songs. I question whether they are really applicable to me, or what made them applicable to me. Maybe I'm changing how I feel. I don't want to feel that way, I'm OK with it, but I don't want to feel that way, just all sad. The music that has been dominating America for so long is just weak music; we don't need to be scared or uncertain people right now. We are people that can do things. Why not? Why is it that we have to resort to, "I have to get a job at this place that I don't want to work at?" Why don't you start a company? That's the music is, "I'm defeated, I can't do anything, I'm weak." I can do this, I can be a part of my community, I can contribute something.

SLUG

Guitars: BC Rich import and USA, Epiphone, ESP, F Bass, Fender, G&L, Gibson, Gretsch, Hamer, Heritage, Ibanez, Lakland, Modulus, MTD, Parker, Paul Reed Smith, Spector, Squier, Tacoma, Takamine, Tobias, Tom Anderson, Warwick, Zon

Amplifiers: AER, Ampeg, Bad Cat, Bogner, Bruno, Crate, Fender, Gallien-Krueger, Krank, Marshall, Matchless, Mesa-Boogie, Orange, Rocktron, SWR, Trace-Elliott, Tech 21, VHT, Victoria, Vox

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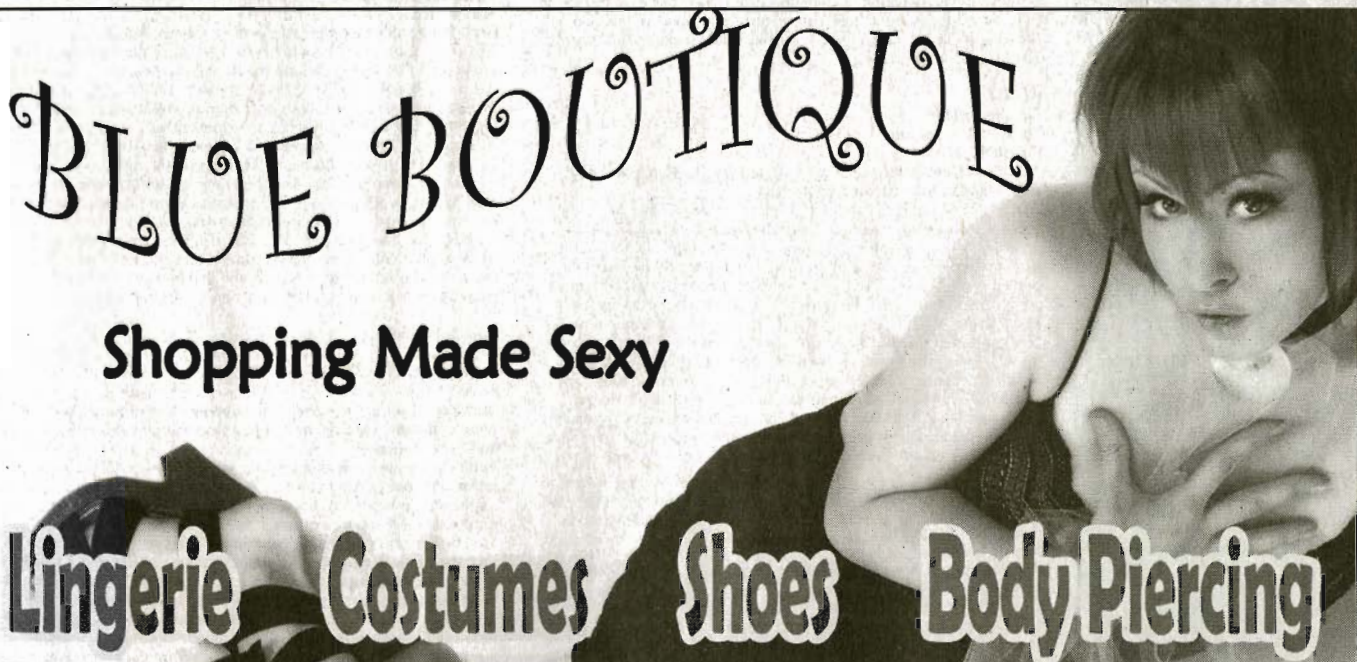
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The Cripples
Culture
Dirtnap Records
Street: 09.06

The Cripples = The Screamers + Devo + Big Black + The Knack
 The Cripples are four humanoid types from Seattle, hell-bent on deconstructing rock n' roll by use of non-conventional instrumentation (find me a guitar on this record, I dare you!). They continue in the tradition of their new-wave Dirtnap label-mates (**The Minds**, **The Spits**) but take it a step further. Like a **Weird Science** blend of 80s power-pop and new-wave by way of **Shellac**, **The Cripples**, obviously affected by the gloom and boredom of the Northwest haze, constructed something both sinister and fun. The Mongoloidian keytar riffs of this Orwellian robot-punk disaster unit are held together like **Elmer's** by cavernous beats herking and jerking back and forth like an angry four-year-old trying to break —dance. Both retro and futuristic, the bleeping and twitching of **The Cripples** has birthed something altogether original and highly enjoyable. — *Jared Soper*

Adrian and the Sickness
Self-Titled
Fantom Records
Street: 11.01

Adrian and the Sickness = bands that Adrian needs to listen to: The DTs + The 440s + The Paybacks + The Bellrays + The Peels + Young Heart Attack
 Perhaps I expected a lot from the "Angus Young" guitarist of **Hell's Belles**, the all-girl **AC/DC** cover band. However, I think Adrian needs to spend A LOT of time listening to **Ball Breaker** and **Back In Black** before she records her next album. There is so little real rock on this disc. It's more like really bad metal that sounds so played-out and cliché that it's really shameful. There are many attempts to write Top-40 hits, most prevalent on "So Bored," that I can't take her seriously at all. The fact that the first track starts off with reggae chords made my heart get stuck in my throat. Worst of all is Adrian's voice, which sounds somewhere between **Gwen Stefani** and fingernails on a chalkboard. It's obvious that Adrian wants to come off as a tough-as-nails rocker, swearing and singing about sex. However, she needs to leave the hippie funk-bass guitar and "disco diva" vocals out her music and concentrate on sounding like a real rocker and not an obvious poser. — *Kevlar7*

ADULT.
Gimme Trouble
Thrill Jockey Records
Street: 10.11

ADULT. = Devo + the voice of Siouxsie Sioux + what you'd hear downstairs at Area 51 on a Friday night
 ADULT.'s first full-length release, **Gimme Trouble**, is also their first attempt with a third wheel, as **Sam Consiglio** joins the husband-and-wife team. Their sound is manic and experimental — even if it is a little repetitive from song to song — and a damn fine example of post-electroclash. Good, right? Yeah. Except for the fact that their press release starts with the sentence "Forget everything you know about them: ADULT. is a punk band." Apparently the original members — wedded duo **Nicole Kuperas** and **Adam Lee Miller** — were fed up with being compared to Devo and added **Consiglio** as a guitarist to spice things up a little. Despite the fact that **Kuperas** croons and shrieks like any good punk princess, and **Gimme Trouble** doesn't make me think of the bad 80s cocaine-induced music that is usually associated with the genre, electroclash is still electroclash, no matter what ADULT. wants to call it (**Kilby:11.18**). — *Lindsey Marie*

Akron Family & Angels Of Light
Self-Titled EP
Young God Recordings
Street: 11.08

Akron Family & Angels Of Light = a band that I mildly respect + a band that I completely adore
 I've tried so hard to like Akron Family, I really have. And with songs like the opening track on this record "Awake", with its melancholy choir of **The Beatles** asphyxiating in a garage to a single guitar, I actually do like them. The problem is, they meet these genius ideas with stupid, tasteless noise like track two, "Moment," where they waste your time with an attempt at a quirky **Zeppelin** rip-off and fuck it all up. On the other hand, **Michael Gira** (former **Swans** prophet) comes in with his band **Angels Of Light** and gives up another offering to their catalogue of brilliant songwriting. **Angels** has progressed over the years from the post-apocalyptic dark vision of **Everything Is Good Here** to the percussionless sing-along hymns of **Sing Other People**, to this group of five songs which range from classic country to menacing acoustic chants. So, buy this for its latter half, and if you can enjoy the Akron Family half of the record, then you are luckier than I. — *Chuck Berrett*

Alias & Ehren
Lillian
Anticon Records
Street: 9.23

Alias & Ehren = Boom Bip + Kenny G + Muted
 The new-wave generation intertwines throughout this instrumental Anticon collaboration of brotherly talent. **Lillian** (a tribute to their late grandmother) has an abiding beauty, as well as an underlying intensity accompanied by a somber, death-haunted side. Truly progressive, each track typically begins rather composed with brittle electro/hop loops from Alias' drum machine, peaking into a massive sound of looming saxophones, clarinets, church organs, and a pile of hand-me-down high school band instruments. The sound, though, is the most amazing thing about this album. Alias' trademark composites are often cheap and distorted with occasional lowered sample rates. The crunchy fuzz, pop-and-click percussion, and low-tone-cut-up drums are all here — but they are highly accentuated and brightened by Ehren's amazing ear for melody. So, yet another warm and wonderful record is spawned and spat out into the world, courtesy of the Anticon Collective. This is no half-assed, money-driven product, nor a sit-back moralistic effort. It's all things for every type of music consumer. — *Lance Saunders*

Amandine
This Is Where Our Hearts Collide
FatCat Records
Street: 11.14

Amandine = Adem + Iron and Wine + (Sufjan Stevens - circus music)
 It's all about folk these days, and not just your run-of-the-mill, back country, moonshine swiggin', square dancin' music; it is really about emo-folk. The roots of **Amandine** reach back to acts such as **Crosby, Stills, Nash, and Young** and then reach forward to contemporaries such as **Iron and Wine** and **Damien Jurado**. To explain their music as touching is about as close to truth as possible. The best thing about **Amandine** is that they are so evidently playing straight from their hearts. They have no agenda, other than a desire to share their subtle melodies and rainy-day arrangements. The songs actually reflect on the country and a more insightful philosophy of self-realization without sounding forced or put-on. **Amandine** is helping to lead the genre in a more pure direction, one without the sins of greed or the desire for fame. The music is spiritual and simple, and will hopefully get the attention that it deserves. — *Andrew Glassett*

