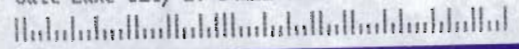


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Publisher: Eighteen Percent Gray
Editor: Angela H. Brown
Associate Editor: Erik Lopez
Office Coordinator: Shannon Froh
Copy Editor: Jamila Roehrig
Daily Calendar Editor: Andrew Glassett

Cover Design: Paul Butterfield
Graphic Design: Monica Borschel, Sarah Pendleton,
Amy Spencer, Nathan Wolley
Graphic Design Intern: Heather Romney
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Web Design: Alan Steed

Photographers: Dan Gorder, Jon K.,
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Marketing: Mariah Mann-Mellus, Shannon Froh, Meghann
Griggs, Stacey Adams

Ad Sales: Angela Brown sales@slugmag.com
Shannon Froh shannon@slugmag.com
Meghann Griggs meghann@slugmag.com
Mariah Mann-Mellus mariah@slugmag.com

Distro: Bill Crava, Bucket, Maycin Flack, Sasha Jadot,
Mike Smith, Jeremy Wilkins, Georgia McFly, Tony Bassett,
Marty Bateman
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Contributor Limelight



Paul Butterfield is a father, musician, composer, graphic artist, visionary, former instructor at the Utah Career College and SLUG's current cover designer.

As a vet of Utah's local music scene, Paul's past band résumé includes: **Red Bennies**, **Purr Bats**, **Puri-do**, **The Scoffed**, **Silicon Monster**, **The Protocol** and **TARN**. Currently he can be found on stage playing with **BLACKHOLE** and **Ether Orchestra**.

Paul uses his personal environment as inspiration for his creative outlets
"Right now it's about things ... like process, perspective, trash, hoo-has, pain, sound, light, dark, contrast, coffee, environment, the people I love and all the gold the surrounds me."

Paul is available for freelance work. He can be reached via e-mail: nopaul@becrass.com.

"Shauna, you are amazing. Thanks for putting up with your crazy boyfriend ... I love you."
— Paul Butterfield **SLUG**



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Dear Dickheads,

I thought the Rubes CD review was mean spirited and just flat out wrong. How can she pan them as unoriginal then turn around and praise Thunderfist? I love Thunderfist too but they do the punk formula shit that we have all heard a thousand times! Sorry Cindi but you obviously have a grudge against good ol' rock and roll or Jerry Lee Lewis fucked your little sister other wise you could see the Rubes as just as "fun for everyone" as Thunderfist is. Posting their picture and then panning them like that...fucking rude even for S.L.U.G. Bitch.

— too scared to sign my real name

Scared? Mean-spirited? Flat-out wrong? Jerry Lee Lewis fucking someone's sister? With words like that, I suppose you consider yourself full of enough fortitude to write for SLUG. I can picture it now: "The Rubes ... Fun for everyone! If you don't like'em, go fuck your sister." Keep writing us your generic letters because that is the only way you'll be published in this rag. The real thing that is "mean-spirited" and "flat-out wrong" are your half-formed thoughts and sentences. Next.

Dear Dickheads,

What in the fuck kind of town is this? Will you print the word fuck or do I have to write f-bomb or f-word or eff? I'm wondering?

I attempted to attend the Detroit Cobras performance at a venue in your tired little city. The air wasn't looking or smelling really fresh so I decided not to contribute to the problem and I decided to ride a bicycle to the concert. I live about ten miles from the venue so I packed a rucksack with a few supplies. I packed a spare inner tube and a tire patch kit just in case. What if I had a flat tire while traveling to or from the venue? I packed a few bicycle repair tools, just in case. I packed an extra jacket cause the weather was chilly, and I wore a bright reflective jacket to protect me from the dangerous motor vehicles I might encounter. I packed a bottle of water so I didn't get dehydrated and I left the rain gear I always carry in the bag, just in case. I also packed a couple of CDs because I like to listen to music while riding my bicycle.

I arrived at the venue and used three of the five locks I carried in my bag to lock my bicycle to a pole in front of The Velvet Room. I've heard a lot about bicycle theft in Salt Lake City and I was the victim of a bicycle seat thief recently. Yes, an individual stole the seat right off of my bicycle and after that experience I carry multiple locks with me, and I use them. After securing my bicycle and my bicycle seat to the pole (The Velvet Room apparently isn't bicycle friendly since there wasn't a bike rack nearby. That was a warning!) I attempted to enter The Velvet Room.

The doorman told me I couldn't enter with my bag. I laughed. "What should I do with it," I asked the doorman?" I don't know, 'they' told me no bags are allowed." I laughed again. "I'm riding a bicycle." "They" told me no bags are allowed." "What should I do with it?" I was thinking the venue would have a

bag check or something? The doorman replied, "Take it home and come back." I laughed and laughed. I'd just ridden 10 miles on a bicycle so I could experience the Detroit Cobras live and in person at the Velvet Room. I was prepared to pay \$14 for the experience. I was also prepared to purchase several overpriced alcoholic beverages during the performance. However, The Velvet Room has a "they" in charge and "bags" aren't allowed.

I'm familiar with bag checks. Search the goddamn bag! I'm also familiar with bag checks. Check the goddamn bag, give me a ticket and I'll pick it up after the fucking show. I'll even tip you when you return my bag! I'm not familiar with "no bags allowed, take it home."

Say I was a female. Say I needed all the stuff females carry around in their bags! If I were a female could I take my bag with all of my female stuff into the Velvet Room? Gosh, I don't know!

Why do "they" ban bags from the Velvet Room in Salt Lake City? Are there terrorists and/or suicide bombers lurking about the Velvet Room? Has the Velvet Room experienced a violent episode after allowing a bag-carrying individual into the venue? In this weird Utah state there is currently a proposal before the legislature allowing any motherfucker to carry a loaded firearm around in their motor vehicle, but an individual riding a bicycle and carrying sundry necessary items around in a bag is not allowed to enter the Velvet Room?

"They" lost some money from me tonight. The Detroit Cobras lost an audience member, an audience member who really, really wanted to experience their performance.

I will never visit the Velvet Room again. That means the Velvet Room lost future revenues. I will tell all of my friends, acquaintances, relatives, co-workers, and people I meet on the fucking street about the negative experience I had when I attempted to enter the Velvet Room to experience the Detroit Cobras' performance while carrying a bag and riding a bicycle. I will encourage everyone I tell about my negative experience to avoid the Velvet Room.

What in the fucking crap is wrong with your stupid Salt Lake City! Get me the fucking hell out of this god forsaken place and let me live where people are normal, say in Jerusalem or even Baghdad

Sincerely,
Winston Smith SLC!

Dear Winston Smith, Warning! Long winded travelogue ahead that seems like it was written after watching a "Wild on E!" episode. When I read the letter I took it one word at a time. After each word, I strung sentences together—just in case. Usually I read it a paragraph at a time, and then from there, take each paragraph thereafter and form a story out of it. The story I formulated from these paragraphs was this (in three sentences): I am a whiney bicycle bitch. I should have had more 'tude and insisted on bringing in my bag o' rock. I am long winded. The end. SLUG

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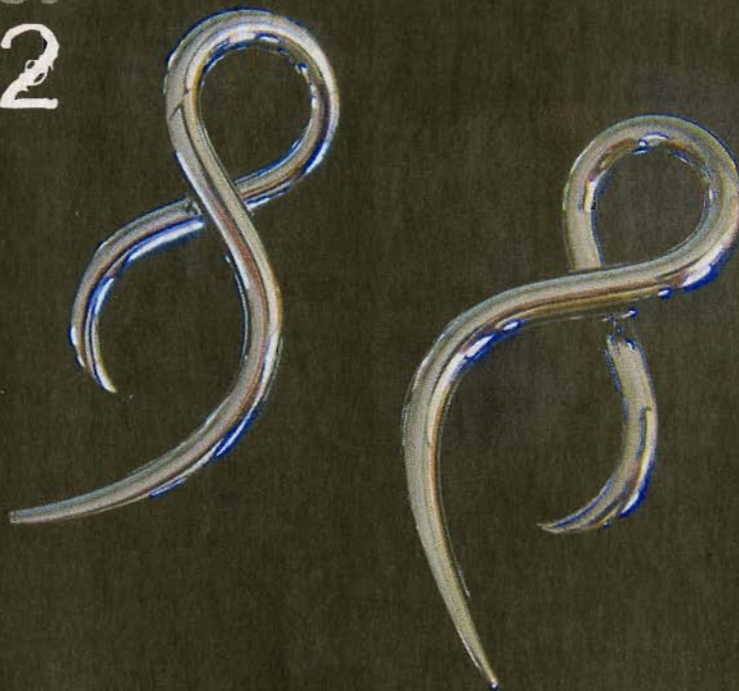
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Localized

By Diana Whitesides
Pics: Ruby Claire

Merry fucking X-mas, bitches! This month's Localized will be held on Dec. 9 this month...just in time to spend all your hard earned cash on booze and rock n' roll at the *Urban Lounge*, a private club for members. Localized is held every second Friday of the month - bring the family and celebrate the X-mas spirit with your good friends at *SLUG Magazine*. **Ben Thunderblood**, **Almost Undone**, and then **Gundhi**, on the turbo terrific stage at the *Urban Lounge*. **Almost Undone is:**

Brenna White - vocals
Jaime Horton - drums
Brian Corollo - guitar
Jon Robertson - bass



Almost Undone is a hard rock band with three guys playing drums, guitar, and bass, with a female vocalist. But don't call them **Evanescence**, or they might throw the old, black rotary phone that they use as a prop onstage at you. Almost Undone like to do things their own way - and it's evident in their music.

Here in SLC, where punk, proto-punk, emo and garage-rock bands prevail, Almost Undone is getting heads banging with their own brand of innovative and aggressive rock n' roll. This says a lot about the band's character; they refuse to tow the Salt Lake City genre line. As Jaime put it, "We don't fit in because we don't play that emo shit." While their music isn't overwhelmingly original they do manage to put their own accent on a familiar sound.

Brenna weaves her hauntingly melodic vocals over the mix of Brian and Jon's sludgy riffs. Jaime drives the band's sound with his skillful drum work and Brian's expert usage of guitar effects - particularly an ethereal vibrato - adds just the right amount of texture to the songs without being too overbearing. "He's got a really dark and dirty sound," Jaime said of Brian's guitar playing.

"We call him a mix between **Adam Jones** and **Tom Morello**." Almost Undone cites the following bands as influences: **Tool**, **Deftones**, **Isis**, **Meshuggah** and **Incubus**. They describe their own music as "alternative, progressive hardcore".

Brenna has been singing in the band for a little over a year and the rest have been playing together for four or five. Listeners have often suggested that they get a male vocalist, but Jaime insists that Brenna's vocals are what really make their sound whole. "We've always been trying to accomplish the yin and the yang of it [music]. We've got this kind of chaotic band and then there's this melodic singing. It's the eye of the storm; you've got this madness going on all around and in the center you have this calmness."

Though they sometimes feel like outsiders in this music scene, the members of Almost Undone are not afraid to go out there and give it their all. Last year they recorded a six-song EP called *Sugar & Despair* and plan to put out another EP sometime in spring 2006. They also hope to eventually go on a small tour along the west coast. As for their overall message to you, the readers, and all the music fans out there - "Stop watching **American Idol** and get out there and try to find some good music."



Gundhi is:

Jay Golden - guitar, vocals

Mike Ferguson - drums, some vocals

Fred Thorne - bass

Monte Ferguson - organ, percussion

Gundhi plays rock n' roll ... O-Town style. Yes, Gundhi is from that strange city 30 miles north, where the local's watering hole is a blues bar, made famous by the legendary harp playing band-book-

er, **Bad Brad Wheeler**. Boasting giant barrels of peanuts, which you can eat all-night and then just throw the shells on the floor, *Brewskies* is Ogden's stomping ground; this is where where you'll find Gundhi.

Gundhi's songs are slow, slightly bluesy, and are accented with Hendrix-style guitar parts.

The band tends to stick to their own Ogden turf, having only made it down to Salt Lake a few times to play shows. The band cites the positive aspects of the Ogden scene: "There's not such a huge scene

up here, so all the bands sound different." Jay said. "Everybody hangs out in their garage and develops their sound."

As Fred put it "Salt Lake seems to have a lot of clone bands." Monte agreed, adding, "I hear a lot of bands in Salt Lake that sound very similar."

Well, Gundhi certainly does sound quite different from a lot of the Salt Lake City bands, and perhaps we should all pay a visit to old Ogden where Gundhi plays a couple shows a month in area bars. Lucky for us lazy Salt Lakers, they'll be playing this month's Localized show on Dec. 9. They also have a web site, www.gundhi.com, where you can listen to some MP3's and buy their CD's. They have an EP called *Survival Kit* and a live, self-titled double-disc album.

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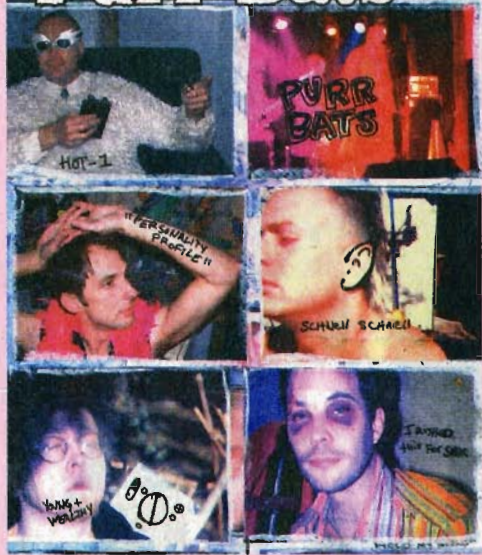
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CD Reviews

Purr Bats



Purr Bats
Salt Lake City
Recorded by: David Payneul, Jeremy Smith, Andy Patterson, Scott Selfridge, Eli Morrison
Mastered by: David Payneul
Purr Bats = Oh yeah! + It's about time for a new Purr Bats record (even though they put lots of stuff out) This record is as awesome as it can get ... meaning that there is no room for improvement! There is nothing audibly wrong on this flawlessly recorded and played Beck-ish record. It's the best thing from the Purr Bats, ever! I'll totally suck off Kyrbir (singer/mastermind) - it's glorious. Well-crafted, solid superb sounds, an orgy of local talent, interesting beats, unique homegrown samples, delicious lyrics, fantastic layout (featuring SLUG's own Soccer Dad: Jeff Fogt) ... what else can I say but that this is everything I love about our Salt Lake community. There are so many talented people selectively pieced together, forming this solid local musical masterpiece. It's so local that the two cover songs are of local bands Red Bennies ("The Buses Don't Run At Night") and Puri-do ("Perpetua's Greening.") Kyrbir and friends can do whatever they want and it would still sound like the Purr Bats. They have mastered the art of style. Even if you don't like this record, you will respect them. It's fuckin' tits! www.purrbats.com

The Yearbook
The New Year EP
Produced and Mixed by: Jason Meyers
Recorded by: Hyrum Summerhayes and Jason Meyers
The Yearbook = young girls want to have his babies + wearing those young girls pants + Myspace account I'm super-impressed by this guy, in his early 20s (educated guess), releasing his first full-band solo record. Impressed, because it takes a lot of guts to write and play your own record, and Lorin Madsen is on the right track. He's sexy but rockin', soulful and emotional, genuine and proud. The record has all the basic instruments of a rock band, which are played very well by Lorin himself and complimented by his sweet simple songwriting and nice-but-unstable vocals. He has that modern rock singer's crack in his voice; like he autotunes himself. Lorin could be autotuned, or just naturally cracked in the voice like Bobby from Hudson River School. The crack drives me crazy but the ladies love it. The recording sounds solid but it the mix is weak. The mix sounds like it has been

blanked, especially on the drums. If the drums sounded more vibrant and shiny, the record would sound a lot stronger and not so subdued. I'd say that this is a good start, but is not a hit record. www.myspace.com/theyearbook

Hogg Boss
It's All Boss
Recorded and mixed at Major Rec Studio with Boss Crew
Produced by: Major for Way 2 Major Productions
Mastered by: Marc Regan at Digital Audio Solutions
Avatar Records
Hogg Boss = Dr. Dre + T.L.C. - the hot female leads + voice modulation (I'm a country robot)
This CD blatantly bumps Dr. Dre's style. It's loaded with west-coast booty beats that were popular more than five years ago. Even though this record was just released, it is equal in quality to any 1999 Aftermath Records release. Hogg Boss emanates all that is L.A.; especially by showcasing a crew of famous guest MCs, such as E-40, Mr. Shadow, Chingo Bling and Dante Thomas. His approach totally works, even though it's out of date. Hogg Boss has an exceptional ear for each song's rhythmic flow and his rhymes fit into them like drum beats. I'm really proud of such polished hip-hop coming out of SLC (we're not known for the bump). The recording is huge on the low end and flawless throughout. This is definitely something to put "us" on the map for excellent hip-hop production. Hogg Boss has our homegrown country-bumpkin accent and I'd like it to be more predominant throughout his music. There's too much L.A. influence in here, and I'd like to hear a more unique SLC Boss. All in all, this record has excellent vocal flow, which is complimented by tasty beats and backed by a solid production. I'd let my kids listen to this.
www.HOGGBOSS.com

Whiskey's Wake
S/T
Mixed, Recorded, Mastered and Produced by: Andy Patterson and Whiskey's Wake
Whiskey's Wake = Lucky Charms + Democrats - legal power
None of these lads are old enough to legally drink, yet they play music that should be showcased in a pub. Infact, the band tried booking a bar show earlier this year without knowing they had to be of age to play bars (or just took a chance). The doorman took one look at them while they were loading in and demanded IDs. Whiskey's Wake had to leave, but they turned around and recorded a record instead. They play straight-up Irish jig rock with all the accoutrements like bagpipes, mandolin, tin whistle, accordion and, of course, their namesake. I'll give them props for doing something unpopular musically in SLC and being proud of it, but not for being un-prepared to record. The recording is basic and it fully captures all of the loose playing from the members and especially captures the ghetto sounds coming from the drum kit (primarily the kick - they need a better drum kit). The percussion flaws are made more prevalent because there isn't any bass (not necessarily a bad thing) which leaves holes in the power of drinking-rock. Maybe they'd rock harder if they were drunk. Whiskey's boisterous buzz would be an added (and much needed) confidence punch for this band whose drummer needs to hit harder, and whose singer is talented but not Irish enough. They could use a stereotypical fighting-fire-crotch-coach like our local man T-tops (Form of Rocket) to show them how to be wild, violent liquored Irishmen, and not such sweetly innocent, tweedly dudes. Give these boys some time and they'll be worthy of your next St. Patrick's Day shindig, or better yet, you'll see them at Burt's falling off the stage when they turn of age. www.whiskeyswake.com

The Happies
If We Were Really Here
Mixed and Recorded by: Jason Meyers at Audio Space

