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Contributor Limelight



Chris Jameson

Chris Jameson is an accomplished freelance photographer who shot this month's SLUG Magazine cover. He graduated from the photography program at Salt Lake Community College and currently freelances with City Weekly. When Jameson is not shooting photos, he is printing other people's as head of the D-Print Department at Borge

Anderson Photo Digital. Jameson has been a SLC resident for nine years. He enjoys cheeseburgers with fries and unintentional cleavage.

If you like what he shoots, and I know you do, check out his website at www.jamphoto.com or his myspace page at myspace.com/jamphoto.

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MONDAY KARAOKE

DANCE EVOLUTION
MOTHER FUCKING MONDAYS

TUESDAY GRAVEYARD

JOHNNY COCKTAIL SHIFT

WASTED WEDNESDAY

LOCAL DJS. SNOW NIGHT.

THURSDAY PLASTIC RATS

FOOSBALL

TOURNAMENT

FRIDAY LIVE BANDS

dec 1. glaicial cd release w/gaza and xur

dec 8. in camera w/ her candane

dec 15. the cobras w/ knuckle dragger and red top wolverine show

dec 31. fucking new years bash

w/ novelists, minerva and blackhole

and prize country

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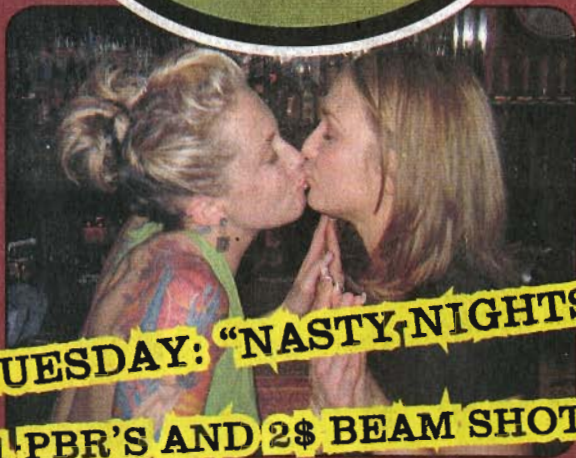
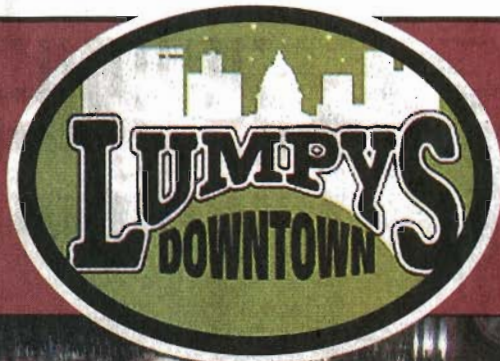
Dear Dickheads,

I have had the splendid misfortune of renting a studio @ the Positively 4th Street building for the last year. I wasn't there much the first 6 months but this last summer I've been practically living there. I've for the most part followed all of the reigning dictator/building manager Hitler/Russ' rulz. Our studio sits close to his office so we got special attention. So what if I make my girlfriend scream obscenities while I'm there it's none of his business and how does he know it isn't all part of the "process". Never the less every guest scrutinized and materials used to paint the studio suspect. I've never seen such a depressing display of big fish small pond posturing in all my life. Hey Russ I am 34 y.o. I used to live in that building 17 years ago!! I am not some punk kid who will cowtow to you self proclaimed dictator status. I'll keep it clean, I'll follow protocol, stay the fuck out of my studio and my business!!

Now for the truly sad bit. When I started hanging out alot I noticed there was a similarity between alot of the music I heard through my paper thin studio wall, I soon learned why. Plagerisim runs rampant in that place! At first I thought I was imagining that that bass line or vocal melody sounded like mine. Then I was convinced various tenants were stealing my stuff, then one night it was proved beyond a shadow of a doubt. I'm working on a new song on the bass, I play several instruments, when my girlfriend brings dinner I take a break and as I'm eating my fast food I hear something familiar. Some notalent no ethics ass downstairs is trying to find the chord progression I hadn't even finished writing yet! My girl was like "no way!" So I picked up my bass and played through the part I thought he was copying. He kept working at it so I played it again, he kept trying for that elusive note. So I started to play the entire song, I stop, all quiet downstairs, I play the part again. Back he goes mapping it out. I said to my girl, "if he figures it out I swear I'm going down there!" Sure enough he found it, I blew up! I went down to the theiving cads studio door and pounded feircly upon it. A dishwater blond mullet with a cheesy pornstash answers the door. I told him I just wanted to meet the fan of my song. He of course claimed it was his own written long ago. I said "Do you need help learning it? I could give you the tablature!" He sheepishly shrugged and closed the door. I would have loved to punch his face but I don't go around writing checks I can't cash. I simply wanted to at least confront one of the many lacktalent fucktards that rent at that shithole. For those few good bands still there, invest in good soundproofing if you want to keep your stuff original and unpirated. For all you theiving low lifes! Get Fucked!!! The Idea room is moving out so you will have to resort to actually CREATING your OWN stuff. To steal from another artist is as bad as stealing from the collection basket at church, SHAME on you! SanD

SanD-

All of that fast food is going to your head. Stealing from the collection basket at church kicks so much ass. How else do you think SLUG pays rent each month? Besides, anyone who reads this trashy rag is going to hell anyway, so who gives a fuck?



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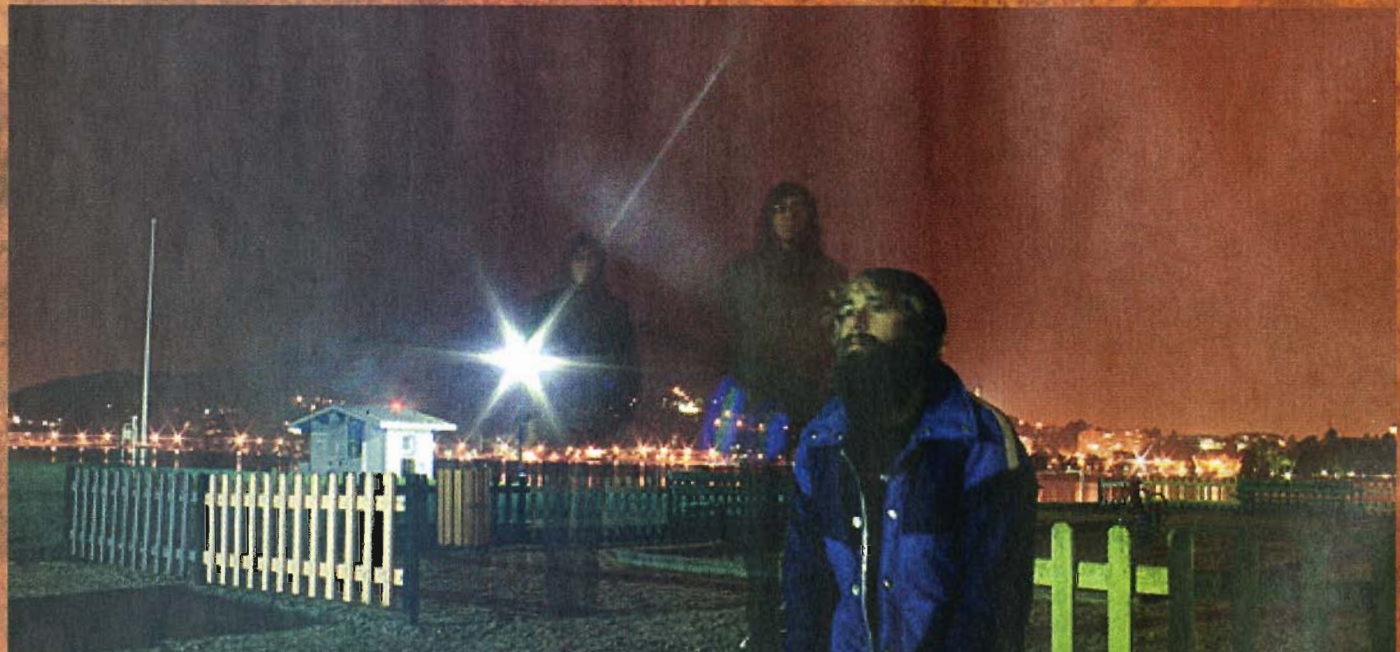
BOESZ

Drew Danburry and TaughtMe Love Each Other

By Jeff Guay

It is said that genius is one percent inspiration and 99 percent perspiration. If that's true, these two acts are funky with the sour stench of brilliance. Earlier this year, Drew Danburry approached Blake of the band TaughtMe impressed, by his music as well as his solid touring schedule. They both make honest, richly influenced folk, but it is their solid work ethic that makes the two click so well. Together they've already done one

US tour and are planning another, as well as a European tour. They're two of the most active and interesting acts around; their enthusiasm for their own work as well as for others' around them is infectious. The two will be playing *Localized* on December 8th, 10 p.m., at *Urban Lounge*, opening the showcase will be *The Hotness*.



Drew Danburry

Drew Danburry is a returned missionary and a BYU graduate, originally from Huntington Beach, CA. His MySpace page advertises "kick-ass sing along kindergarten folk-pop music," and I don't think I can describe it better than that.

"When I first started writing songs I was listening to a lot of Reggie and the Full Effect and Bright Eyes," he says, "but at the same time the Wu-Tang Clan was my favorite group growing up." That might seem like an unlikely trichotomy of influences, but it's just what sets Drew apart from other folkies. When listening to his uniquely catchy and honest songs, the hip-hop inspiration is lyrically evident. His influences don't stop at emotional folk or sword-slinging hip-hop; though, Drew likes to be inspired by the people and musicians around him.

"When I tour with The Robot Ate Me, Aubrey Debauchery or TaughtMe, I find I gravitate to a lot of the ideas I'm around." His attitude to local music is unique in that he believes in comradery and mutual support among artists, which comes from his

own desires for a more tight-knit artistic community. He is willing to support and help other musicians in the area, which is refreshing in a state where many artists feel a lack of community.

He has spent the majority of '06 on tour, both in the US and in Europe. Although the "Danburry" word is spreading, Drew tries not to let any success get to his head.

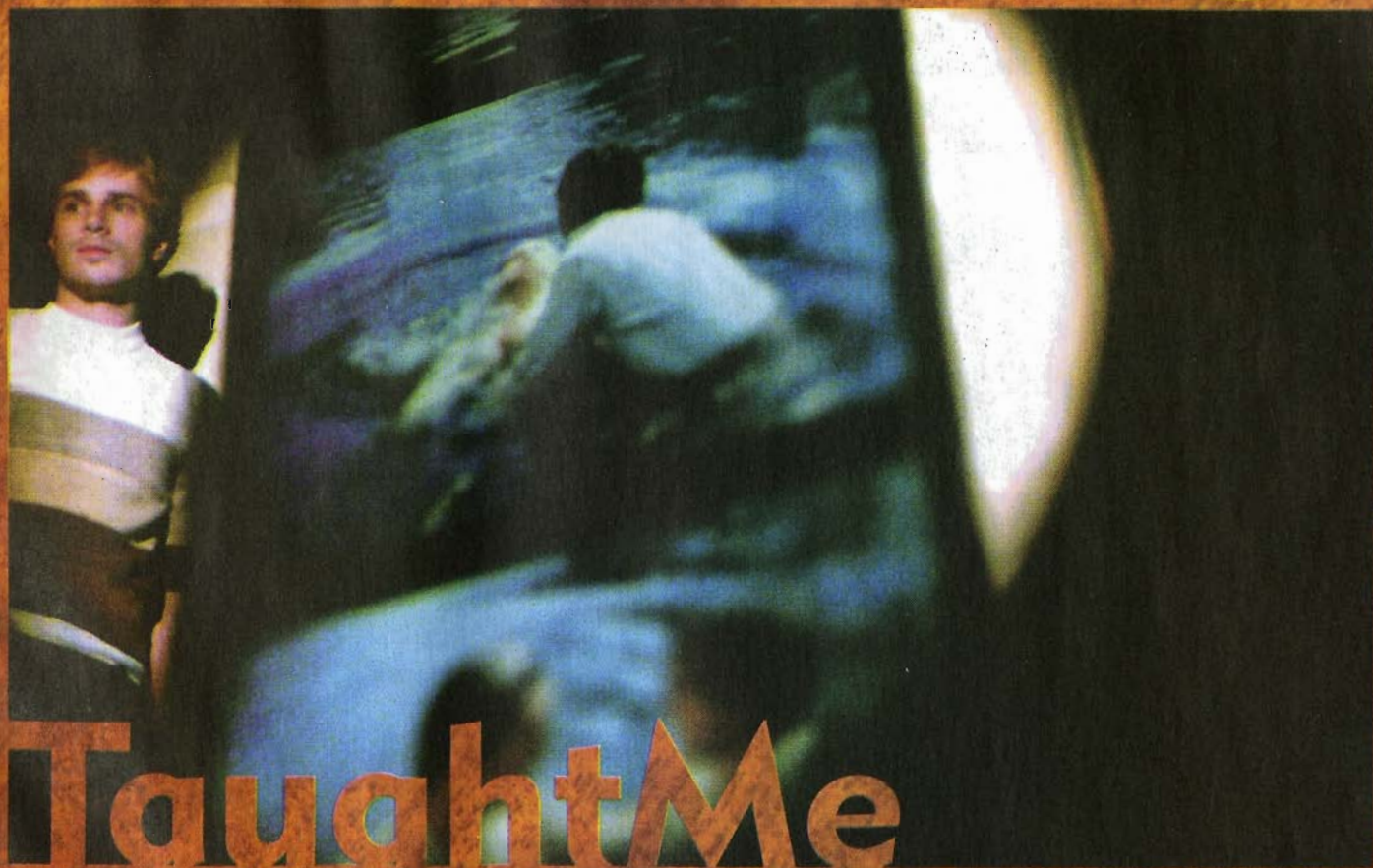
"I don't see myself as 'successful' really. Plus, I don't think any kind of acclaim or positive reception really is a form of success... I think we need to be true to ourselves and make something we can be proud of."

Although he is very religious, no stereotypes seem to stick to him, which is exactly how he likes it. Lyrically, his songs are layered and complex, and although he admits to writing songs according to his perception of the world, he doesn't want religion to be a part of the artist/audience equation.

SOO

"I'm not really a religion or a person lacking in depth. I'm not a thing, or an idea, or anything someone can box up into a stereotype or assumption." His songwriting approach is unique in that his songs tend to sound entirely different when played live as opposed to being played in the studio. He admits some fans find it irritating, but the fact that he embraces change and adapts to what's around him is part of the charm.

In '07 we can look forward to a sequel album to *Besides*, and, perhaps to resolve the difference between his live shows and studio work, as he plans on releasing a live album in the near future.



TaughtMe

TaughtMe is basically a solo project of Blake he records by himself, and enlists friends to play the songs live. He says Bjork and Bonnie "Prince" Billie are his obvious influences, which are evident in both his music and his vocals. When it comes to songwriting, Blake emphasizes the importance of lyrics. "I feel like I have more control over the feel of the song with lyrics than anything else." When he connects to a song, he says, it is on the lyrical level.

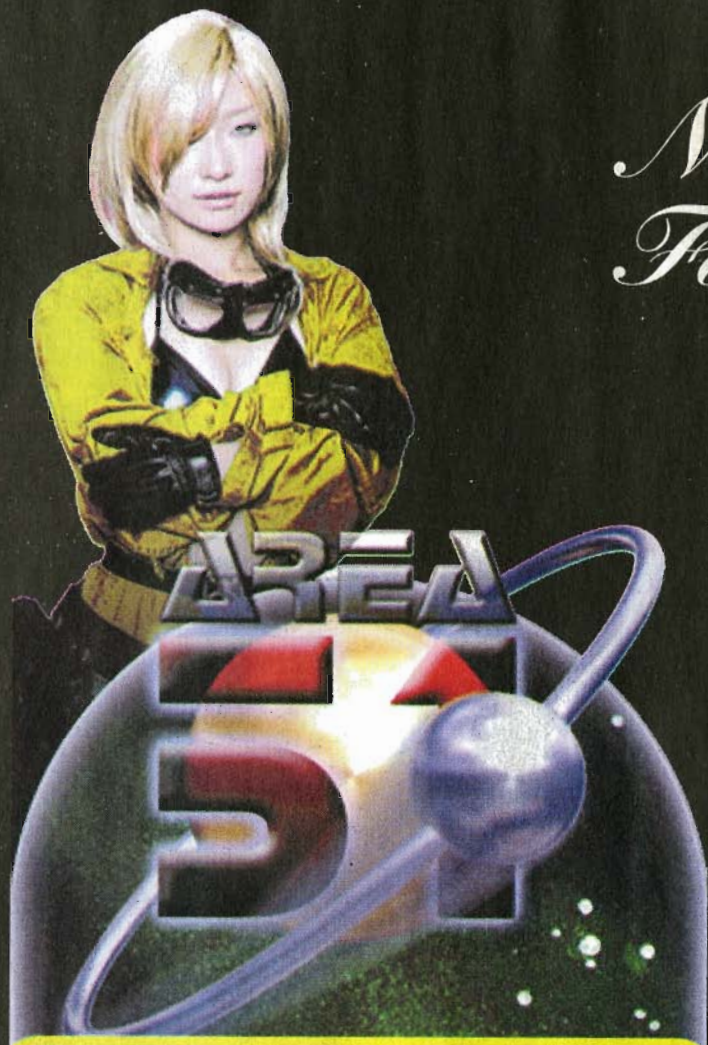
Last year's release *Arms as Traps* was a fairly somber folk album, with gentle melodies accompanied by rich studio work. Adding a little instrumentation and strange, moody synth-pop, the acoustic songs take on an eerie and emotional dimension, not unlike the work of Will Oldham or Cat Power. Blake sings his heavy-hearted lyrics gently, but without self-pity. Recording the album was a completely revisionist process, and he admits it has its pros and cons. He would come into the studio with songs or even just fragments of songs, and tinker with them until he got what he was looking for. He maintains that songwriting is always instinctual, at least at first.

"There's no reason to write a song unless you feel strongly about it, or you felt strongly when you wrote it two weeks ago," he says, "but in the studio, I switch into the engineer."

When touring, Blake can modestly say he is well received, "except when you pull up to a bar in Boise and there are truckers with crumbs in their beards." But when the audience is appropriate, he says it's a positive experience, and as far as the Utah scene is viewed outside the state, he is hopeful.

"I seem to always hear 'gosh, there's something going on in Utah.'"

Blake has a busy year ahead of him. He's got most of the year scheduled up with touring, both in the US and in Europe. January will bring the release of TaughtMe's next record, *Lady*, which should be a little different, due to the fact that this time around the songs were completed before being recorded. As far as any new inspiration, with this new album he says he is taking a more organic approach, and it will sound "a lot happier."



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Downstairs - "Klub Karaoke" with Spotlight Entertainment
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THURSDAY

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Drink Specials - \$3.75 Red Bull Vodka

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Downstairs - "Das Maschine" Industrial and EBM with DJ Viking
Cover - \$3 before 10pm, \$5 after 10pm
Drink Specials - \$3 Kamikazes, \$2 Coronas

SATURDAY

Upstairs - "In the Mix" Alternative, Techno and Dance
with DJ Jeremiah
Downstairs - "Subculture" Industrial, Gothic and 80s
with DJ Evil K and DJ Viking
Cover - \$3 before 10pm, \$5 after 10pm
Drink Specials - \$3 Sex on the Beach

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Callow

By Lance Saunders saundersB01@yahoo.com

Callow Returns to Hallowed Birthing Sounds

PHOTO: REBECCA BOBROWSKY

You might remember the name from past issues of *SLUG*, where they graced the monthly *Localized* section, and you might have had the good fortune to see them live, but after their relocation from Salt Lake City to San Francisco, Calif., changes have been underway and Callow is back for three nights to show you that the proof is in the performance.

