

slug

SSPCSER | 1527395

SHELVED | SLUG.

BY |

TITLE. |

U. of U. | Marriott Library 25 JANUARY 2006

*****3-DIGIT 841

007 S1 P1

Attn: Bill

Marriott Library Serials

295 S 1500 E

Salt Lake City UT 84112-0860

|||||

PRST STD

U.S. POSTAGE

PAID

SLC, UT

PERMIT #7259

AMERICAN
HARDCORE



J06 #205 v17

THE STROKES FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF EARTH

GET THE NEW ALBUM FEATURING

"JUICEBOX"

AVAILABLE IN STORES JANUARY 3rd

GET YOUR COPY AT

GRAYWHALE CD EXCHANGE

208 S 1300 E & 6 OTHER GREATER
SALT LAKE LOCATIONS

MUSIC TO THE MAXX

763 W ANTELOPE DR.
358 W 500 S

ORION'S

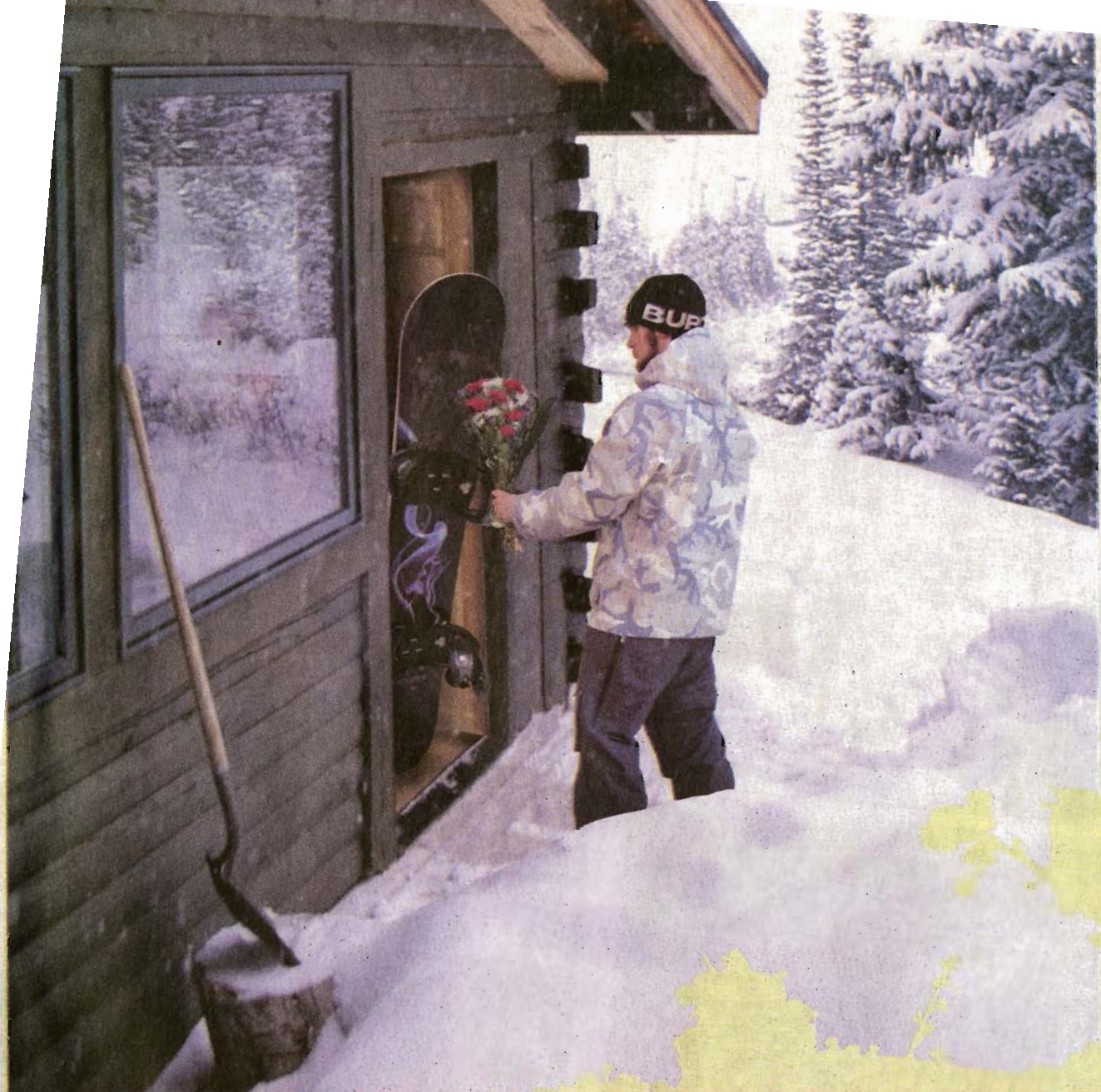
2110 HIGHLAND DR.

MODIFIED MUSIC

1310 E 200 S



RECEIVE A FREE "JUICEBOX" 7" SINGLE WITH PURCHASE



GET INTIMATE WITH OUR GEAR AT 10 SUPER STOPS ACROSS NORTH AMERICA.

PARK CITY, UT 1/20-1/22

WEEKEND SCHEDULE

SUPER STOP LOCATION
BASE OF PICK & SHOVEL
TERRAIN PARK
FRI 1/20/06 - SUN 1/22/06
9:00AM - 4:00PM

PARTY LOCATION
SAT 1/21/06 - BREW HOUSE
(UPSTAIRS IN THE LEGACY LODGE)
3:30PM - 6:00PM

JAM LOCATION
SAT 1/21/06 - RAIL JAM
11:00AM - 2:00PM
PICK & SHOVEL
TERRAIN PARK

Check out the **FULL Super Stop schedule at**
BURTONDEMOTOUR.COM

Bring a credit card and driver's license.

You must be at least 18 or have an adult with you.

THE BURTON DEMO TOUR IS THE LARGEST CONSUMER INTERACTIVE PRODUCT DEMO IN THE SNOWBOARD WORLD and lets riders test our gear in real life conditions where it matters the most, on snow. And be sure not to miss all of the cool interactive sponsor displays!



I'm new to the sophisticated everyday beauty of real life and this

Swi
rea
lov
it
up, good time

BA
Are you big? hanging. I love Strap me on to business.

DO
Let me be your temptress sex toy. Rail me, me and twa butter my m want it.

FE
Girls feel real rides in the to the park and chilling. please, just

Looking for a motivated female company me ploits. I love and can tear well. Take n

I got's all y and get sor before the beats you up and por

Ooooh ba rub me a gnarliest home in streets.

I am 36 brown power fun-lo worry take c

Good yet t lady be m ever

EAT LIKE IT YOU MEAN IT

SALADS • SOUPS • SANDWICHES • COFFEE

NOW OPEN ON
SUNDAYS!

TOASTERS

151 WEST 200 SOUTH SLC • 328-2928
THE VELVET ROOM IS RIGHT NEXT TO TOASTER'S



Bellydance Classes!

Taught by Stephanie
a member of

Blue Lotus Dance Collaborative
Named "Best of 2005" by
City Weekly

The most in depth training
for all abilities!

For more information and
Class Schedules
Contact Stephanie at:
801.755.1191

B
E
L
L
Y
D
A
N
C
E



BURT'S TIKI

Lounge

- CHEAP DRINKS
- CHEAP COVER
- CHEAP WOMEN

726 SOUTH STATE STREET • A PRIVATE CLUB

Jan. 2006 #205

ALWAYS FREE
slugmag.com

info@slugmag.com

351 Pierpont Ave. Ste. 4B SLC, UT 84101

PH: 801.487.9221 FAX: 801.487.1359

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 Wolfley
Graphic Design Intern: Heather Romney
Localized Poster Artist: Mike Haring
Web Design: Alan Steel

Photographers: Dan Gordon, Jon K.,
Ruby Claire, Bob Plumb

Marketing: Mariah Mann, Mellus, Shannon Froh,
Meghann Griggs, Stacey Adams

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

Distro: Bill Crow, Duckey, Maych Flack, Sahe Jidori,
Mike Smith, Jeremy Wilkins, George McFly, Tony Bassett,
Liam Jesso
Office Interns: James Orme, Jeanette Moses, Nick Miller
Monkeys with Computers: Amy Spencer, Chuck Berrett,
Justin Burch, Frank, Mariah Mann-Mellus, Bob Packard,
Mike Brown, James Orme, Ryan Michael Painter, Ryan
Powers, Jamila Roehrig, Rebecca Vernon, Brodie Hammon,
Andrew Glassett, Shane Farver, Jeff Fogt, Lance Saunders,
Astara, Erik Lopez, Jared Soper, Ryan Shelton, Jeremy
Cardenas, Tyler Ford, Andrew Jeppson, Derek Fommesbeck,
Spencer Jenkins, Curtis Jensen, Aaron Anderson, Jeremy
Wilkins, Bob Leavitt, Jeanette Moses, Dave Maddin,
Troyer, Wharton, Cindi Robinson, Kenny Helvik

Contributor Limelight



Jamila Roehrig: Copy Editor

She slices, she dices, she tightens sentences at the click of a red pen—who is this sly slingshot of syntax? Jamila Roehrig, of course! Outside of being SLUG Mag's grand vizier of grammar, Jamila enjoys tall boys, dance parties and badminton—and boy does she hit a mean shuttlecock! Jamila has been copyediting her way into the hearts of millions of SLUG readers for the last six months. With the eyes of a gentle giant, alert, effective, and all together cuddly cute, Jamila swoops in and nibbles misplaced commas, bad subject-verb agreements and split infinitives with ease! Watch out grammar phobias and verb burglars—Jamila is out for YOU!! SLUG



SLUG Alumni: Carina Taylor, Nate Marini, Mark Scheering, Tyler Finkhorn, MC Webb, Rachel Thompson, Josh Scheuerman, Katie Maloney, Kevlar7, William Athey, Brian Staker



Huck Gee ©

801.654.2427 HuckGee.com

MECHANIZED

www.mechanized.com

January 21st 5-7pm



511 West 200 South, Suite 140, Salt Lake City 801-521-5979

VISAGE

SALON STUDIOS

CHAR

FEATURING STUDIO 108

SHEAR ART

801.654.2427

SKILLED IN
CREATIVE HAIRCOLOR APPLICATION

2006 SOUTH 900 EAST
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH 84105

WWW.MYSPACE.COM/SHEARARTSALON



The Headz of State

801.486.0665

2583 S. State

PIPE DREAM

Pt

Novelty Knives & Swords, Tobacco, Accessories & Gifts
Live Glass Blowing



GLASS ART
STUDIOS

**For all you smokers...
our name says it all-
get your custom pipes!**

Free pipe

with purchase over \$60
(Approx. value \$10)

Smoke in the New Year with Pipe Dream!



SKULL

"Favorite time, 4:20 AM or PM!"
HANDCRAFTED PIPEWORK

Groovy Dyes

DISCRETE

scrh

HEADY'S



7ghettoslider
clothing co.

GRAVITY SKATEBOARDS

Bangkok Thai

Visit BANGKOKTHAI.COM FOR GREAT OFFERS, MENUS, AND RECIPES

1400 FOOTHILL DRIVE IN FOOTHILL VILLAGE 582-8424

Price Rollback

Save 10 - 20% Everyday

Plus on Meatless Mondays™

Vegetarian Entrees (Dine In)

Lunch \$5.99 Dinner \$7.99



ONE FREE ENTREE (up to \$14.00 Value)
With the Purchase of One Entree of Equal or Greater Value

****VALID ONLY IF ENTIRE BILL IS PAID WITH CHECK OR CASH****

Not Valid with other offers such as Meatless Mondays,
Limit 1 per table, per guest check, **DINE IN ONLY!** See
store for details Offer expires 1/30/06



LOCAL IMPOSTERS

imposter: one who engages in deception
under an assumed name or identity

local & under-exposed (yet worthwhile) music

KRCL 90.9 fm

Wed. Nights from 8:30-10:30

KRCL 90.9 fm

Dear Dickheads

Dead Dickheads,

The other hungover Sunday morning my friends picked me up from Chicago O'hare airport and were driving me back into the city. We had no plans and pondered what it was we should do on such a glorious day to waste time until nightfall came and the drinking resumed. My friend joked about going to the strip club and how funny and fun that would be on a Sunday morning to be in a really seedy strip joint checking out babes and drinking cheap beer. This sounded fun but we decided against it and the whole thing got us thinking about how many things we and everyone we know do for ironic value. We're not really the types to go to the strip club on Sunday morning. We're hipster college kids, not Charles Bukowskis. But we would get a kick out of going to the strip club because we would never seriously go there because we were so desperate to look at tits and vaginas on Sunday morning and really needed drinks. Basically, we're not what people would call "pathetic creepy losers," but we would go hang out with those losers for kicks. So the problem obviously arises, that eventually people like myself and people I know will end up only doing things for ironic value. We would go to the strip club on Sunday morning, but then the only other people at the strip club would be hipsters there for ironic value as well, therefore ruining irony completely and necessitating a new, two-fold form of irony that exists by actually being serious but then no one would know how to be serious because they've been doing ironic things for so long that they've forgotten how to do things that aren't pomo referential. So basically what I'm trying to say is that sooner or later W electroclash night and Agape shows will only be attended by sloppy hobo-sorts and the slick kids with Cocksers pants will be hanging out at Uncle Barts. Yours,
—Tom Masterson

Tom,

I totally understand what you're talking about. Totally. In fact, we at SLUG employ "ironic value" all the time, by taking serious letters that people write to us and putting them in the magazine only to show how much of their retarded, pathetic lives they've wasted trying to tell us what's on their minds. Get it?

Fuck I am sober. I am as sober as Gordon B. Hinckley's Liver on Sunday. It hurts real badly. She has been waiting for this show for months. I have been dreading it my whole life. If I see one more high school kid or someone who looks like a high school kid with black hair combed over their eyes, I am going to freak out. I want to show them how we freaked out in 99. Not enough violence in the scene anymore. I miss pointless fights fueled by beer and bitches. Too many gay feelings and women pants feminizing male asses. GOD! If one more high school kid asks me for a cigarette Fuck my team is playing and I could be getting gut rot and a headache from my twelver of Pabsts and a load of Doritos. Instead I have to freeze my skinny ass off in the Salt Lake cold and listen to everyone babble on about the latest and greatest DIY styles Hot Topic has to offer. Well good thing it will be warm inside this dump/shack they call a venue. Everyone's body heat should keep things uncomfortably warm with the added bonus of the volatile odor of a sack full of emo asses. Not only the heat but the humidity. The gallons of tears that will be pouring down on the ground should make

me sweat that much more. Can't wait. I can hear the opening band 'Tortured Emotion' opening up for the main band. They are bitching on about the horrible oppression they have to overcome in the face of adversity. Such as and or but not limited to 'my parents bought me a Honda when I wanted a Benz' and 'my girlfriend left me for a man with a bigger penis.' I love it when people write songs about me. Just kidding. FUCK you. Well at least they don't sleep on dirt and have a decently edible dinner. So shut the fuck up! The sign on the door states "ABANDON ALL HOPE YE WHO ENTER." The last thing I hear prior to enter is Fenix TX played a way better set than Bad Religion when they opened for Blink 182, their fashion sense was war more on par than them. I lost all hope long ago. Fuck you. Finally true fuckin unity in a scene. Like disco did so many years back, these individualist intellectuals reinvented it. Male, female, black and white all crying to the same whiny shit. They are all wearing the same hairstyles, makeup, clothing, and other accessories used to differentiate themselves from the masses. Simultaneously moving in a grunge like swagger. I black out. I wake up in a cold sweat screaming. Vomit exits every available orifice in my head plus some other orifices not suited for vomit. Just a nightmare. Thank God. My fucking team smoked the opponent and I drank more than my share of beer. Awesome alert. I also have the runs from the numerous bags of Doritos I consumed in a drunken haste. Bittersweet night. I fall back asleep in an euphoric daze. All proper spelling and punctuation brought to you by "spell check" courtesy of Microsoft. All poor sentence structure brought to you by my drunk and feeble mind. So shut up I didn't go to college. —John A. Crystal

Hey, Billy Crystal, what the fuck is this? An avant-garde, punk-rock short story adaptation of When Harry Met Sally? Are you moving through different phases of your life — from young, reckless and stupid to fat, old, bitter and stupid — only to find your heart reaffirms, leading you to bands you listened to in high school that you're too stuck in a rut to get the fuck over? Yeah, we all miss pointless violence and bad fashion. Why don't you pointlessly violate yourself in the head and fuck-punch your stupid girlfriend's abortion before you die of liver disease?

What was with your Happies review? I've been listening to The Happies since they were on mp3.com in 1999. They are brilliant. Whoever did that review for their new album must have no idea about the current indie rock sound, songwriting skills, or beautiful music. Get someone who understands music to do cd reviews! City Weekly got the review right, why can't you? —Nate

Nate,
Six years of fan-boy, scenester ass-kissing doesn't qualify your opinion as an objective standard. Neither does trampling over a hundred other indie fags in Salt Lake to garner the impressive "slc indie" Hotmail address. I'm sure you've spent enough time jacking off to beautiful, groin-warming indie rock to truly understand the essence of well-written, City Weekly-approved bullshit. But last I heard, there is no "right" way to review an album. On the other hand, you are a cunt. And I have the factual research and empirical evidence to back that claim up (see above letter).

black

THE CURIOUS: **chandelier**
CLOTHING & GIFTS FOR MEN, WOMEN & CHILDREN
CHECK OUT OUR NEW
BLACK CHANDELIER JUNKYARD COLLECTION!

MADE TO BE DESTROYED

DESTROYED TO BE MADE

LOCATED IN TROLLEY SQUARE
ON THE SOUTH SIDE, BY THE FOUNTAIN
WWW.BLACKCHANDELIER.COM

Photo: Bob Plumb

Thursday
January 12th 9pm

Sushi, Drink Specials
& Product Giveaways
\$2 whiskey & vodka drinks
No Cover

circle lounge

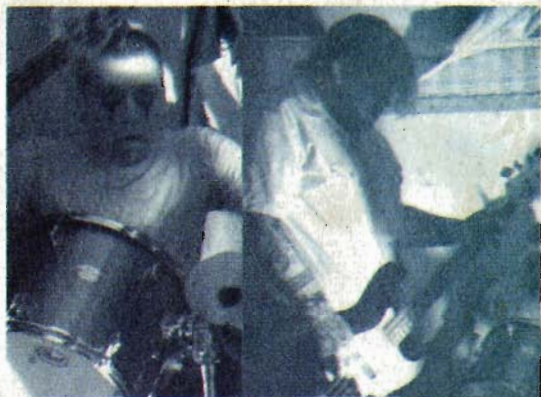
CIRCLE LOUNGE
328 S. STATE
801.531.5400
CIRCLELOUNGESLC.COM
A Private Club For Members

Blug.
presents
Action Sports Night
Circle Lounge

MILE

I happened to run into and talk to previous *Localized* writer, **Camilla Taylor**, who was briefly in town for the holidays. She gave me the following creamy truffles of wisdom for my first rugged expedition into interviewing local bands: "The first rule of *Localized* is to make the bands come to downtown Salt Lake City to do the interview. The second rule of *Localized* is to pick a comfortable place in your home turf within which to conduct said interview. They're in your country now..." Seeing as rules were meant to be broken, I decided to do neither of these things and make an attempt to find the people behind the music through the medium of voice reproduction technology, i.e. the polite and judicious telephone interview and the always classy e-mail inquiry. *Localized* will be vocally real this month on Friday, January 13th at the ineffable *Urban Lounge*. **Salt Town Greasers**, **Left for Dead** and the **Hellbound Saints** will make you shit your pants in fright to ring in the New Year.

by "EEEEEGAD!" Erik Lopez



Left for Dead

is (in no particular undead order):
Johnny Demonic: Vo-kills & rhythm guitar
Sam Hainus: Lead guitar, backing vox
Bucket: Bass guitar
Cordaver: Drums



Left for Dead

was raised from the dead in the autumn of 2004, and after playing shows with such luminaries as the **Misfits**, the **Independents**, the **Queers** and the **Michael Graves Band**, they signed to **Doctor Cyclops Records** in September 2005. Now, after releasing their debut album *It Begins ...* this interview is about to begin. I interviewed Johnny Demonic through the cold confines of the Internet.

Their sound is a monster mash of many styles and genres as evidenced from the eclectic mix of influences. "Personally, my musical influences are pretty varied ... everything from the **Beach Boys**, **Frankie Vallie**, **Johnny Cash** and **Elvis** to **Mötörhead** ... I think the biggest influences to our sound would be the **Misfits**, **Ramones**, **Cramps**, **The Damned**, **Social Distortion**, **Black Sabbath** ... our lyrics focus on the macabre ... B-flicks, horror movies, sci-fi, zombies and werewolves."

Furthermore, Left for Dead's lyrical content puts the "Ween" back in Halloween. Johnny replies: "Our sound is pretty straightforward. We keep it simple and creepy. We have big guitars and bigger drums, with lots of harmonies in the backing vocals. We try to write songs that will burrow into your brains ... stuff that you'll be

singing all day long. We want your co-workers to be like "what the hell is he singing about? Living abortion? What's up with that guy?" The newer stuff is a bit more experimental, with different structures and breakdowns and big build-ups into choruses. The stuff on our album is a lot of four-chord, down-tempo (but not always) punk with heavy 50s overtones. We try not to take ourselves too seriously."

Finally, Johnny recalls the swashbuckling "bucket-o'-blood" live show that makes for good horror rock: "The Misfits crowd really dug us, 1500 kids were moshing it up and tearing down security fences during our set, but I like playing small shows best. 100 people packed into *Burt's* on a Saturday night, everybody up front, spilling beer and singing along. We have some fun with the stage show; creepy lighting, skulls, ghosts, fake blood and candy-filled jack-o-lanterns; every show for us is a Halloween show."

