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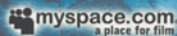
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Contributor Limelight



Jeremy Wilkins

Jeremy Wilkins began his journey at SLUG in the late 90s as a delivery driver and photographer. A year and a half ago, thirsting for more, he added writer to his list of job titles for the magazine. Jeremy recently graduated from Utah State with a degree in Journalism. When he isn't conducting interviews with the likes of Thomas Barnett of Strike Anywhere or shooting

photos of bands like Street Dogs or at The Warped Tour he can be found at his other job with Leave Home Booking working under the infamous Stormy Shepard. If this guy isn't busy busting out CD reviews, photographing bands or interviewing them then he's helping book national tours for some of your favorite punk rockers still touring today.

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DEAR DICKHEADS

Dear Dickheads,

Hi. I'm the "no talent no ethics ass" that SanD was ranting about in her letter to D.D. in last month's issue. I just laughed when I first started reading it, but at the end when she referred to herself as the Idea room of Pos 4th with a capital "I", I felt obligated to set the record straight.

First off SanD, slap yourself in the face and get real. I wasn't trying to steal that hot new super original bass line of yours. In fact, I was dicking around on a little casio keyboard and was completely oblivious to whatever you were doing. Thanks however, for your generous offer to show me the bass tabulature for your song, but I just can't seem to find any damn strings on this keyboard, so I don't think it would be much help. You may disagree, and I'm sure you would love to argue the point, but let's move on since there are much more important issues at stake here. So everyone at Pos 4th seems to be stealing you music, huh? As a fellow musician, I can only imagine how infuriating that must be. I have a few theories which may help explain why this is happening to you.

Theory 1: Holy shit SanD! Your music is so good that we "lacktalent fucktards" (By the way, anyone remember that band **the fucktards**? They were awesome.) are all trying to rip it off. In fact, all the metal bands in the building are switching to pop as soon as they figure out that elusive last note. So you better hurry and get your hit album out before we do. Namely, before I do. I'm gonna be rich, beotch!!!

Theory 2: A lot of bands in the building have this fun little game where whenever they hear something really simple and shitty through the wall, they take 4 seconds to figure it out and play it back just to see what the other band does. Perhaps you just suck and everyone in the building is making fun of you.

Theory 3: Your music is just as generic and uninspired as that of many of the bands at Pos 4th, hence you all sound alike. If your bass line is anything as simple as the little ditty I was playing on the keyboard then its probably already the tune to 600 other pop songs, so don't bother claiming it as your own.

Regardless of the reason behind all this bass line banditry, you say you're moving out of the building. So I guess you won't have to worry about it anymore. And I won't have to worry about paranoid egotistical bitches knocking on my door. Its a win-win situation! Stay fresh, and have a good summer.

—Scott

Dear Scott,

I think the only way to solve this predicament is to hold a good old-fashioned game of cowboy, ninja, bear— best out of three. If you don't like that idea maybe the two of you should join forces and become a modern day slightly mutated Donny and Marie Osmond. I can see it now ... you on the keyboard and her on the bass bickering about who came up with the songs. Then after you're rich and famous there can a lawsuit. One of you will tragically die after doing a foot-long line of coke off of a hooker's ass and will jump off the balcony of your hotel. Then your family members can fight over who owns the rights to the music and everything else. Ten years later the surviving member can write a memoir about it and have their book sold at Barnes and Noble next to Courtney Love's new trashy collection of journals. Welcome to the music biz Scott. It looks like you will have an interesting life ahead of you.

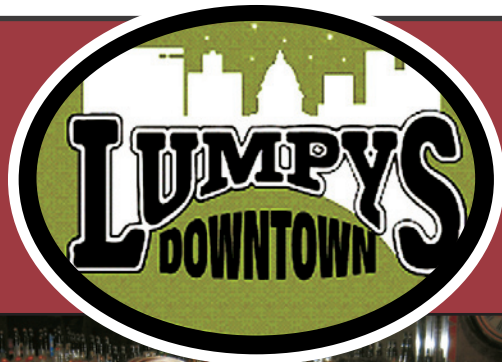
Dear Gentlemen,

(dickheads as you call yourselves) I would like to begin by telling you a story. Last Saturday I paid a visit to my local coffee shop. I was alone and looking for something to read. When my eyes met with a demoralizing and inaccurate photograph of Chris Kringle. The photo previously mentioned was located on the cover of your publication. Needless to say I did not pick up the filth, nor did I read any of it's lascivious content. I would like to say that you should be embarrassed to be involved with a publication that endorses the sexualization of the birthday of Christ (Jesus). I feel it is my civic responsibility to inform you that there will be serious negative consequences for your careless actions. I have eight beautiful children. It would be devastating for them (or any other child) to see their giver of Christmas joy portrayed in such a vulgar manner. I demand that the future issues of SLUG's magazines feature more wholesome "artwork" on the face of it's feculent body. Repulsed, repugnant, and ready to vomit.

—Hector

Dear Hector,

Haven't you heard? SLUG is run by a bunch of godless heathens. Chris Kringle is the biggest perv I've ever heard of and he's probably a pedophile too. He's sneaking into little kids houses at night! The whole thing is just wrong. No one would approve of it if it were a Catholic Priest doing that kind of thing. Watch you daughters they may become one of "Santa's little helpers" if you aren't careful.



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This month's Localized will feature **The Reaper**, **The Mugshots** and opening act **Lavish** on Friday, Jan. 12 at the **Urban Lounge**. It's a show that shouldn't be missed.

"Tell them we like long walks and puppies," the members of The Mugshots told me. Alright, but after listening to the Mugshots' new album, *On XTC & Valium 1*, I'm not buying that for a second. The Mugshots are **Bloswick** and **XV**, hetero life partners who have been laying down some very tight grooves for the past eight months. While some bands might be just getting things going after that long, the Mugshots have already released one album and have kept busy playing gigs weekly with their man on the tables, **DJ Dizzy**, and their producer, **Grizzly**.

The Mugshots don't just sound angry, they sound pissed off, but they also sound great. Their interaction is perfect, which is not surprising, since they wrote everything on the album together. The beats on *On XTC* are fantastic thanks to the contributions of the talents of **Brisk**, **Blessed**, **Lam**, **Eddie Butta**, **Grizzly** and **Handsome Hands**. The attention to detail is great; the little extras sprinkled throughout every track means that you'll hear a little something new during each verse. The layers and use of instruments as colors on the canvas are very well done. The production of the songs is immaculate; there's so much

to listen to and everything supports the lyrics, making the entire album sound natural and effortless.

So what makes Bloswick and XV tick? Besides keeping up on the underground scene, they point back to the classics like **Notorious**, **Cool G Rap** and **Red Man**. These artists have inspired them to put their minds on tape. "I want to thank everyone who's been making it to our shows," Bloswick said, "and ABH for having patience."

In fact, they were both quick to point to their families as sources of great support. "I want to thank Sabrina, my brother and Jason," XV said.

Besides the Localized show, the Mugshots are opening up for **R.A. the Rugged Man** at *Monk's* on Jan. 25. R.A. even makes an appearance on the album as well. After a show in 2006, Bloswick asked him to dart over to *Self Expressions* studio and put his magic down on "Mob Song," the third track from *On XTC*. Several of the songs have featured guests, another thing that keeps the tracks sounding different as the album unfolds. Their Myspace page is still under development, but XV is quick to point out that there is going to be an update as soon as he or Bloswick learn how to use a computer. "We do a lot of flyers," Bloswick said. "That's so old school."

By Jesse Kennedy

THE REAPER

The Reaper is not a stranger to the stage. He's been performing since his childhood. Whether singing in his grandfather's church choir or trying to raise awareness about important issues, his efforts have always had the greater good in heart and mind. "I'm an activist storyteller musician," he explained. Even back in high school, the Reaper was doing things such as his self-produced *The Death of the Black Man*, where he dressed in black for an entire year to raise awareness about minorities in Utah. He was also participating in the theatrical group **Improv**, who would act out unscripted scenarios for students to help give them ideas of how to deal with situations like rape or bigotry. He was also able to travel across the country with **Improv** teaching other schools how to implement the program for themselves.

So what else could he do to raise awareness and funds for his favorite nonprofit organizations? Since he was already getting into freestyle with his friend **Ply** by participating in rap battles, he decided to take his music to the next level and start writing and recording. What makes his album *Deathsend; Shadow Psychology* so interesting is not only the different talents that the Reaper brings, but more importantly the stories he tells. Friend and producer **Jebu** had a large influence, not only as the album's editor and mixer, but as a musical contributor. Although many of the songs

on the album tackle sensitive and often under publicized problems in our society, the Reaper is able to adjust his perspective as the storyteller to avoid sounding like a man with an agenda. He tells the stories from the position of different people in these situations (possibly a trait instilled from his time with **Improv**).

For the live shows, the Reaper likes to mix things up to keep it new for his performers and the audience. "My shows are totally different; sometimes I'll bring in stage performers or different musicians," he said. Musicians like **Carol Dalrymple** on violin and **Jamie Rackman** on percussion have been known to add spice to the Reaper's stage shows in the past. In fact, the Reaper's shows are more of a production than a concert. For the **Localized** show this month, he's having **Lavish** kick things off for him.

All of this effort for the live shows is not just to entertain but to bring more ears to hear the Reaper's message. Besides raising awareness of important issues through music, the Reaper is also using the shows as a chance to raise funds for **The Flow Project**, a collaboration of art by local artists which is compiled by the Reaper and then sold at his shows, with the proceeds getting split up between the **Rape Recovery Center**, the **YWCA** and the **Road Home**. Clearly, the Reaper is a man with a message and when you see the passion with which he delivers his message, you will listen.



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**You Have the Right to Clean Water:
The Battle Cry of**

Robert F. Kennedy Jr.

BY JAMES BENNETT

Changing the world is a long and drawn-out process. When those in power refuse to build a better society, this duty falls on everyday folks like you and me. The Civil Rights and Anti-War movements of the past century testify to this. Everyday citizens had to get their hands dirty in order to inspire change. Even today, there are causes worth fighting for. Thankfully, there are people taking leadership roles and steering our nation in the right direction. One of these individuals is Robert F. Kennedy, Jr. He is currently the Chief Prosecuting Attorney for *Riverkeeper*, an organization that works to ensure the safety and cleanliness of New York City's water. The successful attorney has worked for environmental causes and has pushed for more stringent laws to better hold polluters accountable for their actions. He is also President of the *Waterkeeper Alliance*, a group that encourages environmentally sound water use throughout the world. Kennedy was in town for a celebrity skiing competition and a speaking engagement at *Westminster College* in December, and during his visit he set aside a few minutes for *SLUG*.

I started by asking him why water is such an important topic. He said water is important because he views the environment as a civil-rights issue. "The best measure of how a democracy functions is how it distributes the goods of the land; those things that by their nature are not susceptible to private ownership." Since things like water, air and public lands are communal, he does not see why we should allow individuals or corporations to use them in ways that would "diminish or injure their use and enjoyment by others."

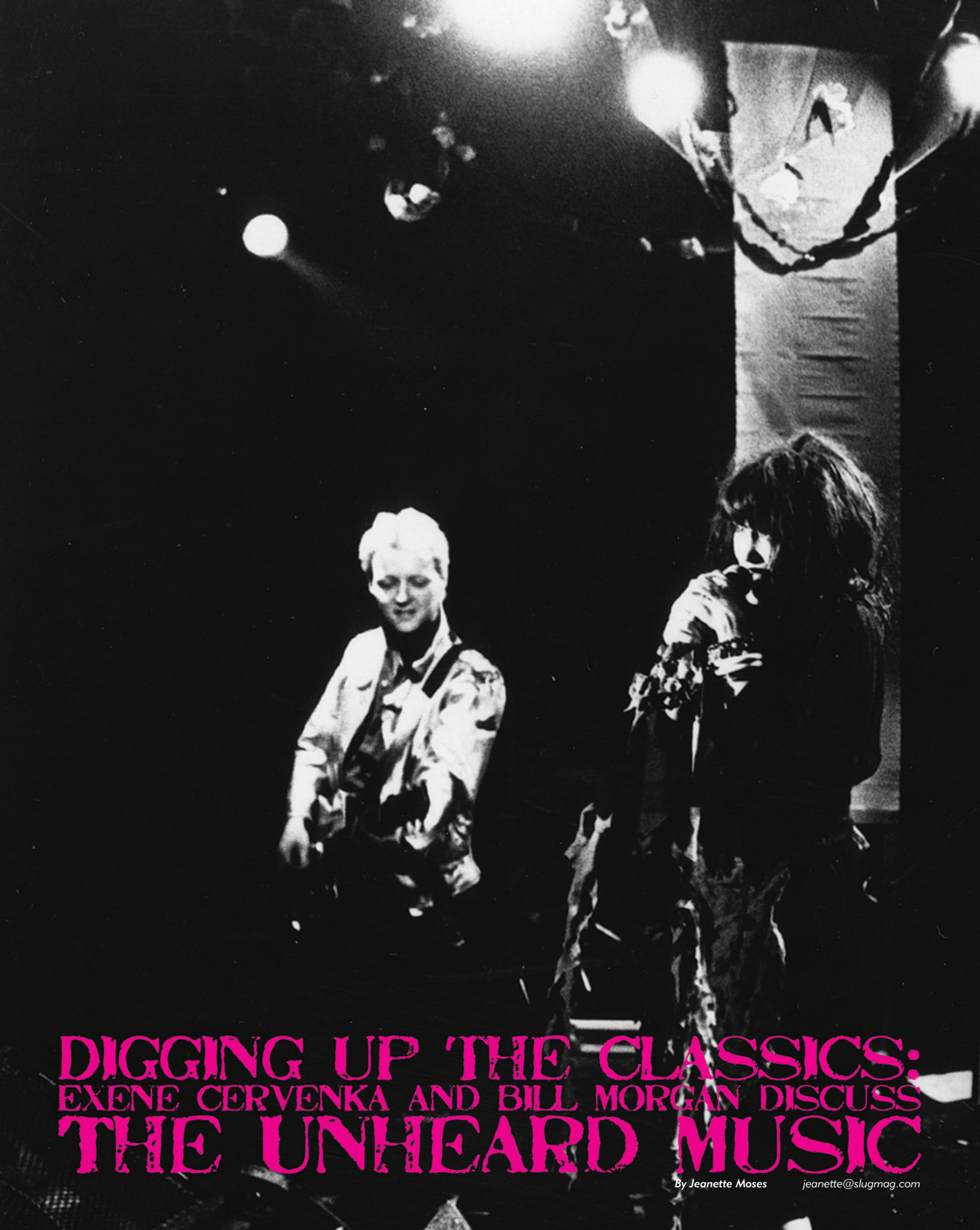
Everyone has the right to clean water, "whether they're rich or poor, humble or noble, old or young, black or white." Governments should be working to ensure that this right is available to all of its citizens. This is important because, as Kennedy would later point out, "one of the first signs of a tyranny are efforts by private or powerful enterprises within a society to privatize the commons—to steal the public trust assets from the public."

By choosing to push for the public good, Kennedy is a crusader. He is fighting for a basic idea of democracy—the belief that we "should have a nation that is fair," and that serves as "a paradigm for the rest of the world." This is a vision that generations of past Americans have shared, and one that many still share today.

It is also a vision that is picking up speed. It is getting harder for governments and big industry to deny the environmental effects of their irresponsibility, but that doesn't mean that they won't try. "It's a constant battle," Kennedy pointed out, because "the money is on the side of the big polluters ... they have the capacity to create propaganda and public opinion." And they are eerily successful at it. Kennedy referenced a 2005 study by the *National Academy of Sciences* that found that 100 percent of credible, scientific studies done in the last 10 years acknowledged that "global warming exists, that we're causing it, that it's already upon us and that its impacts are going to be catastrophic." Strangely, 60 percent of newspaper articles published during these same 10 years expressed doubt. He blamed this disconnect on the manipulation of the press by industry, aided by phony scientists that he called *biostitutes*—biologists who would prostitute themselves out to those who knowingly profit from pollution.

So what can we do to improve our own cities? We need to get involved in the political side of environmentalism. This is important because "people making a profit from pollution always have a huge incentive to manipulate the political process," and their power is weakened when concerned people get involved. Kennedy ended our discussion with a call to action. "We have wonderful environmental laws in this country," he said. "Unfortunately, they are not enforced, and we have politicians trying to dismantle 30 years of environmental law in order to enrich their corporate pay-masters. We have to recognize that this is a battle taking place that affects all of our lives." We also need to accept that this is a battle worth fighting—both for ourselves and for future generations of Utahns.

PHOTO: DANIELGORDER.COM



DIGGING UP THE CLASSICS:
EXENE CERVENKA AND BILL MORGAN DISCUSS
THE UNHEARD MUSIC

By Jeanette Moses

jeanette@slugmag.com



The early 1980s was an interesting yet often overlooked period in music. The punk bands that came out of the era are some of my favorites. The resurgence of these bands in the last few years has been amazing. In 1980, Bill Morgan and his partners at *Angel City Productions* began filming their documentary about X called *The Unheard Music*. "We were a little skeptical at first, because with the *The Decline of Western Civilization* no one got paid or got any royalties, but they were really good about letting us know that we'd be paid upfront," Exene Cervenka, lead singer of X said. This month, over two decades after the film was created (remaining unavailable for much of that time), it will screen for its second time at the *Sundance Film Festival* as part of the *Sundance Collection*.

Although filming began in 1980, the film wasn't completed or released until 1985 due to a shoe-string budget. "We had to beg, borrow steal and get whatever favors we could from people," Morgan said. The small crew used a film school's animation department after hours to animate sections of their movie, "tested" cameras for free over the weekends to shoot their footage and were constantly running out of money. "I thought it was a great experience for all of us to learn film from the ground up. We did all of our own single-frame animation because we couldn't afford to hire anyone," Morgan said. "That was kind of the punk DIY ethos. It was a lot of fun, and a large chunk of our lives was taken up by it." As a result of the long production time, the film turned out to be a very different animal than it might have been. "The film kept evolving, which in retrospect was very cool. It would have been a very different film if we had been able to get it all done when we had first started," said Morgan.

While creating *The Unheard Music*, Morgan avoided stereotypical documentary techniques. Instead of having close-up shots of band members being asked questions and answering them, Morgan used methods like mixing in visuals with X's live performances—before MTV was doing it. He let X's music and its' members speak for themselves. Exene agreed that the result was a touching one that "really let people know who we are."

The current live music scene looks like a barren wasteland compared to the one depicted in the film. "Touring is becoming kind of archaic. I enjoy it and will probably always do some kind of personal appearances in my life, but I think that you can reach more people on the Internet than you can touring, which is really bizarre," Exene said. She went on to explain how she missed the days when live music was a big deal and how vital it was to go and see bands. "I think that people don't trust their ears anymore; they don't know what they like," Exene said. "People used to come to sound check when we toured just to see what we looked like. They'd never seen a picture of us or a video; they only owned the record. I think that the overexposure now is kind of sad because it doesn't let people self-discover anything."

The recent resurgence of the old 80s punk bands seems to indicate that there may be a glimmer of hope for the music industry and both Exene and Morgan only see the film's enhanced availability leading to good things. "I'm hoping that people rediscover that period [of music] through this film," Morgan said. "The influence is so pervasive in so many ways that people don't even realize in our society. I'm hoping people will look back to the original sources. Sort of like when you had early white rock n' roll stars, people rediscovered some of the early black rhythm and blues that really spawned rock n' roll. I feel the same way here; I hope people go back to some of the early punk bands and see how great they were."

X and 80s punk in general wouldn't have made such an amazing comeback if there wasn't something vital in the music. "The songs are too good to let go of," Exene told me of X's music. "I still want to sing those songs." I'm sure that generations of X fans to come will want to hear them, too.