Callow is made up of three Salt Lake City rockers who made the move about a year or so ago. These guys could be suspected as mothballed musicians, but alas, the handsome boy Callow youth crew will crush you to bits. This includes Gared Moses (guitars, vocals), Tim Watson (bass) and Branden Jenkins (drums, harmonica). Mr. Moses took time out of his busy day to talk to me about the unfinished album, newly acquired tour van and their plans for the next tour, including three dates in the happy-camper county of Salt Lake City and Provo. Although they have other demos to share when they come through, you better believe they will bring some merch to sell, and according to Moses, the live album truly represents them as a band. However, it is a mystery where it was recorded. "There are a lot of flaws in the live demo, but I think it's the most powerful recording of ours and very important for a new listener to experience," states Moses.

Moses used to be in a band called *Bad Apple*, with little outcome, but a beast, to say the least. Tim used to be in a band called *Pete*, and Brandon doesn't remember being in a band at all, among other things. Neither of their previous bands sounded anything like the creation that is Callow. They play their asperous, guitar-weighty and original, foot-tapping indie rock with vigor as disciplined musicians. The finely-tuned audio compositions produced by Callow have been meticulously picked and pulled apart, and carefully put back together in a home studio/garage practice space. They are working on a new full-length album which, unfortunately, will not be out for quite some time.

They have recently embarked on several diminutive tours in the neighboring cities of S.F., where they seem to be receiving more attention. Moses says, "Being based out of such a huge cultural area like San Francisco can be jogging at times because the music scene here is so tightly knit together." Hibernating for many months in S.F., they are finally leaving the California womb to see the world and play their songs to strangers. Don't miss them on Dec. 14 at *The Starry Night* in Provo, and Dec. 15 at *The Urban Lounge* with local legends *The Rodeo Boys*, and Dec. 16th at *The Broken Record*.

"I don't get it.
I thought we had finally made it...
SLUG magazine at the 2006 CMJ music marathon

The CMJ Music Marathon is a clusterfuck of music biz schmoozing. It's fueled by free booze, hype and the desperate scramble of bands, labels and publicists to establish footing in an industry that the Internet has turned on its head. CMJ (*College Music Journal*) is a publishing company that specializes in transforming independent artists into the next hot things (think *The Decemberists* or *The Shins*). The Music Marathon is an annual weeklong smorgasbord of over 1,000 handpicked bands playing at 50 venues throughout Manhattan and Brooklyn, plus a smattering of related official and unofficial events.

We arrived in New York like two partygoers whose friends had invited them to an unknown house, where a terrible party was taking place. We marched in through the dorks and posers to find our friends in a room way off to the side, with their own booze, their own fun, and essentially their own party. The CMJ Music Marathon was a terrible party, but it had an amazing side room, so to speak, in which we spent the entire week.

None of the shows we attended received any more support from CMJ than a listing in its concert calendar, and amongst the artists, the disinterest was reciprocal. They were underground bands playing underground shows—each one a poorly-attended testament to the vigor and innovation ever-present in the side rooms of American music.

These two showcases stick out in particular. To most of the people who went to them, including your friends from SLUG, very few other showcases mattered. Honorable mention goes to the Gold Standard Laboratories showcase, and especially Anavan, who will play at *Club Vortex* on New Year's Eve.

The Blueghost Publicity Showcase

Nov. 1 The Knitting Factory (Manhattan)

The Mall: The Mall is a three-piece dance party cacophony, and a shovel to the face of the tired dance-rock sound that currently plagues the faux-hawk circuit. After an outstanding EP, it was surprising to see their live show's unbridled energy blow away their prerecorded jams. Ellery Samson (vocals/guitar) told us, "We recorded the album four times. It never ended up being what we wanted sonically. It was really hard to take the sound we had in our minds and bring it into reality."

They recorded with Jay Pecelli, who produced *Deerhoof* and *Erase Errata*. Pecelli brought them close enough to their ideal sound to release a solid limited-edition EP on *Mt. St. Mtn.* (formerly *Omnibus Records*). "Jay was great. He understands what we are going for, and the ability to turn what we are looking for into the sound we need," Samson said. The Mall ended up at CMJ through a string of coincidences, including haphazardly befriending Michelle Cable (*Panache Booking*) at a local shoe store/art gallery in San Francisco, and kindling an unforeseen kinship with Tokyo's *Green Milk from the Planet Orange*—who they will tour the U.S. with this summer.

Genghis Iron: "We are sexy," said Genghis Iron. "We have great legs. We don't sound like a lot of other bands. Listen to us if you like the songs, not because someone tells you." Genghis Iron wrote some of their first EP without realizing anyone else would ever hear the electro-black metal songs that they were recording.



by Tom Powers and Nate Martin

photos by Scott Smallin



The brash individualism of the group and indifference for peer approval paid off—**Crucial Blast** put out the resulting *Cloak of Love* EP before the band had played their first show. For their second release *Dead Mountain Moth*, recorded with **Kurt Ballou** (**Converge**), the sound will be something sort of goofy and funny, and something unrelenting and brutal. Then Genghis Tron plans to tap the Detroit juggalo scene. "There are a lot of people that need to hear us, in Detroit, specifically. We have an emotional and physical connection to juggalos."

The rest: **The Plot to Blow Up the Eiffel Tower** played their last New York show. They broke up. You will never see them again. Check out **The Prayers** and **Charles Rowland** and the **Vultures** for members' other projects. **The Slits** fought with the sound guy throughout their set and won. **An Albatross** didn't play this showcase, but they played on the same stage the next night, so we'll throw them in here. They had 10 people on stage, and the singer (who looks like a 25-year-old **Wayne Kramer** and had two broken ribs at the time of the show) put forth an abundance of energy despite his injury.

Ultimately, if the dismal attendance at the most exciting shows is any indicator of the current state of affairs, then the underground music scene isn't going anywhere. Respectfully ignored by the industry at large and simultaneously utilized by CMJ's marketing department to provide a cutting-edge image to an outdated, Top-40 excuse for an independent music festival, the best bands of CMJ held their ground. They outperformed, outplayed, and defied the traditional rock sound with unrelenting solidarity and musical ingenuity to solidify a niche of innovative sound that defines the zenith of today's music.



Three.One.G./s.a.f. Records Showcase(s) Oct. 31 Club Europa (Brooklyn) & Nov. 4 Rebel (Manhattan)

Das Oath: There are shows that everyone agrees are the best of their time—that everyone lies about attending that define the apex of a genre. Das Oath's appearance at CMJ was such an event. With members spread from the Netherlands to New York, the 2006 East Coast tour was Das Oath's first (and perhaps last) tour of the States. Their scorching volumes couldn't hide the intricate blend of music styles and **Mark McCoy's** (of **Charles Bronson** and **Holy Molar**) trademark howl of punk and thrash-violence. After the first show, amidst a room full of bloody noses and glazed eyes staring in confusion and panic, the haughty air of even the most jaded indie-rock aficionado was sucked into Das Oath's vacuum and punched in the face once or twice for good measure.

Dmonstrations: Dmonstrations' onstage presence seemed as odd as it was exciting. Their songs were relatively experimental, but it was the ways the players moved in order to make their sounds that struck us. Singer/guitarist **Tetsunori Tawaraya** strummed his strings with random pauses and jolts at the tops and bottoms of his strokes, making his body movements appear discordant with the rhythm. By contrast, bassist **Nick Barnett's** seasoned hardcore plod looked almost too simple for the weird racket they made. Barnett said following Tawaraya is compelling, but sometimes taxing. He bowed the neck of the first bass he used in Dmonstrations trying to match the pitch of Tawaraya's drastic "custom tuning."

The rest: **Some Girls** drove 39 hours straight from San Diego to Brooklyn to play one concert. Their live show expanded from their recorded material into experimental territory, and proved this all-star hardcore lineup is worth the sum of its parts. Our friend accused ex-Arab **On Radar** members of **Chinese Stars** of being too old during their set. Our friend is a moron sometimes. **Ampere** (members of **Orchid**) played power thrash and were phenomenal. CMJ.com had featured **Yip Yip** on its homepage, presumably to show people how edgy the Marathon's bands are. They played the s.a.f. showcase, a safe distance from any spotlight.

Form of Rocket Too Loud for CMJ

Providence, RI's **White Mice**, who performed at the **Load Records** showcase, had to have played the loudest show at the entire **CMJ Music Marathon**. We watched from point-blank range as **Mouseferatu** (bass/vocals) swallowed the microphone against his tonsils and spewed every bit of Satan he could channel out the speakers through his disease-ridden persona, along with the ungodly barrage of the rest of the band. They made ears bleed, but played upstairs at a squalid strip joint in Manhattan called **The Pussycat Lounge**. Neither the patrons nor the girls on the lower level complained a bit (although we heard the bouncers grumble a little).

Salt Lake's own **Form of Rocket**, on the other hand, played in the basement at the **Knitting Factory** below the **Dischord Records** showcase. They are usually pretty loud, but were caught off guard by a bouncer who stopped them mid-song and told them their volume was bothering the people upstairs. Guitarist **Gentry Densley** pushed the bouncer away, who then informed the band that, "The sound guy is your boss." The band called "bullshit" and they were kicked out for having a "bad attitude."



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SYNTHESIS
- THURS. 7 SLAJO
- FRI. 8 SLUG LOCALIZED
- SAT. 9 PEACE PIPE PRODUCTIONS
PARTY
- SUN. 10 DRESSY BESSY, THE RUBES,
PATSY OHIO, VERONICA HART & THE
RAGDOLLS
- TUES. 12 VODOO GLOWSKULLS,
AGAINST ALL AUTHORITY, TIME AGAIN
- WED. 13 MICHELLE MALONE,
MASTURBATING HEARTS, TRACE WIREN
AND HER DELIGHTFUL BAND
- THURS. 14 JINGA BOA
- FRI. 15 CALLOW, THE RODEO BOYS
- SAT. 16 BADGRASS, TOKEN BETTY
- TUES. 19 THE HEATERS,
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- THURS. 21 JOE FIRSTMAN (FROM THE
LATE SHOW WITH CARSON DALY)
- FRI. 22 SKULLFUZZ, RED
BENNIES, LE FORCE
- SAT. 23 MUGSHOTS
CD RELEASE PARTY
- WED. 27 JON E. DANGEROUSLY
- THURS. 28 MINDSTATE
- FRI. 29 JOSH RUDY BENEFIT
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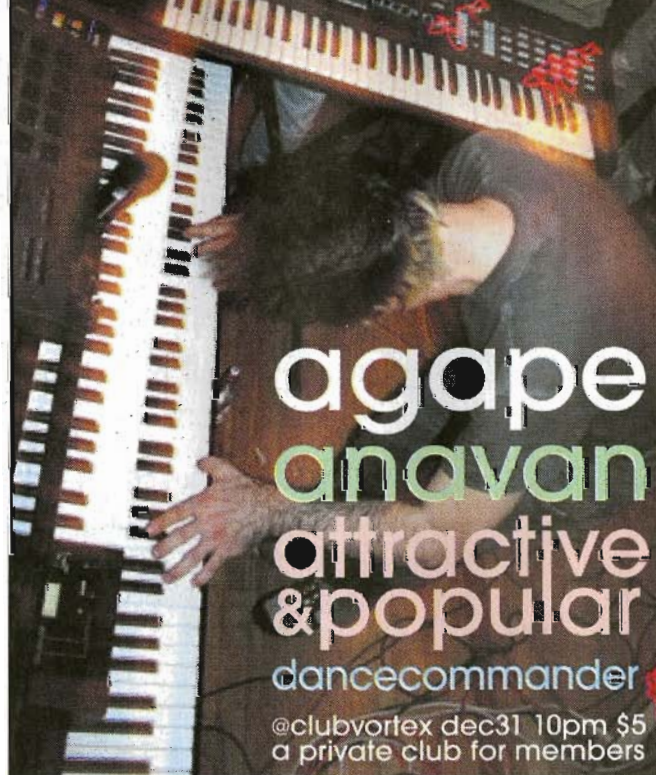
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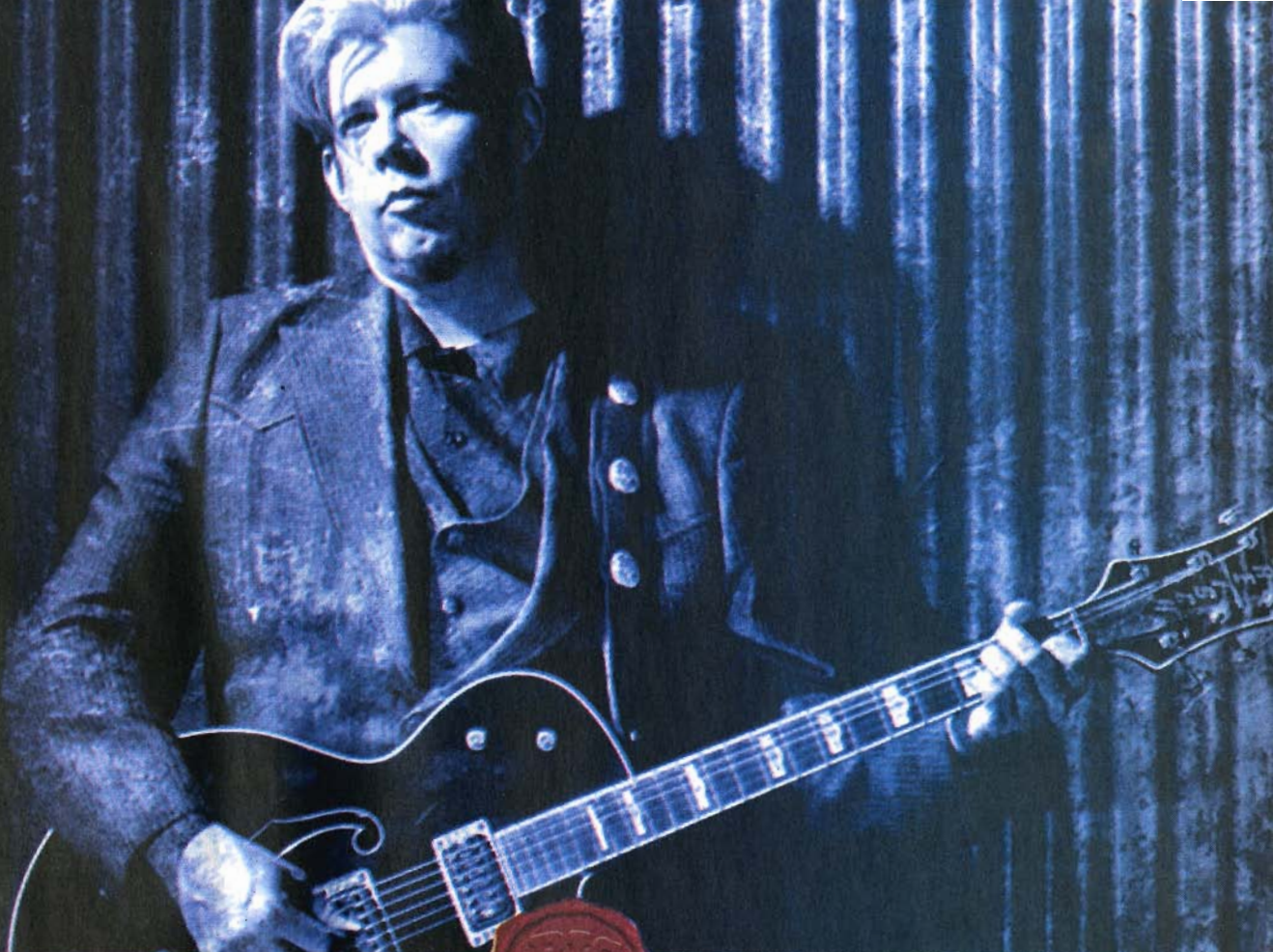
That's right folks, your crazy friends at SLUG are fixing to produce yet another local band compilation. For detailed submission guidelines visit myspace.com/deathbysalt.

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ROCK N' ROLL MONSTERS

James Orme james@slugmag.com

Big John Bates is more than just your run-of-the-mill psychobilly band; they are a psychobilly band that knocks down the walls and takes some of the simple-minded demon, greasers on a trip through the murky swamps of garage rock, the haunted houses of the blues and the long-forgotten cemeteries of rockabilly and early rock n' roll. Big John Bates has been opening up the genre and really showing what can be done with it.

I gave Big John a call and had it out with him about psychobilly, his always-impressive live show, and the suspicious similarities between his band and the **Horrorpops**. This is how it all came out.

SLUG: Do you really consider yourself a part of the psycho-scene, or just part of a fad that's going on right now?

John: We've been at this for a while now and I never set out to fit into one type of scene. We're into all sorts of different things. In different places, we are actually considered part of the garage-blues scene, and I think it was over in France they were calling us **Bill Haley meets Jimi Hendrix**, so if that's what you're picking up then I'm totally cool with it. As far as what's going on right now with psychobilly, a lot of kids are getting into the music, and that's great, but I don't want to see a bunch of copy-cats out there. I love **Demented Are Go**, but if everyone sounds like them, it's gonna be pretty dull.

SLUG: How did you get into playing this type of music?

John: I was adopted by parents that were much older than I was so the gap was pretty far. When they bought me records and saw that I was into "rock n' roll," they would buy me what their idea of rock n' roll was, which included 50s and 60s stuff.

SLUG: You're a pretty accomplished guitar player. How did you come to your unique style?

John: I started playing early on and I was just really into the instrument. I played in the heavy metal band **Annihilation**. We toured all over and were actually pretty popular in Europe, but I was eventually kicked out. I moved away from the metal stuff and more into artists like **Tom Waits** and others that were doing something a lot more interesting. I definitely have some major influences like **Jim Heath** of the **Reverend Horton Heat**.

SLUG: Who do you guys like playing with out on the road?

John: I really enjoy playing with a wide variety of bands, but also bands that are a little off the beaten path, so to speak. I've really had fun at the shows with **Th' Legendary Shack Shakers**; those guys are really amazing to play with. **Los Straight Jackets** is someone else I think we do well with.

SLUG: How did you end up meeting your upright bass player, **Caroline**?

John: Once I decided to start this kind of band, I knew I wanted a person who could play stand-up, so I put out an ad for a bass player with stand-up experience. Caroline had been a bass player since she was 13 and she had played stand-up for the school jazz band. She brings a lot to the band. She's into a more goth style of music like **Nick Cave** and **Bauhaus**. As far as her playing, she's not trying to be the fastest out there. She's more into melody and was actually taught by **Les Pattinson** of **Echo and the Bunnymen**, she knows a lot when it comes to the instrument.

SLUG: Where did you get the idea to have two burlesque dancers be involved in your show?

John: When I was first forming the band, I was thinking that I should either be the lead singer or get another singer and just be the guitar player, but I really wanted to do both. I thought if I had some dancers that would give the show more excitement and allow me to stay behind my guitar. I don't want to get up there and just play the songs on the record. I want to give the audience something to watch. I have always enjoyed burlesque because it's not stripping, it's not porn; it's a tease. I don't think a lot of people understand that.

SLUG: Do you think the **Horrorpops** stole your idea?

John: They're doing more of a go-go-dancer thing, kind of like a G-rated version, but with a girl upright bassplayer and two female dancers come on, Kim. (Laughs)

Big John and his rowdy road show are going to be at **Burt's Tiki Lounge** jumping on the night of Dec. 9, you won't want to miss this. Horror-inspired, blues-infused rock n' roll, but be warned, this show bites back.



