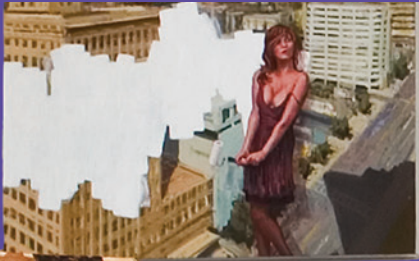


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SLUG MAGAZINE

December 2007 • Volume 18 • Issue 228

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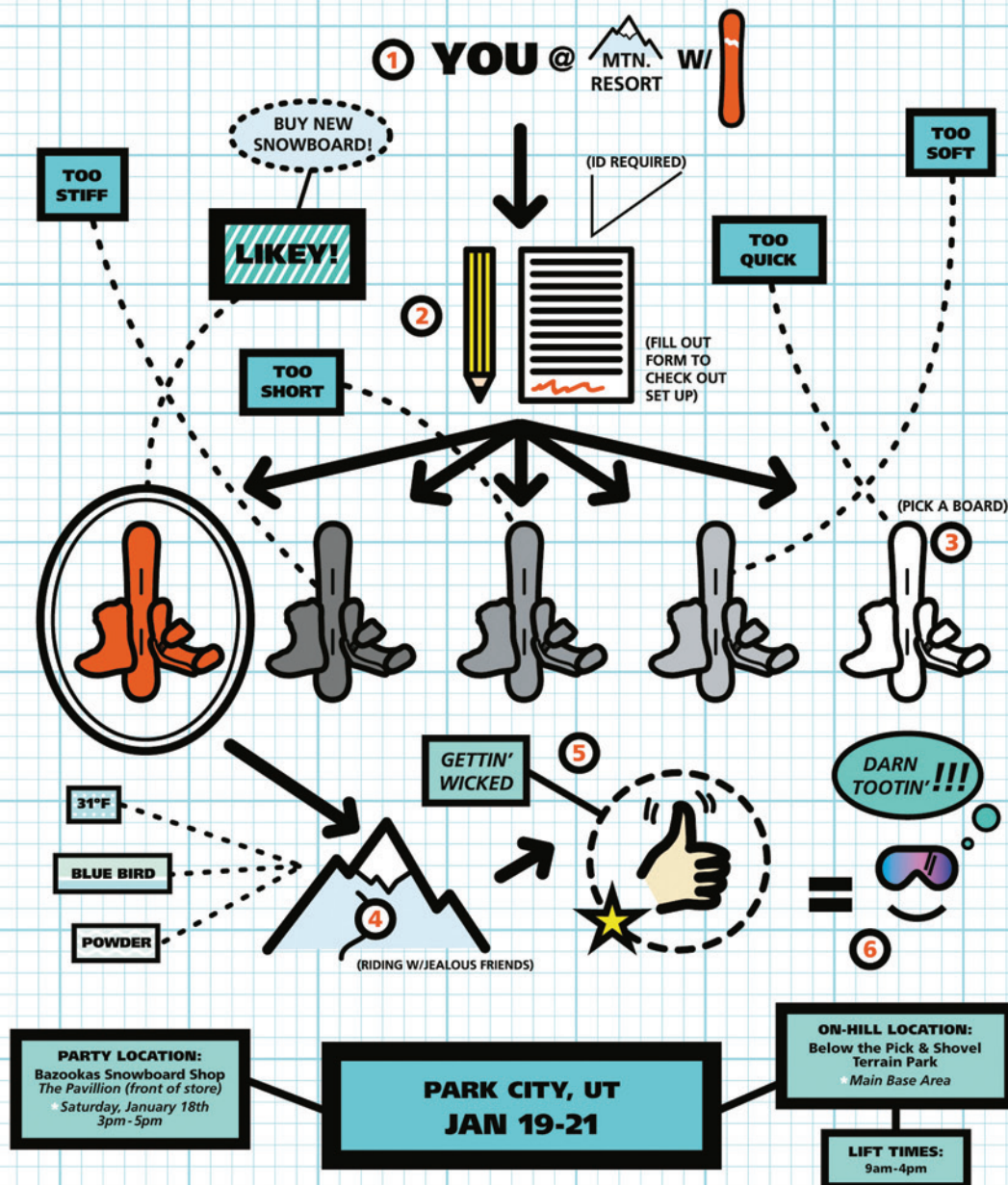
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Contributor Limelight