Arab Strap
The Last Romance
Chemical Underground
Street: 10.17

Arab Strap = Smog + The Frogs + Nick Cave + Mogwai
 Ah, good. Fantastic. A more accessible Arab Strap. Oh sure, people are going to be saying their name more than ever (remember **Good News For People Who Love Bad News**, maybe?), but this unsettling evolution leaves the rest of us holding our whiskey and drooping cigarettes and wondering what happened. The lyrics are still there, sure, you still have great lines about wasted love, but, they're all so ... nice. Which is the problem. There's no grit, and any trace of lo-fi has to be searched for. And forget about **Moffett's** whiskey throat, now he sings with harmony and tone and I don't like it, no. If you, on the other end, liked **Monday at the Hug and Pint** more than, say, **Philophobia**, then buy four copies of this; it's more poppy and dabbles in more different genres than **Monday...** and is exactly what you want more of. The rest of us, however, will feel betrayed and depressed that Arab Strap isn't either of those anymore. — *Andrew J Jepsen*

Burt Bacharach
At This Time
Sony / BMG
Street: 11.01

Burt Bacharach = the music you'd uncontrollably ejaculate over if you were a diabetic septuagenarian Floridian with a passion for cognac and "parlor games"
 In film and advertising, the elevator is commonly utilized in the narrative structure as disjunction and vacuum, a place unaffected by the perils (and just as often, the joys) of the outside world. Perhaps the most distinguishing trait of this convention is the slowing or stopping of time that prompts an individual to relax (after being hounded by police a la **The Blues Brothers**), become increasingly anxious (a 24-story trip to an interview) and / or consume a **Starbucks Frappuccino**. But what temporal schism is complete without a little elevator music? This new work, though it possesses drum processing courtesy of **Dr. Dre**, a requisite **Elvis Costello** appearance and an impressive number featuring **Rufus Wainwright**, doesn't veer much from the music you pay no attention to whenever you stay at Holiday Inn. Wait. This is SLUG?! I must have sent my **Black Dice** review to **Cigar Aficionado**. Fuck. — *Ho Chi Minh (City)*

Bodhisattva
Brain Candy for Insanity
Pandadance
Street: 11.01

Bodhisattva = Mastodon + jazz fusion + Cattle Decapitation + System of a Down + Cloud Cult
 No, really. **Bodhisattva** take the anvil-heavy, offbeat riffing of **Mastodon**

and/or death-metal — swiftly changing, weird timings and all — and mix it in a sonic soup, pregnant with drum-rim-clicking interludes that come off like pained indie — sincere, pained indie. Music that could loosely be called jazz-fusion jump-starts “Jackrabbittacidwaltz,” and alt-country twanging butts in, and fits in, in the same song. Meandering guitar-plucking and tom work at the beginning of “Sinistertransmission” comes off like adorably awkward indie-rock that reminds me of equal parts **Redd Tape** and **Cloud Cult**. *Bodhisattva* is actually a lot like **Cloud Cult** — a pastiche of unlike puzzle pieces that come together, not necessarily seamlessly, to make a bigger, more cohesive picture. Save seamless for edible underwear. — *Rebecca Vernon*

Children of Bodom
Are You Dead Yet?
Spinefarm Records
Street: 10.25

Children of Bodom = Children of Boredom
It is a shame that a band with such talent can produce such a stupid album. There are about three good tunes on the nine-track album. Take note, the good tracks are as follows: “Living Dead Beat,” “Are You Dead Yet,” and “In Your Face.” The songs even have stupid names, such as “Punch Me I Bleed” (gladly), “Bastards of Bodom,” and “If You Want Peace... Prepare for War.” The record has tight production, but the fellas couldn’t write a song to save their life this time around. The three good tunes are standard **Bodom**, minus the one that sounds like a straight copy of **Pantera’s** “Slaughtered.” If you like listening to senile old people blabber on about the past repeatedly, you just might dig the new **COB**. There is a cover tune on the U.S. release of the album of the **Ramones** tune “Somebody Put Something In My Drink,” but no, I don’t get to hear it on my advanced version of the album. I guess the band is asking if you’re dead yet, because by the time you’re done listening, you’ll be bored to death. What a huge disappointment for something that should have been great. (Lo-Fi: 11.19) — *Bryer Wharton*

Paul Duncan
Be Careful What You Call Home
Home Tapes
Street: 11.08

Paul Duncan = Nick Drake + Mum + Her Space Holiday - originality
One of the best things about Paul Duncan’s second full-length album *Be Careful What You Call Home* is the cover art, done by Brooklyn artist **Bryan Collins**, who makes art that is organic and digital at the same time. In many ways, it is a perfect match for Duncan, because he produces music that uses organic instruments with electronic undertones. The album suffers because of the transparency of its influences. Many of the sounds used are taken straight from Nick Drake or Mum’s cutting-room floor. Another problem with the album is how detached every song is from another. In many instances this is very desirable, but in this case, there is nothing to tie the songs together and the album ends up sounding more like a compilation from one of those middle-American labels that have a diverse roster. One element that is very nice is that of the slight influence of jazz in a few of the songs, but those influences are very weak at best. — *Andrew Glassett*

The Gentlemen Callers
Don’t Say What It Is
Wee Rock Records
Street: 11.01

The Gentlemen Callers = The Greenhornes + The Chains + Brian Jonestown Massacre + The Kingsmen + Love + The Beatles
Although the band’s name is not the greatest, their disc is a helluva masterpiece. It is simple garage rock by way of a 60s time warp. The guitars are played with basic chords, layered with a groove-down bass and steady-rhythm drums that give the tracks lift and trajectory. What makes the music really shine is the soulful voice of the singer, which has a lot of power and strength behind it, giving the songs an extra punch. For garage purists out there, then this will truly be the cat’s meow. While it may not be in your face, over-the-top antics like, say, **The Mooney Suzuki**, it will put the tap back in the foot, the head shaking back to the beat, and the butt swinging this way and back. Made me want to shout out like **James Brown**, rip my clothes off and run down the street with a bottle of Scotch in my hand. Find out why:
www.weerockrecords.com. — *Kevlar7*

Gravity Propulsion System
Get Destroy
Ascetic Records
Street: 11.15

Gravity Propulsion System = Void + Mission Of Burma + Parts & Labor
GPS generate some ferocious amplified noise-punk that sounds like they’re set to go off at any moment. As aggressive as they get, they remain grounded, and at times are actually quite catchy (not bubblegum-popping-on-your-tongue catchy, but memorable at the very least). At times they sound like a static trash-compactor garbling up a Rat pedal with **Steve Albini** capturing it all on tape, only to sound the next moment like the **Raspberries** playing in an under-

ground tunnel with a bad sound system on over-drive (and that’s a good thing!). The latter half of the disc feels like a **Neubauten**-by-way-of **Sonic Youth**-joyride through sound effects and noise loops and right back to structured pile-driving. If anything, **Gravity Propulsion System** is not noise for noise’s sake, as they mostly stay within the parameters of standard fare songwriting, pegging them somewhere between the more structured **AmRep** bands of the past and the frenzied **Load** bands of today. — *Jared Soper*



The Gris Gris
For The Season
Birdman
Street: 11.16

The Gris Gris = Mirrors + Brian Jonestown Massacre + Syd Barrett + Neutral Milk Hotel
In the 18th century in city of New Orleans, the ancient practice of voodoo went through a mysterious transformation by an unknown and powerful practitioner; the result was an enhanced form of voodoo known as **Gris-Gris** (pronounced “Gree Gree”). This, according to Birdman’s website, has ten times the potency of traditional voodoo. Fast-forward a couple hundred years and let me introduce you to one of the best psychedelic bands you’ll ever hear: **The Gris Gris**. Tambourines, lo-fi sound quality, reverb-saturated guitars and vocals, and copious amounts of feedback will leave you partying like its 1969. “Save your kids, cut their wrists,” sings headmaster **Greg Ashley** on “Big Engine Nazi Kid Daydream,” an apocalyptic song that ends with a chorus singing, “Don’t Receive us...Down with Jesus.” *For The Season* is more structured than the band’s first full-length, which although brilliant, was sloppy at times. Songs like “Year Zero” and “Ecks Em Eye” have a garage edge to them, giving *For The Season* a modern and unique dynamic. — *Ryan Shelton*

Happy Bullets
The Vice and Virtue Ministry
Undeniable Records
Street: 11.01

Happy Bullets = Modest Mouse + Wings
These American dudes sound like they went to the **McCartney School** of Kooky British Lyricism. Drunken pianos and woody horns, reminiscent of **Elliott Smith**, complete what could be the soundtrack to a cute indie film about homoerotic **Gatsby-wannabe** boarding-school boys on a London pub crawl where, afterwards, they stare up at the night sky wondering if life’s “all it’s cracked up to be.” It’s like a gayer version of the **Shins**, complete with a song titled “A Momentary Vision of the End of the World as Seen Through the Eyes of a Suburban Housewife.” Perhaps you won’t believe me when I say this, but it’s also a great album. — *Jamila Roehrig*