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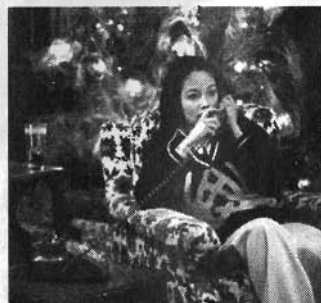
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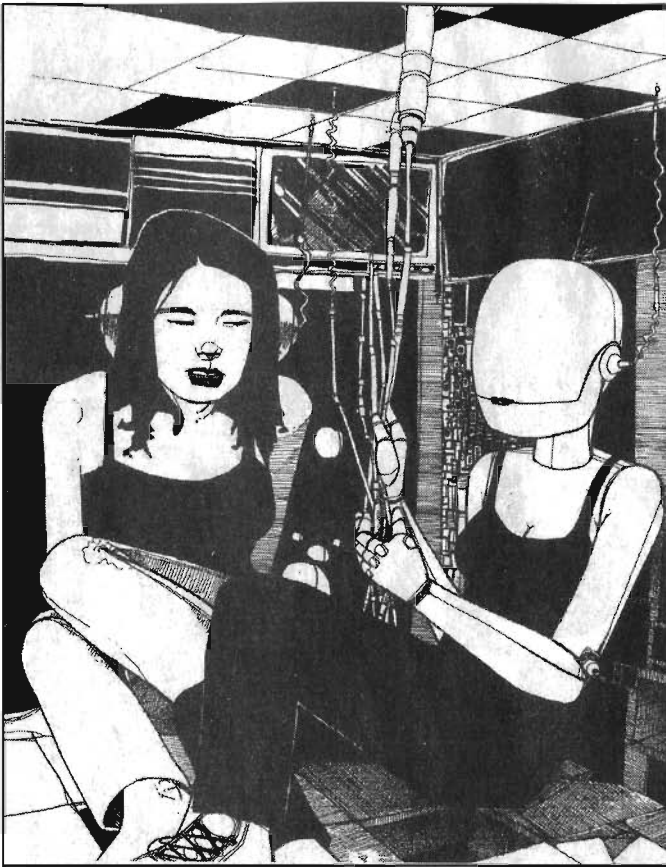
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THE SLUG REGIFTING GUIDE

Have you ever received a gift for the holidays that was so ridiculously stupid that you wondered where it came from? After opening one of these gifts, the giver will usually end up saying something along the lines of, "when I saw this, I just knew it was perfect for you!" Don't throw it away, save it for next year! Regifting a bad gift is a great idea! This holiday season, SLUG has compiled a list of the worst gifts on the market, all perfect for the act of regifting. This year, when you unwrap any of these awful presents, fear not, now you won't have to buy a thing for the next birthday, baby shower or house-warming party you get invited to. Lucky you.



Aura Lava Lamp

Manufacturer: Lava Brand

Price: \$19.99

What They Say: This lava lamp features multiple colors swirling within a globe to create a mystical array of colors.

What We Say: A lava lamp with no lava in it? Come on! I hate it when people half-ass things. I don't know too many stoners dumb enough to fall for this one, and I know a lot of dumb stoners. Bottom line is, if there ain't no lava in it, it ain't no lava lamp! This item is an embarrassment to any white-trash hippie and their trailer that is internally designed by a Hot Topic manager. —Mike Brown

Beauty, Health and Happiness

Manufacturer: Lily Organics, HCO Publishing

Price: \$30.88

What They Say: Lily and her use of all things organic will create more health, beauty, confidence and an abundant amount of happiness.

What We Say: This book and kit were written and developed by a hippie lady who is real smart, according to her degrees. But what I want to know is, if she's so smart, why is she a hippie? This looks like a self-help book, so I won't read one page. And just to make sure that the free organic skin-care package that came with this book is animal friendly, I put some moisturizing cream on my cat's butt. He didn't seem to think it was friendly at all, and he's an animal. —Mike Brown

Danzig Doll

Manufacturer: Chaser Merchandising

Price: \$75.00

What They Say: The three faces of Danzig features dolls that are representative of the three bands he has fronted in his career; *Misfits*, *Samhain* and *Danzig*.

What We Say: Glenn Danzig has to be the most fan-conscious rock star in the world. Unlike selfish celebrities like *Metallica* or *Kiss*, Glenn doesn't just put out one over-priced action figure for his fans—he puts out three! I opted to go with Misfits-era Danzig, but all three provide their owner with hours of fun. The vinyl plush dolls can barely move at all, but one look at the trademark scowl Glenn's giving more than makes up for the \$75 price tag. I'm having so much fun that I think I'll sell my car and get all three! —James Orme





Body Buddy Non-Absorbent Lotion Applicator

Manufacturer: Body Buddy

Price: \$24.99

What They Say: Made of soft vinyl, this two-foot-long, rectangular strap is designed to give the user extra reach to apply lotion or sunscreen to parts of the back that are normally unreachable. It looks like it would also work well as a slingshot.

What We Say: There's no doubt that the body buddy would work as a lotion applicator, so I concentrated more on its use as a slingshot. I went to a local park and selected several smooth stones. Don't ever buy this. The *Body Buddy* makes a lousy slingshot. I hit myself really hard on the back of the head, though. As a lotion or sunscreen application, you'd be better served asking someone to rub it on your back for you. You'll get laid a whole hell of a lot faster that way. It's a much healthier idea than showing up on the beach and trying to apply SPF 30 with a vinyl strap. You might as well use the sunblock to write "I have an STD" on your forehead. —James Bennett

Blood Drive BDFX1 Distortion Pedal

Manufacturer: Coffin Case

Price: \$129.95

What They Say: "The Blood Drive's 100% analog circuitry is based on the classic distortion boxes of the past, but revoiced and with more gain for a modern gnarl."

What We Say: The coffin case design should make anyone weary of its actual performance, but the pedal could definitely be used in several situations—such as a decoration for Halloween or maybe even a gift for your favorite goblin or ghoul. This pedal sounds like there is a dead body in the coffin and should only be used in musical situations where the particular instrument that is using it cannot be heard. It looks real scary, though! —Andrew Glassett



Double Range Freedom V Wireless Guitar Controller

Manufacturer: Guitar Mania

Price: \$59.99

What They Say: Guitar Hero guitar used to play video games where rockin' is the sole requirement.

What We Say: Holy cow, deluxe edition! This wireless guitar is the bomb. For a few days, I just jumped around the house listening to Bob Seger in my underwear. I felt just like Tom Cruise, a total loser. Since Guitar Hero is basically putting karaoke out of business, I decided to give this one to my friend Harley from *The Broken Record* for an early Christmas present. You should stop by on Sunday nights and check it out. The only thing better than being a loser by yourself is being a drunk loser with a bunch of fools. If you can't play a real guitar, (no talent), than this is for you. The cool V-neck on this thing made me bust out my old leather pants and put on lipstick. —Dave Amador

West Coast Butt T-Shirt

Manufacturer: Upper Playground

Price: \$24.00

What They Say: This T-shirt features a photo taken by none other than Estevan Oriol.

What We Say: The nice thing about being an SLC no-coaster is that I can wear shit from either coast with the same amount of ignorance. This T-shirt makes me happy I wasn't raised on the hip, fashion-conscious streets of NYC. I don't care if wearing this thing is a Vice mag, "Don't", I'm down with this shit, homie! —Mike Brown

ezVue 6 Personal Digital Assistant

Manufacturer: Royal

Price: \$39.99

What They Say: An inexpensive personal digital assistant that calculates, sets up dates and translates. What a piece of cake!

What We Say: A good and bad idea. A good idea because to have a personal digital assistant without it being a cell phone, email program and everything in between separates your phone to be just that—a phone. A bad idea because having all those high tech tools in one easy-to-use electronic device means not only is it one less thing to lose, but you can correlate all your information to work with each feature in one machine. Regardless of the good/bad idea dichotomy, ezVue 6 was OK. OK because it was everything a PDA needs to be but it was kind of bland. While it had a translator, several calculators (such as a mileage calculator), a to-do list, etc., it seemed as if cramming that much stuff in made each feature mediocre. If you can't go on the Internet, what good is it to have all these address and phone numbers for if you can't use them on the spot? The price is right, however, for all that you get. —Erik Lopez

Grow-a-head Greetings

Manufacturer: www.grow-a-head.com

Price: \$9.99

What They Say: Grow-a-heads aren't just a fun way to watch something change before your eyes; they are also a living example of several important scientific principles.

What We Say: Imagine what would happen if a horny Chia Pet fucked a Mr. Potato Head in the greeting card aisle of your local Hallmark Store. Their bastard child would be the grow-a-head greetings doll/plant/greeting card! Nothing says, "I love you!" like this thing; seriously, nothing. —Mike Brown

Menswear Sweatsedo

Manufacturer: Sweatsedo

Price: \$94.00

What They Say: Velour loungewear that you can get personalized that "moves at the speed of leisure." This is the real Leisure Suit Larry for the 21st Century.

What We Say: I recently received a men's large "Big City" velour loungewear and decided to test it out for two days by wearing it while I was out and about in the big city of SLC. Responses were mixed as to my lounge-anywhere-anytime attitude and attire, some people thought I looked ridiculous; others thought I belonged in a retirement home in Florida with a Rascal and others were plain speechless. Regardless of others' general perception, the loungewear was not only simple, it made me feel like I was wearing a million bucks and would easily fit in with the likes of Jay-Z, Big Daddy Kane and the Notorious B.I.G. (may he rest in peace). The Sweatsedo is the ultimate in not only making you look leisurely, but making you feel it, too! Highly recommended not only for lounging but for weddings and business casual as well. —Erik Lopez



Merriam-Webster Dictionary + MP3 Player

Manufacturer: Franklin Electronic Publishers

Price: \$148.50

What They Say: A handy-dandy electronic dictionary with an MP3 player included; increases grades and vocabulary one word at a time while playing your favorite illegally downloaded album (just one album, unless you upgrade your memory with a flash card).

What We Say: I tried out Merriam-Webster's electronic dictionary with the new *Harper's* to pit it against a college-level vocabulary. While reading *Harper's*, I also listened to *Acid Mother's Temple's* cover of "In C." The dictionary worked like a charm, even though it suffered from a little slowness and didn't have some words such as "noumena." Essentially, it didn't have technical jargon and more esoteric words. The MP3 player was a waste because, while its playback was decent, why have an MP3 player in an electronic dictionary? Instead, give me more power and more words to store in the dictionary rather than another feature. Dictionary was great, but the MP3 player was dumb and not a useful feature. Most people have iPods anyway. Make your dictionary better. —Erik Lopez

Midland X-TRA Talk GXT 600/635/650 Series Hand Radios

Manufacturer: Midland

Price: \$57.95

What They Say: A walkie-talkie that not only walkies the walkie but talkies the talkie, too!

What We Say: When I laid my eyes on these bad boys, the first thing that came to mind was *C.H.I.P.S.* I called up my buddy and pulled out my motorbike for a trip up the Northern Coast of California. Of course, I played *Frank Ponchirello* and my buddy had to settle for good guy *John Baker*. We tested out the 18-mile radius of these radios to our satisfaction. In fact, they even went a little further. They come with a home-base charger for your pig headquarters or a car charger for your squad car. When you're on the road hog, they have convenient hands-free headsets, just like the real coppers. In all reality, these radios are the goods. They are well worth the money and could probably be used for great things in the outdoors like hiking, skiing and snowboarding. I'm sure they have saved a few lives in the past. —Dave Amador

Nardwarz the Human Serviette vs. Bev. Davies: A 2007 Punk Rock Calendar

Manufacturer: Mint Records

Price: \$11.99

What They Say: Bev's photos that are featured in this calendar are the first step to examining her place as a chronicler of our generation. These photos aren't for a museum; they're for your wall.

What We Say: A 2007 Punk Rock Calendar! I believe that for every 10,000 lame Canadians, there is one Canadian that is so cool he balances out the Canadian Lameness equilibrium. Nardwarz is one such Canadian. And to back it up, he helped make this cool punk rock calendar! I know it's not very punk rock to know what day it is, but this calendar is still cool in my book. —Mike Brown

National Geographic NG500ML—Big Screen "Slide Viewer" Microscope System

Manufacturer: National Geographic

Price: \$29.99

What They Say: This LED, big-screen microscope stands about 18 inches tall. It has four levels of magnification ranging from 10 to 80. The kit contains the scope, materials to prepare and store slides, and a booklet with instructions and project ideas. There are also some photo slides showing what some household materials like salt, pet

fur and yogurt bacteria look like when properly prepared.

What We Say: To test the microscope, I selected four used LPs that were strongly associated with 1970s and 80s sexuality. *Barry White* and *Marvin Gaye* were represented, as were *Brian Ferry* and *Leonard Cohen*. As per the manual, cotton swabs were rubbed on various surfaces of the records and the resulting trace materials were transferred to slides. The results were horrifying, but not because of the product. Almost every record contained traces of filth. The Marvin Gaye LP was relatively clean, evidence that "What's Going On" wasn't Gaye's sexiest work. The Leonard Cohen LP showed traces of candle wax, ash and squiggly bits that very well may have been (wait for it...) semen. The Barry White record was also covered in ash and squiggles, as was the Brian Ferry selection. The candle wax and semen make sense, but why so much ash? It could have come from cigarettes, a romantic fireside romp or even from incense. I'm never handling LPs again without rubber gloves, but I am sure as hell buying this microscope. —James Bennett

Pervartistry

Manufacturer: PFF Entertainment

Price: \$29.99

What They Say: An adult game in which two teams race against a clock to figure out what the naughty or risqué term is that they are trying to guess. A more mature "Pictionary" of sorts.

What We Say: A more mature "Pictionary" of sorts, indeed! The *SLUG* Offices had an official game night and out of the several games we play-tested that night, this one took the panties off us ... in hilarity, that is! We drew and acted each "outrageous" card and had a blast. If the party pictures on the Pervartistry website and this review don't attest to the fun had by all of us "bro's" and "ho's," I don't know what will. Definitely not intended for the casual Thanksgiving or Christmas family dinner. Check out pics of the *SLUG* Staff playing this game at slugmag.com. —Erik Lopez

iPod Nano Granny Wallet with Wrist Strap

Manufacturer: Mint Records

Price: \$11.99

What They Say: A combo iPod holder and lady's wallet. It is slender and stylish, and at roughly eight inches, it fits easily into a back pocket.

What We Say: For a week I carried this damn thing around in my back pocket, and was sure to display it prominently every time I bought something. I would even shop with it hanging from my wrist. Since it didn't make me feel very manly, I made an effort to buy more manly things (a jock strap, motor oil, very large condoms etc.). As a women's wallet, it is fine. Campy, yet still nice for carrying cash, ID and an iPod. As a man's wallet, it is a little too ladylike. Even though no one really seemed to care that I was using a puffy red-and-yellow wallet, it did make me feel like an ass. Plus, I had to return the condoms. For God's sake, don't buy this. —James Bennett

V-Moda Modaphones

Manufacturer: V-Moda

Price: \$49.99

What They Say: The V-Moda earphones or "modaphones," as they are affectionately called, are supposed to endure strenuous activity such as spelunking while offering "high fidelity sound and bass bliss" for portable electronics such as an iPod.

What We Say: The modaphones come in sharp colors such as "bling bling black" and "that's hot pink." The wide range of colors is already a plus in my book. I put the modaphones to the test by first biking around Salt Lake City with my regular iPod headphones. Then I biked around Salt Lake City with the modaphones. Vast difference, to say the least. The regular factory headphones of the iPod let in the noise of the city and needed to be turned up almost full volume to enjoy riding with them on without any noise interference. The modaphones adapted well to my bike ride, provided excellent range and fidelity and made me 30 percent sexier with the sleek "tangerine orange" coloring. If you like the earbud headphone models to begin with (as well as a little kick of coloring in your accessories) then the V-Moda headphones are a must-have. —Erik Lopez



New Choice Pregnancy Test

Manufacturer: New Choice

Price: \$4.99 but available for .99¢ at your local dollar store

What They Say: Our pregnancy test is 99 percent accurate, can be used at any time of day, is doctor recommended and will produce results in one-to-three minutes.

What We Say: I peed all over this thing and it said that I was not pregnant, so I guess it works. But I had to wait one to three minutes for my results. Get ready for the longest one to three minutes of your lives, you wacky teenagers.

-Mike Brown



THANKS:

SANTA (CHOPPER OF BLACKHOLE) AND THE SLIPPERY KITTENS

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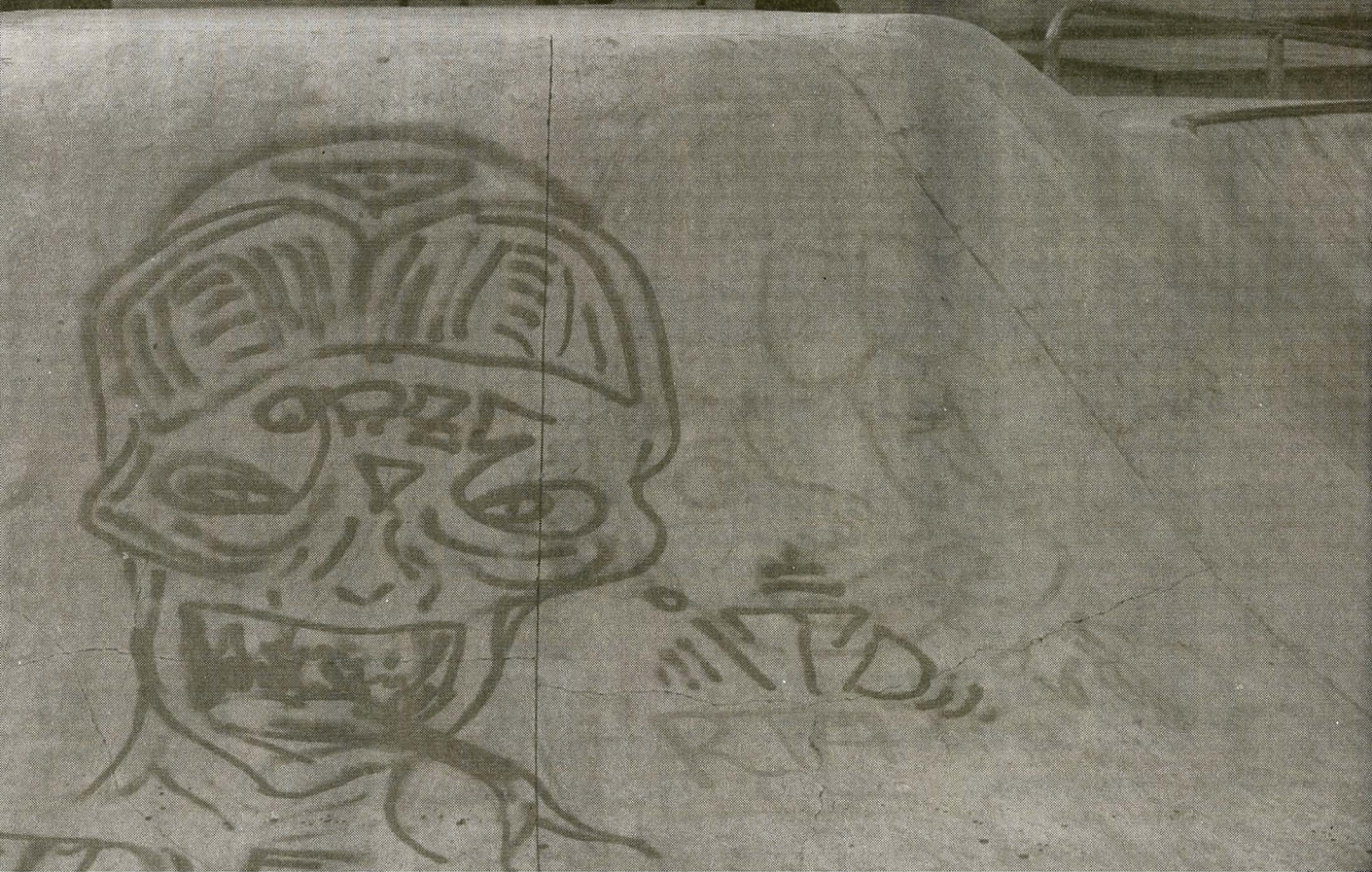
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DAE DARTY

BY PETER PANHANDLER
PHOTOS BOB PLUMB

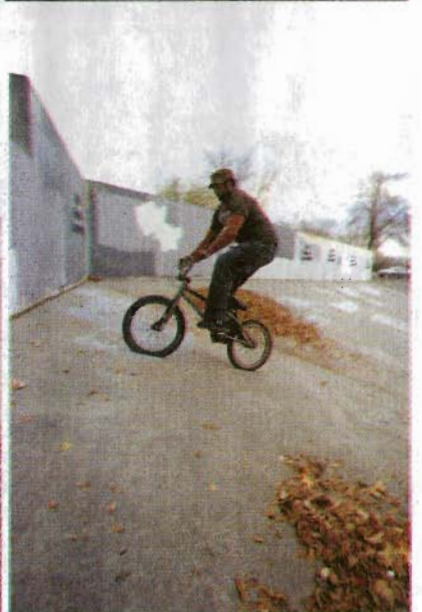
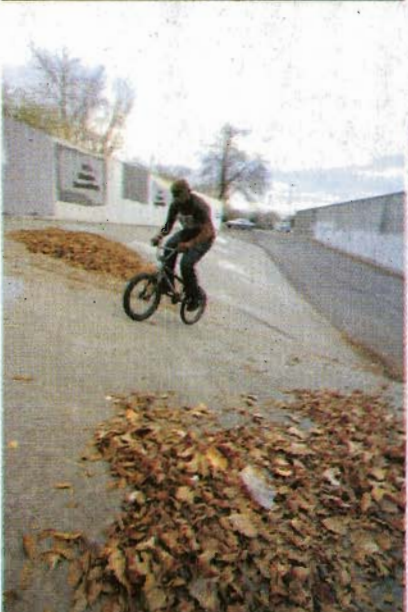
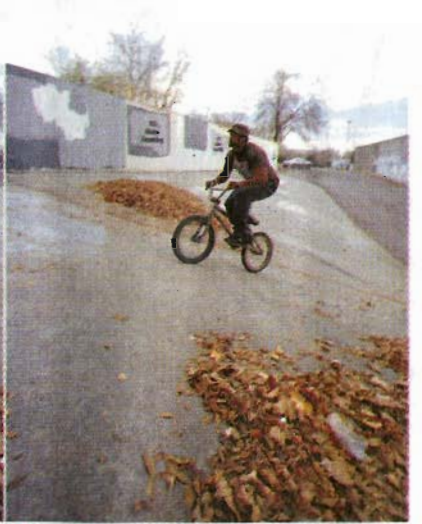




NO SKATING, RIDIN' DIRTY

Dwayne "Dirty" Taylor is from the land of Great Falls, Montana—a place where men are men and women are men too. Dirty journeyed to the Salt Lake Valley with hopes of escaping religious and ethnic persecution, only to find out that Utah is not the place. Dwayne is 26-years-old and can drink his age in tall boys. Sure, Dirty can't do the latest triple bar spin back flip or triple-tail whip. Super corporate companies don't sponsor him like Target or Mountain Dew, and you sure as hell won't see him at the X-Games. Dirty

does know what is important in life, and that is having fun. Through the good times and the bad, I am happy to call Dirty my friend and partner in crime. Thanks to **Brett Barnes** for covering Dirty's shift so we could snap these photos. Special thanks to the people who make Dirty's BMXing possible — **Revenge Industries** and **Brickhouse Bikes**. Look for both *Skate Dirty* and *BMX Dirty* uniting in 07 for some ebony and ivory shit.