Kate O'Connor = Web Designer

Kate O'Connor, SLUG Mag's Web Mistress, breaks the stereotype of the computer-loving nerd. Not only is she a totally hot babe, but her code is just as sexy! Outside of keeping our website functioning, Kate is into action sports such as long boarding and snowboarding, works at Salty Peaks and is currently accepting freelance web work. If you haven't checked out Kate's work on our new website, go to www.slugmag.com and see <a href target="_blank">.

Mr. Ken Sanders... On The Cover!

Cover Design: Joshua Joye

Stylist: Mariah Mann-Mellus

Ken Sanders' clothing provided

by: Winkle Horman (fur coat),

Sparks (shoes), Decades (shirt,

necklaces and cane) and Model

Citizen (rings, more necklaces,

fashion stroll gossip and a hat).

Bulldog provided by:

Ron Green of the Green Ant.

Bulldog handler: Ruth Rodgers

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Special Thanks to the Man, himself,

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Dear Dickheads

Dear Dickheads,
 Thanks for the lame review on Back
 After Dawn. I see you taste in music
 sucks and I feel for your readers.
 Write us off as whatever you want, I
 have seen your taste in music reviews,
 and PEOPLE LIKE YOU ARE THE
 REASON FOR NO CHANGE IN MUSIC,
 PEOPLE LIKE YOU DON'T KNOW
 ABOUT GOOD MUSIC WHEN IT IS
 STARTING OUT. Wait till it catches on
 then talk about it.
 Fuck you even trying to be apart of the
 music scene, what a joke you are.
 Bet you hate Thursday, Thrive,
 Radiohead.
 We are not part of a scene, hints the
 name of the cd "Scene Set Fire", a
 message to you and people like you in
 your poser scene, fucking set fire. The
 only one who wears girl pants in the
 band is Debbie she is a girl. I bet you
 don't even play and instrument, I play
 multiple ones. Go back home tonight
 and cry your self to sleep about how
 you could never be a musician that
 wasn't a joke. -Steven

Dear Steven,
 Sorry to be the one to break it to you
 but even after you spent 20 hours
 writing and rewriting this crappy
 letter, your band STILL sucks. For
 those SLUG reader's that never
 had a chance to read how much
 we loathed your CD ... it's reprinted
 below. Oh, and one more thing,
 Thursday, Thrive and Radiohead
 STILL suck, too. If your influences
 weren't so overrated maybe you'd
 create better music. Crappy
 musicians like you need more
 Flipper in their life. XOXO

Back After Dawn
 Scene Set Fire EP
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Back After Dawn = Hot Topic
 bullshit at its worst
 Oh, just fucking shoot me now.
 This is some of the most pussified
 bullshit I've ever had the displeasure
 of hearing, and will undoubtedly be
 huge in the under-15 mall crowd.
 Singy-singy, screamy-screamy, pissy-
 pissy, cleany-cleany...formulaic to the
 point of making me want to fucking
 vomit. Scene hair, white belts, chick
 pants...invoking thoughts of homicide.
 Garbage. -loveyoudead

Dear Dickheads,
 I personally want to say thanks for
 picking Trebuchet to do the Localized
 Showcase back in June. That was a
 really amazing show for me, and all
 of us. Oh, And I hope you realize how
 many kids your publication saves from
 the suburbs. It's amazing. -James
 Miska

Dear James,
 Thanks so much for that lovely note.
 It is part of SLUG Mag's mission
 statement to save the children from
 becoming Wal Mart shopping, mini-
 van driving individuals. Keep up
 the good fight and help us spread
 the word. There's more to life than
 working a shitty 9-5, living in a
 house with a white picket fence and
 becoming a meth-abusing mother of
 3.5 children.