Left for Dead will be hitting the road in 2006 and currently has two FREE mp3 downloads as a Christmas gift on their Myspace page (www.myspace.com/leftfordeadsic). Finally, they have a track on the **World Horror Network's** *Horror of It All Vol. 2* compilation CD. Check it out at www.worldhorrornetwork.com.

The Hellbound Saints are:

Brad T. - Bass, Vox
Kirby Anderson - Guitar, Vox
Ethan Anderson - Drums

It has been a long and winding road for local psychobilly outfit the Hellbound Saints. How do I know? I happened to have a pleasant and delightful phone call with bassist Brad T. We hemmed and hawed, relived old tales and basically shot the shit as we shared our secrets... and our lives.

The Hellbound Saints formed two years ago when Brad moved from the Carolinas to Utah, where he met fellow psychobilly enthusiast Kirby Anderson. They soon found out that they had similar musical tastes: the **Cramps**, the **Meteors** and the **Misfits**, among others. "Living in Utah County you don't run into many people who are into psychobilly ... especially people

willing to start a band with." After establishing a mutual love of music, they decided to work on a musical project together. All they needed now, however, was a drummer - and in walks Ethan Anderson (no relation), who solidified the line-up.

After four weeks of sweat, guts and glory (i.e. practice); the intrepid trio went live. Now, after one year together, two demos recorded by **Mikey** from the **Juke Joint 45s** and opening for such bands as **Mad Sin** from Germany in Las Vegas, the band is ready to blossom into a new beast: drummer Ethan Anderson is leaving the band after *Localized*, his last show with the Saints. "The amazing thing about the Mad Sin show was that not only was it well attended, full of energy, and quite a rush to play with them, the guys from Mad Sin were really nice, swell guys - not to mention that this was the first or second time Mad Sin had been to the States."

When asked about the split, Brad commented by saying that "the split was amicable and that Ethan has left to pursue music in a more punk vein, à la the **Clash**. Ethan is really into music that is more punk than psychobilly."



Localized
Friday
January 13th
Urban Lounge

But fear not, because a good time will be had at the Hellbound Saints' last show with their original drummer! Blood will be spat, dancing will be had, and the Saints will put the "psensational" back in psychobilly. **SLUG**



it is piercing

2431 S. Highland Dr.
1100 East

801 486 0112

12-9pm Mon.-Sat.
12-6pm Sunday

-Specializing in Titanium,
Niobium and Glass.

-All tools and supplies
are 100% disposable.

-ASTM Certified Implant
Grade Materials.

-Large Organic Selection.



Piercing Performed by:

Jesse Dobbs
Dustin Robbins
Nick Lott

Huge organic shipment
from Indonesia in stock
until Jan. 27th. Come pick
out your jewelry before
it's gone!





KOI
Piercing Studio

1301 South 900 East Salt Lake City (801) 463-7070

SLUG MAG's Top 50 OF 2005

- Stacey Adams**
1. Wolf Parade - *Apologies to the Queen Mary*
 2. Ladytron - *Witching Hour*
 3. Decemberists - *Picaresque*
 4. Johnny Cash - *The Legend of Johnny Cash*
 5. Granddaddy - *Excerpts From the Diary of Todd Zilla EP*
- Aaron Anderson**
1. Nick Cave and the Bad Seeds - *B-sides and Rarities*
 2. The Deadly Snakes - *Porcella*
 3. Danny Cohen - *We're All Gunna Die*
 4. Bruce Springsteen - *Devils and Dust*
 5. Lucero - *Nobody's Darlings*
- David Berg**
1. Nouvelle Vague - *S/T*
 2. Vile Blue Shades - *Bottle of Pain*
 3. Bright Eyes - *Digital Ash in a Digital Urn*
 4. She Wants Revenge - *S/T*
 5. Tetine - *Bomde do Tetao*
- Chuck Berrett**
1. The National - *Alligator*
 2. Angels of Light - *Sing Other People*
 3. Prefuse 73 - *Surrounded by Silence*
 4. Wolf Parade - *Apologies to the Queen Mary*
 5. M.I.A. - *Arular*
- Angela Brown**
1. Vile Blue Shades - *We're Here, We're High*
 2. Purr-Bats - *Salt Lake City*
 3. Nick Cave and the Bad Seeds - *B-sides and Rarities*
 4. Angels of Light & Akron Family - *S/T*
 5. The Fall - *Fall Heads Roll*
- Mike Brown**
1. Daft Punk - *Technologic*
 2. R. Kelly - *Trapped in the Closet*
 3. Weezer - *Make Believe*
 4. Black Eyed Peas - *Monkey Business*
 5. Bloodhound Gang - *Hefty Fine*
- Justin Thomas Burch**
1. Gang Gang Dance - *God's Money*
 2. Dirty Projectors - *The Getty Address*
 3. M.I.A. - *Arular*
 4. Animal Collective - *Feels*
 5. Boards of Canada - *The Campfire Headphase*
- Paul Butterfield**
1. The Fall - *Fall Heads Roll*
 2. Big Business - *Head for the Shallow*
 3. Purr Bats - *Bionic Fresh Moves*
 4. Mos Def - *The New Danger*
 5. The Wolf's - *S/T*
- Bill Cruea**
1. The Detroit Cobras - *Baby*
 2. The Fall - *Fall Heads Roll*
 3. Queens of the Stone Age - *Lullabies to Paralyze*
 4. Red Bennies - *Shake it Off*
 5. Purr Bats - *Salt Lake City*
- Shane Farver**
1. Propagandhi - *Potemkin City Limits*
 2. Reggie and the Full Effect - *Songs Not to Get Married To*
 3. Hella - *Church Gone Wild/Chirpin' Hard*
- Jeff Fogt**
1. Metropolitan - *The Lines They Get Broken*
 2. Pilot Scott Tracy - *Any City*
 3. Goblin Cock - *Bagged and Boarded*
 4. Bloc Party - *Silent Alarm*
 5. Clap Your Hands Say Yeah - *S/T*
- Tyler Ford**
1. Nada Surf - *The Weight Is a Gift*
 2. Black Rebel Motorcycle Club - *Howl*
 3. Sufjan Stevens - *Come on Feel the Illinoise*
 4. John Vanderslice - *Pixel Revolt*
 5. Wolf Parade - *Apologies to the Queen Mary*
- Shannon Froh**
1. Stellastarr - *Harmonies for the Haunted*
 2. Ladytron - *Witching Hour*
 3. Pelican - *The Fire in Our Throats will Beckon the Thaw*
 4. Heston Rifle - *What to do at Time of Accident*
 5. Granddaddy - *Excerpts From the Diary of Todd Zilla EP*
- Andrew Glassett**
1. The Go! Team - *Thunder, Lightning, Strike*
 2. Caribou - *Milk of Human Kindness*
 3. M.I.A. - *Arular*
 4. Wolf Parade - *Apologies to the Queen Mary*
 5. Taughtme - *Ready to Go Under*
- Meghann Griggs**
1. Red Sparrows - *At the Soundless Dawn*
 2. Ben Folds Five - *Songs for Silverman*
 3. Against Me - *Searching for a Form of Clarity*
 4. Pelican - *The Fire in Our Throats will Beckon the Thaw*
 5. Gwen Stefani - *Love Angel Music Baby*
- Spencer Jenkins**
1. Vitalic - *Ok Cowboy*
 2. Cast King - *Of Old Sand Mountain Alabama*
 3. Wolf Parade - *Apologies to the Queen Mary Tebbs*
 4. Hella - *Church Gone Wild/Chirpin' Hard*
 5. Clap Your Hands Say Yeah - *S/T*
- Andrew Jeppson**
1. CocoRosie - *Noah's Ark*
 2. Kammerflimmer Kollektief - *Absence*
 3. Angels of Light & Akron Family - *S/T*
 4. Art Brut - *Bang Bang Rock & Roll*
 5. Taylor Deupree + Eisi - *Every Sull Day*
- Curtis Jensen**
1. Theloniou Monk/ John Coltrane - *Live at Carnegie Hall*
 2. Mastadon - *Leviathan*
 3. Big Business - *Big Business*
- Bob Leavitt**
1. Gang Gang Dance - *God's Money*
 2. The Fall - *The Complete Peel Sessions 1978-2004*
 3. Aril Pink's Haunted Graffiti - *Worn Copy*
- Erik Lopez**
1. Gang Gang Dance - *God's Money*
 2. Six Organs of Admittance - *School of the Flower*
 3. Green Milk From the Planet Orange - *City Calls Revolution*
 4. Jan Jelinek - *Kosmoscher Pitch*
 5. Maximum Joy - *Unlimited 1979-1983*
- Dave Madden**
1. Subtitle - *Young Dangerous Heart*
 2. Metric - *Live it Out*
 3. John Parish - *Once Upon a Little Time*
 4. Broadcast - *Tender Buttons*
 5. Taku Sugimoto - *Music for Cymbal*
- Mariah Mann Mellus**
1. Clap Your Hands Say Yeah - *S/T*
 2. Caribou - *The Milk of Human Kindness*
 3. Sleater Kinney - *The Woods*
 4. Spoon - *Gimme Fiction*
 5. Of Montreal - *The Sunlandic Twins*
- Nate Martin**
1. The Plot to Blow Up the Eiffel Tower - *Love in the Fascist Brothel*
 2. Dalek - *Absence*
 3. Lucero - *Nobody's Darlings*
 4. LCD Soundsystem - *S/T*
 5. Art Brut - *Bang Bang Rock & Roll*
- Jeanette Moses**
1. Naked Aggression - *Heard it all Before*
 2. The Briefs - *Steal Yer Heart*
 3. The Epoxies - *Stop the Future*
 4. Street Dogs - *Back to the World*
 5. Horror Pops - *Bring it On*
- James Orme**
1. Koffin Kats - *Inhumane*
 2. Mad Sin - *Dead Moon Calling*
 3. Brian Setzer - *Rockabilly Riot vol. 1*
 4. Various Artists - *Return of the Hot Rod Zombies*
 5. Gutter Demons - *Enter the Demons*
- Ryan Michael Painter**
1. Kate Bush - *Aerial*
 2. Nichola Hitchcock - *Passive Aggressive*
 3. Black Rebel Motorcycle Club - *Howl*
 4. Erasure - *Nightbird*
 5. Mylene Farmer - *Avant Que L'ombre*
- Ryan Powers**
1. Lightning Bolt - *Hypermagic Mountain*
 2. Coughs - *Fright Makes Right*
 3. Pope - *The Jazzman Cometh*
 4. Ex-Models - *Chrome Panthers*
 5. Black Dice - *Broken Ear Record*
- Cindi Robinson**
1. Gaza - *The Urine Sessions*
 2. Queens of the Stone Age - *Lullabies to Paralyze*
 3. Purr Bats - *Salt Lake City*
 4. Day of Less - *Porcaria*
 5. Nine Inch Nails - *With Teeth*
- Jamila Roehrig**
1. Dungen - *Ta Det Lugnt*
- Of Montreal - Sunlandic Twins**
1. Of Montreal - *Sunlandic Twins*
 2. Alaska! - *Rescue Through Tomahawk*
 3. 00100 - *Gold and Green*
 4. Beck - *Guero*
- Lance Saunders**
1. Subtle - *A New White*
 2. Decemberists - *Picaresque*
 3. Atmosphere - *Headshots?*
 4. Beck - *Guero*
 5. Alias&Ehren - *Lillian*
- Ryan Shelton**
1. Gris Gris - *For the Season*
 2. Devandra Banhart - *Cripple Crow*
 3. Ponys - *Celebration Castle*
 4. Low - *The Great Destroyer*
 5. Prefuse 73 - *Surrounded by Silence*
- Jared Soper**
1. Human Eye - *S/T LP*
 2. The Dirtbombs - *If You Don't Already Have a Look*
 3. The Hospitals - *I've Visited the Islands of Jocks and Jazz*
 4. Black Time - *New Vague Themes*
 5. The Icky Boyfriends - *A Love Obscene*
- Amy Spencer**
1. Converter - *Expansion Pack 2.0*
 2. Lapsed - *S/T*
 3. Detritus - *Origin*
 4. Depeche Mode - *Playing the Angel*
 5. Ladytron - *The Witching Hour*
- Rebecca Vernon**
1. Nine Inch Nails - *With Teeth*
 2. The Human value - *S/T*
 3. The Fall - *Fall Heads Roll*
 4. Queens of the Stone Age - *Lullabies to Paralyze*
 5. New Order - *Waiting for the Sirens' Call*
- MC Welk**
1. The Fall - *Fall Heads Roll*
 2. Sleater-Kinney - *The Woods*
 3. Eazy-E - *Eternal E*
 4. Alvarius B (Sun City Girl) - *Blood Operatives of the Barium Sunset*
 5. Stephen Malkmus - *Face the Truth*
- Bryer Wharton**
1. Fear Factory - *Transgression*
 2. Nevermore - *This Godless Endeavor*
 3. Watch Them Die - *Bastard Son*
 4. Strapping Young Lad - *Alien Sunn0)) - The Black One*
- Jeremy Wilkins**
1. Coheed and Cambria - *Good Apollo, I'm Burning Star IV, Volume One: From Fear Through the Eyes of Madness*
 2. Billy Idol - *Devil's Playground*
 3. Bright Eyes - *I'm Wide Awake, It's Morning*
 4. 7Seconds - *Take it Back, Take it On, Take it Over!*
 5. Transplants - *Haunted Cities*
- Nathan Wolfley**
1. Wolf Parade - *Apologies to the Queen Mary*
 2. Shout Out Louds - *Howl Howl Gaff Gaff*
 3. Bright Eyes - *I'm Wide Awake, It's Morning*
 4. Black Rebel Motorcycle Club - *Howl*
 5. Beck - *Guero*

Sonic Youth:

dave@slugmag.com

Dave Madden

From his early photography work (1971's *Tulsa*) to his film debut of *Kids* (1995) to his current film *Wassup Rockers* (premiering at *Slamdance '06*), 62-year-old Larry Clark is an artist who has always presented a raw, honest, oftentimes difficult-to-look-at vision of youth culture – scaring everyone from parents to ratings boards. The other side to his artistry is his uncompromising vision and determination to finish what he wants without changing a single frame – even if he has to wait ten years for the money and support to do so. Clark premieres two movies this year in Park City: the aforementioned *The O.C.-meets-Dogtown* film, *Wassup Rockers* and a short (38 minutes) in the collection *Destituted*.

After a morning of dealing with the NYC transit strike, Clark graciously spent the afternoon on the phone with me, speaking at length about his processes, inspiration and latest works.

SLUG: You were in London recently, is that right?

Larry Clark: I was in London over the weekend, as a matter of fact. I had an exhibition at a gallery with some of my photographs.

SLUG: How do you divide your time between photography and filmmaking? Is one an extension of the other, or do you find one as sort of a release?

LC: Well, they're different. I always take pictures. I've been taking a lot of photographs lately. But it's all the same – well, it all makes sense to me (*laughs*).

SLUG: Like **Matthew Barney's** work, I see your films as a still image, but in motion. It's like Barney's work where a painting becomes an object in motion; yours is a photograph come to life.

LC: That's actually hard to explain, too. It just happens. I think, probably what helps more than anything, is that I have a clear vision. I know what I want. That really helps a lot, especially if you're making a film and you know exactly what you want it to look like, or what you want it to feel like and you're trying to translate what you're seeing into this reality so it feels real, so it feels like real life, so it feels like it's really happening, like it's very immediate. Like it's happening for the first time.

SLUG: It's extending an idea.

LC: My early photographs, like the *Tulsa* photographs for example; the *Tulsa* book is straight documentary.

SLUG: Yeah, definitely.

LC: When I started making films, like *Kids*, for example, it was a fiction film, but with a documentary look. A lot of people initially thought it was a documentary. I swear to God, people would walk out of the theatre really pissed off; if they had seen **Leo (Fitzpatrick)**, "Telly" in *Kids* walking down the street they would have probably lynched him or something. *Wassup Rockers*, the new film, starts out looking like a documentary of these kids' lives in the South Central (L.A.) ghetto and then I take them on this adventure.

SLUG: I read that you cite *The Warriors* as a reference point.

LC: One could make a really interesting and compelling documentary about these kids, but I don't make documentaries. I wanna make what I call "real movies." The truth is that I actually just sat down one day all alone in a coffee shop and said, "What can I do?" **Paris Hilton** and **Nicki Richie** were in the news then, a lot – this is two years ago before the Paris Hilton sex tape or anything, right? Nicki and Paris were in the news just for going to clubs, if you remember. So I said, what if these kids went into Hollywood to skate Beverly Hills Highway, the famous skate spot, and Paris and Nicki drove by and saw them and like picked them up, right?



SLUG: (*laughing*) Every kid's dream!

LC: Yeah! They're up in Beverly Hills and let's say the girls' boyfriends come, and then they get in a fight. Then someone calls the cops, and they start running, and they start going into the backyards of Beverly Hills trying to get away, and they go into all these backyards and meet all these different people, and get in more and more trouble, through no fault of their own, and they get trapped in Beverly Hills and have to somehow escape back to South Central where it's safe. I thought, "That's kind of like *The Warriors*," which is one of my favorite movies. Then I just started thinking, "Who would be in the Beverly Hills backyards?" There's probably an aging actress who was really famous and is now 45. She's an alcoholic, she gets up, gets dressed every day to the nines, puts on her make-up and drinks and never leaves the house. I just started tripping over these different characters. I had them go to Beverly Hills Highway, and a couple of Beverly Hills girls see them and become fascinated by these Latino skaters. They meet them, the cops come and then I just made up this adventure/chase/crazy/dark comedy with a lot of social commentary. I mean, I was just throwing every genre in – just to see what I could do – and it just kind of came together.

SLUG: Yeah, that's kind of what it seems like. It does have a lot of different

an interview with Larry Clark

elements in it, like a lot of skating elements and stoner kid movies...

LC: After I'd done the screenplay, I remembered this one moment from an old movie with **Burt Lancaster**, based on a **John Cheever** novel, where Burt Lancaster goes to Beverly Hills and sort of swims across Beverly Hills pool by pool...

SLUG: *The Swimmer?*

LC: Yeah, *The Swimmer*. So, subconsciously that must have been in there, too. It was fun to write and it was fun to have that much fun writing, figuring it out and goofing on the white people in Beverly Hills. (laughs)

SLUG: So how did you cast the film?

LC: These are just kids from South Central Los Angeles that I met over the Fourth of July weekend in 2003. These kids had never acted before; they were just wild kids, the funniest kids off the street. I've been photographing them for two-and-a-half years. It took over a year to get money for the film, and then two days before we were ready to shoot, the money disappeared, which happens.

SLUG: Of course...

LC: The movie was dead in the water. I mean, it was not going to happen and I told my manager and my agent, "I'm not going to do anything until I make this movie." I'd been getting these kids geared up for a year to do this. So I just stayed on it and another six months later we found **Harry Winterstorm**, this amazing guy who produced and paid for the film. He's just a real stand-up guy. Henry Winterstorm, I can't say enough about this guy. He let me make this film, and I'm really pleased with it. We previewed it in Toronto, and people are liking this film, a lot.

Wassup Rockers

Thursday, January

19th at

The Treasure

Mountain Inn

in Park City

hop and smoke. These kids don't do that. These kids were growing their hair long, listening to punk rock, wearing tight clothes, skateboarding, not doing drugs, playing in a garage band and just having fun - I'd never seen kids having so much fun. They also had to fight to be the way they are.

SLUG: Well, it sounds like they dictate the direction of the film. These kids play in a band in real life. Is their music going to be featured in the movie?

LC: Yes. And the soundtrack is Latino punk rock from the ghetto. Wait until you hear the soundtrack, it's terrific.

SLUG: Your films are so close to portraying reality, but they aren't documentaries or "reality TV"...

LC: My son calls it "cringe TV"; I can't watch it, I can't do it. People are performing the way that they think that they are supposed to perform. What I'm trying to do is really make it seem like real life. I'm gonna pull you in for an hour and a half into this reality that I've created. I remember seeing *River's Edge*. I was pulled in. I was totally in there for the film. Then after the film was over, I started thinking, "That doesn't make sense" - like when **Crispin Glover** is driving around all fucked up. But while watching it, I never had those thoughts. The biggest

compliment I ever had for *Kids* was, this kid - someone who was exactly like someone from the film - walks up to me and says, "Larry, I just saw the movie. It wasn't like a movie. It was like real life."

SLUG: Do you see your movies all sitting together as sort of a mythology?

LC: I'd say it's more... *Wassup Rockers* is kind of like *Kids* ten years later; *Kids* is about the secret world of kids where parents aren't allowed. Then *Ken Park* is where you meet the parents...

SLUG: (laughs) And we wish we hadn't!

LC: Right! But when I did *Bully* - which was supposed to be a true story - the social comment was kids with time on their hands; we live in such an affluent country where kids can be that bored. American kids have so much. In the third world it's all about surviving and putting food on the table. But with this movie... well, I guess there aren't parents in there because they're off on this adventure. (laughs) *Wassup Rockers* is about the actual kids. I made the film because people never get to see these kids.

SLUG: Did you choose to premiere the film at *Slamdance* instead of *Sundance*?

LC: Well, *Sundance* didn't accept the film: "We don't have any more room for special screenings blah blah blah." If anyone should support my film, it should be *Sundance*. It's fucking ridiculous. We're talking about independent filmmakers who have an audience, but they didn't do it. Go figure. Then after that they *did* turn around and give a screening to the *Distrikted* project. My producer says I don't have enough controversy with this film, so I said, should I get drunk and punch **Robert Redford** in the face? (laughs)

SLUG: *Wassup Rockers* definitely isn't as "dark" as your previous work.