TOAD AND THE WET SPROCKET TO FABIE



REMEMBER WHEN SKATEBOARDING WAS FUN? THESE GUYS DO. TROY VIALPANDO & ERIK PONTVIANNE. BACK SMITH FRONT BLÜNT

PETER PANHANDLERS TOP FIVES FOR 06

Top Five Up and Comers:

1. Nick Trepasso (Toy Machine)
2. Andrew Alllen (Anti-Hero)
3. Zach Lyons
(Who Knows. getfam.com)
4. Jared Saba (Enjoi)
5. Andrew Pearl (Krooked)

Top Five Should Be Pros:

1. Lucas Puig (Cliché)
2. Silas Baxter Neal (Habitat)
3. Adam Dyet (Dark Star)
4. Bobby Worrest (Krooked)
5. David Gonzales (Flip)

Top Five DVDs:

1. Krooked Kronichles (Krooked)
2. Hello Jo Jo (Cliché)
3. Bag of Suck (Enjoi)
4. Back in Black (Black Label)
5. Be You (Travis Adam's Joint)

Top Five Rookie Pros:

1. Lizard King
2. Adam Alfaro
3. Bryan Herman
4. Dylan Reider
5. Omar Salazar

Top Five Underground For Life:

1. Oliver Buchanan
2. Danger
3. Randy Colvin

4. Michah Hollinger
5. Richie Belton

Top Ten All-Time Best Styles:

1. Julien Stranger
2. Steve Cabellero
3. Mark Gonzales
4. Tom Penny
5. Lance Mountain
6. Guy Mariano
7. Mike Carroll
8. Marc Johnson
9. Christian Hosoi
10. Matt Mumford

This is just my opinion. Remember I don't care about yours, but if you want to gripe or bitch, hit me back at peterpanhandler@slugmag.com

SLUG PHOTOG SPOTLIGHT:

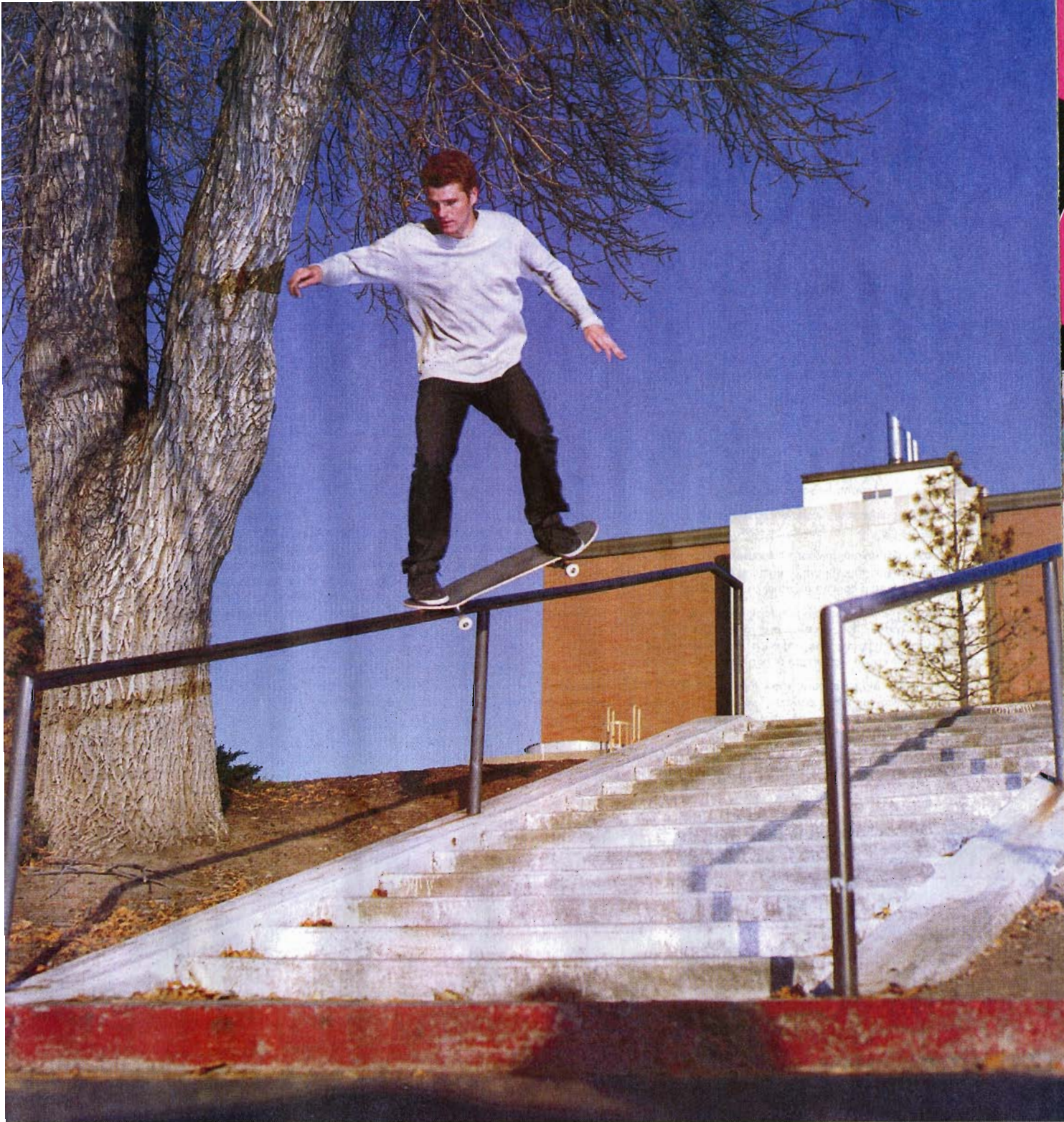


JASON GIANCHETTA SPREADS HIS WINGS AS HE FLATS THIS LOFTY B/S 180 IN THE HEART OF SUBURBIA. PHOTO: ADAM DOROBIALA

ADAM DOROBIALA

Although he is new at *SLUG*, this kid is not new to this game. Adam Dorobiala has been taking pictures since way back when all you somebody's were nobody's, well not really, but reliable sources have told us that he came out of his mothers womb with a camera in his hand. Amador introduced us to this kid after a night session with Snuggles and Itchy, where Adam took some shots with Bob Plumb's Hasselblad after he stole it out of his camera bag. After the fistfight was over and Bob saw his shots when the

film was developed, it was only a matter of time before we called him into the *SLUG* HQ, bringing with him a new aspect of seeing the skate game. Adam just gave up thirty large in scholarship money at one of the high-end art schools on the east coast to come shoot for us (and we ain't paying him shit). Now that we got him under our belt, expect good things every month, or don't- just see for yourself.



WITH THE MIGHT OF MANY MOMS, ISAIAH BEH, FOURTEEN STAIR CROOKS. PHOTO: CHRIS SWAINSTON

Chris Swainston has been shooting photos for about three years now, and anyone who knows him knows he's always down to shoot. He can change lenses as fast as he changes outfits, which is very fast. Most people know him as the "Metro Mexican," and we know that those are as rare as backyard pools in Salt Lake. He mostly shoots black and white, because all his friends are cows so it's the only obvious choice to carry it over to skate photos. Welcome to the A-Team Chris, cant wait to jump you into the set.

CHRIS SWAINSTON

In his off time, he's been known to fly kites and mingle with the elite as a bus boy at a fancy restaurant, although that's not really off time now that we think about it. He spent the summer in Europe and now all he wants to do after a skate session is eat cheese & crackers with a vintage glass of Cabernet Sauvignon (that's wine). He definitely knows his shit and you're sure to see good pics coming out his camera in the coming months.

ROCKIN' OUT WITH SCHOOL OF ROCK

The Paul Green School of Rock was created in Philadelphia in 1998. Currently there are 40 locations nationwide with several more in the works. Utah has two of those locations, one in Sandy and one in Salt Lake. SLUG interviewed a cross-section of School of Rock teachers last month to get an insider's glimpse into the mammoth adolescent movement that the school is snowballing.

Gentry Densley

When I caught up with Gentry Densley, he had just finished playing a show in Louisville, Ken., with his band **Form of Rocket**.

Although Densley was self-taught, he says the school is a positive program.

"It's a good thing in that older, more experienced musicians can mentor these younger kids and help them accelerate a lot faster," he says.

Densley says the school is unique because it focuses not only on one-on-one lessons, but also on putting students together and teaching them how to interact as a whole, the end result being playing a concert together as a real band.

"It builds more of a community when they play together in band situations," says Densley. "There's also internal competition, because everyone wants to be the best, but there's internal support as well with people inspiring each other." Densley adds that the kids he teaches are ahead of the curve; way ahead of him when he was their age.

"I try and show them the bigger picture, show them what all the pieces are and get them speaking the musical language early on," says Densley. "Some kids make huge strides in just a short time in their personalities, their music and their ability to work with other kids."

Gentry gets a lot of learning out of his teaching, too. He says, "It's definitely inspired me, and helped my playing to be constantly refreshing the basics and going over old

AC/DC or Led Zeppelin things that are the core of rock n' roll. I think these kids are going to do some cool things in the future and some of them have already started."

—Jeremy C. Wilkins

Secily Sanders

"I know technique and theory, but I probably know the least about rock at the school, so I'm learning just as much as I'm teaching," Secily Sanders says, calling me whilst in Las Vegas. I ask her to give me the basic Hollywood spill on all the brilliant moments of her life in 15 minutes or less.

"It's going to take more than 15 minutes," she says.

Originally raised on classical piano, all things went awry when Sanders found a guitar far more interesting than attending classes at BYU. Three years into an education, she abandoned the university gig, citing a strong desire to not become a teacher or get married and fade away into the cookie-cutter clutter surrounding her, instead starting to play with "every LDS artist" in Utah. A short stint with **Debi Graham** (a lauded acoustic-rock local with more than a little national exposure) finalized the truth: Secily was a guitarist, not just a bedroom soloist playing to an audience of walls.

When asked how she ended up being musical director at the Sandy branch of Paul Green's School of Rock after only a few months of teaching, Sanders simply says, "They announced it over the intercom one day in June." Modesty aside, the truth is, her passion for music is invigorating. When she talks about her current band, **Less than Never**, you can't help but want to run out and pick up a guitar.

But how did someone who desperately didn't want to be a teacher end up being just that? She admits she didn't know if teaching was what she wanted to do. For the first few months at the School of Rock, it was touch and go, but a rock 'n' roll summer camp for girls ended up changing her mind about the occupation. —ryan michael painter



Mike Sartain

While waiting to interview the illustrious Mike Sartain at the School of Rock Music, I sat in the lobby across from a cute little lad with muppy hair, glasses and a towering guitar case resting at his side.

"What's up, man?" I asked.

The boy flitted his eyes out of annoyance. When he left me mid-sentence for rock class, he looked less like a kid and more like Rambo with heavy artillery slung over his shoulder, perfectly capable of destroying a village, or a rock arena, with his enormous confidence.

Mike Sartain teaches drums, bass and guitar at the School of Rock. Having been immersed in music since he was a kid, Mike is able to parley with the best. Frontman for the notorious band *Starmy*, Mike has also been in a slew of several other bands.

Mike is currently working with his students and co-instructor, David Payne, on the "Best of the 80s"—a performance that, when brought to stage, will cover everything from *A Flock Of Seagulls* to *The Bangles* and back again. The rehearsals and preparation generally take eight to 12 weeks before the rockers take center stage, where Mike gets to see the collaboration of their efforts pay off through the nervous excitement of rocking out.

When asked why he works at the School of Rock, Mike replies, "It's one of the most rewarding jobs I've ever had. Being a mentor and having the interpersonal relationship with the kids; watching them grow creatively and personally is amazing." More than the *Van Halen* solos, students of the School of Rock learn "life experiences and feeling comfortable in order to learn the music; in effect, pushing their creativity and possibilities," says Mike. There's more to rock than guitars and sweatbands; you've got to have the attitude. —Spencer Young

Donna Gibbons

Donna Gibbons is no stranger to the world of music. She was married to a member of the band *Kansas* and sang and toured with them. She also worked for years with songwriter Brian Jobson and also earned awards from The Atlanta Songwriters Association. A recorded version of her song, "Captivated," was on the Billboard charts for weeks. She got her start in music because of the influence of her dad, who has a doctorate in music. They had a band and they "had a lot of performances, even at my senior prom." She toured the country as a backstage gopher, a promoter, and finally, a musician. She mostly plays the keys and sings but has the aptitude for playing many different instruments. She doesn't play in any bands currently, but has played in several funk/party bands such as *Down Boy*, *Groove Logic* and has also played in two different *Zappa* cover bands.

Currently, Donna spends the majority of her time working in the trenches of the healthcare system as a manager of pharmacy services. After a planned adoption fell through, her longtime friend Steve Auerbach called her and invited her to be a part of the School of Rock. Working at the school fulfills both her desires for music and being

a positive influence for kids. "It is nice," she smirks, "because I can have fun with them and then send them home."

The school is seeing success and Donna has moved from just teaching voice and keyboards to more of a directing role. "We try so hard to be fair to everyone; we want to challenge them to really sink their teeth into something," she says. She has directed one show before, *Best of the 90s*, and will direct the upcoming *Corporate Rock* event on Jan. 19 and 20. The students will play hits from *Journey*, *Boston*, *Stix*, *Toto*, *Bon Jovi* and even *Kansas*. In a strange way, she has musically come full circle. —Andrew Glassett

Dave Payne

If you were trying to find a thesis in Dave Payne's teaching method, it would all come down to one word: demystification.

"Other teachers teach equations, not the numbers in the equation. But if you know the simplest elements, you can control the bigger picture," says Dave, teacher at School of Rock for over a year and local music mover for a decade plus (*Red Bennies*, *Glinting Gems*, *Ether*, *Purr Bats*, *Puri-Do*, etc.). "There are only 12 notes in the scale, and you use on average only about seven of them at a time, dictated by your musical culture."

His break-it-down method has a big appeal for his burgeoning student pool of 27 weekly.

"I'm learning a lot with Dave," says Buzz Stringham, 16, of Skyline High. "He treats me like an equal. He never loses patience."

Dave has Buzz play an improv jazz solo while he strums chords, calling out each chord before he's about to change.

"It's fun to be responsible for other people's progress; to contribute to people being happy," says Dave, who is also one of the directors of the weekly group lesson and the end-of-term show the School of Rock students put on at a local venue.

"The School of Rock has opened up doors for a lot of kids," says Buzz. "The kids that will be part of the scene in eight years will be off the hook."

Dave's bad-joke board hangs on the wall behind him while he and Buzz play, and the least horrible is "Q: What is the *Hamburglar's* favorite David Bowie song? A: Roble Roble." A couple guitars hang on the wall with strings gone and varnish stripped off. One is painted camouflage. On the other side of the wall are show flyers and hand-drawn pictures from students.

Teaching goes both ways. Dave explores musical possibilities alongside his students instead of jamming rote lessons down their throats.