The Unheard Music will be screened at *Tower Theatre* on Fri., Jan., 19 at 6pm and at *The Egyptian Theatre* in Park City on Fri., Jan. 26 at 6pm.

Sean Fightmaster

06/24/69 – 12/06/06



God, my baby brother! What the fuck, Sean? I love you more than life itself. I just hope that in life, as well as in death; you know that. I have a feeling that you do. I love you man and always will. Where to begin? I was not the best sister, but whoever is a good sibling? I remember that when Sean was young, he loved Shogun Warrior toys. I personally could never stand them. Sean was a wonderful, gifted artist. Whether it was pencil, ink, oil or his voice, he had a true gift. I remember when he was seven years old, he did a picture of the *Peanuts Gang* at Christmas. The detail even then was amazing. It was of the gang having a snowball fight. He captured every detail, right down to the icicles hanging from *Snoopy's* doghouse. I still have the picture, by the way.

It all started with *Sid and Nancy* and those wonderful *Sex Pistols*. Sean said that if it weren't for me (ha ha) he never would have gotten into punk. He had some fucking twisted notion that he had stolen my *Sex Pistols* album; an album of which I never owned. Go figure. He used to play his music so fucking loud that it drove mom and I crazy. When we asked why he had to play it so loud, he said, "that's the only way you can listen to punk!"

I moved out when I was 18, but he was always close in spirit. I remember all the wayward punks he would always bring home to mom. That was just his personality. He hated to see anyone in pain, especially his friends. Mom's house became a crash pad for the universe. Sean also loved animals; he loved his cat, "Catsura," I found her at a friend's house. Go figure. She was about to become dinner for a dog, but mom took her in for Sean. He loved her as much as he did his pet scorpion and the many other lost pets that we always would bring home to mom. What I remember most about my baby brother is that he was, and still is, a great man and a wonderful human being. I miss him so much and I will never stop.

I would love to thank *SLUG Mag* for this opportunity to share my brother with you as well as the underground punk scene of the world; your love for Sean and our family is amazing. We love you all and know that Sean will always burn *HARDCORE* and *BRIGHT* as the heavens above. I know that Sean lives on through all of you.

"His Journey's Just Begun"

Don't think of him as gone away. His journey's just begun
Life holds so many facets. This earth is only one.

Just think of him as resting from the sorrows and the tears

In a place of warmth and comfort where there are no days and years.

Think how he must be wishing that we could know today

How nothing but our sadness can really pass away.

And think of him as living in the hearts of those he touched ...

For nothing loved is ever lost ... and he was and is loved so much.

With a Name like Fightmaster, You Have a Reputation to Live Up To ...

Punk rock legends are not usually seen wearing Hawaiian shirts, slacks and loafers sitting on their sister's porch enjoying the summer afternoon. Imagine my surprise that this was the scenario in which I met Salt Lake's own punk-rock legend **Sean Fightmaster**—one of the only guys cool enough to become a punk rock legend without being in a band; a punk-rock personality, if you will. I had no idea who he was when I walked by his porch that day; I thought he was just a cool guy I'd accidentally stumbled upon. I sat across from him on the edge of the porch and we began a casual conversation, leading from small talk into music.

Once we established that the both of us listened to punk, he asked me, "So what do you listen to, Pee Wee?" Band names kept our conversation going, discussing more music, politics and a habit which would inevitably lead him to his end: "punk-rock damage" his personal pseudonym for his heroin addiction. Sean had fought it for years and after he had finally done some major damage, he decided it was a time for change. "Yeah, man," he explained to me, "stay away from that shit. When I was in Seattle, I checked myself into rehab for punk-rock damage. That shit's bad, Pee Wee—stay away from it."

"Hey," his sister Cydnie yelled to me as she came out of the house. "Do you realize who you're talking to? This is Sean *Fightmaster*," she said to me, enthused. I still had no idea, but I recognized the name and where I had heard it slowly crept into my brain.

I made a bad pun about his last name (which I'm sure was not uncommon) to which he replied, "With a name like *Fightmaster*, you have a reputation to live up to. I may not always have [lived up to my reputation], but I sure as hell tried."

His name finally clicked and I traced it to "that dude that trips out on acid" from *SLC Punk!* I brought up the movie and Sean began discussing it with his sister.

"I hate how that movie made our family look," Cydnie said. "It's bullshit."

"Yeah, it was," Sean chimed in. "I want to ... re-make it." I admired Sean's desire to re-make a film that made him somewhat famous (more or less **Frank N. Furter** for *Forrest Gump*. Not to say that Sean was a transvestite or handicapped), but with an outsider's perspective, I understand why. If *The Passion of the Christ* was all bullshit, I would imagine Jesus would want to re-make it, too.

I left shortly thereafter and couldn't help but think that Sean was one of those genuinely awesome people that one would meet in life's many serendipities. Unfortunately, the next time I would see him would also be the last.

It was mid-October and as I walked into *Orion's Music* in Sugarhouse, I saw Sean talking to **Leif Myrberger**, the clerk, about some CD he had ordered: *MIA* by **The Germs** and *Weathered Statues* by **TSOL**. Around this time, he had also been ordering numerous **Crass** albums. I said hello and was greeted with a, "Hey, Pee Wee, what's up?" I proceeded to tell him about an acquaintance of mine that had recently overdosed. "Fuckin' junkies," he said, sounding angry. "That's stupid shit, man. I fucking hate junkies."

I see this last run-in with Sean as one of those slap-in-the-face ironies. Sean had told me about his struggle with junk, and I had thought he had conquered it, yet two months later I found that the junk had finally conquered *Fightmaster*. It's like the days in elementary school on the playground where you play-fight with your friends. You wrestle and roll around in the dirt, laughing as you go along. You say you won't actually hit each other, but then you get slugged in the face by your friend. Not only does it hurt, but you're left shocked, bewildered, asking yourself, "What the fuck just happened?" At the time, it seemed impossible for such a thing to occur, having been told it wouldn't.

The heavily exaggerated story of Sean in *SLC Punk!* gave him his 15 minutes, but Sean turned himself into a legend, leaving an impression with everyone he met. Although he was never in any local bands, wasn't much of an activist or show promoter, Sean stood out because of his excellent personality. He will be greatly missed by those who had the luxury of meeting him and commemorated by those who didn't. As the saying goes: Heroes get remembered, but legends never die. —**Josh McGillis**

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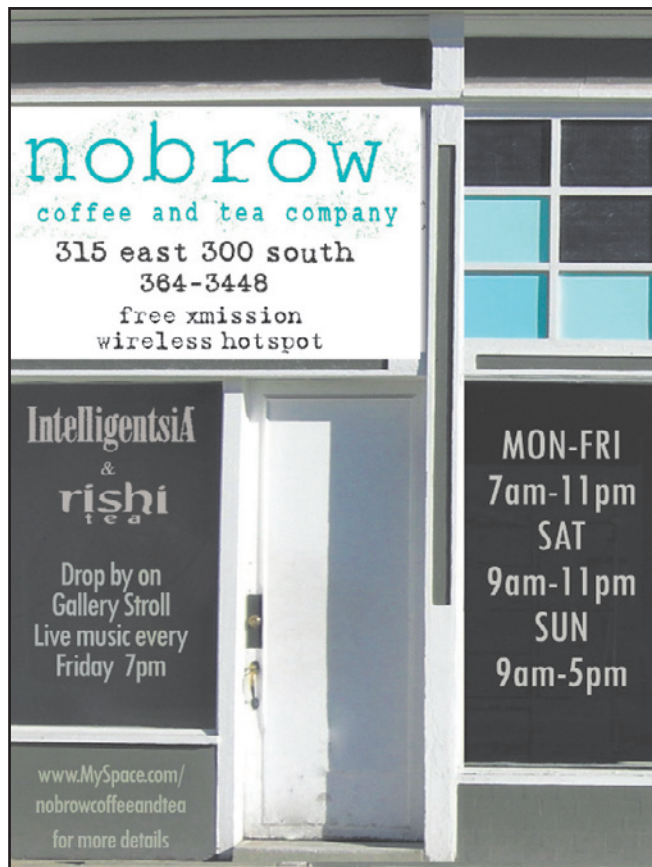
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Crimp is currently compiling his fourth collection of writings to be published as a book, this time on the subject of **Warhol**. "Right now I am looking at that moment in New York culture of both very radical experimentation in the art world and also very radical experimentation in the gay world," he said. His book looks at how Warhol's films were taken out of circulation, so that today almost no one recalls them while enjoying all his pretty pictures. These are films without standard shots and cuts, where mouths don't match words. Like minimal sculpture and performance art, they drive us to look elsewhere, away from faces. Crimp argues bringing those films back would disturb our image of the saintly Andy. Suddenly, we would get instead a Warhol who works far more on the sexual body far more than the mind's eye.

It seems possible to insist that the fashionableness of "retro" will blunt political projects like Crimp's. But degree of datedness can also serve to strip art of larger-than-life aura, let it become "artifact" and thus raise fresh questions. "That is what I am reflecting on," Crimp said, "how the present affects that past and how the past can effect the present, if we mine it properly." Related to this, today's giga-pixel culture has caused powerful art scholars to dismiss Media Studies, saying it only encourages the consumption of image-commodities. To this, Crimp replies, "I am certainly interested in digital culture. I don't think that by paying attention to it that you necessarily are capitulating to it. You can't just run away from these forms of culture that make you nervous."

However, Crimp still believes there are productive forms of cynicism. "Even if it was important to believe you could change the world [in the 60s], I also think there was something a little bit megalomaniacal about that. It was a fantasy." For Crimp, being aware of your own limitations is the first step toward having any real power at all. Douglas Crimp's books are published by the academic imprint, MIT press and can be found online at mitpress.mit.edu.

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Crispin Glover's
BIG SLUG INTERVIEW

Interview By Scott Farley

Hollywood treats actors like dogs. When they're good, they're rewarded, and when they're bad, they get their noses rubbed in shit. Crispin Glover has been a bad dog. He's bought a castle in Prague, and now he can make movies any way he wants—cheaply and far away from Hollywood. Which is what he has been doing in Utah for the last decade, anyway.

Crispin Hellion Glover was born April 20—the same day as Hitler and the eponymous high school massacre, Columbine: a day of rebels, world changers and pot-smokers. At this year's *Sundance Film Festival*, he introduces his second film in the hugely controversial *What Is It?* trilogy: *It is Fine. Everything is Fine*. On the surface, it's a film noir starring a guy in a wheelchair; but underneath, it's a psychosexual exploration of what it is to be the guy in the wheelchair.

The first film in the trilogy is *What Is It?* and has been touring as part of his road show for several years. The second installment, *It is Fine. Everything is Fine*, will premiere at *Sundance* this year. The third installment is yet to be released. During the tour of

Photo: Scott Peterson

the first film, his audiences in the question-and-answer periods seemed responsive to its particularly difficult material. However, even after Glover entered his film in the *Sundance Film Festival*, he was doubtful that it would get in. However, he felt he owed the film the opportunity to compete. Much to his surprise, it was accepted. A provocative film featuring a controversial cast, it debuted to terrible reviews at the 2005 festival. Crispin went to *Sundance* knowing that in comparison to the other films, his film would stick out like a taxidermist at the mall: Everybody would want to see it, but nobody would want to buy it. His expectation was that he would be able to show the film in a similar way at the festival as he did on the tour.

"When I showed *What Is It?* at *Sundance*, for whatever reason, I'm not quite sure why, I requested to have a press screening for it and I requested to be present at that screening and to have a question-and-answer [session], and for whatever reason, they did not want me to do that. I wasn't allowed to go to the press screening. And people saw it and I know people had questions and thoughts, and I know I didn't get responsible reviewer types reviewing it. What I got were gossip-columnist types

sort of finding any salacious element about it that they could and listing it off and saying negative things about the film.” In spite of the negative press he received from the festival reviews, Crispin felt that Sundance itself was the best possible place to premiere his film.

The tour of the first film, which has been going on for more than a decade, always includes “Crispin Hellion Glover’s Big Slide Show,” featuring odd stories and art which Crispin has created. For several years, it featured various embryonic incarnations of *What Is It?* These showings gave Crispin the basis for his final edits of the film, and, for the last two years, it has been headlining the final version. The film is followed by an often-emotional question-and-answer session.

Crispin’s most recent tour finished with three sold-out shows at the *Egyptian Theatre* in Los Angeles and wrapped up a national tour that included a set of sold-out shows at the *Castro* in San Francisco and sold-out houses at the *Northwest Film Forum*. The *New York Anthology Film Archives* showings were rave successes. Shows at the *Music Box Theatre* in Chicago were so successful that a third night had to be added. Almost 2000 people attended each of the various Los Angeles and Chicago runs.

So, what is it about *What Is It?* that is so sensational that it requires a touring explanation? *What Is It?* begins with a whole cast of actors with Down’s Syndrome. An experimental film about snails, murder and a warring gang of kids who sublimate their violence into repeated, graphic little snail murders; it seems calculated to outrage and mystify. They plot to kill one another over a mysterious pipe. Curiously, it is placed in a romantic landscape of thick grasses, dramatic temple grounds, fantastic weathered landscapes and rain. The fact that such disturbing images are presented with such visual poetry is deeply unsettling.

In spite of repeated graphic snail-salting, dismemberment and other visceral images of disgust, there are moments of surprising beauty and cinematic vision. Uncanny events take place that transcend reality. These actors, who in the actual world are relegated to being oddities with Down’s syndrome, get a chance to engage both the terrible and the angelic ends of human behavior. They become, if just for a moment, divine.

Borrowing structure freely from the Greeks by way of Freud and the modern tradition of the subconscious, the alternate part of the movie takes place on cavernous sets of bleak throne rooms and antechambers. Visually primeval and stylized sets created by David Brothers on his Salt Lake City sound stage were used to represent the subconscious of one of the children we see plotting in the real world. In this world, Steve Stewart plays a king borne by elephant-headed women from a clamshell to a mating dance of monkey-headed nymphs, and is pleased by a character played by a porn star. He appears later, in the nude, on a stone throne, to punish Crispin’s mutinous character and to banish him. Crispin plays the antagonist in the subconscious of the actor whose head we’re in, and more actors with Down’s syndrome populate the scene. Also, there is a character that is using injections to try to become a snail himself.

There is probably more that could be said about the individual elements in the film. But *What Is It?* affects each viewer differently; it acts as a probe, poking at the viewer’s anxieties and fears. It is a direct assault on the unconscious. And the many snails are page numbers on a catalog of personal anxiety. If Rousseau and Freud had pulled an all-nighter with a bottle of absinthe and a canister of ether and then made a film, this would be it.

And so, what is the motivation for making a film that seems designed only to confuse and offend? Luis Bunuel and Salvador Dali made a film that had a similar effect: *Un Chien Andalou* (The Andalusian Dog). It was a collection of shocking and controversial images connected by a thread of rage against a mechanical age and a world torn apart by war and religion. When it first screened in Paris, the audience hated it so much they destroyed the cinema lobby and rioted in the streets. It has since become one of the touchstones of 20th-century culture and its images are among the most famous in cinematic history.

When asked if there had been any reactions to his film on par with the famous riots in Paris, Crispin replied, “There often are aggressive questioning sessions. Nobody’s ever slashed paintings in the lobby. I’ve had people get upset and I’ve had people cry. And ultimately, it’s about the snails. Its a visceral element which exists in the film.”

But there are justifications for what we see in the film—the elements are intentionally outside the realm of good or evil, either because they involve people whom we are not sure how to judge, or they involve situations which we are completely at a loss to place into a moral context.

Crispin’s concerns in this film amount to a tacit criticism of contemporary corporate filmmaking. Conventional commercial film tells you what to think, what is bad or good, and how to feel about it. Or if it doesn’t tell you how to feel about it, it punishes the bad thing in the story, or elevates the good. Films that don’t follow this simple rule don’t get made in Hollywood.

There is a tradition of great cinema which flouted these puritanical conventions. For instance, Glover said “Luis Bunuel, Stanley Kubrick, Werner Fassbinder, Werner Herzog [were] filmmakers that throughout their careers, would consistently visit themes and ideas that are in the realm of that which is beyond good and evil, and these are great filmmakers.”

And it is with this group of artists in mind that Crispin set out to make a film that would be outside the realm of the easy answers, the realm of what one already believes.

There is no template one can use to place these images in a moral order. One is taking risks by simply having opinions about a film like *What Is It?* There is more to this notion than simply a contrarian instinct or a desire to break metaphorical windows. Crispin sees a real value for the individual and for society in a cinema that doesn’t indoctrinate, doesn’t remove the audience’s own judgments from the experience. Glover says he wants to make a movie where the “film doesn’t tell the audience ... how they should feel about the thing, the audience can have a conceptualization themselves about the thing, they can have a genuinely educational experience.”

Crispin agrees, however, that though the elements in *What Is It?* are all relevant and can be intellectualized on some level, “the one element which is not as intellectually removed and is extremely visceral is the snail element. So it is the one I can understand when people argue, and there is the moral idea ... what gives one the right to torture or take the life of an innocent being? I agree with that, ultimately. I like animals ... but, ultimately, I would make the decision to do it [the snail scenes] again. In this film.”

And on that level, *What Is It?* is a remarkable success. *What Is It?* is not an outrage, but to some extent, like *Une Chien Andalou*, it is rage.

At the same time *What Is It?* was being shot in California, Crispin was also bouncing ideas off Utah friends and collaborators, Larry Roberts and David Brothers. And he also made friends with one very determined handicapped-rights activist and writer, Steve Stewart.

Born with cerebral palsy, Steve Stewart had been getting in the face of the Salt Lake City council and advocating handicapped rights since the 60s. An aggressive fighter for handicapped rights, he was instrumental in changing laws and zoning ordinances in the city. David Brothers remembers him tearing around the city full speed in his wheelchair, determined not to be intimidated or ignored. He was friends with David, who introduced him to Crispin. With David’s encouragement, he had also been writing screenplays. And there was one David wanted to help make.

A folk-art-styled story, it was written from a firmly outsider’s viewpoint and with an outsider’s sense of storytelling. It was naive and personal, and it would make a great movie. David, being a fan of outsider art, saw at once that it had possibilities; he convinced Crispin to help produce it.

While *What Is It?* was in its editing process, Steve’s film, *It’s Fine. Everything is Fine*, was being produced and funded by Crispin with money he received from acting in the Hollywood film *Charlie’s Angels* and the smaller independent film *Willard*.

Crispin calls *It’s Fine. Everything is Fine* a “narrative drama with humor.” With David Brothers directing, it was shot on his new, larger sound stage over the course of three sessions during six months. It began filming before editing of *What Is It?* had completed, and was pushed up in schedule when David revealed to Crispin that “they had better start shooting the movie, or there might be no movie to shoot.” Steve’s health was failing. And his decline continued while the film was going into production. Early in the shooting of the film, Steve’s lung collapsed. There was discussion that he might take himself off of life support and he asked Crispin from his hospital bed if they had finished. When Crispin told him that there was still much that needed filming, Steve found the strength to pull through and continue the film.

Steve’s screenplay is about the world as he saw it. As Crispin says, “It wouldn’t be a film about prettified, puppetized people in wheelchairs. For him, this film would be a declaration of his equality.” Essentially, it’s a film about fucking and killing, and by extension, it is a film about being a powerful person in the world—sexual, capable and vital.

About a month after the third session of filming had finished, Steven’s lung again collapsed. A friend of Steve’s called from the hospital to ask whether they finally had enough footage to make the film. “It was this sad thing,” said Crispin, “to have essentially to write a goodbye letter ... saying there was enough to finish the film. It became evident that he had stayed alive just to finish the film. He could have taken himself off life support the first time his lung collapsed. He was being persistent; he kept wanting to finish.”