LC: No, this one will be more accessible, I think.

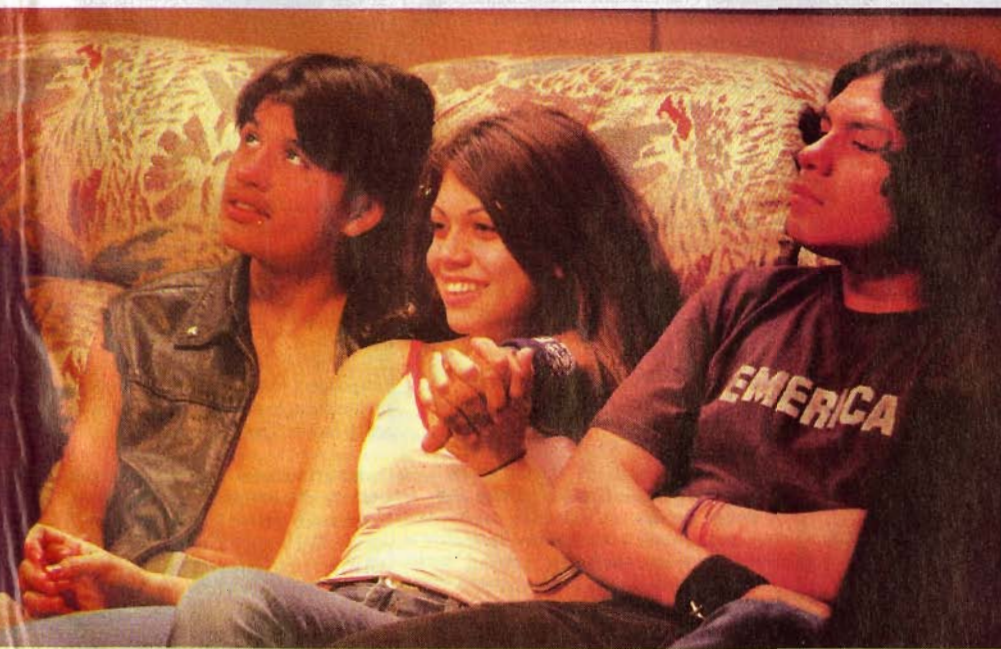
SLUG: Are you fine with that?

LC: I just made *Ken Park*, which is very explicit to the max, you know? And I said I don't have to make *Ken Park* again. I just wanted to make this film about these kids who live in the ghetto and it's gang-infested. It's the most dangerous place to grow up. It's Latino, Black and Hispanic, and there are no white people there. I mean, some school teachers, but that's it. There's peer pressure to be in a gang, to cut off their hair, listen to hip-

SLUG: That sounds crazy enough to work. Are you still skating?

LC: No, I've retired. My knees are shot and I couldn't handle it anymore. Maybe I'll start again; I've been rehabilitating the hell out of my knees. I have my board in my trunk, so who knows?

If you miss the single screening of *Wassup Rockers*, **never fear**: the film opens in theatres around the country in late April. **SLUG**
www.larryclarkofficialwebsite.com



ART CITY TATTOO

NEWLY OPENED
WITH FOUR OUTSTANDING ARTISTS—
TRAVIS, JOHN, JASON & JED

(801)270.8282



TRAVIS, OWNER, HAS BEEN TATTOOING LOCALLY—SINCE 1995 TAKING PRIDE IN DISPLAYING THE PERFECT TATTOO FROM THE INSIDE OUT.

3925 SO. STATE ST., SUITE B

CLEAN, PRIVATE, PROFESSIONAL AND COURTEOUS STAFF

WALK-INS OR BY APPOINTMENT, TUE-SAT, NOON-9PM



ams

advanced | media | solutions

• NO MINIMUM ORDER

- Professional Packaging • Custom Disk Printing
- Enhanced CD - Hundreds of Flash templates to choose from
- Many other services

DEDICATED TO THE LOCAL SCENE

- CD & DVD Duplication and Replication
- Printing & Design
- Custom Packaging
- Web Sites, Enhanced CD
- Apparel
- Press Packs

www.amsrabbit.com
info@amsrabbit.com
801.397.5550
1-866-4RABBIT

specializing in
CD/DVD
duplication

DANCE, ENNIS, DANCE! The People's History of Tromadance.

By Erik Lopez

Troma. Dance. Troma.... dance? **TROMADANCE!** Amidst Hollywood's A-List mannequins and card-toting "edgy" directors lays **Lloyd Kaufman's** truly original, truly "for the people" film festival, **Tromadance.** **Trey Parker,** who

seen? It's a flawed system that favors 'independent,' that is to say, 'studio-independent' movies."

The differences between this year's *Tromadance* and years previous are numerous. First, there probably won't be any arrests. Second, they have expanded coverage including an extra night at *Brewvies*, and a night at the *Salt Lake City Library* to show a retrospective of *The Best of Tromadance* amongst all the other "Troma-tivities" in Park City. Lastly, the array of films will be more foreign in their flavor.



Tromadance takes place concurrently with the Sundance Film Festival, which is **January 19-29, 2006.**

challenged Kaufman to make a festival built around the same principles as Troma, inspired *Tromadance* 1999. **Trey Parker**, of *South Park* fame, had just completed *Cannibal: The Musical*, submitted it to *Sundance* (\$75 processing fee and all), only to find out later that he wasn't accepted nor would his money be refunded. Enraged, Parker rented out a theatre for the day and had a one-day film festival showcasing his own film. Allegedly, *Sundance* founder **Robert Redford** lashed out with vitriolic words against the renegade filmmaker. Neither Parker nor Redford could be reached for comment as of press time. That is the humble turd that fertilized a whole new festival—**TROMADANCE!**

Many of today's major stars, directors and writers began their careers in Troma movies, and many more have grown up with them, absorbing the influence of the Troma-tic touch. The first efforts of **Kevin Costner**, **Dustin Hoffman**, and **Robert DeNiro**, among others, can be found in Troma's valuable film library (sadly enough, **Madonna** got turned down by Troma early in her career). While other "dances" have failed, *Tromadance* has endured for seven sexy and sultry years. *Tromadance* is Troma's response to the evils and excess of the corporate "kino eye."

"We get hundreds and hundreds of submissions each year, and it's that accessibility that people embrace and admire. These filmmakers spend a lot of their own money just trying to get their stories filmed, and then they're expected to pay festivals across the country 50-75 dollars apiece, on the off-chance that their work might get accepted and

Troma is the leader of independent films, having continually been making movies for the past 30 years on shoestring budgets, highly charismatic fundraising and the blood and sweat of the ineffable many that make movies possible. This year also hosts a panel on the idea, aesthetic and principles of "independent" film.

"Our filmmaker's panel in Park City will be addressing [the issue of independent cinema], as the topic for this year's Q&A discussion is 'Filmmaking in the Era of \$15 million 'Independent' Movies.' Independent movies as they exist today are irrelevant to directors working with actual low-budgets."

Dedicated volunteers, good sponsorship, and boundless creativity have kept *Tromadance* around for the last seven years (and it is still **TOTALLY FREE!**). What more can be said about Troma, its founder, and the *Saturday Night Fever* of film festivals, *Tromadance*? To find out I gave good ol' Lloyd Kaufman a call on his super cellular phone—a nice personal touch to the "touch-and-go" emails of others. So with that said, **FUCK ART, LET'S TROMADANCE!** In short: My conversation with Lloyd led to me admiring him as the amazing uncle I should have, but don't. His erudite wit, bankrupt and corrupting stories, and compassion for "the little guy" make him a better "dancer" by far.

www.tromadance.com

LOCAL CD REVIEWS

by Chidi Robinson

CD Release dates:

The Hotness - Jan. 7 at Burt's • The Dirty Birds - Jan. 9 at the Urban Lounge • Left for Dead - Jan. 13 at the Urban Lounge

Urban Gray - *Look for Me*

Recorded, mixed, and mastered by Bruce Kirby at Boho Digitalia

Urban Gray = Buffalo Tom + elevator + Wilco - dirtiness + Tracy Chapman - lesbians

I'm impressed that Urban Gray sought out *SLUG* for a review, seeing as how they don't necessarily fit into *SLUG*'s music marketplace. Their new age, folk and country flare lean towards an adult contemporary version of Buffalo Tom mixed with Wilco's humble vibe and Carol King's day-by-day passion. It leaves me feeling like they're probably comrades with the Tracy Chapman-lovin' lesbian scene. Urban Gray would kill in Alaska, where most of their locals dig on the light-hearted, blue-grassy, simple-things-in-life genre. As for me, I dig more on the aggressive things in life, but I can appreciate this safe, solidly produced, innocent record. Bruce Kirby definitely captured all that is Urban Gray, and he did it better than most could. The recording is technically spot-on, accompanied by the band's soulful delivery and ability to translate their needs to fit with Bruce's master touch. The only thing that I'd suggest for improvement is that they need more balls. You know, really feel the "gray" and paint the city with stronger vocals and manly construction confidence. They seem a little reserved and would progress if they lost some inhibitions. If you needed an ice-breaking record to play on a road trip with your parents, *Look for Me* would do the trick without causing you to lose your objective music mind. www.urbangray.com

Krucial Keys - *All of My Life*

Recorded, mixed and mastered by Camden Chamberlain at Kitefishing Studios
Rose Petal Records

Krucial Keys = Kriss Kross - the need to jump-jump + Puff Daddy's tribute to Biggie Smalls + an R. Kelly duet with Michael Jackson - molestation

A few weeks ago, when it was about eight degrees outside, these boys came knocking on our door selling this release door-to-door in Sugarhood. Brave dudes out there, trucking in the frozen air just for a couple of bucks and some Avon-inspired advertising. For seven bucks, Andy bought us an earful of overpopulated west-coast rap that surfaced on the radio a decade ago, and is now resurfacing in homes across the valley. Slapped with Puff Daddy's (not P. Diddy's) elementary attitude in using lame lyrics wrought with "this is for the cause" rants, generic 90s shout-outs and some over-the-line, journal-confessing rhymes like on track six, "He's Living My Life," rappin' about how his child is being raised by his ex and her new man. The lyrics read like an embarrassing testimonial. It should have been titled something like, "My Child Left Behind." Also, on track eight, "Cindy," the Keys go on and on about the tragic loss of a little sister. Going on about how the sister passed on, family reactions, brothers' shame... sorry, but Biggie died (Puff reference). This is the only time I think I'll ever ask for more fluff. I just can't dig on so much personal information in my grooves. On a better note, the two MCs in Krucial Keys are each solid in their own styles, as one dips into R. Kelly's neighborhood, and the other into some (before weird) Michael Jackson land. Not only are the men good, but superb female backups save the union between black and white. One lady in particular sounds as Irish as Sinead O'Connor (check out track five, "Change"). And another backup diva is harmonizing like Evanescence's leading lady on track nine, "Just Another Year." It flows like an incarnation of Death In Vegas, especially when featuring Iggy Pop. The recording is bright and complimentary, and the percussion goes from super-low rumbles to mid and high-range loops. This makes them come off as stiff and flat. Not rollin', flowin', bump-and-grind like it seems like it wants to be. If they jocked up the percussion and bass thud, I'd be more interested. I wouldn't mind if the MJ MC released a solo record on behalf of the 18-and-up dance crowd either. *All of My Life* isn't near the worst thing I have heard, but it doesn't command a memorable purchase. www.kitefishingstudio.com

The Trademark - *The Worst is Over*

Recorded, mixed and mastered by Andy Patterson
The Trademark = Victory Records scream-o fan fare + Headbangers Ball - TRL

The Trademark should be the next band on Victory Records' scream-o roster. They're just as good as anyone out there in their genre such as Thursday, Hawthorne Heights or Story of the Year. This record's emotional base is big, epic breakdowns influenced by pain, love/lust and breakups. This emotion makes them come off as immature and full of raging hormones. It's a plus, and an added heart reminder for those of us who have moved on from young heartbreak and love's crazy lust. I hope these guys stay together as they are all skilled musicians, and as they continue entering adulthood they will kick our SLC asses. These boys write solid songs together and play them as if they actually like being in their band. This camaraderie is their biggest selling point on this release because The Trademark's drive and passion will at least force you to respect them. As far as the recording goes, it's all delicious (especially the guitars) except for the sticky, punchy, popular kick sound that I don't dig at all. Bands love this kick sound and I think it sounds artificial and distracting. *The Worst is Over* is an appropriate title for their first record because if this is the worst they could do, they've got nothing but gold in their future. www.myspace.com/thetrademarkut

Left for Dead - *It Begins*

Recorded, mixed, and mastered by Bruce Kirby at Boho Digitalia
Doctor Cyclops Records

Left for Dead = Misfits + Brad Roberts + Danzig - evil + comic-book horror

If you can imagine Brad Roberts from the Crash Test Dummies fronting a Misfits cover band that encompasses the rawness of Danzig (not the guts) with some Rob Zombie horror and a bit of Sha Na Na's *At The Hop* swing-rock, you'd have a roundabout idea of what Left for Dead's objective is... to rock your fuckin' socks off, old-school style. They're perfect 50s-jukebox fare with a modern comic-book twist, like Frankenstein meeting Morrissey in Vegas. The recording is perfect for this band, harboring big roomy drums, heavy clean reverb, dirty bass tones, thick layered guitars and clear vocals. They have two main vocalists, Johnny Demonic and Sam Hanius; Johnny has more control over his voice by camping in comfortable low-end tones, and Sam has more range in his voice but can't keep a note. As far as Johnny's style goes, he reminds me of Steve Rogers from the movie *Welcome to the Dollhouse*. Similar to how I feel about Steve's skills, I wish Johnny would try to push out his vocals beyond the "Crash Test Dummies" range. It'd make him more exciting and less monotonous. Left for Dead is tight, straight-up sci-fi horror rock that lacks true evil lyrics but injects good times. "Beware The Moon" is my favorite song of the bunch, being more like tough, uber-tight Stray Cats www.LEFTforDEADslc.com

The Dirty Birds - *Mama's Café*

Recorded, mixed and mastered by Andy Patterson
Dirty Birds = Willie Nelson heart + Soggy Bottom Boys + Social Distortion's bad-boy attitude - the grease + trailer park

Finally, after three years, I get some new Dirty Birds on disc. I claim bias because I love this ever-so-eclectic troop. This round includes Courtney Roundy, Ryan Mills, Tommy Rocket, Doug Wright, Marian Elle, Mike "Bomer" Incze, A.P., Nate Padley, James Heldon and Fiddle Chris, and is always conducted by the power duo Aspen Hunt and Jon E. Hooks. The Birds have everything from simple, honest Willie Nelson heart to the Soggy Bottom Boys' bare-bones approach, to Social Distortion's angst and rotten soul. *Mama's Café* delivers an honest, laid-back, memorable album that's full of hopping good songs that thankfully stay independent of each other throughout all 13 ditties. I especially love the electric guitar solo on song seven "I'm All Out of Socks," which sounds like Guns n' Roses laying down some Pink Floyd licks. The recording is awesome, especially since the Dirty Birds took a sweet three years to scramble this record together. I guess it's hard to organize such an array of people to play all of the necessary instrumentation such as mandolin, slide/steel

guitar, fiddle, piano, banjo, ukulele, acoustic guitar, electric guitar and bass, upright bass, drums and cello. All interests come across as clear as day and I would suggest ordering from *Mama's Café*.

Ralp - *Demo*

Recorded, mixed and mastered by Casey Fritz at Moondog Music Studio's Moondog Records

Ralp = orchestra conductor - Nazi + Marilyn Manson - controversy + fart jokes

This is a perfect example of what one can do by one's self, locked in a room with a synth set up in the corner. I can't believe how organic and huge all six songs turned out. I want to see Casey perform this live, hearing how it almost feels like a full band. Beautiful! This is a personal, perfect recording that's purposely brash, as if he were Pink from Pink Floyd's *The Wall*. Conducting himself through a slurry of Trill Kill Cult bondage bitches, Dead Or Alive's spinning greezed heads, locals The Rotten Musicians' classic fart joke humor, David Bowie's ground control, David Lynch's hollow finger snapping, and Marilyn Manson's heavy showmanship (without the controversy). It would be funny if Marilyn got a hold of Ralp and ripped off yet another underground hit resource. This sampler is definitely unique to our local scene and I welcome this former PA resident. www.moondogmusic.com

Airliner - *S/T*

Recorded and mixed by Matt Seppi, Mastered by Bruce Kirby

Airliner = Club Stars - the era + Urban Lounge + Fugazi + The Doors

Airliner is 100-percent wonderful garage. They're glorious because of how shitty they sound. Five lo-fi, sci-fi, shrill, trashy, B-movie, lines-up-the-nose, beaten-down-artist-living-in-the-parents'-basement crap songs that only seem to work when there is no expectation of Nirvana grandeur. Sure, there is a little Nirvana in here, but mainly type-casted through famous distortion and not through the songwriting. Fugazi and The Doors must have slipped in through the cracks, taking on the form of keyboard-laden 70s riffs, yet they're balanced by some hyper-poppy-synth-punk like Breeders, or trashier riot girls Heavens to Betsy. Funny, the singer sounds an awful lot like our local Novelist's lead Pat Bogdanovich. Oh, I love SLC and our repetitive ways. We rule! Airliner is nursing SLC back to its famous poor-boy roots - as far as to when Iceburn and The Stench were kings, but updating that style with some David Payneful nuances. Airliner is an old, familiar smell and I like them just fine. Do a full length and listen to some Smashy Smashy for an amazing raw inspiration. www.airlinerhits.com

The Hotness - *EP*

Recorded?
Sound vs. Silence Records

The Hotness = Casio + drum machine + Robert Smith - The Cure + bingo

The Hotness is two friends, singer Tyler Lusk, VJ of local radio show *Homegrown* and buddy Aaron Bellessa with a drum machine and a Casio. In their biography, they describe themselves as being dancey like The Faint, aggressive like Refused, and partiers like Andrew W.K. That about sums them up for me. Sadly, they're not a bit as good as the aforementioned music gods, but they are obviously their main influences. The Hotness gets huge props for having the balls to just get out there and do whatever it is they want with no show but themselves. This three-song EP is simple, lingering and Napoleon Dynamite-attractive. This release is a great demo that is intentionally blown out and ghetto-good. The vocals complement with breathlessness and leg-slappin' goth-talk like The Cure. They're perfectly artsy and new-wave for the new year. The drum-machine snare sound is tits, but I want more of the beats on this caliber. Beef it up! I feel the Casio is a bit empty for being most of all the music, and all could be solved with more Casio. All I can say to make these two stronger is that they need to work on enlarging their egos. No fear. The Hotness' matter-of-fact delivery is infectious, like a rash, and I can't wait to check out a full-length. www.myspace.com/thehotnessband **SLUG**

Glitter Trash

Gutter

A psychotic candyland full of glam glitz, trashy pop, new wave, post-everything, retrofuturism and distorted beauty
From the broken mind of Ryan Michael Painter rien@davidbowie.com



Bauhaus

Shadow of Light/Archive (DVD)

Beggars Banquet

Street: 12.06

Bauhaus = Godfathers of goth (Bowie/Eno/Bolan + Hammer horror films)

While there may be debate over who was more important in the post-punk era, Joy Division or Bauhaus, my vote is, was and always will be for the boys in black. The evidence is here in the long overdue release of Bauhaus' two video collections *Shadow of Light* and *Archive* packaged on one DVD. While most promo videos shot in the early 80s come across as fashionable kitsch, Bauhaus avoided looking ridiculous by making art films with abstract lighting and imagery that not only referenced the band's live performances, but their sense of humor. **Duran Duran** may have been fashionable but Bauhaus are timeless; a detail only more emphasized by both band's recent reunions. Even the live footage from a performance at London's *Old Vic Theater* in 1982 (interspersed on *Shadow* and dominating *Archive*) is edited in such a way that one wonders why so many concerts from the same period couldn't capture the raw energy found here. Then again as last year's *Coachella* festival proved, no one can hold a candle to Bauhaus' live show. Oh, and by the way, their music is still as vibrant and shocking as it was when "Bela Lugosi's Dead" first droned into the adolescent minds of London's youth. The 5.1 surround mix, well that's just candy.

New York Dolls

All Dolled Up (DVD)

MVD

Street: 12.06

New York Dolls = glam + punk + New York youth

If ever there were a band that deserved to be shot in full Technicolor it was the New York Dolls; unfortunately *All Dolled Up*, only comes in black and white, but considering how lucky we are to have the footage at all it's hard to complain – and in an unintentional way, the lack of color plays homage to the cover of their first album (if we could have only had a splattering of pink here and there). While technically this is a documentary culled from over 40 hours of footage shot by **Bob Gruen** and **Nadya Beck** during the Dolls' peak of success, it feels more like an unedited memoir mixed with live performances. Brilliant and unrestrained, *All Dolled Up* is the definitive music documentary, not because it offers a step-by-step progression (it doesn't), but because it offers the chaos that was the Dolls without explanation. **Johnny Thunders** and **David Johansen** spout off like class clowns; **Jerry Nolan** and **Sylvain Sylvain** offer up their unsupportive banter (particularly in Sylvain's commentary recorded with Bob Gruen) while **Arthur Kane** mumbles in such a gentle voice that after repeated viewings I'm still not certain if he's speaking in sentences. For those less interested in the characters in the band and more passionate about the music, there are 12 full performances included in the bonus features, along with an extensive collection of photos and two commentary tracks (sadly, on Johansen's the audio is rather muddled).