"Teaching helps me get in touch with the importance of approaching things from a fresh perspective," says Dave. "I learn from explaining." —Rebecca Vernon





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NEW RELEASES

Bad Astronaut

Twelve Small Steps, One Giant Disappointment
Fat Wreck Chords

Street: 11.14
Bad Astronaut = Lagwagon + Elliott Smith + The Flaming Lips



A little more than a year after the suicide of founding drummer **Derrick Plourde**, **Lagwagon** frontman **Joey Cape** brings his **Bad Astronaut** side-project out for a final album that celebrates Plourde's life while mourning the loss of a great friend. The overall mood of the album is sadder as one might expect, but *Twelve Small Steps* also finds **Bad Astronaut** venturing into more of a rock-oriented sound that is not present on their previous albums. "Good Morning Night" is one of the bounciest and most fun songs that Cape has ever written, and the song that was culled from the personal journals of Plourde before his death, "Autocare", is one of the album's most upbeat. In contrast, "Beat" finds Cape lamenting the loss of his friend and commenting that without Plourde this is "an album always incomplete." The varied songwriting and the occasional use of synthesizers and cellos add a unique element to the band's sound that never comes off as forced. Even outside of the context of **Derrick Plourde's** death, this is a solid album that features songs that transcend many emotional states and features the excellent musicianship of a very tight musical ensemble. — *Ricky Vigil*

Beat Beat Beat

Living In The Future
Dirtnap Records

Street: 10.31
Beat Beat Beat = The Exploding Hearts + The Explosion + The Briefs

Beat Beat Beat ought to give themselves a pat on the back for recording an album that blends the best aspects of punk, rock and pop together to create something interesting and worth listening to. There are so many new bands that



debut albums everyday, and few sound as promising as these lads from Atlanta. Each of the 12 tracks on *Living In The Future* has its own personality, raw feeling and sound that makes them easy to listen to. Clocking in just over 28 minutes, **Beat Beat Beat's** debut feels about right time-wise and shows promise for future releases. If you're looking for an old-school punk sound with a twist of rock 'n' roll, then you oughta throw this record in, sit back and enjoy. — *Jeremy C. Wilkins*

Born From Pain

War
Metal Blade

Street: 11.14
Born From Pain = Madball + Hatebreed + Bury Your Dead - originality



There are some very original hardcore acts out there, but they seem to be far out numbered by the ones that lack any sort of inventiveness, or real ability to step out from the pack and stand on their own. **Born From Pain** only hint at how superior they could be. Tiny heavy metal blasts fall short where they could've added so much more personality. **BFP** create a really great wall of brutal music, but without anything new it has no impact. I was intrigued when I saw an east coast influenced hardcore band on a label like **Metal Blade**, but what this band is doing has been done. And done much better. — *James Orme*

Converge

No Heroes
Epitaph

Street: 10.24
Converge = The Locust + Godflesh + Starkweather + thrash



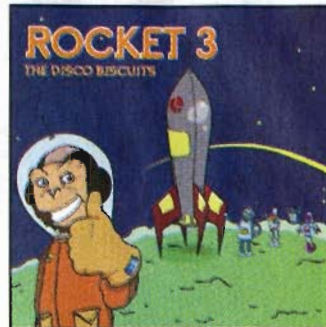
Many would agree that the pinnacle of **Converge's** musical career so far is *Jane Doe*. It's pretty hard to follow up a career-making album, but *You Fail Me* was about as good of a follow up as there could be. All of **Converge's** albums up until now show some kind of progression, either a refining of tastes, as *Jane Doe* harnessed the raw power and loose ends that much of *When Forever Comes Crashing* was, or a turn, as *You Fail Me* was. *No Heroes* is a record of **Converge** referencing themselves. Rather than making an entirely new sound, or a refined progression, *No Heroes* is simply an amalgam of *Jane Doe* and *You Fail Me*. **Converge** is still at the top of the noise/hardcore/punk/thrash etc. style, but they only reached the bar this time, instead of exceeding it. The noise is still there, as are **Jacob Bannon's** signature lyrics, and the first few songs are all under two minutes which creates a pummeling with no sappy aftertaste. The second half of the record shows some of the more "refined" **Converge** and it is the more interesting half of the album. *No Heroes* is a fine album, it's just not the record-shattering effort that past albums were. — *Peter Fryer*

The Disco Biscuits

Rocket 3
Diamond Riggs Records
Street: 11.14

The Disco Biscuits = Talking Heads + Can - the brilliance of both

Rocket 3 is **The Disco Biscuits'** third-set of a 2004 New Year's Eve performance in NYC. Hence, not only is there this overwhelming **Saint Nick** festive-molestive going on for far too long (79:50—this means their entire set



for the night lasted well into the three hour mark), but you can also hear the champagne and cheese influencing their sound: lethargy and complacency coalesce into a body fitting of the German phrase, 'Böse langsam!' What's worse is **The Disco Biscuits** think they're playing improv into the New Year during this hideously safe, deadpan marathon of obsequious romance. Moreover, 'The Disco' is nowhere to be found—"The Soggy Biscuits" is far more fitting. — *Spencer Young*

Disillusion

Gloria
Metal Blade

Street: 11.14
Disillusion = Red Harvest + Moonspell + originality

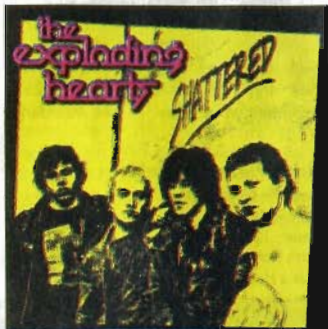


When **Disillusion** looked up the word originality in the dictionary they decided to take that very definition with a huge stride. In all honesty, every song on this record does not sound like the one before it. Some have industrial metal leanings some gothic and others are completely out there. There is a huge variety of instruments being used for this record. To actually pinpoint the sound of **Disillusion** is near impossible as they are un-typically all over the map in terms of influence and sounds: The vocals range from screams to deep gothic croaning to spoken word. If you are trying to find something that doesn't sound like anything you have

heard *Gloria* will astound, mesmerize and simply astonish every sense in your auditory range. — Bryer Wharton

The Exploding Hearts

Shattered
Dirtnap Records
Street: 10.31
The Exploding Hearts = The Buzzcocks + The Briefs + Generation X

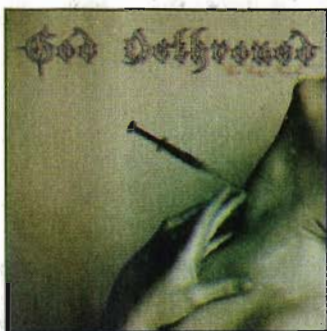


The Exploding Hearts went almost unnoticed to many during their short existence, yet they have left a powerful imprint. Just as they began to receive some well-deserved attention and gain a following things came to an immediate and permanent stop. While driving home from playing a set of shows in California, the band and their manager had a horrifying accident. The accident took the lives of three band members, leaving one band member and the Hearts' manager with injuries. *Shattered*, in a sense, is a kind of memorial to the band and the music that guided their lives. Included on the album are unreleased songs, alt mixes and demo versions of many of the bands' songs, as well as video footage of five songs from one of their last shows at *Bottom Of The Hill* in San Francisco, CA. Though they deemed themselves a power pop band, their music is much more than that. Throughout the tracks on *Shattered*, there's everything from rock, punk, pop and power pop; showing that the Hearts' realm of music was not limited to just one style of music—they blended them all and did so successfully. I'm convinced that had the music world gotten their hands on the song "I'm A Pretender," the Hearts would have hit it big overnight and that's not to say their other songs aren't great songs, but there's something special about "I'm A Pretender." The video footage from *Bottom Of The Hill* gives those of us who didn't have the pleasure of seeing The Exploding Hearts, an idea of what their energy-packed live show was like. It's tragic that most weren't able to see and experience the Hearts while they were around and with that in mind, I would recommend not making the mistake of passing this album by. — Jeremy C. Wilkins

God Dethroned

The Toxic Touch
Metal Blade
Street: 10.31
God Dethroned = The Crown + Grave + At the Gates

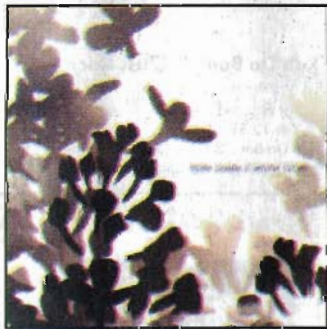
To me, God Dethroned have always



been sort of a one trick pony. The trick was good for what it was though. The bands line-up has always been in rotation since their inception in 1990. There is good and bad in that. The good being that with each record things sort of get refreshed and updated staving the band from sounding stale. The bad obviously meaning the members don't stick around long enough to gel and create that chemistry. Hopefully this time around the line-up will stick. Why? Because this new record is the bands best in years. Using a relatively unknown producer worked for them. So did changing their sound to a bit more melodic death metal as opposed to just straightforward death worked in this instance. All the instruments blend well and the songwriting is stellar in every aspect. *The Toxic Touch* is one of those records that will catch you off guard if you are familiar with the bands' previous records. — Bryer Wharton

Hide Inaba

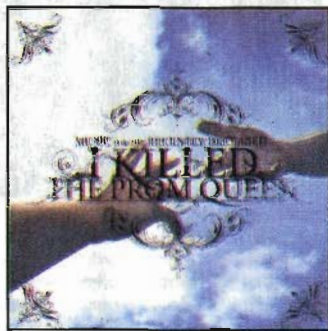
White Lilac
Self Released
Street: 12.01
Hide Inaba = Bright Eyes + Kermit + Amethyst



Hide is a sincerely serious musician from Japan, now residing in trying-to-make-it-big NYC. Sadly enough—it really is sad, his earnestness and vigor are well off the mark of his ability—he is too sincere and comes off sounding painfully pitiable like a Jennifer Love Hewitt movie soundtrack. "It's so hard to say what I feel/ Let me take your breath away," are just some of the adorable and cute desperations Hide has been hiding since his girlfriend broke up with him in the fourth grade—she left him for the man that could shoot free throws. I'm guessing no one has had the heart to tell Hide he sounds pitifully pathetic or else he wouldn't have been writing songs since the mid-nineties (50 to date) that comprise emo times two. Hide, you sound pathetically painful. — Spencer Young

I Killed the Prom Queen

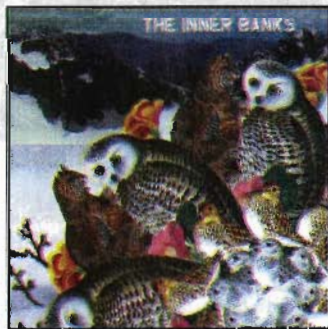
Music for the Recently Deceased
Metal Blade
Street: 11.14
I Killed the Prom Queen = Dark Tranquillity + Soilwork + Darkest Hour + In Flames



I expected I Killed the Prom Queen to be an emo band due to their name. Instead you get a healthy dose of melodic death metal. Although there is a wealth of clean it isn't emo at all. The lyrics on the other hand tell a different story. The guitar crunch right down to the production sound is highly reminiscent of the latest style of Dark Tranquillity. If you enjoy your metal heavy on the leads and melody, but still remain brutal, this is one promising sophomore effort. —Bryer Wharton

The Inner Banks

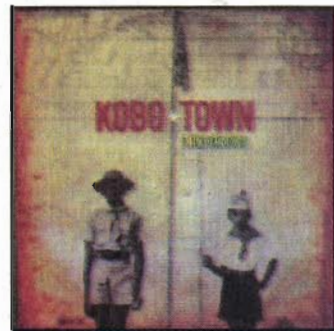
Self Titled
DAG! Records
Street: 12.05
The Inner Banks = Azure Ray + Sufjan Stevens — circus music



There is something very obvious about The Inner Banks. Obvious in their pursuit of creating music that they think is beautiful or maybe obvious in the simplicity of their hymnal-esque soundscapes and melodies. Their music is definitely the most literal and organic of the year. The folk aspect is a large part of their sound, but rather than being indie-folk, this is pure Americana complete with trumpets, banjos, slide guitars and a small chamber orchestra. Electronics are present, but are used only under the surface. Very serene, almost to the point of being boring or background music, but nonetheless beautiful would describe this ensemble of roots type music. — Andrew Glassett

Kobo Town

Independence
Music Dish Records
Street: 12.05
Kobo Town = Old skool Dancehall + Roots Reggae + Cuban Son Monuta



Drew Gonsalves' brainchild, *Independence*, has many shining points, even though I was apprehensive to listen to the album from the beginning for fear of hearing the same dub style of the previous year. Diaphragmatic diatribes, melodic firepower and smooth beach acoustic make this record a wholly unique dub/reggae album. The musical talents of Osvaldo Rodriguez (violin), Roger Williams (E. Bass), Derek Thorne (Congas), Stych Winston (Drums) and Lysey Wellman (Flute), are all added to reflect dynamics between opposites. This album definitely tackles a new theme outside of the normal subject matter of reggae by mixing so many elements of early Trinidad Calypso, Jamaican Mento, Brazilian Fado and Columbian and Haitian Kumpa. *Independence* is very organic in nature, using every instrument Drew Gonsalves could find for his live performance band, he then added the components to fit in the last piece of the puzzle. The result is a collection of songs that sound warm and human. I was surprisingly impressed. — Lance Saunders

Moros Eros

I Saw The Devil Last Night And Now The Sun Shines Bright
Victory Records
Street: 10.31
Moros Eros = Ad Astra Per Aspera + Modest Mouse + The White Stripes + Talking Heads



Moros Eros' sound is in the realm of indie-pop-rock-experimentalish. It is hard to strap down to any one genre. *I Saw The Devil Last Night And Now The Sun Shines Bright* is the band's first full-length and should win an award for having such

a lengthy album name. The album's title can be taken a few different ways just as the music on the album can. It can be looked at in a creepy, satanic sort of way, where seeing the devil makes life better somehow, or that seeing the devil makes life better because after seeing the ultimate darkness and evil everything else in life seems better. It all depends on how each person interprets it, just as some people might say a movie has graphic violence; others might say it is realistic. Moros Eros' music runs along the same lines as their album title; the music can either sound sad or happy depending on the person and their outlook on life. The 10 tracks on the album are good, have some good hooks, catchy vocals and get better with each listen, but unfortunately still not good enough to care about in the long run.

— Jeremy C. Wilkins

Owen

At Home With Owen

Polyvinyl records

Street: 11.07

Owen = Sun Kil Moon + Multiverse



A quiet roar in the direction of the vapid indie kids can be heard from Mike Kinsella's (Cap'n Jazz, Joan of Arc, American Football, Owls) solo album *At Home With Owen*. It's an indie-folk portrait of the fear of being alone, with themes that are self-consciously vivid — each containing a uniform depth (or shallowness, depending on your perspective) on life's successes and mishaps. The album also features fully orchestrated pieces with as many as three guitars; tasteful, live-sounding drums; backing choruses; and strings. Juxtapose that style with lyrics that are intentionally smarmy and you've got the picture. —Josh Nordin

Peter and the Wolf

Lightness

The Worker's Institute

Street: 10.31

Peter and the Wolf = Stephen Merritt + Nick Drake + Beat Generation — Drugs and Pretension

In what could easily be pegged another apotheo-istic example of the indie rock genre (a simple formula will do here: pathos + anorak + nostalgia), Peter and the Wolf aka Red Hunter shake off the burdensome yoke of labels and play a well-traveled clang and jangle folk song. What makes this album an



interesting listen is the way its dissonant incohesiveness — in which one song sounds like a lost Nick Drake recording and the other the self-parodying bright sway of a United Bible Studies track — comes together to provide an album that can be enjoyed start to finish. While it isn't subtle, a bit achy breaky (so much so) and considerably lo-fi to a clichéd fault, *Lightness* is a record in which its faults, like a child with a deformed face, make it cute and charming all the way through.

— Erik Lopez

Rafter

Music for Total Chickens

Asthmatic Kitty

Street: 12.05

Rafter = Dosh + The Microphones



The broken-down instrument indie-rock shtick is pretty standard by now, but very few seem to get it right. Just because you "bent" the circuits in a five-dollar Casio and yodel/bang on an equally cheap acoustic guitar over an even cheaper drum machine doesn't mean you're a genius (or that anyone wants to hear you). The key ingredient, the one most miss, is creativity. Rafter Roberts has enough of it to start three fads, ably matching catchy hooks, fun, terrific lyrics, and moderately-slick production to his bizarre ensemble of hushed choirs, percussion, experimental forms, stringed instruments and keyboards. Though poppy hints abound, Roberts has no desire to craft typical indie-radio gems. Instead, he prefers to briefly flirt with a neat chorus and fixed tempo before decimating it with a distorted burp and loose Boléro quote (e.g. "Unassailable"). Experimentally inviting instead of abrasive, logically pieced together and never "look what I can do", Roberts sonically and emotionally connects the disparate dots of each piece into a unified, dynamic large-scale work. By enthusiastically working a niche, Roberts

successfully manages a universe in a genre that few even deserve to visit.

— Dove Modden

Ratos De Porão

Homem Inimino Do Homem

Alternative Tentacles

Street: 10.24

Ratos De Porão = All Systems Fail + Nausea + Cattle Decapitation



Homem Inimino Do Homem assaulted me with a blast of beautiful noise. This album must be played at 11! The siren like guitar solos, lightening fast drumming and aggressive vocals combine to make a raw and winning combination. All the songs are sung in Portuguese, as Ratos De Porão hails from Brazil. I don't know a word of Portuguese and regardless of my illiteracy with the language the release still sounds wonderful. *Homem Inimino Do Homem* also marks the bands 25th anniversary, and is their first release in three years. Staying together that long is no easy feat, but this band is an orgasm for your ears if you fancy crust or punk. It's no wonder they've stayed around, and I know I hope for at least 25 more years. — Jeanette Moses

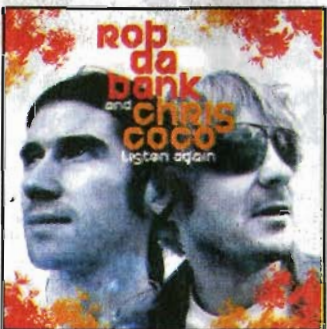
Rob Da Bank & Chris Coco

Listen Again

Ether Records

Street: 12.12

Rob Da Bank & Chris Coco = Chemical Brothers + Belle & Sebastian



A good mix-tape is just that: a mixture! And it better include a bunch of tracks that 1) you don't have 2) are not too pretentiously obscure (I call that "vapid cool"). So what better crew to give you both of these than two world-renowned DJ/producers, two experienced guys who host nights at clubs around the world and often contribute to the BBC's Radio 1 show. Divided into two discs, Rob and Chris offer the fruits of what they've learned over the years — specifically, that

a DJ mix is not all about dancing. Sure, Rob starts off with Here is More's dubby "Yes Boss" and moves to Uffie's get-low anthem "Pop the Glock" (thanks, Rob, because I don't have the cash to buy the pink vinyl), but he follows up with a swinging, twangy cover of Alan Wilson's "Going Up the Country" by Kitty, Daisy, Lewis. Coco's mix is equally all over the place, lining up Arab Strap, Nightmares on Wax, James Yorkston and Clap Your Hands and Say Yeah within minutes of each other. However, it all works and both discs gel with an effortless flow that only happens under the hands of experienced masters. — Dove Modden

Rock Plaza Central

Are We Not Horses

Self-Released

Street: 12.05

Rock Plaza Central = Modest Mouse + Hawk and a Hack saw + snake oil salesman



Hear that yonder on the horizon, coming over the hill? The carnival's back in town, the one led by songwriter Chris Eaton. Banjos, hootin' and hollerin', trombones, honky-tonk piano, accordions, violins, metal sheets making thunder effects, glockenspiels and muted trumpets back Eaton's Pentacostal preacher style shouts of heaven, metal horses (there's a lot of talk about all kinds of horses here) and how to love and lose it all. Much like RPC's previous effort, *The World Was Hell to Us*, the album stands on solid songwriting, but — as mentioned — this time around the canvases is splattered with an exquisitely orchestrated range of colors. From the first arpeggiated chord to the closing a capella harmonies of "We've Got A Lot To Be Glad For!" this expanded universe ebbs and ebbs through an intriguing landscape, ever interesting and clever, and something you want to repeat over and over to allow each nuance to penetrate your soul. Gorgeous.

— Dave Madden

Scars of Tomorrow

The Failure in Drowning

Victory Records

Street: 10.31

Scars of Tomorrow = Misery Signals + Bleeding Through + ughhhhhhhh

An open letter to Scars of Tomorrow:

Dear Scars,

Please stop. Encourage all of your friends to do the same. In fact, ask Victory to call it quits while you're at it. I'm going



to shoot myself if I have to hear another stolen death riff, breakdown, or faux-emo croon. You can obviously play your instruments, so why don't you come up with something more original? Maybe you should ditch the whole straightedge thing and try psychedelics. I hear that helps the imagination.

We look forward to your resignation.