Mick Harvey
One Man’s Treasure
Mute
Street 10.18

Mick Harvey = Birthday Party founder + Bad Seed + multi-instrumentalist / sideman extraordinaire
Mick Harvey’s greatest strength is his innate ability to hitch his own personal creative vision next to other artists’ work. His resume includes two **Serge Gainsbourg** cover albums, a handful of superb Australian film scores, three **PJ Harvey** albums, and of course, his role as a founding member of **Nick Cave and the Bad Seeds**. So it comes as no real surprise that on *One Man’s Treasure*, Harvey plays the interpretive singer on a collection of some of his favorite songs, with only two of his own included. Regardless, one does get the sense that Harvey has a very personal connection with each of these songs, especially the fascinating Nick Cave composition “Come Into My Sleep” and “Mother Of Earth” by the late **Jeffery Lee Pierce** of **The Gun Club**. Other songwriters Harvey takes a crack at include **Tim Buckley**, **Lee Hazelwood**, and **Conway Savage**. *One Man’s Treasure* is a somber and moody listen with more shadow than light, but Harvey suspends the darkness with emotional-yet-earnest vocal performances, concise organ and guitar parts and compelling string arrangements. This is perhaps the perfect theme music for your next Sunday morning hangover. — *Derek Fennesbeck*

Frantic Mantis
Data is not Information
Lujo Records
Street Date: 10.20

Frantic Mantis = International Noise Conspiracy + Murder City Devils + Quintron
Ugh. Members of a bunch of stupid indie rock bands (**Frodo**, **Division of Laura Lee**) decide to try their hand at creating a new genre: “Datapunk.” Well, all they did was make a half-ass retro rock n’ roll album and inserted some lo-fi **Autechre** rip-off tracks in between for artistic bonus points. You assholes. Sure, the extraneous keyboard makes it into a track or two, but the album is far from weird, noisy or original in any aspect at all whatsoever. The vocals are ridiculously lame and played-out. I am sure these kids got beat up in elementary school and I wish they were killed. — *Ryan Powers*

CD REVIEWS



Propagandhi
Potemkin City Limits
Fat Wreck Chords
Street: 10.18
Propagandhi = Dead Kennedys + Good Riddance + Slayer
 Propagandhi doesn't pussyfoot around. Take the lyrics to "Rock for Sustainable Capitalism," in reference to the **Vans Warped Tour** for instance. "Hope they ship all those shitty bands overseas like they did the factories." Hmm... How do they really feel? *Potemkin City Limits* continues the Propagandhi tradition of the unrepentant bashing of everything NASCAR dads hold sacred: the Super Bowl, **George W. Bush** and the Iraq War. If I understand correctly, they even take a lyrical swipe at their boss, **Fat Mike**. Their new album has taken *Today's Empires*, *Tomorrow's Ashes*, and expanded upon it with a refined blend of speed-metal, hard-core and punk that fits together like wasps in a nest. Pissing off the masses has never sounded so good. —*Shane Farver*

Hella
Homeboy CD/DVD
5 Rue Christine
Street: 11.08

Hella = Lightning Bolt + An Albatross + Pink and Brown
 Hella has had a pretty impressive career so far, with only one *VH1: Behind the Music* catastrophe (i.e. their not-so-great album *The Devil Ain't Red*). So it comes as no surprise for them to auto-correct whatever horrible atrocity happened there and make something good. While the EP *Homeboy* could be considered "just another Hella release," it is not. What sets this collection apart is the DVD. To quickly give you a one-word review of the album: good. The DVD, however, is the visual representation of the music you have come to know and love. If you have seen **Zach Hill's** comic book or paid attention to the cover art of Hella, you could automatically glean an idea of what the DVD is like: chaotic in its visual juxtapositions and jumps, technologically invigorating with its slow motion stop-and-go transitions, and all-together distracting in the best possible way. The DVD showcases Hella all over Japan. It is refreshing to see a DVD from an artist that is not focused on the artist: there is much footage of other Japanese bands Hella played with. Like their other double disc set, this is worth picking up to see yet another direction that Hella is taking. —*WPD*

Institute
Distort Yourself
InterScope Records
Release Date: 09.13
Institute = Bush + Helmet + Audioslave

It's exactly what you fear it will be; Institute is the death rattle of a 90s rock star making one last go at things. **Gavin Rossdale** (ex-Bush frontman) takes a great line-up with super-bassist **Cache Tolman** (S.L.C. native of **Iceburn** and **Civ** fame), **Chris Traynor** (former **Helmet** guitarist) and none other than **Paige Hamilton** (Helmet frontman and mastermind) on production, and he turns it into — you guessed it — a bad Bush side project. I won't take anything away from the technical aspects of this band, they're definitely sound and talented guys, but the whole thing lacks originality and overall heart. This is what I call 'Audioslave syndrome' — you get a handful of brilliant guys from a previous era and they try to re-live it again with only half the steam and none of the newness. I wanted this record to, at least, expand on 1996's **Steve Albini**-produced *Razorblade Suitcase*, which actually treaded on some new honest ground, but it only scrapes the surface of the worst efforts of all involved. This shit is bananas, b-a-n-a-n-a-s. —*Chuck Berrett*

Inquisition
Revolution I Think It's Called Inspiration
AF Records
Street: 10.25

Inquisition = Anti Flag + Strike Anywhere + Against Me
 This album just didn't do it for me. The 14 tracks sounded so similar it was hard to decipher where one song ended and another began. Inquisition sounds almost identical to **Strike Anywhere**. I have a strong feeling that it's because they were basically formed from the ashes of **Strike Anywhere**. Inquisition seems to have been a very influential band, but not influential on any bands I would consider great. They must have inspired the bands that heard them to steal their formula and improve it. Inquisition isn't anything amazing, but they aren't terrible either. They just sound like everything else on the alternative radio stations right now. That blend of hardcore, punk and indie seems to be selling so well. The best track was "Hotel X", the only acoustic song on the album. —*Jeanette Moses*

Jonathan Kane
February
Table of the Elements
Street: 10.11

Johnathan Kane = Meat Puppets + B.B. King + Rhys Chatham
 Previous to playing solo, Kane played drums with such prolific bands and people as the **Swans**, **La Monte Young**, and **Rhys Chatham**. His drumming is steady, direct, and loud not unlike that of a jackhammer as it quickly jabs and penetrates the structure of what conceivably is a blues base with avant-garde leanings. On first listen, Kane seems to be repetitively restrictive but on subsequent playbacks the nuanced interplay between foregrounded drum rhythms and subtly accented guitar lines start to show a luminous, dusted breadth. The last song on the album demonstrates this crafty balancing act as Kane "plays" Chatham's famous "guitar trio" composition and transforms it into a rollicking, hypnotic, and majestic reworking that culminates into slow rotisserie of minimalistic blues and no-wave. Once again, **Table of the Elements** defies gravity to bring out another fantastic release. Does this record label ever quit? —*EAL*

Latterman
Turn Up the Punk, We'll Be Singing (re-release)
Deep Elm Records
Street: 11.08

Latterman = River City Rebels — horns
 Sexism. Pre-conceived notions of beauty. Homophobia. These are all worthwhile topics to rally against, and Latterman does just that. However, the music collapses under its message. While some might say this band is "keeping it real" by playing straight-ahead punk, there's nothing to pull the listener in. Their entire formula of hoarse, sing-along vocals and galloping guitar is, well, tired. The amount of lyrical substance is cancelled out by empty music. —*Shane Farver*

Mouth of the Architect
Time and Withering
Translation Loss Records
Street: 10.04

Mouth of the Architect = Isis + Neurosis + Sunn0)) + Godspeed, You Black Emperor
 Not since Isis's full length debut *Celestial* has there been such a promising album of epic sonic drudgery. The Dayton, Ohio group containing ex-members of the stellar grind group **Rune** have built upon an already amazing genre of music, and have produced something rabid metal fans can sink their teeth into. The four-track 40-minute album delves into the depths of darkness with whispers of light peeking through, only to be drowned out by a thunderous doom. Find this album, choke it down with your morning Cocoa Puffs, cheer up your afternoon, or incite nightmares as you go to bed. Regardless, this is a beast to burden yourself with. —*Bryer Wharton*

Most Precious Blood
Merciless
Trustkill
Street: 09.20

Most Precious Blood = Agnostic Front + Bleeding Through + Sick of it All
 Some of New York's finest have come out to play on *Merciless*. The title is as it suggests, a record that shows no mercy whatsoever, crippling anything in its path. MPB mix the finest of the new style of breakdown-heavy hardcore with the likes of old-school hardcore stylings. Dark axioms pepper their way throughout the album, with gore-filled artwork and movie samples, and, most importantly, the deep and dense aspects of the music. This is the best hardcore album I have heard thus far this year, embodying the spirit of new and old as well as remaining musically dynamic. —*Bryer Wharton* (*Club Overdrive*:11.29)

Okkervil River
Black Sheep Boy Appendix EP
Jagjaguwar
Street: 11.22

Okkervil River = Neutral Milk Hotel + Bright Eyes (on a really good day) + The Wrens
 This is a very interesting and bizarre accompanying piece to **Okkervil River's** 2005 folk rock masterpiece *Black Sheep Boy*. It doesn't only hold hands with the abstract told lyrically on the original record, but it meets the songs and mood of the previous album in a strange, schizophrenic manner. The opening track "Missing Children" plays like a creepy lullaby, while **Will Sheff** (vocals, guitar etc) croons "blacker things go following them into a patch of black forest somebody once planted for this song." Not all of the seven tracks are songs at all, but rather pieces of sound that weave the two recordings together in a haunting journey of dismal string arrangements and sinister poetry. I've always found **Okkervil River** to be an acquired taste (particularly live), but if you'll spend some time with their music and give yourself the chance to absorb its meaning and the width of its vast variety of styles, you'll be sucked in until the story ends. —*Chuck Berrett*

The Planet The
You Absorb My Vision
5 Rue Christine (5RC)