In the last year, Crispin hired a publicist for his film and slideshow tours and found an audience of appreciative admirers and enthusiastic fans for his entertainingly strange and difficult show. The performance of the “Big Slide Show” is a bravura event and after the film, Glover answers questions earnestly and at length. The evening ends with a book-signing where a crisply dressed yet vampirish Crispin autographs each book with a generous yet cool formality.

Since its unlauded opening at Sundance, *What Is It?* has gained genuine praise from such important outlets like Laura Kern of the *The New York Times*: “Crispin Hellion Glover, auteur, is a force to be reckoned with.” And the *Chicago Sun-Times*’s, Bill Stamets wrote, “Glover ... puts impenetrably odd and tender poetry on the screen.” The film has also won awards, most notably Best Narrative Film at *The Ann Arbor Film Festival*, the Maverick Award at *The Method Film Festival*, and the Midnight Extreme Film Award at the *Stiges Film Festival* in Spain. And of course, *What Is It?* was an Official Selection for the 2006 Sundance Film Festival.

The second installment *It’s Fine. Everything Is Fine*, will premier at Sundance this year. It will be shown on Tue., Jan. 23 at midnight and on Fri., Jan. 26 at 3pm at the *Egyptian Theatre* in Park City. It will play at the *Broadway Theatre* in Salt Lake City on Fri., Jan 26 at midnight.



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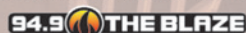
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A Day with Isaiah Beh

Words By Adam Dorobiala • Photos Chris Swainston

Captions: The Lizard King

IZILLA
STRAIGHT ON
THE COMPOUND
KROOK POP OUT



When *SLUG* asked me to do an interview with Isaiah Beh, I was pretty sure that I could get a few answers out of him but I knew he would keep most of his skeletons in the closet. So I decided to write a story instead, and besides, who likes to read interviews anyway?

The day started out in golden dew, which I found very odd for the beginning of December. After eating my bowl of generic version of Cinnamon Toast Crunch, I was off to meet with the photographer, who had promised me a ride the night before. We were to meet Isaiah at his baby-mama's work and go skate from there. We had some time before we had to leave, so **Chris Swainston** challenged me to a game or two upon his billiard table. Three losses later, it was time to go and Chris took what little money I had left in my pockets, grabbed his camera equipment and we proceeded to the designated pickup spot. Upon our arrival Isaiah met us with a friendly middle finger and some derogatory comments (locals hate us media vultures). I could tell he was in a good mood because he was flaunting his trademark smile, gap and all. He hopped into the truck and we started driving to the local skatorium to get warmed up for the photos Chris would be shooting later. On the ride we discussed politics, religion, global warming and, among other things, chess.

"Have you played **Dr. Tully Flynn** lately?" I asked my counterpart.

"Yeah, he beat me last time we played. Every time he beats me I get bombarded with phone messages from him calling me 'Fish' and asking me how it felt when his castle put me in check and stuff like that," Isaiah said with a smile, "but it's still twenty games to three for me so I don't really mind."

Somebody mentioned food so we decided to stop at **Millie's** for

some cheap hamburgers. Two burgers, some fries and a game of skate in the parking lot was enough motivation and sustenance to move us onto the skate park for some fun. After getting warmed-up and picking up **Levi Faust**, we continued to drive around trying to find a spot to skate for a few hours. The first spot had too much traffic. The second spot, not enough traffic. And the third spot was snowed out. It seemed like even though it was a wonderful day to skate, we weren't going to find anything that we actually could skate. Then just as we were about to give up, Isaiah said he might know of one more spot that we could go. It was partly covered with snow but that wouldn't deter us now. Armed with a shovel (well, actually, it was just a plank of wood), Isaiah supervised while Chris shoveled away. Isaiah took a picture of Chris hard at work, looked at me and laughed, handed me the camera and skated off. After it was all clear, Isaiah, Levi and myself continued to skate the gap until it was time to go. Chris had to go to work at his other job so he dropped us off at F and Sixth. When we got inside his house, Isaiah taught me a new song on the guitar. We jammed out for a little while and then **Dirteo** and **Juliette** came upstairs and **Snuggles** came in a few seconds after that. After some pizza and television entertainment, we went back outside for another game of skate. It was a little busy in the road so we went across the street to the underground parking lot. After an hour or so of skate, we headed back up to the house where we all cuddled up next to the fire with some hot chocolate and Christmas carols. We sang until the fire died down and one by one we all fell asleep. What a day.

Isaiah's shout outs- **Salty Peaks**, **Mark White**, **Erie Jeri**, **Bommy Borgan**, **Money Money Boom Ba**, **Brian Fellows**. Oh, and happy birthday **Zayuh**.



WHO CARES
LOOK AT
THAT HAIR

TOP 20 REASONS WHY SKATING IS STILL THE SHIT

BY: PETER PANHANDLER peterpanhandler@slugmag.com

With all the bad occurrences happening in the world, I thought I would brighten your day by letting you know you're a beautiful person. If you skateboard, you are a far superior to all others who occupy the space that is rightfully yours. Here are 20 reasons that you are, and always will be, God's gift to earth. Keep skating, eating your vitamins and going to school, for one day there shall be skating President of the United States; this could be you, if you're that stupid.

20. Skating is everything in this world. If you skate, you are a hip trendsetter. The majority of the people on the planet want to be you (or at least look like you).

19. Skateboarding is one of the last forms of self-expression left on the planet, except for the other million forms.

18. There are no steroids in skateboarding. True athletes like beer and cigarettes (like bowlers and dart-throwers).

17. You don't have to be a ballerina anymore to wear tight-ass pants.

16. Skateboards cost as much as they did 15 years ago, unlike the price of gas per gallon.

15. Skateboarding is the solution to the world's problems. Imagine everyone ollie-ing at the same time. I am sure this would make world peace happen.

14. Skateboarding is on T.V. now, almost as much as *M.A.S.H.* or *The Real World*.

13. Girls like skaters now, almost as much as they like money and clothes.

12. If you skateboard, you can't be a terrorist, can you?

11. Jesus fanatics finally are accepted.

10. Skateboards are like tattoos and assholes; everybody has one.

9. As far I know, no skaters have ever become serial killers. There was that GATOR thing though.

8. Punk is dead. Skating is the only punk.

7. You can hang out in the streets all day, just like a homeless person. The police will treat you all the same.

6. Professional skateboarders can earn millions of dollars, although most of them blow it all on drugs and strippers.

5. Skating is a good addiction. Crack, heroin and tobacco are not good addictions.

4. Skateboarders are the world's largest gang.

3. More kids skateboard than play little-league baseball. More kids huff glue world wide than any other pasttime.

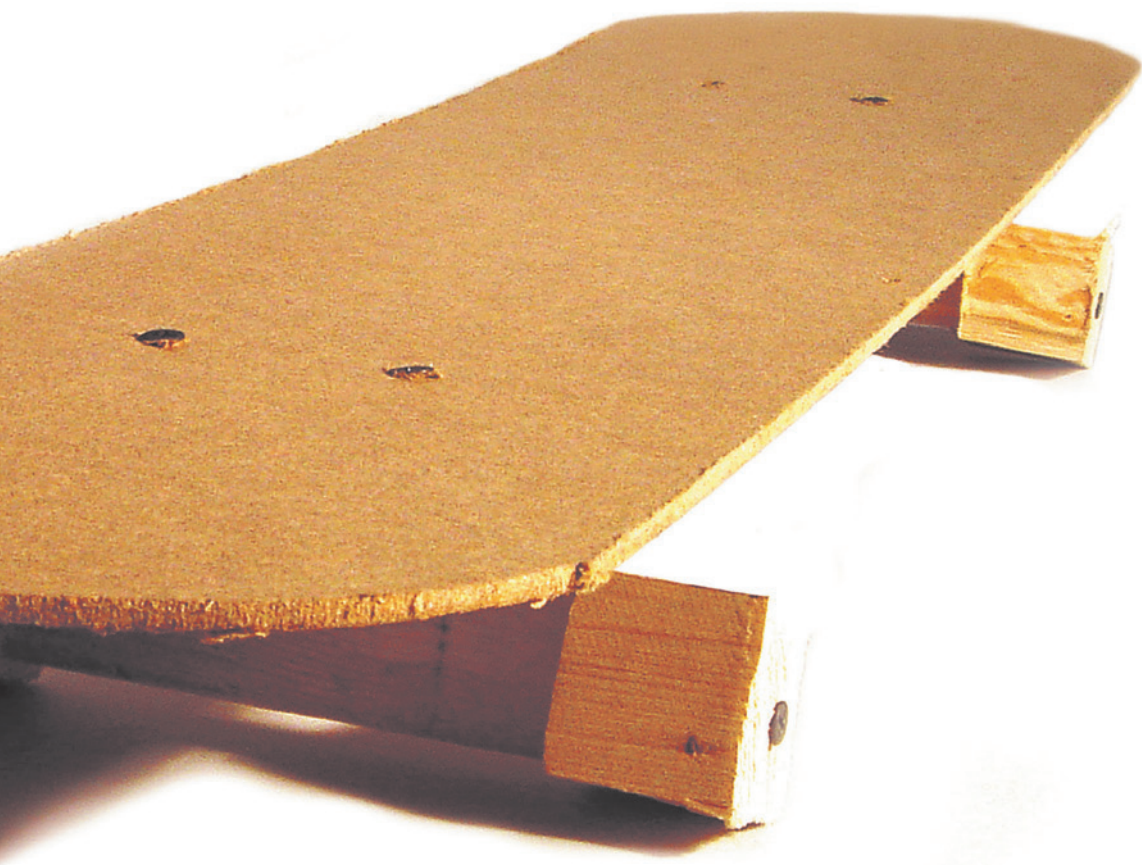
2. You have an excuse to play, even when you're 40 years old.

1. Skating is fun.



{UNDER CONSTRUCTION}







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SKATE NEERD TRIVIA



ADAM DYET IS A FRONT SALAD TOSSER • PHOTO: BOB PLUMB

By Peter Panhandler

Do you want to win an autographed *Dark Star* board signed by **Adam Dyet**? Be the first person to e-mail me all the correct answers to the trivia questions below, and the board is yours. If no one sends all the correct answers, the person who sends in the most correct answers first will win the prize. Get your google on and win, and remember, Adam is on his way to the top of the pro ranks soon. This board will be worth more than your life on eBay in a few months. The winner will be announced in next month's issue. Send all entries to: peterpanhandler@slugmag.com

1. Who did the first frontside board slide on a handrail? (Hint—They were #1 on my top ten list of best styles in last month's issue.)
2. Who did the first switch back lipslide on a rail? (Hint—His initials are R.B.)
3. What team did **Brian Anderson** ride for before *Girl*?
4. What team did **Rick McCrank** ride for before *Girl*?
5. What is the name of **Lizard King's** skate gang?
6. Who did the biggest back nose blunt on a rail? (Hint—You're trying to win a board autographed by him.)
7. Who invented the McTwist or 540 air?
8. What skate shoe brand has been around the longest?
9. Who invented the kickflip?
10. What is Andrew Reynold's nickname?

Attention Playas!

thesluggames.com

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SATURDAY, FEB 10
AT BRIGHTON



SATURDAY, MAR 17
AT BRIGHTON

technique



MILC

UNION



salty peaks
SHATE & SNOWBOARD SHOP

PHOTO BY DANIELARSENALTI.COM • SNOWBOARD DESIGN SCRATTSURE.COM



Bring It On: The Breakdown of SLC Shredding.

By Hades



The season has officially begun. As I write this, snow is falling on our lovely city and film crews are out making plans to get stuff done on the streets tomorrow. In *Misschief* news (AKA, *The Girl Movie*), there is no more mischief. **Amber Stackhouse** and **Fabia Gruebler** are 'taking a break'. The past two movies, although very well received and highly successful, drove the girls to the brink of insanity. I have no idea what it actually takes to make a movie, but from what I have gathered from a couple different sources, it is apparently a lot of work. Fear not little girls and young boys, **Leanne Pelosi**, **Alexis Waite** and **Erin Comstock** are heading up a new project, which I can't stop calling runaway, but is actually named **Runway Films**. These girls are such runaway material that they just couldn't help themselves. I on the other hand, I'm more of a runaway type so we'll see how this all works out.



Technine is doing another movie. They have been bought out by Denver based **Section** outerwear, so be sure to spot all the kids switching up their **T9** jerseys for unzipped **Section** coats. I've also heard that **E-stone** and **Coal** might be making the move to Colorado, to better help the brand. I was in Colorado last week and there were literally five homicides in five minutes. Maybe that means that Colorado will better suit their gangster lifestyle.



Enough chitchat though, here's something that will trip you out. This is a break down of how to get into snowboard movies. It goes like this. If you are a big-time hot shot pro-snowboarder, people want you in their movie. Your sponsors will help pay for the flick, and in turn get their logo displayed at the beginning of the movie. The cost of this is anywhere from five to 30 thousand, depending on how many riders the sponsor has in the movie, and how much the budget of the movie is. **Mack Dog** movie budgets may be nearing the half-mil point by now. A movie by **Misschief** or **Technine** is probably around 100 – 200 grand. The more money a sponsor puts up, the more riders will be in the movie. On the other hand, if a movie producer is not that into a rider, it will up the ante, and force the sponsor to

come up with some ridiculous amount of money to get the rider in the film. This amount is anywhere from 20 to 70 thousand. No joke. This is how a lot of people get pushed out of movies. The movie producers are over the rider, and instead of being straight up about it, they say 'oh by the way it'll cost your sponsors 50 g's to be in our movie. Sorry we can't do anything about it. We need the money.'

The viewer won't be able to tell who bought themselves into a movie, but from an insider's perspective it's pretty interesting. Plus the bigger movies aren't always better. Next time you're at **Milo** tell them to throw in a smaller lower-budget movie and see if it gets your blood pumping. Chances are you'll be stoked on it and you'll be on the ins about all the new up and comers.

Speaking of low budget, **Brighton** is putting together a movie this year. I can't wait to see what they come up with because this is definitely one of the best places to ride, and all the kids who ride there have amazing talent, style and creativity. Check out **Brighton's** myspace page to get updated on what's going on with it at myspace.com/brightonresort.

In other, almost not worthwhile news, I went to **Winter Park Colorado** for the *Shreddin Beats* event. We taught rapper **Pigeon Jon** how to snowboard. By the third run he was linking turns. Later that night he played a show and I realized that I had heard his music on a mix tape my friend made me back in high school. He's a super nice guy and he's got great style. I like it when he gets all emo in his rhymes. He could very well be the **Elliot Smith** of hip hop if he wanted to.

In completely unrelated news, **Ali Goulet** and **Jon Kooley** got married this summer. **Jordan Mendenhall** has a seven-month-old boy. **Amber Stackhouse**, **Justin Beene**, **Loui Vito**, **Pat Moore** and **Hana Beaman** all bought houses in the Salt Lake Valley. Congrats to all. Tune in next time for when I expose lift line romances and drop the hottest snowboard sponsor news for 2007.





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PHOTOS FROM BOB PLUMB AND THE LEVITATION PROJECT:
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CD REVIEWS

Alexis Gideon

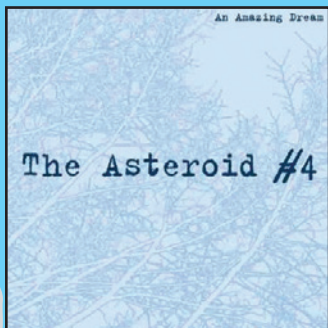
Welcome Song
Sick Room Records
Street: 01.09
Alexis Gideon = The Microphones + Phil Spector + A Circus of Lionphants



Alexis Gideon is described as a "one man gospel-circus, cartoon-necessary schizo-rap New York hillbilly, aged and innocent provocateur," which I feel is fitting, if only for Gideon's incredible breadth in *Welcome Song*: he captures Casio-driven operas, hip-hop traumas and psychedelic Bahama-mamas. Exactly. Alexis drapes himself in rigorous diatonic diatribe to the point of becoming nuclear-ly exposed. The result: angry hyperbole, overwrought diarrhea that sounds worse than it looks and smells. I would quote some of his hip-hop lyrics but the shit works just the same. —Spencer Young

The Asteroid #4

An Amazing Dream
Rainbow Quartz
Street: 01.02
The Asteroid #4 = Spiritualized - gospel & distortion + 60s psych-pop

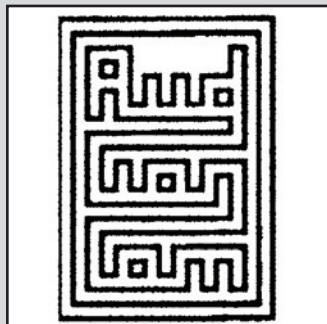


No, it isn't a terribly new thing The Asteroid #4 are spinning here in *An Amazing Dream*, and at times it might be so friendly your mother would gleefully add it to her collection (assuming of course that your mother listened to a decent slice of music in the 60s), but can you really fault them for the beautiful nostalgia? Will anyone listen, or will they simply write The Asteroid #4 off as not being as experimental as Spiritualized, not nearly as emotionally engaging as BRMC (fully distorted or peddles off) or as wistfully tuneful as The Delays?

I suppose that depends on how much you like the idea of a 2007 version of 1965 (which isn't too far removed from the shoegaze version circa 1990). It's enjoyable, pleasant even—if it's a bit too safe. —Ryan Michael Painter

Audionom

Retrospektiv
Kemado Records
Street: 02.20
Audionom = Drive Like Jehu + Joy Division + Sweden



Repetition is a curious thing in music, particularly, dance rock music. Some folks pull it off; others don't. The only way to differentiate is to dance to it. While dancing to *Retrospektiv* (a rehash of Audionom's *Eurotrash* left out from 1999 to 2002), I felt like a bobble-head doll on a dashboard: the same guitar and synth lines were repeated 19-plus times and left my hip-flexors and nape burning from lactic acid. Fun dancing requires fun music, and fun dance music requires the 3 M's (not to be mistaken for the monolithic office-supply corporation, 3M): machination, movement and mélange. Otherwise, the dance turns into a trance, which is ugly.