Produced by: Jason Meyers
Mastered by: Sam Gileadi
Eden's Watchtower Records
The Happies = Stewart Smalley - low self-opinion + HR Puffnut
I can't help but envision these guys playing together all dressed up in V-neck sweaters or tight-fitting retro suits. They couldn't be closer to the 80s version of the 60s Liverpool scene (every 20 years we regurgitate). Have you ever seen the (must-see) movie Brain Candy? There's a heavy industrial-metal band in the film whose depressing front man takes this orange happiness pill ("Gleemonex") and transforms into the exact opposite of his former self by performing his new hit single "Happiness Pie." That song reminds me of The Happies; in fact, they could have covered this drug-induced single that's chock-full of skipping-through-the-park fun. They sound like they are on Gleemonex themselves. The band would best fit as background music, similar to that on the Virgin Suicides soundtrack, lo-fi and droney. They're good musicians, but nothing on this record sets them apart from the heroin-rock masses. The recording is quite dull, although I can hear all the elements clearly, especially the acoustics (great sound) and the vocals (most upfront). I also dig the keyboards because they aren't pretentious or overblown, which keyboard players tend to be (Rick Wakeman from Yes). Not to diss the layout, because the cover art is Nightmare Before Christmas-fantastic, but is doesn't represent the feel of the record at all (it's not Danny Elfman-experimental enough). They're a good band, but to sum it up, I'll quote Revvo from Brain Candy: "Fuck happy," - but not The Happies.
www.myspace.com/thehappies

Hasenpfeffer and the Bomdiggitty
S/T
Recorded by: N/A at press time
Hasenpfeffer and the Bomdiggitty = Shaft - blackness + rednecks
These guys are not the "bomdiggitty." They have a chance at being good if they could choose a style to claim their own. Hasenpfeffer & the B are all over the place, from embarrassing bump-and-grind porn music, to jam-band wank-off, to Dave Matthews alt-country rock, to Sesame Street learning songs ("Little Rebel L") to James Brown-meets-Johnny B Goode" ... what? It all comes across like Stewart form Mad T.V.: "Look what I can do." The vocals are bad (three singers, and one really sucks). They can't keep too much of a solid note and the lyrics are lame. If you want to be silly and good, listen to The Darkness, who have lyrics like "Get your hands off my woman, mother-fucker;" This record comes off more like "Yo bitch, get me a sandwich." The playing is good, but they need to practice their style. I dig the tracks "Pop Song" and "And Just When Hope Was Lost..." - the best-played and most solid songs of the batch. Queens of the Stone Age is a solid example of a band with style they should observe. QOTSA write all sorts of songs and always sound like themselves. Figure out if you want to be the "bomdiggitty" or to just bomb. The recording is all right; good in the bass tones but too vocal-heavy and laden with bad effects. Hasenpfeffer and the Bomdiggitty's approach is ADD and a conversation at the end of track two between engineer and band sums up their record quite well: Engineer: "So, we keepin' that?" Singer: "I was just foolin' around mostly".
www.myspace.com/hasenpfefferandthebomdiggitty



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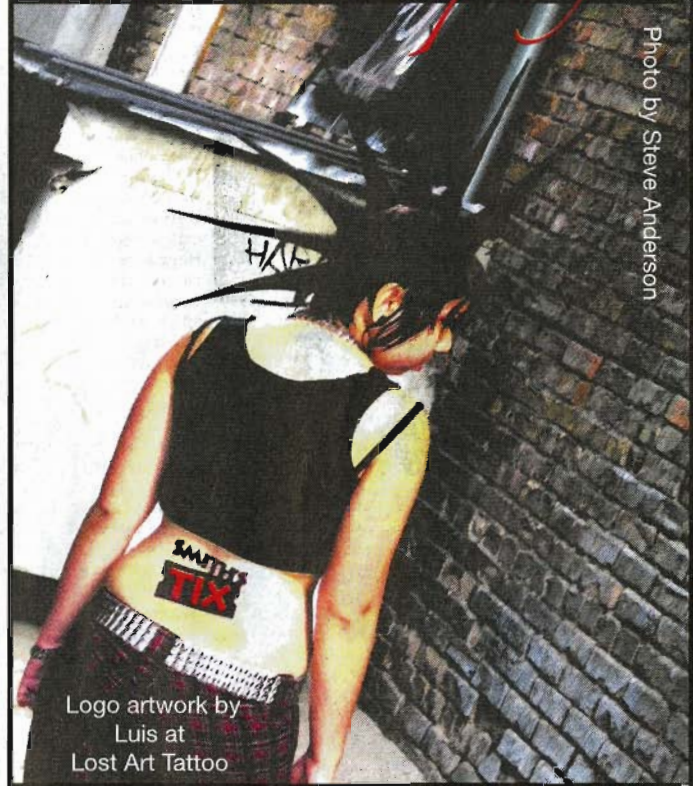


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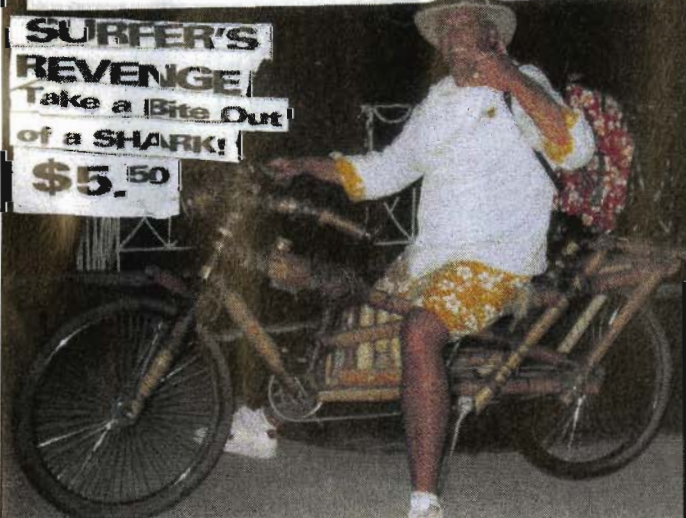
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Steely Resolve: An Interview with Lagwagon.

By Shane Farver shane@slugmag.com

When you lose someone close to you, there are two things you can do: Be crushed under the weight of the loss, or take all the pain that's tearing your heart to shreds and use it to make you stronger.

Lagwagon has chosen the latter option.

The former drummer of the band, **Derrick Plourde**, committed suicide on March 30, leaving Lagwagon and several friends with their heads full of questions and memories.

"I wish I could have changed your mind / would of / should of / the question till I die," Lagwagon front man **Joey Cape** sings on their new album, *Resolve*, which is dedicated to Plourde.

Plourde had left Lagwagon after their third album, *Hoss*, but continued to play with Cape in **Bad Astronaut**. He also played in the **Mad Caddies** and **Ataris**.

"Derrick was a pretty popular guy," said **Chris "Leon" Rest**, Lagwagon's guitarist. "It [his suicide] affected a lot of people."

Still, the quintet pressed on, releasing the emotionally charged *Resolve* Nov. 1. Musically, the album taps into the high-throttle energy of their second release, *Trashed*. But the lyrical quality evokes a pain not previously known to the band.

"When something affects your life strongly, it gives you inspiration to work your way through it," Leon said.

In addition to the recent tragedy, Lagwagon has faced different challenges throughout their career.

The band was the first to be signed to **Fat Wreck Chords**, and both Leon and guitarist, **Chris "Flip" Flippin**, admit they and their fan base are getting older.

"Our fans are the drunk, old guys that are passed out and the kids are here to see the other bands," Flip said with a smirk on his face.

But Lagwagon has never played for the masses.

In fact, neither Flip nor Leon agree with the moniker of "punk rock" that many fans attribute to them.

They prefer "rock" as a descriptor for the fast-paced power that streams out of their guitars.

"I'm not punk enough to smash beer bottles over my head," Leon said.

He just isn't comfortable with the skin-slash-

"Our country is rich enough that I think they could do something about it," he said. "Like the veterans, it seems like they should at least take care of them."

Flip added the lack of health care to the list of social maladies that pisses him off.

"I still don't have it," he said. "Insurance is pretty pricey if you don't get it through a company."

The second song on the new album, "Automatic," takes issue with the empty lives Leon and Flip say many Americans subscribe to.

"It's kind of like an 80s way of looking at society," Leon said. "Everybody is so plastic and then when you actually meet people, everyone has a personality... I guess you can say that in society as a whole, a lot of people are like that."

Another foe the band has encountered comes from the Internet.

"There's so much media now with computers and video games and stuff," Flip said. "It's not like people are going camping. Man, I'm from the 70s, you know what I mean?"



ing, heroin-shooting mantra followed by early punk rockers.

They don't particularly relate to what's considered punk nowadays either.

"It's just weird how all these 'punk' bands, note the quotation marks around punk, are all over MTV and VH1," Leon said.

The two guitarists— Leon with his plain work jacket and Flip with his long, stringy hair— seem much more at home in a dimly lit bar nursing a Budweiser than fixing up a fauxhawk in front of a mirror.

If there's one thing punk does have a hand in, it's calling bullshit on social ills— and there's still plenty of problems for Lagwagon to rail against.

Leon said homelessness is the problem that bothers him most:

Not only that, the Internet is hurting Lagwagon in a much more personal way.

Fat Wreck Chords has experienced a 50 percent decline in sales ever since fans started downloading instead of buying discs, Leon said.

"Bands need to tour more, that's where the money is," Flip said. With that being said, Flip and Leon polished off their beers, joined Cape, drummer **Dave Raun**, and bassist **Jesse Buglione** on stage, and continued their tour at *In The Venue* on Nov. 15.

They played their hearts out, feeding off the crowd's chants and pumping fists.

Sweat poured, heads thrashed, lyrics were screamed with feeling.

*Derrick would have
been proud.*



.45 Grave started in 1979 as four people messing around with a TEAC 8 track recorder: Dinah Cancer – Vocals, Paul Cutler-guitar, Rob Graves-

bass and Don Bolles - drums. In between punk rock, heavy metal, and a gloom ridden "ghoul rock," .45 Grave set the stage for what later was to become "goth rock." What set them apart from the rest of the "punk rock" aesthetic and attitude was that they didn't take themselves, or their politics, too seriously. Now, 25 years later and with a whole lot of change, Dinah Cancer is back on the road as Dinah Cancer & the Grave Robbers. Cancer is keeping the spirit of .45 Grave alive and well, and she took time out of her usual "doom and gloom" to have a surprising and informative phone conversation with Jared "Rad and Ready" Soper.

SLUG: How did the .45 Grave reformation come about anyway?
Dinah Cancer: Well, basically, going back a couple of years, when I first started to come back and bring out the .45 Grave tunes, I had a band called Dinah Cancer and the Grave Robbers. It was the first generation; it was more like a warm-up. I still wasn't satisfied with my line-up and I was looking for the most awesome guitar guy to fill Phil Cutler's shoes. It took me a while to find him. It was back in July 2005; I talked to Paul and asked him if he would get freaked out if I used the name .45 Grave. He thought about it and called me back, saying, that I could go for it. He fully supported me and told me he was retired. He isn't into the rock n'roll lifestyle anymore. I hired Rick Agnew on lead guitar, JD Pinion on rhythm guitar, and Thrashead joined up on drums. That is the line-up we are currently working with, with Lucifer on bass.

SLUG: What is your opinion of the different subgenres that came out of .45 Grave and **Christian Death**?
DC: It is hard to say. Everyone takes a little bit from what **Marilyn Manson** was doing. A lot of people take it upon themselves to interpret what the music means to them. As far as the gothic movement, just like with any movement, there are always shaky times. Right now, because of the new branch of rock, like Marilyn Manson and **Rob Zombie**, which still have an industrial/metal edge to them, it has made it so easily accessible, versus when we were growing up ... because of the resurgence that is going on right now, a lot of the older bands are coming out to play. It gives people the opportunity to see what was happening 20 years ago. Hopefully, when they go to the show they will soak it in and catch some the spirit we had back then. Recently, **Bauhaus** played over here on Halloween.

zOmbIE:

reanimation and reunion: An Interview with Dinah Cancer of .45 Grave

Interview by Jared Soper
 Transcription by Erik Lopez

SLUG: Yeah ... I notice that it says .45 Grave are cited in several rock music biographies as being a huge musical influence on many of the bands that surfaced from the LA scene including **Motley Crue**, **Guns 'n' Roses**, **L.A. Guns**, **Faster Pussycat**, and **Red Hot Chili Peppers**. It seems like a lot of the bands don't have a connection between .45 Grave and what they seem to be an outgrowth of that. Especially RHCP...

DC: ha ha ha ... They got in contact with me a year ago and they re-recorded "Black Crop..."

SLUG: RHCP did?
DC: Yeah...

SLUG: Oh wow...
DC: It is on their recent album, I think. It was one of the few records they listened to on the tour bus, and then they called me up to ask me "what are the lyrics to that song?" So I sent it to them, and then at the beginning of the year they did that recording. As far as **Motley Crue**, I was going out with **Nicky Six** for a little bit, and when they came out with *Shout at the Devil*, Nicky said the reason they got the upside down pentagram idea from .45 Grave. We had our pentagram. As far as **Guns 'n' Roses**, I lived with them for a year right before they were signed. They were good friends of mine. I still talk to them from time to time. As people say, "Oh, you weren't around G n'R." Look at the liner notes for *Appetite for Destruction*; I am on the thank-you list.

SLUG: The press sheet also has no info on the reunion tour or any of the shows ... where is it and when is it taking place?
DC: We pulled out of the **Misfits** tour for two months. They were having professional problems with the company. As far as the new tour, as of next week we are going to be booking a month-and-a-half tour in mid-February for about 30 days. In April, we will be going on to Europe. I think SLC is on the list. It takes time to book a tour. A lot of people are asking me to "please come out..." Well, we are working on it, so we will be coming out early spring.

For the FULL (4,000 + words!) interview of Dinah Cancer check out our exclusive web content at www.slugmag.com.

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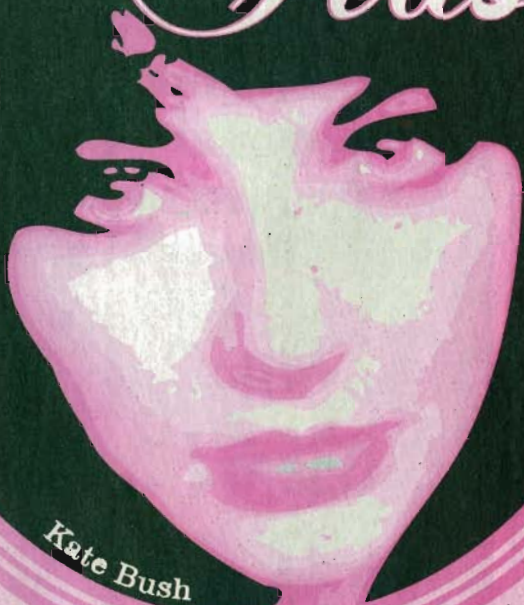
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While I

would like to delight in the fact that last month's *GCT* seemed to be the popular page to rip out of SLUG, I know that my column spent the majority of its days face down on bathroom floors due to the rather thematically appropriate advertisement on page 18. Of all the interviews to get away she was the one...

Kate Bush
Aerial
Columbia
Street: 11.08

Kate Bush = Joni Mitchell if she played piano, danced ballet and hung out with Peter Gabriel.

Kate Bush is one of the most important musicians to come from the late 70s and blossom in the 80's without the kitsch and passé of post-punk pop while keeping all the reckless abandon. She's a dancer, performance artist and a brilliant musician with a taste for experimentation that somehow has endeared her to the masses and the elitist music-connoisseur alike. It's been 12 years of silence since her last album, *The Red Shoes*. **Tori Amos**, **Sarah McLachlan**, the underappreciated **Jane Siberry** and their contemporaries have stolen their bits of the spotlight, not to mention style, substance and sound while Kate worked away in her studio promising a new album that seemingly would never come. I worried what time might do to her; new material could easily be a disappointment. *The Red Shoes* was adventurous, clearly a reaction to the beautiful but restrained album, *The Sensual World*, that preceded it. It was also underwhelming, despite the exotic spirit its singles "Eat the Music" and "Rubber band Girl" offered. *Aerial* is Spread out over two discs; *A Sea of Honey* being a more traditional, radio-friendly and *A Sky of Honey* more conceptual and engaging. *Aerial* is the album that should have followed *The Hounds of Love*. While it lacks the breakaway passion of "Running Up That Hill," or the whimsical magic of the title track "Hounds of Love,"

it does recapture the moods with broken dialogue sprinkled among gorgeous vocals and lush surroundings that dominated the remainder of that album. Lyrically, Bush is still able to take t h e

most simple, often awkward phrases and twist them into something beautiful like day-dreams rooted in likely possibilities. Not nearly a masterpiece, but ridiculously close.

Various Artists
Nothing Concrete
99X/10
Street: 08.23
99x/10 = folktronica a la **Beth Orton** +/- **William Orbit** + incidental film music +/- **The Album Leaf** Former **Cure** keyboardist and Moog enthusiast **Roger O'Donnell** has busied himself with the task of starting a record label focusing on a cocktail made of electronics and organic instrumentation. *Nothing Concrete*, a collection of bands O'Donnell has either signed to the label or has an expressed interest in, plays out like the classic 4ad compilation *Lonely is an Eyesore* in that while technically speaking, the bands featured are lumped together in a genre, at the same time their personalities, quirks and nuances set them apart from each other. Like the incidental music from the *Lost in Translation* soundtrack, *Nothing Concrete* captures a mood that is both melancholy and warm. While Cure fans might be shocked to find O'Donnell's two tracks sound nothing like his former band, there is more than enough reason to look forward to his impending full-length release. Highlights also include the jaw dropping cinematic tracks from **Goddamn Electric Bill**, the **Sigur Ros** by-way-of **Beth Orton** sound of **Maybe**, the space jazz cabaret of **Erin Lang**, the electronic scrapings of **Somnolent**, **Dead Waiter** and **Sensory Factory**. I like **Ecce's** warm, circular swaying of guitars, organ and electronics as well. 99X/10 has the makings of a label where each release is as highly anticipated as the last regardless of which artist it happens to be.