Street Date: 10.18

The Planet The = Numbers + Ex-Models + No-Fi Soul Rebellion
A bleepy rock n' soul album only crosses through once a season. So, Fall 2005, here is that album. Reminiscent of Japanese splatter-punk records currently flooding the streets of Los Angeles, the electronics are warmer than the insides of a mutilated kitten, and the vocals have more soul than sweet tea. Completely absurd lyrics fit the electrotrash noise orchestra quite well, even if it makes the listener feel fucking silly. If you have any idea what I am talking about, then you've probably already heard this album. If not, go lynch your unborn child with a red hanger. Seriously. —Ryan Powers

Reverend Horton Heat**We Three Kings****Yep Rock****Street: 10.04****Reverend Horton Heat = Carl Perkins + Stray Cats + Wayne Hancock**

I've been looking for this record for the last few years. An interesting rockin' honest-to-god Christmas record, and the Reverend has delivered. All the classics are here — "Santa Claus is Coming to Town," "Frosty the Snowman," and more. I don't know if it was intentional, but all the traditional Christmas songs they chose to do with religious connotations are done as instrumental, which display Jim Heath's phenomenal guitar playing. Just to keep things interesting, Jim and Jimbo Wallace switch guitar and upright bass duties on "Run Rudolph Run." This is the perfect stocking stuffer for anyone who loves rock n' roll. —James Orme

Saxon Shore**The Exquisite Death of Saxon Shore****Burning Toast Vinyl****Street: 10.18****Saxon Shore = Tristeza + Hood + Slowdive**

"Do you like that, bitch?" An innocuous moment at best in a porno film. This line's debut comes right before the big money shot, but during the ruff and ready gyrations of a monumental cock. One only has to think about an "actor" named "Rick" who plays that "sleazy car salesman" bit to picture the scene I am talking about. "Rick," in his many incarnations, "closes the deal" on a '95 Subaru with 130,000 miles all the while realizing that he can't feel a damn thing "down there." Why else would someone yell such an inane phrase such as that unless you have mercilessly fucked a million-and-one women and you can no longer feel the stimulation that is supposed to be turning you on? Rick's orgasms, then, are like egg-timers in that they are timed explosions of excitement at the least possible moment. This album has plenty of little surprises like that (one of which actually whispers inside your ear "I want you inside me"). After it's all said and done, and you have collapsed on the couch exhausted with your penis throbbing, you realize what a great time you had and maybe in the near future you would hope to do it again. This is not to mention that you have withdrawn twice and slapped your dick on her tit to keep it hard. Yep, it feels that good. Or does it? —PVB

Tera Melos**Untitled****Springman Records****Street: 10.04****Tera Melos = Form Of Rocket + The Nationale Blue + algebra**

Tera Melos is a four-piece jazz/punk/funk/noise fusion gumbo that combines the heaviness of bands like The Jesus Lizard with the arrangements of Captain Beefheart jazz abstraction. I'm not a huge tech-rock fan. Guitar theatrics bore me. Rampant timing changes without cause or reason generally annoy me when they're not appropriate, but I think these guys are tasteful enough that it is enjoyable, if that's your cup of tea. The grimy production is its saving grace. Had this been digitally manipulated into a Dream Theater piece of computerized crap, I would have used it for a coaster. The fact is, this is raw and vicious jazz music with all of the ferocious tendencies that a good punk band should have. Word has it their stage antics are no less wacky and insane, so at least they can pull it off while actually making you believe they mean it. —Chuck Berrett

The Very Foundation**Small Reserves****Velvatic Records****Street: 11.08****The Very Foundation = Sebadoh + Red Animal War + a rain dance**

This is the second EP release from art/emo/nu-rock collaborators The Very Foundation. A mainstay in the Portland, Oregon community of eclectic musicians, this album is full of guitar effects and percussion sounds smattered together to form an art-rock goulash. At times, the goulash tastes like peyote put into a pot and stewed to perfection. Not that I have ever tasted peyote goulash; the album just sounds tribal, like I have been transported to some type of New-Age sweat lodge, awaiting initiation. Those are but moments of the album; many of the tracks border on radio-friendly rock but with just enough distance to never make it on the radio. This album has a specific flavor, and should be tasted with caution. —Andrew Glassett

Voltage**Building the****Bass Castle,****Vol. 1****Flameshovel****Records****Street: 11.05****Voltage = The****Black Keys - an****understanding****of the blues +****Death From****Above 1979****- energy****This art-rock****duo from****Chicago sound****like they wrote****and recorded****this album in****a day while****huffing gas in****their parents'****garage. It is****full of lengthy****instrumental****guitar/bass/drum****tracks that just****sound like a jam****session of dudes****on a bad trip. Every****song has an unbearably****long intro of ride-cym-****bal-tapping and amp****noise, but there is a****lot of interesting****guitar****riffs, and that's about****the extent of brilliance****on this record. The****first track (which goes****untitled, like the rest****of the album) is its****only saving****grace. It's an acoustic****intro, sprinkled with****lovely xylophone****bell chimes, tricking****you into listening to****the rest of the record****for a return to that****sound. They unfortunately****never do return to that****first track's guiding****light. I appreciate****avant-garde music and****instrumental****improvisation just as****much as any music****dork does, but they****should try to write****more songs like that****first one and quit****trying to****rock, because they****don't. —Chuck Berrett**
With Honor**This Is Our Revenge****Victory****Street: 10.18****With Honor = Thrive + Sick of It All + Agnostic Front**

I really tried to like this record; there are many reasons to enjoy it, but alas, in the end it fails. The band has all the skill to pummel listeners with powerful riffs and heart-filled vocals, but not a song stands out on the record. The throw back to an old-school hardcore sound is enthralling and exciting. Victory Records did well to snatch up With Honor; they have the talent any band should have they just need to acquire the skills to write a memorable song. There is a future for the band, but *This Is Our Revenge* is not their future. (*Club Overdrive*: 11.29) —Bryer Wharton

Wooden Wand and the Vanishing Voice**Buck Dharma****5 Rue Christine****Street: 09.13**

Wooden Wand and the Vanishing Voice = that trip you meant to take across the country, though not fully across it, as you were, in fact, merely going to see your friend and his newborn son (your godson) in Missouri, but now that son is six years old and you still haven't seen the little bugger and you might resent him (the son) because there might be a crippling guilt that touches you time and again, though that guilt and subsequent resentment are inappropriate (re)manifestations of tumultuous feelings surrounding a tumultuous breakup that occurred with odious simultaneity to the death of your dog, which created a period of playing and feeling the blues, which spawned a counterattack to loathing and ennui, which prompted you to take off a week off work to drive to Missouri to see the little bugger with plans to periodically pull over and kick dirt, time willing. —Ho Chi Minh (City)

DVD REVIEW**Samhain****Live 1984****Eville/Flipside****Street: 09.14****Samhain = Black Sabbath + Black Flag + Dead Boys**

After the demise of *The Misfits* in the early 80s, lead singer Glenn Danzig embarked on a new band, Samhain. The least known of all Danzig's projects, Samhain was more experimental, and dare I say, darker than any of Danzig's endeavors before or since. This live show at L.A.'s *Stardust Ballroom* is the band's first show in L.A., and shows the band at their rawest. The bands hits the stage like the S.S., all in black, sporting devil locks and biker boots. Within a few songs, the crowd is writhing and growling back at the band with pleasure. Most of the material they play is from the first self-titled record, and even a Misfits song finds its way into the set. The audio is surprisingly well done and pretty clear throughout. This release is more for the diehard fans, but, hey kids, it's never too late to get into Samhain. —James Orme

SLUG**Voxtro****Raised By Wolves EP****Cult Hero****Street: 06.27****Voxtro = The Smiths + Gang of****Four**

If Scotland's Voxtro had debuted five years ago, their music would probably impress me more, but this whole nu-80s thing has definitely been played out. Sure, the music is enjoyable, but the jagged guitars and dance beats sound like every other mediocre Gang of Four/Cure wannabe band out there: **Franz Ferdinand, The Futureheads, Bloc Party, The Bravery, The Killers**, etc. It seems as if Voxtro may have entered the scene a little late, and, well, sux dood. It's time to do something different — let's just hope the next wave of nostalgia doesn't bring about anything called "nu-grunge." Catch Voxtro at a special sale price at your local Virgin Megastore! —Jamila Roehrig

DVD REVIEWS

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Joey Belladonna
Of Anthrax

Photo: Jon K.