Sincerely, -Chris Carter

Shanna Kiel

Orphan

Thick Records

Street: 11.07

Shanna Kiel = Bikini Kill + Hole + The Yeah Yeah Yeahs



Orphan marks the ex-front woman of Sullen, Shanna Kiel's, solo debut. The album starts out with a 46 second soft acoustic ballad, but on track number two busts into a riotgrrl fueled anthem—territory that feels much more familiar. Shanna's raspy vocals are reminiscent of Courtney Love's, as are the dismal song topics. "Chariots of Silk" is the most upbeat song on the ten-track album, but culminates in frantic screams, pianos and drumbeats. On my favorite song, "Rotting From the Inside" Shanna creates a disturbing concoction singing "This little baby it don't have a name/ It's gone now/ It's an obituary," shortly followed with an image of a wedding day. The album closes with "Good Grief", another dreary acoustic ballad. Orphan is eight tracks of fierce angst-ridden songs wrapped up with two soft and gloomy ones. It is absolutely perfect. -Jeanette Moses

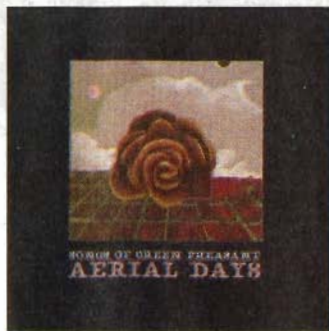
Songs of Green Pheasant

Aerial Days

FatCat Records

Street: 11.14

Songs of Green Pheasant = Slowdive + Simon and Garfunkel



Several descriptors come to mind when listening to Songs of Great Pheasant: cloudy, warm, pillowy, isolated, reverb, resonant, respectful, sorrowful, content and joyous. It is depressing to listen to these recordings and then read that they were recorded mostly on a four track machine. Duncan Sumner is creator of Songs of Green Pheasant and is yet another teacher/musician to produce music that is very sensitive without being too emotional and sweet or without being cheesy. The album is a collection of recordings from the last three years and fit together surprisingly well. This is music with real depth and character and should not be overlooked. -Andrew Glassett

Stylex

Tight Moves

Pretend Records

Street: 11.21

Stylex = Cut Copy + Clinic



Tight Moves is half nostalgic of traditional New York Punk and eighties pop, and half awesome evolution of danceable rock. Vocals on pizzicato drive side-by-side 8-bit wobbling synth wheels and digital effects that never repeat throughout a forty-minute time-trial. It's a lovely little record; Stylex pushes nearly every song to their ultimate climax and decimation inside three and a half minutes. The first-person lyrics are equal parts of absurdly frank and frankly absurd - funny and obvious in some moments, and cross-eyed in others. -Josh Nordin

Swan Lake

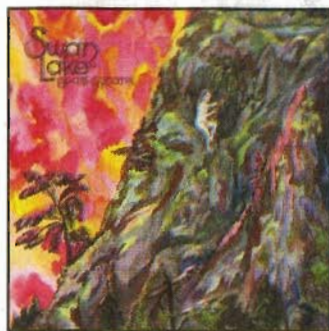
Beast Moans

Jagjaguar

Street: 11.21

Swan Lake = Arcade Fire + Animal Collective + Wilco

What do you get when you combine The New Pornographers and Wolf Parade



and Frog Eyes? You would think that you would get Swan Lake, a band that contains experience from all three previously mentioned groups. However that is not the case, as the moon of the beast was probably the childbirth of yet a new direction in recording and songwriting. They are very similar to contemporaries Grizzly Bear with their folk, rock and lo-fi recording techniques coalescing to produce something very psychedelic and interesting. There is a lot of audio trickery and panning that make the album very fluid and at times befuddling. This album is destined to simultaneously fly beneath the radar and impact the entire indie rock world. -Andrew Glassett

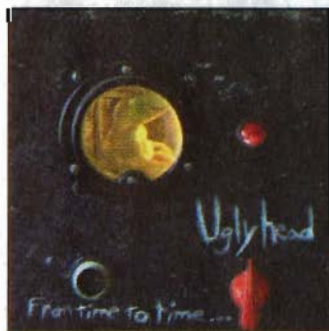
Uglyhead

From Time to Time

Automation Records

Street: 12.12

Uglyhead = Pailhead + Leech Woman



When was the last time you heard anything in the "industrial music" vein (ala Ministry, not Neubauten) that got you really excited? Something that resonates like "Thieves" or "Tin Omen" (if you have to ask who wrote those and you're listening to CombiChrist, stop reading right now)? While most of the greats have either retired or moved on to make a buck via shitty EBM, Uglyhead is willing to pick up the torch of early 90s guitars/meets electronics, self-described as "the raw sound of garage rock/heavily layered electronic sequencing". This astoundingly produced live recording was captured (by guitarist/label-head Jeremiah Smith) over a series of nights in front of the Seattle drag queen troupe Vicious Dolls, a fitting venue and audience for the band's thrashing debauchery. The quintet cycles through this set of half-unreleased material, grinding guitars, pounding acoustic drum kits, working intricate digital programming, sprinkling in a little jazz and drum 'n' bass here and there (check

out the Mingus-esque bass breakdown on "Yes") and focusing on solid textures of miniature chromatic harmonic progressions while vocalist/programmer Jake Alejo screams and growls above the pandemonium. The songs are as relevant as they are nostalgic and form the perfect mix of dynamic shifts for those who still care about musicianship while banging their heads. - Dave Madden

Wet Confetti

Laughing Gasping

PampelMoose

Street: 11.06

Wet Confetti = The Thermals + Panda and

Angel - anything good about these bands



Everything about this band is charming and attractive upon a first glance at the album art and clever song titles, but once the first track starts playing all cuteness and likability that one could hold disappears immediately. Wet Confetti's Laughing Gasping is boring, to say the very least. Starting an album with a cacophonous blend of synths and bass lines plagued with female-fronted whining is not a good idea, and it takes away all possibilities for harmonious achievement in the upcoming tracks. "I Can't Refuse" continues this trend with dissonant drum and bass patterns that ultimately lead to the demise of this record. The song title "Laughing Gasping" leaves one more possibility for a listenable song, but as expected, it fails again in the "good music" category. Good try, Wet Confetti. Better luck next time. - Tom Carbone Jr

White Flight

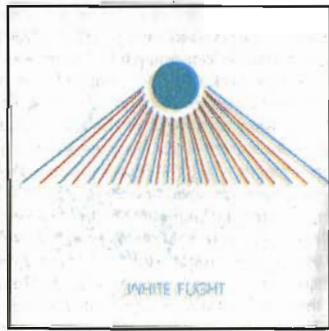
Self-Titled

Range Life Records

Street: 12.01

White Flight = The Unicorns + John

Frusciante + Psychedelic Grime



White Flight is Justin Roelofs, formerly of the Anniversary. This album is a product of a year spent in Sud America, not remitting downing Ayahuasca deep in the Peruvian rain forests, and confronting the childhood conditioning of the suburbs of Kansas. The result: a densely layered exploration so involved and intricately negotiated, that trances ensue. These aren't zombified trances, rather, dance trances, worthy of prime grime time. Justin posits every sound through a prism, creating an urgency in sound and light as brightly condensed as the spectrum of color. I haven't stopped listening, even now, while you read this. I've taken White Flight to bars and forced reluctant bartenders to spin the silk; I've taken it to a lovely ladies' house and prompted her listen, cocooning her in a spoon. White Flight keeps warm in the winter. — Spencer Young

him to Billy Joel, Elton John and Ben Folds, but the only similarity between them and Kevin Burdick is the use of the piano as the focal instrument. This is as far from indie as you can get. —Andrew Glassett

Kohabit

Beyond These Confines

Self Released

Street: 05.18

Kohabit = Killswitch Engage + Trivium + As I Lay Dying + Dryline

Unfortunately, much of the intensity delivered from Kohabit's live show does not flow through to their recorded works. Then again, a lot of bands tend to wind up that way. Kohabit does pack a melodic metalcore punch, though. The guitar-playing is exceptional, though the production does suffer slightly. It seems as if, had the band focused more on the heavy parts of their music and left out a majority of the melodic stuff, things would be less scattered and more focused. It is when the clean vocals and melodic interludes come in the album loses its pacing and structure. Also, it is in those melodic moments that it seems as if they lose their originality, and let all the rehashed, uninspired stuff seep through. However for what they have created, it is a good listen. With the talent this band has, they could easily create something the local and American scene could embrace viciously. —Bryer Wharton

Larusso

A World Behind The Mask

Hibiscus Zombie Records

Street: 03.06

Larusso = La-sucko

People use the term "knee-jerk reaction" to describe how they respond to something without thinking about it first. My knee-jerk reaction to hearing this CD was hysterical laughter. I immediately tried to get my co-worker to listen and have a good laugh, too, but she was busy and so the laugh came later. Then I thought, "Although this is terrible, I don't want to be too harsh in my review since these are fellow Utahns I'm dealing with here." But you know, when it comes down to it, I realized I would be doing them a huge disservice to pretend this record wasn't pathetic. The ridiculous lyrics and vocals about heartbreaks and wussy-worthless crap do the most damage, but that's not to say that the atrocious blend of punk-pop-rock-em-indie don't trash it too, though, because that's a huge factor in this record being La-sucko. Larusso ought to pick a genre and go with it. It's too bad, because with a record label that has the word "zombie" in it, you'd think its artists would be much more reputable. —Jeremy C. Wilkins

Medicine Circus

I Wish I Were An Eight Track

Self Released

Street: 12.01

Medicine Circus = Kid Rock + Meatloaf + Wasted Life

So Medicine Circus—as far as I can

understand—is four dudes (Ben, Stearman, Brian, Justin) who are all past their prime (if they ever had one), but have a lot of dead time. They have been friends since high school; they were the fat kids that were kind of computer literate and into cars, but all said and done, they were particularly devoid of any talents or passions. So they grow up, got decent-paying jobs, married their neighbors' daughters, drank Coors, and decided that neither their 40-hour workweeks nor Internet porn addictions were fulfilling enough—so they started a band with their Epiphone equipment in the basement. They all listen to rock; they started a rock band. They all listen to starchy, fruitless rock; they produced this: *I Wish I Were An Eight Track*. —Spencer Young

My Pet Monster

Allison

Self Released

Street: 10.03

My Pet Monster = Lollipop Guild + White Stripes + one microphone

MPM is the solo project of Nick Bryson from local eccentrics The Lollipop Guild. The best part of this recording is how anti-recording it is. It sounds like it was recorded with a single microphone and it is obvious that there was little to no preparation for these 10 songs about heads exploding and interpersonal relationships. In some of the louder tracks, you can hear the buzz of the snare drum in the background. The singing is loud and terrible and invested 100 percent. It was embarrassing to listen to when there were other people in the room, but in privacy, the songs are very endearing and slightly funny. The songs may seem a little immature at first, but slowly they become the product of some pretty severe honesty. —Andrew Glassett

Oxido Republica

Oxido Republica EP

Self Released

Street: 11.11

Oxido Republica = Metallica + Soundgarden + Nirvana + Helmet

For only being a trio, these guys sure pack a punch. This EP features four tracks from the band's upcoming full-length album. And apparently, at the moment, the band is looking for a drummer. Which is too bad, because the drums on the EP are top-notch. Oxido Republica sort of bridges a gap between thrash and grunge. The tempo changes from mid-paced to fast. The most redeeming quality of the band is their wicked soloing, displaying some obvious talent. At first, the vocals are a little irritating, but they quickly grow on you and in the end, you wouldn't want them any other way. Production is great, and all the instruments can be heard clearly. There is some sheer heavy shredding going on here along with a hell of a lot of pure emotion. The full-length will be something to look forward to, no doubt. —Bryer Wharton

Parallax

Mediums and Messages

Counterintelligence Recordings

Street: 06.01

Parallax = Shai Hulud + 7 Angels 7 Plagues + intelligence

In my opinion, Parallax is the only redeemable band to ever come out of the Utah hardcore scene. Each song has a very personal and relevant socio-political message; something that is lacking in 99.9% of hardcore bands these days. They haven't forgotten where hardcore came from. That, and they can fucking play. Swinging guitars and sing-alongs are something I haven't seen at a local show in a long time. Also, *Mediums and Messages* is the last recording Blake Donner ever had a chance to do. Some would say that this album is Parallax at their prime. I'd tend to agree. —Chris Carter

Sons of Nothing

Clarity

Sucherman Bros. Recordings

Street: 07.11

Sons of Nothing = Pink Floyd + Top 40 of the 70s and 80s + Peavey guitar amps

The Pink Floyd influence is obvious as Sons of Nothing are a very well known Floyd tribute band in the Western U.S. Many times during their performances, they take the opportunity to perform some of their originals from their second full-length album, *Clarity*. My favorite track was the opening song, "Death or Something Like It," a very dark and brooding instrumental with a glimmer of hope, thanks to the tinkling keys of the piano. The performances are spot-on, and the recording does not sound local in the least. The album has a twist of feelings and spirituality. At times, the music sounds like a choir of angels and then drastically switches to a very dark place for some contrast. The result is an album full of varied and theatrical songs. SON have taken their influences and modernized them to fit their own experience and personalities. —Andrew Glassett

Shorty Gilbert

Lil' Shorty in the Wee Hours

Self Released

Street: 05.01

Shorty Gilbert = Willie Dixon + Howlin' Wolf + Junior Wells

The Legendary Porch Pounders must have been touched deeply by this bluesman—they went to all the trouble to record an album with Shorty so he'd have a record of his own. Recorded in one night between 2 a.m. and 6 a.m. the mood of the record is very soulful; both Brad Wheeler and Dan Weldon of the Porch Pounders do right and stay out of Gilbert's way. Gilbert's bass lines draw you in while he croons the blues at you like only an experienced bluesman can. Old tunes like "CC Rider" and "Mystery Train" sound like Gilbert created them himself. Wheeler's harmonica only adds what's needed, as does Weldon's guitar. This record is just proof that great music doesn't take much, just honesty and soul. To get a copy you can email badbradwheeler@yahoo.com. —James Orme



Kevin Burdick

True Stories...And Other Fairytales

Self Released

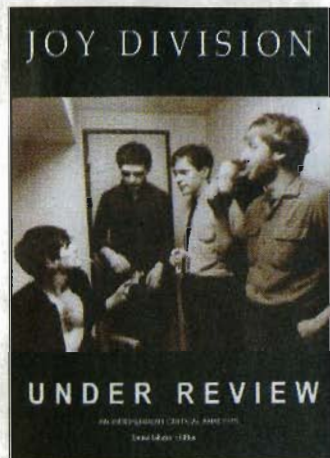
Street: 07.11.05

Kevin Burdick = Garth Brooks + Broke + Kurt Bestor

It is easy to make music that sounds "indie." The most difficult music to write and play and actually pull off would have to be adult contemporary. There are so many boundaries and limitations that cannot be crossed or the music comes off sounding extremely trite and cheesy. Kevin Burdick takes the leap into adult contemporary and does a very good job at making sure most of the boundaries aren't crossed: vocal lines are extremely prominent, only the normal major key signatures are used and there is a hint of religiosity throughout the entire album. His voice is a little more country than you would expect, and his lyrical style is more on the narrative side, walking the line between country and new-age. The songs are written with excruciating perfection. Burdick's website compares

Joy Division

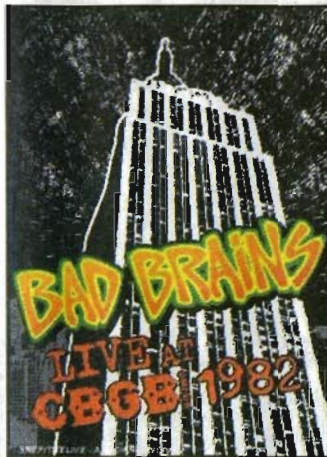
Under Review: An Independent Critical Analysis
Sexy Intellectual
Street: 10.31



I fancy myself a pretty hardcore Joy Division fan, and I was surprised to learn things on this DVD that I hadn't known, such as how important of a role Martin Hanett had in producing the Joy Division sound. While parts of the DVD can be tedious like the ploy-by-play of each track on each album, overall *Under Review* provides a nice balance between critical overview of the bands oeuvre and sound, trivia tidbits and personal recollections of the people who knew the men behind the music. While it may not be worth the 20 dollar asking price because of the simplistic production and lack of special features, it is worth checking out from the library. — Erik Lopez

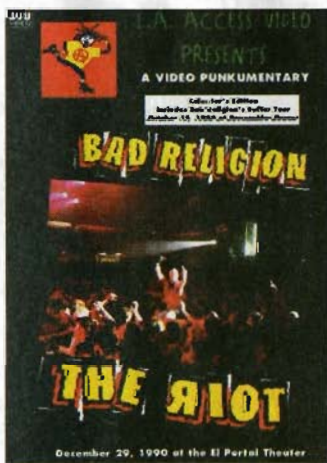
Bad Brains
Live At CBGB
MVD
Street: 09.26

I'll be the first to admit it; I usually don't enjoy concert DVDs. However, this release from MVD has outdone what I've come to expect from them. Sure, the sound quality is inconsistent, as is the cinematography, which involves moments that are shot upside-down, but it's the motherfucking Bad Brains! The footage was shot in 1982 at CBGB during a three-day hardcore festival. Basically, it's a chance to see the now-defunct legendary hardcore band play at the soon-to-be-defunct original punk venue. Could you ask for anything better? Before the band even begins, the kids are going nuts and the energy only intensifies as the Bad Brains play on. HR is very generous about giving fans the



mic to sing along; during "We Will Not" he is even smothered by a large group of kids that are eager for a turn to sing. During "Riot Squad," a fuse gets blow and the lights go out, but the Bad Brains continue to play. The DVD also included interviews with fans who attended the festival, along with some great crowd shots. Some of my favorite moments were the performance of "Attitude" and "Pay To Cum." If you buy one concert DVD this year you better make sure it's this. — Jeanette Moses

Bad Religion
The Riot
MVD Visual
Street: 10.31



Based upon the title of this release and the blurb on the back cover, I thought that the chance of seeing an actual riot on this DVD was pretty high. Alas, all I got was twenty boring minutes of the aftermath of a supposed riot that took place after a

fire marshal shut down a performance by Bad Religion in 1990. Lack of an actual riot aside, the rest of the DVD is definitely an interesting relic for hardcore fans of Bad Religion, as it features a complete set from the band on their 1988 tour in support of their landmark album *Suffer*. Though the audio quality is pretty horrible and the camera work is amateur at best, it's still interesting to see the band at this stage of their career. To see Bad Religion ripping through songs they wrote when they were teenagers like "Damned to be Free" and "Doin' Time" is really cool, since these songs aren't likely to pop up in a set by the band any time soon. If you don't mind shoddy camera work or poor sound quality, and you're a big fan of early Bad Religion, then by all means check out *The Riot*. — Ricky Vigil

Live! Tonight! Sold Out!!
Kevin Kerslake
Universal
Street: 11.17



There is no possible way that Kurt "I just want to play rhythm guitar in a Pixies cover band" Cobain could have imagined the impact Nirvana's music would have on our culture (i.e. I saw a ten-year old dressed as him for Halloween). It may have been this fleeting "fifteen minutes" notion that inspired him to piece together this collection (originally released on VHS in 1994). The documentary serves as the ultimate tributary scrapbook of Nirvana's world tour during 1991-92, diverse oodles of press and interview snippets and an extraordinary amount of live clips from pre-*In Utero* days all laid together in a non-linear story of praise and criticism of the band. Rather than a set narrator, the message is told via the selected morsels in this collage; MTV lays first claims on the band, Kurt Loder reporting on a new-fangled group named Nirvana while Ricky Rachtman scratches his head over Cobain's gown as a clothing choice for his visit to the *Headbanger's Ball* studio; UK talk show hosts make jabs at the band's volume and ignorance of the scheduled song they were slotted to play; Dave Grohl panders why the hell "Smells Like Teen Spirit" is so popular (cue up clips of intentional musical train-wrecks while performing said tune); the band groans over the music-making machine, something gives members of

bands such as Extreme a platform to be *prima donnas*; they batch songs in front of 30,000 fans and a tiara-clad Cobain crawls offstage in a stupor. Fascinating, sad, nostalgic, trashy and informative, this celebration is a terrific reprise of a band that — despite their resistance — steered the course of pop music, told in a way that both diehards and novices will appreciate. — Dave Madden

Smoke Out Presents Body Count
Featuring Ice T
Eagle Vision
Street: 10.04



Do you remember Body Count? I asked this question a few times last week to the general answer of, "Yeah...I think...what was their song?" Well I remember. I paid \$30 for a used copy of the pre-edited version of their first album just so I could get the banned "Cop Killer" and "KKK Bitch" (altered to "BKK Bitch" on the regular version). The drum breakdown on "There Goes the Neighborhood" is something I used to practice to all the time. Sadly, no one like me attended this show. T needed me there! I would have whipped the pit into a frenzied puree during "Bowels of the Devil" instead of letting them stand around an empty circle as the camera looked on. I would have responded to T's "y'all are a bunch of pussies" by screaming and rushing security instead of rubbing my neck while standing politely in file (the camera catching this as well). In other words, the crowd sucked, and T and company never recovered. He's pissed off and full of angst, but more for the fact that the sound guy wasn't doing his job, the cops didn't have to break up any fights — even after they played "Cop Killer" — and no one knew the words to a single song. The band is tighter than ever, blasting off with an evil introduction to rile the troops (while T does fifty pushups offstage). They grind as hard as the toughest speed metal around, but the lazy San Bernadino crowd must have saved the little energy they had for DMX, or Cypress Hill, or maybe the rain dampened these pussies. Either way, despite the brilliance of the set, Body Count and the fans never reach sweet symbiosis. And to make matters worse, they edited out my favorite drum solo. Disappointing. — Dave Madden

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VIDEO GAMES

Auto Assault

NetDevil
PC
RPG/future/MMO
Street: April 2006



When I first heard about *Auto Assault* it seemed like the answer to all of my adolescent and shallow prayers. Finally, an RPG without a medieval twist! The setting is a post apocalyptic land with lawlessness on the roads but with some semblance of civilization in the towns. Just imagine Road Warrior with more guns and less talking. It took a while for me to get a copy but recently I had the chance to pick it up so I decided the time had come for me to hit the road and give *Auto Assault* a spin.