—Spencer Young

Blood Vessels

Self Titled
Teenage Heart Records
Street: 12.09
Blood Vessels = Dark Buster + Throwrag + way too many other influences



Blood Vessels have many of the elements to make them an excellent rock n' roll

band, but their sound manages to fall short of the mark. Within one song, they are using simple punk-rock drumbeats, psyche-rock guitars and vocals that sound like they belong in a *River City Rebels* song but with much more violent lyrics. They are pulling themselves in too many directions at once, and can't seem to muster enough strength to conquer any of the musical realms they are reaching for. The majority of the time, the lead singer's voice lacks character, which pulls the whole band down. If *Blood Vessels* picked one musical direction and ran with it, they might turn into a decent band, but right now, they lack the experience to do so many things at once. —Jeanette Moses

Cdatakill

Valentine
Ad Noiseam
Street: 10.06
Cdatakill = Scorn + Mothboy



With solid textures and gripping atmospheres, Zak Roberts, a.k.a. Cdatakill, shows the maturity in his sound with his latest full-length album *Ad Noiseam, Valentine*. From the beginning with "No Brakes," rolling heavy bass and chopped vocals shift to soft piano layers, setting the tone on *Valentine*. Similarly sticking to the dark churning and female vocals on "You Are Mine," Roberts explains that the explorative sounds on his previous albums were part of the process in finding his niche with his latest. A skillful cover of *Billie Holiday's* "Yesterdays" drips with static melodies and processed vocals. Contrasting light and airiness with deep bass along with female vocals make "Two Hammers," one of the most stunning tracks on *Valentine*. Another standout track takes a seemingly odd mix on "Nefertiti Dub;" it twists Scorseseque beats and bass together and complements them with Middle Eastern flute and gritty guitar. Through 11 tracks, a build-up is created and ends with an explosion of breakcore on "Tornado Sirens." Everything, from the gorgeous album art and the crisp beats, shows that Zak Roberts has developed Cdatakill into an amazing work of art. —oneamysseven

Clinic

Visitations
Domino
Street: 01.30
Clinic = Can + Velvet Underground + The first Three Clinic albums



As an artist, it's hard to perpetuate a single stylized idea, making it your life's work. At some point, even the most stalwart accept outward and inward, "it's time for a change" criticism. Clinic pooh-poohs that plan. The band is back, pushing the eclectic sound they've frugally honed since their 2001 album, *Internal Wrangler*. Anyone who knows the band well might question the idea that Clinic has a "sound," but let's examine the facts. Though they use a spectrum of colors, it is largely the same spectrum since the early days, tossing together melodica, occasional slide-guitar, rockabilly licks, chiming synths and steady-pulse-driven beats over simple song forms (the zithers this time around are nice, though). Their key ingredient, singer/instrumentalist *Ade Blackburn's* breathy, tight-pants vocals and stuttering, paired lyrical phrasing style, hasn't evolved a bit. That said, *Visitations* is still a good album and Clinic is still a great band, though one happy to repeat their once-mysterious sound until you see the mirror and legs poking out the secret compartment. To quote an observation by my colleague: "I like it; it just sounds ... familiar". —Dave Madden

Damien Rice

9 Crimes
Warner Brothers
Street: 11.14
Damien Rice = Bright Eyes - goat voice + Iron and Wine - sincerity

This album suffers from what I would term the "lightning doesn't strike twice" syndrome. The songs are not that compelling and although the album comes off a little darker than *O*, there is just absolutely nothing new here. Some of the songs are recorded beautifully, but miss the mark in their content. The idea of a confessional is so played out by this point that I simply don't want to hear another sad human telling me of his woes and trials. I guess you could call it post-emo with underwhelming sensitivity,

exposed-sounding vocals and swearing at a lost lover, but the album doesn't have the impact that Rice's previous album gave us. Some songs, like "Elephant," sound like a blatant rip-off of his past work. Rice would have been much better off writing music for a hoedown rather than a funeral. —Andrew Glassett

David Vandervelde

The Moonstation House Band
Secretly Canadian

Street: 01.23

David Vandervelde = Classic Marc Bolan
— some boogie + some lyrical dexterity



It's hard not to draw comparisons to T. Rex's *Dandy in the Underworld* era, although in this case, the Moonstation House Band sounds like David Bowie and a Spider or two dropped in on the Visconti production. While nothing here bounces along like the earlier T. Rex glam-driven pop songs like "20th Century Boy," "Get It On," or even "Children of the Revolution," this collection certainly avoids Bolan's tendency to write dodgy lyrics for otherwise beautiful songs as Vandervelde consistently proves himself a decent wordsmith. Only "Corduroy Blues" struggles to find direction; everything else is inspired. "Can't See Your Face No More" bounces famously, like a long-lost Ziggy Stardust single. "Feet of a Liar" is as haunting as anything you'll hear, and the closing "Moonlight Instrumental" is starkly beautiful. —ryan michael painter

Dead Voices on Air

From Labrador to Madagascar
Invisible

Street: 01.30

Dead Voices on Air = Fennesz + Dead Can Dance



Mark Spybey's Dead Voices on Air project can be summed up as "noise music for people who don't listen to noise music." Or possibly "new-age music with a bite"? Or ... well, it's a bit difficult to pinpoint exactly what's going on here, and that's good. Spybey's

through-composed forms and drones often give the impression of a kinder Merzbow track, noisy and subtly pointed, but he relies on a canvas of inviting and not overtly harsh sonances to do his bidding. He's careful to blend enough North African percussion and Middle-Eastern wails to subdue the floating, buzzing and often distorted synthetic din, straddling the aforementioned genres in a way that's fairly unique and intriguing. On "Papa Papa Nesh," digital-percussion snares and bit-crushed bass drums—warmed up enough to avoid ear fatigue—methodically drive a liturgical chant, one he also pokes at, time-stretches and feeds through enough delay to avoid cliché. Not to be appreciated at a glance, the slowly-developed nature of the album demands a meditative listen, but this is an hour well-spent to discover an inviting, dynamic piece of music. —Dave Madden

Deerhoof

Friend Opportunity
Kill Rock Stars

Street: 01.23

Deerhoof = Beatles + Boredoms + non-sequiturs galore



All you really need to do to understand what the new Deerhoof album is about is to read the title of track eight—"Kidz Are Small." Absurdism is the key to this album, and it may be their best release yet. The album has surprising consistency and feels as though every single second is accounted for. In past Deerhoof releases, such as *Apple O'* or *The Runners Four*, it seemed like it took several songs for them to get across what they were about. In *Friend Opportunity*, every song is packed with Deerhoof goodness: quirky lyrics, jazz drum freakouts, 60s-style guitar and random keyboard instruments played in sloppy but intentional ways. There is an amazing, childlike quality to the arrangements that are both nostalgic and avant garde. This will be one of the best albums of 2007. —Andrew Glassett

Depeche Mode

Best of Volume 1

Mute/Sire

Street: 11.14

Depeche Mode = synthpop 101

I've always liked Robert Smith's idea of a "best of" being something different from a collection of singles, but an actual representation of a band's best songs even if they happened to be B-sides. Depeche Mode, however, are either rather lazy, or clearly of the mind that their best songs were in fact their

singles. By stamping this as Volume 1, they also open debate to what Volume 2 might include. They've even included the self-inflicted single "Martyr" (which to be honest, doesn't hold up as well as a handful of the tracks from their *Playing the Angel* album) to ensure that the devoted spend a little more money on songs they already have. OK, look, the songs are great, the selection could have been better to my liking, but the real truth of the matter is that for most fans, the only benefit is buying the CD/DVD combo for the videos from the early days that hadn't been released on DVD until now. Frankly, the two singles collections did Mode better, even if they lacked some of the more recent tracks. Best of is for collectors and the oblivious who want to be spoon-fed (and will complain because "Somebody" isn't on it). —ryan michael painter

Die Verbannten Kinder Evas

Dusk and Void Came Alive

Napalm Records

Street: 01.16

Die Verbannten Kinder Evas = Ulver + Tori Amos + the soundtrack to a movie that never existed



This is not a metal band. It has all the darkness required by a metal band, but it is purely atmospheric and orchestral. It was like I got lost, wandered into a church during choir practice and strangely, it wasn't bad. DVKE float you around on little clouds of magical melodies. The sound is epic but not overbearing. The piano melodies alone are worth checking out. For a band comprised of two members, there is much more instrumentation going on than one would expect. I guess this band would be considered gothic darkwave, but to lump them into a category would be too quick. The female and male vocals and symphonic orchestrated power gives off a moody edge unparalleled by others attempting similar stuff. It may not contain screaming guitars and tortured vocals, but that doesn't mean you can't give *Dusk and Void Came Alive* a chance. —Bryer Wharton

Elis

Griefshire

Napalm Records

Street: 01.16

Elis = Within Temptation + (old) Lacuna Coil + Dismal Emphany

There is a huge difference between Elis and the majority of female-fronted gothic/power metal outfits today. I could see myself utterly enjoying Griefshire if it weren't for the vocalist, Sabine Dunser;

she needs to train her voice more or just give up. There are moments of brilliance from her and moments of just horrible out-of-key hollering. Regardless, typical of the genre, you have huge power chord and keyboard crescendos to whet your whistle, even though there are an abundance of paint-drying, boredom-filled ballads. Dunser talks about moving in another direction in the song, "How Long"—I think she should take her own advice. There is a lot to compete with in gothic metal-land, and if you aren't up to par, you have some issues to deal with. —Bryer Wharton

Fairyland

The Fall of An Empire

Napalm Records

Street: 01.16

Fairyland = Blind Guardian + Nightwish + Therion



The band's name says it all—this power-metal tripe is lamer than lame. Loads upon loads of keyboard piddling make this record even worse. Don't forget the horribly cheesy and poorly done vocals, both male and female. The imagery the band conjures up is just what the name might suggest—fairies dancing around in a magical land of gumdrops and lollipops. What self-respecting metalhead would like this brand of mystical happy fairy-dancing shit? It sounds like the soundtrack to some sort of bad D&D-inspired movie. Bust out your 12-sided dice and clock these musically impaired French fellows upside the head! —Bryer Wharton

Fern Night

Music for Witches and Alchemists

Vhf Records

Street: 11.14

Fern Night = a romp through a Celtic forest + the soundtrack to *Wicker Man*

Upon first hearing this album, I immediately thought of the Celtic-inspired music from the original version of the whacked-out movie *the Wicker Man*, not the remake. The only difference is the lyrical content, which, unlike the movie, is not pagan. The flurry of instruments from the cello, accordion, jaw harp, harp, guitar and loads more adds to an already diverse array of songs which are dark and meandering like a small stream. Margaret Wienk is the main woman behind the songwriting, which is somber enough to make a grown man weep. Fans of dark folk would do well to find and embrace the darkness, strange texture and ultimate melodies woven into *Music for Witches and Alchemists*. —Bryer Wharton

The Finches

Human Like A House
Dulc-i-Tone Records
Street: 01.30

The Finches = Neko Case + Camera Obscura + Mirah



Carolyn Pennypacker Riggs's folk-acoustic lovelies and pop-hop-drop vocal remedies encourages me to enlist a domestic partner to travel the solemn—but mystically exultant—sea banks of Jordan, Albania, Malta, India and Egypt. Like a schizophrenic, leotarded dancer, Carolyn pops the sentimental milieu that comprises most acoustic one-acts; Pennypacker hops into helium balloons of self-sureness and idyllic realism; and Riggs drops idealism, reveling in the bitterly beautiful. Like an airplane, she gets carried away and carries others away. CPR is more than life-resuscitation; she's one love above. Enlist to listen. —Spencer Young

Frenemies

Birds in High School
Self Released
Street: 12.06

Frenemies = !!! + The Clash + Madonna



Built on a slew of various pop, glam, rock and dance elements, *Birds in High School* is Baltimore-based songwriter Chris Freeland's second album under the pen name Frenemies. The album itself is full of conventional pop-songwriting techniques, lyrically ranging from admiration to interracial dating. But nothing about *Birds* is really standard, for the cheerful melodies and choruses are nothing too familiar. "Turned Around" starts off with a funky guitar riff reminiscent of the late 60s, but later turns eerily similar to a Madonna or Clash track. "M's Destiny" contains a prototypical punk-rock bassline, but when wooden vibraphone tones kick in, it leaves the listener in awe at how this guy does it. These songs are just catchy; there's no two ways about it. Lacking a record label to put out hard copies of this

effort, Freeland has made his album's availability strictly digital, citing stores like iTunes and eMusic as places to get *Birds*. This will be one of the most refreshingly original albums you hear this year, so pick it up online soon. —Tom Carbone Jr.

Gwen Stefani

The Sweet Escape

Interscope
Street: 12.05

Gwen Stefani = No Doubt ½ of No Doubt + ersatz Neptunes beats



I admit that I have a soft spot in my heart for Gwen Stefani (she can thank *Behind the Music* for that). I mean, she covered Talk Talk for damnsake! Okay, I wasn't expecting anything remarkable, but as she says, "They want to bite our style" (from the yodel-laden "Wind it Up"). I want to say, "You mean the (oft-times scary) style that you bit?" or, "What style?" By track two, "The Sweet Escape," Stefani feigns a mix of Mariah Carey meets Wilson Phillips with swinging drum machine, synth-horns and high-pitched, flabby chimes under the forgettable lyrics, "I know I've been a real bad girl/I didn't mean for you to get hurt." Why, God, why? "Yummy (Featuring Pharrell)" bumps hard "like disco Tetris," and breaks down into a cool, mechanized Richard Devine drumbeat, but this is the only real highlight of the album. Gwen will accept her fate in hell for taking M.I.A. on tour, stealing her moves and pimping out the dumbass version on "Don't Get it Twisted." For all the money Interscope paid to The Neptunes (No Doubt bassist and former beau Tony Kanal and a few others also produce) ... what is that word I used? Ah, yes: forgettable. —Dave Madden

Hella

There's No 666 In Outerspace

Ipecac Records
Street: 01.30

Hella = System of a Down + more complexity + Swims



2007 is the supposed year of Hella, but I can't help but wonder if it is

actually going to be 2008. It is very noble of Zach Hill and Spencer Seim to relinquish control of their confused mutated baby called their music in the pursuit of doing something different. It can be scary to set out in a new direction, especially when the direction is not exactly established. *There's No 666 in Outerspace* contains many of the patented Hella pseudo-intellectualist songs and structures, but adding a vocalist has changed the ambience of the Hella machine. The vocal lines seem like they are still a little uncomfortable in the mix of the over-the-top mathematical instrumentation, but nonetheless, have a lot of potential. There is a lot less electronic experimentation and a lot more straight-ahead confusing rock freak-outs this time around. Track seven, "2012 and Countless," incorporates vocals in the most believable way; they are less sing-songy and more used as an instrument. "Anarchists Just Wanna Have Fun" is most reminiscent of their earlier work and almost has a ska sound to it. This album is good, but I think their next album with this lineup will be great. —Andrew Glassett

Herbert

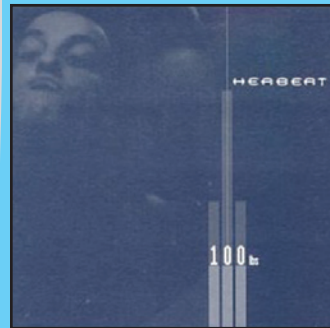
100 lbs

K7

Street: 01.23

Herbert = Artful Dodger + Underworld

—Herbert's style



For being such a forward-thinking artist, one who has spent a career advancing his production, technical and compositional skills several-fold in-between each work, it seems kind of digressive for Matthew Herbert to re-release his 10-year old debut. Seriously, the dude wrote a personal theoretical guide (*Personal Contract for the Composition of Music*) in 2000, a series of 11 goals such as "no sampling others" and "no drum machines." This time-sensitive album doesn't fare well compared to anything Herbert has written since. Pulse-driven electronica études—sans his usual expansive palette of blips and colors—run together without much development, drifting along like almost any old circa mid-90s techno record that teeters on the addition of "Micro" to that title (i.e., the early Mille Plateaux catalog). That is, those who seek pumping dance music will be frustrated at the hollow textures; fans of this transitional genius who own his 2001 disc, *Bodily Functions*, will be sorely disappointed. An included bonus disc of relatively experimental B-sides from the same period almost garners the purchase, but can you forgive the bland

first half? Not likely. All because of cash? Sad. —Dave Madden

Hot IQs

Dangling Modifier

Yawact!on Records

Street: 01.23

Hot IQs = Franz Ferdinand + A.C. Newman



Denver's fuzz pop darlings, the Hot IQs, fall somewhere in between cute and adorable in this fading post-apocalyptic Brit pop, electro-smash world of sound. And while the Hot IQs' world might be fading en suite (Wait? What? It's gone?), this trio certainly doesn't care—or maybe they're just oblivious. *Dangling Modifier* bounces around with a carelessness that is contagious (think Alexander Kapranos vocals over more subdued Carl Newman song-crafting); contagious like that drunken case of chlamydia you caught last month, and then again this month—oh, the searing price we pay for those carnal pleasures. Songs like "Retro Muff" and "Let's Inflate" seem to be contaminated with a penchant for simplicity and familiarity. This causes the whole of *Dangling Modifier* to pop into your ears, initiating a strange twitching in your muscles that won't annoy, excite or even register, only dissipate as mysteriously as it was formed, leaving your feet and brain in yet another argument. —Miles Ridling

Melechesh

Emissaries

The End Records

Street: 01.23

Melechesh = Impaled Nazarene + Orphaned Land + Satyricon



Are you ready to peel your face off to the latest from the Sumerian black/thrash metal band Melechesh? These fuckers tore shit up in 2003 with *Sphynx* and have returned to punish some more with their Middle Eastern-influenced black metal tinged with blazing thrash guitars. Amidst the black-metal howling, there

is some clean singing and moments of chanting and melodies, but there isn't a whole lot of that. This record thrives on speed; breeding, multiplying speed like spawn just to piss everyone off. I can't emphasize the fact that if you listen to black metal, you need to familiarize yourself with Melechesh as fast as the band plays the music. Even the cover of **The Tea Party's** song, "Gyroscope," is ridiculously evil. Give the Norwegian stuff a break and sample a different flavor of mighty black metal. —Bryer Wharton

Neil Young & Crazy Horse

Live at the Fillmore East 1970

Reprise Records

Street: 11.14

Neil Young = Johnny Cash + The Grateful Dead — tie dye

San Francisco in the 70s was a pretty harmonious place to be. Jam bands were all the rage and a focus on instrument technicality was also on the rise. Bands would play for hours in a marijuana-induced haze seeking enlightenment. Neil Young was in the middle of the smoke of the hippie revolution with his vision of country-tinged garage rock. After an enormously successful cross-country tour with **Crosby, Stills and Nash**, Young hooked up with his friends Crazy Horse to open up for the incomparable **Miles Davis** at *The Fillmore*. The result is classic bites from one of country and rock's most influential guitar slingers. "Cowgirl In the Sand," which clocks in at 16 minutes, closes the album. Long sections of soloing from Young are never monotonous, but become psychedelic after a few minutes. This is a classic recording from a classic event. —Andrew Glassett

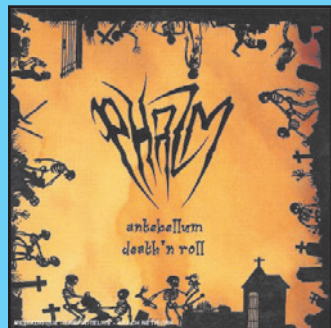
Phazm

Antebellum Death N' Roll

The End Records

Street: 01.23

Phazm = Motorhead + Entombed + Grave + Black Sabbath



With Phazm's sophomore effort, you get a bonus CD of a full live show showcasing songs from both the bands' albums. Unlike the scathing French black metal that was epitomized on the last album, you get what the title describes: death n' roll. Right from the opening track, "How to Become a God," there is a riff straight from Sabbath's "Children of the Grave." Phazm have truly honed into a zone of their own on this album. It is a sound that has been tried by many but only perfected in a few instances, *Antebellum Death N' Roll* being one of them. The

groove is so immense you will feel as though your head is being smacked against a wall involuntarily. I can easily say this is the best album of 2007 thus far. —Bryer Wharton

The Photo Atlas

No, Not Me, Never

Morning After Records/Stolen Transition Records

Street: 01.30

The Photo Atlas = At The Drive-In + The Mars Volta + Action Action + Hell Is For Heroes



The Photo Atlas' debut, *No, Not Me, Never*, comes over the airwaves and tickles the little tiny hair follicles in the ear just the right way. The music is rockin', danceable and the vocals fit with it all just like the last piece of a puzzle fits snugly in its place to complete the whole. There is only one problem with this seemingly perfect musical puzzle. The problem is this: Have you ever liked a new band that has been introduced to you and then realized that they sound very much like one or two other bands that you are fond of? And then you start to wonder, "Do I really like this new band's music for what it is or do I like it just because it sounds so much like other bands I already listen to?" This is a dilemma. For me, that's what The Photo Atlas is doing. *No, Not Me, Never* is a great album, but I wonder if the only reason I like it is because it resonates of so many familiar sounds from bands I already like. If you don't read this deep into your music, then you ought to pick this one up. For me, however, this record has already been made. —Jeremy C. Wilkins