Dear Dickheads-
 I can't believe the fucking jerks in
 this town. We have people protesting
 the Blue Boutique, The Metropolitan
 serving Foi Gras and the the
 supposedly anti-god movie about
 a kid that can talk to his polar bear
 (The Golden Compass) ! There is
 a god damned war going on where
 people are dying every day and they
 just sound not be. Children are losing
 their fathers and mothers and spouses
 losing spouses needlessly. To top it all
 off, it's all the fault of a lying, crooked
 administration that should be held
 accountable for all the lies they have
 told us and the unconstitutional bullshit
 they have been pulling for almost eight
 years and this is the bullshit people
 get worked up enough to protest? You
 assbags kill me, and I will see some of
 you at the metropolitan eating some
 shit I never really wanted to until I
 heard about your protest...morons. I
 wish Bush and Cheney were sending
 dildos and geese to Iraq, maybe you
 people would get off your asses for
 something that really matters.
 -Shannon Barnodog

Shannon, just what are YOU doing to
 solve the world's problems besides
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What the hell is going on with Death By Salt VOL.3?



On December 21 and 22 2007, We at *SLUG Magazine* will give you *Death by Salt Vol. 3*, the first compilation of Salt Lake City bands to be produced on vinyl in several decades, and the third installment in our *Death By Salt* compilation series.

DBS Vol. 1 and *Vol. 2* documented all genres from our white-hot music scene and featured 59 and 42 artists respectively. Band profiles were included in smartly packaged box sets limited to runs of 1000. However, *DBS Vol. 3* will mark a change in creative direction.

SLUG teamed up with local label *Octopus Records* to pare down the *DBS Vol. 3* submissions. Together, we decided change was more than desirable. Instead of producing mixed-genre single releases every two years, the *DBS* series will now be released quarterly, as genre-specific albums. The call for submissions will also be genre-specific. This will make each collection more streamlined and allow for more in-depth representation of each genre in the scene and its artists, from goth to folk to Swedish bell choir. Accordingly, *DBS Vol. 3* is a rock record.

The art of *DBS Vol. 3* was munificently designed by **Paul Butterfield** and **Dave Styer** and revolves around the theme of early Mormon resistance and rebellion against the federal government during Utah's nascent statehood. It celebrates the early courage of Utah's leaders, touching on the irony of their non-conformity 100 years before Utah became one of the most anally conservative states in the nation. Included is a newsprint zine containing full interviews and photos with each of the 10 lucky Salt Lake bands featured on *DBS Vol. 3*.

DBS Vol. 3 is limited to 1000 vinyl copies. A downloadable version of the music is included with every purchase. See you at the release parties!

Bon sodium!

Angela H. Brown
Editor

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**DBS Vol. 3 • 21 & Over
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**December Localized
Realized**
by Conor Dow
tomserve@gmail.com

Localized is always five bucks, and happens on the second Friday of the month at the *Urban Lounge*, a private club for members. This month's showstopper falls on December 14th. December showcases two bands that

have been staples in the Utah scene for a few years, the hard-rockin' for loud parties **Her Candane** and the genre defying **I Am the Ocean** with openers **The Schwass**. I had the opportunity to spend one evening

with each band, which resulted in a weapons-grade hangover and the other that resulted in a belly full of tea and English muffins. I'll let you decide which order that was in.



Taylor Orton – Drums
Eric Rose – Guitar
Adam Virostko – Guitar
Jeremy Conder – Bass
Kellen Dopp – Vocals

"We just want to talk about Broship!" the gentlemen of I Am the Ocean express to me as I approach them standing outside Positively 4th Street, sharing a jug of wine. Obviously they are excited not only to talk about the collective network of other bands known as Broship, but also their band. We proceeded to the nearest Denny's to share the same booth where several band meetings have been held.

In the past two and a half years, a lot has happened for I Am The Ocean. Their full-length album ... *And Your City Needs Swallowing*, which pulls influences from heavy sludge metal to indie rock you could dance to, was released earlier this year by **Uprising Records** (**Fall Out Boy**, **Underminded**). A great deal of touring was done to support this record, and they found **Charles**, the official band puppy, while touring. "A big deal for us is our brothers in the Broship, **Clifton** and **Her Candane** have been and continue to be a huge influence not just musically

but as incredible support. Without those two bands, our band wouldn't have happened the way it did, nor would we be in the position we are. We're very fortunate to be part of an amazing brotherhood and collection of badass individuals and bands such as the Broship," Jeremy Conder says.