Unfortunately *Auto Assault* starts off with some problems. The first patch you must download to play takes quite a while to install and then the game crashed my PC the first three times I tried to play it. A restart and a bar of soap in the mouth later and I'm up and running. In *Auto Assault* you tear through entire towns, mowing down any and everything that gets in your way. Machine guns blaze, rockets seek and the front bumper chops through people, buildings, giant mutant bugs and all of the other things that can make the post-nuclear commute such a bitch.

The fun doesn't last forever though. Upon your untimely demise you will get dropped off just a few seconds from where you died with exactly the same inventory you had before. This 'Free Life' makes *Auto Assault* too easy and not nearly nerve racking enough. Another problem is the complete lack of realistic physics applied to your car. You just plow through or over anything in your path, stop and turn on a dime and flip right-side up automatically should you turn over. Other problems include pedestrians who can stand on your front bumper up to full speed, sloppy controls and mediocre graphics. Finally, for a MMO (Massive Multiplayer Online) game there isn't that many other online players, I guess everyone is playing *World of Warcraft*. Although *Auto Assault* falls shy of recommendable I have high hopes that it paves the way for other games of its kind. —Jesse Kennedy

2 out of 5 radioactive mud pits

Bully

Rockstar Vancouver
PS2
Schoolyard/Action
Street: October 2006



Since their gigantic hits with the *Grand Theft Auto* series Rock Star has done their best to not be encapsulated by their own mammoth creations. From their incredibly life-like *Rockstar Games Presents Table Tennis for the Xbox 360* to the popular *Midnight Club* street racing series it seems that Rockstar is trying their best to keep their line-up evolving or at least revolving. *Bully* is definitely not a departure from the *GTA* style that made Rockstar famous but that doesn't mean this isn't a great game.

Bully is the story of Jimmy, a smart ass kid ditched at Bullworth Academy by his uncaring mother. As you get to know a few people around the school you find yourself caught between brawling groups of nerds, jocks, greasers and faculty. Kissing girls (or boys?), ditching class, picking locks and beating the crap out of schoolmates may not be your typical curriculum but as part of this game I'm sure Rockstar will find themselves at the principal's office in the near future. As the seasons change through the school year you'll be pitted against each of the groups as you rise to the top of Bullworth Academy.

Much like high school parts of this game can get repetitive and some of the missions are way too easy but overall this game stands (unlike our short protagonist) head and shoulders above the competition. Open ended game play and a large and diverse game map keep *Bully* entertaining for hours on end. It's hard not to draw comparisons between *Bully* and the later *Grand Theft* titles because the similarities are everywhere in this game; from the hidden items you can search for to the respect you must earn with the different 'gangs' to the multitude of peripheral missions peppered around the map. No matter your style you'll have a blast doing all of the things you couldn't have gotten away with in high school. —Jesse Kennedy

4.5 out of 5 panty raids

Mercury Meltdown

Ignition Entertainment
PSP
Puzzle
Street: October 2006



Mercury Meltdown is a perfect example of what a portable game should be. The premise of the game is exactly like a wooden labyrinth puzzle box where you tilt the playing surface with a couple of dials in order to guide a steel ball or marble through a maze and back home. Only in the game world your steel ball has been replaced with (you guessed it) a ball of mercury. That means it can be split up, stained different colors and generally sloshed all over the place. Instead of the same wooden maze every time you're up against everything from color coded gates and roller-coaster like paths to mechanical traps and dissolving platforms.

With dozens of puzzles over several levels there's hours of game play here, but the great thing is that each puzzle is only going to take a minute or two to finish. This is perfect for a portable environment because if you have to stop playing for any reason (boss shows up, green light, your girl friend is hitting you) you're only a few seconds away from where you stopped. I've managed to zip through a few dozen levels but the challenge will be going back to try and get all of the possible points for each level (bonus points, time allowed, 100% mercury returned) to unlock even more levels!!!

Another great thing about *Mercury Meltdown* is how easy it is for anyone to play. With so many games now a days it's hard to just hand over control to someone who hasn't played it and expect them to have any fun. You won't have to say things like, "OK, lock on with L1 while strafing with the left thumb pad, adjust your view with right D pad and scroll weapons with the up arrows and shoot with the R1." This game is simple, well crafted and intuitive, but mostly it's just fun. There's nothing wrong with a fun game, is there? —Jesse Kennedy

4 out of 5 magic mercury blobs

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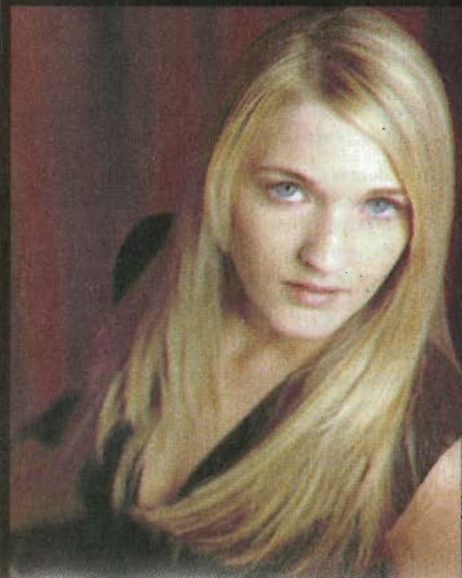
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BOOKS ALOUD

Book Reviews for the Illiterate

The Day Philosophy Dies

Casey Maddox

Flashpoint Press [Street : 05.04.06]

"Step One is to recognize that there is a problem." The Day Philosophy Dies is a novel documenting the twisted story of a famous thespian kidnapped by "terrorists" and forced through a twelve step program to aid in the recovery from Western Civilization. It is written in much the same style as Chuck Palahniuk, but Maddox pushes the envelope much further than Palahniuk is willing to. The violence and insanity are prevalent in every chapter, but all with an underlying point, that civilization has fucked everything up beyond repair. That point is well illustrated in each character's specific neurosis, insecurities, interactions and reactions, which are all tied together by the problem of civilization itself. This book calls everything you know and understand, all of your perceptions, into question. There are points when you just want to slap yourself for thinking the way you do. It is also full of useful information on some "not quite legal" matters. However, the story actually ends on page 257, so don't read past that or the book is ruined. It was so controversial that the publisher forced Maddox to write in a "softer" ending or they wouldn't release it. —Chris Carter

The Littlest Hitler Stories

Ryan Boudinot

Counterpoint [Street: 09.05.06]

Ryan Boudinot's collection of short fiction stories, give a unique and amusing outlook to the problems (or rather potential problems) that face society today. Boudinot writes with the wit of Kurt Vonnegut, the engaging style of Chuck Palahniuk and the imagination of Christopher Moore. *The Littlest Hitler* is chock full of hilarious (yet thought provoking) stories, starting with a tale about a child who goes to school dressed as Hitler for the Halloween parade, in *Civilization* the main character Craig is asked to murder his parents in exchange for a college education and in *Contaminant* you follow an undead pea-plant worker named Clarence. Some of the other stories are less hilarious, like *The Flautist* and *So Little Time*, which really pull on the heart-strings. Ryan Boudinot is an amazing new author whose writing is delightful to read. —Jeanette Moses

Swinj No. 6

Various Artists

Swinj Art Production [Street: 07.01.06]

Swinj is a collection of art by local artists bound together in a nicely crafted and sleek jacket adorned by a monkey on his pony. If ever there was any doubt about the ability of Salt Lake's artists, Swinj gently and sure-handedly demolishes this doubt with the precision of an X-Ray. Lines and designs are brilliantly executed in avant-garde mélange; emotional nausea patterned in scribble and spill; comics in delicate detail; collages in periphery persuasion; dawdles and doodles in thoughtful debutante zeal. Some of the many artists showed—Cein Watson, Toward Feeling In The Blank, Tessa Lindsey, Sri Whipple, Jenni Lord, Liz Evans, Ruby Claire Johnson, Stephani Dykes, Patrick Eddington—provide every reason to pay respect and support to the local art community as well as an impetus to pull out the pencils and 'spress yo'self. —Spencer Young



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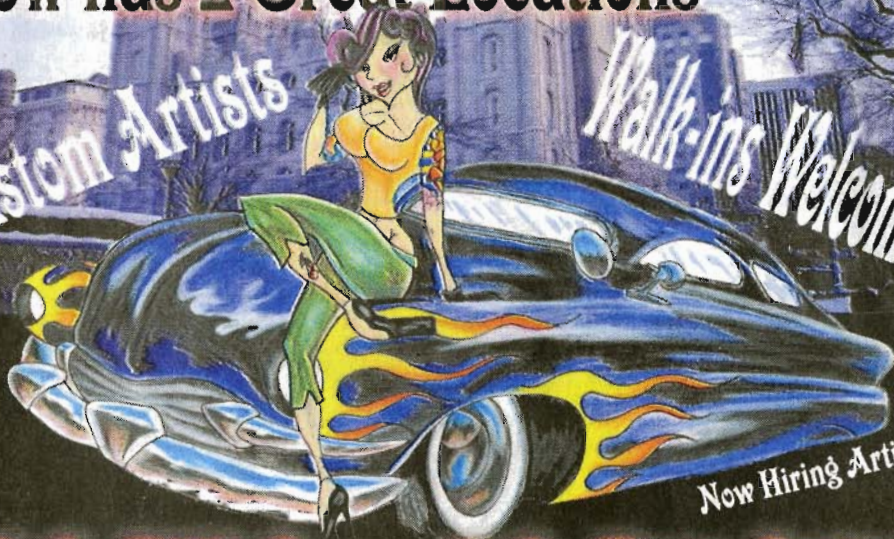
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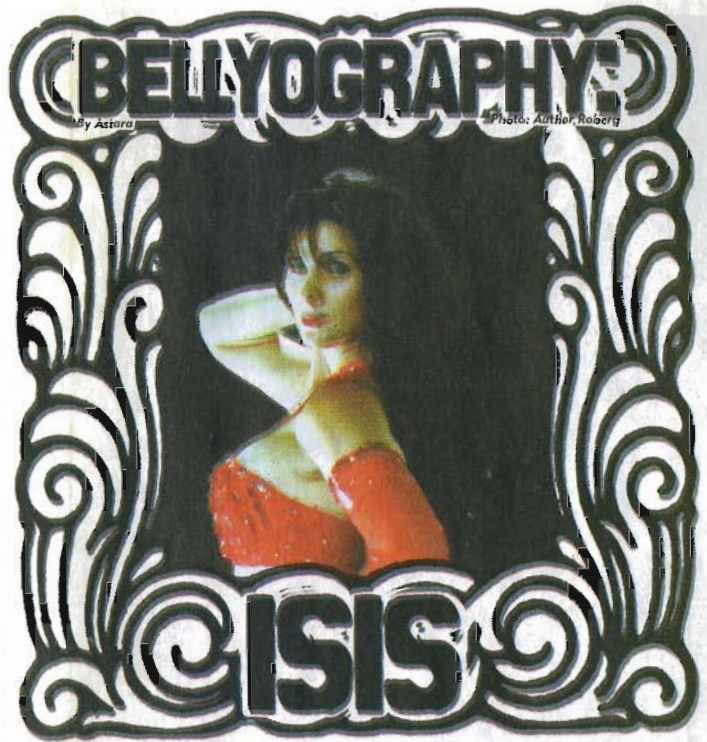
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"Our Dance is the living sculpture of ourselves."

— Ruth St. Denis

I first saw Isis dancing solo at Robert's Deli. She hadn't been taking lessons for very long and her technique needed improvement, but Isis' ability to connect with an audience and her stage presence was already intact. One year later, at the Belly Dance Festival, Isis mesmerized the audience with an exquisite articulation of Egyptian cabaret perfection. Some dancers just "get it." Middle Eastern dance, that is. Isis totally gets this ancient art form. Through the years, I have watched Isis' dancing go through many changes. However, since the birth of her son, she seems to have plumbed new depths within herself, creating solo performances that are soft, sensuous, thoughtful, more mature and true to the art. She possesses an understanding of the dance that comes straight out of Egypt—subtle, internal, fluid and beautiful. For me, I simply believe that Isis has "come into her own" and she has found an outlet for a deep, internal elegance and beauty that has been waiting to be revealed.

Originally from Los Angeles, Isis migrated to Utah 13 years ago. A friend talked her into taking belly dancing classes with Kismet, and the rest, as they say, is history. Isis has danced with the Kismet Dance Troupe Baraka, and the award-winning Midnight Mirage Dance Company. Today, she is co-director of La Mystique School of Dance and Dance Company, and was the 2006 First Runner Up in the Egyptian category at Belly Dancer of the Universe.

"My dancing," she explained, "was really formed and inspired by Aziz and Sahra Kent. I am also deeply grateful for the continued inspiration and friendship of Katherine and Crystal, my La Mystique partner."

Isis has taken workshops from some of the biggest names in our profession, such as: Aziza, Cassandra, Jillina, Suhaila and Nourhan Sharif, and she has studied extensively with Aziz and Raffa. She has dabbled in the various styles of Middle Eastern dance, but Egyptian cabaret remains her favorite. As she says, "I find Egyptian cabaret extremely beautiful. It is what I see when I think of Middle Eastern dance. I feel its passion, power and grace. Egyptian cabaret is difficult to execute. It is subtle, intricate and internal. The dancer must go deep within to experience the music and translate it into movement."

Isis is married and the mother of a beautiful two-year-old boy. Professionally, she has been an esthetician for the past seven years and she also teaches at a local school of cosmetology in Salt Lake City.

"Our belly dance community is so vast and creative. I love that the dancers are constantly challenging themselves to be better. We should be proud of what we have accomplished in Utah."

Isis and La Mystique will be at the Belly Dancer of the Universe competition in Los Angeles February 2007 and will be performing at Spring Fest, March 2007. For information about dance classes, go to lamystiquedance.com.

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GALLERY STROLL

By Mariah Mann Mellus

Mariah@slugmag.com

For the last minute shopper, fear not, Utah's art galleries are ready and open! The official holiday exhibit kickoff began Nov. 17th, but December is really the beginning of our shopping experience and the special *Holiday Stroll* which is offered Dec. 1 from 6-9p.m., and for those of you who are waiting for that second paycheck of the month, the third Friday is always the official *Gallery Stroll* and it will still be held on Dec. 15.

My biggest gift this year, besides that big diamond ring my husband has promised, was the opening of a new art gallery. This opening will breathe life into the urban arts and offer a much-needed space to exhibit some hardcore artists. The **James Anthony Gallery** (located in the old *Bag Lady Shop* at 241 East Broadway) opened with style and confidence on Nov. 15. While the name reeks of a wealthy art patron with old money, the owners are actually two young, hip art lovers who grew up in our mellow state and then moved to the wilds of New York in search of bigger opportunities. The current exhibit *Goldmine Shit House* is a collaboration of three artists and screenprinters who met in New York, but currently reside in Las Angeles. Their work is dark and deep. It contains folklore and enchanting stories swirled into the rough drawings and graffiti stylings. Screen-printed apparel including baby clothes, jewelry and other accessories are available. The show will hang from Nov. 15 through Jan. 11th. On Jan. 18 look for the work of David Hochbaum featuring an original score by Carlos D.

Coffee is an excellent gift for Christmas and stopping by *No Brow Coffee and Tea* (315 E. 300 south) is a smart place to get your shopping done. Pick up a gift certificate for specialty coffee drinks, or check out **Gentry Blackburn's** creations, including dolls, and her handpainted bags and clothing. Original artwork by local artists will delight and inspire the artist on your shopping list. **Trent Call's** *Swini* drawing book is available at No-Brow along with the *Swing-O-matic* machine, which distributes stickers designed by Trent Call. For your viewing pleasure, check out the work of local photographers in the *Togra Show* to be unveiled Dec. 15th in correlation with *Gallery Stroll* and *Eden Watchtower's Christmas Party*. Come celebrate local business, local art and local music. For more information on the art show, or the Christmas party check out No Brow's MySpace page atmyspace.com/inobrowncoffeeandtea.

This Holiday season don't let the propaganda get to you get out, buy local and get that warmfuzzy feeling that you're doing something for your community.

Reprieve from last month: we'd like to apologize to the **Ruhlman brothers**, it was printed that your installation was 500 square feet and in fact it's 5,000 square feet and by the way great job on the installation boys it was resonating!

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Why I Think Christmas is Stupid

By Mike Brown mikebrown@slugmag.com

Reason number one: I think Christmas is stupid because one year I caught my girlfriend at the time doing crystal meth around the holiday season. I know that reason is personal and trivial, but never the less it's a reason. Catching your girlfriend doing crystal meth sucks for a lot of reasons, but it especially sucks at Christmas time. All the gifts that I had bought her were quickly hawked and I watched her deteriorate down the yellow crack road. I had to dump her. Meth is a weird drug. It'll turn a rainbow trout into a Lake Powell carp in no time.

However, this break up supports a theory I have about break ups in general, which is that, I think, couples are more inclined to break up in between Thanksgiving and Christmas so they don't have to buy their loved ones presents. This leaves a person who just dumped their loved one with a two-month option until Valentines Day to construct a game plan on how to get the loved one back if needed. I also hate Valentines Day; to me it is not a declaration of a couple's love, it's a way to make up for how you fucked up your last Christmas.

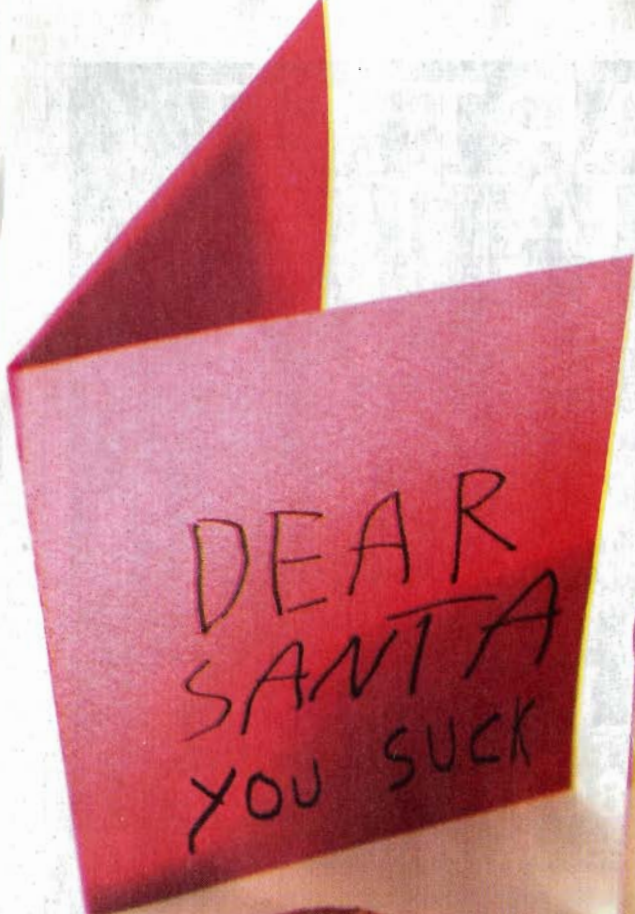
Reason number two: Christmas is stupid because I've worked retail. After working retail for six years I think I will forever have a firm hatred of Christmas and the month of December in general. If you really believe that bullshit of the holiday spirit, see how much of that cheer you'll find in the poor girl behind the register at the Gap. I know she has a choice of whether she's working there or not, but I feel sorry for her anyway. And if you have worked retail of any sorts you know what assholes everyone becomes when they are shopping.