Edward Ka-Spel

A Long Red Ladder to the Moon &

Laugh China Doll

Beta-lactam Ring

Street: 11.01

Edward Ka-Spel = Current 93 + Coil + Beat Generation Poetry

Laugh China Doll was Ka-Spel's first solo album, originally released in 1984 and *A Long Red Ladder*... is his most recent. Recorded 20 years apart, the recording quality and equipment are noticeably different, but it is striking how little has changed in Ka-Spel's approach to minimal electronics under abstract, perhaps nonsensical to some, poetry. With that said, I may be oversimplifying things a bit; Ka-Spel's contribution to experimental music has often gone unmentioned. While he might not garner the same praise in the electronic world as Coil or the accolades in dark-folk circles as Current 93 he, along with his cohorts in **The Legendary Pink Dots**, have quietly built a bridge between the two musical styles. While this combination doesn't exactly translate into the *Billboard* charts, it does strike a chord with the many likeminded experimentalists who make up Ka-Spel's devoted

following. Neither *A Long Red Ladder* nor *Laugh China Doll* will sway those who consider Ka-Spel's work to be the inane babbling of an old hippie (drugs, peace, love) but it will blissfully add to the collection of those who know better. It's a shame really, because as inaccessible as some seem to find it, much like **Kerouac** and **Ginsberg** were disregarded as vulgar, Ka-Spel brings a sense of soft humanity to the abstraction.

The Strokes

First Impressions of Earth

RCA

Street: 01.03

The Strokes = gritty Bop boy-band image – Good Charlotte + indie cred

While it might be nearly as fashionable to write off The Strokes as it is to continue to crown them as saviors of rock n' roll, I'm more inclined to take them as something smaller than a phenomenon. Their first two albums were nice; a handful of really solid tunes mixed among nothing offensive, but rarely did I sense the energy or the excitement that so many others swore was surging beneath the sloppy strums and staccato picking. *First Impressions of Earth* changes that. The opening jangle of "You Only Live Once" is infectious and even though at times *First Impression* meanders, you can't help but feel like the band has finally found themselves. Sure, "Ask Me Anything," an experimental synth-driven number, is as bad as anything the band has written (particularly lyrically with lines like "Don't be a coconut/God is trying to talk to you."). If anything, the album could benefit by cutting the loose fat; which is a debate for another time and another writer. *First Impression* is easily their most ambitious and rewarding album yet.

Vashti Bunyan

Lookaftering

DiCristina Stair

Street: 10.25

Vashti Bunyan = Enya + renaissance choral + folk

Vashti Bunyan recorded one unheralded album some 35 years ago and quickly exited stage right, abandoning music altogether and hadn't been heard from since. Not until now, anyway. Something of a cult icon with mythic qualities fueled by her absence, and associations with the **Rolling Stones**, **Fairport Convention**, **The Incredible String Band** and legendary producer **Joe Boyd** (Nick Drake among others), *Just Another Diamond Day* became a highly sought album. After years of legal entanglements, *Just Another Diamond Day* was re-released to ecstatic reviews. In the wake of rediscovery, Bunyan returns with an album that is every bit as beautiful as it is delicate. Reminiscent of the atmospheric recordings by **Sinead O'Connor** ("Special Child" or "John, I Love You," for example) and the storytelling side of **Kate Bush** or **Joni Mitchell**, *Lookaftering* is stark and otherworldly without submitting to the pompous artistry that often comes with folk music. This is simple, honest and one of the best albums to surface in 2005. **STUDIO**

ELECTRIC TATTOOING
IRONCLAD

"Keep it hidden or show it off
either way its Ironclad"



Custom Tattooing.

Walk-in/appointment. Private Tattoo Rooms

www.ironcladtattoo.com

801.466.8002

1576s State ST SLC, UT 84115

Photo-B Diamond Photography-Model-Chen

BREWVIES

CINEMA

Pub

DAILY SPECIALS!

MON: FREE POOL & \$2.50 LITERS
BUD OR BUD LIGHT

TUES: \$2.75 PINTS, \$4.25 LITERS
& \$7.00 PITCHERS VINTA BEERS

WED: \$2.00 MOVIES

THUR: \$5.25 PITCHERS
MORR BEERS

TROMADANCE!

FREE!

JANUARY 24TH & 25TH 5PM TO CLOSE

LAUGHDANCE . JANUARY 20TH - 27TH . LAUGHDANCE.COM FOR DETAILS

BREWVIES.COM . 801-355-5500 . 677 SOUTH 200 WEST - SALT LAKE CITY . 21 & UP WITH ID ONLY PLEASE

Modus Operandi

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

By Amy Spencer
oneamysseven@kommandzero.net

Ah Cama-Sotz
Ghost in the Shadow
Spectre
Street: 10.30

Ah Cama-Sotz = old school horror movie + the stuff you hear when you are alone and you psyche yourself out

The early recordings of Ah Cama-Sotz may be lost or hard to find, but this live recording resurrects the rarities from the "Seats n' Beats" session in 2003. The mood **Herman Klapholz** emits on this cinematic and dreary disc could scare the crap out of you if you were in the right frame of mind. Samplings on "The Howl of the Werewolf" are straight out of an old horror flick that would nowadays have a "B" in front of it. In 10 tracks the mood is strong, beginning with a macabre choir of dead souls, traveling through the dank and dripping catacombs where you can hear the worms slithering through the dirt. Drones of ghostly humming, sly tapping and contrasting chimes on "1348" give the feeling of some type of torture chamber. The experience of *Ghost in the Shadow* enhances the feeling of hearing things and letting your imagination make things up. A tense feeling while listening is probably normal. Herman balances his musical stylings between heavy raw-rhythm noise and this eerie horror-fest of wailing and droning. Limited to 515 copies, *Ghost in the Shadow* is a real treat for the sonic horror fan.

Kamotek
Loftway
Low Impedance Recordings
Street: 9.01
Kamotek = anti-psychotics + Sonic Dragolgo + Beefcake - beef

This third release on Greece's Low Impedance Recordings has convinced me that this newcomer label is one to pay attention to. Kamotek, a DJ and Producer, is the most freakishly fantastic thing to reside in my iPod in recent months. *Loftway* starts out relatively normal and at the end of the song, **Victoria** (her name according to my Mac) says, "Hello, this album sucks, but please give it a listen before you throw it out." "Midnight AfroBeaver" increases the mania with Tokyo pop-kitsch, then Kamotek settles down with funky IDM in "Bye Bye Domain." It first comes off like a compilation of random artists providing their best works, but after many listens the common theme is visible and an understanding of the schizophrenic technoid qualities of Kamotek are easier to warm up to. "Darlimond" is crisp and delicate blending drum n'bass with IDM; the perfect marriage of two genres that are not always strong enough on their own. Favorites on *Loftway* include, "Locksmith Blockade," "Crescendo Sheep," and "Generation Egg."



2005 was one hell of a year: I finally saw **Meat Beat Manifesto**, **Leatherstrip** emerged from his cave and **VNV Nation** actually made it to the Beehive state. 2006 is looking even better, with releases from **Covenant**, **Klute**, **M2 vs. Hypnoskull**, **Mothboy** and hopefully a nice assortment of shows.

- all mixing hints of house music, vintage industrial and funk. Kamotek is clearly a musician who is having fun with what he does and flawlessly pulls off quaint beauty mixed with madness of children's anime music.

Hypnoskull
(G.O.D.) - *Once Again*
Spectre
Street: 10.30
Hypnoskull = Needle Sharing + Winterkalte

Patrick Stevens pissed on his fire hydrant long before other musicians reached the area. With Hypnoskull, he has stuck to the original charm that made harsh tech-noise what it was then and is now on the latest release, (G.O.D.) *Once Again*. As expected, it's loaded with crunchy percussion and rapid distortion coated samples that are (mostly) humorous. One of the best samples is in "The Betrayal" - "If you want to die, hurry up and die - you're wasting air." As a conceptual disc, Stevens girlfriend **Mieke (Tunnel)** does spoken word on the opener, "Open the Battleground," and closer "Final Exit From the Battleground," as the glue that keeps the story concise. Raw textures and hard-hitting, rumbling snares shape drum n'bass reminiscent of a down-tempo heterosexual Needle Sharing. (G.O.D.) - *Once Again* stands as a reminder that this noisy genre hasn't all turned to trash.

Pridon
New Steine
Low Impedance Recordings
Street: 9.01
Pridon = Future Sound of London + Infected Mushroom

Radiating techno, wrapped in glistening flecks of poppy, snaps and pulls together the latest EP of the Grecian musician, Pridon. *New Steine* is solid with interesting sonic waves of synths, particularly on "Scruffy" where **Daniel Myer** is undeniable. "Legh Naoum" hiccups corroding bass melting into drippy textures and is only one minute and 43 seconds long. Finally, "Relax" gets the approving nod-ya-head from me, stuck at a desk or in a car with nothing but fine beats on the stereo. With a career in television and radio composition/production, Pridon has turned his work away from work into something comprehensive and admirable to the electronic world.

Mothboy
Exonian
Ad Noiseam
Street: 9.30
Mothboy = Meat Beat Manifesto + Scorn

If you thought his down-tempo grooves were sick on *The Fears*, just check out Mothboy's latest 12", "Exonian." With only six tracks, you get the sense of what's ahead on his next release "Deviance" (out this spring) and it's looking fantastic. "Too Close" doesn't break you in slow, but rather punches your face with heavy bass-lines topped with the smashing vox of **MC Equivalent**. Labelmate **Mad E.P.** does a cut-up drum n'bass rendition of "Stuck in a Moment," while **Monarella** takes it straight to pounding dancefloor rhythms on "Becoming Solar." **Jack Dangers**-type vocals on "C.S.R." matched with **Meat Beat Manifesto** beats could have you fooled that it's someone besides Mothboy. Finally, "A303 (4/4 Floor Version)" is as club-ready as it sounds, with hard rolling bass, **Haujobb** bleeps and subtle **Boards of Canada** melodies. *The Fears* was a well-executed striking disc and *Exonian* exceeded any expectations I had for this record. I predict *Deviance* will blow us all away. **STUDIO**



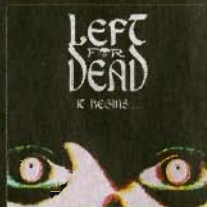
WorldHorrorNetwork.Com
Presents Wednesday Jan 18th

Burts Tiki Lounge
a private club for members

Nim Vind

www.myspace.com nimvind

with special guests



don't miss your
chance to see
NIM VIND in a
small club setting
AMAZING!!!
doors@ 8PM

www.drcyclopsrecords.net

CIRCUS BROWNS
not a side show



On KRCL 90.9 FM
10 pm-1 am Every Saturday Night
This Months Liquored up Clowns...

January 7 Dirty Birds

January 14 The Wolf's

January 21 The Rodeo Boys

January 28 Books About UFOs

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

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

Accessories: Bartolini,
Boss, Danelectro, Digitech,
DOD, EBS, EMG, Ernie Ball,
Elixir, Rocktron, Seymour
Duncan, DiMarzio,
Tech 21, Voodoo Lab, Zoom,
and tons more!



Financing, Instruction, Service, Buy, Sell, Trade

GUITAR CZAR

Mon. -Sat. 10:30am-6:30pm
801.466.8666

2953 East 3300 South
(3 blocks west of 215 off ramp)

Soccer Dad and the People in your Neighborhood

True Tales of a SLC Cabbie

By The Incredulous Gadicanton

vicdic66@hotmail.com

Episode #11: Yuppie Soufflé

The roads were black-like-my-soul smooth with invisible ice layers. I was rocking my ancient cassette copy of **The Dead Milkmen** masterpiece *Big Lizard in My Backyard* in an effort to combat the cold; to battle the crusty winter fuck-it-alls. 2005 had basically come and gone without me witnessing one single ode, aside or tribute to commemorate the fact that The Dead Milkmen's debut album had turned 20 years old. Shame. Personally, I feel that it's one of the ten best albums ever made; prophetic and ridiculously ahead of its time. "Violence rules, guns are cool and we've got guns in our school." Damn straight.

Remarkably, the taxi stand in front of *Port O' Call* was devoid of cabs, so I pulled in and cut the engine. Because it was close to last call, it only took about three minutes of sitting there before somebody required my services (a finely-garbed douchebag, of course).

"Hey, there are five of us. How much to *The Hilton*?"

In response, I asked, "Which one?"

Douchebag looked at me with disgust and said, "The one by the airport, smart guy. You got a problem with that?"

Huh? I was puzzled by Douchebag's combative tone and I almost told him to eat a big bowl of dick. However, a trip to The Airport Hilton generally nets 20 bucks, so I let it slide. I said, "No problem, my man. I just wanted to be sure which one."

The rest of Douchebag's troupe soon stumbled out of *Port O' Ass* — a clichéd, khaki-clad collection of out-of-state yuppies. Douchebag sat shotgun. His first order of business? Ejecting my tape. "What the fuck was that shit?" he asked, not really wanting an answer. He then began flipping through the FM dial. I bit my lip. It was only going to be five or ten minutes until these assholes were out of my life forever and I'd be 20 dollars richer because of it. The four tightly-packed businessmen in the back seat squawked on loudly with arrogant conversation and reprehensible opinions ("**Rove** is a fucking genius") as Douchebag landed on a classic rock station. **Bad Company**. Oh, Christ. We accelerated onto the freeway. I took deep breaths.

"Pretty shitty town you got here, my friend," stated Douchebag, interrupting his horrendous sing-along with "Feel Like Making Love."

"Yeah, OK. Where are y'all from?" I asked.

"Los Angeles. Heard of it?"

Jesus Christ, what a dick. I mumbled some sort of 'yes' response and debated whether I should go off or not. I thought about how ineffectual anything I said to this guy would be. I thought about how guys like this can buy and sell guys like me before they even have their morning coffee. And it just made me sad. I didn't feel much fight in my guts; just defeat. I stared and drove.

The **Bad Company** song ended and a commercial break began. With a few flicks of the tuning button on the stereo, Douchebag found a **Jack**

Johnson song. A collective 'hell yes' erupted from the back and I was soon stuck listening to an entire Jack Johnson song for the first time in my life. Man, what a bunch of life-affirming drivel. I looked in the rearview mirror at the pleased-out facial expressions on everybody. They all knew the words. I stole a sideways glance at Douchebag singing along and felt hate erupt all over my skin and in my innards. I quivered as I thought about how much I wanted to kill them all. I looked ahead at the icy freeway and realized that with a mild swerve, I could skid

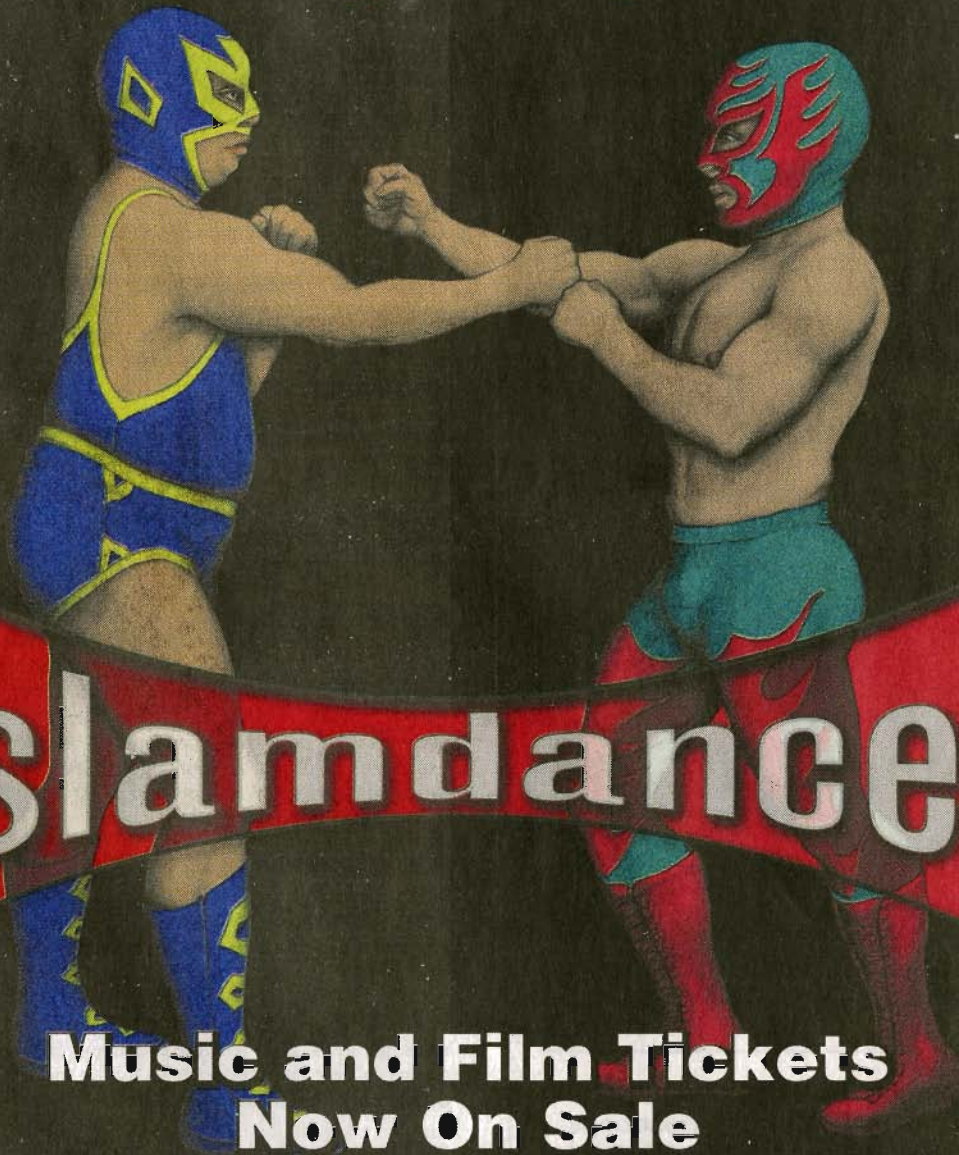
and roll. And roll. And roll. Then I spied an overpass coming up fast and realized that if I just drove straight into one of the concrete pillars, that nobody would suspect kamikaze suicide. It would all get blamed on the winter conditions. And the world would be rid of these bastards. I felt my muscles trying to pull me to the right towards the pillar. For the first time in a long time, I felt the exhilaration of purpose. I smiled, drunk with the power of possessing the lives of these five fucksticks in my hand. Maniacal laughter swelled and prepared to erupt from my throat. Death! Death!!! No more winter, no more working, no more sitcoms, no more aging, no more **Old Navy** commercials, no more contemplation, observation, gestation or masturbation. No more anything. Just glorious fucking blackout. Banzai!!!

And, of course, I pissed out. I just drove to The Hilton. And dropped Douchebag and his buddies off. And got my 20 dollars. And drove away feeling dirty and useless. I popped back in my tape in hopes that it would make me feel better. And I thought about what I would be encountering right now if I would've died five minutes earlier. God? Nothing? Something in between? I sang along and felt a little bit better. A little bit. And Douchebag probably lied down in his luxurious hotel room and slept like a baby. **SLUG**



Slamdance Film Festival

Park City & Salt Lake City
January 19-27, 2006



Music and Film Tickets
Now On Sale
Call 435-649-9627

www.slamdance.com

BY FILMMAKERS FOR FILMMAKERS®

Kodak
Motion Picture Film

fox21.



City Weekly

DISC MAKERS

U Wanna Rock?

Every Thursday



Fri. Jan. 6: JESUS RIDES A RIKSHA

w/ Denots and Meat

Sat. Jan. 7: SIGNAL w/ Force of Habit and Disorder

Thu. Jan. 12: STILL LIFE DECAY w/ Carfax Files

Fri. Jan. 13: SEPARATION OF SELF

w/ Frustrations Gripp and Balance of Power

Sat. Jan. 14: BEAUTIFUL CREATURES

Fri. Jan. 20: NECROPHACUS w/ Cave of Roses

Sat. Jan. 21: HELMUT SOUND CHECK

w/ ROYAL BLISS, Starmy and Spork

Mon. Jan. 23: FIVE BOLT MAIN

Fri. Jan. 27: OZZMENZ w/ Counter Measure

Sat. Jan. 28: RIOT w/ Aerial and Kings Crossing

Mondays: KARAOKE w/ Kid Ray

Tuesdays: ROCKABILLY w/ Notorious Sonny B

Wednesdays: Goth/Industrial w/ DJ Reverend 23

www.clubvegas.org 445 S 400 W SLC

Sponsored by: Junk Yard, Rocky Mountain Hardcore, Pipe Dreams, Obscura Clothing & Hedqhog Printing

H
A
I
R
G
H
T

Shoes! Shoes!! Shoes!!!

60% off select styles!

New Styles Arriving Daily!

- Vegan Footwear
- Unique Earrings
- Pumps & Boots
- Funky Tights
- Handbags
- Accessories

New Summer Hours:

Mon-Sat 11-9

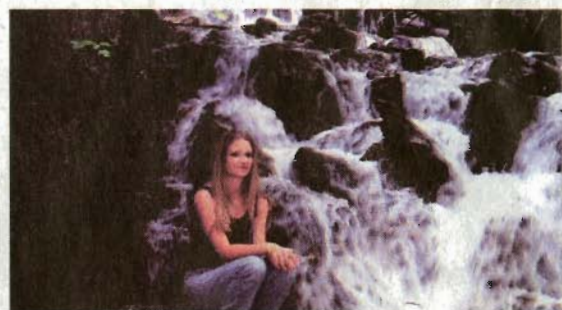
(closed Sundays)

801.487.7771

2134 S. Highland Drive

Bellyography:

Sheline



By Astara

I decided to write the *Bellyography* articles when I realized the general public has a misconception regarding belly dancing or *raks sharki*. I wanted people to know how much work and effort goes into our art form, and that we are not strippers! Within that framework, I also wanted to acknowledge the dancer/workers that ensure the success of every Middle Eastern dance event. Sheline is one of those behind-the-curtain workers whose efforts make our shows run as smoothly and effortlessly as possible.