Thanks to grueling tour schedules by bands not only in Broship, but in Utah bands en masse, these past few years may have put our state on the map quite a bit more than it has been at any other time. "People out there and industry people know what's going on here and they know it's incredible. I think the stereotype that we don't have good music is more cultivated by people in Utah than outside," Eric Rose states. "We have the best bands and best scene in the world right here, with incredible diversity. For what just about every awesome band that's out there is doing, I could show you a Utah band that could spank them." I Am the Ocean shares local influences of other bands as well; "We're proud to be influenced by Form Of Rocket, Gaza, The New Transit Direction, The Hi Fi Massacre, The Kill and many more."

As for actually performing, it's easy to say that the band has done a great deal of it all across the country. "We hope the crowd has a good time and

that they're impressed to some degree in one way or another and feeling what we're feeling. We hope that they're close enough to get sweated on, and really hope they don't get into a fight."

"Writing is a high all its own because of the fact you're creating something; it's something new for you as well and progress is very satisfying," Jeremy reflects. With several new tracks in the workings, one which is 25 minutes long, and a second full-length album on the distant horizon, I Am the Ocean's creativity seems far from dry. I had a chance to hear a segment from the almost half-hour track and it was a heavy, spastic psychedelic experience; hearing the full track will be quite exciting. "We don't set out to sound like anyone else or even not like anyone else, we just write songs that we like, and usually others enjoy them too. If people find us unique then that's awesome." About the future, I Am the Ocean is understandably optimistic; "Hopefully we're still working our asses off with more friends, a couple of more releases, maybe all of us a little bit taller."

I Am the Ocean has an EP coming out soon in the 21st century.

www.myspace.com/iamtheocean
www.broship.freeforums.org



HER CANDANE

Dreu Damian – Vocals
Mike Deathner – Guitar
T.J. Fox – Bass
Dan Edwards – Drums
Brad the Loy'd – Guitar

Upon meeting the members of Her Candane for the first time, one thing was immediately apparent to me: these kids know how to party. My instinct to bring a 12-pack of beer to the interview was correct, and as I stepped inside the home of Dreu Damian, I was greeted with friendly handshakes and hugs.

Her Candane formed in 2003, and has had several lineup changes since. "Former members have gone on to join bands like I Am the Ocean, **Loom** and **Fear Before the March of Flames**," Dreu says.

"About four million beers later, we have a new lineup and a new album in the works." Presently, the band sports five members, six if you count **Scribble Jackson**, the official band tour puppy and mascot. Despite these lineup changes, it was clear that these guys are not only close band mates, but good friends as well.

Being a band from Utah certainly can produce challenges, since the popular musical offerings from this fine state are seemingly limited to **The Osmonds**

and **The Mormon Tabernacle Choir**, but Her Candane has a secret weapon. "We've got what we like to call 'puss,' it's kind of the same as heart, moxie or gusto" Dreu states. "We're not too big on choruses, religion or any other diluted crap that gets pumped into the heads of the American youth. Oh, and we party harder."

Not only do they seem to have large amounts of puss, but it also helps to have a network of bands and friends that look out for each other. This is a small tribunal of bands known as 'Broship,' who will be collectively releasing a compilation album in early 2008. "In this business you are who you know," Dreu continues, "but nothing is as important as writing good solid jams." Living in a city that doesn't exactly go out of its way to embrace local arts seems to only fuel their enthusiasm for the local scene. "We couldn't be more proud of our little beehive state. Loom, **Gaza**, I Am the Ocean, **Clifton**, **God's Revolver**, **Medea**, **Exigent Records** and **SVSS** (Sound vs Silence) are kicking asses; we even have a dope basketball team!" As far as local influences go, the 801 pride runs deep, "**The Kill** was the best band ever. **The New Transit Direction** should've been the biggest band on the planet. **Parallax** and **The Hi Fi Massacre** were fucking legit, and every time I see **Form of Rocket**, they prove beyond a shadow of a doubt that no one rocks harder."

But all this rocking is somewhat blurry. When asked about memorable moments had while touring, "I don't recall ... you see we're a bit of a clusterfuck. We did get to party with **Vinnie (Paul)** and **Dimebag (Darrell)** of **Pantera** once, that was probably the highlight of our lives."