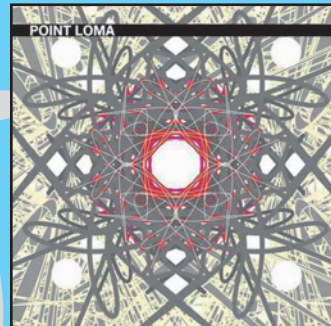
Point Loma

Forneo

Azra

Street: 12.01

Point Loma = Phoenecia + Space Time Continuum/Jonah Sharpe



2006 was a year of ownership. First, **Justin Timberlake** lays claim on sexy,

then **Fergie** buys stock in her hallmark, the London Bridge. Now, Point Loma is taking IDM back? *Forneo* is a return to the baby steps of the genre, a purer time when a limited ensemble slowly unfolded and a rock-steady beat entranced. Much like **Autechre's** more ambient tracks on *Tri Repetae++*, PL mastermind "Bostich" eschews the lure of fancy plug-ins and Gigs of sound-banks. Instead, he relies on a meager cadre of sounds and ideas, developing them into a floating, hypnotic pastiche (the disc is actually just one jumbo notion separated by track numbers). The sound is that of a guy who stands behind the DJ booth, yet can have a drink with and talk a little theory with stuffy beard-strokers. In other words, he knows his tools well, but opts to use them sparingly, favoring musicality rather than the tired digital wankery shtick of so many irredeemable tech-heads. As boring as this can be in the wrong hands, Bostich works magic within his confines, creating a subtle state of anonymity inside his cubicle. —Dave Madden

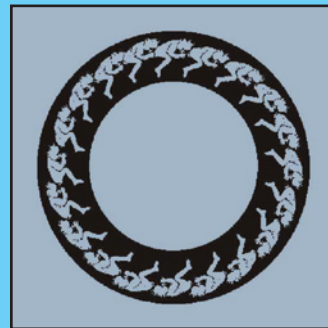
Rasputeen

Gegen Die Wand

Invasion Wreck Chords

Street: 10.06

Rasputeen = Kraftwerk + Snag



The second release for this mysterious German musician takes the quirky pieces from *Das Leberwurstbrot* and adds EBM with hints of synthpop. Formerly known as Rasputin, the first album should have been on everybody's Top 10 lists for 2005. *Gegen Die Wand* had a lot to live up to and doesn't quite live up to it, fulfilling the need for more gimmicky German beats. Silliness of "plastikbookie" and "Supermarkt" not only show how seriously he takes himself, but leaves room for *Saturday Night Live* and Kraftwerk cracks. Although the songs are not the same caliber as *Das Leberwurstbrot*, Rasputeen manages to charm us with upbeat, catchy short songs among 19 tracks on *Gegen Die Wand*. The music may not be created or listened to with a straight face, but it is some of the best stuff among the EBM and synthpop worlds. —oneamysseven

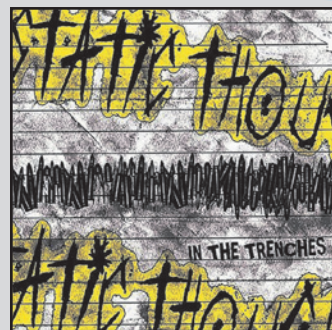
Static Thought

In the Trenches

Hellcat Records

Street: 01.23

Static Thought = Time Again + The Unseen + GBH



Static Thought isn't your typical punk band that's fronted by a pimply high-school kid. Their melodic, **Rancid**-influenced brand of punk is a nice break from all the uninspiring street punk out there. Combine that with the well-worded lyrics, lead singer **Eric Urbach's** rough growl and talent that can't be denied, and you have a damn good punk band. I wouldn't call their sound groundbreaking or their songs particularly earth-shattering, but they are very good at what they do. My favorite songs were "Junk, Dope and Speed," "Choice Through Struggle" which features **Lars Frederiksen** helping out on vocals and the fast-paced "Infiltrated Minds," which is reminiscent of early 80s bands out of the UK. *In the Trenches* is a well-rounded album whose old-school influences shine through vibrantly. —Jeanette Moses

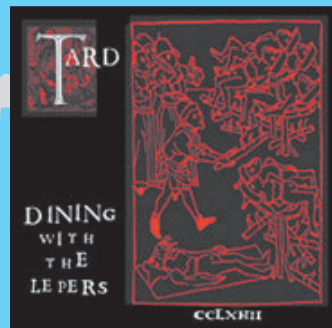
Tard

Dining with the Lepers

Fivecore Records

Street: 11.06

Tard = Leftover Crack + NOFX + Fear



This band is called Tard. That just screams out quality, right? Actually, Tard is pretty much everything you'd expect from a band with such a name, and even though the CD case is ripe with vaguely satanic imagery and spelling errors, *Dining with the Lepers* is pretty enjoyable in a completely stupid way. The band tries to be as offensive as possible with songs such as "Kill Kill Kill," wherein they advocate killing just about every single race of human being that has ever existed. And who could forget the utterly classy "Butt Whore"? The music is nice and juicy with its mid-tempo guitars and plenty of "whoa-ohs" and other backing vocals that'll get you singing along until you remember that you're listening to a band called Tard. *Dining with the Lepers* is a goofy little album, and as long as you're willing to tolerate a moderate-to-high level of stupidity, it'll be right up your alley. —Ricky Vigil

TIMZ

Open For Business

VIG Productions

Street: 01.06

TIMZ = Chaldean TQ + Spice 1 + Bomb City



TIMZ is apparently an American emcee of Iraqi descent hailing from a Whale's Vagina, California, an area blushing with an abundance of talent. Having honed his craft for a number of years, performing with a host of top-shelf artists, with funky hip-hop remakes of classic songs, the purely original *Open For Business* is TIMZ' virgin attempt at forging a dent in the commercial rap game that seems to be nearing saturation. In all earnestness, TIMZ is a decent emcee. Intelligent and outspoken, his rapid-fire delivery is technically polished, and structurally, his rhymes hold their own. However, I found TIMZ stumbling over the same recycled rap clichés, punctuating his flow with awkward pauses, littering his album with unimaginative punch lines and barking on top of somewhat symphonic Middle Eastern samples with a drum line laced into it. An extraordinary listen if digested as a sporadic, superficial digestion; a more thorough and extended listen reveals a bittersweet rant making me fight feelings of déjà-vu. —Lance Saunders

Unwritten Law

The Hit List

A2M Records

Street: 01.02

Unwritten Law = Third Eye Blind + Pulley + Hoobastank



When people talk about Velvet Revolver, all I can think is, "How is anyone into these washed-up rockers?" That's also what crosses my mind when I listen to Unwritten Law's latest release, *The Hit List*, which ironically sounds like anything but a "hit" list. The band brags about how punk rock they are for having been dropped from every label they've ever been on and for changing their formula from album to album. I've got news for

these guys: they are one of the least punk rock bands around, with the exception of their first album and maybe their second. First off, being dropped from every label you've ever been on says that you have some serious bad luck, that you have issues and/or no one wants your name attached to their label. Second, it's one thing to change your sound or even evolve into something else, but don't brag about how punk it is to change your damn musical formula when your music sounds like trendy 90s alternative bullshit. All the songs are moody, melodic anthems for losers. What makes this even more amusing is that the songs on this record aren't even the originals! Unwritten Law re-arranged and re-recorded every song on this record. Maybe they wanted them all to suck equally? Or maybe they didn't want their tracks from their first two albums to make the rest sound like hell? It's anybody's guess, but the bottom line is that Unwritten Law should have stayed with the sound they started out with because sometimes, simplicity is better. —Jeremy C. Wilkins

Urgehal

Goat Craft Torment

Southern Lord

Street: 11.28

Urgehal = Immortal + Darkthrone + Satyricon



Well, you have to hand it to Urgehal for not dancing around about what kind of music they play—they come right out and say it. On the album's first track, the vocalist retches in his best black-metal voice, "This is satanic black metal." And you get what is promised; satanic lyrics coupled with the utterly enjoyable black metal standard, which is speedy riffing and drumming with a sort of lo-fi production value. Unlike many underground black-metal acts, Urgehal have a distinguishable bass sound. Often enough, cult black-metal bands don't even have a bassist. The chemistry and atmosphere go hand in hand on this record and ultimately create a great black metal album that was surely created because its makers like the style of music and aren't out to capitalize on what modern black metal has turned into. —Bryer Wharton

V/A

Metal = Life

Hopeless & Subcity Records

Street: 11.28

Metal = Life = a bunch of so-called metal bands

I guess everyone's view of what metal is may be subject to a difference of

opinion. In the case of *Metal = Life*, my opinion differs extremely from what **The Hot Topic Foundation** and the **Sub City** foundation are calling metal with their somewhat-of-a-benefit compilation of two CDs and a DVD. There are few actual metal bands featured on the compilation; the rest is what I would consider metalcore, hardcore or screamo. You know, the shit that caters to the general Hot Topic shopping crowd. I shouldn't bitch because I guess some of the proceeds of the DVD sold exclusively at Hot Topic go to the foundations, but I think a compilation entitled *Metal = Life* could actually feature a hell of a lot better bands, and ones that are actually considered metal. There aren't really any exclusive tracks on the compilation; the only thing I can see it being remotely good for is an ignorant fan finding out about a band they might not have heard of before. All the more reason to be pissed off about the compilation since it could have displayed bands that are in need of actual attention, instead of already-established artists or just plain boring bands. —Bryer Wharton

V/A

Our Impact Will Be Felt – Sick of It All Tribute

Abacus

Street: 01.23

OIWBFF = Rise Against + Bane + Bouncing Souls playing New York hardcore

Tribute compilations mostly miss, rarely hit. **Hydrahead's Black Sabbath** tribute series, *In These Black Days*, worked. Others are not so successful, namely, the *Punk Goes ...* series. In most cases, bands pay tribute to a musical style different from their own—at least, to a band that is not still active. *Our Impact Will Be Felt* features premiere hardcore, punk and metal bands (such as Bane, Madball, Napalm Death, Pennywise, etc.) covering *Sick of It All* tracks. This is strange because even though SOIA has been around for 20 years, they are still performing and putting out albums. Additionally, having hardcore/metal/punk bands cover a hardcore/punk band offers such little variance that it's unnecessary. The CD I received only had four tracks, so I can only comment on those. Rise Against's cover of "Built to Last" is decent, but offers little that is new. The only interesting track is Bouncing Souls covering "Good Looking Out"—it offers an edgier, tougher side to these skate-punk favorites. My guess is that all songs on the compilation will be played competently but with little new to offer. Just go straight to the source and get the originals. —Peter Fryer

Vietnam

Self-titled

Kemado Records

Street: 01.23

Vietnam = The Velvet Underground + Bob Dylan + Iggy Pop

If Bob Dylan, The Velvet Underground and Iggy Pop had a love child, Vietnam would be it. Newly signed to **Kemado Records**, these boys from Brooklyn are a definite and strong addition to their

label. With a lush and symphonic sound, Vietnam will keep you coming back for more powerful lyrics that could drive anyone to a serious state of enjoyment. Track No. 7, "Welcome To My Room," is seriously the best song I've heard all year. Ten epic, rock-solid songs make up their self-titled release. Vietnam is like a breath of fresh air amongst all the pop-rock bullshit out there right now. With strong vocals, amazing musical collaboration and a sweet sweet taste of the old school, this is Brooklyn at its finest. Do yourself a favor and go try this one on for size. —Sara Edge

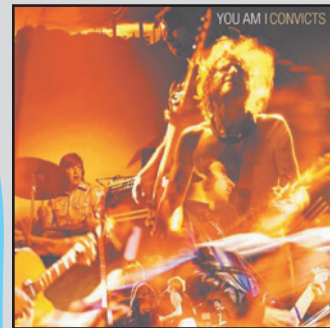
You Am I

Convicts

Yep Roc Records

Street: 01.23

You Am I = Thin Lizzy + Black Rebel Motorcycle Club + safe poop



The rock from You Am I's *Convicts* is like a good bowel movement: solid, consistent, quick, slightly painful (but pleasantly so) and easily wiped clean. While they sound dated with their persistent butt-rock rock, You Am I is lively enough to ignore the petty things reminiscent of that era: "FTW" tattoos and steel-toed shoes. Although, coming from down under, they have the happy-so-happy buoyancy that seems partial to many Aussie bands. And while some good, glossy and healthy butt rock is delightful every once in a while, having the heaviness and dangerousness of serious butt rock is what really brings the tears and sweat—the abject we secretly desire. —Spencer Young

LOCAL -AL CDS

Cross-Eyed Slut

Rough

Hump! Records

Street: 2006

Cross-Eyed Slut = Guttermouth + The Cramps + System of a Down

We are lucky in these days of information to have access to many different types of musical influences. Sometimes it is a hindrance to bands when they try to

incorporate too much into their music, but that is not the case with Cross-Eyed Slut. "Back Door Girl" is an acoustic bluesy rambling about a sexually promiscuous girl who "only wants it on one place." The next song, "Spurs in My Back," is quite a jolt after the acoustic number; it is straight ahead psychobilly. Their music is blatantly sexual, but it's not sexy, which is a definite plus for Cross-Eyed Slut. They are a bunch of dirty dudes having a good time, and playing music that is fast, funny and arranged very well. The surprise of the album is track six "Sheep Are Easy", which has metal roots and syncopated rhythms that will make all the rude boys want to dance. Add a little rap-rock and the vision of Cross-Eyed Slut will become clear: have a good time, all the time. —Andrew Glassett

Junk Drawer

Album of the Same Name

Self-Released

Street: 11.21

Junk Drawer = 311 + Dinosaur Jr. + Lansing Dreiden

There is something inherently 80s about the band Junk Drawer. Maybe it is the vintage synths or the verse chorus nature of some of their songs, but what can definitely be said is that they are doing something different than your run-of-the-mill local indie band. The songs meander through various styles, ranging from the hip-hop-flavored "Let The Music Play" to the Dave Gahan influenced "Modus Operandi". A saxophone is introduced in track four "Walking on Thin Ice" and interacts nicely with the vocals and backing rhythm section. That song is particularly interesting because of all the various tempo changes that the band pulls off seamlessly, reminiscent of Sebadoh or other early indie-rock bands. The music is groovy and alive, but seems somewhat unfocused—I don't think Junk Drawer would have it any other way. —Andrew Glassett

Juse

Concentrate This!

Self-Released

Street: 09.01

Juse = Social Distortion + Rancid + The Offspring



Juse (pronounced like "Juice") have been throwing out their brand of punk influenced rock in Ogden for almost four years. With *Concentrate This!*, Juse presents some interesting songs with plenty of energy, but it's a little too rough around the edges to stand out. Lead singer Cecil sounds like everyone from

Danzig to Lane Staley to Matt Freeman on tracks that incorporate elements of grunge and even a little bit of ska into their style, but the rough musicianship and poor production really do a lot to hurt this release. Every time a guitar solo pops up, it seems to knock the songs off beat and it's easy to notice when the band misses a couple of notes. A few of the songs go on for far too long, and the sound quality is always murky and muffled. "Show 'em the Oi!" is the standout track, where the reckless intensity of the band and Cecil's aggressive vocals are actually enhanced by the production that plagues the other tracks. *Concentrate This!* definitely shows that Juse has some great potential; they just need to refine their game a little.

—Rickly Vigil

Phono

The Changeover

10 Degree Productions

Street: 2006

Phono = NIN + VNV Nation



Joe Ashton terrorizes electronic music with a focus bent on rhythm. Were you to spread the parts out, name-checking the various influences that are prevalent on *The Changeover*, you'd find just about every industrial/EBM cliché minus Skinny Puppy's vocoder. Violence, sex and despair dominate the lyrics in a chant, spitfire anthem that occasionally breaks the mold by showing more than a monotone range. You'd also find a sense of vulnerability that echoes Trent Reznor's more intimate moments, the occasional orchestral underscore that nods to Apoptygma Bezerk's 7 while the plundering of beats points towards Photek's drum n' bass days (or NIN's "Perect Drug" if you rather); all suggesting if you're going to use your influences, you might as well emulate the best around. Phono has done just that, which in the big picture, is pretty impressive, very listenable and far better than the majority of electronic releases these days. —ryan michael painter

The Tenets of Balthazar's Castle

Terror in Twelve Parts

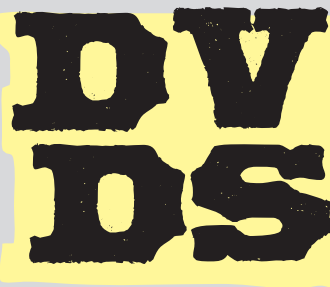
A. Star Recordings

Street: 12.05

The Tenets of Balthazar's Castle = Prurient + Wolf Eyes + Merzbaw

Ah noise. It is all around us, and for most people it becomes a hindrance of day-to-day existence. Occupational therapists make great effort to help employees reduce the amount of noise in their environment so they can be more "productive." During the industrial

music years, people gathered noise and arranged it in such a way to show that they had some kind of control over an increasingly industrial society. The idea of terror has become a quaint, formulaic way of describing certain genres of music or film; the use of digital editing and effects has overloaded our senses of what is frightening or disturbing. Audio and video compression has eliminated the dynamic range of film and audio and keeps audiences on a steady hum of mediocre entertainment. TTOBC have decided to not follow the norm in producing noise or terror. *Terror In Twelve Parts* truly is terrifying, and the noise is overpowering. It is beautiful terror, the kind that consumes you and makes you pay attention. There is no attempt in their music to let the audience have any kind of say or personality. It is pure terror and pure noise. This is the best local release of the year and yet very few will hear it. If those few do happen to hear it, very few of them will listen. —Andrew Glassett



American Blackout

Ian Inaba

Disinformation

Street: 10.10



What's scarier to the leaders of our government than a strong democratic black woman who isn't afraid to ask difficult questions? Answer: A strong black woman who can inspire an entire army of people to vote and ask those same difficult questions. In 2000, the African American population had thousands of voters disenfranchised in Florida. Five months prior to the presidential election, 57,000 black and Latino voters were removed from the voting rolls for felonies. Ninety-seven percent of the removed voters were innocent due to the fact that Florida officials only requested

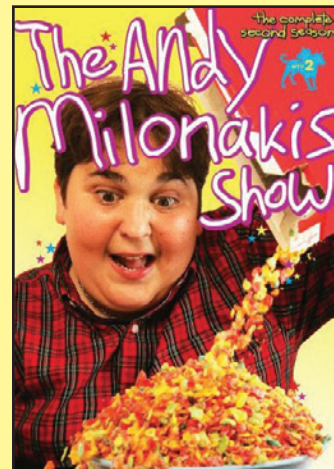
an 80 percent match on the names. Bush won the election by 537 votes but 90,000 people were removed from the lists. The same type of political lynching occurred in 2004 when Bush won again. *American Blackout* states the facts of the travesties that are being committed upon the American people in simple terms. Ian Inaba follows the political career of Cynthia McKinney, the recently unseated Democratic congresswoman from Georgia, and how the government, "electronically lynched" her to make an example and scare other politicians away from asking dangerous questions. The documentary is beautifully crafted and won the Special Jury Prize at Sundance 2006. Do your own research, draw your own conclusions, don't believe the news, but most of all, get out there and fucking vote. Don't for one second allow anyone to convince you that your vote doesn't count. In 1965, the Voters Rights Act changed the face of politics because of the black vote; why believe that your vote won't do the same? —Jeanette Moses