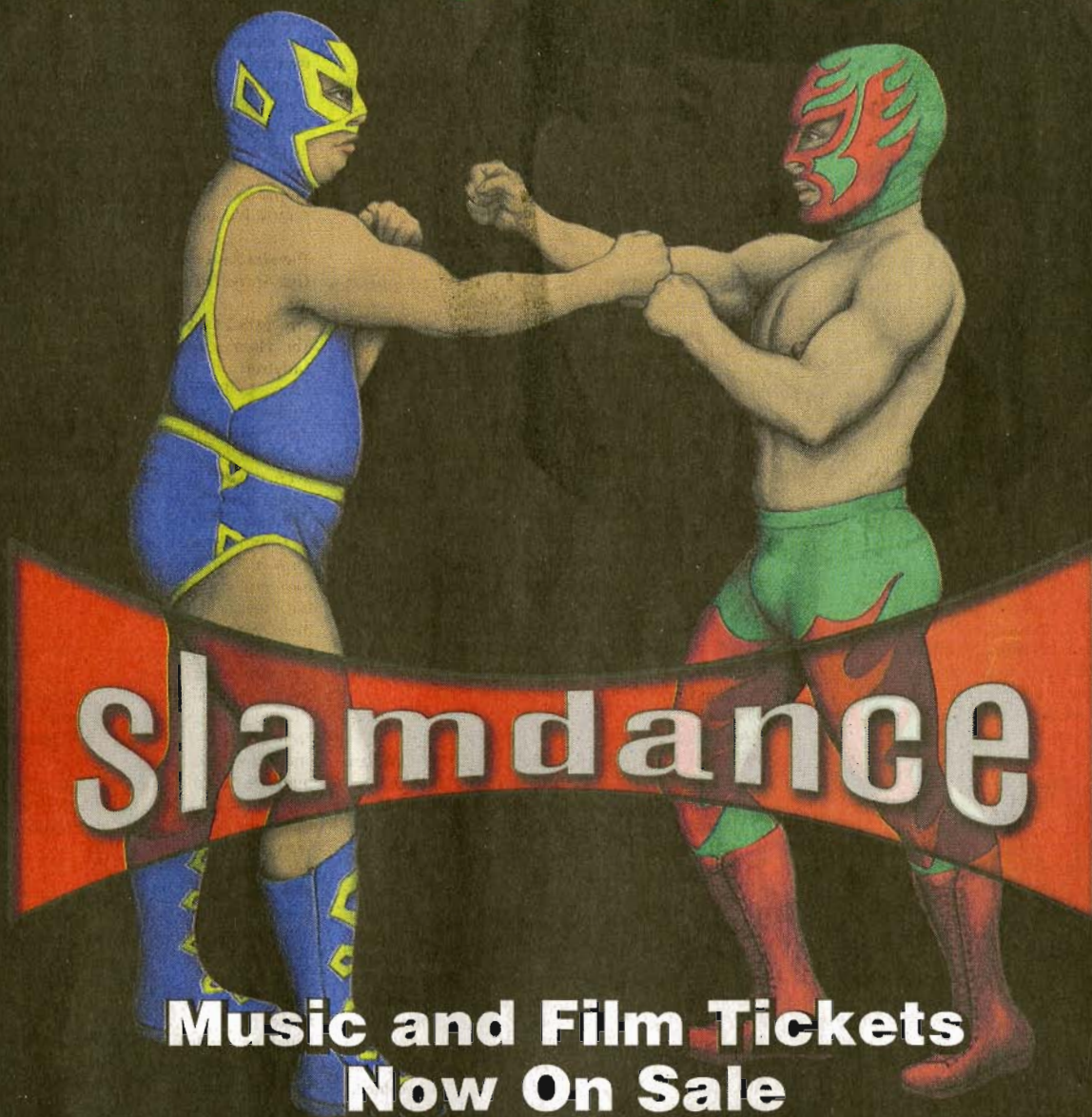
Daniel Ash
Come Alive
Psychobaby
Street: 10.25

Daniel Ash = T. Rex + distortion + ectronica Bauhaus, Tones on Tale, Love & Rockets and a handful of solo releases are all Daniel Ash has to decorate his résumé. Not to mention college radio would have been pretty silent in the 80s if it weren't for Ash. *Come Alive* is a brief history, a live document of a career, a best of sorts (although one could complain that a dozen or so songs didn't fit into the set list). It is an album from a tour that started with a disastrous car wreck and somehow turned into a life-affirming celebration. If you were unable to catch the shows you missed out on one of the finest nights of your life, this album is as close as you'll get to understanding exactly what I mean. It's brilliant and still only pales in comparison to being there. Even the quips between songs show the delicate balance of the fragile egomaniac that has somehow made Daniel one of my favorite personalities. Maybe if you close your eyes you can imagine the swagger as Daniel, bruised and battered, played songs you thought you'd never get to hear live. Almost like being there. This is the pops indeed.

The Human League
Live At the Dome (DVD)
MVD
Street: 08.23
The Human League = An awkward Roxy Music + Ladytron
Okay, so **Philip Oakey** isn't **David Gahan** and The Human League aren't **Depeche Mode** and initially their role in the history of electronic music might not seem significant. But after one listen to *Dare* even the most casual of listener couldn't be blind to the debt that electroclash owes to them. For the uninitiated, The Human League are a warmer shade of **Gary Numan** with an abundance of female vocal thrown in to soften the robotic chill. Granted they have less soul than 80's contemporaries **ABC** ever did but they've also got more than three good songs to their credit. *Live at the Dome* is a postcard from the final show of their '03 tour and captures the band in top form supporting **Secrets**; their most solid effort in twenty years. The set list is optimistic, full of the more "melodic" songs (Oakey is keen to point that out) like "Mirror Man," "Fascination," "Don't You Want Me?" and "Love Me Madly?" with a few of their darker numbers "Human," "The Lebanon" and "Darkness" thrown in to for artistic balance. I suppose one could complain that Oakey is a bit chatty and that they've seemingly forgotten they recorded anything in the 90s but in all fairness the group clearly knows its strengths and *Romantic?* and *Octopus* weren't exactly stellar releases (could have done with "Heart Like a Wheel") but you'd be missing the point: The Human League's influence is seriously underrated.

Semaphore
Make
Laughing Shadows
Street: N/A
Semaphore = Boards of Canada + a touch of Brian Eno's sense of disorganization as a structure
Not to be confused with the DC band of the same name, Semaphore, in this case, or perhaps till the lawyers get involved, is **Kirby Clements**. *Make* is a solid slab of ambient textures that knows just when to mess things up a bit and keep the songs from wandering off into something your mother would call "lovely" or "perfect music to fall asleep to." In fact, this is one of those albums that really benefits from being turned up to the point where you're neighbors are banging on the door wondering why you've chosen that particular hour of the night to throw an electrical soundtrack down their throats. It isn't overtly experimental, threatening or outrageously brilliant but it is good without being derivative.

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DISC MAKERS

MoDus OpERaNDi

By Amy Spencer
oneamysseven@kommandzero.net

A post-apocalyptic wreckage of electronic debris and Industrial remains for a reconstructed world.

Detritus
Origin
Ad Noiseam
Detritus = Beefcake + Kattoo
Street: 09.30

Picking up a rock and discovering the living beauty that lies beneath is always fascinating. Detritus may seem like an ordinary rock, but once uncovered the hours of observation and discovery never become tiresome. *Origin*, the second release from **David Dando-Moore**, combines stunning drum 'n'bass with the richest melodies to hit the palate and is one of the most memorable discs of the year. "Paper Cuts" begins with crisp hits and strings with sweet, sugary granules fusing next into "Dead Daffodils" — a catchy minimalistic piece that imprints its beauty and echoes its melody when you least expect it. Highly emotional melodies among 11 tracks set Detritus apart from the bunch, and subtlety becomes the prominent hook to lure you to his *Origins*. Rising and falling soundscapes on Dil Wyn get head-nodding or car-dancing as do "Fable" and "Sense." Remixes from labelmates **Mothboy** and **Mad EP** work out the subtleties with throat-gripping noises and textures. Regretfully, I glazed over *Enogenous*, the first release of Detritus, over a year ago and now I'm going back and wondering what was wrong with me. Detritus knows how to make orchestral textures and melodies that will grip your heart, hold you close, tell you they love you and promise to never leave.



God Module
Viscera
Metropolis
God Module = Hocico + Suicide Commando
Street: 10.11

God Module has been a leader in the harsh electro world since their beginning in 1999 and now they unveil their third full-length album loaded with more rage and dance-floor assault than ever. This time around, 11 tracks are relentless with driving rhythms and perfect distortion on the male vocals. The female vocals are sweet, not too delicate and not overdone, particularly on "Sections." The feminine touch on this male-dominated industrial scene is a breath of fresh air. I'm a sucker for a good cover song and the cover of The Cure's "A Night Like This" is almost unfamiliar, but heartwarming in its raw distortion and hate. The God Module sound could be getting a little tired, but *Viscera* pulls through with a leading edge on the electro-hate competition.

Meat Beat Manifesto
Off-Centre
Thirsty Ear
Meat Beat Manifesto = Mementos of the best concert in 2005
Street: 10.25

It's clear that *Off-Centre* is more of an extension of *At the Center* and is strictly for the die-hard fans. Within six tracks you can relive what was the best show this year with a remix of "Wild," and live versions of "Shotgun! (Blast to The Brain)" and "Prime Audio Soup." **Jack Dangers** and friends celebrate the recent tour with a continuation of jazz-fusion with electronics, bass flute, bass clarinet, Steinway grand piano and crisp percussion. The man is an overachiever and anything he does will overwhelm you with brilliance. You are truly punishing your ears if they aren't listening to the music of Jack Dangers.

Various Artists
Maschinenfest 2005
Pflichtkauf
Maschinenfest 2005 = Noise Gumbo
Street: 09.30

There are two compilations to look forward to every year: *Form of Hands 200*-whatever and *Maschinenfest 200*-whatever. *Maschinenfest*, the yearly noise/etc. festival held in Germany, gives attendees the double-disc souvenir and the rest of us a way to vicariously experience one of the leading festivals of its kind. The 2005 festival line-up was three days of solid IDM, drum 'n'bass, break-core, rhythm-noise and experimental acts during the first weekend in October. Sadly, I did not attend this year, although it is the best line-up I have seen since the 2002 showcase with **m2**. Old and new faces in post-industrial showcased include **Enduser**, **Rasputin**, **Kom-Intern**, **Imminent** and **Ah Cama-Sotz**, and that's just on the first disc. The second disc, and my personal favorite, includes **AZ-Rotator**, **Empusae**, the best **Architect** track ever written and **Salt Lake's** own **Lapsed**. In a scene where compilations have taken a nose-dive into the worst disc you could buy that's out there, the *Maschinenfest* compilations consistently deliver quality that ranges from new faces, old friends, exclusive mixes and overall enthusiasm for uniting bands together to celebrate the music.

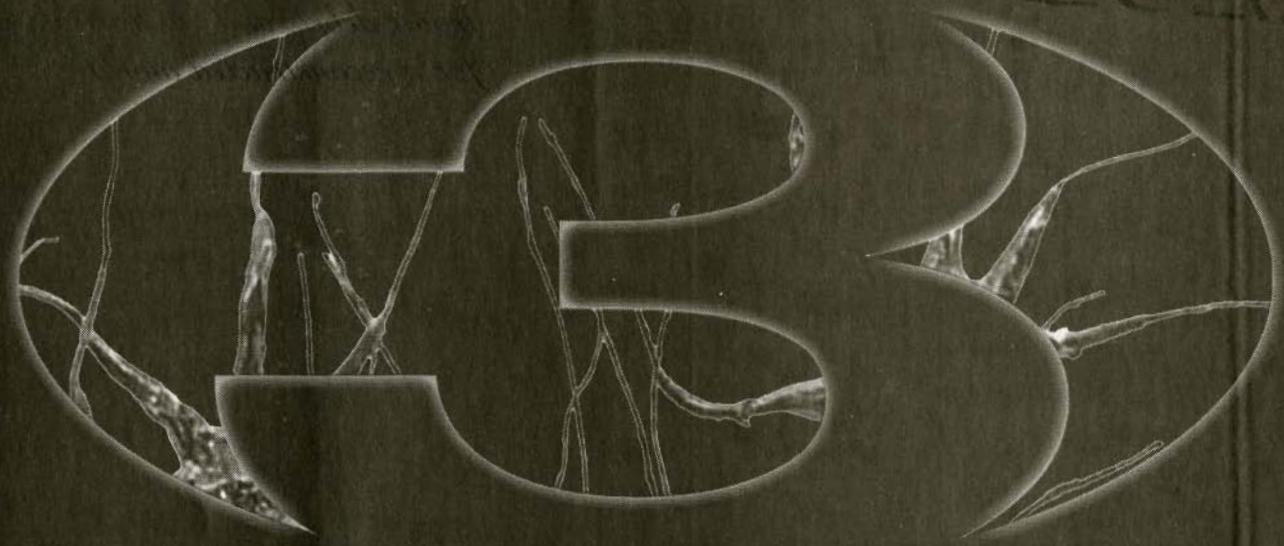
AZ-Rotator
Science of Chance
Ad Noiseam
AZ-Rotator = The tenacity of The Brothers Quay + the precision of a ginzu knife chef + delicateness of a china store
Street: 09.30

AZ-Rotator could have been a fancy knife chef in a former life with the way he slices, dices and rips the hell out of those beats like he's preparing a stir-fry. Experiments with sound on his premier release, *Science of Chance*, prove this act from Madrid knows the rules of composition, but also knows how to break them with skill. **Uge Ortiz** is the "I" in **IDM** and he hands it to you in even static and explosive pieces on a platter with *Science of Dance*. In a short time Ortiz emerged to the front of the electronic world, and did what so many musicians can only dream of—performed at *Maschinenfest* just this year. **AZ-Rotator** works both in the front and back, but when it's right in front of you, it seems you need a microscope to observe the tiny details and study the precision of each move. The brilliance of **AZ-Rotator** can be overwhelming just chill with the beats and the intensity fades into sound waves of sedation.

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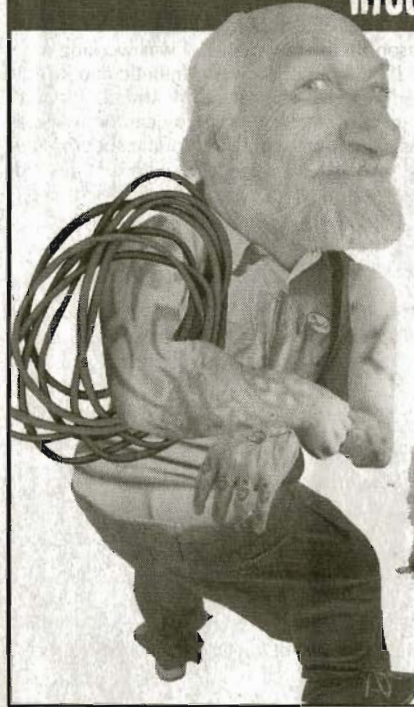
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Soccer Dad and the People in your Neighborhood True Tales of an SLC Cabbie

Episode #10: Ethics 101

Because there was a temporary lull in the action, I was sitting on the side of State Street around 33rd South, watching lightning crackle out of a storm front that was soon to dump the first snow of the season on the mountains. I was working my first Friday night in weeks and it had, of course, been frenetic and lame. I hate working weekends. Even though business is brisk and all, it's a little too chaotic for my taste. I prefer to fart around in my cab on weekday nights when I have the city basically to myself and all of the suburban, 9-to-5 amateurs aren't out clogging the streets downtown with their insipid attempts at having fun. Anyways, the lightning was sporadic, but fierce, and I was enjoying the respite.

I got a dispatch to Coyotz, a watering hole at about 29th and State. The people that I typically pick up out of there are shit-faced professional drinkers well past their youth. And they never wait outside. I got out of the cab, walked inside and called out "Shitty Cab" as loudly as I could. Out of the red-nosed faces walked a tall and stocky Native American boy in what appeared to be his early twenties. He was wearing a white do-rag, a FUBU jacket and an expression on his face that betrayed his high inebriation level.

"Hey dawg," he slurred, "what's happenin'?"

Here we go.

He got in and murmured an address not too far from there. I should mention that most people who frequent Coyotz don't live more than a mile or so away. I should also mention that they aren't exactly big tip-pers. I felt a little grouchy as I began driving towards the stated destination.

"Hey dawg, wait. Take me to Redwood and 17th," he said. He then hiccupped.

Ok, fine. I got on the freeway and caught a stellar view of the lightning over the city from atop the ramp on The Spaghetti Bowl. Magnificent. My passenger informed me that his name was 2Fresh and that he thought I was one cool dude. He also axed me if I liked to get fucked up. He said that he could get me the bomb-diggety weeds, yo. I told him thanks, but no thanks.

"I can get my own chronic, 2Fresh," I stated truthfully.

As we got off the freeway, he told me that he had changed his mind again and that he now wanted to go to his sister's place by the E Center. He was fading fast into incoherency and was starting to doze off, so I firmly told him to stay awake and to guide me. As we came up on the E Center, he told me to turn right into a trailer park. As we came to a stop sign, I asked him which way to go and he said left. The problem with this was that the only options were to go straight or right. I decided just to go straight and to hope for the best. As we descended deep into the endless rows of double-wides, 2Fresh had an epiphany and stated that we had turned one street too soon initially, that we were in the wrong neighborhood. I was a little frustrated at this point, so I flipped a U-turn a little too fast perhaps. 2Fresh slammed into the window of the back passenger side door with his head. Hard. I was amazed that he hadn't shattered the glass.

I asked, "Dude, are you OK?"

He looked at me with eyes that were ridiculously vacant. 2Fresh was officially useless. Shit.

I pulled out of the trailer park and turned right onto the next street. It was an apartment complex with a gate. I pulled up to the gate and asked him if this was the place. I think that he said it was. It was hard to tell. He wasn't forming words properly. I drove slowly through the complex waiting for some semblance of a sign of recognition so that I could drop

By The Incredible Gadianton vicdic66@hotmail.com

the poor bastard off. As we turned a corner, he piped up and let out a noise that sounded kind of like a pissed-off hippo. I stopped the cab.

"Alright dude. It's \$18.40. Are you sure this is it?"
He ignored me and got out.

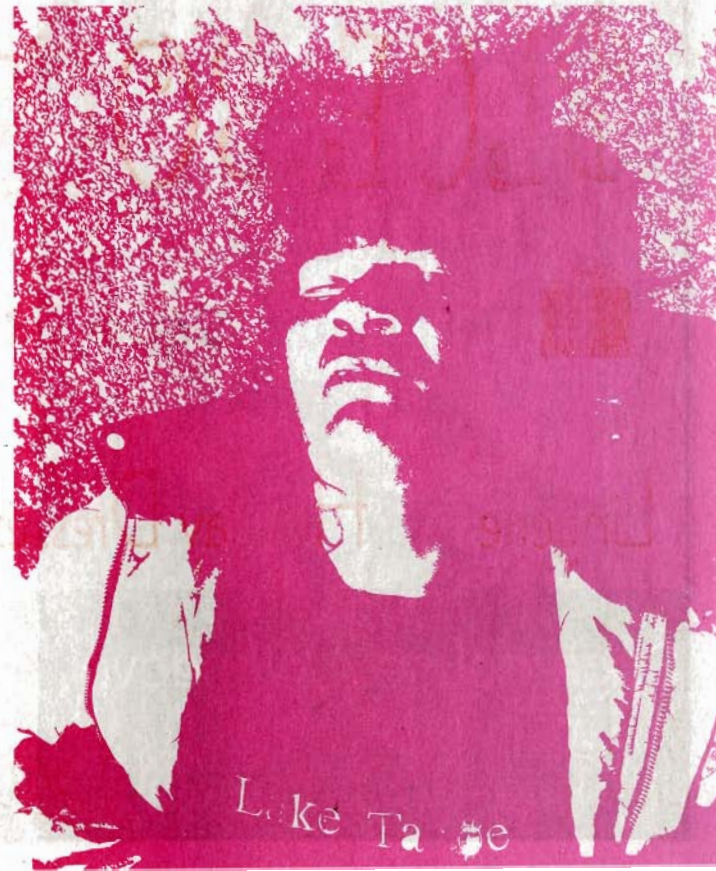
"2Fresh, you gotta pay me, man," I pleaded, "Where you goin'?"
He stumbled to a patch of grass in front of the apartment building and face planted. The complex was eerily quiet and devoid of humans. The wind was picking up. It was going to start raining any minute. A lightning flash went off.