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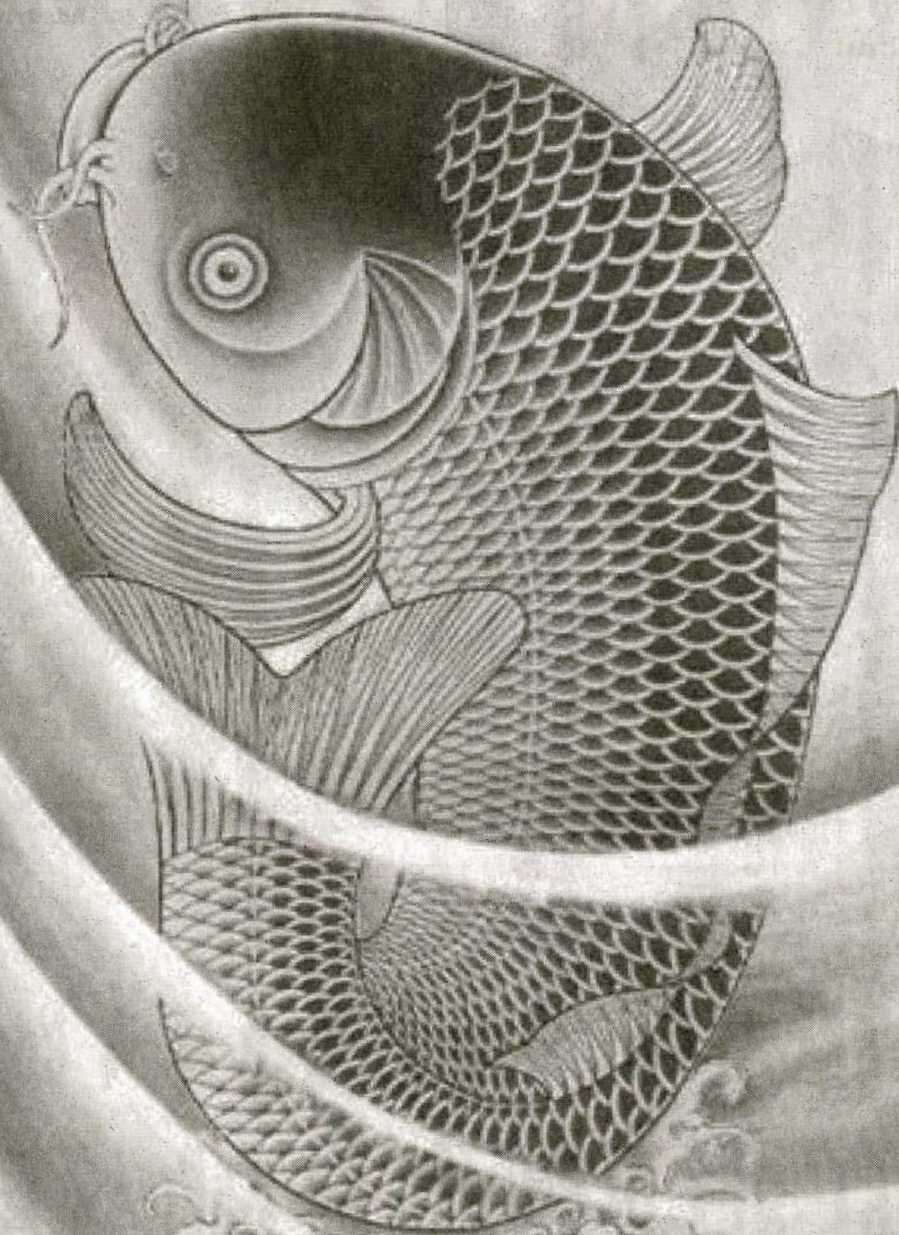
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The air is getting crisper, and, by golly, the leaves are changing. Soon my clock will be set back an hour, the days will be getting shorter and I'll be filling up my Thermos with a nice warm mixture of cough syrup and hot cocoa. Time to gear up—but I won't be heading to no stadium. I'll be taking advice from **Iron Maiden** and running towards the hills. Snowboard season is almost upon us.

This article is not intended to slander the act of snowboarding or talk about how lame it's become. I personally love doing the sideways-slide down an icy mountain. But, fact of the matter is, skateboarding has become just as lame in the last couple of years. There are some things I just have to get off my skinny white chest.

First of all, as far as I can tell, snowboarding is the new football. I deeply apologize to any football players or fans that I may have offended with that statement. But it's true. Not so much in a literal sense, but more metaphorical. I really can't explain why. It just seems like the same kids I see at my work buying snowboards have the same mentality of the kids that used to fuck with me in the brutal vortex known as junior high.

And hey, do you know how much it costs a snowboarder to change a light bulb? \$1,002, two dollars to buy the light bulb, and a thousand bucks buying the gear so he looks dope doing it. Yes, football players and snowboarders must proceed with the ritual of suiting up. They also both share the uncanny ability to decipher who's who while engaging in these activities. When I'm watching a football game on TV, I have no fucking idea who's who if not for **John Madden's** brilliant insight. Same with when I'm snowboarding. It's like some sixth sense that expert riders have developed, to be able to know who they're talking to when they have goggles on their faces. Whenever I go snowboarding I just have the same mild, boring, non-threatening, non-judgmental conversation with everyone I talk to, hoping not to be embarrassed by accidentally having the same boring conversation twice with the same person.

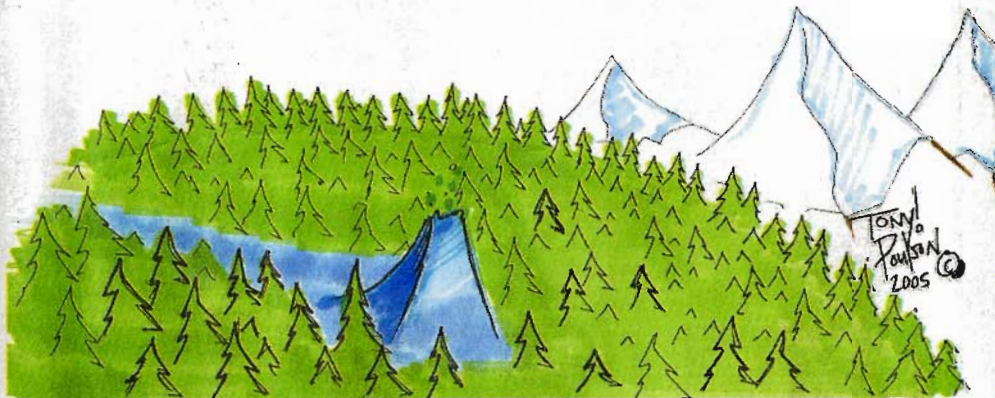
That conversation usually goes like this: I say, "Good snow today, huh?" They say, "Yup."

Another resemblance snowboarding has to football is the cheerleader. But, in the snowboard world, I like to refer to them as Snow Hos. Much like cheerleaders, Snow Hos get decked out in their favorite snow-time wardrobes and just kind of sit there on the sides of the action, yelling shit. They don't really snowboard, per say. Also, like cheerleaders, a Snow Ho will almost exclusively date Snow Bros — Bros with sponsored status, being the cream of the crop. It is not uncommon for a Snow Ho to dump a liftie in order to date a Cat driver. I can't really blame a Snow Ho for this, because we all know that a Cat driver can take you places that a liftie cannot.

Snow Hos also have a tendency to match their outfits to the color of their snowboards, and also usually wear really bad makeup. Or maybe it's not so much that the makeup is bad, but more the fact that it becomes frozen to their fucking faces. Snow Hos are usually trouble, and it can be a good idea for any pure rider to just stay away from broads like this. If your average, intelligent and mildly attractive girl is a trout, a Snow Ho is a carp.

Not everything in snowboarding is like football, however. Like, you can be from the ghetto and play football. Lift tickets are expensive and, for the most part, the activity of snowboarding is limited to over-privileged white kids (I humbly include myself in this

Snowboarding— The Next Football.



category). But right now, it's important to act mad-thuggish in snowboarding, even if you wouldn't last two seconds in Harlem.

When I started snowboarding, it was all about fluorescent outfits and jester hats; now it's all about Triple X and DMX. Frankly, I don't know what's worse. It's weird that kids will spend shitloads of money to get the lightest setups possible, but then spend shitloads more to get the heaviest and baggiest outerwear. This trend makes little sense to me, but perhaps I am just thinking too much.

Despite all that, I have stated in this article that it would be sad if you didn't enjoy your favorite pastime just because so many lame-wads do it. I don't care that a bunch of lame people snowboard, I'll do it anyway. If I didn't do something because someone else who was lame did it too, I really wouldn't do a goddamn thing at all.

Brodie Says...

Brodiehammers@slugmag.com

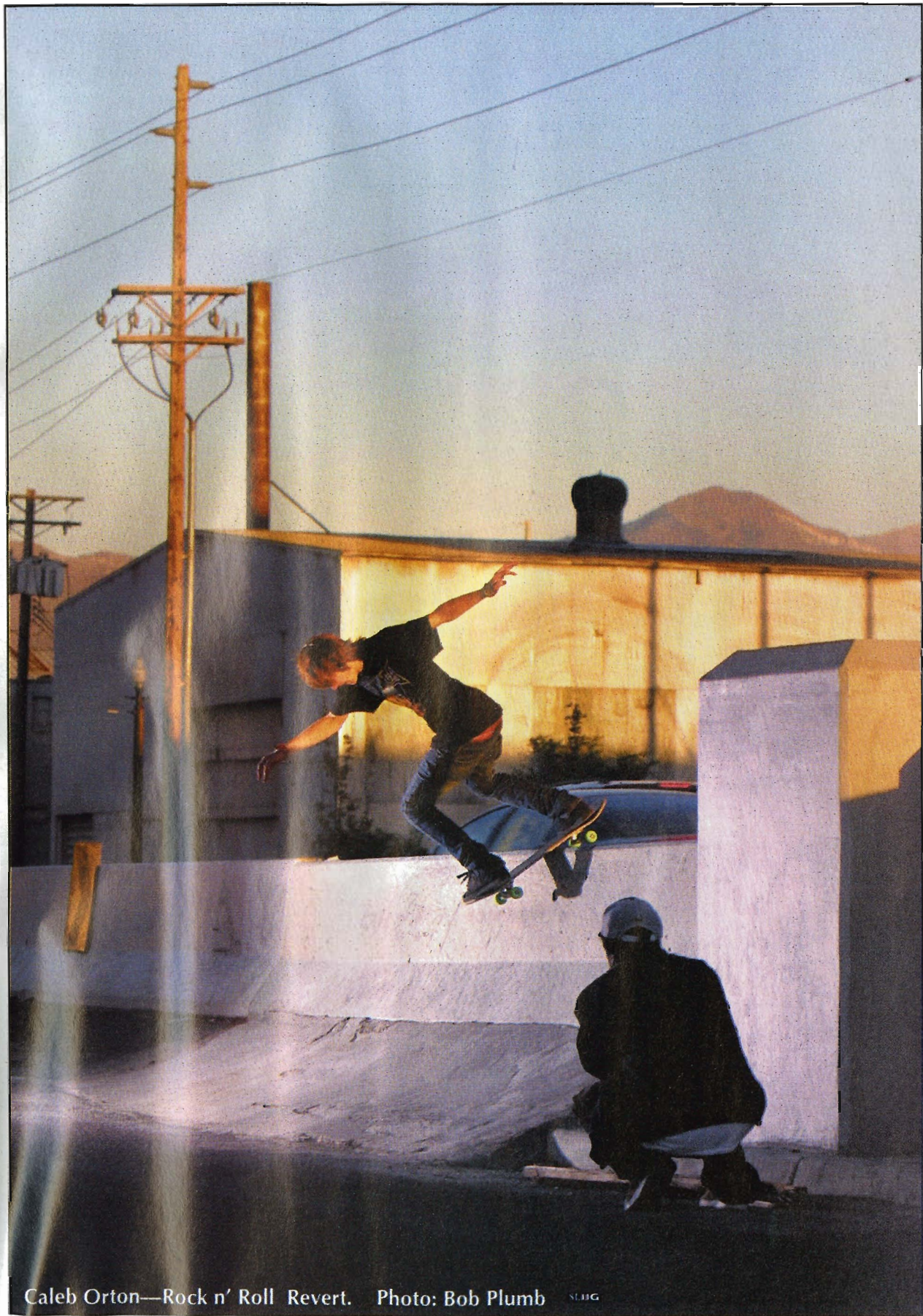
1. Brodie's got 75 friends on Myspace and counting. Think you got what it takes to be Brodie's Boy? Probably not, but you can go to Myspace and find out. Be sure to check out Brodie's blog while you're there.
2. Have you seen that new fucking monstrosity at Fairmont? Have you wondered why some artsy-fartsy fucks that don't skate would put that thing there? Well, Brodie has. And Brodie is thinking that they could