The Andy Milonakis Show Season II

Tom Stern and Jason Truitt

MTV Home Entertainment

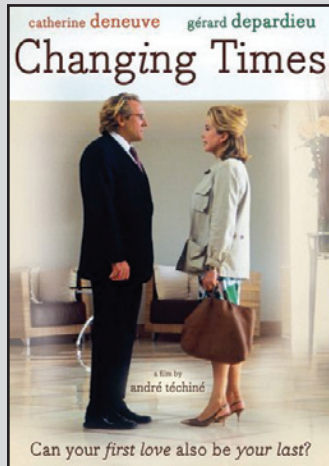
Street: 10.17



We all know at this point that the jig is up for Mr. Milonakis. He is not a 14-year-old-geek/weirdo who has strange food issues, but a 30-year-old geek/weirdo who has strange food issues. He made it through his first season without the majority of people knowing his secret, but now everyone knows. Taking this into account, there was an expected shift in the focus of his skits to appeal to a wider audience that just didn't happen. This show is so incredibly inane. Every episode is full of skits that seem stupid at the outset, but eventually take it a step farther than stupidity into something that is actually funny. My favorite character is the grandma that laughs uncontrollably and squeezes Andy's butt. Andy asks an unsuspecting victim, "Would you rather stick knives in your ears or really sharp pencils that are designed to look like knives in your ears?" The woman obviously responds, "Pencils instead of knives; knives are dangerous." So are you, Mr. Milonakis, so are you. —Andrew Glassett

Changing Times

Andre Techine
Koch Lorber Films
Street: 10.03



Changing Times is a French romantic drama starring Gerard Depardieu and Catherine Deneuve. What's the matter; still not convinced you should see it? Depardieu stars as a Parisian businessman who has traveled to Algeria where he finds Deneuve, an old flame now married to a doctor. There are juicy subplots involving drugs and sex made truly hip by an incredibly shaky camera. Perhaps the filmmakers wanted to make a statement about modern isolation, but all this film's plot really amounts to is rich people with problems. —Jeff Guay

Greg The Bunny—Best of the Film Parodies

Spencer Chinoy
IFC/Shout! Factory
Street: 10.24

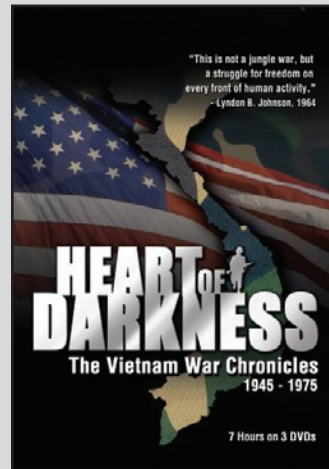


Is the mere concept of foul-mouthed puppets funny? If you've ever seen *Meet the Feebles*, you know that it takes a few venereal diseases, a shit-eating fly and a gun-yielding hippo to lift that concept off the ground. When *Greg the Bunny* does film parodies, perhaps it's believed that the novelty of puppets with funny voices reenacting *Easy Rider* is enough. The first few episodes seem to reflect that, but as the DVD goes on, it gets a lot better, and the truth is that if the

wood-chipper scene from *Fargo* is to be recreated, these puppets are the ones to do it. —Jeff Guay

Heart of Darkness: the Vietnam War Chronicles 1945-1975

Aaron Ulrich
Koch Vision
Street: 09.05



The Vietnam War was the longest US military conflict in history. As such, Koch Vision has done a great job of painstakingly chronicling the conflict from its aggressive beginnings to its ambiguous long haul. Over five hours of main documentary footage tell the story of the conflict that was the only war in history to be battled with "rules of engagement" that made it hard for the US to sweep through Vietnam and end the war quickly. Two-plus hours of bonus footage round out the film and fill in the blanks of America's biggest battle overseas. Koch Vision does a great job making sure that the Vietnam War gets full coverage and, as such, is not repeated. Cough cough, Bush Administration, cough cough.

—Erik Lopez

La Dolce Vita

Federico Fellini
Koch Lorber, Deluxe Collector's Edition
Street: 11.08

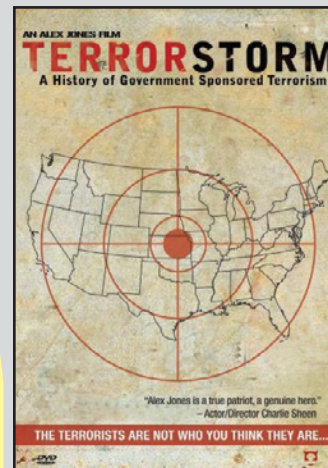


If you don't know *La Dolce Vita* already, you are in for a treat; *La Dolce Vita*

roughly translated means "the Sweet Life." In it, a young reporter goes through life with conflicting emotions, trying to reconcile his tabloid-reporter lifestyle with his enduring dream: to write real literature. Instead of accomplishing that task, he gets seduced by a Hollywood starlet and lets himself drop his dream to become duped into a life of lies, rumors and second-bests. The deluxe edition contains great packaging, three DVDs, postcards, a poster and a collector's essay of 25 pages. If you don't own the two-disc set, get this set now as it is an amazing movie priced incredibly well. If you already own the two-disc, don't worry; there is not enough here to persuade you to buy this deluxe version. —Erik Lopez

Terrorstorm: A History of Government Sponsored Terrorism

Alex Jones
Disinformation
Street: 10.31



Terrorstorm has been hailed as the "Matrix of Truth" and other such drivel from like-minded liberal reviewers. While *Terrorstorm* does a great job of chronicling, logically, the apprehensions of the left, it fails at making a balanced view of terror; like its counterpoint, the right, it does a great job of defending ideology according to its preconceived notions of the truth. While it "delves deep" into the terror-infatuated planes of the London bombings, 9/11, the Spain bombings and other such topics, it repeats the same rhetoric of the right inasmuch as it spins its own truth. After watching this, I am left to question, even though I lean towards the left, "Who I am to believe and why?" Instead of packing a politically sidestepped job, why not balance the tripe with truth? —Erik Lopez

The True Legend of the Eiffel Tower

Simon Brook
Koch Vision
Street: 10.03

I've been waiting for my chance to use superfluous French euphemisms in my reviews. Perhaps this, a critique of a docu-drama about the Eiffel Tower, is the right time to get my *joie de vivre* on. Do you know Gustave Eiffel's *raison d'être*?

No? After watching this entertaining and informative movie, you might have a better idea. So if you're the type of person who likes to get stoned, microwave organic breakfast burritos and turn on the Discovery Channel, maybe this DVD is for you. —Jeff Guay

Wonder Showzen Season II

Augenblick Studios
MTV Home Entertainment
Street: 10.10



The idea to use puppets as the faceplate for social commentary is not a new idea by any means. Even the Muppets, in their Jim Henderson soaked sub-world, had things to say about social structure and sexual roles (i.e., independent Miss Piggy chasing down Kermit). What *Wonder Showzen* brings to the table is the experience of the tempestuous decade that has brought us enormous tragedy, shoddy leadership and insecurity around the world. The people at *Wonder Showzen* have digested all of this and use the voice of children and puppets to proclaim what is wrong with the world. What they do leave out is any responsibility for their actions, almost as a mirror to the current social climate and leadership in the supposed greatest country on earth. What is great about *Wonder Showzen* is that even though it is completely offensive, crass and unfocused, there are underlying themes to every episode. The big question is: Are they doing it on purpose or not? —Andrew Glassett



VIDEO GAMES!

Prey

Human Head Studios
XBox 360 / PC
07-11-2006
FPS/SciFi



It seems that sci-fi first-person shooter (fps) games are everywhere these days. Games like **Halo**, **Half Life** and **Doom** (and all of their sequels) have established this genre as big money for game developers and guaranteed plenty of mediocre rip-offs for gamers. I'll tell you right now, there's nothing revolutionary about Prey. Prey looks a lot like **Doom III** (same developers) and doesn't offer much in the ways of mind-blowing graphics, compelling storyline or memorable settings. What Prey does do well is offer fps fans a solid game with some interesting twists.

I said the graphics aren't fancy, but that doesn't mean this game looks bad, on the contrary, Prey looks like many recent shooter games to hit the market. I played the PC version and I was amazed that this game, for as good as it looked and played, never once hiccupped or crashed or slowed down. EVER! My biggest gripe about this game is its corridor style of layout, meaning you just keep plowing forward (everything behind you is dead) and you don't get a lot of open environments to roam around in. This layout, very common in fps'ers, usually results in a shorter game. There are relatively few enemies that offer themselves up for premature extinction in Prey. Most rooms have just a few naughty aliens to shoot at, making this game a bit too easy the first time around.

There are a few pleasant surprises to be found in Prey, such as rooms that can have their gravity moved to any wall and powered walkways that allow you to walk across ceilings and walls. The upside down perspectives and the use of portals make for some entertaining and disorienting battles. Another twist is the ability to leave your body in "spirit" mode in order to unlock doors or gain information to keep your mission moving. I should mention here that your character is a Native American, so this "spirit" mode is accompanied by some really clichéd pow wow music. However, this lack of musical taste is not going to keep me from recommending a solid game with plenty of action and scares for fans of this genre. —Jesse Kennedy

3.75 out of 5 decapitated attacking space zombies

Vice City Stories

Rockstar Leeds
PSP
10-31-2006
Action/3rd Person



The **Grand Theft Auto** series started way back in 1998 and has since then exploded with seven more titles under the GTA banner. It was with **GTA III** in 2001 that **Rockstar** established themselves as pioneers for modern video gaming. **Vice City Stories** is built on the same map as the ever-so famous **GTA Vice City**, which caused so much controversy back in 2002. So why would anyone pay \$50 to play the same game again? Let's take a look.

First of all, this is not the same game as **Vice City**. It's in the same city, but with new characters and missions; it plays like an original title. Secondly, **Rockstar** has done an amazing job putting this huge map on the PSP!!! **GTA** games have never been known for spectacular graphics (and the games are not about that), but this game looks at least as good as the original console version. The controls on the PSP are not as fluent as the PS2, but that is never a huge problem on this adaptation. As usual, the scripting and voice-acting are well done, if not a bit over the top. Last but not least, it's just cool to have a game with such a grand scope in a portable environment.

Improvements from more recent **Rockstar** games can be found throughout **VCS**, including updated hand-to-hand combat, the ability to swim and more opportunities to explore indoor environments. The missions in **VCS** are in general longer and more involved than the original as well, which makes them more interesting, but unfortunately, also involve more cut scenes. The usual **GTA** shortcomings are here as well, such as clumsy camera views (especially on foot) and a very dated mechanics engine. But these quirks are nothing more than the idiosyncrasies of an old friend, and shouldn't stop you from once again watching the sun set again over **Vice City**. —Jesse Kennedy

4.5 out of 5 police wanted stars

WTF

SCEI
PSP
10-17-2006
Misc



Have you ever wanted to be a worker in a Third World labor market? Does the term "sweat shop" make you tingle? Does pointless repetition really melt your butter? If you answered yes to any of these questions then not only do you have a problem, but I have the solution. **WTF (Work Time Fun)** will have you begging for mercy in no time as you conquer oodles of mini-games all based on the simple, mindless repetition you might find as the lid-twister in a **Jiffy** peanutbutter factory.

What makes this game fun is the total strangeness of the games inside of **WTF**. From capping a thousand ball point pens, to sending baby chicks to heaven, you'll not only wonder why someone bothered to make this game but more importantly, why is it so cool? Earn money to buy more jobs or unlock helpful tools that can turn your PSP into an extra set of eyes or even a Ramen timer. **Work Time Fun** (or **Baito Hell 2000**, as it is known overseas) seems to have tapped into something very elemental in game play that makes what should be completely horrible really fun. Let's face it, all video games have elements of repetition, but usually, the object of the game is to distract us from the fact that we're not really doing anything except pushing a few buttons over and over again. **WTF** goes the other way and extracts the repetition and features it as the focus of the game.

One of the strangest things about **WTF** is how easy it is to mess up some of the simplest games ever put on the screen. Having to make the same decision a few hundred times in a few minutes is more difficult than you might think! The quickness and simplicity of these games also make them perfect for the portable environment, since you don't have to worry about what you were doing when you last played. So if you're up for some brain-pulping, eye-glazing, chuckle-inducing fun, go pick up **WTF!** —Jesse Kennedy

4 out of 5 bunnies on the chopping block



SLAYER

THE NEW BOB HOPE

by: Chris Carter dawnofthechris@gmail.com

Usually, if **Slayer** makes it into the mainstream media, it's because somebody's killed themselves and their parents are suing or right-wing Christian groups are complaining about their album covers. Lately, though, Slayer has been getting some positive attention for their criticism of the war in Iraq. They've even received their second Grammy nomination for the song, "Eyes of the Insane." I sat down for a pleasant phone conversation with possibly the most intimidating member of the band, **Kerry King**.

SLUG: It was announced just yesterday that Slayer was nominated for the second time for a Grammy, this time for "Eyes of the Insane."

Kerry King: [Laughs] Yeah.

SLUG: Did you guys ever expect that kind of attention going into this?

K.K.: I think we won't win. No, I mean, when we got nominated for the first time, it was for "Disciple," and I'm like, "Have you guys ever listened to Disciple"? It blew me away. You know? How the hell can you guys nominate Disciple"? It's one of the most hardcore, evil tunes we ever put out and it's up for a Grammy? I think the whole process with the Grammys is pretty ridiculous. I think most people voting or nominating don't have any idea what they're doing. Case in point; the first metal [nominations] were a few years ago, when **Jethro Tull** won it over **Metallica**! I mean, how did that happen? Whatever you think of **Metallica** these days or not, that was the biggest injustice I've ever seen.

SLUG: With your latest album, *Christ Illusion*, focusing on anti-war themes, do you still use the Holocaust footage for shock value, or has the point of it changed?

K.K.: I think when we do war stuff, it's more like when **Jeff [Hanneman]** did "Angel of Death" awhile back and

on *Divine*, he did "SS3." He's just into WW II. He's into the strategies of war and shit like that. That's where his input comes from on those two songs. I get my ideas from other areas, **Tom [Araya]** gets his ideas from serial killers and stuff like that. We all blend and get into each other's world a little bit. That's where all the war stuff comes from.

SLUG: I was reading that a large majority of your fanbase is actually in the military, and you went and greeted some troops at a base in Germany?

K.K.: Yeah, it was cool. We went and did a little, well, not an in-store, but signed autographs, hung out for a couple hours. A bunch of the enlisted people that didn't have to work that evening came down to the show and they got ... well, we got them obliterated! [Laughs]. You know, hangin' out with the American boys, havin' a good time. It sucks to be down there doing what they're doing, so if I can, [I want to] take one day out of their lives and make them forget about their shitty fuckin' [existence] in the military. They had a blast. We've got pictures of some of those guys because we were hanging out afterwards and there was this one dude that took us around and we got to sit in the cockpit of an A10. That was awesome! He came that night, and I'm like "Dude, you're drunk!" and he's like, "Nah, I'm not drunk," and I just met him that day, you know, I don't know this guy. He said, "I'm not drunk," and I said, "You are fuckin' drunk," and I took my camera out of my pocket and I took his picture, and I said, "Here, that's a drunk motherfucker!" So it's cool to be able to, you know, just have fun with 'em. That's probably shit they'd do at home and they don't have the opportunity to do that.

SLUG: Have you ever heard any negative feedback from soldiers for speaking out against the war?

K.K.: No. You know, they're in the act of war; we write about it. So hopefully I can help them get through some of the shit they've gotta deal with; give them a release; not have them go off the deep end and start randomly killing people. That's not what it's about. Just to help them get through their day, that'd be cool with me.

SLUG: There have been multiple photos of you and Tom wearing *Heavy Metal Shop* shirts. Do you have a relationship with the *Metal Shop*? Do you know **Kevin [Kirk]** personally?

K.K.: I haven't been in there for quite awhile, so that's probably why you haven't seen me wearing the shirt for a while. I probably wore it out. Anytime we go through Salt Lake and we've got some time to go do anything, we'll do stuff like that.

SLUG: So, you guys tour pretty consistently with hardcore bands or bands associated with the hardcore scene. You've obviously been a huge influence on hardcore and metalcore. Is there any significant influence these bands have had on you, either musically or ideologically?

K.K.: I think it's just a derivative of what we've done over the years, and they've taken hardcore to that level. To me it's a little bit remedial of what we're doing, so if I let that influence me, I'd kinda be going backwards.

After I hung up, I breathed a heavy sigh of relief because I had not had the skin removed from my face through the phone. I had half-expected that to happen. I was quite surprised at how friendly and caring **Kerry King** seemed, despite being the guitarist for the most notoriously evil thrash-metal band in the existence. It seems to me it won't be long before households around the world will echo with, "Why can't you be more like Kerry? Now go to your room and listen to Slayer!" Slayer will be playing at Saltair on Jan 30. It's a show that can't be missed.



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BOOKS ALOUD

Book Reviews for the Illiterate

Nina
Blag Dahlia

Scapegoat Publishing [Street: 08.15]

Blag Dahlia is one of those notorious figures in punk rock that many people idolize for the same reasons that others abhor him. As the front man of **The Dwarves**, Blag has made a career out of shocking audiences for more than 20 years. With his second novel, *Nina*, Dahlia tries to represent his twisted view of the world through the eyes of a 15-year-old girl. Throughout the novel, Nina is presented as an apathetic young girl who hates the world around her, but loves to take advantage of the people that inhabit it. Unfortunately, the book uses the same formulas over and over again to progress the plot to nowhere in particular. Nina gets stuck in numerous hopeless situations only to seduce some sort of authority figure in order to escape. Not only does this get kind of repetitive, it's also kind of creepy. Dahlia's constant portrayal of Nina as a girl entirely consumed by the notion of sex and engaging in the act with numerous creepy old guys made me question if Nina is really just a manifestation of the author's own desires. Weird. Dahlia also does little to flesh out the character of Nina, choosing instead to introduce a handful of new characters every few chapters, developing them and then casting them to the wayside a few pages later. There are some interesting moments in *Nina*, but Dahlia gets a little too nihilistic for his own good by getting lazy and killing characters off. Also, for a guy who writes a monthly article called "How to Write Good," Dahlia isn't much of a master writer. He's not horrible, but it's clear that if Dahlia weren't a mildly famous person, that this probably wouldn't have ever been published. *Nina* definitely has its moments, but overall, it just seems like a trashy novel about a creepy old punk rocker's insatiable lust for young girls. —Ricky Vigil

Phaidon Press

Alfred Steiglitz, Dorteia Lange, Julie Margaret Cameron, Andre Kertesz
Phaidon Press [Street: 09.01]

For all of you hipsters who have decided that the camera you wear as an accessory actually can be a wonderful tool to create some amazing artwork, well, that's step one. Step two, learn how to actually operate it and then develop your prints. Step three; invest some time learning about the photographers who basically pioneered the medium into a form of art. To get you started, you can pick up a great introductory collection of the work of Alfred Steiglitz, Dorteia Lange, Julie Margaret Cameron or Andre Kertesz, published by Phaidon. Each introduction is written thoroughly enough for the reader to get a general history of the photographer's personal life, as well as what they contributed to the medium and the art world. These are great starter books. Each image is also accompanied by a small paragraph explaining the image and its relevance to the medium at that time. Small, simply designed and informative, these books will look good on your coffee table or be a great gift for someone just learning about the history of photography. For those of you already well versed, these can serve as little reminders of why you love photography, and maybe even provide a little inspiration. —Emily Allen

Darker Than the Deepest Sea: The Search for Nick Drake
Trevor Dann

Da Capo Press [Street: 10.01]

It wasn't until nearly 30 years after his death in 1974 that the music of Nick Drake started to get the attention that it deserved. It is no wonder that his voice wasn't heard during the beginnings of the 70s punk movement in collegiate England. The mystery that surrounds his life and death seem somewhat disconnected to his beautiful and simplistic folk-induced songs. He was a loner, someone who was prone to deep reflection and meditation. This is a great place to start for anyone interested in trying to get to know more about the mystery of Nick Drake; his depression and his charm. There are many anecdotes from people who knew him and loved him, as well as several pages of pictures depicting him as someone who was full of light and hope. An obvious labor of love, Trevor Dann has compiled the most interesting aspects of Drake's life as a college student and recording artist, while also including previously undiscovered university papers that shed light onto his slow dissent into depression and finally death. The book also explores the resurgence of Drake's music in the last five years, and how it is still remains relevant to our current society. —Andrew Glassett

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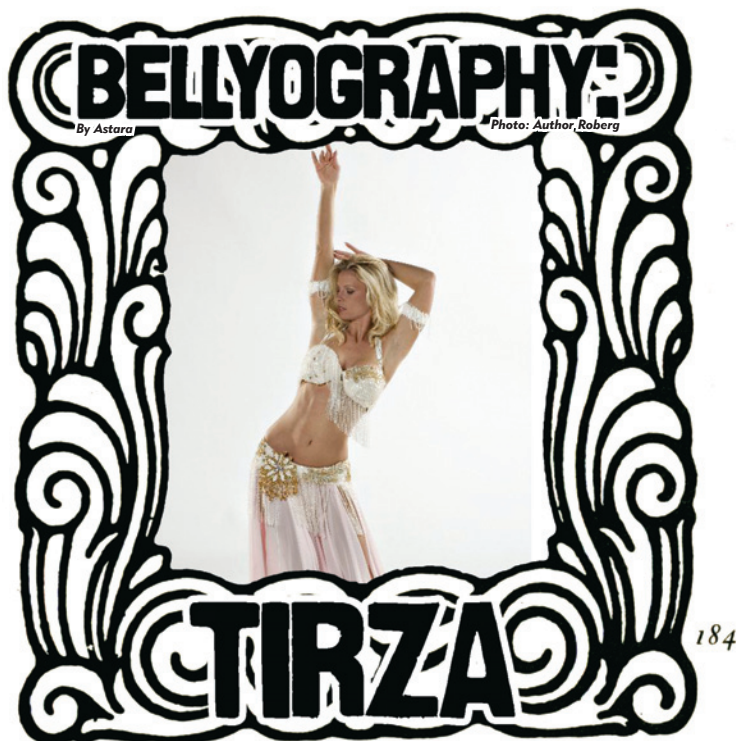
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Tirza's true essence lies somewhere between **Doris Day**, **Shakira** and **Scheherezade**. Gorgeous. Gifted. Sensuous. What's not to love? She is genuinely nice, loyal and a fabulous dancer. Well ... duh! ... *Tirza* is the Greek word for pleasant—and our Tirza is that and much, much more.