Sheline literally fell into stage managing at a major belly dance event several years ago. A stage manager was needed, and Sheline offered to help. The rest is history. She has become one of the most sought after people in our dance community. When I asked her why she likes being a stage manager, she answered, "I love it. I love meeting the people. I love the excitement. I love the chaos of it."

From my point of view, Sheline creates order out of chaos. She is a very competent stage manager, and has coordinated events for *Midnight Mirage*, *The Belly Dance Spring Fest*, *Thia's June show*, *Kashmir*, *Riverton City*, *Baraka*, and many others.

"Word just got out. One year I worked 14 different shows," she explained. "This year I am only doing three shows—*Midnight in Winter* at Totem's in February, *Spring Fest* at the Fairgrounds in March, and *Thia's June show*."

"When I was six or seven, I watched some belly dancers at the county fair, and I fell in love with it. But that kind of dancing was taboo in my family. I didn't take any lessons until I was 18. I started with *Kismet* and then studied with *Sulisha*, *Aziz*, *Raffa* and *Stephanie*. Although I love the dance, I really love being a stage manager."

Sheline's routine is to arrive before everyone else, check out the dressing rooms, meet with the sound and lighting people, gather the dancers' music and introductions for the show and then coordinate the dancers' spots with the sound, lights and time.

"This dance community has so many people to meet and know, and you can experience such a diverse range of perspectives, cultures and lifestyles. I have learned so much from so many people—acceptance of people for who and what they are and respect for our differences. I have learned not only dancing from our belly dance community, but basic social skills that I use every day of my life."

At the present time, Sheline is not dancing. She has taken a hiatus from troupes and classes, and has been spending time with her husband and their three dogs. She works full time and also volunteers for the *Gateway Canine Partnerships*, which trains people who need service dogs how to train their own dogs. But she is still running the stage for many of us in 2006 and will be managing the stage for *Midnight Mirage's Midnight in Winter* at Totem's on February 3rd. **SLUG**

SUNDANCE

2006

and You Don't Stop!

(AKA, I got a press pass and
all I saw were these
lousy movies)

Dave Madden

dave@slugmag.com

Yup, the hype machine known as *The Sundance Film Festival* is in town January 19th through the 29th, grandstanding the fruits of so many A-to-K-list filmmakers and equally varied stars, fashion crews, news folks and advertisers. A few of us *SLUG* kids will be out and about, witnessing poseur, wannabe celebs trip over each other to be the next **Ashton Kutcher**, snapping **Paris Hilton**'s thong, shrieking, "Don't you know who I am?" on a daily basis, krumping for Christ, waving to you from the **Rufus Wainwright** show, passing out in beds at your mom's timeshare and, most importantly, watching *loads* of movies.

After a morning of fevered, caffeinated research, Erik, Angela and I have come up with a list of *Sundance* and *Slamdance* films and shorts that we have to see. These are the ones that either caught our eye because they might actually merit the praise, include a fantastically horrible synopsis, have cult-like potential or simply seem ... intriguing. *SLUG* will officially review ten of these after we see them, but I'm here to give my splotchy-red carpet preview of this mess (listed alphabetically, as I don't play favorites until the endorsement deals roll in).

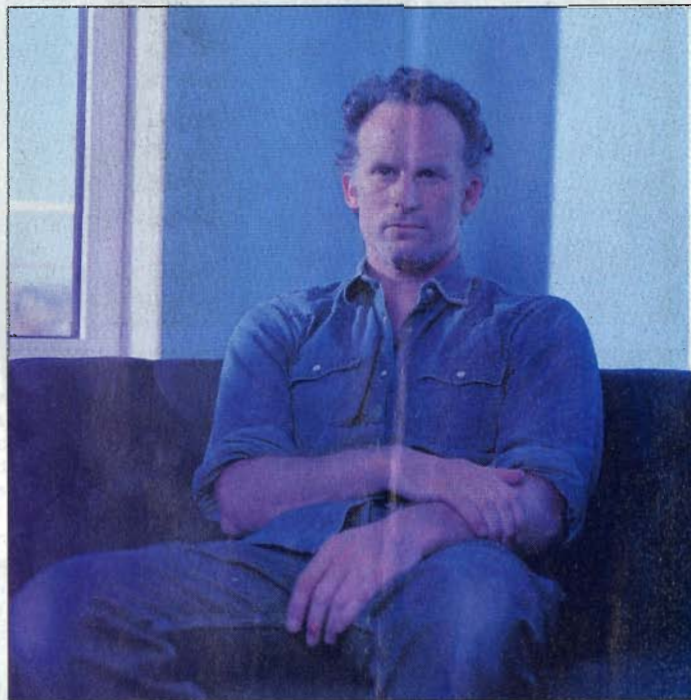
A Darkness Swallowed (Director, Screenwriter: **Betsy Bromberg**) Bromberg is best known as an "Optical Supervisor," her hand guiding teams of FX crews on *Last Action Hero*, *Terminator II* and *Dracula* (and stretching way back to 1988's *Killer Klowns from Outer Space*). "A personal investigation of cellular memory, a bio-meta-physical musical" translates to another *Microcosmos*-style work, a genre I will never tire of.

Abduction: The Megumi Yokota Story (*Slamdance*, Director: **Chris Sheridan and Patty Kim**)

A documentary about a young Japanese girl's abduction by Korean spies. 'Nuff said.

American Hardcore (Director: **Paul Rachman**; Screenwriter: **Steven Blush**)

Inspired by Blush's novel of the same name, this film chronicles (duh) America's hardcore scene from 1979-86. "Interviews and rare live footage from artists such as **Black Flag**, **Bad Brains**, **Min or Threat**, **SS Decontrol** and the **Dead Kennedys**." You know, the guys that everyone claims they liked back in the day? Well now is your chance to actually hear their music. Read *SLUG*'s cover story for more detailed info.



Mathew Barney's short film *Hoisted* is one of five short films collectively screening under the moniker, *Destricted*.

The Aura (Director: **Fabián Bielinsky**)

The premise is just weird enough to work. A taxidermist dreams of "executing the perfect robbery," but has to face his fears after shooting something during his first hunting trip. You had me at taxidermist.

Beyond Beats and Rhymes; A Hip-Hop Head Weighs in on Manhood in Hip-Hop Culture (Director: **Byron Hunt**)

Yes, this is the full title. Yes, this is a documentary about misogyny, sexism and racism in the hip-hop world. Oh, the star is a former college quarterback. That makes perfect sense ... this one will soar or crash and burn – no middle ground possible here.

Destricted (Directors: **Matthew Barney, Larry Clark, Gaspar Noe, Marco Brambilla, Sam Taylor Wood**)

Barney and a whole lot of other overpaid freaks present their paid-for-by-grant artsy porn. I'm not harping the importance of it (I love Barney's work), but that's what it's going to be. Just a warning to those who think "Not Rated" means G – like the dumbass friend of mine a few years back

CONTINUED ON PAGE 26

THE SECRET HISTORY OF HARDCORE



AIN'T SO SECRET ANYMORE

Although largely influential, the history of hardcore punk of the early to mid-1980s, like the music itself, has remained virtually unknown to the general public. Bands like **The Adolescents**, **Teen Idles** and **SS Decontrol** don't get their stories told on **VH1**, so only bits and pieces of hardcore's story were told until **Stephen Blush** compiled the book *American Hardcore: a Tribal History* (2001). Previous to this large undertaking, no one had attacked this topic and this movement with such in-depth coverage. Focusing on the hardcore movement from 1980 to 1986, Blush's goal was to hone in on what this revolutionary music scene was really about: the filth, the fury and the honesty.

Taking the telling of this history even further, Stephen Blush partnered with filmmaker and *Slamdance* co-founder **Paul Rachman** to create a documentary inspired by Blush's book. Stephen and Paul drove all over the country compiling interviews and footage for this movie, spending the last four years creating a documentary made with the very same ethic as its subject matter.

"Paul was not looking to cash in on anything, he just wanted to make a great film," says Blush of his partner. "People use that word 'indie' a lot; they've really commodified the word 'independent' for independent film. I don't know about other independent films, but I can tell you that this film was Paul Rachman and I, a digital video camera and his version of Avid Pro to cut it – and that's the whole film. He would show up with the camera and I would carry the lights, and that's the whole package; we did it punk-rock style ... we got in the car and drove. I think that's why people will like it, because it doesn't reek of anything commercial. I know everybody says that sort of thing, but I'll tell you, it's here in this film."

Hardcore punk was a genre of music unlike any other. While it took a lot of inspiration from the first wave of punk rock, its objective was not advance the genre, but to strip it down even further, leaving only the basic elements. Some called this regression, but hardcore removed the bullshit that had been attached to punk, pushing those core ideals to their limits. While the book tells the story of every hardcore band that made a large impact in the scene, the film doesn't spend as much time on the specifics of each band.

"While the film is certainly about the music, the people and the history of hardcore punk rock, in the end what our film really is, is just the story of being a misfit kid growing up in early-80s America," says Blush. "What I'm saying is, on one hand you're seeing all the music and all the flashes, but it's really not about the minutiae of the bands. This is really just people talking about what is was like to start a punk-rock band, and what it was like to be on the outside of this very mainstream period that we all grew up in."

Passionate about the scene that meant so much to both of them, Blush and Rachman submitted their work to *Sundance*, expecting inevitable rejection when the call came and *American Hardcore* had been accepted. Blush, who had spent years documenting this scene, was surprised, to say the least.

"I think it's more shocked," states Blush. "I just thought it was too ugly of a subject for *Sundance* and thought there was nothing in it for them, financially. There are no big sponsors, we're not tied in with any big movie stars and we're not tied in with any agencies. But I have to say, when we got the phone call and the festival told us how much they loved it ... that's where I want to be ... with somebody who loves what we did. **Ian Gillmore** mentioned *American Hardcore* and he said, 'even if you hate punk rock, you'll understand the phenomenon after watching this film.' And that came from someone who

obviously does hate punk rock – but who 'got' it after watching this film. To me, that's the highest compliment. I love hardcore, I love the fans, I love the scene and everybody who's into it, but I'm not worried about convincing them. I want people who don't even know what this is to understand what we did. "

Filmmaker Paul Rachman, who has shot videos for **Pantera**, **Joan Jett**, **Bad Brains** and **Alice and Chains**, was not as shocked as his partner about the film's acceptance into the prestigious festival.

"I'm not surprised that *Sundance* took it," says Rachman, "because they try to take what they see as 'important films,' and as far as I'm concerned, as a piece of American cultural history, this is an important film. I think that they recognized the value of this movement, where the stories haven't been told, and they realized that this is almost a missing link in American musical history. American hardcore punk is very much like American jazz; it's an American type of music – it's not English punk, it's not New York punk, and it's not anything that happened in any other country – it's very different. It wasn't ripped off from blues; it wasn't ripped off from rock. It was short, fast, dissonant, loud and abrasive."

Both Rachman and Blush participated in the early hardcore scene; Blush promoted shows in D.C. and Rachman shot footage of hardcore outfits like **Gangreen** in Boston. The hardcore movement was unlike anything seen before its time. Empowering its participants, hardcore grew into something more than just nasty punk.

"A lot of people have the perception that we were just a bunch of loud, abrasive, drunken knuckleheads," says **Keith Morris** of the **Circle Jerks**. "A lot of fighting, a lot of violence – that happens anywhere where there's a big group of people who are drinking and getting over-excited. A lot of people have this idea that there wasn't a lot of intelligence behind it, that it was just basically a muscular, hormone-driven, very-stupid very-angry type of thing. A lot of us didn't fit that category, like **Greg Ginn** [**Black Flag**/**SST Records**] who graduated from UCLA – he was a business major. **Jello Biafra** [**Dead Kennedys**], of course, studied acting at the University of Colorado."

"Hardcore's not a beautiful story," states author and filmmaker Stephen Blush. "I think when I wrote the book, some people who weren't there got the impression that it was this really unified fun, you know, 'we're all in it together,' and there was definitely an element of that, but we were all fucked up in some way. We were alienated, drugged-out, abused or just dissatisfied with everything around us. That's what we were living. It was like an umbrella group for all sorts of various misfits, and we all just lived in it together. I could be with some shit-kicking skinhead, some weird guy trying to figure out his sexuality or some woman who felt like a tomboy. We all just hung out together, and we were all just part of the same thing, and it wasn't a big pat on

the back like, 'welcome, you're part of our gang,' it was just an implied thing that if you showed up at the show, you were generally accepted."

Being a hugely important part of these people's lives, not everyone, including people who were interviewed for the movie, were happy about the way Stephen Blush went about certain things in his book.

"I thought that it was an insensitive and un-insightful attempt to try to speak on some of the things that went on in the lives of **Bad Brains**," says **Daryl Jennifer** of **Bad Brains**. "There was no real substance or truth, for that matter, in any of the stories that I read. I can't say that I'm happy about the things I've seen Mr. Blush insinuating. I can't even remember seeing him around, and if I did, it wasn't on a grassroots level. A lot of the things that were said about **Bad Brains** in that book were not accurate and were insensitive to what **Bad Brains** meant."

All discrepancies aside, Blush and Rachman have made an attempt to document this radical time in American youth culture. When it comes to this subject, there is much that has been left unexplained or vague – so there's a lot to expect from this film.

"I would like to see a clear line drawn between what was considered punk rock and what was considered hardcore," says **Daryl Jennifer**. "I was never a hardcore dude. I always thought that hardcore was something else, a term that came around when I was more like, punk rock."

"I would hope people would see the film in a wider light," says **Joey Shithead** from **D.O.A.** "That the hardcore movement was not just a musical one, but a generational movement. It may seem like it was merely loud and noisy to the mainstream public, but the spirit of hardcore reflected the politics and uncertainty of the time. Think about the arms race, Reagan, environmental degradation ... hey, wait a minute, that's just like today. But back then, the music really responded to the issues of what we were doing."

"I would like them to see it as more than just a rough thug kind of music," says **Tony Cadena** of Orange County's **The Adolescents**. "That there were actually some foundations of a really great idealism, and whether it stayed that way later on isn't really the point, but it just started off as a really great youth movement."

Whether the movie accomplishes what the purveyors of hardcore want from it or not, it's important that this time period be documented so that people can see what really went on – they can determine for themselves if this movement had any substance to it.

"Well, I think hardcore is the sleeping giant," says Blush. "Because it was never on the radio, because it was never on television, because it was never in *Rolling Stone*. I think that's why people like it. I talk to kids today and I have a lot of friends who are 25, 27, 31, and they know this stuff implicitly, they know

MTV isn't playing this stuff. They're finding out about it though a very grassroots way. That's the secret about this music, and I'm not going to say it's the most important moment in music history, but I lived through it."

Hardcore has not been completely ignored, yet time and time again when other documentaries on rock n' roll pop up, they barely touch on the scene or they skip it like nothing happened at all.

"There were two documentaries on the history of rock n' roll. One on **PBS** and one of them is by the **BBC**," says Blush, "and they're a ten part series. They tell the story of the rise of rock n' roll, the story of **Elvis**, the story of **Woodstock**, they take you through the 70s, they take you through the **Sex Pistols**, and then it goes straight to **Nirvana** as if nothing else had ever happened. That's when I decided to write the book, because somebody had to say this stuff before we all died or got too old."

The legacy of the hardcore punk-rock movement is undeniable. It's all around in popular music and in underground music. The idea of kids putting out their own records and putting on their own shows came from this scene.

"Of course, that was not the intention of hardcore punk rock," says **Joe** from **D.O.A.** "I don't think hardly any of the first wave of hardcore punks (1981-85) thought that we would become 'rock stars.' The whole movement was very anti-star, anti-fashion – unlike a lot of successful 'punks' today. But that is not to say that the early generation would not have taken a ride on the 'rock n' roller coaster,' it's just that the politics were so important, the idea of stardom never occurred to most. Yes, there still is a ton of the real spirit in the underground punk scene; it's the kids that love the music and the same anti-establishment attitude that punk attracted in 1977. There's tons of people who realize that hardcore punk is more than just hoping your wannabe, copycat emo/pop/punk band gets on *The Warped Tour* one day."

That is the legacy of the hardcore scene: empowering kids today to make a difference in a world that they hate, with their bands, record labels, tours and all-out warfare on the status quo.

Make sure to checkout the screenings of American Hardcore: Jan 20, Fri. @ 3:15pm Holiday Village Cinemas III, Park City
Jan 21, Sat. @ 7:30 pm Broadway Center Cinemas VI
111 E. Broadway, Salt Lake City
Jan. 24 American Hardcore Party with bands from the film- Starbar
Jan 27, Fri. @ 11:59 pm Egyptian Theater, Park City
Jan 28, Sat. @ 6:15pm Holiday Village Cinemas III, Park City

SLC after party- TBA

Log onto www.slugmag.com for info on winning a pair of tickets to the SLC screening and after party!

For more info on the after parties with bands from the film, go to www.americanhardcorefilm.com **SLC**

who said, "I don't watch R-rated movies, but these are all 'not rated,' cool!" Five films will be screened in this sequence.

The Foot Fist Way (Director and Screenwriter: Jody Hill)

Filmmakers have finally admitted that martial arts movies are inherently funny, no matter how many brilliant, dramatic colors and post-produced digital armies they splice in. Here, a Tae Kwon Do teacher/ruler of a small kingdom (why isn't he the Grand Master with that latter credential?) takes out his anger over his wife's infidelity on everyone "in the funniest way ever."

Glastonbury (Director: Julian Temple)

The director of *The Filth and the Fury* (and videos for **Van Halen**, **Culture Club**, **Whitney Houston**, **Scissor Sisters** and **Bowie**, to name a few) returns with a documentary about 30 years of the *Glastonbury Festival*.

Sure to feature numerous mumbles from those "genius" **Gallagher** brothers and inspire a proclamation of, "I'm the one who started Brit-Pop night!" from another pedantic group of Salt Lakers.

The Great Happiness Space (Slamdance, Director: Jake Clennel)

"A look at Japan's latest trend in adult entertainment: 'Host' bars and clubs for women who want to be entertained by stylish, charismatic young male hosts who charm their clients into buying expensive drinks."

In other words, the life I would kill for.

Into Great Silence (Director: Philip Groening)

Groening examines life inside the Grande Chartreuse, "The mother-house of the Carthusian Order that lies in a high valley of the Alps of Dauphine, at an altitude of 4268 feet, fourteen miles north of Grenoble."

Monks and nuns are intriguing (a nun once hit on me, which felt like either a terrific compliment or a demeaning act of desperation), and the film promises lots of silence and meditation. Read that as gorgeous cinematography, a lilting soundtrack

and something best viewed with a triple espresso.

Leonard Cohen, I'm Your Man (Director: Lian Lunson)

"A documentary on the legendary singer-songwriter, with performances by those musicians he has influenced." Holy shit, the director played "Grant's Girl" in the 1987 cult classic *Dogs in Space* (starring the **Michael Hutchence**) and produced an **INXS** documentary. She must know music, right? Regardless, I'm not sure how someone can screw up a film featuring Cohen's music and starring a cast of **Jarvis Cocker**, **Beth Orton** and **Nick Cave**. However, verbose **Bono** rants (how many cool influences can one person claim?) might, indeed, sour the deal.

Man Push Cart (Director and Screenwriter: Ramin Bahrani)

A former Pakistani rock star moves to New York and retires to his lot in life: the donut cart guy. How can this not be hilarious and sad? You know he will get in lots of adventures, probably get his teeth kicked in by thugs and we'll at some point get to hear his music.

The Other Side (Slamdance, Director: Gregg Bishop)

There aren't enough good movies about Hell, and I stress *good*. "Samuel North escapes from Hell to track down the person who murdered him, but the Netherworld sends a team of Reapers (unstoppable bounty hunters from Hades) to bring him back." *Spawn* meets *Ghost*?

The Proposition (Screenwriter: Nick Cave; Director: John Hillcoat)

Set at the end of the "bushranger era" (read: the Australian Wild West), a man (**Guy Pearce**) is sent to collect a bounty on his brother. Despite the drab plot, the combination of stars **Pearce**, **Noah Taylor**, **John Hurt**, the precious and can-do-no-wrong **Emily Watson** and the Prince of Darkness' screenplay guarantees ... nothing, but I'm interested anyway. Judging from the trailer, the devil's in the details. I want to believe.

Sasquatch Dumpling Gang (Slamdance, Director: Tim Skousen)

Skousen, local boy/assistant director on *Napoleon Dynamite*, hopes to piggyback on the nerdy genius of said flick. A tale of high school dorks attempting to cash in on some alleged Bigfoot footprints - I'm pretty sure this was already an after-school special. **Kevin Spacey** (and Kevin Spacey's assistant, **Dana Brunetti**) helped produce, the cute kid from *Dodgeball* and **Carl Weathers** star so ... well, *ND* totally surprised me, and anything about Bigfoot is worth seeing. Anything.

Songbirds (Director: Brian Hill)

Don't wear makeup and bring a box of tissues to this one, because you're sure to end up under your seat in a puddle of tears. Hill documents the lives of female prisoners in an England prison (crimes ranging from drugs to murder). They host a musical, focusing the work on their outside lives as mothers and caretakers, singing about the crimes that lead to their imprisonment.

Thin (Director: Lauren Greenfield)

A documentary about four girls with eating disorders in a Florida treatment center. Bring another box of tissues.