have spent the moolah to help keep TVs out of the big bowl by paying immigrants to keep that place clean for the amount they spent on that fucking thing. Or, at least, put lights around the goddamned park, so less gaying off and more skating goes on there at night. Now when you set up for a fairmont fly out, you have to deal with that piece of shit in the corner of your eye.


3. Number two reminds me that just because you skate doesn't make you an artist. Put that on a slim fit tee and sell it for \$40.
4. Will there be any decent local skateboard video premieres this fall? Brodie is guessing the answer is a great big "fuck no."
5. **Jarred Smith** got back from California. Brodie has no idea what or who he did there, or if he's going back.
6. Brodie thinks that SLC is long due for its own version of the **Wet Boy Crew**, but Brodie wants to call it *The International Swordfighters of Salt Lake Association*.
7. Rumor has it that **Mike Hays** finally moved to Seattle after talking about it for five years. Good luck to him in the soggy city of depression and Starbucks.
8. Brodie thinks that Mike Brown is a total faggot.
9. E-mail Brodie if you have some shit to say.



Sam Plumb—Front Crooks. Photo: Bob Plumb



Caleb Orton—Rock n' Roll Revert. Photo: Bob Plumb SLUG

A photograph of a BMX rider performing a trick on a ramp. The rider is silhouetted against a bright sky, balancing the bike on the edge of a wooden ramp. The background shows trees and a utility pole. Handwritten text is overlaid on the top left of the image.

Who the fuck
builds a ramp
on top of a old,
decrepid shed?!

Rider- Matt Beringer.
Trick- Abubuca
Photographer- J. Eichhorst
Location- Syracuse

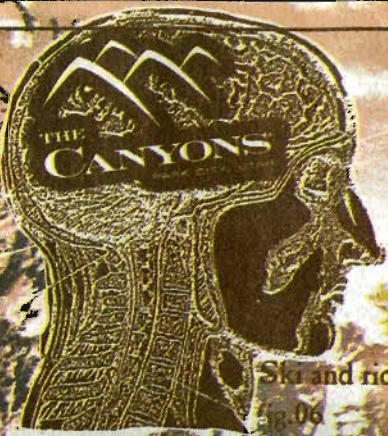
This month in the world of BMX, the infamous *Backyard Jam* will be taking place in England. This is a contest actually worth mentioning and/or attending because it is rider operated. Other reasons include a Jam format, which cuts down on stress and is an excuse for riders from around the world to get together, ride and catch up. Myself, **Matt Beringer** and **Mike Aitken** will be represent-

ing Utah and then continuing on to South Africa to ride more and experience this part of the world.

Jay Eichhorst's wrist is healing after a long stint off his bike. Good thing he has a creative mind and lots of coffee to keep him going.

Up North, a new cement park is under way in Layton. I'm sure the crew up there will be excited for another park to ride late into the night, followed by drinks at the shady watering hole known as *Stockmans*.

New stories when I return.
-Shawn Walters **SLUG**



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An Oral History of the AV Club

By Erik Lopez • erik@slugmag.com

I set up an interview with the AV Club, a local filmmaking group consisting of four friends that all went to high school together, for the witching hour of October 14th. This also happened to coincide with the birthday of one of the members of the AV Club, Ryan Bradford. I arrived at the house at 11P.M. to celebrate Bradford's 21st birthday extravaganza and to get down to the business at hand: hot-tubbing and talking.

When we finally did the interview an hour later, there were two key elements amiss: 1) there was no hot tub, and 2) I was doing the interview at midnight during a 21st birthday party. With these two considerations in mind, I crammed the four AV Club members into a small closet, had them take off their shirts, and pretend that they were in a hot tub so I could take down what was to be the most epic retelling of a small group of kids with a "can do" attitude and a will to succeed. Here is their story.

The AV Club consists of four long time best friends: Andy Bauman, Jeff Guay, and the two Ryans—Ryan Bradford and Ryen Schlegel. Their auspicious beginnings took place six years ago when they formed a filmmaking club at their high school and promoted club membership by blasting DIO albums from a small boom-box. Even though the membership drive was a huge success, actual attendance was dismally low and the industrious double duos started to make films by themselves, quickly solidifying their technical and creative skills through a series of short films.

The AV Club makes quirky, entertaining, and often hilarious shorts. Their work spans anywhere between one to two minutes in length all the way up to ten minutes. They are influenced mainly by animated comedies such as the Simpsons, Futurama, Family Guy and other series in the same genre. Other influences that can be seen in their films are John Boorman (especially Zardoz), Sam Raimi, Kids in the Hall, etc. Their aim as a club is to translate the comedic elements of animated comedy into live action movies. If you have seen any of their movies, you will know that they do a damn fine job of it.

Movies such as their critically acclaimed South Temple auadrilogy showcase the groups' talent. In the South Temple auadrilogy, all of the four shorts (each one done by a separate member) take place on South Temple. The title short (directed by and starring Schlegel) rattles off the history of South Temple in an entertaining monologue that showcases real research and hilarious and inventive storytelling. In another short, entitled Fiancée, the director and star Bradford uses analeptical devices to tell the dual narrative of his misunderstanding with his fiancée that entails Bradford's own fantasy flashback intermingled with his co-star Lauren Mueller's subjective present tense narration.

After this fragmented and incoherent story of the AV Club and its influences and start, it is time for me to leave. The hot tub is getting cold, the night is getting long, and most importantly, I am getting tired. As I get out of the hot tub to towel off, put on my pants, and offer to grab everyone another drink, the AV Club guys smile, beckon me over to them, and whisper this sweet nothing in my ear: AV Club Films' first feature-length film premiere of "How Do You Pronounce Paght?" is to be held on November 14th @ the Tower Theatre 11:30 p.m. Free Admission and everyone is invited. Visit www.avclubfilms.com for more information and access to amazing short films.

"HOW DO YOU PRONOUNCE PAGHT?"
November 14th
@ the Tower Theatre
11:30 p.m.
Free Admission



books do it

Book reviews for the SLUG reader with a library card and actually uses it

Hip-Hop & Philosophy: Rhyme to Reason
By Derrick Darby and Tommie Shelby
Open Court Publishing
Street: 11.09

Can Lauren Hill help you uncover the meaning of love? Can Jay-Z teach you about self-consciousness? Can Mase and Puff Daddy (oh wait, P-Diddy ... no, Puffy ... shit, I think it's just 'Diddy' now) shed light on the conception of God's essence? No, I didn't think so either. *Rhyme and Reason* reads more like a literary hand-job to every famous "microphone commando" to hit the top of the hip-hop charts from the 80s to present day. To tell you the truth, this book was extraordinarily offensive. Who the fuck compares Socrates with 50 Cent? It's like comparing the enlightened mind of the Dalai Lama to that of an in-bred hillbilly, hell-bent on poking every dead thing he can find with a stick ... Oh, the audacity! To the uneducated hip-hopper, this book explains the meaning of "beef," "booty," "queen bee's and big pimps," "niggaz and bitches," and other perplexing topics that pertain to hip-hop culture, err, I guess. Now, don't get me wrong, I love hip-hop. Most of my CD collection consists of hip-hop albums, but this book is a pile of poodle shit with a layer of cheap gold paint slopped all over it. I think that the title *Jerking Off For Dummies* would be a far more interesting and educational read. So, why would you go pick up *Hip Hop & Philosophy: Rhyme to Reason*? Irony, self-loathing and the inability to deal with how truly out of step you are with hip-hop culture. -Lance Saunders

Go Ask Ogre: Letter From a Deathrock Cutter
Jolene Siana
Process
Street: 08.01

Jolene is your typical gothic teen in many ways: she loves art and music and is a fan of Skinny Puppy, with a place in her heart for the front man, Ogre. What makes her unique is her relationship with her abusive mother, her desire to cut herself with razorbldes and her persistent suicidal thoughts. All of these things make *Go Ask Ogre* a compelling story with Jolene writing confessional letters to Ogre, littered with artistic designs and life experiences. Surely Ogre has received plenty of fan mail, but saw something special in Jolene's words and saved them. As their friendship developed, Ogre told Jolene he would send the letters back to her some day. The idea of this book seemed cheesy, but as I was reading I remembered my troubled-teen years and could relate to band obsessions and writing letters to them. The way Ogre and the rest of Skinny Puppy reached out to Jolene is quite touching and will keep a reader up late at night to find out what happens. -Amy Spencer