I walked over to him, kneeled and said, "Dude, you gotta pay me. If you do, I'll help you to the door. Ok?"
He looked at me, sat up and pulled out his wallet. Surprisingly and suddenly sort-of coherent, he said, "Man, I gots money. Check it out." He opened his wallet and there was at least five hundred bucks in it.

Taken aback, I said, "Umm, wow, ok, cool. Look, just pay me and then I'll help you, alright?"

He then inexplicably got up and started walking back to the cab. He did a little side step, then a shuffle and then flailed backwards until he fell. I watched helplessly as his head slammed onto the concrete harder than it had hit the glass ten minutes earlier. His vacant stare was now bordering catatonia. I checked for blood (not bleeding, thank God) as I picked him up and helped him to the grassy patch. A horrible urge to take his money and leave him there washed over me. I fought it. I fought it so hard that I began to sweat. My mouth got dry. I felt a drop of rain hit my forehead as I looked down on poor 2Fresh starting to fall asleep. I felt my muscles tense and my bowels clench. And another lightning flash.

SLUG



Like Tale



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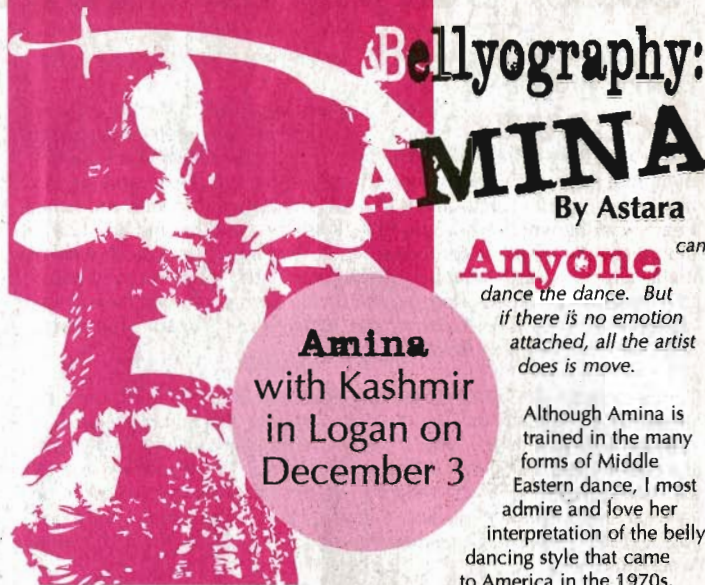
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Bellyography:

AMINA

By Astar

Anyone can

dance the dance. But
if there is no emotion
attached, all the artist
does is move.

Amina
with Kashmir
in Logan on
December 3

Although Amina is
trained in the many
forms of Middle
Eastern dance, I most
admire and love her
interpretation of the belly
dancing style that came
to America in the 1970s,
which I call the "old style."

The zils, the swords, the full and colorful costuming with scarves and head wraps epitomizes belly dancing for many of us in America. Amina's dancing is passionate, true, and mature with an earthy quality, and an essence of the mystery of the Middle East. Perhaps because she is half Armenian, Amina did not have to find her way to Middle Eastern dance. As a child she was immersed in the rhythms and movement of belly dancing, and she was known to break into a dance on the sidewalks of her neighborhood and perform for all the neighbors.

My family always danced at reunions, weddings, and birthdays. Everyone danced. We were always dancing.

Wanting a larger stage than her sidewalk, Amina became one of **Zahira's** students 12 years ago, and has been a member of the **Desert Orchid Dance Company**, under Zahira's direction, for the past four years.

Zahira is my mentor and my teacher. After twelve years, I am still learning new information from her about the dance. We perform the more traditional and authentic forms of Middle Eastern dance. The dances we do are the purest choreographies that we can present in the United States. We try to stay true to that.

Loving all forms of Dance Orientale, she has studied with many other teachers. Her favorites include **Nourhan Sharif**, **Nadia Fouad**, and **Momo Kadous**, because she appreciates the movement that they execute, the passion they embody, and how they move their audiences.

My passion is the sword dance, which is called Raks al sayef. This dance is a show of strength—feminine strength. To perform this dance, you must have an honest regard for the sword as a weapon and honor it in the movement of the dance.

Amina is presently taking a sabbatical from Desert Orchid and will be dancing with **Kashmir Dance Company**, learning the American Tribal style of dance.

Utah is so wonderful because you can network with other dancers and there are opportunities to learn new things. Twelve years ago, we had a few dancers performing a limited variety of Dance Orientale. Today, we have many dancers sharing a wealth of knowledge and a large variety of styles. Very few people even knew Salt Lake had a belly dance community. Today, people like **Ansuva** are asking to come here and teach. The Wasatch Front has become a hub for Middle Eastern dance in all its forms, styles, and varieties.

Amina will be performing with Kashmir in Logan on December 3, at the Ansuva show, and with friends for First Night, December 31. She is hosting a double veil workshop with **Shahravar**, December 18th. Taylorsville Recreation Center.

For more information on events and classes visit <http://aminasl.com>.

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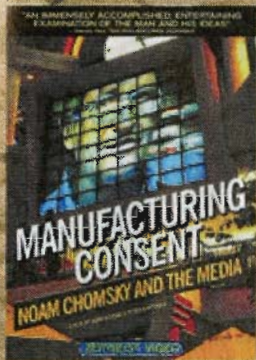
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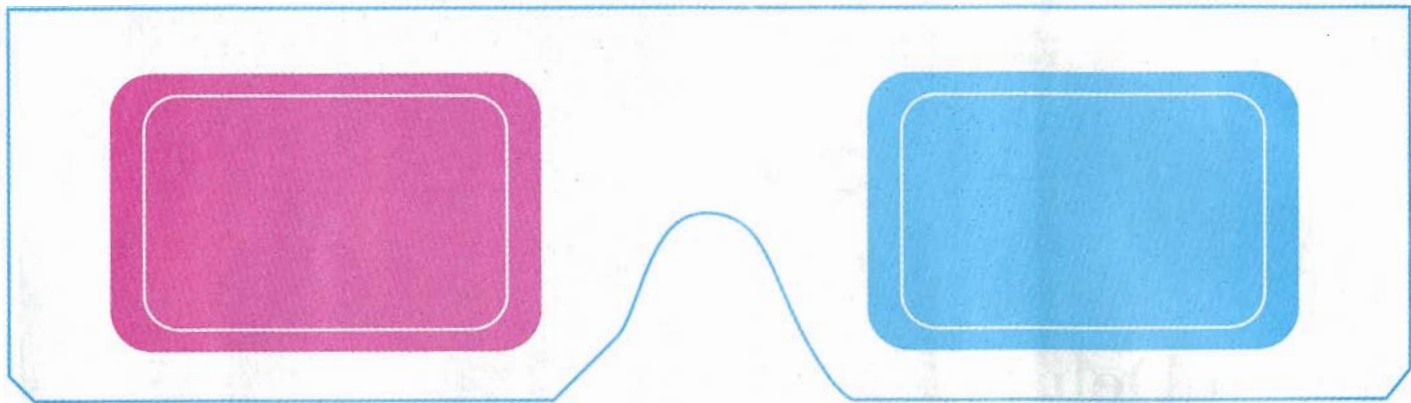
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Jett Beer Culmination

...Or How I Was Schooled In Rock 'N' Roll Etiquette with Witty Japanese One-Liners Interview by Jared T. Soper

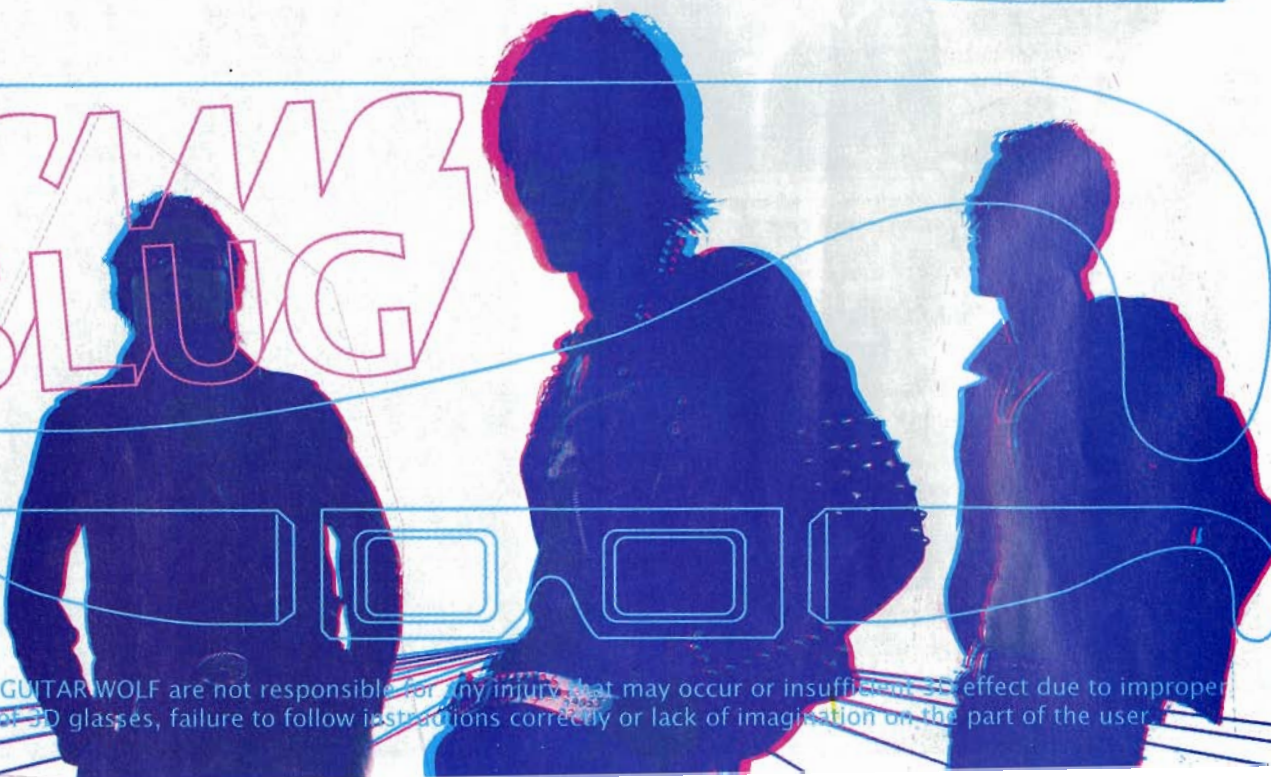


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Tactic

Guitar Wolf has never let up. Japan's prodigal sons of rock n' roll have been blazing a path of destruction for well over a decade with relentless touring and prominent roles in two full-length B-grade movies (*Wild Zero* and John Michael McCarthy's *The Sore Losers*), gaining them fans all over the map (as evidenced by the recent tribute album, *I Love Guitar Wolf... Very Much* on Narnack). Their image and sound are largely influenced by a fervent worship for the heroes and merits of rock n' roll's past (Link Wray, The Ramones, Eddie Cochran, Joan Jett and black leather jackets) all fueled by massive amounts of "Jett Beer." With nine albums and a handful of singles under their belts (half of them being out of print or only available in Japan), it came time for a more convenient collection of their songs.

Enter *Golden Black*, a 26-track career-spanning anthology with songs hand-picked by the band's swelling internet cult following. The compilation was obviously done with love and care, as it features hard-to-find singles and exclusive re-recordings of some songs whose original versions may not have been up to par with the band's standards, making *Golden Black* the marker-point for which all best-of compilations should be measured up to.

Guitar Wolf's illustrious career took a sharp turn earlier this year when their original bass player, Hideaki "Billy" Sekiguchi, passed away after returning home to Japan from touring the US in support of 2004's studio album, *Love Rock* (Narnack). Obituaries of Billy have remembered him fondly, pictured with a bottle of booze in hand, bass slung over his shoulder, and a shit-eating grin emblazoned across his face. This, I'm sure, is how he would like to be remembered.

In order to elaborate on these subjects and more, a series of questions was devised and sent off to Japanese correspondent and manager extraordinaire, Reiko Kudo, who in turn translated the questions for Seiji, Guitar Wolf's singer and guitarist. The following is what was received in return:

SLUG: a.) What was your impression of the Guitar Wolf tribute album? b.) Did you have a hand in selecting the artists for the record?

Seiji: a. I just want to say "Thank you very much for playing our song."

b. No. Our label in Japan, Ki/oon Records, made the plan and they completed. I want to kiss all the bands and artists who participated in this album.

SLUG: Will there be an American tour in support of the new 'best of' disc?

Seiji: No, but we are coming back to the US with the new album next year.

SLUG: Who are your favorite bands to tour with?

Seiji: The Rolling Stones, AC/DC.

SLUG: I've read different accounts of how Billy died; if it were not too touchy of a subject

would you care to shed some light on what really happened?

Seiji: The Angels gave him a peace.

SLUG: Did you ever consider breaking up the band after Billy's death?

Seiji: At the moment when I saw his death mask, I thought "Thanks, Billy. You can go to sleep now. Do not worry. We'll keep on rockin' harder than ever!!"

SLUG: For those who don't know, who is the new bass player?

Seiji: 19-years-old boy who just got out of the detention center. He hasn't played the bass before. He doesn't know R&R yet. Being outlaw is the only thing Guitar Wolf needs from him.

SLUG: How was the new bass player discovered? Was he an old friend of the band's, a long-time fan...?

Seiji: He came to the after-show party about a year ago, he had quite a big attitude. I remembered him since then.

SLUG: Is it true that prior to joining the band, he had not played any instruments before?

Seiji: Yes.

SLUG: Did it take him a while to catch up and learn the songs?

Seiji: Guts, that's all we need. Guitar Wolf couldn't have been here today without.

SLUG: I've heard that you guys party pretty hard; does that ever affect your shows?

-Do you have any crazy stories to share?

Seiji: No!! I show off my R&R power at the show and my liver power at the party after the show.

There are millions of stories but we usually end up with fighting and throwing the beer pitchers. *(It should be noted that the Guitar Wolf's live show is the stuff of legendary proportions. Even in the hottest of venues the band wear their leather attire at all times, effortlessly downing full bottles of beer before launching into their sets, and constantly maintaining their appearance by combing their pompadour hair-dos - mid-song no-less! If that weren't enough, the band makes sure to keep the audience involved and pull at least one person from the crowd out at each show to play along with them.)*

SLUG: What are some of your favorite movies? It seems that Guitar Wolf are very influenced by American pop culture.

Seiji: *Back to the Future*, *Enter the Dragon*, *Charlie's Angels 1 & 2*, *My Darling Clementine*, *High Noon*.

SLUG: On a related note, how did you get involved with movies yourselves?

Seiji: Because we are cool.

SLUG: Who goes down in a fight easier: zombies or aliens?

Seiji: Zombies, of course. You just aim at their heads and hit them. It requires more accurate timing to hit aliens.

SLUG: Upon meeting someone who is unfamiliar with your band, how would you describe Guitar Wolf, in one sentence?

Seiji: JETT Rock N' Roll Band!

SLUG: Seiji, you record all of your records yourself, right? Is there anybody else you have ever considered for the process? (Joan Jett perhaps?)

Seiji: All the guests we want are too good musicians to keep up with us.

SLUG: Your first record was also the first release for Goner Records; how did you hook up with Eric (Friedl)? Are you guys still in touch? Do you try to keep up with the latest Goner releases?

Seiji: What? Didn't you know that we are from Memphis? Memphis is the hometown of Guitar Wolf. You should remember.

SLUG: Is there a certain philosophy Guitar Wolf have chosen to live their lives by?

Seiji: Jet or Die.

(If this were an interactive interview I would have certainly asked Seiji to differentiate "Jett" from "Jet". My hypothesis is that one (Jett) is an adjective and the other (Jet) is a verb.)

SLUG: What were you trying to accomplish musically by forming Guitar Wolf over ten years ago? Where are you going with it now?

Seiji: No goal.

SLUG: What records did you listen to today?

Seiji: Guitar Wolf & Elvis.

(I found this of interest. How many bands actually listen to their own records for pleasure?)

SLUG: Could Guitar Wolf take out Teengenerate in a fight? How about the Registrators?

Seiji: I love Teengenerate too much!!

SLUG: Can you describe what your life is like when you are not on tour?

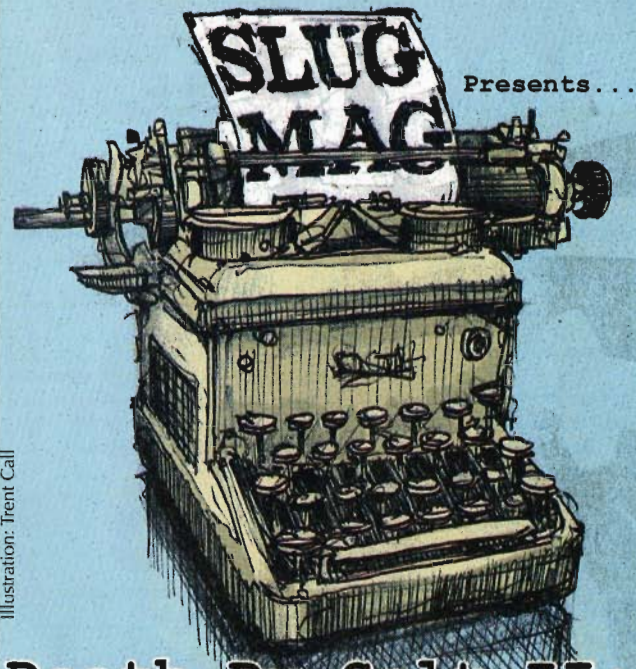
Seiji: I'm dying.

Be sure to pick up *Golden Black* on Narnack Records and look for next year's stateside tour with their new bass player.

In regards to Billy's passing, Womb Raider from the Goner Records message board fondly had this to say:

"I remember when Guitar Wolf played Memphis maybe 2 years ago, we went back to Alicia (Trout of Lost Sounds)'s house with the band and partied for a while. We all passed out on the floor, and woke up early because we were freezing to death on those hardwood floors. We were all groggy and cold, scratching our heads, and we looked over at Billy who has somehow obtained about 10 blankets and 10 pillows and is sleeping like a baby with a smile on his face! Somehow he managed to get every single blanket and pillow in the entire goddamned house. He was so cool we couldn't steal his blankets so we just started drinking beers instead. After everyone woke up, we went to Cozy Corner." -R.I.P. Billy

Illustration: Trent Call



Presents...

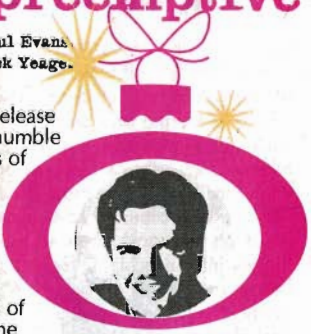
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Santa, preemptive Clause

By Richard Paul Evans
the Black Chuck Yeager.