TV Junkie (Director: Michael Cain)

A 46-year-old man tries to figure out his purpose in life through an examination of 5000 hours of home video and his extensive photo albums. Yeah, it's a documentary. Yeah, Michael Cain directs. Yeah, I'm obsessed with both figuring out my own life and photo albums. Will I get to see him on the toilet?

Wassup Rockers (Director: Larry Clark)

Ah, in true Larry Clark style, zero members of this cast of South Central kids have starred in *anything* else.

You know the plot: a bunch of teens get in trouble, rape each other, smoke drugs and never see their parents. This time around, we follow a group of ghetto skater boys as they relatively wreak havoc in Beverly Hills. See *SLUG*'s own interview with Larry Clark in this issue.

Who Killed the Electric Car? (Director: Chris Paine)

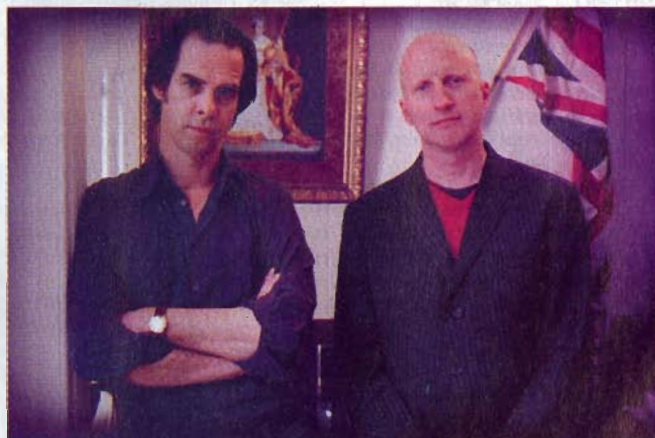
We all care about alternate sources of energy, right? Paine explores the history of the electric car, the forces that keep it at bay, other sources of renewable energy and how the hell we'll survive in the nearly-dwindled-resources future. Bring your Relief Society President to this one; maybe she'll finally have that guilt-laden revelation that God isn't going to forgive her for burning 40,000 watts of Christmas lights for two months, nor for driving a Hummer on the freeway.

Wide Awake (Director: Alan Berliner)

A "portrait of an artist as an insomniac," - that artist being Berliner. Now all you rested losers will understand why you'll never make worthwhile contributions to the art world.

Wristcutters: A Love Story (Director: and Screenwriter: Goran Dukic)

"A film set in a strange afterlife way-station that has been reserved for people who have committed suicide." Do you need more? How about **Patrick Fugit**. Another one? Okay, **Tom Waits**. Oh, but **Shannyn Sossamon** as the love interest? Whatever, stop nay-saying! Tom Waits is cool. **SLUG**



The *Proposition* Screenwriter, Nick Cave, pictured here with Director John Hillcoat. Cave fans take note: Nick is also a cast member in the Leonard Cohen Documentary.

SALT LAKE FILM SOCIETY
film festival all year long



LOVE MOVIES? Prove it ...

Support
Salt Lake Film Society
Your local independent art house

...upcoming **MIDNIGHT MOVIES:**



JANUARY 6th & 7th
ZIGGY
STARDUST

sponsored by **SLUG**
Magazine
www.slugmag.com

JANUARY 13th & 14th
SNATCH



JANUARY 17th thru 27th

SUNDANCE

FILM FESTIVAL 06

Pick up a schedule of films at the
BROADWAY CENTRE CINEMAS
or **TOWER THEATRE**

Salt Lake Film Society programs include:

- ⦿ Theatrical releases of Independent & Foreign Films
- ⦿ Midnight Movies
- ⦿ Memberships
- ⦿ Sundance Film Festival
- ⦿ Visiting Filmmakers
- ⦿ Adaptation Book Club
- ⦿ Holiday Family Film Series
- ⦿ Local Film Program
- ⦿ Screenwriters Program

111 E. 300 S.

876 E. 900 S.

801.321.0310

www.saltlakefilmsociety.org

**DO YOU NEED
CLOTHING OR UNIFORMS
MADE WITH YOUR TEAM
NAME OR COMPANY LOGO?**

GD Lab offers competitive pricing on screen printing, embroidery, vinyl decals and banners.



1 Placement - \$20 Set Up
Minimum 36 pieces

GD Lab has over 7 years of design and production experience. All work is guaranteed so you don't compromise quality for price.



Screening, Embroidery, Vinyl.
Do it for less. Do it right.

owned and operated by ghettoslider inc.

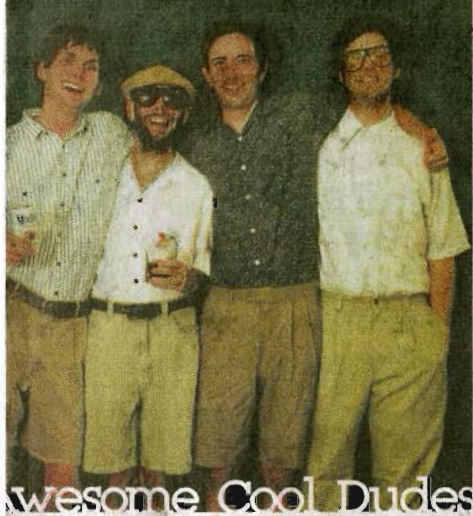
To Get a Free Quote Call
1.888.587.0725
Or come down to
2212 S. West Temple - 7
South Salt Lake, UT.
84115

ghettoslider inc.

owned and operated

by jerks





Awesome Cool Dudes

Maxin' and Relaxin'
Furniture Records
Street: 10.18

Awesome Cool Dudes = Tenacious D + Depeche Mode + Ween + Talking Heads + 9 rounds of Pina Coladas I officially bestow the honor of 'Most Incredibly Honest Band Name Ever' to Austin's Awesome Cool Dudes. It is increasingly difficult these days to find four guys who deserve the labels 'cool' and 'awesome,' but ACD are an exception. *Maxin' and Relaxin'* enforces mandatory enjoyment, and is far more universal than say, yoga, or a *Star Trek* convention. When I saw the Dudes' record cover, featuring them at a Hawaiian-themed pool party, I thought to myself, "My expectations have dropped to the 'below-Weird Al' level." But the Dudes' programming and pop sensibilities are reminiscent of the real 80s – not the fake 80s that have started over – and over the course of the record, they nonchalantly disprove the theory that 'funny' bands must also be 'terrible.' *Maxin'* runs the gamut of pop between goofy dance-anthem and indie-garage masterpiece, even touching on the genre of 'comedic gypsy' with the beautiful tune, "Mediterranean Poopy." When was the last time you laughed at a gypsy song, or for that matter, a gypsy? Exactly! —Tyler Ford

The Berzerker
World of Lies
Earache
Street: 12.13

The Berzerker = Carcass + a techno album gone horribly wrong Once again, the Berzerker are upon us like a raging beast, with the group's third release *World of Lies* ready to captivate and eviscerate grindcore audiences across the world. Originally started as a one-man speedcore DJ act, the Australian group moved onto metal territory. Interestingly enough, the album was recorded in one week with no guitar, amps and no physical drums. Hence, a drum sound that is entirely unique to the Berzerker with the kick drums resembling an electronic-techno blast. The band's grind sound is a standout, so who are the cynics to say grind isn't music? —Bryer Wharton

Bolt Thrower
Those Once Loyal
Metal Blade Records
Street: 11.15

Bolt Thrower = war metal You can always count on good old Bolt Thrower to produce a kick-ass metal record; *Those Once Loyal* is no exception. For 20 years now, Bolt Thrower have been pummeling out record after record of battle-worthy metal. Whether you are strapping on your chain mail or side arm, these death/grind veterans have been cranking it since the ever-so-excellent *In Battle There Is No Law* album. Immerse yourself in a barrage of blast beats and meaty riffs, *Those Once Loyal* is what any Bolt Thrower fan – or death metal fan, for that matter – would expect. —Bryer Wharton

Can-i-bus
Hip Hop for Sale
Babygrande
Street: 11.17

Can-i-bus = G-Unit + DMP + Def Squad Can-i-bus? No, not anymore ... that is, if these are even YOUR written rhymes to begin with. I mean, how could a person get famous off of spitting someone else's rhymes and expect lingering respect to last for five albums? This CD is polished crap. Can-i-bus' trademark of fierce lyrical intensity dwindles on punch lines that don't deliver, love songs that make me want to throw my stereo (with this album inside) out of my window, and cameos by no-name/talent emcees out to make a dollar off the Babygrande bandwagon-type royalties. I really wanted to give this record a positive review, but that would be going against every honest bone in my body. Oh, the music? Well, the beats are all the same and prove easy to bob your head to in a mindless sort of way, while Can-i-bus delivers his half monotone/half yell raps that go in one ear and out the other. Sorry Canny-B ... another flopper. —Lance Saunders

Cast King
Saw Mill Man
Locust Music
Street: 11.15

Cast King = Johnny Cash + Leadbelly + early Tom Waits Cast King is 79 years old and has been playing country music since the 50s when he recorded a couple tracks for *Sun Records*. In *Saw Mill Man*, King's debut album, we get 12 songs that have already stood the test of time. King's thick baritone goes down like a shot of aged bourbon and each song sounds like it's been in his repertoire for decades. King plays the acoustic guitar while **Matt Downer** supplies the boom-chicka-boom and familiar **Luther Perkins** fills on a toned-down electric. The subject matter of the songs takes a lot from old southern country blues singers like **Mississippi John Hurt** and **Robert Johnson**. Most of them deal with the women that left him and the booze he drank to forget. The album was recorded in the shack beside King's place in Alabama which adds to the gritty authenticity of these songs, but it is King's personality that makes the album compelling and convinces you that he could drink you under the table and kick your ass in a bar fight. (*Urban Lounge*: 02.13) —Spencer Jenkins

Cat Power
The Greatest
Matador Records
Street: 01.24

Cat Power = Nina Nastasia + Edith Frost + Sex Less emotional catharsis, more production, less diffused style, more focus. Cat Power has spanned the stylistic divide, providing rock, blues, and folk in her eclectic oeuvre. Starting with *Dear Sir* (her first album) up to *You Are Free*, Cat Power's sensibility has matured with her albums. So it comes as quite a surprise to see her move away from a singer/songwriter evolution to conceive of something, well, more traditional. Instead of a stripped-down drum and a guitar backing like she had in *Dear Sir* and *Myra Lee* (which developed into a fuller sound culminating in *You Are Free*), Chan instead enlists the help of prominent Memphis players that have previously played with **Al Green**. The album, while being hokey at times with back-up singers and a more "Southern Soul" appeal, will gain fans with repeated listens. This is definitely not the typical, or expected, Cat Power album. —Erik Lopez

Constantines
Tournament of Hearts
Sub Pop Records
Street: 11.11

Constantines = Jets To Brazil + Spoon + Hüsker Dü The lyrics on this album are very grandiose and overstated, but do not overshadow a potentially brilliant work by Canadian art-rockers, the Constantines. This is their version of spirituality and they are not afraid to preach to the masses. Only emo bands and **John Tesh** purport their live concert to be an "experience," so it is nice to have a band that is trying to promote good

feelings among their fellow man without the pretense of religion or hopeless romanticism. It is unclear whether this attitude translates completely on *Tournament of Hearts*, but the album is a very enjoyable listen regardless. The band has turned to a calmer version of their former self, considering 2003's more abrasive release *Shine A Light*. The album is very well thought-out and put together as any album released in 2005. —Andrew Glassett

Daniel Striped Tiger
Condition
Alone Records
Street: 01.10

Daniel Striped Tiger = Rye Coalition + Fugazi + Nation Of Ulysses "Hi, I'm Daniel Striped Tiger and I'm tame. Want to play with me? Peek-a-boo!" The preceding quote came from the soft-spoken and fuzzy little Daniel Striped Tiger from **Mr. Rogers' Never Never Land**. The band Daniel Striped Tiger couldn't be more different from the do-good puppet. Their music is very much influenced by early **Dischord**-era post-punk, but this is not just another Fugazi-related release. There is an added sense of urgency as the songs mangle screamo, garage-rock and **Rage Against The Machine**-influenced breakdowns. Add to the conglomerate a frantic and frenetic touch of dirty southern guitar rock with a pinch of post-rock and this tiger stew is near perfect. DST proves that there are post-punk bands that still have some swagger in their two-step. —Andrew Glassett

Demiricous
One
Metal Blade Records
Street: 01.24

Demiricous = Slayer + Walls of Jericho + boring Slayer blah, blah, blah, Slayer, blah, blah, blah. Oh wait, this isn't the new Slayer record – thank Satan. If it were, I probably wouldn't be knocking it. Ignore any media hype there is surrounding this album – it is pure bullshit. Yes, the band can play fast and heavy and re-hash Slayer riffs and solos, but there are tons of bands that do that. There is absolutely no emotion behind Demiricous' so-called rage. With no emotion, there is nothing worth listening to. What is music without real/forced emotion? If you're not angry, why make angry music? Go figure. —Bryer Wharton

East West Blast Test
Popular Music for Unpopular People
Ipecac Recordings
Street: 01.24

East West Blast Test = Flying Luttenbachers – teeth and/or lurch; or a record from the Patton catalog – Patton I could hardly believe this was still considered a selling point; a guy on the east coast wants to make music with a guy on the west coast. How could this possibly work? There is so much physical and emotional space between them! Now that we guffaw and realize **Dave Witte** and **Chris Dodge** are not **Bad Boy** and **Death Row**, proceed we may. We have some impressive avant-metal moments here, but the majority of these short tracks sound hilariously over-technical and simultaneously empty. Though I am always tempted to applaud a good shred, I can't help but laugh as I envision an early-morning animated series featuring a crime fighting **Hella** (or insert your favorite two-piece here) that ends each week with the band skronking out while being sucked into a spinning, tie-dyed vortex. Hells yeah, you say. But remember that **NBC** will homogenize the shit out of it. —Justin Burch

Ephel Duath
Pain Necessary to Know
Earache
Street: 12.13

Ephel Duath = The Dillinger Escape Plan + Mr Bungle + Agoraphobic Nosebleed Give credit where credit is due; the trio of musicians that make up Ephel Duath know how to play their instruments. Mixing jazz and extreme realms of harsh music is nothing new. Starting out as a black-metal band in 1998, the group has moved onto a much different



MONKS 19 east 200 south

MONDAYS: reggae lounge w/ dj rebel
\$5 & \$6 pitchers

TUESDAYS: ghetto slider presents:
dj danny boy (old school hip hop)
\$2.50 cocktails

WEDNESDAYS: karaoke \$2.50 cocktails

THURSDAYS: hip hop w/ blank & chase

SATURDAYS: karaoke

JANUARY

1.6 Natural Roots w/ DJ Rebel

1.7 SXSW preliminaries

1.13 Dead Beats

1.20 Starmy

1.27 Red Bennies & Black Hole

POOL*****DARTS*****PIZZA

WE SERVE VEGAN PIZZA TOO!!!

free parking in walker center after 5 pm

monks is a private club 4 members

**We got shit for
the last ad
being too
chauvinistic...
so, this one's
for the ladies.**

systematic
Printing
801.270.8888

btw, we're a
printing company!

- Powerful Posters
- Porn Mags
- Stripper Cards
- CD/DVD/Snuff
- Fancy Brochures
- Kick Ass Stickers
- Bitchin Booklets
- & Much More!



Industrial • punk • goth • cyber • electro • hardcore

OBSCURA
CLOTHING

2030 s. 900 e. | sugarhouse | mon-sat 11-7
men, women and baby clothing | 801-466-0894

New Year Inventory Clearance sale!

30-40% off

Jan. 14-28

some exclusions apply.



happynewyear

clothing | shoes | accessories

CLASSIFIEDS

Sell or say anything you want.
ads@slugmag.com

Internships Available!
Want to do an internship at
SLUG Magazine?
Contact us for more infor-
mation.

SLUG Localized
Friday January 13th
*Urban Lounge (A Private
Club For Members)*
Salt Town Greasers, Left for
Dead and Hellbound Saints

WANTED:
Old *SLUG* compilation 1,
2, or 3 cassette tapes
Contact us if you have
these.

Goodbye Salt Lake City!
Most of you will be missed.
I will visit in the summer
to party.

— xo Shannon Froh

SLUG Action Sports Night
Thursday January 12th
*Circle Lounge (A Private
Club For Members)*.
Sponsored by Milo Sport
and Smith Optics.

Visit the Website for
Additional national CD re-
views and concert reviews!
www.slugmag.com

Mike Sorich: Drum and
Percussion Instruction.
801.255-3745

Don't steal cars!

LOCAL BANDS:
Interested in playing *SLUG
Localized*? Email [info@slug-
mag.com](mailto:info@slug-
mag.com) for more info.

Get a classified ad for your
band's shows, CD release
parties, birthdays, bamitz-
vahs, house parties, garage
sales and rentals in *SLUG*
for cheap!

SLC Bands
Free engineering/produc-
ing/editing/mix
1 Free Song
Major/Indie Credits
Call 310.254.6017

Do you remember the
"good ol' days" when men
where men and punk rock
was, well ... not what it is
today, that's for sure! Well
we want to remember the
good ol' days too, and we
are asking if anyone has
any of the old *SLUG Mag*
comps from the late 80s
early 90s. If you do we
would love to get a copy
of them! Please give the
SLUG Mag offices a call at
801.487.9221

Got a scar and a story? I'm
looking for scarred models
for a photography project.
If you're interested, contact
John at 801.913.2257
orJohnC@Xmission.com.

Death By Salt II
Coming soon in 2006!

Always wanted a radio-
show but not the 3AM
time-slot? Or maybe you
had your own radio show,
but got kicked off the air
for playing a song with
"fuck" in it? *SLUG Mag*
Podcasters, wanted.

Call the number you see
listed on page 4 or look it
up, old-school-style, in the
fuckin' phonebook.

Wanted: Pleated pants in
every color. Size 32. Call
Erik 801-318-6649

Free Kittens.
801-259-6932



Junk Yard

?The Kustom Kulture Shop?

Men and Womens clothing, Art work, Hot Rod and Kustom Accessories, Magazines, Movies, Hair grease. Its the place you want ot be shopping cause all the kool kids shop here.

**1572 S. State St.
SLC, UT 84115
801-746-7040**

vertical

The Canyons Resort with On-Entertainment Production Presents

vibe 3 ANNUAL



switchfoot



FREE CONCERT!

Monday, January 23, 2006

The Canyons Resort Village - Show starts at 7:00 pm

FOR INFO VISIT: THECANYONS.COM OR CALL 435-643-5400



BRIGHTON



Utah winter games
Jan. 21st



Secret powder
stashes, Mary's
Chutes, Fun Rock!



Dirty Tree Runs,
Pioneer, V-Tree,
Horizon Gap!



Diving Board,
Slant Rock, The Vault!



Field goal, Near/ Middle/
Far Dirties, Wolverine!



Hidden Canyon,
10420, The Traverse!



Hospital, Glory Rock,
Killer, The General!

WE HAVE NATURAL PARKS TO!

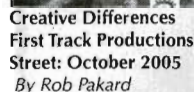
Brighton's Terrain Park presented by:



Salty Peaks
BE SURF n SPORT

BUNDSIDE
COMPANY

Rider: Jared Winkler Location: Brighton Resort "Mary's Chutes"



I sat down with my buddies to watch *Creative Differences* at an associate's house. Now, these friends are not your average snowboarders. All of them are currently sponsored or have been so in the recent past. Besides a couple of small unforgettable segments, no one was interested or impressed. The film is full of average riding, average tricks with even more average videography. Quickly, this DVD became the backdrop for a game of caps with whiskey shots while we prayed for snowfall in the valley for a little urban snowfall.

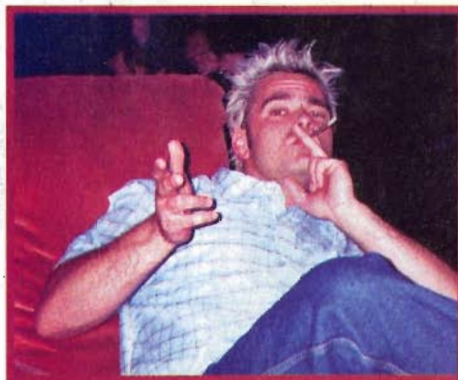
The second time I sat down to watch *Creative Differences*, I was at another friend's house drinking, (actually it was at the Pauline Downs apartment complex, not a house) with a bunch of fuck-ups and freaks. Only two of the seven people in the room had even been on a snowboard. They incredibly impressed by this footage — shedding new light on the film.

My buddy Jared said this DVD comes out of Jackson Hole. But it doesn't; it's from Tahoe. Lots of professional filming goes down in Tahoe, another reason why this DVD is just mediocre at best. It does feature local amateurs, something that grabs my interest. Hopefully these riders and First Track Productions will keep pushing themselves and eventually break through, becoming a new representation of the Tahoe scene.

What I really enjoy about this film is that every aspect of riding is represented, from rails, park, free riding, big mountain this production has it all ... thus, fitting the name. Its not one to wow the veterans (like me) but the kids will enjoy it and pick up on how the trends have progressed.

For those of us who have been riding for years, this is the footage you filmed seven years ago. For the new rats this is a video that will inspire you to become the next up-and-comer.

www.firsttracksproductions.com



Bobby

November 20th, 1974 - December 17th, 2005

"Allright"

WWW.TROMADANCE.COM

TROMA DANCE

FILM FESTIVAL

NO ENTRY FEE!