The Lone Surfer of Montana, Kansas
Davy Rothbart
Touchstone Books
Street: 09.02

Sometimes the boys and I, after tossing a few back, find ourselves in adjacent stalls in casino and/or luxury hotel bathrooms. It is typically someone's first inclination to sing "Amazing Grace." The other gents join in, each fulfilling a harmonic niche. Imagine my surprise when one of my life's ongoing jokes appeared in Mr. Rothbart's (the *Found Magazine* guru himself) new fiction collection. However, the title story of this collection is no laughing matter. One man's daughter is dying of cystic fibrosis. One man accidentally shot a civilian at a traffic stop and is in jeopardy of losing his badge (and as it is a small Kansas town, his livelihood). One man, our narrator, rescued the lone surfer after a nasty fall and can't seem to figure out his girlfriend/cross-country companion. They all "sing ("Amazing Grace"), slowly, wrenchingly." To the narrator, "the beauty was excruciating." To me, the need to proclaim this the worst conclusion to any piece of short fiction I've ever encountered is excruciating. Davy seems like a pretty swell guy; but this book is terribly overwrought with cantankerous similes and hyperbolic emotion (all of which probably nets him more tail than George Saunders and John Haskell combined). -Ho Chi Minh (City) SLUG

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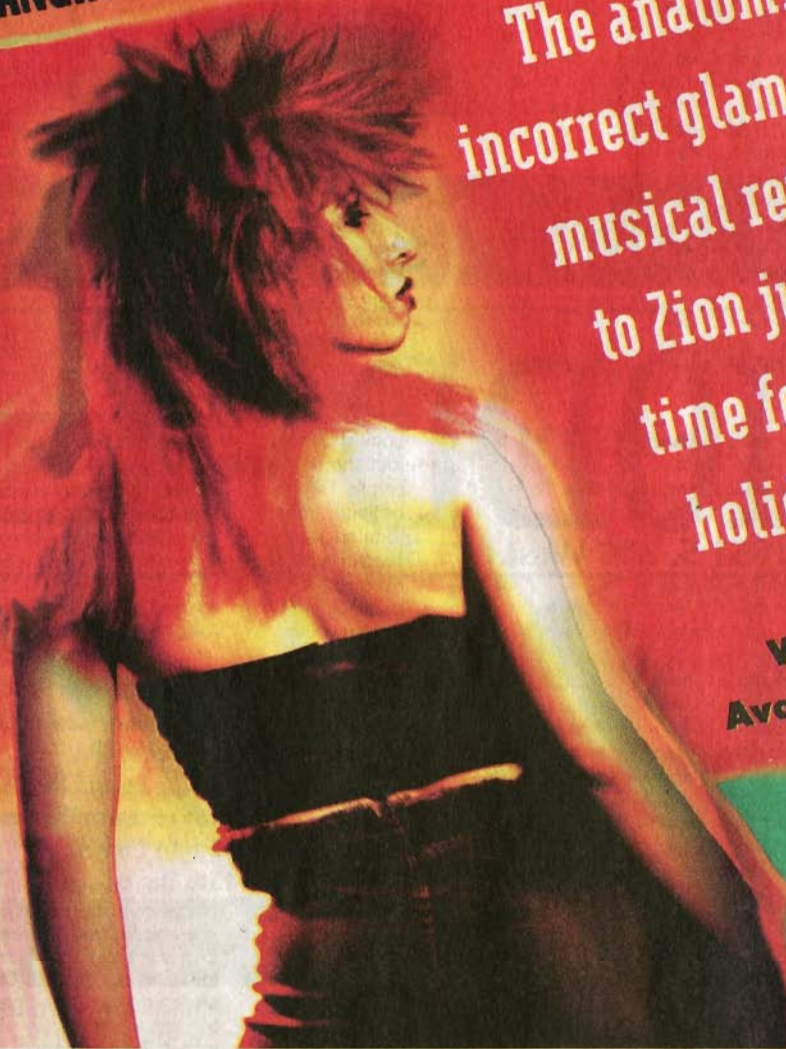
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4th Our Time in Space, Buttery Muffins,
The Brilliant Red Lights

5th Wolfs, TBA

8th The 6s and the 7s, Hand job Involved

11th Pleasure Thieves, TBA

12th In Camera

15th The 6s and 7s, The Painkillers

18th SLUG action sports night: Tolchok Trio, The
Red Bennies, The Heaters; Sponsored by UMVD

19th Ironing Man, TBA

22nd The 6s and the 7s, The Cigarettes

25 Stiletto, TBA

29th The 6s and the 7s, Aaron Anderson



Tolchok Trio

Also on Fri. 18- Gallery Stroll AfterParty feat. Nicholas D'Amico & getaquit.com

Gallery Straddles a Straddle for your artistic side

By Mariah Mann Mellus

Unknown Gallery

has become very well known for its intelligent, imaginative and inspirational shows. The gallery has provided a domicile for developing shows that infuse the artist and the viewer with a new sense of what Art is. November's *Uncanny* show will take place **November 18th** and run through December. *Uncanny* is described by Webster's dictionary as "peculiarly unsettling, as if of supernatural origin or eerie." This title opens many "doors of perception" as some of Utah's most bright and emerging artists will walk through, around, and on those doors.

Cein Watson emulates the dislocation of the uncanny through his collages and prints on enamel medium. **David Ruelman** not only embraces the uncanny in his artistic process, by using old pages and acrylic washes, but also chose a humming bird as his subject exploring the eerie and supernatural abilities of the small and agitated creature.

Tessa Lindsay's work in fresco, the craft of painting on moist plaster, dislocates and transfers images on to the fresco paintings by removing the image and the surface from its context. **Toby Putman** docent of this project, uses gels and mixed media to emulate the collapse and uncertainties of the uncanny.

Jeni Lords, artist and mother, will engage us with her work using mixed water media, a combination of water colors, gouache, ink,

colored pencil, oil and dry pastel. **Leia Bell** has an uncanny knack for knowing what the public wants; her work on gig posters for national acts and local venues has evolved into a trademark style that is pleasantly represented in this show. **Ryan Durfee** will use sweaty heads as the subject for his graphic illustration. Look for a comic book storyline woven into the mix. **Blaine Hofeling** selected wax and mixed media to explore the cosmetology of the uncanny. However, **Sri Whipple** may be the uncanniest of them all! He will use his grotesque, cartoon and pop surrealism to discuss the unnatural. Sri works on what could, should, but doesn't exist. Last but not least, **Trent Call**, a local legend that can be found participating and encouraging the uncanny wherever he is, is going to "Figure it out as he paints, but have a good time!"

Ten amazing artists, one show, many different directions. Check out *Uncanny* at *Unknown Gallery* located at 353 West 200 South. Also visit www.unkgallery.com

(Sometimes you need a P.S.) *A Gallery* is located at 1321 South 2100 East. *A Gallery* in October featured the new and, may I say, amazing artwork of artist **Brent Godfrey**. Look for his work in the upcoming Holiday group show at *A Gallery*.

Stay tuned for more Gallery info... Comments and press releases should be directed to Mariah@slugmag.com Support local art, it support's you!

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Uncanny show will take place **November 18th** and run through December at the *Unknown Gallery*



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The Daily Calendar

Submissions are due by the 25th of the previous month

Friday, November 4

Snow Seasons Starts—*Brighton Resort & Powder Mountain Resort Open Rascal Flatts-Delta Center*
Darci Cash, O Discordia, Streetlight Silhouette, A Solemn Tribute—*Kilby*
Trent Harris, Plan 10—*Tower Theatre*
Union of the Snake, Giant Squid and Form of Rocket—*Burt's*
Flush Peddler, Thunderfish—*Steamers*
Jettblack—*Ego's*
Jake "the snake" Dreier and the Pace Makers—*the Wine Cellar*
Casey Just and the Tsykphoniks, Hellbound Saints—*Club Vegas*
Our time in Space, Buttery Muffins, The Brilliant Red Lights—*Todd's*
Duane Stephen's and the Cocktails—*Zanzibar*
Natural Roots—*Monk's*
Heaters, Vile Blue Shades, I am Electric—*Brewskies*

Saturday, November 5

Pray for Some Damn Snow—*Snowbird Resort Opens*
Limbeck, The Annuals, The Yearbook—*Lo-Fi*
Blues on First—*Zanzibar*
The Rocket Summer, Adam Richmond, This Day and Age, Sherwood—*Lo-Fi*
31 Knots, Powercords, Declaration—*Kilby*
Wolfs, Invisible Rays—*Todd's*
Separation of Self, Frustrations Gripp—*Club Vegas*
The Earps, The Last Vegas, The Chromatics—*Burt's*
Devil Doll, Macabillies—*Ego's*

Sunday, November 6

Bright Eyes, Sons and Daughters, Willy Mason—*Kingsbury Hall*
When it rains—*Monk's*
The Legendary Porch Pounders—*The Iron Horse*

Monday, November 7

Tristeza, Bella Lea, Airliner, Theta Naught—*Kilby*
The Dead 60s—*Club Sound*
Harry Lee and the Back Alley Blues Band—*Zanzibar*
The Dead Sixties—*Ego's*
Drums and Tuba—*Urban*

Tuesday, November 8

Fall Out Boy, The Starting Line, Motion City Soundtrack, Panic—*Promontory Hall*
Roman Candle, Caitlin Cary, Thad Cockrell—*Ego's*
The Samples—*Suede*
The Rev. Paytons Big Damn Band—*Burt's*
The Tremula—*Kilby*
Shattered Realm, Hoods, Donnybrook, Black My Heart—*Club Overdrive*
Laura Veirs—*Urban*
The 6s and the 7s, Hand job Involved—*Todd's*
Black My Heart, Donnybrook, Hoods, Shattered Realm—*Vortex*