Christmas is the marvelous knee-slapping release valve of the American experience. In my humble opinion, no medium transcends 11 months of tediously mollified groveling quite like the Christmas song. So as we enter Advent, we'll attempt, in true Rockwellian fashion, to let those pesky bygones be something partially removed from the commonly accepted composition of bygones and escape (at least momentarily) the doldrums of domestic subsistence, hopefully allowing the ephemeral (metaphorical) jingle bells and that little hush-hush emanating from **Lou Rawls'** throat to pilot our emotional catamarans straight for the docile waters of 2006, e.g. your **Dismemberment Plan** CD constantly reminds you of your shitty wife, shitty job and the fair-to-middling ephebe who continues bogarting 10-spots from your wallet, moreover squelching an already depleted faith in youth and naïveté (as child psychologists discuss it with **Larry King**). The Dismemberment Plan Christmas offering serves as a packet of smelling salts for your catatonic imagination, transporting you to a balmy Arcadia of clearance racks and pastiche baskets that don't seem to work on paper, but then you see them on the shelf and they, like, do. If the music isn't enough for you to love Christmas, recognize the fact that no other season offers amateur graphic designers the opportunity to emerge from the wainscoting of the universe to hungrily lend flourishes to all things remotely philanthropic. I implore you to relish these upcoming days with those you love, as a year certainly isn't a year without a **Tim Allen** (it may be **Will Ferrell** now) film in which the central character conflict meets its apogee in a snowball fight.

In doing my part, I now address all ye keeping a finger on the pulse of the human (Christian) spirit. I have composed Christmas cards for a few of those participating in the production and proliferation of demographically calculated holiday soundtracks, for in so creating you have granted each American citizen the opportunity to decontextualize the *gravitas* of all *culpa* (admittedly, if you were around long enough to prevent the recontextualization and subsequent reassignment of aforementioned *culpa* at the turn of the year, I would write you far more often).

Dear **Steve Lukather**,

Santa Mental (*Favored Nations Entertainment*) has touched the deepest part of my blackened soul. Though your hair is long and your arms are rendered useless within a straightjacket, the affectionate friendships you maintain with useless blowhards like **Steve Vai** and **Edgar Winter** taught me a lesson about priorities. I think I also learned something about terrible ideas that may be useful in the future.

Dear **Hot Topic**,

I got a CD for you. It has **The Used** and **Skindred**. I am, like, totally sure that your customers won't get bored of it cuz it's, like, the Christmas album for our generation!

Dear **Warcon Enterprises** and all producers and participants of **Taste of Christmas**, I gave that CD to Hot Topic. They needed it more than me. That's what this season is all about after all! I knew you'd understand.

Dear **Volunteer Records**,

To tell you how much I needed your gift, I'll admit that I had no idea **Rick Derringer** was considered "eclectic." Sure, you humbly raise awareness for non-profit hospices, but you simply can't deny that **Holiday Heart: An Eclectic, Aural Celebration of Christmas and Chanukah** is anything short of revolutionary. It is almost like eclectic is eclectic again. I mean, **Huffamoose** and **Whistle Jacket**?! On the same CD?! What can I say, **Spiro Ballas**: *Ce mélange est brilliant!*

Lastly, Merry Christmas to all (with exception of The Dismemberment Plan, **Eddie Van Halen** and **Abdelaziz Bouteflika**!)

Your Pal,
Richard Paul Evans



 gs clothing



**Anti-Social Music
Sings the Great American
Songbook**
Peacock Recordings
Street: 12.13

**Anti-Social Music = Naked City +
Rachel's + dark whimsy**

On the surface, this is the worst band name ever. But there is a decent point being made; allow me to play **Dick Hebdige** for a moment. It is the assertion of this New York-based DIY chamber-punk collective that alternative and punk genres no longer possess their once culturally subversive qualities. Obviously. Hence, there is a need to engage the *bricolage* concept with a snotty, upper-crust aesthetic as backbone. Nice thought, really. There are a couple of problems, however. Though the collective advertises concert appearances by members of **Gang Gang Dance** and **Yeah Yeah Yeahs**, the disc primarily features members of the decidedly less-fresh avant big-band group **World Inferno / Friendship Society**. Also, as one might expect, the layers of guitar noodling, woodwinds and other orchestral flair aren't always a provocative synergy. Think about **Mike Patton** reworking the **Irving Berlin** songbook. Pretty antisocial, I guess.

—The Black Chuck Yeager

10 Ft. Ganja Plant
Bass Chalice
Roir Records
Street: 10.18

**10 Ft. Ganja Plant = John Brown's Body + I-Vibes + The
Meditations**

Transcending through space and time, I usually stop to relax while astro-projecting myself into the refreshingly urgent dub vibration in my Modula Oblongata, but this time I didn't. This album, which features members of the universally talented John Brown's Body and The Meditations, is fast-paced and continually smooth, with phat bass lines and intricate change-ups. However, after the thirty-fifth time I listened to it, I found myself skipping the tracks where vocals were laid down (except "Your Voice" which has a message of guidance and explanation). I think it's amazing how 10 Ft. Ganja Plant mixes orthodox roots-reggae with modern dub creation without producing waves of electronic dribble. They are innovative enough to build on top of an already-sturdy foundation laid down by Jamaican musicians generations ago. So, I'm going to roll a fuckin' blunt, smoke it ... and put this album back on the player.

—Lance Saunders

Asesino
Corridos de Muerte
Latinthug Records
Street: 11.05

Asesino = blatant Brujeria rip-off

God, oh god, does this record bug the fuck out of me! The entire concept is borrowed from the excellent Brujeria. From obviously explained "rumored" members, which include ex-Fear Factory axe-man **Dino Cazares**, Static-X bassist **Tony Campos** and Sadistic Intent drummer **Emilio Marquez** to the masks and "evil" concept that a second grader could have come up with—the music is boring as hell. For fuck's sake, Dino, change your damn guitar tone! You used it with Fear Factory, and yes, for what it's worth, it was awesome. But then you used it for Brujeria (and why are you ripping off a band you founded?) which is slightly understandable, but for a third fucking time—I'm no guitarist, but damn, just change your guitar tone! It's not that hard! I've never laughed so hard at a band bio before, but maybe I'm being cynical. I had huge anticipation for this record. What a letdown. —Bryer Wharton

Autolect
Every Mans Universe
Required/City Hall Records
Street: 11.15

Autolect = Planet Asia + Usephasan + Annoying
Every Man's Universe is an onslaught of vivid lyrical imagery and musical supremacy—too bad Autolect can't stay on beat half the time. If you're looking for that progressive sound that makes you stop in your tracks and contemplate what the fuck the artist is trying to portray in their lyrics, then this album is

not for you. You'll be standing there forever and probably die of dehydration or starvation. The press sheet reads: "Autolect is a rare breed of artist; each song soothes the soul with an undeniable aspect that hinges on a dervish drum circle. Frantically obliterated in the oneness of the truth." What the hell does that mean? My grammar check went crazy when I wrote the quote! Since when is it okay to record a bunch of CRAP and get away with calling it 'abstract'? Maybe my "essence of perception" is way off.

Bonk
Western Soul
Ace Fu Records
Street 10.18

**Bonk = The Ramones + Nirvana (+ Sonic Youth = Thurston) +
AC/DC + The Darkness + several bong hits**

Western Soul is proof that Bonk is a band of rockers who rock in a way that was quite popular before emo reared its acne-laden head; when being in a rock band was more about playing loud and having fun and not some white guy using a Telecaster to whine about how his girlfriend dumped him for being too feminine. Thankfully, Bonk has made a record that is NOT destined for the emo landfill, wherever that may be. They've fashioned a modernized set of songs calling on only those styles of rock that are remembered fondly. "Sarah" sounds like a Sonic Youth cover from the *Daydream Nation* era, but Bonk is from Norway, AND they've done a good job of it. If they were a New York band it would be quite sad. Bonk deserves credit for emulating the right people, and while the songs that make up *Western Soul* aren't the most incredibly original that I've heard, at least they aren't doing the now-clichéd 80s revival thing. The lyrics in the chorus of "Waiting In A Car" are reminiscent of **My Bloody Valentine**, and the whole record stinks of The Ramones; again, in a "we've done our rock research" kind of way. If you are a fan of straightforward rock, you already like this record. If you don't like it, I would suggest not being such a poseur. —Tyler Ford

Blowtops
Insected Mind
Big Neck Records
Street: 09.19

**Blowtops = Hee-Haw-era Birthday Party + Human Jukebox-era
Scientists**

The new Blowtops full-length (and first featuring their new organ-touting lineup) serves as the aural equivalent to **George A. Romero's** 1968 insomnia-inducer *Night of the Living Dead*. The grainy black-and-white recording (courtesy of **Theoretical Girls' Wharton Tiers**) perfectly captures the tense reverb-laden guitar crawling up out of the ground, menacingly lurching forth to meet the bloodthirsty organ in a battle for fresh corpse meat. The panicked vocal delivery of the literary lyrics (of topics such as self-mutilation and waking up from worse nightmares than you could imagine) will instill feelings of paranoia and anxiety, leaving you running for that "abandoned" house on the hill. The doors and windows can't be boarded up fast enough! —Jared Soper

Boysetsfire
Before The Eulogy
The Day The Sun Went Out.
Equal Vision Records
Street: 11.1/10.18

Boysetsfire = End Point + Hot Water Music + Avail + Snapcase
The political angst of Boysetsfire is very painful and deafening. Their *State of the Union* address would probably sound more like a plug for socialism and communism than anything else. BSF is a band that has taken the enthusiasm of hardcore and run with it to create their own sound and political agenda, and I must say, they have been successful on both counts. After 11 years and more than a few labels, BSF landed with Equal Vision, who saw fit to bless us with the reissues of *The Day The Sun Went Out* (as its own album), the *Consider 7'* and *In Chrysalis* EP along with a collection of b-sides and rarities (*Before The Eulogy*). In light of present politics and scandals, there has never been a more appropriate time for Equal Vision to reissue *The Day The Sun Went Out* and compile *Before The Eulogy*—two beautifully remixed and remastered, thought-provoking albums. —Jeremy C. Wilkins

Buckethead & Friends
Enter the Chicken

Serjical Strike

Street: 10.25

Buckethead & Friends = System of a Down + Devin Townsend + The Bad Plus + The Flat Earth Society

Yeah ... um, experimental stuff is all good and shit, but when you're **Serj Tankian**, said experimental stuff really all sounds the same (tracks one through three). However, *Enter the Chicken* does have really neat psychedelic solo break-downs puffed up on tons o' Holy Grail reverb that remind me of the best prog-metal can offer. **Saul Williams** guesting on "Three Fingers" is radoodle, with its **Gorillaz** overtones and **Quentin Tarantino**-dark logic. "Running from the Light" has the power to melt your cold, black heart into gummy licorice; **Gigi** and **Maura Davis' (Denali)** velvet-chic voices swirl like drowned mermaids in a cloudy, viscous ocean of fat-as-whales guitars. **Death by Stereo's Efreem Schulz** donates half-way-decent vocals on "Botnus." Sophisticado **Sonic Youth** guitar picking, plus world overtones, sanctify "Coma." If it weren't for the masturbatory Serj moments (especially on the three hard-ending tracks) and **Shana Halligan's** absolutely suicide-inducing whine in "Waiting Hare," this could really be quite an amazing record. *-Rebecca Vernon*

Bush Chemists

Raw Raw Dub

Roir Records

Street: 9.13

Bush Chemists = White City Ganja Coalition + Alpha Omega + Dizee Rascal dub

I'll bet like-minded UK dub-heads love this stuff and think it's the most amazing electronic roots reggae out there ... I hope not. These guys have been working on *Raw Raw Dub* for ten years. They must be quite the perfectionists. I'm not saying it's a bad album, but it lacks the organic sounds that come along with roots-rock-dub. The production methods were far from conventional ... yeah, I know, fuck being conventional! Draw outside the lines! Marry your cousin! Err, no. Sometimes being different isn't necessarily a good thing. There is almost an "oriental dub" influence on some of the tracks. This record is filled with tension between the warmth in the rhythms and the colder elements of the digital world of sounds. Sounds like a "UK thing," you wouldn't understand. *-Lance Saunders*

The Deacons

Brooklyn Towne

Made In Brooklyn Records

Street: 09.01

The Deacons = Oxymoron + Street Dogs + Agnostic Front + Blitz

I love this band and I love this album. The Deacons play good ol' blue-collared working-class rock n' roll. The lead singer of this band sounds surprisingly like **Darby Crash** of the **Germes** every time he screams. I was a little shocked that the lyrics of many of their songs were pretty critical of America. It was a nice change of pace to hear a song with the message "I'm proud of my heritage and of my country, but my country still has quite a few flaws." This album is packed full of New York punk rock. Of course, any band compared to the likes of the above-mentioned has to be pretty fucking good. *-Jeanette Moses*

The Detroit Cobras

Baby + Seven Easy Pieces EP (enhanced)

Bloodshot Records

Street: 09.27

The Detroit Cobras = covers of greasy 50's & 60's R&B floor-stompers for the modern garage sect.

I want to know how a cover band can seem so relevant! Honestly, name me one other band in history that's relied solely on other people's songs to get anywhere (those jerks that dress up like **The Beatles** don't count). And yet it works! In their almost decade-long existence, the Cobras have never come across as having a shtick or being gimmicky (tributary maybe, but not gimmicky). They seem to have always casually done their thing: that thing being to take obscure R&B songs that they love, breathe new life into them, rinse and repeat. *Baby* happens to be their third full-length example of this, and while it features the production and guitar talents of **Reigning Sound's Greg Cartwright**, it comes across as being a

bit more polished than previous outings. While it may be cleaner, it still retains an ample amount of grit and ass-shaking dance numbers to keep the purists happy. *-Jared Soper*

Dreddy Kruger Presents...

TDM: Wu-Tang meets the Indie Culture

Babygrande Records/TDM Group

Street: 11.15

TDM = Wu-Tang + Indie East Coast + Indie West Coast

Dreddy Kruger finally has his own A&R situation to bring to the conceptual and progressive side of hip-hop. I, for one, have never heard of him, but he looks as though he's been trying to work out collaborations between the mainstream east coast and the overtly-independent underground talents for years. Dreddy Kruger's obvious efforts to invent a new type of sound won't even make a notch in the wall to the progressive hip-hop mind, but I commend his capability and accomplishments. This album definitely has that hardcore "east coast" hip-hop sound. With the addition of mic-mastery by artists like **Aesop Rock**, **Del**, **Planet Asia**, **J-Live**, **MF Doom** and pick-and-pull members from the **Wu-Tang Clan**, each song stays afloat in the pond of concentrated thinking ... except one. "Fragments," a solo song by **Del**, was atrocious he must be on that new eightball-a-day diet. *-Lance Saunders*

Early Man

Closing In

Matador

Street: 10.11

Early Man = Blizzard of Oz + circa-1978 Robert Smith + And Justice for All

After growing up in a sheltered Pentecostal family (they claim this helped shield them from the taint of pop culture), Early Man's **Adam Bennati** purchased a 500-pound glass acrylic drum kit and guitarist/vocalist **Mike Conte** found his soul-mate with a Flying V. The rocking results are saturated with glossy thrash, a bushel of riffs that will make **Randy Rhodes** stir in his grave and emo overtones that slink in a shack somewhere on the same block as **At the Drive-In** and Robert Smith during his "Heroin Face" days. On "Death is the Answer," Conte sings over-the-top-fun-as-hell lyrics ("Satan's reflection's in my eyes") while the duo oscillates between passages of slow-mo grinding and brisk bashing spiced with harmonized pick-squeals. *Closing In* is where metal left off and pop-punk aspired to go before it became a template for failure. *-Dave Madden*

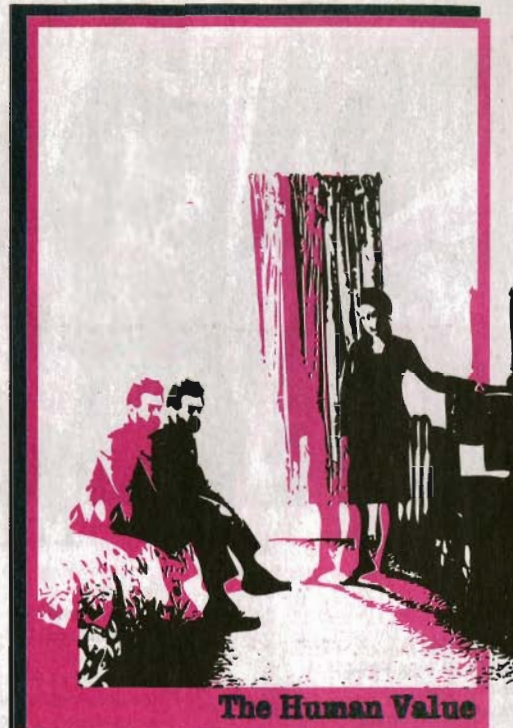
Eyal Maoz

EDOM

Tzadik

Street: 10.18

Eyal Maoz = MMW + Jim Black + Bootcut + Wayne Horvitz Eyal Maoz is an Israeli guitarist whose talent should be aptly displayed and highlighted on **John Zorn's** label. Something is amiss, unfortunately, as the B3 organ playing of "the jam-band for the non-jam-band" **John Medeski** overshadows his guitar playing, ending up doing more harm than good. Medeski does a great job of turning Maoz's first album into another MMW album by overbearingly setting up his own groove and letting the rest of the band wallow in his wake. While some tracks, like the sincere "Lost," give off a glimmer of light to the fantastic guitar noodlings, structure, and discipline of Maoz, these small offerings don't do him enough justice. These glimpses seem like only a teaser or reminder that this is Maoz's album and not a run-away vehicle for Medeski. Even if John Medeski does hijack this album, even if you feel like you are listening to a rehash of any number of countless MMW albums, Maoz's talent is still hinted at. With that being the case, look forward to some excellent releases by this Israeli guitarist in the future. *-Earl of Lopez*



The Human Value

The Human Value

S/T

Big Deal

Street: 9.13

The Human Value = PJ Harvey (Dance Hall at Louse Point) + My Bloody Valentine

Baby, I think I wanna take you for a ride. Ex-Kittens for **Christian** member **Hiram Fleitens** is **The Human Value's** mastermind, woo-ah ha ha. Think guitars so laden with splendid buzz that they'd give the **Raveonettes** a run for their money; vocals veering between **Blondie** 80s new wave, **PJ Harvey** sensual know-how, **Siouxsie Sioux** wailing and **Chrissie Hynde** earthy maturity; drums and drum programming encompassing **ABBA** and **Sisters of Mercy** without blinking an eyelash; violin hanging like a terrible, haunting tightrope dangling high above. Goth overtones are unavoidable, but as far as parallels between **The Human Value** and **Kittens for Christian**, there are few, and they are unimportant. "Complications" might come the closest, if that's what you're looking for, but only because **Hiram** is singing, really. "Nashville" is my favorite track, coming lovingly close to jagged shoegazer like **Scarling** or **My Bloody Valentine**. My only suggestion is that songs six through nine have similar chord progressions and would do better separated in the track ordering. This is going in my Top 10 for 2005. *-Rebecca Vernon*