How much of a clusterfuck are they? Where does Dreu see Her Candane in three years? "Dead in a ditch, or playing covers at a bar in Wendover." Sarcasm obviously, but Dreu proceeds to explain the meaning of the band name, "Candane is a word I created to describe the habit of self-sabotage that people tend to inflict upon themselves. It basically means destroying something intentionally as opposed to letting it fail due to circumstances beyond your own control."

However, after two respectable releases, countless shows, touring and sharing stages with some of their favorite bands, and starting a close network of friends and bands that span between Alaska, California and Utah, dead in a ditch - or even the act of a "candane" seems rather doubtful. But then again, that's rock n' roll.

Her Candane is working hard on writing a new album, which they hope to start recording come springtime.

www.myspace.com/hercandane

MIRET

FAMILY VALUES

By Meghann Griggs

Meghann@slugmag.com

Being a longtime **Agnostic Front** fan, I was more than happy to interview front man, **Roger Miret**. With the band's new album *The Warriors* out since November 6th and with Miret's new clothing line **Dirty Devil Apparel** in stores, you would think the hardcore veteran would have nothing but business on his mind. Little did the public know that Miret recently celebrated fatherhood again with the birth of his second daughter, **Emily**. His oldest, **Nadia**, is a 20 something in college. His youngest daughter, now five months old, has led Miret to a major life change. He openly admits that he was "on a self destructive path...running ruthless, running crazy on the streets of New York, thinking [he] was on fucking fire where nothing could stop [him], and nothing could hold [him] back." He refers to his former self as an "insane person," but explains fatherhood changed everything. It was no longer about "live fast and die young" – he wanted to slow down and experience life. He credits the birth of his oldest daughter with giving him the will to survive. With the birth of his second child, he has had more time to sit back and soak in fatherhood in a new way.

Three pertinent ideas emerged with Agnostic Front's music: unity, loyalty, and honor. Miret believes that these principles are important not only for his newborn daughter but that they also permeate everything he does. The inspiration for the new album, and even its title, come from **Frank Miller**'s film, *300*. "Those Spartans and the way they live, their warrior's code of honor and respect and family, [those were] the same values that I lived by and I want to teach my children to carry on the rest of their life." Miret was careful to clarify his view and admiration of women. "I come from a world where women were women and little girls weren't bitches and hos." He believes that when you treat people disrespectfully, that disrespect spreads. "Your children pick up on that, and the next thing you know everyone is a bitch and a ho." He believes that it's important to make music and inspire fan loyalty without belittling others. This is in vast contrast to music genres like gangster rap that "talk about bitches, guns and money. That deters from the values you should teach a family." Hardcore values traditionally promote family and respect alongside individuality.

While Miret has an opportunity to impart the values and history of hardcore music to his five-month-old daughter, his oldest girl adds a welcome contrast to his lifestyle. "She is a self-proclaimed prep," he said. "But she's true to herself and lives with those values everyday." He went on to say, "You have to let children figure out for themselves who and what they want to be." Nadia's mother was the lead singer for the well-known

punk/activist band **Nausea**.

They figured that with her musical history and background and Miret's old-school street experience, their daughter would become some "stage diving nut girl." But like any young woman, she's searching for her own individuality.

Miret plans to take his new family on the road. Miret bragged about how he received his baby girl's passport two days prior to this interview. He's excited to be touring with both his new baby and with his wife, who is also named Emily. The first leg of the tour will take them to Europe for the beginning of December and then back to the old stomping grounds of NYC for the end of the Christmas season.

Check out the New York hardcore legends' latest release, *The Warriors*, on their website www.agnosticfront.com also Roger Miret's new clothing line at: www.dirtydevilapparel.com.