Wednesday, November 9

The Wanted's, The Plus Ones, The

Annuals, Drew Danburry—*Kilby*
Rodney Crowell and the Outsiders, Jedd Hughes, Will Kimbrough—*Suede*
Johnny Tight Lips, Fuck the Informer—*Burt's*
Atmosphere, Blueprint, P.O.S.—*In the Venue*
Crosstide—*Ego's*
The Rachel's, Invert—*Club Sound*

Thursday, November 10

Holden, Kylea, Coliseum, Torche, Remember the Tragedy—*Spice Cafe*
Soulfly, Throwdown, Bloodsimple, Incite—*Lo-Fi*
Detroit Cobras, Reigning Sound—*Velvet Room*
Rek Center Allstars—*Monk's*
Steel Train, Larusso, Sikemma—*Kilby*
DJ Micro—*In the Venue*
The Firm—*Zanzibar*
The Tremula—*Urban*

Friday, November 11

Street Brats—*Lo-Fi*
Purdymouth—*Ego's*
The Screamin' Condors—*Burt's*
The Wolfs—*Monk's*
Shred Betty, Until She Bleeds, Wounded Knee—*Club Vegas*
Pleasure Thieves, TBA—*Todd's*
The Tremula, Vile Blue Shades, Mushman—*Kilby*
SLUG Localized w/TBA, The Heaters, Thunderfish—Urban
The Invisible Rays, The Cunted, Books About UFOs—*Kamakazi's*

Saturday, November 12

Buy Local First week begins!
A Static Lullaby, Haste The Day, Bedlight For Blue Eyes, Halifax—*Lo-Fi*
The Thieves, PS 132, Sledgeback, Racket—*Burt's*
Christian Parry Trio—*Zanzibar*
N.Y.C., Jesus Rides A Rikshaw, Six—*Club Vegas*
TNTD, In Camera—*Todd's*
Thunderfist w/ Spork—*Ego's*
Depeche Mode, The Bravery—*Kingsbury Hall*

Sunday, November 13

Hope to God We Get Snow—*Park City Mountain Resort & Brian Head Resort Open*
A Change of Pace, Greeley Estates, My American Heart, Agent Sparks, The Confessions—*Lo-Fi*
Pleasure Thieves—*Monk's*
Neva Dinova, Orenda Fink, Fort San Post, The Legend of Barney Devietti—*Kilby*

Monday, November 14

MC Chris, SNM&M, The Ergs—*Lo-Fi*
Streetdogs in-store appearance—*Big E's*
Streetdogs—*Club Sound*
Glory, Up River, Shutout, Dogwelder—*Club Overdrive*
Seether, My Darling Murder, Broke, 30 Seconds To Mars—*Saltair*
Spoon, American Music Club—*Velvet Room*
How Do You Pronounce Paght?—*Tower Theatre*

Tuesday, November 15

The Higher, Small Towns Burn a Little Slower, Tokyo Rose—*Lo-Fi*
Supersuckers, Danko Jones—*Ego's*
Lagwagon, Buckethead, Bullets to Broadway—*In The Venue*
Clay Aiken, William Joseph—*Delta Center*
Disrythmia, The Midnight Sky—*Burt's*
The 6s and 7s, The Painkillers—*Todd's*
Lapsed CD release party w/ Non Non—*W Lounge*
Scott H. Biram, Utah County Swillers—*Velvet Room*

Wednesday, November 16

The Letters Organize, Grace Gail, Fail To Follow—*Kilby*
Local First Fundraiser—*Squatters*
Avenge Sevenfold, Saosin, Death By Stereo, Bullets And Octane—*Salt Air*
Senses Fail, Saves The Day, Early November, Say Anything—*In The Venue*
The Kingsbury Manx, The Standard—*Urban*

Thursday, November 17

The PirQlaters—*Lo-Fi*
Vinyl—*Ego's*
Molotov—*Velvet Room*
"A Celebration of Local Ownership" film screening—*Broadway Theatre 7pm*
Hedwig and the Angry Inch—*Rose Wagner*
Debi graham & last response—*Monk's*
Post Riot, Cave Of Roses, Idiocracy, Left To Fate, Lamer Face—*The Circuit*
Desolation, Obliterate Plague, Necryptic, Truculence—*Club Vegas*

Friday, November 18

Alta Ski Area Open
The Agony Scene, Nodes of Ranvier, Scarlet, Becoming The Archetype, Amon Amarth—*Lo-Fi*
Rodeo Boys, the Rubes—*Urban*
Adult., Genders, OK Ikumi, TaughtMe—*Kilby*
Red Elvises—*Ego's*
Salty Roots—*Burt's*
Afro Omega—*Monk's*
The Chariot, Evergreen Terrace, As Cities Burn, Underminded, Cherum—*Club Sound*
SLUG Action Sports Night: Tolchock Trio, The Red Bennies, The Heaters—Todd's

Saturday, November 19

Fuck, It Better Snow—*Solitude Resort & The Canyons Resort Open*
Children of Bodom, Trivium, Amon Amarth—*Lo-Fi*
Calabrese, Left For Dead—*Burt's*
Ironing Man, TBA—*Todd's*
Kber's Helmut Sound Check, Almost Undone, Super So Far, Thunderfist—*Club Vegas*
Mary and Lisa Marie—*Zanzibar*

Sunday, November 20

Milemarker, Quiet Color—*Kilby*

Monday, November 21

Underground Country Night—*W Lounge*

Tuesday, November 22

Damien Marley—*Saltair*
The Hotness—*Burt's*
The 6s and the 7s, the cigarettes—*Todd's*
The Rolling Stones, Jason Mraz—*Delta Center*
Mama's Cookin'—*Urban*
The Gizzy Prospector, Sixs and sevens—*Todd's*

Wednesday, November 23

Yellowcard, Acceptance, The Pink Spiders—*Lo-Fi*
Obscura Clothing's Anniversary Party feat. Redemption—Vegas
Go Go Go Airheart, The Joggers, Fleet Streak—*Kilby*

Thursday, November 24

Eat Tofurkey, Do Laundry, Get Wasted w/ Friends—*Shannon's House*

Friday, November 25

Snowbasin Resort Open
Gwar, Devil Driver, A Dozen Furies, Mensrea—*Saltair*
Dead Beats—*Monk's*
Allister, Fenix TX, Houston Calls, A Day at the Fair, Denver Harbor—*Club Sound*
Dead Rif To Drag, The Middle Distance—*Burt's*
Trans-Siberian Orchestra—*E Center*

Saturday, November 26

Love Is Chemicals, The Child Who Was a Keyhole—*Kilby*
Kings X, Almost Undone—*Ego's*
Blackhole, Vile Blue Shades—*Burt's*
Idiocracy, Obliterate Plague, Katagory V, Allyptic—*Club Vegas*
Mad Caliber, Kathy and I—*Todd's*

Sunday, November 27

Yoko Deathray—*Monk's*

Monday, November 28

Underground Country Night—*W Lounge*

Tuesday, November 29

Morello, Drew Danburry, Brobecks—*Kilby*
The 6s and the 7s, Aaron Anderson—*Todd's*
Most Precious Blood, With Honor, Modern Life Is War, This Is Hell, The Distance—*Club Overdrive*

Wednesday, November 30

Street Brats—*Lo-Fi*

Thursday, December 1

Bleeding Through, Day of Contempt, Aftermath of a Trainwreck—*Club Overdrive*

Friday, December 2

Pick Up The New SLUG—*Any Place Cool*
Naked Aggression—*Lo-Fi*

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- 01-** NUMBERS, Agape, Paper Cranes & Nolens Volens - 7:30
 - 02-** WHY?, AQUEDUCT, Tolchock Trio, Theodore Music - 7:30
 - 03-** THE HARD LESSONS, Lauren Wood, Adeiti a, Julia Mecham - 7:30
 - 04-** DARCI CASH, Paris Green, ODiscordia, Streetlight Silhouette, A Solemn Tribute
 - 05-** 31 KNOTS, POWERCORDS, Declaration, Suns of Guns, JaSpeed - 7:30
 - 07-** TRISTEZA, BELLA LEA, Airliner, Theta Naught
 - 09-** THE WANTEDS, THE PLUS ONES, The Annuals, Drew Danbury - 7:30
 - 10-** STEEL TRAIN, Larusso, Sikemma - 7:30
 - 11-** The Tremula, Mushman, Vile Blue Shades - 7:30
 - 12-** The Happies (CD Release), Iberis, The Adonis
 - 13-** NEVADINOVA, ORENDA FINK, Fort San Post, The Legend of Barney Devietti
 - 16-** THE LETTERS ORGANIZE (others t.b.a.) 7:30
 - 18-** ADULT., GENDERS, OK Ikumi, Taught Me
 - 20-** MILEMARKER, Quiet Color (more t.b.a.)
 - 23-** GOGOGO AIRHEART, THE JOGGERS, Fleet Streak
 - 26-** LOVE IS CHEMICALS, The Child Who was a Keyhole, t.b.a. - 7:30
- ... & much much more soon...



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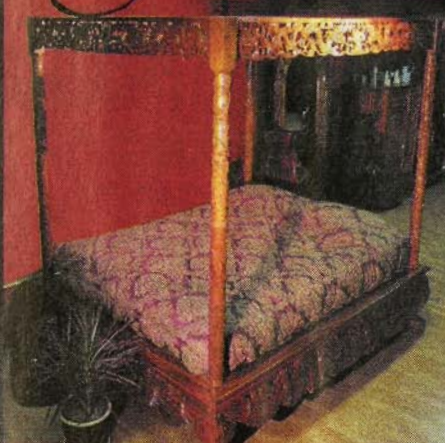
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