Tristeza

Tristeza
A Colores
Better Looking Records
Street: 11.22

Tristeza = Air + Tortoise + Durutti Column + Four Tet + Jukeboxer
 Maybe the problem here isn't exactly the music. Maybe it's that there's no great way to listen to Tristeza. Their use of acoustic guitars in electronic soundscapes deserves full attention with the mind and other bits, but there is also a strong desire for the music to move into the background, while you watch the rain or cry or something. Further, the minute you stop just listening and focus all your energies on the album, the repetitive guitars can slide from rhythmic to plain irritating, which is really too bad, since the music itself is fantastic. It's just poppy enough to be followed pleasantly, just experimental enough that you can't get bored, and by 'soundscapes,' yeah, I mean it. These songs are goddamn ecosystems. Not only that, you can't help but react emotionally to this shit, which is, unfortunately, often raw irritation by the time the album's through. — *A Jep*

Field Notes
Color of Sunshine
Woodson Lateral
Street: 11.01

Field Notes = Yo La Tengo – guts – inspiration
 This album really isn't any good. I forced myself to listen to it four times and the more I go through it the more I am convinced that, at its best, it is mediocre and at its worst; it just sucks. The cute, overly simplistic songs will probably find their best audience with junior high school girls. Most of these songs are built around boring acoustic chord progressions with sappy strumming patterns that just get on my nerves. In general, the song writing is obvious and easy. There are a few interesting things going on in the seventh and ninth tracks, but by the time I get to them, I am so pissed off that I don't take them seriously. When I make out the breathy lyrics, I can't help but grit my teeth. I wouldn't be doing my job if I let lines like this go: "The sink keeps on dripping, each drop is a voice joining together and sounding so unbearable." Fuck, I feel like breaking something. — *Spencer Jenkins*

George & Caplin
Electronic Eulogy (From Morse Code Infinity)
Beta-lactam Ring Records
Street: 8.27.2004, Vinyl out 10.03
George & Caplin = Clinic + Electric Sun + Aphex Twin + Nurse With Wound + Clint Mansell

Goddamn this album. Since I got it, I've been nothing but angry and confused. See, it starts out as with static beats, typical house rhythms and dark, high pitched Clinic-esque vocals. So I thought, alright, this is electotrash shit, and promptly stepped on the case and broke it. Then "Wimbledon Headband" came on with an acoustic guitar and I hesitated. Track three, good – track four, fucking awful. Repeat the above cycle for 11 tracks. Ultimately, the album has some really fantastic tracks that squiggle around genres – some sound like tracks from the *Labyrinth* soundtrack, others like Nurse With Wound. Goddamn this album. I would feel utterly ridiculous driving around with this album blasting, but still, there are enough complexities and enough surprises in how George & Caplin handle their sound in what is an already glutted genre that I'll listen to the good tracks and furtively skip the other half, hoping no one heard. — *A Jep*

Icarus Witch
Capture the Magic
Magick Records
Street: 10.25

Icarus Witch = Dio + Iced Earth + Dokken + awesome
 Some say that dragons, witches and warlocks are as non-existent as they are imaginary. Well, wary traveler, heed not what the naysayers think, for Icarus Witch proves them wrong! Icarus Witch paints a wonderfully redolent world with fine-tuned classical guitar solos and strips, **Geddy Lee**

metal vocals and a well-respected dose of metallic fury; these guys surely storm the gates to rescue the princess! Listening to such "D&D-tastic" music recalls level 35 black mages, level 23 Paladins, and a score of hit-roll modifiers that would make your head spin! Besides all this, the key to unlocking the magic of *Capture the Magic* seems to be its complete wholeness as an album. While each song stands on its own as an instant 2d20 classic, the real strength of the album is its transitional storytelling from one song to the next. While it could easily be conceived of as a "concept" album, Icarus Witch needs no such fancy-pants terms—like any good RPG campaign, its divergent strands come together and everyone wins! This nine-song epic masterpiece puts the "power" back in "power metal." — *Earl of Lopez*

Mark Eitzel
Candy Ass
Cooking Vinyl
Street: 10.04

Mark Eitzel = (Sea Change-Beck + Stars of the Lid)/100
 Okay, so electronics are taking over everything that we have come to know on the planet Earth. I swear if I see another commercial for an Ipod or any other type of electronic gizmo that no one actually needs, I am going to throw my cell phone/mp3 player/mobile video device through my crystal-clear flat-screen television. That being said, it should be noted that electronics have drastically changed music recordings and Mark Eitzel has definitely been influenced by this change. As the vocalist and main songwriter for **American Music Club**, he helped produce some of the most definitive alt-country songs of the 80s and beyond. His eighth solo album, *Candy Ass*, is far removed from any semblance of AMC, and is at best a mediocre attempt at electronic make-out music. The strengths are the lyrics and understated nature of the electronics; the weakness is that he is about a year too late. — *Andrew Classett*

Mat Maneri
Pentagon
Thirsty Ear Recordings
Street: 10.25

Mat Maneri = 70s Miles Davis + Kronos Quartet + a few hip-hop beats
 There are two general tones to this album: Maneri's dissonant, layered strings and the heavier, disjointed drum and percussion with electric wah-wah horns. There is never a solid, consistent rhythm. They've tossed most of the conventions of traditional jazz music, and with it, any attempt to pander to a mass audience. After listening to it once, I was immediately tempted to go through it again. I wanted to pick up the things that I missed. There's not one boring moment and several highlights; Maneri's haunting playing on the violin and viola, the bumbling rhythms of the two drummers and percussionist and finally Maneri's dad, **Joe Maneri**, on the keys and sax, who has resemblances to both keyboardist **Chick Corea** and saxophonist **Wayne Shorter**. The laptop adds occasional form with a few hip-hop beats, but other than that the songs don't have any familiar hooks to hold onto. The final cut, "America" is a spooky, jumbled version of *America the Beautiful* that gets a point across. It's an engrossing album. — *Spencer Jenkins*

Mi And L'au
S/T
Young God Records
Street 10.31

Mi And L'au = (Sufjan Stevens – horns, banjos, and choirs) + Cat Power + Nick Drake
 If you manage to get past the fact that these songs are the product of a love story that seems ripped from the pages of an unfortunately post-modern fairy-tale, you'll find this a very solid record. Mi, a Finnish model burnt out on modeling, met L'au, a French musician apparently burnt out on living in Paris, and the two moved from Paris to a tiny cabin in the woods of Finland. Listening to the record, before you vomit—the songs are fragile and bare, with a spooky quality that recalls the stripped-down arrangements of **Elliot Smith**, Sufjan Stevens, or labelmate (and friend) **Devendra Banhart**. For most of "Merry Go Round," the unnerving sound of a mandolin being choked lends an ethereal feeling to an otherwise run-of-the-mill ballad. L'au's unspectacular tenor won't keep you captivated for too long, nor will his lyrics, as on "A Word In Your Belly," he warbles, "there's a world in your belly" a few too many times for

my liking. By 'world', you mean 'kid', right? Mi's sometimes-whispery voice saves the record from what may have been a shaky mediocrity – as do some of the less traditional arrangements – on songs like "They Marry," and "Study," which enters with a loop of bubbles and ends with a moaning accordion. Even at its worst, Mi And L'au's debut is still a very interesting venture, and one that shows the duo have the potential to make an entire catalog of great records. —Tyler Ford

Mike Ladd Presents...

Father Divine

Roir Records

Street: 11.15

Mike Ladd = Sage Francis + Ronnie from "Run Ronnie Run" + Grand Buffet

Awfully raw and full of artistic originality, Mike Ladd might be onto something. I received a press sheet with this album, stating that the album has "big, BIG MOJO", and that Mike Ladd is to many "black music's Beck" (err, no). After reading the press sheet, I didn't even want to listen to the album. It was filled to the brim with fluff and proved too much to swallow. So, I put the record in and digested it (three times) and never once did I find myself enthusiastic about the content, lyrically. However, the sound of haunting dubby echoes, pop-synth, and intricate piano loops help *Father Divine* stand on both feet, without the crutch of an insanity plea. I tried to remember that this is a concept album and that Mike Ladd is still trying to hit new levels in his music, but he didn't get too far up the ladder with this one. —Lance Saunders

Ming & Ping

MP2

Omega Point Records

Street Date: 11.15

Ming & Ping = everything that is wrong with this world

Not only am I not into anime, scary 80s eye makeup on boys or twins with rhyming names, I discovered after the first few minutes of MP2 that I am not into Ming & Ping either – at all. At least I know what I like, eh? So thanks to this identical duo for reminding me that cheesy, over-produced electronica sucks just as much as the latest *Fall Out Boy* song. Oh yeah... and the label wants you to know they sound like *The Postal Service*, *Coldplay*, and *Prince*. Considering I actually (sometimes secretly) enjoy all three of those all I have to say is this: HAH. —Lindsey Lindsey Bo Bindsey Marie

Rainbow Six: Lockdown

Original Soundtrack

Calvin Records

Street: 11.15

Rainbow Six: Lockdown = Part shit, part good

First off, I hate edited shit, especially when it is for review. Like I can't hear a 'fuck' (or something to that extent) in the lyrics – it is utterly pointless. Second, the first half of this record, excluding the *Fear Factory* cut, is pure pop-rock tripe. The *Fear Factory* cut is not even an unreleased song, though the title is different than any song on their albums (the track "Lockdown" is a more raw form of the cut "Contagion" that is on the band's latest, *Transgression*). *Raymond Herrera* produced the album, but who picked the tracks? I mean, there are some lame rap-rock songs, and then there's a bunch of wannabe whiny-emo tracks. The second half is where the going gets good: *Strapping Young Lad*, *Trivium*, *Mnemic*, *Soilwork* and *Devildriver* – good, but not great. Keep in mind that this is a video game soundtrack, so I guess it is supposed to appeal to the masses. It did achieve one thing – it made me rent the game. Hopefully it's decent. Oh, I'm such a dork. —Bryer Wharton

Reverend Glasseye

Our Lady of the Broken Spine

Music For Cats Records

Street: 11.08

Reverend Glasseye = Meat Loaf + Nick Cave and the Bad Seeds + The Blind Boys of Alabama + Gogol Bordello

Reverend Glasseye draws upon an eclectic pool of traditional music and combines it with a dose of high drama and tragic storytelling to brand their sound. Eastern European folk and American gospel music traditions are apparent, but that's not to say that they should be described as either. Imagine big-tent revival music from some strange place, like Wonderland or Oz, and you might get the picture. The musicianship and

songwriting are above average. The horn section and backing vocals are especially noteworthy. With song titles like "Oh Lord, Why Have You Been So Cruel To Me?" and "17 Lashes," Reverend Glasseye will have you despairing before the end. This music isn't for everyone, but if you have a taste for the gloomy and eccentric you won't be disappointed. —Philip Lee

Ris Paul Ric

Purple Blaze

Academy Fight Song

Street: 11.01

Ris Paul Ric = Q and Not U

– drums + John Fahey + the world-music version of Sunny Day

Real Estate

The end of Q and Not U came very quietly and quickly to boys and girls around the world. There might not have been snow falling on that day, but I'm sure a fairy lost its wings. Rising from the vestiges of the mathematic/funk punkers is Ris Paul Ric, a name derived from clever deconstruction of the Q and Not U singer, *Chris Paul Richards*. Samba rhythms and breathy vocals pervade the album, but without become obtrusive or overused. This is music to listen to after a hard night on the town, or maybe for just a quiet night at home by the fire wrapped up in a blanket with only a grilled cheese and tomato soup to accompany you. In other words, this is music that will make you feel warm and cozy inside. Ris Paul Ric will quickly scoop up all of the Q and Not U fans, but in a very different light; a softer more comfortable one. —Andrew Glassett

The Sleepers

Birthday

Slug Records

Street: 06.2005

The Sleepers = Eve's Plumb + My Bloody Valentine + Sonic Youth + night-night time

I was intrigued by the press release for this album, which promised, "PJ Harvey and The Breeders get together with Pink Floyd and Black Sabbath... and Sonic Youth shows up." Sad to say, although the influences are apparent, this album is hard to get through. The songs, although varying in tempo and mood, feel the same structurally. This band sets some pretty high expectations, and I think they could probably meet them if they played around a little with different sounds. Their fuzzy, shoegaze sound is nice, but not on every song. I found my mind wandering as I tried to focus on what I was listening to. I thought about feeding the cat, eating some candy, or quoting *Ying Yang Twins* lyrics. Come on, Sleeper dudes; you can do it. Don't make your band name a literal statement about the music within. Bust a move! —Jamila Roehrig

Sonic Radiation

The 121 Project

lunknowrecords

Street: 10.24

Sonic Radiation = old/non-industrial Wax Trax + early 90s rave

There was a time when the industrial umbrella covered acts like *The KLF* and *808 State* and showed more balance between the many faces of industrial music. Sonic Radiation is reminiscent of those times where you could bring your rivet-head friends to a rave and *Confetti's* appealed to more than a goth crowd. There are eleven tracks of early 90s techno-industrial that plays like a *Frontline Assembly* vs. *Front 242* side-project, setting the mood for candy-raver flashbacks. Groovy melodies and plenty of consistent beats are rampant, almost blending each track into the other. When listening to *The 121 Project*, it will be a challenge to not whip out the glow-things and those fancy moves and break it out on your cardboard.

—Amy Spencer

Tom Vek

We Have Sound

StarTime International



Secret Mommy

Secret Mommy

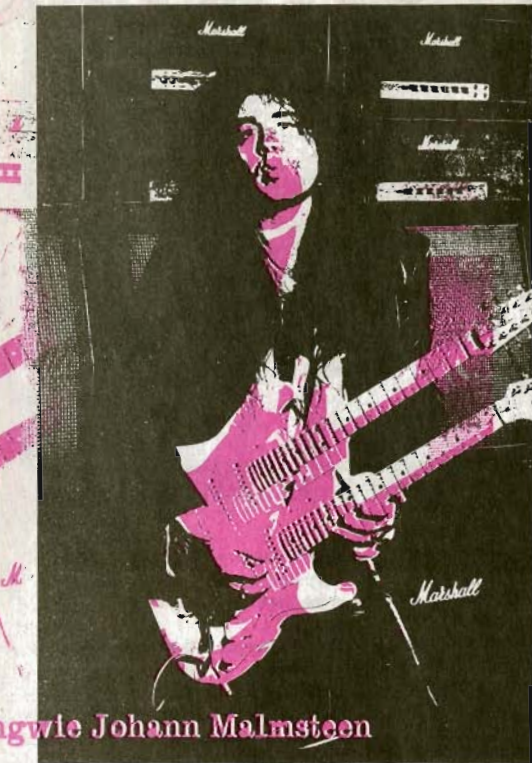
Very Rec

Ache Records

Street: 12.13

Secret Mommy = The Books + Mum + Cornelius

Under the listing of contributors for Secret Mommy's album *Very Rec* is Merida Anderson, who plays none other than the very unknown instrument called "scissors." At first I thought it was kind of a joke, or that it had to be related to the saw, a thin plate of metal bowed to produce very high-pitched sounds. But really, Anderson really does just "play" the scissors. It makes perfect sense, considering that the song is entitled "Day Care." Secret Mommy has perfected the art of sound collage in a very obsessive manner. Their art is a commentary on public space including track titles such as "Tennis Court" and "Yoga Studio." These people are helplessly addicted to sound and have tried to include in this album every sound known to man. It absolutely works and has so much vibrance and life. After listening to this album, I would not be surprised if my entire living room was covered in color. If you have ever heard of bands such as *The Books* or *Cornelius*, becoming familiar with Secret Mommy is a must. —Andrew Glassett



Yngwie Malmsteen

Yngwie Johann Malmsteen
Concerto Suite for Guitar and
Orchestra in E Flat Minor with the
New Japan Philharmonic Live
 Eagle Vision
 Street: 11.01

Not since Metallica's 1999 *S&M* release has anyone tried to achieve the next level of epic-ness ... until now. Yngwie Johann Malmsteen not only meets this challenge, he exceeds it by using a foreign orchestra, E flat minor, bold leather pants and a puffy pirate shirt to boot! It seems that whenever we are in need of epic-ness we don't turn to Philadelphia or Oregon to fulfill our needs, but to our Scandinavian friends who have been supplying epic guitarists since the rise of *Homo rectus*. In 84 magic-filled minutes, Malmsteen combines *Rainbow* with *Vivaldi*, *Dio* with *Paganini*, and *Icarus Witch* with *Amadeus*. I think Malmsteen sums up this wild hybrid of classical music and hard-hitting rock when he says: "The classical world is a completely different planet from the rock world. But I was welcomed with open arms by the orchestra musicians. I walked into their world, they didn't walk into mine." Once I worked with them they were very impressed and I gained their acceptance." Like a good person in the humane society trying to reach out to a battered cat, Yngwie Malmsteen succeeds in taming the wild beast and making it his friend. I hope this DVD makes you a friend of Malmsteen like it did me. Malmsteen 4 LIFE, BAAAABBBEEEEEEEE.
 —Earl of Lopez

Street Date: 10.25

Tom Vek = The Killers if they were into Soul Coughing

Who doesn't love a little "electro geek-rock?" Apparently I don't. Tom Vek's *We Have Sound* has potential ... but not enough. In fact, everything about Vek's first release for the masses is great until he starts singing. Maybe it's his over-synthesized — and I don't mean over-synthesized in a cute, "I love the 80s!" way either — a voice that reminds me too much of that dude from The Killers. Maybe it's the lyrics that try too hard to be catchy but just end up sounding repetitive (most songs reminded me of a five-year-old little boy that I used to baby-sit — his favorite game was shouting the same phrase over and over again in a sing-song voice until his audience was annoyed enough to give him whatever he wanted.) Either way, everybody is making electronica these days and Vek is going to have to try a lot harder if he wants to impress the next time around.
 —THE BIG LM

Unearth

Our Days of Eulogy
 Eulogy Records
 Street: 11.15

Unearth = raw melodic breakdown + heavy metal-core
 If you don't know who Unearth is by now, you are out of the loop. *Our Days*

of *Eulogy* is a collection of live cuts and the band's *Endless* EP, as well as their *Above the Fall of Man* EP. All tracks pre-Metal Blade Records, when the band was on awesome label Eulogy Records. This is Unearth at their rawest and most pure form, not the polished sound you get from their latest album, *The Oncoming Storm*. For most, this will just be an addition to their Unearth collection, but if you only plan to own one Unearth disc, make it this one. Sadly, the best days of this band are behind them, but one never knows what's in store for a rising band. —Byrer Wharton

V/A

Go Contrary Go Sing
 Made In Brooklyn Records
 Street: 09.01

Go Contrary Go Sing = MTV Unplugged — the shitty bands on MTV + punk-rock legends