Photo courtesy of Roger Miret

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Skate Product Reviews

By Adam Dorobiala
adam@slugmag.com

Saturday Skateboards

McRight Art Series Bear deck (8.0), Misc. apparel
www.saturdayskateboards.com
Lesser known to the masses, Saturday Skateboards is a small town board company based out of Charlotte, NC, but their product is anything but small town. The deck they sent is probably one of the better non-shop decks I have skated in a long time. The wood is super stiff, not to mention the perfect shape with the right amount of concave, it almost skates for you. It even became a little warped through shipping, but still maintained its pop. The graphics on this particular deck are from a limited art series run by artist **Bill McRight**, and since they clear-coat their decks instead of fully painting them, expect the board to slip and slide while the graphic stays relatively intact. Not only does Saturday make boards but they also have a wonderful selection of colorful shirts and hats to boot. I am pretty sure the only shop in Utah that carries their gear is **Union**, but don't be surprised if you start seeing Saturday gear throughout the valley soon. Go to their website to look at all the cool stuff and purchase is mandatory for anyone seeking a company that really is as good as the products look.

Grind King Trucks

Artist Series "Deli- Look Out" and "Dobson-Redhead" trucks
www.grindking.com

Everybody sees art on decks and it's high time that trucks start to get the same special treatment. Grind King has hooked up with a bunch of emerging artists to help design their new "Artist Series" trucks, and let me tell you that they are pretty sweet. At first I thought that because of the art wrap the trucks wouldn't grind as well, but I was wrong. These babies grind like the wind and look sharp too. Unfortunately the only problem is the fact that the art is bound to get marred as you skate them, ruining any chance of saving the design after a few months of skating. Although I enjoy the designs a lot, the fact that you

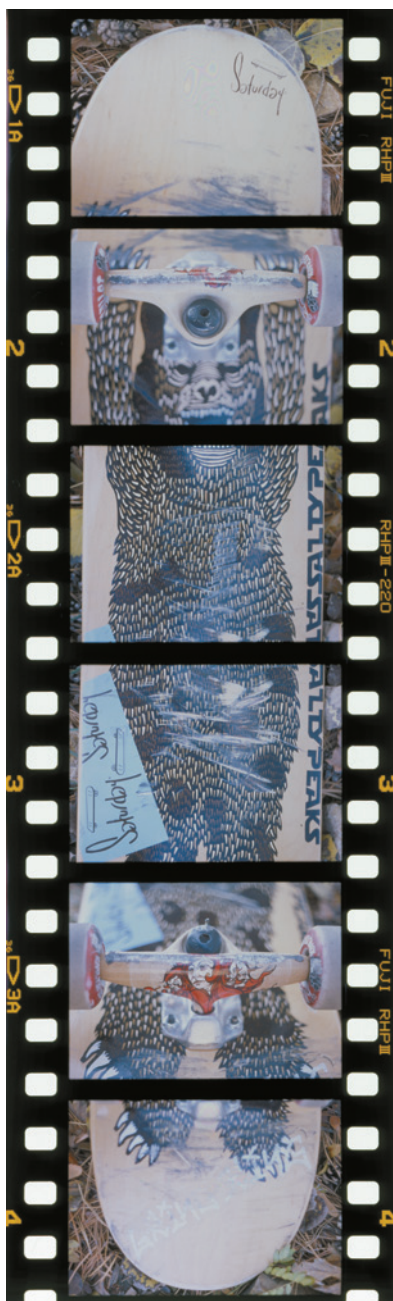


Photo: Adam Dorobiala



Photo: Chris Swainston

need a special tool for the king-pin, becomes a hassle in the long run, because most kids don't have ready access to an allen wrench. The "Artist Series" should be out this fall, so if you are interested in purchasing some go to any local shop and they are bound to have them, but be quick because these trucks are limited edition.

Altamont Apparel

Jimi Hendrix Lady Of The Night Tee and Hoody
www.altamontapparel.com

When I met **Jimi Hendrix** almost two years ago in Pittsburgh, he said nothing about his plans to get his artwork printed with a skateboard company. The lucky guys over at Altamont were able to get a hold of some never before seen (by the public), never before used drawings by the one and only "Voodoo Child" and every article of clothing in the series is quite amazing. If you're looking for some new threads and comfortable ones at that, then you just found your stop because these shirts and hoodies feel like they are made out of Egyptian silk or something. Although the clothes are really comfortable, I noticed that the shirts have more tags on them than any other company, (when one could easily suffice) and since some of them are embroidered on they can get a little bothersome from time to time. This limited edition series has been out for a while now and if you haven't already gotten a piece from the collection, chances are you might have to live with the fact that you missed out on a once in a century event.