Tirza is a dancer's dancer. Her incredible talent is obvious. She has been well trained and she seems to have been born to express herself through dance. But there is nothing of the diva about her. She is one of the most sincere and gracious ladies I have ever interviewed. The truth of Tirza is articulated in her earthy, warm and joyous performances. She reaches out to her audiences with infectious energy and invites them to share in her delight; it's very contagious and very, very, sexy! (Not to mention her amazing body that is honed to perfection). She is, after all, a personal trainer and she works out regularly. The results are stunning and well worth the effort.

A native Utahn, Tirza studied ballet, tap, jazz and hip-hop as a child. She discovered belly dancing when a co-worker brought a costume to work. Intrigued, she attended a belly dancing show and fell in love with belly dancing.

"I had never heard of belly dancing before then," she explained.

A little over three years ago, Tirza began taking classes with **Midnight Mirage**. Recognizing her natural talent, she was soon asked to be a member of the award winning, **Midnight Mirage Dance Company**. Recently, Tirza and **Jamileh** won first place in the duet category at the *Double Crown Competition*.

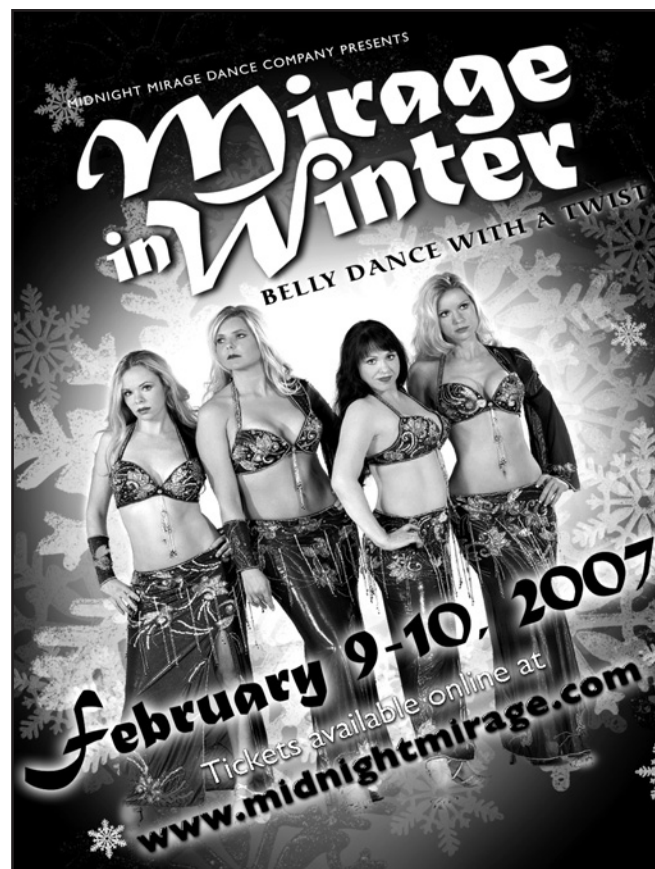
"I really love this dance and I like how Midnight Mirage incorporates jazz into their choreography. Their kind of belly dancing fits me perfectly. I love the flow and the formations. I prefer a more Americanized style of belly dancing."

"I truly enjoy my relationship with **Jamileh**, **Calypso** and **Zephyra**; they have become my closest friends," Tirza told me. "There is no leader in our dance company. We all create the dances, and we all have a say in what we do and how. We call it 'danceocracy.' Everyone has a voice and a vote. We inspire each other so well, that it has become great fun to make up new dances. If we get stumped, we just move on and come back to it later."

Tirza and Midnight Mirage are on the cutting edge of *Danse Orientale*, or as they call it, "belly dancing with a twist." As Tirza told me, "I would love to see our belly dance community keep growing and evolving. All the different aspects—tribal, folkloric, classical Egyptian, fusion—are fabulous. The general public just doesn't know enough about belly dancing. People need to see what a truly beautiful art form it is."

I couldn't agree more!

You can see Tirza perform solo and with the **Midnight Mirage Dance Company** at "Mirage in Winter," February 9 & 10, at *Toten's*. Go to www.midnightmirage.com/Events/Events.aspx for ticket and workshop information.





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16, 10pm at the Jackalope
(a Private Club For Mem-
bers). \$ PBR & \$ Well Drinks!

GALLERY STROLL

2006 IN REVIEW AND WHAT TO LOOK FORWARD TO...

By Mariah Mann Mellus

Mariah@slugmag.com

Gallery Stroll has been a constant since the 80s, so it is definitely here to stay, but 2006 was a roller coaster in the art world. As we ring in a new year, let's take a lookback on what was accomplished and what was lost in the gallery stroll experience.

We started out 2006 optimistic as we do for 2007, but then the Artspace board of trustees handed down a slap of reality. They planned to open their new Artspace and left Pierpont artists to fend for themselves. Discouraged but vigilant, the artists continued to work together and persuaded the current owners to let them carry on and keep their leases.

A bump in the road for art, but nothing to fear (at least not until urban art outlet *Unknown Gallery* silently closed its doors.) Then *Poor Yorick* disbanded. Art Access relocated from the uncertain future of Pierpont to their spacious new home at the "New Artspace" on 500 West and 230 South. *Kayo Gallery* closed, but freed up a building for the almost, homeless coffeeshop and new gallery stroll stop, *Nobrow Coffee*.

After the dust had settled mid-year we started to see an upswing as **Kent Rigby** of the *Salt Lake Gallery Stroll Association* and *Left Bank Gallery* curator joined the administration of the *Utah Arts Alliance* and charged forward with new shows for the space at 2191 S. 300 W. **Kenny Riches**, formally of *Kayo*, joined the *Trasa Urban Art Collective* at the famed *Pickle Factory*. *Artisan Frameworks* opened up a bigger store in the old Art Access Pierpont location while *Filthy Gorgeous* took over the old artisan shop and joined the rest of Pierpont in celebrating the monthly strolls. *Poor Yorick* reopened, as promised, with a bigger and better building that they now own on Crystal Ave. Now for the olive in my martini: a new art gallery, fresh and full of inspiration joined the Gallery Stroll; the *James Anthony Gallery* opened at 241 East Broadway. Ahhh with that kind of back and forth teasing and climax I'm ready for a smoke.

Now for the month of January and 2007.

Remember to stop by the new *James Anthony Gallery* at 241 E Broadway on your way to the *Broadway Theaters*, you won't regret it and it will probably be better than that Sundance film you can't get into anyway. If you time it right, **Carlos D of Interpole** will be around on Thursday, Jan. 18 for a Gallery Stroll pre-party.

The Utah Arts Alliance is closing a deal for a new home on Main Street for 2007. Hopefully, by mid-winter, we can walk to the Alliance art shows rather than drive. The *Solstice* show will still be held as planned at the current location, but new shows slated for the Main Street space include *Personalities*; a *SLC Photo Club Exhibit*, the *Incendiary Circus* in April and the *Water Color Society* in May. Stay tuned to SLUG for more details on their new home and all the gallery stroll gossip that 2007 undoubtedly will bring.



PIPER DOWN

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JANUARY'S LIVE MUSIC LINE-UP:

- Thurs. 1/11 Pagan Love Gods
- Thurs. 1/18 Colin Robison & Friends
- Thurs. 1/25 Warsaw Poland Brothers
(Celtic Rock)

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Sunday – Open at 10AM for Brunch
\$1 Mimosas & Free Bloody Mary Bar
2PM – Free Texas Hold'em
9PM – Karaoke and \$2.50 Steins

Monday –
Cheap Miller Lites
Texas Hold'em on Mondays! Sign up @ 7PM

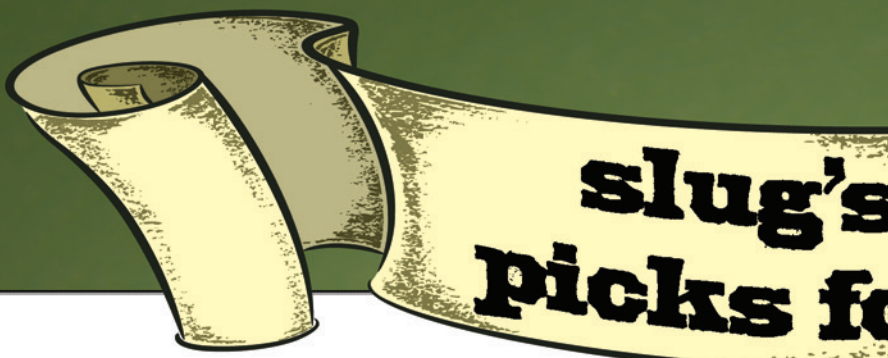
Tuesday – Texas Hold'em;
Sign up @ 7PM
\$2.50 Steins

Wednesday –
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slug's picks for

Emily Allen

1. TV on the Radio – *Return to Cookie Mountain*
2. Cat Power – *The Greatest*
3. Thom Yorke – *Eraser*
4. Tom Waits – *Bawlers, Bawlers and Bastards*
5. The Black Angels – *Passover*

James Bennett

1. Band of Annuals – *Live Warehouse EP*
2. Frank Black – *Fast Man Raider Man*
3. Vile Blue Shades – *We're Here, We're High*
4. Tom Waits – *Orphans*
5. Neko Case – *Fox Confessor Brings the Flood*

Angela Brown

1. Blackhole – *S/T*
2. Entrance – *Prayer of Death*
3. The Cunted – *S/T*
4. Lullatone – *Pajama Pop Pour*
5. V/A – *Death by Salt II*

Mike Brown

1. Fuck The Informer – *Fuck Off!*
2. Fuck The Informer – *Fuck Off*
3. Fuck The Informer – *Fuck Off*
4. Fuck The Informer – *Fuck Off*
5. Vile Blue Shades – *We're Here, We're High*

Bucket

1. Bouncing Souls – *The Gold Album*
2. Street Dogs – *Fading American Dream*
3. Johnny Cash – *One Hundred Highways*
4. The Independents – *Eternal Boys*
5. Ice Cube – *Last Now ...*

Paul Butterfield

1. The Wolfs – *S/T*
2. Paper Cranes – *Escape to Wicked Mountain*
3. Jealous – *S/T*
4. Form of Rocket – *Men*
5. The Cunted – *S/T*

Tom Carbone

1. Built to Spill – *You In Reverse*
2. The Velvet Teen – *Cum Laude*
3. TV on the Radio – *Return to Cookie Mountain*
4. Joanna Newsom – *YS*
5. Asobi Seksu – *Citrus*

Chris Carter

1. Sunn O))) – *Black One*
2. The Mountain Goats – *Get Lonely*
3. Anaal Nathrakh – *Eschaton*
4. Cursive – *Happy Hollow*
5. Jesu – *Silver*

Ruby Claire

1. Bob Dylan – *Modern Times*
2. Jarvis Cocker – *Jarvis*
3. Animal Collective – *Hollinndagain*
4. Vile Blue Shades – *We're Here, We're High*
5. The Strokes – *First Impressions of Earth*

Bill Crucea

1. Wolfmother – *S/T*
2. Sonic Youth – *Rather Ripped*
3. Goldfrapp – *Supernature*
4. Eagles of Death Metal – *Death By Sexy*
5. Ice Cube – *Laugh Now, Cry Later*

Adam Dorobiala

1. Tupac – *Pac's Life*
2. Beck – *The Information*
3. Bob Dylan – *Modern Times*
4. Tom Waits – *Orphans*
5. Junta Deville – *Gitmo*

Sara Edge

1. Bob Dylan – *Modern Times*
2. The Decemberists – *The Crane Wife*
3. Tom Waits – *Orphans: Brawlers, Bawlers & Bastards*
4. The Raconteurs – *Broken Boy Soldiers*
5. Regina Spektor – *Begin to Hope*

Mike Eichorn

1. Daughters – *Hell Songs*
2. The Sword – *Age of Winters*
3. Ampere – *The Split Series*
4. Converge – *No Heroes*
5. Kill Cheerleader – *All Hail*

Peter Fryer

1. The Thermals – *The Body, the Blood, the Machine*
2. Hold Steady – *Boys and Girls in America*
3. Have Heart – *The Things We Carry*
4. This is Hell – *Sundowning*
5. The Knife – *Silent Shout*

Andrew Glassett

1. Shedding – *What God Doesn't Bless, You Won't Love: What You Don't Love, The Child Won't Know*
2. nonnon – *Unreleased*
3. Prurient – *Pleasure Ground*
4. Wolf Eyes – *Human Animal*
5. The Tenants of Balthazar's Castle – *Terror In Twelve Parts*

Meghann Griggs

1. Napalm Death – *Smear Campaign*
2. Mastodon – *Blood Mountain*
3. Tom Waits – *Orphans: Brawlers, Bawlers & Bastards*
4. Eagles of Death Metal – *Death By Sexy*
5. Yeah Yeah Yeahs – *Show Your Bones*

Jeff Guay

1. Bonnie Prince Billy – *The Letting Go*
2. The Mars Volta – *Amputechture*
3. Vetiver – *To Find Me Gone*
4. Cat Power – *The Greatest*
5. Jenny Lewis and the Watson Twins – *Rabbit Fur Coat*

Jesse Kennedy (Top 5 Video Games)

1. *Gears of War*
2. *Bully*
3. *Elder Scrolls IV, Oblivion*
4. *Half Life Two, Episode One*
5. *Syphon Filter, Dark Mirror*

James Hadden

1. Red Hot Chili Peppers – *Stadium Arcadium*
2. Arctic Monkeys – *Whatever People Say I Am, That's What I'm Not*
3. The Strokes – *First Impressions of Earth*
4. Rise Against – *The Sufferer and the Witness*
5. Tenacious D – *The Pick of Destiny*

Carmen Harris

1. Silversun Pickups – *Carnavas*
2. Band of Horses – *Everything All The Time*
3. Secret Machines – *Ten Silver Drops*
4. Fiery Furnaces – *Bitter Tea*
5. Eagles of Death Metal – *Death By Sexy*

Top 5 for 2006

Erik Lopez

1. The New Blockaders – *Les Changez Blockaders 25th Anniversary Edition*
2. Entrance – *Prayer of Death*
3. Circle – *Andexelt*
4. Tony Conrad – *Joan of Arc*
5. Six Organs of Admittance – *Sun Awakens*

Dave Madden

1. Thom Yorke – *The Eraser*
2. Dabrye – *Two/Three*
3. Cex – *Actual Fucking*
4. Carla Bozulich – *Evangelista*
5. Spank Rock – *YoYoYoYoYo*

Shawn Mayer

1. Kill Cheerleader – *All Hail*
2. Wolfmother – *S/T*
3. Anti Flag – *For Blood and Empire*
4. The Sword – *Age of Winters*
5. Rise Against – *The Sufferer and the Witness*

Ryan McCalmon

1. Flaming Lips – *At War with the Mystics*
2. Neko Case – *Fox Confessor Brings the Flood*
3. Roots – *Game Theory*
4. Sonic Youth – *Rather Ripped*
5. Beach House – *S/T*

Mariah Mann-Mellus

1. Beck – *Information*
2. Norfolk & Western – *Unsung Colony*
3. Sufjan Stevens – *Christmas Collection*
4. M Ward – *Post War*
5. The Band of Annuals – *Live at the Warehouse EP*

Josh McGillis

1. Gwar – *Beyond Hell*
2. Motorhead – *Kiss Of Death*
3. Cheap Sex – *Written In Blood*
4. Leftover Crack / Citizen Fish – *Baby Punchers/ Meltdown Split 7"*
5. KMFDM – *Ruck Zuck*

Jeanette Moses

1. I Object – *Teaching Revenge*
2. Yeah Yeah Yeahs – *Show Your Bones*
3. Nausea – *The Punk Terrorist Anthology Volume 1*
4. Time Again – *The Stories Are True*
5. V/A – *Don't Fuck With Her*

Judy Nielson

1. Man Man – *Six Demon Bag*
2. The Coup – *Pick a Bigger Weapon*
3. Gnarl Barkley – *St. Elsewhere*
4. His Name is Alive – *Detrola*
5. Swearing at Motorists – *Last Night Becomes This Morning*

Oneamyseven

1. The Retrosi – *Nightcrawler*
2. Enduser – *Pushing Back*
3. Snog – *Snog vs. The Faecal Juggernaut of Mass Culture*
4. Synapscape/Asche – *Scenes From a Galton's Walk*
5. Oil 10 – *Beyond*

James Orme

1. Johnny Cash – *One Hundred Highways*
2. Kings of Nuthin' – *Over the Counter Culture*
3. Th' Legendary Shack Shakers – *Pandelarium*
4. Mercy Killers – *Bloodlove*
5. Mad Sin – *Dead Moon's Calling*

Ryan Michael Painter

1. Goddamn Electric Bill – *Swallowed by the Machines*
2. The Knife – *Silent Shout*
3. Muse – *Black Holes & Revelations*
4. She Wants Revenge – *S/T*
5. Tom Waits – *Orphans*

Peter Panhandler

1. Cage – *Hells Winter*
2. Yo La Tengo – *I Am Not Afraid Of You And I Will Beat Your Ass*
3. Cut Chemist – *The Audience's Listening*
4. MF Grimm – *American Hunger*
5. Rhymefest – *Blue Collar*

Bob Plumb

1. The Game – *Doctors Advocate*
2. Snoop Dog – *The Blue Carpet Treatment*
3. DJ Knucklz – *Jackalope Mix*
4. Hank Williams III – *Straight to Hell*
5. Outerspace – *Blood Brothers*

Ryan Powers

1. Anavan – *S/T*
2. The Mall – *Emergency at the Everyday*
3. Das Oath – *11"*
4. Jenny Piccolo – *Discography*
5. Quintrón & Miss Pussycat – *Swamp Tech*

Miles Ridling

1. Subtle – *For Hero: For Fool*
2. Joanna Newsom – *Ys*
3. TV on The Radio – *Return to Cookie Mountain*
4. Herbert – *Scales*
5. Destroyer – *Destroyer's Rubies*

Lance Saunders

1. Decemberists – *Crane Wife*
2. Subtle – *For Hero: For Fool*
3. Black Heart Procession – *The Spell*
4. Alias & Tarsier – *Brookland/Oaklyn*
5. P.O.S. – *Audition*

Chris Swainston

1. The Rapture – *Pieces of the People We Love*
2. Matisyahu – *Youth*
3. Yeah Yeah Yeahs – *Show Your Bones*
4. Talk Demoniac – *Beat Romantic*
5. Sir John Barbirolli – *Mahler: Symphony No. 6*

Rebecca Vernon

1. Sonic Youth – *Rather Ripped*
2. The Melvins – *A Senile Animal*
3. Blackhole – *S/T*
4. sunn O))) & Boris – *Altar*
5. V/A – *Death by Salt II*

Ricky Vigil

1. None More Black – *This is Satire*
2. The Lawrence Arms – *Oh! Calcutta!*
3. The Bouncing Souls – *The Gold Record*
4. Dead to Me – *Cuban Ballerina*
5. Westbound Train – *Transitions*

Bryer Wharton

1. Strapping Young Lad – *The New Black*
2. VoiVod – *Katorz*
3. Into Eternity – *The Scattering of Ashes*
4. Isis – *The Absence of Truth*
5. Lividity – *Used, Abused and Left for Dead*

Jeremy Wilkins

1. Two Gallants – *What The Toll Tells*
2. Strike Anywhere – *Dead FM*
3. The Exploding Hearts – *Shattered*
4. Mason Jennings – *Boneclouds*
5. The Lawrence Arms – *Oh! Calcutta!*

Spencer Young

1. Tom Zé – *Estudando o Pagode*
2. Broadcast – *The Future Crayon*
3. Shakira – *Oral Fixation Vol. 2*
4. Joan of Arc – *The Intelligent Design of Joan of Arc*
5. White Flight – *S/T*

THE DRUGS MADE ME DO IT



By Mike Brown mikebrown@slugmag.com

Man, I love writing and hearing stories about drug abuse. Especially LSD. Acid is such a silly drug to me. It's like a kidney stone—so tiny, yet it can fuck you up so bad. I'm not even sure if the cool kids at the high school still drop, but when I roamed the halls in the early 90s, it sure was the cool thing to do. Turn your Discman up real loud and tuck it into your flannel, take a couple hits of triple-dipped blue shield before third period, and just ignore the fuck out of your auto-shop teacher.