This compilation is one of the best I've heard in a while. *Go Contrary Go Sing* features songs from many underground legends of the punk scene stripped down to their core. The album takes the concept of MTV Unplugged, with bands playing acoustic sets, but makes it not suck. The album features songs from Joey "Shithead" Keithley of DOA, Sab Gray of Iron Cross, Al Ouimet of The Pist and tracks by members of MDC, just to name a few of the people on this compilation. The concept for this album is amazing. It shows that even legendary punk band members can sit down and play something that could be considered folk music. It shows versatility. I like versatility. This album is truly amazing and I think anyone who has ever listened to any punk music would be able to appreciate it. —Jeanette Moses

V/A

Imaginational Anthem
 Near Mint Records
 Street: 10.25

Imaginational Anthem = Takoma Sound + 1960s

Imaginational Anthem is a unique collection of guitar selections culled from such distinguished acoustic guitar gods as John Fahey, Max Ochs, Jack Rose and others. Like the name suggests, *Imaginational Anthems* casts a wide net of mental images that are strung together through virtuosic performances to create a consistent sound of praise. All the guitar players on this comp have a unique sound that owes its technicality to the likes of John Fahey (who also, coincidentally, co-founded Takoma Records). John Fahey pioneered the

"Takoma sound" which included the above-mentioned technical musicianship, eclectic finger strumming expressiveness, and idiosyncratic use of music to explore non-traditional non-musical ideas. While all the music on this album showcases the amazingness of these players, it also boasts recordings by artists who haven't been recorded in decades! Highlights on this album (even though all the tracks are outstanding) include John Fahey's less well known recording of "O' Holy Night," Sandy Bull's "Untitled," and Suni McGrath's "Train Z."
 —Earl of Lopez

Western Addition

Cognicide
 Fat Wreck Chords
 Street: 11.01

Western Addition = Black Flag + The Circle Jerks

The members of *Western Addition* were born in the wrong decade. Their music, instead of the melodic pop-punk *Fat Wreck Chords* usually churns out, evokes spit in the eye and speed in the veins. *Cognicide* is blissfully simple, with three-chord progressions and raunchy vocals, just like the good old days. Jason's lyric matter doesn't beat around the bush either. "We're the working poor / we're the labor forced," he spews on "Matrons of The Canals." Cry all you want, emo kids, but it's good to hear a band get pissed once in a while.
 —Shane Farver

The Worst

Earache 7"
 Big Neck Records
 Street: 09.19

The Worst = Electric Eels + Lake Of Dracula

This Chicago noise-fest's debut slab of marble-colored wax grabbed me by the balls and threw me on the ground leaving me gasping for air. I was reminded of the first time I heard *The Hospitals* or early *Blowtops* — violently beaten, yet maniacally smiling the whole way through. For a non-musical frame of reference, picture, if you will, a rabid pit-bull chained to a post. This dog is vicious and ready to attack but, lucky for you, is harnessed and under control of the chain. Here, Rob's menacing vocals and the caustic squall of Colin's guitar throttle you about while the floor-rattling rhythm section and tight hooks hold everything down. This record is inching its way onto my year-end best-of list more and more with each listen. —Jared Soper

DVD Reviews

Jericho's Echo

Punk Rock in the Holy Land
 Negativity Progression
 Street: 11.11

Considering all the turmoil and devastation happening in Israel and the Middle East, it would seem like a great idea to shift the focus away from the fighting and tension and redirect it to a more positive end: music. But what ends up being a good idea in theory doesn't translate well into praxis. While she does a great job of finding punk bands that show a counter-cultural side to the left and right politics of the place, they are all too "accessible" and "Western-minded." The music ranges the gamut from "real" punk to pop-punk and everything in between. The only real tie any of these kids (and I do mean kids, as most of the bands showcased are under 21) have to punk is a mutual liking for the idea of punk ... other than that, they seemed confused, doubtful and subdued by "Big Brother." The testament to this (besides the muddy narrative that switches from concert footage to interviews on politics, music and life) is the special features; Liz Nord included a segment in the special features that showed what the bands were up to now—three to four years after filming. Most of the bands had disbanded; band members had been drafted into the army or their dreams of rock-n-roll revolutions are no more than just a footnote in their lives. While a

valiant attempt to show the other, non-Western side of a Western phenomena, Nord fails because she doesn't take into account what she is actually dealing with: a tumultuous world region that is out-of-control and more prevalent in the lives of her subjects than she suspects. —Earl of Lopez

Lydia Lunch Presents

Willing Victim: the Audience as Whipping Boy (a Musical Retrospective)

Music Video Distributors/Atavistic Records
Street: 09.13

What a grand idea! Commission Lydia Lunch to play a retrospective of her work with some of today's top musicians (such as Nels Cline and Algis Kyzis) and make it a performative art piece as well! Too bad MVD had to rear their ugly head and ruin what could have been an amazing piece of music bravado. With exceptionally poor production quality, which ranges in annoyance from blackouts song to song, to superimposed images on the band, to poor camera angle choice and bad sound engineering, MVD have really outdone themselves. But bad production aside, the concept (and Lunch) are in heat. The choice of songs, ranging from her Teenage Jesus and Jerks days to her stellar solo work, is incredible. Projected images that circulate in the background as the band plays create a tension like a steel-trap waiting to annihilate any weary passer-by. One song after another constructs a vivid portraiture of the vast range, nightmarish, and overly anxiotic quality of Lunch's oeuvre. Wild, raucous and over-the-top, this live performance must have fucking destroyed the audience, as the title suggests. Unfortunately, poor production has lessened, if not ruined, a fine show. —Earl of Lopez

Spike & Mike's Sick and Twisted Festival of Animation

Contagious
Shout! Factory
Street: 11.22

This is a collection. A collection, as such, will be rammed up with both shit and gold like **Pretty Ricky's** pretty potty. Which, frankly, is a pretty damn good analogy for this collection. I'm so rad. Whereas Spike and Mike present some hearty nuggets of gold such as the amazingly disturbing **Lloyd's Lunch** series by **Gregory Ecklund**, the innovative "Mule Dick" by **Nick Childs** and six **Bill Plympton** shorts (anyone remember "Enemies" on **Liquid Television**? No? Really? God, fine.), the DVD also squirts out some mad stinkers like "Hospital Hell" and "Momma I'm a Thug." But the toilet itself is clean enough. By which I mean that the DVD presentation is extremely straightforward. And as tired as you might get of Dog-Humping-Things-That-Shouldn't-Be-Humped shorts by the fourth one, it's worth it just to catch those seven or eight golden and offensive turds. —A Jep

Testament

Live In London DVD/CD
Eagle Rock Entertainment
Street: 11.01

Testament = Preachers of thrash-metal
 Holy clash of the titans, **Batman!** I've been waiting for this for quite some time. With two live discs already in circulation, but no complete live show officially on video, Testament have upped the ante. Like **Judas Priest** and **Anthrax**, the legendary thrashers have a reunion of sorts going on with *Live in London*, featuring the lineup of permanent member and all-around metal vocal god **Chuck Billy**, bad-ass guitarist **Alex Skolnick**, **Eric Peterson**, bassist **Greg Christian** and drummers **Louie Clemente** and **John Tempesta**. Headbang along to classics like "The Preacher," "Into the Pit" and "Disciples

of the Watch." There are some slightly-more-obscure cuts, like amazing renditions of "Electric Crown," "Sins of Omission," and "Let Go of My World." There's high-quality sound on DVD and CD alike, as well as great picture production, making for metal mayhem of the best sort. If you don't know who Testament is, educate yourself. —Bryer Wharton

This Divided State DVD

A documentary by Steven Greensmith
Minority Films
Street: 09.27

This Divided State is a documentary by Steven Greenstreet that revolves around UVSC's decision to bring Michael Moore to speak on campus and all of the events that surrounded it. It is a beautiful display of hypocrisy as it showcases people who hate Moore and claim he is anti-American and none of them seem to know why. The whole time they are the ones hindering free speech, forgetting that it was not very long ago that they too were being ostracized for their beliefs, ran out of town, and even murdered. It also showcases the sad state we are in, not only as a country, but as a state. We have conservatives that will pay off, petition, file legal suits and threaten violence just to push their agenda, and that is scarier than a filmmaker giving a speech.

When I mentioned that I was going to review this movie to a co-worker, he immediately shared his disgust for Moore and later admitted to never witnessing any of his work. I only share this because it strengthens the point that this movie was trying to make. People too often form opinions off of others views without really ascertaining the situation for themselves; instead, they wage their blind wars of duplicity and Greenstreet takes you along for the ride in his directorial debut. www.thisdividedstate.com. —Kenny Hektik **SLUG**

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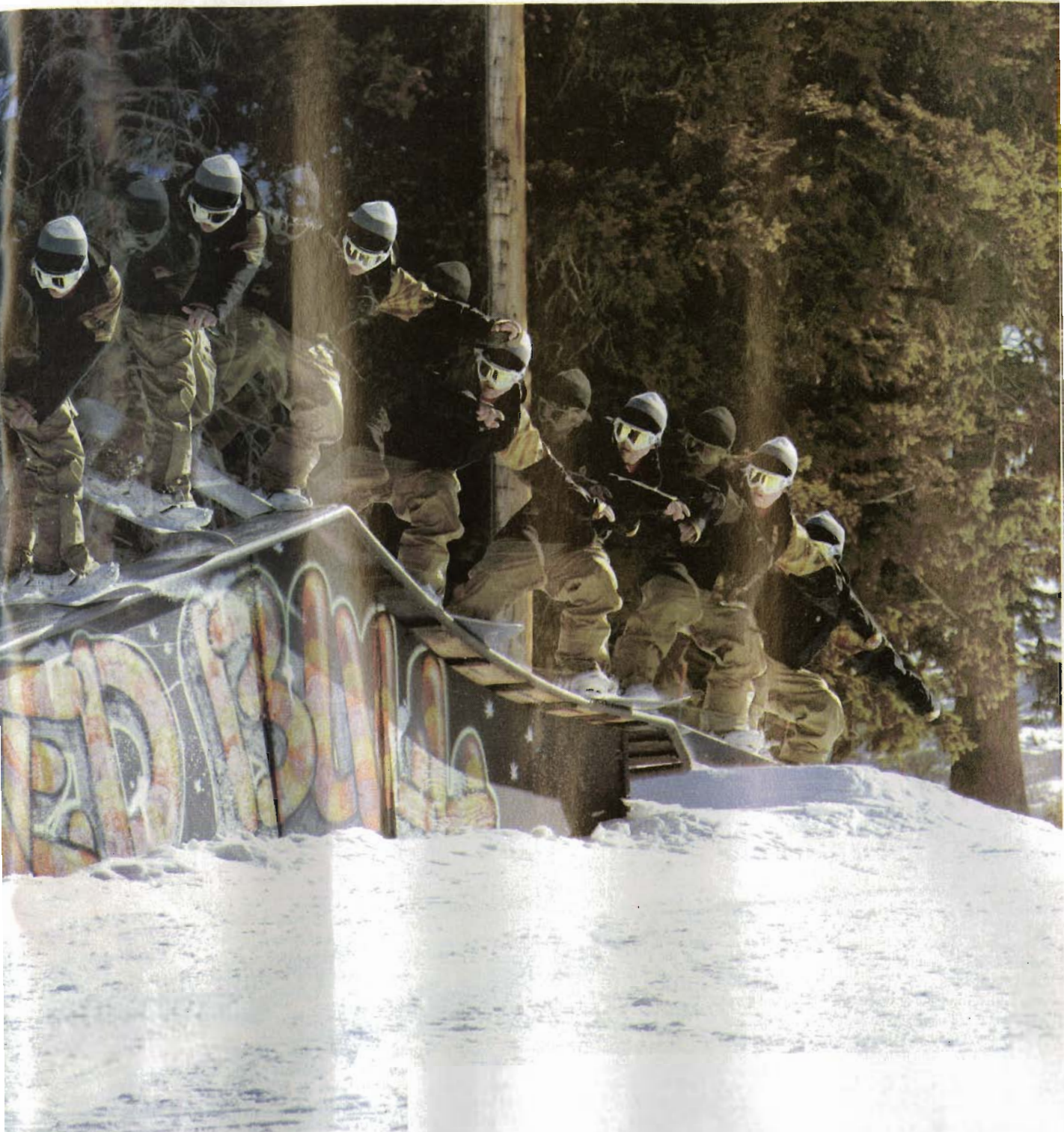
Salty Peaks
BC SURF & SPORT

Rider: Jake Welch Location: Brighton Resort "Junk Show"



Kealan Shilling- Nose Blunt
Photo: Bob Plumb 2006





Ryan Terwilliger- Tailslide to Frontnose
Photo: Bob Plumb



A Skater Named Neil Hamburger and the Origins of Zack Hammers

By Mike Brown
Mikebrown048@hotmail.com

I couldn't really think of anything to write about this month, so I think I'll just tell you weirdo *SLUG* readers a story about a skater named Neil Hamburger and his friend Zack Hammers. Once upon a time there was a skateboarder named Neil Hamburger. No one in Neil's junior high school liked him, except for his other skateboard friend, Zack Hammers. Neil and Zack were quite different from each other. Neil liked the comfort that tight female Wrangler jeans provided while freeballing, and Zack liked his pants like his women – big and baggy, and always hanging around the neck of his wiener. Zack was also much much better at the shit-stick (which is what Neil and Zack called skateboarding) and would actually go on in real life to be the best underground skateboarder ever. Neil's life, however, would have a different fate. He had a knack for making electrical machinery of all sorts do whatever he wanted. Kind of like **Darth Grivious**. Neil was also an amazing skateboard cinematographer. So before Zack decided to go underground, he and Neil would spend their days together filming their skateboard exploits, thus creating an amazing bond between the two. Neil worked the camera while Zack worked the shred-sled. At the time, Zack wanted to be the most famous skateboard guy ever, and he knew he couldn't do it without the help of Neil Hamburger. Zack and Neil were starting to get a little tired of being the odd guys out at their junior high. Everyone hated them, including the faculty. Every class in school made them feel like **KKK** members at the *Million Man March* seven times over. On top of that, Neil and Zack didn't have one class together, unless you count after-school detention, which I kind of do. Sometimes you learn more in detention than you do in math class, like who sells the best weed, and how to play craps – shit that actually helps out in real life, unlike math. One day Neil and Zack were hanging out doing

the usual, skateboarding and filming and dropping acid. Zack had a great LSD hookup from his cousin Brodie, so they were trippin' on the good shit, Triple-Dipped Felix the Cat. Once the psychedelics kicked into overdrive, Zack came up with an amazing idea of how to be popular and get everyone in their school to like him and Neil. Zack's idea consisted of himself and Neil somehow showing the whole junior high how great Zack was at skateboarding. The way to do it would be to somehow hijack the school's

multimedia system. Neil had compiled endless footage of Zack doing dazzling tricks on his skateboard that would mesmerize even the loosest of cheerleaders. Once everyone in the school knew how great Zack was, there would be no more bullying. The faculty would respect Zack and Neil more than **Mr. T** – and may be an endless hall-pass would be granted.

So, here's the plan. There are TVs in every classroom, all connected on a closed-circuit system that pumps in bullshit news and brain-washing ads for Doritos and Mountain Dew every morning between first and second period. The closed circuit system is also occasionally used for in-class assemblies and televised skits choreographed by the student government to remind the rest of the alumni how awesome they are. Zack and Neil would patiently wait until the next televised assembly was pumped into the classrooms, and then Zack would claim diarrhea towards the end of first period, minutes before the scheduled telecast. This would get him a hall pass. Neil would do the same and they would rendezvous in front of the school's multimedia room. To gain access to the multimedia room, they would fake a police report claiming that the multimedia teacher's house had just burned down and that her family was dead. No problem. Then Neil would download Zack's skateboard footage in place of the assembly, broadcasting to the whole junior high just how awesome these two kids were.

As fate and great timing would have it, there was an unusual mid-semester election for student-body secretary. The previous secretary came down with a severe case of pregnancy and was unable to fulfill a full term of being popular. There was an in-class assembly to let the students know who they could vote for a replacement ... time to execute the plan.

Everything went off without a hitch. Zack and Neil made it into the multimedia room easier than they thought and switched tapes without a hassle. They then returned to their separate homerooms, only to watch everything backfire like a New Orleans levee.

Yes, everyone in the entire school was watching a video of Zack Hammers riding his skateboard and doing amazing tricks, like 540 heel-flips and nolie blunt-sliding 15-stair rails while kick-flipping out. The problem was that everyone thought they were just watching another stupid assembly skit. The students ended up voting Zack Hammers in as student body secretary. And since no body gives a shit about the secretary, or the treasurer for that matter, everyone picked on Zack more. A week into his unwanted term, the faculty started coming down on Zack for not doing a good job as secretary, and his life in junior high just got harder. Zack blamed the backfire on Neil, but remained friends with him anyway. Neil told Zack to hate the player, not the game. Zack took this advice to heart. One day, during an after-school student council meeting, Zack excused himself and met up with Neil. They then took three hits each of double-dipped Blue Shield LSD, once again provided by Brodie. Zack's new position allowed him the privilege of having a key to unlock all the classrooms for after-school secretary-type shit. Zack and Neil unlocked all the classrooms during the after-school meeting and used wire cutters to chop all the cords plugged into the TVs, thus rendering in-class assemblies impossible. Later that day, Zack dropped out of junior high and went underground, swearing to rarely get skateboard footage of himself again. Neil Hamburger got hit by a bus and died. The end.

Brodie Says ...

1. December 10th at the *Osh Building* (at the U of U) **Kordel** and Company premiere, Let's Roll. Be there or be gay.
2. Remember **Tully Flynn**? He's been rockin' a new baby these days; talk about your Rad Dad.
3. Remember how much fun skateboarding on LSD and weed was? Now a days Coke is the new weed and Ecstasy is the new LSD. Same game different name I guess.
4. All you stupid skate rats need to quit asking us sponsored skaters for free shit; there's a reason we get it for free, because we rule.
5. Snow and skateboards are a rough mix, especially with binary closing it's doors, (but not out of business) it's going to be one cold mother fucking winter for us skaters. If somebody (Andy?) Builds a park anywhere warm let me know.
6. I saw a girl skateboarding last month. Weird.
7. Here are some of my favorite swears: Poop, fart, twat.
8. Anyone check out my blog lately? Look for brodie on Myspace fool.
9. The footage of Mike Brown fucking with the news lady is finally up on *SLUG*'s web site. Go to www.slugmag.com to check it out, it's worth it.
10. Are you going to get new bearings for X-mas? Brodie will be asking Santa for some health insurance.