Reason number three: Christmas is stupid because I believe it increases the divorce rate in a detrimental fashion. How? Here's how: A kid with divorced parents is more likely to celebrate Christmas twice, thus making that kid more inclined to encourage the destruction of his parents holy union. Again, I am speaking from personal experience. Christmas becomes another competition to see who is the best parent and who can make up for all the harmful abandonment issues by purchasing Nintendo games. I will say this, though, Nintendo games really do help heal the emotional wounds left by a parental separation.

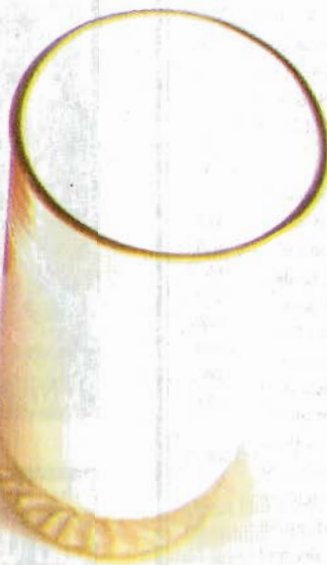
Reason number four: Christmas is stupid because Santa likes rich kids more. When I was a kid I was always confused by this and asked myself, "why does Santa like these stupid asshole rich kids more than me?" I didn't grow up poor by any means, but I did take notes on how the richest kid on my street, who I knew for a fact wasn't as "good" as I was for the month of December, somehow got more loot than I did. Fuck you, Santa!

Reason number five: Christmas is stupid because it's based on lies. Flying reindeer? Elves? A house at the North Pole? Who the fuck came up with this shit? And how did Jesus find his way into the mix? I heard he wasn't even born in December. That's some evil-capitalist-type shit to get kids to believe such outrageous lies. It infuriates me! If I lie to a kid about something that's not about Christmas, then I'm an asshole. So why should Christmas be any different?

Thanks for letting me vent about the worst holiday ever; be sure to check out the SLUG holiday gift guide and I hope you get me something nice.



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SANTA
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MONDAY THRU SATURDAY: 11 TO 10

December

Friday, December 1

Brad Paisley, Carrie Underwood – *Delta*
The Aquabats, Supernova – *In the Venue*
The Lemonheads, Vietnam, The Hymns – *Depot*
Clumsy Lovers – *Urban*
CD Release: Bomb City, Mark Kendall, Iesha, 801 Family, Mugshots, Invisible Son – *Liquid Joe's*
Legendary Porch Pounders – *Pat's BBQ*
Amnesty International Fundraiser: Shakey Trade, Jebu – *Monk's*
Skullfuzz, Starmy – *Burt's*
Skint, Repeat Offender, Dubbed – *Vegas*
Clifton – *Boom Va*
A Nightmare Before Christmas – *Tower*
Tres Flores Open Studio – *Tres Flores Studio*
"Cold-Chella" Night One: TaughtMe, Weakmen, Drew Danburry, Return To Sender, Uzi and Ari – *Kilby*
Ides O' Soul – *Sidecar*
Wisebird – *Suede*
Mr. Joe McQueen & the Jazz & Blues Combo – *Wine Cellar*
Stranger Friendly – *Alchemy Coffee*
CD Release: Glacial, Gaza, XUR – *Broken Record*

Saturday, December 2

"Cold-Chella" Night Two: Seve Vs. Evan, Kid Theodore, Sea Mine, Eden Express, Joel Taylor – *Kilby*
Badgrass – *Tony's*
Blues on First – *Owl Bar*
Jake Dreier Band – *Fahrenheit*
Melisa's Band – *Pat's BBQ*
CD Release: COSM, MC Ramases, Blue Lotus, KOTEB A – *Urban*
A Nightmare Before Christmas – *Tower*
Utah County Swillers, Thunderfist – *Suede*
Eleventh Hour, Sindolor, Adjacent to Nothing, Til She Bleeds – *Vegas*
The Front, Skint – *Burt's*
Daniel Wilson – *Alchemy Coffee*

Sunday, December 3

The Blues Vespers – *Unitarian Church*
Legendary Porch Pounders – *Iron Horse*
Robert F Kennedy Jr. – *Westminster College*
Darren Thornley, The Bergs – *Monk's*

Monday, December 4

Dead Meadow, Glacial, The Furs – *Kilby*
The Blue Devils Blues Revue – *Zanzibar*
The Dears, Young Galaxy, The Gang of Losers – *Urban*
Dave Tate – *Alchemy Coffee*

Tuesday, December 5

Kottonmouth Kings, Boondox, Patluck, Subnoize Souljaz – *In the Venue*
Limebeck, The Band of Annuals, Evangelicals – *Kilby*
Artemis Piledriver, Nebula – *Burt's*
Black Watch, Black Hole – *Monk's*
Saliva., Almost Undone – *Depot*
801 Family, DJ Apose, LTE Clique, Mak Demon, Pedralis – *Liquid Joe's*
Spitalfield, Punchline, Valencia, Over It, Boys Like Girls, Ayrtan – *Boom Va*
Dan the Automator – *Suede*
Blue Scholars, Common, Gabriel Teodros – *Urban*

Wednesday, December 6

The Jeff Lawrence Band – *Burt's*
DeVotchKa, My Brightest Diamond – *Suede*
Kanser, Ernie Rhodes, Synthesis – *Urban*

Thursday, December 7

The Acacia Strain, From A Second Story Window – *Boom Va*
+44, The Matches – *In the Venue*
SLAJO – *Urban*
Collin Robison's Honest Soul – *Piper Down*

Friday, December 8

The Wolfs – *Burt's*
Localized: TaughtMe, Drew Danburry, The Hotness – *Urban*
Scrooged – *Tower*
CD Release: Monarch, Downright Blue – *Liquid Joe's*
Dan the Automator, Common Market – *Suede*
Blue Collar Theory, Minstate, Facts, Last Word Committee – *Monk's*
In Camera, Her Candane – *Broken Record*
Dimebag Darrell Memorial Show: Jesus Rides a Riksha, Frustrations Gripp, Cavity Burn, Denyos, M.A.I.M Corps – *Vegas*

Entombed, Grave, Dismember – *Kamikazes*
Imogen Heap, Kid Beyond – *In the Venue*
The Highway 89 Band – *Pat's BBQ*
Grand Opening of Black Chandelier at Riverwoods – *Shops at Riverwoods*
The Nitty Gritty Dirt Band – *Depot*
Paris Green, Return To Sender, Glacial, Books About UFOs, Starmy – *Kilby*
Trace Wiren – *Alchemy Coffee*

Saturday, December 9

The Program, The Hypercubes – *Kilby*
All American Rejects, Motion City Soundtrack, The Format, Gym Class Heros – *Saltair*
Cohorts – *Tony's*
Premier of Shack Therapy, Swollen Members – *Suede*
Lisa Marie, Rhonda Theile – *Pat's BBQ*
Scrooged – *Tower*
Peace Pipe Productions Party – *Urban*



AGAINST ALL AUTHORITY 12/13 BOOM-VA

Trolley Square's Holiday Hoopla – *Trolley Square Black Chandelier*
Hip Hop Night – *Boom Va*
Bleeding Through, Senses Fail, Saosin, I am the Avalanche – *In the Venue*
Big John Bates, The Voodoo Dollz – *Burt's*
Flash Cabbage – *Alchemy Coffee*

Sunday, December 10

Cattle Decapitation, Daath, Goatwhore, Clifton – *Boom Va*
Dressy Bessy, Patsy Ohio, The Rubes, Veronica Hart & the Ragdolls – *Urban*

Monday, December 11

The Blue Devils Blues Revue – *Zanzibar*
Silent Civilian, The Miranda Project – *Burt's*
This Day and Age, Forgive Durden, Lydia – *Bleachers*
Colin Robinson – *Alchemy Coffee*

Tuesday, December 12

Clint Lewis – *Tony's*
Voodoo Glow Skulls, Against All Authority, Time Again – *Urban*

Wednesday, December 13

Casket Salesmen – *Kilby*
Sarah Songer, Gentr Watson, Ashley Kay – *Burt's*
Voodoo Glow Skulls, Against All Authority, Time Again, Lost Cause, Superhero, Hi Fi Murder – *Boom Va*
Michelle Malone, Masturbating Hearts, Trace Wiren – *Urban*
Open Mic Video Show – *Tower Theatre*

Thursday, December 14

Brothers and Sisters, ... And You Will Know Us By The Trail of Dead, Celebration, The Blood Brothers – *Avalon*
Amos Lee, Mutlu – *Depot*
Callow – *Starry Night*
Pagan Love Gods – *Piper Down*

Kilby @ Calendar

Hinder, Black Stone Cherry, Royal Bliss – *Saltair*

Friday, December 15

Allred, Larusso, The Yearbook – *Kilby*
Callow, The Rodeo Boys – *Urban*
Gallery Stroll – *Pierpont*
The Wolfs, The Red Bennies – *Monk's*
Gremlins – *Tower*
Yaeger Town, Opal Hill Drive, BC Grooves – *Liquid Joe's*
Black Chandelier Grand Opening at Fashion Place – *Fashion Place Mall*
The Adonis, The Highbeams, The Sons of Guns – *Burt's*
The Cobras, Knuckle Dragger, Red Top Wolverine Show – *Broken Record*
Monty Are I, Dropping Daylight, The Summer Obsession, Johnny Most – *Avalon*
Mary Tebbs – *Alchemy Coffee*

Saturday, December 16

Gremlins – *Tower*
Kill Hannah, The Pink Spiders, Skillet, Love Arcade, Action Reaction – *Avalon*
Callow, Vile Blue Shades – *Broken Record*
Monochrist, Shred Bettie – *Burt's*
House of Cards – *Pat's BBQ*
Jerry Joseph & the Jack Mormons – *Suede*
Badgrass, Toke Betty – *Urban*
Sweet Tooth Gala – *Black Chandelier at the Gateway*
Matt and Kim, Darlin' Broads, Fox van Kleef – *Kilby*
Leraine Horstmanshoff – *Alchemy Coffee*

Sunday, December 17

DJ Snider – *Monk's*
Ride The Coat Tail – *Alchemy Coffee*

Monday, December 18

The Blue Devils Blues Revue – *Zanzibar*
The Naked and Shameless, Double Dipped Cream Dream – *Burt's*
Theta Naught, Alex Caldiero, Calico, Repo – *NoBrow Coffee*

Tuesday, December 19

Escape the Fate, A Thorn For Every Heart, Calm Before the Crash – *Boom Va*
The Heaters, Starmy, The Adonis – *Urban*
Kim Delacey, Meg Baier, Julian Moon, Jackie Campbell – *Kilby*

Wednesday, December 20

The Miranda Project – *Burt's*
Mt. Eerie, The Grizzly Prospector, Chaz Prymek, Thanksgiving, Woelv – *Kilby*
Colin Robinson – *Alchemy Coffee*

Thursday, December 21

Salty Frogs – *Piper Down*
Joe Firstman – *Urban*
Marcus Bentley and the Beat Surrender, Candle, Lamb – *Kilby*

Friday, December 22

Psychostick – *Vegas*
High Beams, Jandale – *Monk's*
Day/ Night at Brighton – *Brighton*
Black Christmas – *Tower*
Royal Bliss – *Liquid Joe's*
Skullfuzz, Red Bennies, Le Force – *Urban*
Brandon – *Alchemy Coffee*
The Grimmway, The Invisible Rays, Bloodworm – *Burt's*

Saturday, December 23

Black Christmas – *Tower*
ALDO'S X-mas – *Tony's*
CD Release: Mugshots – *Urban*
Form of Rocket, Madraso – *Burt's*
Julian Moon – *Alchemy Coffee*

Sunday, December 24

Kerry O'Key – *Piper Down*

Monday, December 25

Open Presents and Hand, with the Fam' – *Your House*

Tuesday, December 26

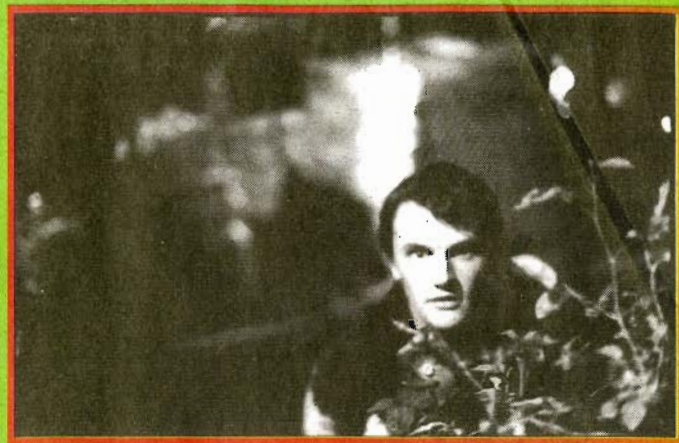
Recover From Spending So Much Time With the Fam' – *Your Favorite Watering Hole*

Wednesday, December 27

Jon E Dangerously – *Urban*

Spooky Deville – *Burt's*

Dave Tate – *Alchemy Coffee*



MT. EERIE 12/20 KILBY COURT

Thursday, December 28

Colin Robison Trio – *Piper Down*
Mindstate – *Urban*

Friday, December 29

Josh Rudy Benefit Show: Art Of Kanly, Glacial, The Hard Goodbye – *Urban*
Dead City Lights – *Monk's*
Books About UFO's, The Red Bennies, Mean Molly's Trio – *Burt's*
The Sister Wives – *Pat's BBQ*
FireDog – *Alchemy Coffee*

Saturday, December 30

Mr. Gnome – *Starry Night*
Soggy Bone – *Tony's*
The K-Liners – *Pat's BBQ*
Starmy, The Debi Graham Band, Tolchock Trio – *Urban*
New Year's Fetish Ball – *Area 51*
The Swamp Donkeys, Thunderfist – *Burt's*
John Draper – *Alchemy Coffee*

Sunday, December 31

Kerry O'Key – *Piper Down*
New Year's Eve Party – *Area 51*
Supersuckers – *Suede*
Sindolor, Funk Fu – *Liquid Joe's*
Tony's New Years Party – *Tony's*
Ted Dancin – *Urban*
Novelists, Minerva, Blackhole – *Broken Record*
Separation of Self, Jezus Rides a Riksha – *Vegas*
Time Tunnel – *Depot*
Anavan, Attractive and Popular, Agape – *Club Vortex*

Monday, January 1

The Blue Devils Blues Revue – *Zanzibar*

Tuesday, January 2

Ride the mountain – *Brighton Resort*

Wednesday, January 3

Do your laundry – *The Washboard*

Thursday, January 4

Road Trip – *Wendover*

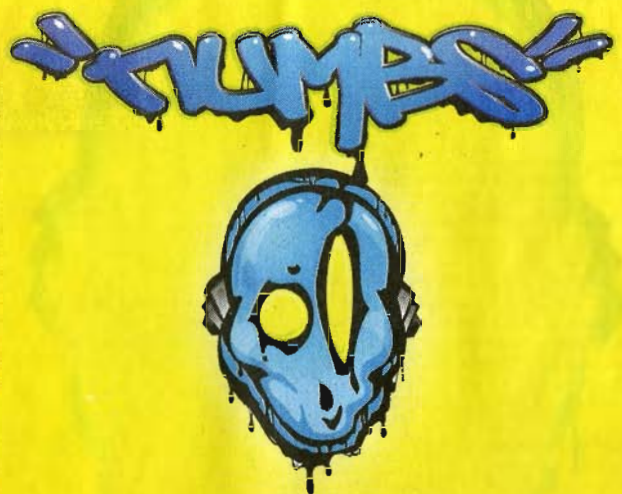
Friday, January 5

School of Rock performs Metallica – *Circuit*
Her Candane, Novelists – *Broken Record*
21/2 White Guys – *Burt's*
Pick up the new SLUG – *Anyplace Cool!*

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2006 Kilby Court Calendar - December



01-Cold-Chella[®] Nightone: Uzi and Ari, Taught Me, Drew Danburry weak Men, Return to Sender \$6 adv/\$8 doors
02-Cold-Chella Night Two: Seve vs. Evan, Kid Theodore, Sea Mine, Eden Express, Joel Taylor \$6 adv/\$8 doors
04-Dead Meadow, Glacial, The Furs \$8/\$10
05-Limbeck, The Band of Annuals, Evangelicals \$10
08-"The Rock Salt" Benefit: Starmy, Books About UFOs, Return to Sender, Paris Green \$6/\$7
09-The Program, Hypercubes \$6/\$7
13-Casket Salesmen (ex-A Static Lullaby), Auditory Aphasia \$6/\$7
15-Acoustic Christmas show: Allred, Larusso, The Yearbook, Benton Paul, Spiral Diary & more \$7
16-Matt and Kim, Darlin' Broads, Fox Van Kleet \$6/\$7
19-Kim Delacey, Meg Baier, Julian Moon, Jackie Campbell \$6
20-Mt. Eerie (aka Microphones) Woelv, Thanksgiving, The Grizzly Prospector, Chaz Prymek
21-Joshua James, Marcus Bentley and the Beat Surrender, Candle, Iamb \$6/\$7
28-Locals Show t.b.a.
29-Locals show t.b.a.
Coming up in January:
09-Take the Fall, Nova stellar, Forget McCarran, Alex the Skydiver
11-Secret Fun Club
15-Shape Shifters
26-Locals show w/ Until Further Notice
 ...and more to be added very soon.

Happy Holidays!

Shows begin @ 7:30 pm - All ages - 741 South 330 West SLC - www.kilbycourt.com

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Lumberjack Jam



SATURDAY, MAR 17
AT BRIGHTON

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—•••DEC 8TH•••—

THE SHOPS AT RIVERWOODS GRAND OPENING CELEBRATION

COME SEE THE MISFIT TOYS PERFORM LIVE AT 7 PM.
SEE THE LAUNCH OF THE ALL NEW BLACK CHANDELIER GIFT CARDS.
GET YOUR PICTURE TAKEN WITH THE WORLD RENOWND HOT PINK SANTA!

—•••DEC 9TH•••—

TROLLEY SQUARE'S HOLIDAY HOOPLA

COME ENTER THE CANDY JEWELRY CONTEST AT 7PM.
WE PROVIDE THE CANDY - YOU SUPPLY THE GLAMOUR.
DESIGNER OF THE FREAKIEST JEWELRY WINS A \$50 GIFT CERTIFICATE!
SEE THE LAUNCH OF THE ALL NEW BLACK CHANDELIER CANDLE LINE.
THEN JOIN IN SINGING CAROLS 'ROUD THE TROLLEY PIANO!

—•••DEC 15TH•••—

FASHION PLACE GRAND OPENING CELEBRATION

COME VISIT THE BLACK CHANDELIER FUNHOUSE FLAGSHIP STORE.
JOIN THE FESTIVITIES THROUGHOUT THE DAY.
TEST YOUR SKILL ON THE BLACK CHANDELIER CLAW MACHINE!
SEE THE LAUNCH OF THE ALL NEW LUXURY CASHMERE LINE.
HOT PINK SANTA WILL TERRORIZE THE KIDDIES AT 7PM.
THE MISFIT TOYS WILL PLAY AT 8PM.

—•••DEC 16TH•••—

THE GATEWAY'S SWEET TOOTH GALA

JOIN US FOR FREE HOT COCOA AND CANDYCANES ALL DAY!
FREE GIFT WRAPPING WITH ANY PURCHASE ALL DAY!
SEE THE PREMIER OF THE QUIET ARMY RUNWAY VIDEO AT 7PM

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