Park City & Salt Lake City, UT
January 24-28 2006

TUESDAY
1.24.06
OFFICIAL SCREENINGS
5:00pm - Close
Brewvies Cinema Pub
677 South 200 West
Salt Lake City UT

WEDNESDAY
1.25.06
OFFICIAL SCREENINGS
5:00pm - Close
Brewvies Cinema Pub
677 South 200 West
Salt Lake City

THURSDAY
1.26.06
LITERARY SIDEBAR & SIGNING
4:00pm - 6:00pm
Dolly's Bookstore
510 Main Street
Park City UT

FRIDAY
1.27.06
BEST OF TROMADANCE SCREENINGS
Noon - 5:30pm
Salt Lake City Library
210 East 400 South
Salt Lake City UT

FESTIVAL RECEPTION
5:30pm
Night Flight Comics
210 East 400 South
Salt Lake City UT

SATURDAY
1.28.06
OFFICIAL SCREENINGS
10:00am - 5:00pm Rum Bunnies Beach Bar
825 Main St. Park City, UT

PANEL DISCUSSION 5:00pm
"FILMMAKING IN THE ERA OF \$15
MILLION 'INDEPENDENT' MOVIES"

PARTY & CLOSING CEREMONIES! 8:00pm

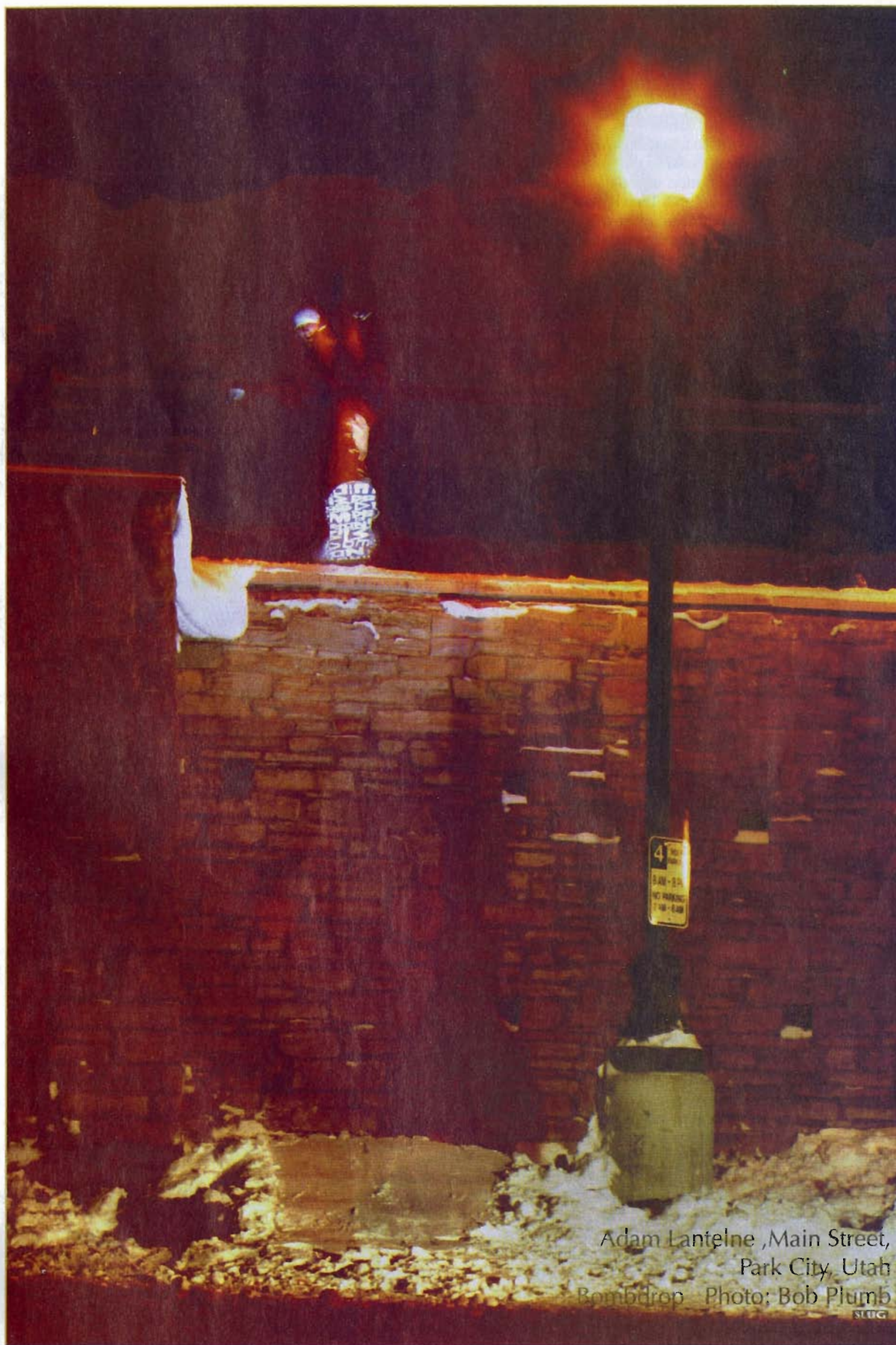
DOLLY'S BOOKSTORE
RUM BUNNIES BEACH BAR

Night Flight
READING ENTERTAINMENT-COMICS-BOOKS-FUN STUFF
SLUG MAG

TROMA PALOOZA



Travis Robinson / The Levitation Project
Brighton, Utah
Photo: Bob Plumb **SLATE**



Adam Lantelne ,Main Street,
Park City, Utah
Bombdrop Photo: Bob Plumb

X-Dance

By Mike Brown
mikebrown048@hotmail.com

SLUG asked me to write an article on X-Dance. I had no idea what X-Dance was, so they told me to call this dude, **Brian Wimmer**, founder of X-Dance, who did. I asked him if it was a straight-edge film thing and he said "no." Then I asked him if it was about **Malcolm X** and he said "no." Brian told me that the "X" stood for "eXtreme" and not in the **Right Guard** deodorant sort of way, but extreme in the fairly new sporting genre that lumps together skateboarding, snowboarding, BMX and free-style motorcycle riding.

My brain started to think about all the pet peeves I have about this whole new extreme movement thing, like the "corporitizing" of certain art

mediums I enjoy and shit like that. I started to think about how I could write an article making fun of all the X-Dance people, and how they were probably just like **ESPN** trying to suck off the beautiful teat of skateboarding with no intention of giving back.

But the more I talked

to the X-Dance people the more they made their true intentions clear, and it was an intention I have to respect. Besides, complaining about the "mainstreamification" of snowboarding and skateboarding right now is such a dead horse. Sure, it's fun to kick, like talking about how much snowboarding's like football, but it gets you nowhere these days. Skateboarding and snowboarding are corporate as fuck, and that's how it's going to be.

With that said, let me explain the idea behind this whole X-Dance gig. It's a showcase of around 30 skateboard/snowboard/BMX/Motocross videos designated to give credit to the unsung heroes of the action-sports industry, the filmmakers and filmmakers.

In a day where a professional extreme athlete's board sales are heavily determined by the video footage the athlete produces, sometimes the man laying in the gutter for the best shot doesn't get enough credit. And it's nice to see an organization willing to do so. (Another sign that filmmakers don't get enough credit is that the word, filmer, keeps popping up on my spell check. This means that *Microsoft Word* doesn't even acknowledge the existence of a filmer. I even tried spelling it with two m's, weird.)

X-Dance, the self-proclaimed *Academy Awards* of action sports, has a panel of judges who decide which film they like best, not so much by the talent of the athlete, but by the quality of the video, like how good it was edited and shit like that.

The whole filmmaking process, at least in the skateboard community, has

become its own art medium of sorts. A good painter has to know how to hold a goddamn paintbrush and a good filmer has to know how to hold a camera. Even on the local level, the bar for a good skateboarding video is very high. Nitpicky skaters, such as myself, will notice if the tricks being performed are edited to the beats of the music.

I asked the X-Dance guy if there were any videos entered that were just too extreme. They said that **Voltan**, the extreme inner tuber, will not be one of the entries at this year's X-Dance. Sounds like Voltan's "X" factor is off the Richter scale for sure. They also said that a couple of entries were just too violent. (If I could have my own showcase to tag along with *Sundance*, it would probably be a collection of homemade backyard wrestling tapes. I just find white trash so funny sometimes.)

Another cool thing about X-Dance is that it's free to the public. Most of the snowboard movies that Milo premiered this last September can be seen free of charge, and some include parties afterwards. But it's first-come first-serve.

I asked what big stars and athletes were going to attend X-Dance. They didn't know. Since the showcase is for the movie maker and not the movie stars, they didn't really invite any. Which is just fine by me.

I also asked if they had any funny stories involving movie stars when they came to Park City, like **Britney Spears** doing a line of coke off of **Bam Mageria's** butt in front of **Christopher Walken**. Brian said that nothing like that has ever really happened at one of their premieres. Oh well. Better luck next time.

If you have nothing to do you should go to X-Dance. The end. **SLUG**

Brodie Says:

brodie@slugmag.com

1. Milo Sport has made a video of their skate team. It will not be premiered at X-Dance, but you can buy it at Milo for only \$10.
2. Art and skateboarding are soon to collide near the SLUG offices at the *Unknown Gallery*. Once again, Brodie says just because you skateboard doesn't make you an artist.
3. Rumors are circulating about *Fairmont* receiving some well-needed illumination. It's cold as fuck at night anyway so if the park gets lights it probably won't be for a while.
4. Will lights at *Fairmont* scare away the local homosexuals who frequent the park at night looking for \$5 hand jobs? Once again, only time will tell.
5. Brodie has 102 friends on Myspace. Most of which are underage girls. Please don't try to be Brodie's friend unless you are a girl over the age of 18. I'm trying to stay out of trouble.
6. If it stays this cold, Brodie predicts the triumphant return of the snowskate. Somebody please make a decent snowskate video. Nobody's done that yet.
7. Zack Hammers New Year resolutions: switch Kf Blunt reg Kf out Dracula rail. Watch out!
8. A frequent watering hole for many SLC skaters, *Todds Bar and Grill*, is now called *Nate's*. Weird. **SLUG**

Free screenings
January 20-22
333 main street
Park City

SALTY PEAKS

Snowboard Shop

3055 East 3300 South
Salt Lake City, UT
(801) 467 8000

*We Have all the
Gear you can't find
anywhere else!*

*open late,
open Sundays*



Discount Lift Tickets

\$15 rentals with boots!

www.SaltyPeaks.com

*Go Sushi

Take Out Available

**EAT US IN...
OR EAT US OUT**

Prices Range From \$3.95-\$14.95

Lunch Hours:
Tuesday-Friday 11am-3pm

Dinner Hours:
Monday-Friday 4:30pm-9pm
Saturday 12:00pm-9pm

Veggie & Vegan Rolls available!

2015 East 3300 South • SLC • PH: 801.467.8955

2006

Have Great Year.

BLUE BOUTIQUE



Piercing The Body For a Long
..... Time!

Safe, Friendly & Professional.

Sugarhouse

1080 East 2100 south
801-485-2072

Wendover

XXX Movies

1715 West Wendover Blvd
866-301-blue

West Valley

3394 West 3500 South
801-982-1100

North Temple

780 West North Temple
801-596-2160

Shopping Made Sexy

Tales from the Rock N' Roll Highway

Marley Brant
Billboard Books
Street: 06.20

After nearly 30 years in the entertainment industry, you would think Marley Brant could say more to illuminate the life of a rocker other than the token "anything can happen on the road." Unfortunately, she didn't re-package the cliché with anything more profound. I couldn't decide what was the more egregious fault of the book, the litany of typos or its sheer predictability. "I totally almost nailed a groupie, but I didn't. The end," doesn't qualify as 'edgy.' Please ignore my warning though, and devour this book especially if you: A) Want to know what a bunch of idiots the guys from **Insane Clown Posse** are, B) Want to learn about the plethora of band names that are infinitely more nauseating than **Hawkwind**, C) Want to know more than any normal person would ever want to know about **Sha Na Na**, or, D) Have a perverse desire to read stories by pretentious people about how outrageously pretentious they are. On the positive side, Brant should be applauded for presenting the darker underbelly that fans don't see: that touring is, for the most part, physically, mentally and financially exhausting. Nonetheless, for every seven stories that are un-interesting and less relate-able, there is one gem of a story that'll keep you plugging through the crap. —Tyler Ford

Watch Me Dig a Hole

Curtis Jensen
 curtisinterruptus@hotmail.com
Street: 10.07

You may know Curtis Jensen for his supreme writing skills displayed here in *SLUG Magazine*, as well as being frontman for the local rock juggernaut **Form of Rocket**. Said band and their wordsmith are notorious for pushing the limits of locker-room humor and bad taste; however, the latest sightings of FOR and the contents of Jensen's new book of poetry, *Watch Me Dig a Hole*, have me severely convinced that they are finished screwing around. Jensen's use of language and the space between words create a mood and rhythm all their own as he surveys and traverses bleak landscapes strewn in carrion, carnality and piles of misuse and disuse. He seems to train banal objects to sit up and speak of apocalypse: boot tongues, body parts and industrial debris all compete with nature itself for their turn to sing the song of the end of the world. This book is not without humor, although any laughs might come in the moments turning pages wondering if you or the author might ever get another good night's sleep with your head clogged with darkness and the blood and hair of five or six different animals. If for some reason you fancy yourself ageless, bulletproof, carefree or otherwise content with what reality has to offer, don't watch Curtis dig his hole. In just 39 pages, it might just scare the life out of you. —Derek Fonesbeck



Four Musical Minimalists

Keith Potter
Cambridge University Press
Street: 04.2002

While it is well known that university presses, such as Cambridge, are par excellent for academic books, Keith Potter's rewarding book is a milestone in the genre of books about music. It starts seamlessly with an introduction that actually introduces the idea of minimalism and provides a comprehensive overview of it. From here, Potter focuses on the lives of the four main American practitioners of musical minimalism who have conceivably started it: **Lamonte Young**, **Steve Reich**, **Phillip Glass** and **Terry Riley**. Potter doesn't steep his discussion in the repercussions of minimalism in music, nor in the technical nitty-gritty of what it is supposed to accomplish, but instead he provides a biographical and personal musical "history" through the lives of those he discusses, which he then shows where each branched off from the other and where they are tied together. Through these exposed lives, Potter can then disseminate and discuss music theory, eastern influences, and the trajectory of musical minimalism as a whole. While Potter does stumble a bit in reifying the abstract concept of minimalism with the practice of it, he clearly delineates his project and boldly accomplishes a stunning work of academic genius. —Erik Lopez

Film Festival

Movie Reviews

Open House

Dir: Dan Mirvish
Film Affiliation: None
Screening: Happened at last year's Slamdance but Director Dan Mirvish will be hosting a panel discussion/ Podcast for Slamdance film FOUR EYED MONSTERS on Wed, Jan 25.
 When I was first given the movie *Open House* to review, I thought, great — a musical, I hate musicals; I don't want to watch people sing the dialogue. So I reluctantly fed the disc into my player, poured myself a rum and coke and sat back, ready to hate whatever it was that I was about to witness. But now I sit here in front of my keyboard with a swollen brain, singing along to what I have just witnessed. Surprisingly, this movie is a welcome change of pace from what Hollywood has to offer, because they are too busy remaking old TV shows that weren't all that great when they first aired, their creativity has been exhausted and they are reaching. But *Open House*, while being low budget, brought something new to the table. The story follows a couple that is love, obsessed with fornicating at open houses, and it evolves from there, introducing a whole other cast of characters and subplots and in the end, they all tie together with a pleasant twist. Maybe I can relate to this movie because I recently bought a house and I find myself sharing some of the emotions that one of the characters (real estate agent, Barry) had with the homes and the history behind them. In close, if you are looking for a break from the norm, I suggest you give this movie a shot; it offers a non-regurgitated plot along with some great camera work... Fantabulous! —Kenny Hektik

Hunting Camp

Dir: John C. Lyons. 2005.
Film Affiliation: Tromadance, Jan. 20-29
 Where are the fucking tits in this movie? I've seen movies like this before, late at night on **Showtime**. They're movies full of predictable plot-twists, sub-par acting and unnatural dialogue. However, what usually makes these movies watchable is the knowledge that by the end of the film, I will see some dude in a **Phoenix Suns** jersey softly cup one of Shannon Tweed's rude titties. But after this movie ended sans nipples, I felt cheated. For fledgling filmmaker Lyons, this dramatic short film of betrayal and lies and Erie, Pennsylvania shows ambition. But let's face it — Lyons is no **Hitchcock**. Few are. That's why tits were invented. —Robert Leavitt

I Know I'm Not Alone

Dir: Michael Franti. 2005.
Film Affiliation: None
Screening at Suede in Park City, Jan. 20 with Spearhead
 First off, I don't like Michael Franti's

music. Nor-Cal dreadlocked, political, acouti-rap just ain't my thing. But Franti, in his documentary *I Know I'm Not Alone*, poses this question: Is my music any better when played to a bunch of poor Iraqis? The answer is no. However, *I Know I'm Not Alone*, Franti's first work as a filmmaker, is an interesting documentary nonetheless. Franti, in his search for viewing the human cost of war in Iraq, Palestine and Israel, thankfully leaves politics aside and doesn't pretend to have any answers. Instead, he walks around Baghdad and Israel playing his guitar and talking to the people. This results in a movie that is full of interesting scenes of everyday life in Iraq that includes gems such as a visit to the rehearsal space of Iraq's first and only metal band, **The Black Scorpions**. The only real hurdle to get over is Franti's "Heal the World" music that occasionally hijacks an engaging scene into a montage of smiling children. For the most part though, Franti has the sense to stay in the background and just noodle on his guitar while everyone else who actually deserves something to say about the situation in the Middle East are given screen time. —Robert Leavitt

Los Coyotes

Dir: Lee Isaac Chung. 2005.
Film Affiliation: Slamdance
Screening Jan. 20 @ 3 P.M., Jan. 22 @ 11 A.M. and Jan. 24 @ 1 P.M. —Living Room Theater
 It's no fun to be in a moral dilemma. Earlier in the day things were fine. Sure, it sucked to be the fat kid in the Mexican gang. You could get over all the teasing, though, because the older members of the gang were family, and a family can and should break your balls every now and then. I mean, this didn't seem to foreshadow any kind of sensitivity on your part that might lead to some type of rift in the gang. But when the Mexican boy you are trying to smuggle across the border gets bit by a snake, shit gets crazy. Should we take him to the hospital? Do I want to be in this gang anymore? Are the other members of the gang going to get the car in time? Do I want another snack cake? Showing at this year's *Slamdance* film festival, *Los Coyotes* is emblematic of the type of films one usually sees at film festivals: well made, somewhat topical and aesthetically contemporary. Movies like *Los Coyotes* are always good but rarely great. But is it worth driving up Parley's canyon, finding parking, navigating through the rich ski bums, waiting in line with "Industry People," listening to "Industry People," and then sitting in a room full of "Industry People" to watch this movie? No. Stay home. —Robert Leavitt

GOOD TIMES TATTOO & PIERCING



Give the gift that lasts forever
Gift Certificates Available

Colby Burleson, Clint Marvin,
Vic Back, Alex Hinton,
Colby Smith, Pat Delvar
& Bonnie Seeley

511 W 200 S
Salt Lake City
801.485.4777

www.myspace.com/goodtimestattoo

The **Bridge** vegan café

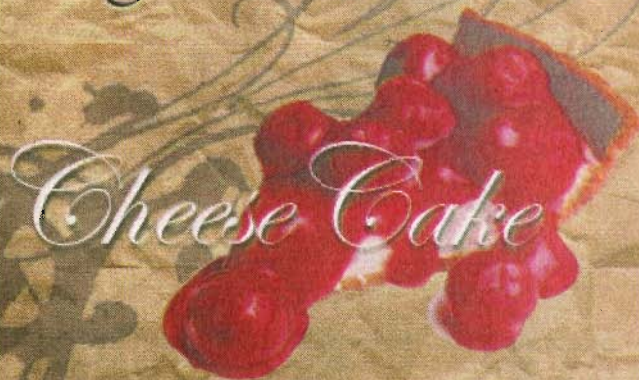
511w 200s salt lake city

801.359.2278

Organic Coffee

Vegan Deli

Vegan Pastries



Cheese Cake



BISCUITS & GRAVY

Sundays 10-3

CAFFE IBIS
COFFEE ROASTING COMPANY

Buy
local
FIRST
UTAH

XMISSION

www.myspace.com/vegancafe

the arosnet guarantee:

we won't send a **cable guy** to hook up your **internet service.**



In the world of Internet service providers, you'll hear every promise and see every offer. But if you're not careful, you might see more than you bargain for. ArosNet is one of Utah's first ISPs with the most reliable Internet connections and knowledgeable support technicians in the business.

Whether from home or the office, and with a high-speed connection or dial-up, we simply want to connect you to the Internet—fast, efficiently and affordably.

We don't guarantee you everything, but we will meet your Internet connection needs...and spare you from an unsightly offering.



AROSNET

We promise you the world.

28 South 400 East, SLC, UT 84111
www.aros.net 801.532.2767

AJ'S DESERET LOUNGE



**FREE
POOL**
ON SUNDAYS!

■ **BIG SCREEN SPORTS**
■ **DARTS, VIDEO GAMES & MUSIC**

SUPER BOWL SUNDAY- FREE FOOD!

**DOMESTICS, IMPORTS, MICRO BEERS
NO MEMBERSHIP REQUIRED**

323 South Main • 801.595.7003

Gallery Stroll:

Art You'll Kick-Flip Over

By Mariah Mann Mellus

mariah@slugmag.com



Ah, January 2006 - one year closer to us under-grounders taking over the world! It's a matter of the strong surviving, shunning oppression and breaking out wherever possible. This movement has become ever present during the monthly *Gallery Stroll*. What used to be a refined evening of strolling through art galleries making polite comments and eating little cookies on the third Friday of every month has turned into a no-holds-barred, show-me-yours-and-I'll-show-you-mine.