VOX Shoes

Brighton Series Mayday
www.voxfootwear.com

My very first impression of these shoes was that the sole looked entirely too thick to have any kind of control over the board, but man, was I wrong. Never judge a shoe by its sole, as someone might have once said. The Mayday continued to impress me for the fact that I put them on straight out of the box, laced them up and went skating and there was no awkward new shoe feeling. Expect a lot of foot protection too by the fancy "IRS" protection located in the heel. The shoes are super sleek looking, with black leather and a plaid printed cloth where the leather stops, almost enough to make your grandparents a little jealous. The Brighton Series is available on most of their other models of shoes and they have a style for every taste. Look for them in shops soon. Otherwise, just go online and see everything VOX has to offer to the general public.



Diamond in the Rough

Photos: Chris Swainston & Issiah Beh

Words: Chris Swainston • chris@slugmag.com



Dave Van - Nollie Heel.
Swainston Photo

There aren't many things in this city that get me to venture past the greater downtown area, until now. Nestled away in the corner of Rose Park on 1200 W. and 1300 N. is Salt Lake valley's newest edition to the ever growing community of concrete parks. This place is a gem, to say the least. It may not be the biggest park in the valley, comparable in size to **South Jordan Park**, but every last square inch of this park has been utilized to perfection. It holds together a great balance of flow between 60 percent street obstacles and 40 percent tranny and banks. I might go as far to say that this place is Salt Lake's most fun skate park to date, but before I could lay claim to such a bold statement the park had to be put the test. What better way then a beautiful, leisurely Sunday afternoon?

The test monkeys were **Dave Van, Randy Riddle, Mike Murdock, Issiah Beh, Adam Dorobiala** and myself. We all met up at the park around 10:30am. The park was virtually ours, only a handful of little groms were rolling around this early. As soon as I threw my board down the endless



Mike Murdock 360 flip.
Isaiah Photo



Isaiah Beh - Back tail revert.
Swainston Photo

fun possibilities this park has to offer became obvious. The park maintains a fairly symmetrical design throughout, which is great, and allowed me to have equal amounts of fun frontside and backside. At the western end of the park are two C ledges tucked into both corners and for the most part these ledges are used as a bench and place to put shit. From there, there is an ideal flat ledge/manual pad, which is the perfect height, it's just the right length and has a C curve to one side. Moving east, from the outside edges in, are two identical hubbas and trainer handrails that split a set of stairs to one side, and bank on the other. In the center lies the park's best feature, a mini quarter pipe. Seriously, who doesn't love mini-tranny? There were smiles all day long skating this thing; I felt like **Dan Dreho** by the time I left. The tranny extends out past the stairs giving you the option to skate from the shallow end to the deep end or vice versa. Did I mention it has a concrete edge instead of metal coping? From there, it's a tabletop hop with a ledge on top and a hip-hop or euro gap on the other side of the park. The eastern most end of the park has an S curved quarterpipe wall about six feet tall with an absolute perfect tranny.





Randy Riddle - Back Smith
Swainston Photo



Adam Dorobiala - Indy
Isaiah Photo

As the day wore on the park started getting crowded. However, there is so much open space that I rarely got in anyone's way, not to mention that at any given time there seemed to be more kids sitting down than skating. We had some seriously fun sessions on just about every piece of the park. Murdock threw down some skillful ninja 3-flips that even the Karate Kid would have run from. Backing him up with some **zig zagger** indy grabs was Mr. Adam Dorobiala. Watch out when you see that board slashing your way, that pointy tip will cut you up. Riddle me this, Randy put the bump to ledge in its place with a solid back smith, while Dave popped and stomped his day away with some lofty nollie heels. Don't forget about Isaiah Beh, mini tranny king—he ripped apart that oh-so-lucious mini quarter-pipe island. I popped in to snap a quick pic mid back tail revert.

The only bad thing I can say about this park is the dusty ground—hardly something to complain about. If you haven't skated this park by the time you read this article then you are most definitely missing out. Hurry up, grab your board and go skate Rose Park. Hopefully, there's not a foot of snow on the ground.