I don't even know if it's possible to buy acid anymore. I'm sure you can. I just haven't tried. I never really liked psychedelics that much, anyway. I did acid once in high school and it kind of scared the shit out of me.

The last time I ate magic mushrooms was at the last *Lord of the Rings* midnight madness premier. I panicked halfway through the magical journey and had to make it out of Mordor via Ute Cab. I remember my buddy Joe was the only one not booming and he came outside to smoke a cig with me. Joe was drunk as shit and we saw three Nazis walk by us, but I thought they were Orks. Joe said, "Check it out! Nazis!" right within earshot of the kooks, and I just flipped out. Joe calmed me down by saying, "Don't worry; I can take-em!"

Anyway, I remember the day I really became afraid of LSD and decided to never do it again. It was the day that one of my buddies took some bad acid, did some crystal meth and freaked out. At the time, it was pretty serious, but like lots of serious things in life, now it's just a funny story. Allow me to share.

I can't remember if I was in tenth or eleventh grade, because I did a lot of drugs back then, but anyway, there was going to be a party at some kid's house whose parents where out of town. This was kind of a big deal for us back then; we spent so much time getting wasted in different alley ways and empty parking lots that to actually party in a real house was always exciting and kind of a treat. I can't remember whose house it was, but I remember the kid being a nerd. That didn't matter though; we just needed a place to party.

What I do remember is getting beat up (not too bad) by my friend who had taken the bad acid. The party was going along pretty well until my friend Ed (not his real name) showed up with some gangster kids. Ed was a skater but back then, it was ok for the skaters and gangsters to hang out because we both liked drugs and shared a lot of the same remedial classes at school.

Three of these gangster kids where Tongan and pretty big. Which will become pertinent to the story later on. Ed was white. Ed was a pretty tough kid, but not a very good fighter. He had kind of a temper, but for the most part, he was real nice.

Anyway, Ed and these gangster kids did some crystal meth, took some bad acid and showed up to this party. Acid takes a little while to kick in, so everything was cool for about an hour or so. Then for some reason, Ed, who was a lot bigger than me, shoved the shit out of me for no reason and I went flying into the wall. It was clear that something was bothering Ed, but at this point no one knew what it was.

One of the Tongan gangster kids helped me up and asked me if this was my house. I told him no, and then he said, "Yeah, cause if someone disrespected me like that in my house, I'd fuck them up!"

Then Ed started shit with some of his other friends at the party. A little later, he slammed my head into a wall and punched me in the gut. Then he kicked my friend Gomer in the nuts. We were starting to get worried. Ed was clearly out of control at this point.

Then one of the gangster kids decided to regulate. He told Ed, "Chill the FUCK out, man!"

Ed replied angrily with a sentence that included the big N word. The one that white people shouldn't say. Especially to Tongan gangster kids. So the gangster kid did us all a favor by beating the shit out of Ed in front of us.

Ed calmed down for a couple minutes after his beat-down, but then he started acting up again. So a different gangster kid beat him up. This happened about three times, with a grand finale beat-down on the front lawn of the nerd's house by like five or six gangster kids.

Ed had gotten the shit beat out of him like six times in a row, but he wasn't done. I was never much of a fighter, so while Ed was unconscious, me and another kid went over and peed on him. Then the cops came.

We ran off and hid in some bushes and watched the cops arrest Ed, but he was still fucked up. So the cops beat him up. Then an ambulance came. When Ed got out of the hospital, he apologized to everyone and we all became friends again.

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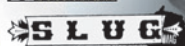
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January Daily



Bouncing Souls

Friday, January 5

School of Rock performs Metallica – *Circuit*
The Street, Token Betty, Anything that Moves, Idiocracy, Monochrist – *Vegas*
Legendary Porch Pounders – *Zanzibar*
Joe McQueen – *Wine Cellar*
Jake Dreier Band – *Iron Horse*
Austin Cross – *Starry Night*
Julian Moon – *Alchemy*
The Shades of Gray – *Pat's BBQ*
Radiata – *Liquid Joe's*
In Camera, Digital Black, Loom – *Kilby*
Laserfang, Peter and the Darlings – *Urban*
Her Candane, Novelists, Prize Country – *Broken Record*
Monarch, Secret Sobriety, Downright Blue – *Burt's*

Saturday, January 6

School of Rock performs Metallica – *Circuit*
The Rodeo Boys – *Burt's*
First to Leave, God City – *Starry Night*
Daniel – *Alchemy*
Clifton, I Am The Ocean, Haunt The Seas, Killbot, A Switchblade Affair – *Project Audio Lounge*
Kohorts, Red Top Wolverine Show – *Tony's*
The Adonis, Bronco, I Hear Sirens – *Urban*
Never Cast Anchor, The Up Collars, Short Access – *Driftwood*
Scotty Haze & Paula – *Pat's BBQ*
SLAJO, Love Runner – *Kilby*
The Legendary Porch Pounders – *Wine Cellar*
The Jake Dreier Band – *Iron Horse*
Duck Champions – *Johnny on Seconds*
801 Intentions, Spizo, R & R – *Country Club Theater*
Insolence, Psychostick, Cavity Burn – *Vegas*

Sunday, January 7

The Furs – *Monk's*
Fiore, The Waiting Hurt, In Reverent Fear, Now We are Six, Dear Stranger – *Project Audio Lounge*
Garaj Mahal – *Urban*

Monday, January 8

In Reverent Fear, Now They are Six, Fiore – *Country Club Theater*
Fox Van Cleef, The Written, Time Well Spent, Missing Since Yesterday – *Starry Night*
The Blue Devils Blues Revue & Blues Jam w/ Zach Parrish & Bad Brad Wheeler – *Zanzibar*
Red Top Wolverine Show – *Burt's*

Tuesday, January 9

Comedy Night – *Burt's*
Take the Fall, Forget McCarran, Alex the Skydiver, The Trademark – *Kilby*
Secret Fun Club, Eagle Twin, Dear Stranger – *Urban*

Wednesday, January 10

Beres Hammond, Marcia Griffiths, Leon and the Peoples – *Depot*
Angie Aparo – *Urban*
Angela Davis Keynote Address – *Oplin Union Ballroom*
One More Chance, Chris Johnston – *Kilby*
Marcus Bentley, Palamino, Atherton – *Liquid Joe's*
Sabrina Blackburn, Ashlee K, Gentry Watson, Sarah Songer – *Burt's*

Thursday, January 11

My Morning Jacket, Elvis Perkins in Dearland – *Depot*
Tech N9ne, Blaze Ya Dead Homie, Subnoize Souljaz, Critical Bill, Illuminati – *Saltair*
Anchors for Arms, Fail to Follow, My Silent Goodbye – *Project Audio Lounge*
Cherem, Tamerlane, Dogwelder, Special Guest – *Vortex*
Dave Tate, Colin Robinson – *Alchemy*
Metal Church, Hooga, Vadaath – *Kamikaze's*
Pagan Love Gods – *Piper Down*

Friday, January 12

Iota, Skullfuzz, Subrosa – *Broken Record*
Heidi Strickland – *Alchemy*
Tartar Lamb, The Sunshines – *Driftwood*
The Reverend Horton Heat, Junior Brown,

The Legendary Shack Shakers – *Saltair*
Jillian Ann, Bud Heavy Weight Champion from NYC, The Kingdom, Black Market Babies Burlesque, Blue Lotus Egyptian Caberet – *600 W 600 S*
Zach Collins, Andies – *Kilby*
Elephante, Opal Hill Drive – *Liquid Joe's*
Knuckledragger, Night of the Living Rednecks – *Burt's*
COSM – *Monk's*
Nice CD Release Party – *Vegas*
SLUG Localized: The Reaper, Boswick/XV, Lavish – Urban
Clifton, I Am The Ocean – *Country Club Theater*
School of Rock performs Best of the 80s – *Circuit*
Eden Express, The Fitting Room – *Nobrow*

Saturday, January 13

The Dixie Dregs – *Depot*
John Davis – *Alchemy*
Iota, Loiter Cognition – *Burt's*
The Wolfs – *Urban*
Johnathan Frazier, Tycho Monolith, David and B-ry – *Starry Night*
Action Girls: Women's Only Snowboard Clinics – *Brighton*
On Track Music – *Pat's BBQ*
Go Figure – *Johnny on Seconds*
Seve Vs Evan, The Brobecks, The Belefonte, Austen Heller – *Driftwood*
Robert Earl Keen – *Suede*
School of Rock performs Best of the 80s – *Circuit*
nolens volens, Norwahl – *827 S. 700 E.*
Adapt, Under Radar – *Vegas*

Sunday, January 14

Afro Omega, Stereotype – *Monk's*
The Wailers – *Suede*

Monday, January 15

Shapeshifters, Grayskull – *Kilby*
Jon Makin – *Vegas*

Tuesday, January 16

X Dance Pre-Festival Party – Jackalope
Jesse Dayton – *Suede*
Side Dish, Fail to Follow, Much the Same – *Starry Night*
Colin Robinson, Gentry Watson – *Alchemy*
Scenic Byway – *Urban*

Wednesday, January 17

See You Next Tuesday, Psypus, They Came In Swarms, Under the Rising Tide – *Country Club Theatre*
Katsumoto, Kohbit, 13th Cadaver, Poolside at the Flamingo, Crimson Reigns – *Project Audio Lounge*
Dave Tate – *Alchemy*
Badgrass – *Urban*

ily Calendar

Thursday, January 18

Sundance Opening Night Gala – *Legacy Lodge*
Sabac Red – *Monk's*
Slamdance Lucky 13 Party – *Star Bar*
Ulysses – *Urban*
John Cragie – *Alchemy*
Colin Robinson and Friends – *Piper Down*
The Bouncing Souls – *Suede*
Bowling for Soup, Melee, Over It, Quitedrive – *In the Venue*
Sabac Red – *Uprok*
Dunny Azteca– *Mechanized Records*

Friday, January 19

Gaza, Xur, God's Revolver – *Broken Record*
Bombs and Beating Hearts – *Coffee Break*
Stranger Friendly – *Alchemy*
In Case You're Curious, The Sharktopus, Josef Grool – *Project Audio Lounge*
Slamdance Opening Night Film: Weirdeville – *Main Screening Room*
School of Rock performs Corporate Rock – *Circuit*
The Album Leaf – *Urban*
Burton Demo Tour – *PCMR*
Stark Raven – *Pat's BBQ*
The Grimmway, Blackhole – *Burt's*
Quiet Color, Reprobates, Glacial – *Kilby*
X Dance Film Festival Begins – Park City
CD Release: Cryptobiotic – *Vegas*
Gallery Stroll – Pierpont
Augustana, Vegas 4 – *In the Venue*

Saturday, January 20

Action Girls: Women's Only Snowboard Clinics – *Brighton*
Bad Luck Blues Band – *Pat's BBQ*
Burton Demo Tour – *PCMR*
Jinga Boa – *Urban*
Gaza, Xur, God's Revolver – *Starry Night*
Cherem, God City, Night Runs Red – *Darkside Venue*
Mike Hart – *Alchemy*
Dead City Lights, Last Response, Shackelton – *Tony's*
Planes Mistaken For Stars – *Country Club Theater*
Classic Case, Forgive Durden, Stelle Crosswhite, The Almost – *Kilby*
School of Rock performs Corporate Rock – *Circuit*
Gods Amongst Mortals, Cavity Burns, Necrophacus, Run the Red – *Vegas*

Sunday, January 21

Burton Demo Tour – *PCMR*
DJ Snience – *Monk's*
After The Party – *Alchemy*
Big Head Todd, The Brakes – *Suede*

Monday, January 22

Slamdance's Sled Off – *TMI Lobby*

Blitzkid, Die Monster Die – *Burt's*
X Dance Film Festival Ends – Park City
Tromadance – *SLC Library*

Tuesday, January 23

Roses are Red, Rookie of the Year, Four Letter Lie, Scenes From a Movie – *Country Club Theater*
Comedy Night – *Burt's*
Tromadance – *Brewvies*

Wednesday, January 24

Zilla – *Urban*
The Outline – *Kilby*
Karen Bayard – *Alchemy*
The Randies – *Burt's*
Hell's Belles – *Suede*
Tromadance – *Dolly's Bookstore*

Thursday, January 25

Ra the Rugged Man – *Monk's*
Kid Beyond, Bomb City, Erratic Erotica, Conscious Honesty, Voodoo Science – *Driftwood*
Colin Robinson, Dave Tate – *Alchemy*
VAST, Dulcesky, Black Market Babies Burlesque – *Suede*
Laura Gibson, Paul Jacobsen – *Kilby*
Mike Sasich's Birthday – *Urban*
Of Montreal, Shiny Toy Guns – *Main Street in Park City*
Ra the Rugged Man – *Uprok*
Tromadance – *Rum Bunnies Beach Bar*
Warsaw Poland Brothers – *Piper Down*
Uzi and Ari, Taught Me – *Muse Music*

Friday, January 26

Alesana, Bless the Fall, Kane Hodder, Lovehatehero – *Country Club Theater*
Broken Teeth, Thunderfist, Spork – *Burt's*
Starmy – *Monk's*
Our Time in Space – *Starry Night*
Someday – *Project Audio Lounge*
Mary Tebbs – *Alchemy*
Maxfield, Ben Johnson, Accumulation – *Kilby*
Slamdance Awards Presentation – *Main Screening Room*
The Eden Express, The Weakmen, TaughtMe, Uzi and Ari – *Urban*
Black Chandelier Fashion Place Store Grand Opening: Misfit Toys Performance – *Fashion Place Mall*
Blessed, Bad Grass, Schwa Grotto, Opal Hill Drive, Random Dance – *Vegas*
School of Rock performs Queen – *Circuit*

Saturday, January 27

Ron Sexsmith – *Urban*
Action Girls: Women's Only Snowboard Clinics – *Brighton*

Digable Planets – *Suede*
Glacial, The Furs, My Valkyrie, Quiet Color – *Project Audio Lounge*
Soggy Bone – *Tony's*
Flash Cabbage – *Alchemy*
Broken Teeth, Books About UFO's, The Wolfs – *Burt's*
School of Rock performs Queen(Matinee) – *Circuit*
School of Rock performs Frank Zappa – *Circuit*
Cruxshadows, Ayria, Ego Likeness – *Vegas*

Sunday, January 28

After The Party – *Alchemy*
Forever In Motion, It's Like Love – *Country Club Theater*
The Body, Tito Bandana, DJ Snience – *Monk's*
School of Rock performs Frank Zappa – *Circuit*

Monday, January 29

Whiskey Only Party – *Earl of Lopez's House*

Tuesday, January 30

Comedy Night – *Burt's*
Heartless Bastards – *Kilby*
Slayer, Uneath – *Saltair*
Uzi and Ari, Taughtme, Austen Heller – *Driftwood*

Wednesday, January 31

Flat Foot 56, Our Corpse, Destroyed, Spooky Deville – *Urban*
The Red Top Wolverine Show, Wooden Matchstick Band, Patsy Ohio – *Burt's*

Thursday, February 1

Will Hoge, Marah and the Drams – *Suede*

Friday, February 2

Suburban Legends, MC Lars, Patent Pending – *Project Audio Lounge*
Love You Long Time, ABBYnormal – *Driftwood*
Robin Mary, Subrosa – *Bada Bing Coffeeshop*
Pick Up the New SLUG – *Anyplace Cool!*

Subrosa



PHOTO: VLADIMIR SOKOLOV



black chandelier

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GRAND OPENING

friday, january 26, 8:30 pm

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THE MISFIT TOYS!

AND THEIR HEAVY METAL ROCK OPERA!

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www.blackchandelier.com

Kilby Court Calendar January 2007

- 05- In Camera, Digital Black, Loom, and more
- 06- Sla Jo, Love Runner, more t.b.a.
- 09- Take the Fall, Forget McCarran, Alex the Skydiver, The Trademark
- 10- One More Chance, Chris Johnston
- 12- Locals show: Zach Collins, Andies, etc.
- 13- Locals show t.b.a.
- 15- Shapeshifters, Grayskull
- 19- Quiet Color, Reprobates, Glacial
- 20- The Almost (mbrs Underneath), Forgive Durden, Classic Case, Stelle Crosswhite
- 24- The Outline, more t.b.a.
- 25- Laura Gibson, Paul Jacobsen
- 26- Maxfield, Ben Johnson, Accumulation
- 30- Heartless Bastards, etc...

Coming up in February:

- 03- Tolchock Trio, Weak Men, Return to Sender
 - 08- DOSH, a Film in the Ballroom
 - 10- Matt Wertz
 - 12- The Broken West
 - 14- Grizzly Bear, We are Seagulls
- And looking forward to March:
- 01- Spinto Band, Dios Malos
 - 02- Say Hi to your Mom
 - 03- Keith Varon, The Antiques



Kilby Court is all ages at 741 South 330 West SLC
shows begin at 7:30pm

more info:
www.kilbycourt.com Tickets:
www.24tix.com



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