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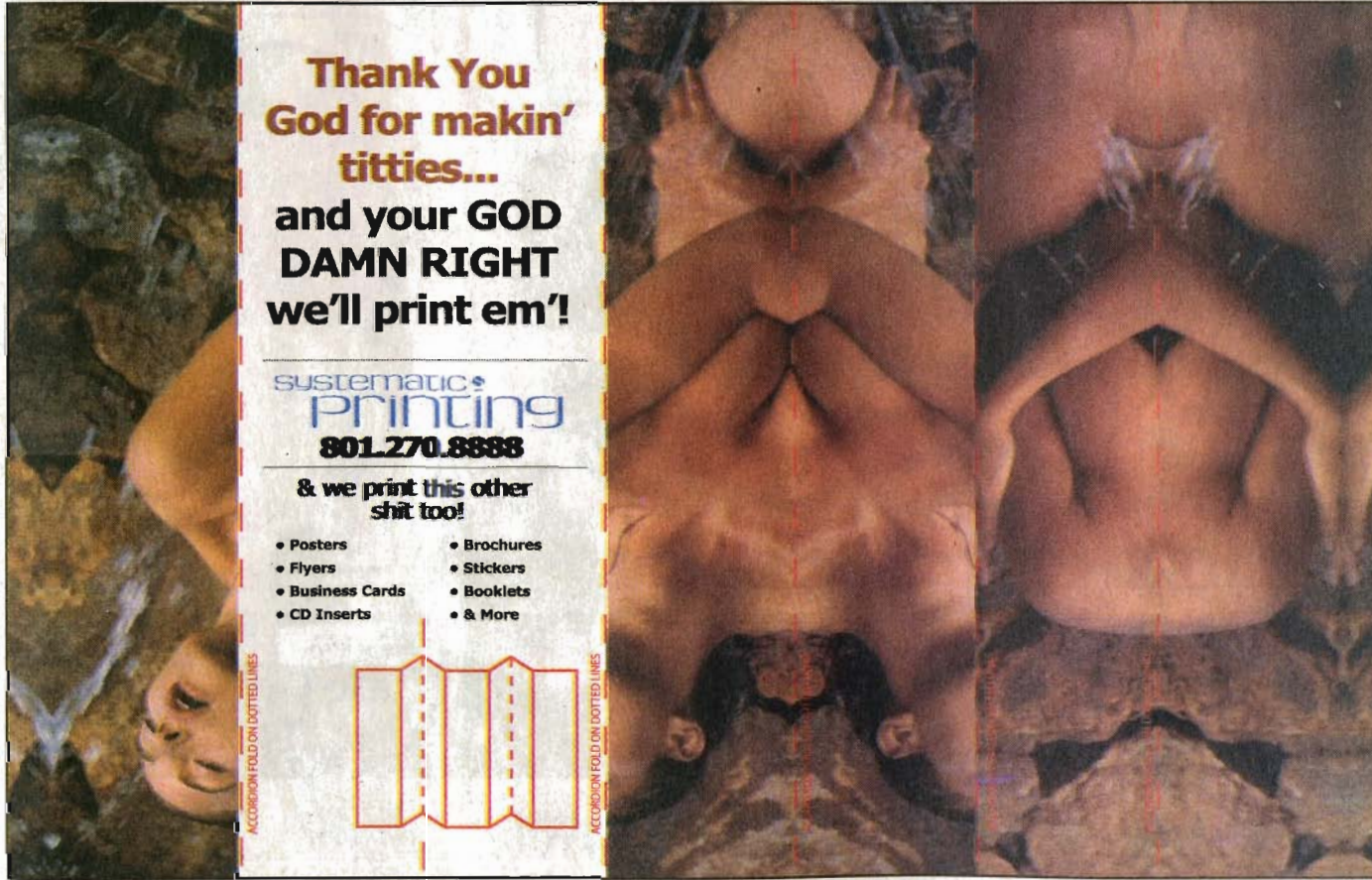
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Gallery Stroll: FOR YOUR ARTISTIC SIDE

By Mariah Mann-Mellus

I struggle with change. Just when I think I'm adjusting to the change, things change again! For instance, Gallery Stroll has been held on the third Friday of the month for over 22 years. *The Holiday Stroll* has always been held the first Friday and Saturday of December. It was a little confusing, but just as I was getting comfortable with explaining the Holiday date change, they (the Salt Lake Gallery Stroll association), switched it again! The official *Holiday/Gallery Stroll* will be held **Dec. 16**, but as conformity has never been an artist strong point many venues will be open late Dec. 2 and Dec. 16.

December's stroll has always been my favorite Gallery Stroll of the year. The culmination of a long and exciting year makes the show's that much more anticipated and the shopping opportunities appreciated.

Aphelion Studio recently celebrated their first anniversary. With the hard work of skilled artist and jewelry designer **Kali Mellus**, it was suited to be a success from the start. As I entered her studio located on 351 West Pierpont Ave, I marveled at how delicate she has made this once-bland and colorless studio space. Innovative displays highlight the handcrafted wares, while the hanging chandelier evokes the elegance and beauty of a boutique in Paris. Kali's designs are completely original and change based on the seasons and needs expressed by her loyal following. A "Made by Kali Jo" design is easily recognized for its craftsmanship and cutting edge style. Using raw materials like electrical staples, mason nails and

broken glass, people are guaranteed to stare at the "Belt Buckle" piece all the time.

What is that noise and that smell? I wondered as I passed 351 West Pierpont (located directly in-front of our own *SLUG* Mag HQ), Oh, it's Kali with her casting resin or leather dyes. When I say handcrafted, I mean from the time the hide is stripped from the cow (sorry kids, it's not vegan). She measures it out for different sizes, dyes pieces and attaches finishing touches like nails, leather strips or metal washers. Each belt buckle and necklace is poured in its own mold, color is selected and once finished, they are beaded and polished accordingly. The process is a credit to this young lady's ambition and her constant search of new and exciting ways to express her style and heighten yours.

The success of Aphelion is a testament to our community's sense of responsibility. If you want local artists and business' to stick around, if you want original clothing, jewelry, and art, you have to buy local. Spend the extra few bucks, and know where your things are made and who makes them.

Aphelion Studio is open by appointment Monday-Saturday and features the work of Kali Mellus, and Photographers **Anne Cummings Anderson** and **Caleb Cannon**. Special Holiday Stroll guests include **Meghann Griggs** and her fabulous scarves. For appointments contact madebykali@msn.com or see you December 16th!

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The Daily Calendar

Friday, December 2

Naked Aggression, Doomriders, Chaldeen—*Lo-Fi*
Larusso, Swaged, Until Further Notice, The Lethal West—*Kilby*
Duane Stephens and the Cocktails—*Zanzibar*
Red Bennies, The Wolfs, COSM—*Urban*
Lamer Face—*Mojo's Café*
Preservation Hall Jazz Band—*Kingsbury Hall*
Shattered Earth—*Mo's Grill*
The Adonis, The Utah Country Swillers—*Burt's*
The River Nile Institute fundraising event—*Utah Cultural Celebration Center*
Dead Riff 2 Drag CD Release Party—*Liquid Joe's*
Blackalicious—*Suede*
J.W. Blackout, The U.F.O.'s—*Ego's*
Idiocracy, Riph Chain, Anubis—*Club Vegas*
Nickel Creek—*Park City Eccles*

Saturday, December 3

Doomriders, Lorene Drive, Clifton, Chaldeen—*Club Boom*
Cave-In, Calico System, Chiodos, Odds Project—*Lo-Fi*
Dragon, Micah Dahl, The Grizzly Prospector, The John Whites—*Kilby*
Afro Omega—*Ego's*
Amina, Kashmir—*Ansuya (Logan)*
Purdy Mouth—*Urban*
DJ Colette—*Vortex*
Meat, Waist Deep, Vernicious Kind—*Club Vegas*
Creepshow, Die Monster Die—*Burt's*
Three 6 Mafia—*In the Venue*
The Pussycat Dolls—*Harry O's*
Shattered Earth—*Mo's*

Sunday, December 4

Bacon Brothers—*Park City Eccles*
Groove Sunday w/ local DJ—*Todd's*

Monday, December 5

Dance Evolution—*Area51*
Kamikazee Karaoke w/ DJ Durven—*Todd's*

Tuesday, December 6

Double Dipped Cream Dream—*Burt's*

Wednesday, December 7

Chris Duarte—*Ego's*
Fail to Follow—*Lo-Fi*
Groove Kitty, TBA—*Vortex*
John Brown's Body—*Suede*
Against the Season—*The Ritz*

Thursday, December 8

From First to Last, He Is Legend, Dead Reckless—*Lo-Fi*
Poetiquette, Lauren Wood, Adetia—*Kilby*
Dave Aude—*In the Venue*
The Firm—*Zanzibar*
Against the Season—*Mojo's*
Slamdance Film Festival Event—*Sugarbeatz*
Agent Orange, Charlie Don't Surf—*Burt's*
Bloswick—*Urban*

Friday, December 9

Drew Danburry, Will Sartain, The Broecks, Katherine Cowles, The Happies—*Kilby*
Aquabats, Bad Credit—*In the Venue*
Jerry Joseph and the Jackmormons cd release party—*Ego's*
Puddlestone—*The Whiskey*
Under the Gun—*Club 90*
Dimebag Darrell memorial show, Denots, Separation of Self, Jezus Rides a Riksha, Frustration Gripp—*Club Vegas*
Red Bennies, Stormy, Rotten Musicians—*Monk's*
Chuck Mead from BR549—*Koyotz*
Smackwater, Salty Rootz—*Liquid Joe's*
SLUG Localized w/ Then Thunder Blood, Almost Undone, Ghundi—*Urban*
J.W. Blackout—*Burt's*

Saturday, December 10

Robby Roadsteamer, Salt City Bandits—*Burt's*
Dokken, Tommy Had a Vision, The Street—*The Whiskey*
Stef Grundy, Eliza Wren, Jon Bentley, Mel Wade, The

Jewell Thieves—*Kilby*

Jerry Joseph and the Jackmormons—*Ego's*
The All-American Rejects, The Academy Is—*In the Venue*
The Dandy Warhols—*In the Venue*
Red Line, Minus One, Divine Right, Cave of Roses—*Lo-Fi*
Helstar, Agent Steel, Katagory V, Avenger of Blood—*Club Vegas*
Our Time in Space—*Urban*
Vince Herman, Rob Wasserman—*Suede*
Bad Boy Bill—*Vortex*
The Milan Conference, Return to Sender—*Club Boom Va*

Sunday, December 11

Shattered Realm, Black My Heart, TBA—*In the Venue*
Cub Country, Spanky Van Dyke—*Monk's*
Groove Sundays w/ local DJ's—*Todd's*

Monday, December 12

Lydia, New Atlantic, The Yearbook—*Lo-Fi*
Dance Evolution—*Area51*
Kamikazee Karaoke w/ DJ Durven—*Todd's*
David Dondero, Cub Country, The Annuals—*Kilby*

Tuesday, December 13

Greeley Estates, My American Heart, A Change Of Pace, Agent Sparks—*Lo-Fi*
The International Noise Conspiracy, Circa Survive, The Nightmare of You—*In the Venue*

Wednesday, December 14

Adapt, General Confusion—*Burt's*
As I Lay Dying, Norma Jean, Madball, A Life Once Lost—*Saltair*

Thursday, December 15

Our Time in Space, The Novelists, I am Electric—*Kilby*
Melissa Pace—*Zanzibar*
The Hotness—*Monk's*
Will Sartain, Taught Me, Tolchock Trio—*Urban*
Free screening of Manufacturing Consent at 7pm—*The Bridge*
Suffrajett, Bob Schneider—*Port O Call*
SLUG Action Sports Night Sponsored by X-Dance—*Circle Lounge*
Guttermouth, Letters From the Front, Faj to Follow—*Suede*

Friday, December 16

Ramones Alive, Le Force—*Monk's*
Whiskey's Wake, Hourly Radio—*Kilby*
Longshot—*The Whiskey*
School of Rock: The Led Zeppelin Show—*The Circuit*
Duane Stephens and the Cocktails—*Zanzibar*
Stilleto, Stormy, Heaters—*Urban*
The Screamin' Condors—*Burt's*
Neil Diamond—*E Center*
Hangar 18, Shred Bettie—*Club Vegas*
Royal Bliss—*Liquid Joe's*
Gallery Stroll for the Holidays—*Pierpont Ave.*
Bar J Wranglers—*McKay Events Center*
The Knives, Subrosea—*The Violet Run House*

Saturday, December 17

Quadraphonic—*Urban*
Our Time in Space, Unsound Mind, I Am The Ocean—*Burt's*
U2, Kanye West—*Delta Center*
Kid Robot event and signing—*Mechanized*
School of Rock: The Led Zeppelin Show—*The Circuit*
Fail to Follow, When it Rains, The Contingency Plan—*Todd's*

Sunday, December 18

Amina, Shahravar—*Taylorville Rec Center*
Groove Sundays w/ local DJ's—*Todd's*
August Burns Red, Reflux, Ed Gein, Animosity—*Club Boom Va*

Monday, December 19

Dance Evolution—*Area51*
Kamikazee Karaoke w/ DJ Durven—*Todd's*

Tuesday, December 20

Omagh—*Sundance*

Wednesday, December 21

Disorder—*Burt's*
Single File, Patrick Buie, Allred—*Kilby*

Thursday, December 22

Erin Haley, Danny's Dilemma—*Kilby*
Purdymouth—*Ego's*
Hektik.org presents 80's, Disco, Old School, Butt Rock—*Todd's*
The Firm—*Zanzibar*

Friday, December 23

Ramones Alive, Le Force—*The Whiskey*
One-Five, Pacifist—*Ego's*
Ibex Throne, The Pagan Dead—*Club Vegas*
G-13, Rek Center Allstars—*Monk's*
The Swamp Donkeys, Medicine Circus—*Urban*

Saturday, December 24

Circus Brown's Local Music Xmas special—*KRCL 90.9FM*

Sunday, December 25

Carolloake—*Burt's*
Groove Sundays w/ local DJ's—*Todd's*
Merry Fuckin' Christmas—*SLUG Magazine*

Monday, December 26

After Xmas party, Agape, Her Candane, I am the Ocean, The Midnight Sky—*Area51*
Kamikazee Karaoke w/ DJ Durven—*Todd's*

Tuesday, December 27

Plated pants party—*Erik Lopez's House*

Wednesday, December 28

Karaoke Night, Visit Steve and Brandon—*Monk's*
Brit Pop Night—*W Lounge*

Thursday, December 29

Jackass, The Utah County Swillers—*Burt's*
Hektik.org presents 80's, Disco, Old School, Butt Rock—*Todd's*

Friday, December 30

Die Monster Die, Left For Dead, Racket—*Burt's*
Saul Key Band—*Monk's*
Uzi and Ari, Tolchock Trio, Taughtme—*Kilby*
Project 44, Doomtree—*Club Vegas*

Saturday, December 31

Wolfs CD release party—*Urban*
Nathan & The Zydeco Cha-Chas, First Night—*Downtown SLIC*
Form Of Rocket—*Burt's*
Whole Lot of Rosies, Wicked Diamond—*Club Vegas*

Sunday, January 1

Drink lots of water and recover!
Groove Sundays w/ local DJ's—*Todd's*

Monday, January 2

Dance Evolution—*Area51*
Kamikazee Karaoke w/ DJ Durven—*Todd's*

Tuesday, January 3

Trio of Terror causing trouble—*Crazy Ellen, Sara and Shannon Froh*

Wednesday, January 4

Wolf Colonel/Jason Anderson, The Loveletter Band, Will Sartain, The Grizzly Prospector—*Kilby*

Thursday, January 5

Hektik.org presents 80's, Disco, Old School, Butt Rock—*Todd's*

Friday, January 6

Pick up the new SLUG—*Anyplace cool*
School of Rock Benefit: Red Bennies, Form of Rocket, Stormy—*Urban*

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Photo: Jon K.

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Dec 2
Red Bennies, The Wolfs,
COSM

Dec 10
Our Time in Space

Dec 3
Purdy Mouth

Dec 15
Will Sartain, Taught Me,
Tolchock Trio

Dec 8
Bloswick

Dec 16
Stilleto, Starmy, Heaters

Dec 9
SLUG localized:
Ben Thunderblood, Almost
Undone, Ghundi.
**\$3 Large Steins of any
Wasatch & Squatter's Beer!**

Dec 17
Quadraphonic

Dec 23
Medicine Circus

Dec 31
Wolfs CD Release, New Years

Todd's

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PHOTO: DAN GORDER

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*TODD'S IS A PRIVATE CLUB FOR MEMBERS.

**Monday- Kamikazee Karaoke with DJ Durven
\$2.00 spaghetti!**

Tuesday- Live Bands & \$1 drafts

Wednesday- Live Bands/DJ'S & \$1 drafts

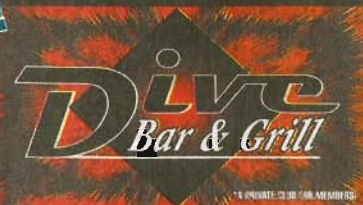
**Thursday- 80s, Disco, Punk, Old Skool,
Butt-Rock. Hosted by
Gil from Hektik.org**

Friday- Live Bands

Saturday- Live Bands

**Sunday- Groove Sundays with local DJs
\$1 Drafts NO COVER!**

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Brand new record of joyous, soulful roots-reggae and dark, soupy dub from members of John Brown's Body. Featuring very special guests THE MEDITATIONS! Expect tour in early '06!

"Refreshingly urgent & transcendent...rarely has a reggae group ever appeared so accomplished in mixing orthodox roots reggae w/ modern dub creation." - The Beat

MIKE LADD
Presents



Father Divine

With this sprawling concept album, Ladd has hit a new career high. 4.5 of 5. - URB

Father Divine is an album with big, BIG MOJO. It's easily Mike's hottest and dirtiest-sounding album yet. There's that ROIR sound—of anger & fun & dirt—and there's also a bit of mystique. And it's all burning. Father Divine is the sound of dirt burning up!



Patterns of War
Dr. Israel's first new record in over 3 years pairs him w/ Brooklyn collective Dreadtone Int'l (Lady K & Chemda from Conjure One) for an album of deep production, powerful vocals and political intrigue. Think Massive Attack vs Sade vs Bob Marley.

"Tetze" music video included on CD!
also available: *Inna City Pressure*

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current & soon come: Jon Langford *Gold Brick*
10 Ft. Ganja Plant *Bass Chalice*, Bush Chemists *Raw Raw Dub*
many ROIR titles now available on iTunes, eMusic, & more

Kilby Court + Calendar

DECEMBER 2005

- 1- DAYBREAK, NATE ROSE GROUP
ONLY ON TUESDAYS
- 2- LARUSSO, SWAGED UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE,
THE LETHAL WEST
- 3- DRAGON, MICAH DAHL, GRIZZLY PROSPECTOR, JOHN WHITES

JANUARY 2006

4- JASON ANDERSON,
THE LOVELETTER BAND,
WILL SARTAIN, THE
GRIZZLY PROSPECTOR

- 9- DREW DANBURRY, WILL SARTAIN, THE BROBECKS
KATHERINE COWLES, THE HAPPIES
- 10- STEF GRUNDY, MEL WADE, ELIZA WREN
AND THE JEWELL THIEVES, JON BENTLEY
- 12- DAVID DONDERO, CUB COUNTRY, THE ANNUALS
OUR TIME IN SPACE, I AM ELECTRIC
- 15- THE NOVELISTS
- 16- WHISKEY'S WAKE, HOURLY RADIO
- 21- SINGLE FILE, PATRICK BUJIE, ALLRED
- 22- ERIN HALEY, DANNY'S DILEMMA
- 30- UZI AND ARI, TOLCHOCK TRIO, TAUGHTIME



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