With the birth of *Unknown Gallery* in 2004, the opportunity to participate or patronize a venue with young cutting-edge art seduced us all. The shows are selected by owners **Amity Waldecker**, **Justin Zimonja** and office ninja **Jeremy Herridge**. They select art that engages the youth of Salt Lake and opens their minds to new creative avenues. One such avenue is the *Annual Board Show* that will be held on **January 20th** and remain on display through **February 10th**. This union of boarders and artists could go down as a great American love story. Boarders of all kinds take pride in their rides. The board is an expansion of their own style. Skateboarding has been a great inexpensive mode of transportation and entertainment for years. Artists are always looking for cheap entertainment. The activity of skateboarding is creative, young and often renegade, which often describes the artists of today. Hence, the board show was born.

The 2004 board show involved 50 local artists and mad boards. This year's board show has increased to over 120 local, national and international artists. While the numbers are too great to mention every artist, I was pleased to see some of my favorites made the list: **Fletcher Booth**, a local hero in the art community for speaking out against art censorship and standing behind his sometimes controversial art;

Kenny Riches, 315 East 300 explodes with **Rigby**, a long president of the Association will a notch and hang international artist her delicate brush

much needed for our beautiful yet tough lady riders out there; **Mike Mass** of www.greenfuzz.com has a great since of humor, celebrity Ouiji boards and ironic t-shirts, which make for fun art and sales.

Gallery Stroll
Friday, January
20th, 2006

owner of **Kayo Gallery** on South, everything he does enthusiasm and style; **Kent** time art advocate and past **Salt Lake Gallery Stroll** take his serious side down with the emerging artists;

Elesavet Triantafillou, with strokes and feminine themes, is

Remember the days before *SLUG* and punk rock shows? Well that's probably because you weren't even born yet. Today's Salt Lake youth have fought and won the same opportunities as the youth in any major city. It's hard to put together amazing shows like this. Take advantage and Support Local Art! **SLUG**



SLGTATTOO 2006

TATTOO CONVENTION

FEBRUARY 17, 18 & 19, 2006

SALT PALACE CONVENTION CENTER • SLGTATTOO.COM

OPEN TO THE PUBLIC . KIDS ACTIVITY AREA . LIVE ENTERTAINMENT . TICKETS AT LOST ART TATTOO

DAILY CALENDAR

info@slugmag.com
submissions due by the 25th of the previous month

Friday, January 6

Showdown to SXSW - Sugarbeats, The Circuit
Sean Jones, Sikemma, Smashy Smashy - Kilby
Allstars - Zanzibar
Blue Lotus Benefit Show - Ego's
Natural Roots, DJ Rebel - Monk's
School of Rock Benefit w/ Red Bennies, Form of Rocket, Starmy - Urban
Books About UFOs, The Heaters, TBA - Burt's
Motion City Soundtrack - Harry O's
Local Live Bands - Todd's
Ziggy Stardust Midnight Movie - Tower
Jezus Rides a Riksha - Club Vegas

Saturday, January 7

SXSW Showdown - Brewski's, Zanzibar, Monk's, Burt's
The Hotness CD release - Burt's
The Adonis, Cub Country - Urban
Signal, Force of Habit, Disorder - Club Vegas
Fry Sauce - Ego's
Eric Openshaw, Wren Kennedy, Logan Kendall - Kilby
This is How the Democracy Looks Like - Free Speech Zone
Ziggy Stardust Midnight Movie - Tower

Sunday, January 8

Dead To Fall, Ion Dissonance, Maqsood, Shotgun Odyssey, Forget the Past, Maqsood - Club Boom-Va
Karaoke - Burt's
GDB, Over the Line, The Management - The Ritz

Monday, January 9

The Weird Weeds, Dragon, Star No Star - Starry Night
Acts of Sedition, Befabegiya, All Systems Fail, Union of the Snake, Loiter Cognition - The Ritz
Dance Evolution - Area51
Karaoke - Todd's
DJ Curtis Strange - Burt's

Tuesday, January 10

Reel Big Fish, Zebrahead - Club Ice
The Actual, Life Before This - Lo-Fi
Medic, Purrbats, Buttery Muffins - Urban
Double Dipped Cream Dream (Tenacious D Tribute) - Burt's

Wednesday, January 11

Someday, Krimson Karra, Her Ruin, Maqsood - The Ritz
SXSW Showdown - Urban
SXSW Semi-Finals - Ego's
Shannon Froh and Ellen's going away party (one of many) - Monk's

Thursday, January 12

Anthony B - Suede
WTF - Todd's
Ted Dancin - Urban
SLUG Action Sports Night, Sushi, Drink Specials, Product Giveaways - Circle Lounge
Still Life Decay, Carfax Files - Club Vegas

Friday, January 13

School of Rock - In the Venue
Medicine Circus, Omnipresent, Second Depth, Among the Dead - The Ritz
Duane Stephens & the Cocktails -

Zanzibar

Violet Run, Spork - Burt's
Local Live Bands - Todd's
SLUG Localized w/ Salt Town Greasers, Left for Dead, Hellbound Saints - Urban
Incendiant, Pazatzu, Devoured Alive, Resurrection - The Circuit
Paris Green, Sparrow's Gate - Kilby
Ten Falls Forth, Clifton, A Fall Farewell, To No Avail - Club Boom-Va
Sparrow's Gate - Lo-Fi
Dead Beats - Monk's
The Owls - Ego's
Snatch Midnight Movie - Tower
Separation of Self, Frustrations Gripp, Balance of Power - Club Vegas
Shannon Froh's last day working in the SLUG office ... we will miss you! -SLUG HQ

Saturday, January 14

SXSW Finals - The Depot
Blues on First - Zanzibar
Salty Rootz - Burt's
Dirty Birds CD Release, JW Blackout - Urban
School of Rock - In the Venue
High School Open Mic - Cup of Joe
Afro Omega - Ego's
Breaking The Bank - Free Speech Zone
Snatch Midnight Movie - Tower
Beautiful Creatures - Club Vegas

Sunday, January 15

Karaoke - Burt's
Goodbye Shannon Froh! We will miss you! - SLUG Magazine

Monday, January 16

DJ Curtis Strange - Burt's
Dance Evolution - Area51
Karaoke - Todd's

Tuesday, January 17

Ramallah, Death Before Dishonor, Tamerlane, Looking Forward, Gloves Off - Club Overdrive
Spoon Fed Tribe - Urban
Small Towns Burn A Little Slower, Paint By Numbers, Ever We Fall, Remember The Tragedy - Lo-Fi
Happy B-day Jamila! - Monk's

Wednesday, January 18

Tub Ring, Lovehatehero, The Panic Division, The Fully Down - Club Boom Va
Karaoke, Tip Johnny the amazing Bartender! - Monk's
The HOP - Urban
Banyan - Ego's
Die Monster Die, Nim Vind - Burt's

Thursday, January 19

Opening Night Gala - Sundance
Phix - Urban Lounge
WTF - Todd's

Friday, January 20

School of Rock - In the Venue
Michael Franti & Spearhead - Suede
Elizabeth Lights, Cline More Down, TBA - Kilby
Gaza, Cherem, Chadoxon, Aftermath of a Trainwreck, Lost in the fire, Forget the Past - The Ritz
Charlie Don't Surf, Screamin' Condors, Los Rojos - Burt's

Free X-Dance Screening - Main Street

Mall Park City
Laughdance begins - Brewvies
Starmy - Monk's
Local Live Bands - Todd's
Will Startin Players, What People? - Urban
Robert Post, The Weepies, Imogen Heap, Rufus Wainwright - Sundance Music Cafe
Burton Demo Tour - PCMR
Necrophacus, Cave of Roses - Club Vegas

Saturday, January 21

School of Rock - In the Venue
Slam Off - Cup of Joe
HR (Front man of Bad Brains) - Ego's
Basin Street, Utah County Swillers, J.W. Blackout - Burt's
Free X-Dance Screening - Main Street
Mall Park City
Will Lovell - Zanzibar
G. Love and Special Sauce - Suede
Endland, Sicken Wrong, etc. - Kilby
The Happies - Timbers Lounge
Burton Demo Tour - PCMR
Burton Video Screening - Legacy Lodge PCMR
Margot & the Nuclear So & So's, Augustana, Imogen Heap, Rufus Wainwright - Sundance Music Cafe
War & Peace Trilogy - Free Speech Zone
Helmut Sound Check, Royal Bliss, Starmy, Spork - Club Vegas
Huck Gee - Mechanized

Sunday, January 22

Free X-Dance Screening - Main Street
Mall Park City
Karaoke - Burt's
Chris Janson, Inara George, Mike Doughty, Bruce Hornsby, Lyfe - Sundance Music Cafe
Burton Demo Tour - PCMR

Monday, January 23

Pennywise, No Use For A Name, Suicide Machines, Versus The World - Saltair
Yellowjackets-Sheraton City Center
DJ Curtis Strange - Burt's
Switchfoot, Free Concert - The Canyons Resort
Five Bolt Main - Club Vegas
Sound Tribe Sector 9 - Suede
Karaoke - Todd's
Free X-Dance Screening - Main Street
Mall Park City
Dance Evolution - Area51
Darrell Scott, Mike Doughty, Bruce Hornsby, Judy Collins - Sundance Music Cafe
Aphasia, Days Like These, Dear Whoever - Club Boom Va

Tuesday, January 24

X-Dance Closing Party - Harry O's
Tromadance - Brewvies
Sarah Lee Guthrie & Johnny Irion, Darrell Scott, Darren Hayes, Rodney Crowell - Sundance Music Cafe
Cabaret Voltage: poetry, art, music - Urban
Circle Jerks, D.O.A. - Starbar Park City

Wednesday, January 25

Looner, Cothers - Kilby
Slightly Stoopid, John Brown's Body, The

Expendable - Suede

Tromadance - Brewvies
Roberto Poveda, Michael Penn, Athlete, Rodney Crowell - Sundance Music Cafe

Thursday, January 26

Karaoke - Burt's
Schuyler Fisk, Roberto Poveda, Athlete, Brazilian Girls, Sharon Stone & Friend - Sundance Music Cafe
WTF - Todd's
Les Claypool, Electric Apricot - Suede

Friday, January 27

Music on Main - Sundance
Chudda, Forever Ends, Hoodstock - Kilby
Duane Stephens & the Cocktails - Zanzibar
Fight Paris, Scarlet, The Esoteric, Calico System, To No Avail - Club Boom-Va
Laughdance ends - Brewvies
Our Time in Space CD Release - Urban
Kristin Hoffman, Schuyler Fisk, Darren Hayes, Michael Penn, Martin Sexton - Sundance Music Cafe
Local Live Bands - Todd's
Red Bennies, Black Hole - Monk's
Ozzmenez, Counter Measure - Club Vegas

Saturday, January 28

Slam Off - Cup of Joe
John Flanders CD Release Party - Zanzibar
Awards Night - Sundance
Rodeo Boys CD Release - Urban
The New Transit Direction, Buildings Designed to Collapse, Mr. Fusion and the Flux Capacitor, The Middle Distance - Kilby
Panama Deception - Free Speech Zone
Bird York, 2 Foot Yard, Persephone's Bees, Musicians from Wrist C utters: A Love Story - Sundance Music Cafe
The Waiters - Suede
Riot, Aerial, Kings Crossing - Club Vegas

Sunday, January 29

Karaoke - Burt's

Monday, January 30

Jazz Downtown w/ Kelly Eisenhour - Zanzibar
Dance Evolution - Area51
Karaoke - Todd's

Tuesday, January 31

My American Heart, Versus The Mirror, Portugal The Man, The Milan Conference - Club Boom Va
Niveah - Lo-Fi
Donna the Buffalo - Suede

Wednesday, February 1

Duncan Sheik, Will Sartin - Club Suede
An Angle, Paris Green - Lo-Fi

Thursday, February 2

Vinyl-Ego's
WTF - Todd's
Bark Bark Bark - Kilby

Friday, February 3

In Flames, Trivium, DevilDriver, Zao - Saltair
The Show is the Rainbow - Kilby
Peking Acrobats - Kingsbury Hall
Local Live Bands - Todd's
Pick up the new SLUG - Anyplace cool!

Squirrel Werks

Custom Culture Shop



**Kats
Kittens
Kids**

Clothing Art Jewelry
151 Historic 25th Street Ogden Utah
801 621 2042

THE PIZZA RUNNER

GOURMET TOPPINGS, CALZONES, WINGS, SALADS,
MEATBALL SANDWICHES, PASTAS, FAMOUS
BREADSTICKS, **VEGAN** OPTIONS
AND MUCH MORE

.....INCLUDING

**Dictator/
Invisible Rays**

Bill Cruea

"Please tip cause i know where you live!"
3017 HARRISON BLVD OGDEN UT
394 4265 FREE DELIVERY OPEN LATE

THE URBAN LOUNGE



January 2006
A PRIVATE CLUB FOR MEMBERS
241 S. 500 E. • 801.746.0558

Jan 6 School of Rock Benefit w/ Red Bennies, Form of Rocket, Starmy	Hellbound Saints
Jan 7 The Adonis, Cub Country	Jan 14 Dirty Birds CD Release, JW Blackout
Jan 9 The Dirty Birds CD Release	Jan 17 Spoon Fed Tribe
Jan 10 Medic, Purrbats, Buttery Muffins	Jan 18 The HOP
Jan 11 SXSW Showdown	Jan 19 Phix
Jan 12 Ted Dancin	Jan 20 Will Sartain Players, What People?
Jan 13 SLUG Localized w/ Salt Town Greasers, Left for Dead,	Jan 24 Cabaret Votagge, poetry, art, music
	Jan 27 Our Time in Space CD Release



Monday nights **Kamikaze Karaoke**
with DJ Derren
\$2.00 spaghetti

Tuesday nights **A night of jazz**
\$1.00 drafts

Wednesday nights **KICK ASS cover bands**
\$1.00 drafts

Thursday nights **WTF!!!! Thursdays**
crazy stuff going down everytime
hosted by GILL from hekkik.org

Friday & Saturday **Local Live Bands go to**
nights www.myspace.com/todds_bg
for band line up

Sunday nights **Groove Sundays with**
resident DJ MSO and guest DJ's
every week

Kitchen open
Mon-Fri 6pm-10:30pm
weekend brunch
10am-3pm
\$1 bloody Mary's

www.myspace.com/todds_bg

*a private club for members 21+

Kilby Court Calendar January 2006

January

04 - Wolf Colonel/Jason Anderson,
The Loveletter Band, Will
Sartain, The Grizzly Prospector

06 - Sean Jones, Sikemba,
Smashy Smashy

07 - Eric Openshaw, Wren Kennedy,
Logan Kendall

13 - Paris Green, Sparrow's Gate

20 - One More Down, Elizabeth's
Lights, t.b.a.

21 - Endland, Sickenwrong, etc.

25 - Looner, (others t.b.a.)

27 - Chudda, Forever Ends, Hoodstock

28 - TNTD, BDT Collapse, Mr. Fusion
and the Flux Capacitor, The
Middle Distance

February

02 - Bark Bark Bark, t.b.a.

03 - The Show is the Rainbow

04 - 31 Knots, What People?

05 - Bradley Hathaway,
Swans of Never

06 - Mute Math, Veda

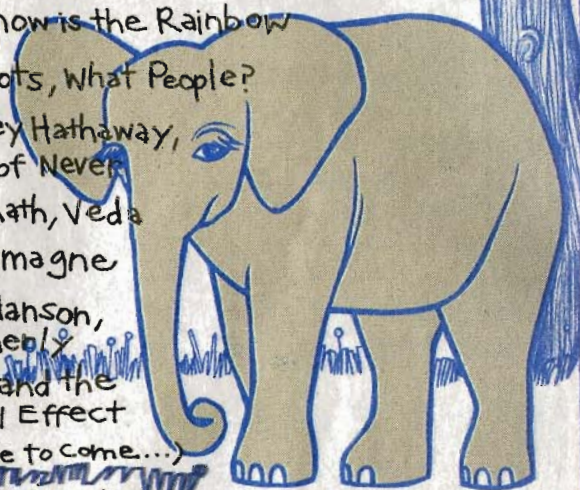
11 - Charlemagne

14 - Jeff Hanson,
Southerly

15 - Reggie and the
Full Effect

(& much more to come...)

Kilby Court is all ages - Located at 741 South 330 West in
Salt Lake City. Shows start approx. 8pm www.kilbycourt.com



Read All About It

Park City, UT - With 100 runs, we have enough terrain to satisfy everyone. Famous Utah powder,
Up to 50 runs perfectly groomed daily. Four parks, including King's Crown Superpark, lighted
PayDay Park and Eagle Superpipe with new 22' walls.



Transworld Snowboarding
Terrain Park of the Year,
Two Years In A Row!



2005/06 PARK CITY ALL-STARS SNOWBOARD TEAM

CHRIS ENGELSMAN JESSICA DALPIAZ ERIN COMSTOCK JEREMY JONES CHRIS COULTER
MARC FRANK MONTOYA SHAUN WHITE GEORGE OAKLEY SCOTTY ARNOLD

PARK CITY
MOUNTAIN RESORT

800.222.PARK PCRIDE.COM

THE 2006 BOOST MOBILE X-DANCE ACTION SPORTS FILM FESTIVAL,
PRESENTED BY SCION, RUNS DURING THE SUNDANCE FILM FESTIVAL,
SHOWCASING THE BEST IN SURF, SKI, SNOWBOARD, SKATEBOARD,
WAKEBOARD, BMX AND MOTOCROSS FILMS.

X-DANCE

BOOST MOBILE
ACTION SPORTS FILM FESTIVAL
PRESENTED BY SCION

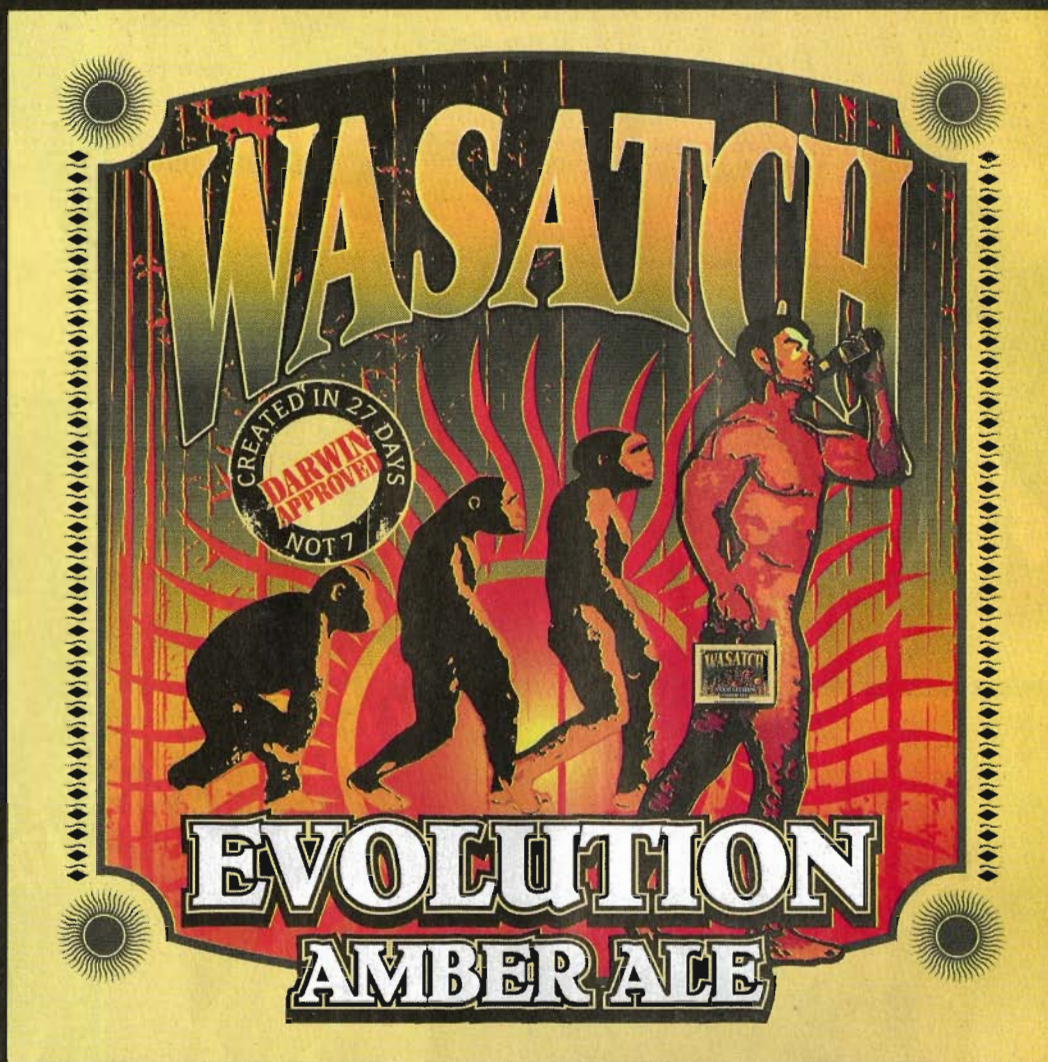
JANUARY 20-24, 2006
IN PARK CITY, UTAH

JANUARY 20-22: FREE SCREENINGS
AT 333 MAIN STREET (2ND FLOOR)
JANUARY 24: AWARDS CEREMONY/CLOSING PARTY
AT HARRY O'S ON MAIN STREET!

FOR MORE INFO CHECK OUT WWW.X-DANCE.COM



An Intelligently Designed Ale



**Brewed and bottled locally by Utah's
most award winning brew crew.**

Growlers and cases to go at
The Brewery
1763 South 300 West • Salt Lake

Wasatch Beers