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Ben Gu • Bomb dropping the gap. • Shad Photo

TEAM THUNDER

Words by Chris Swainston: chris@slugmag.com

The artful and curious minds of **Team Thunder**, a local crew of snowboarders, are turning heads in the snowboard industry. They've created a newfangled creative style of riding and are pushing the idea of what's accepted as good in snowboarding. "We have a different outlook; were not trying to prove anything to anyone, we're trying to show a more enjoyable aspect of the sport rather than the skill level," explains crewmember **Will Tuddenham**.

Team Thunder started about 5 years ago with **Sean McCormick**, **Ryan Debbenham**, **Will Tuddenham**, **Jake Welch**, **Ben Gustafson** and other friends shredding and filming their monotonous high school days away. There isn't one primary filmer for the team; everyone contributes throughout the season, and McCormick handles the editing. The first two videos produced were *Timid and Tame* and *More Funner*. At the time, the videos were fairly impressive for a bunch of kids getting together and filming just for the fun of it. After *More Funner* hit the streets things started to fizzle. Not as much filming got done and a couple seasons just drifted by with the cold.

Last season, new projects arose for the team. **Cody Comrie** started regularly shredding and hanging out with the crew, adding another imaginative mind to the group. The riders became more dedicated to filming, and everyone's snowboarding reached a more progressive level. Team Thunder was finally at it again. "It is all because we get to hangout everyday. If we go snowboarding and filming, it's motivation not to work at a restaurant or something shitty," says Tuddenham. Thus, they started filming for a new video, *Remember When* (2007). With minimal snow in the mountains and limited street spots in SLC, the team adapted by taking a different look at snowboarding. They experimented with bails of hay at the bottom of a sledding hill, building pole jams, bonks and stalls out of logs in *Brighton's* back country—taking nothing and turning it into something. It's these innovative ideas that set Team Thunder's videos apart from the standard video format that focuses on how ridiculously gnarly you can be. "Snowboarding today is a little nuts," says Will Tuddenham. "There are so many trends being followed. People doing the same thing over and



The band of Pirates themselves • Shad Photo

over, it gets real boring.” Cody Comrie shares that sentiment, “You don’t have to do a switch back-lip down 30 stairs to do something sweet in your snowboarding... get a bunch of junk and slide around on it.”

While filming for *Remember When*, the team took some of those creative days of snowboarding and turned them into short teaser flicks—posting them on *Transworld Snowboarding’s* website. The videos were much different then what many people had seen—showing a side that more riders can relate to because not everyone has access to big mountain resorts and world-class snow. Because of this, they started getting tons of positive feedback from riders all over the world. It was obvious that people were really taking a liking to what Team Thunder was doing. *Transworld* also took notice; they contacted the team about creating weekly videos to post on the site. There was some talk about cash reimbursement for all the team’s hard work, but as of late—it’s looking like free advertising is all the team will be getting from *Transworld*. Keep track of what Team Thunder comes up with this season at transworldsnowboarding.com and youtube.com.

Allied Distribution was another big dog to notice Team Thunder, discovering them last season through the videos and teasers they were posting. Allied picked up their latest video, *Remember When*, launching it off for distribution through North America and Japan. Initially it looked like some dollar signs were in the near future for Team Thunder, but *Allied Distribution* took the typical industry bigwig stance, claiming that helping the team out is payment enough. It’s great exposure for the team, but I think these corporate scrooges need to be dishing out some cash.

We all have to eat, but money isn’t everything. Financial struggles won’t be stopping Team Thunder from filming for another video this season. Even though they don’t have the cash flow for extravagant helicopter follow cam and zip line filming, their snowboarding alone will ultimately be what sets them apart from other riders. When asked about the Team and what to expect from this year’s video, Sean McCormick said, “We have BBQ’s when we go snowboarding, we don’t have any money and we love to hike jumps instead of snowmobile ... We hope to make people laugh and maybe even cry.” Cody Comrie added, “We’re focused on trying to develop a full range of snowboarding, showing the creative side of it. We want to show people the possibilities, how much fun you can have with it and how you can do anything, anytime



Will T with a supersized front board • Shad Photo

with it, no matter what the circumstance, just as long as you have a little bit of snow.”

To add some spot diversity to the video and uncover some untouched places there’s talk of an *Amtrak* train trip around the country, hitting cities covered in snow; an adventure like that could be a video in itself. The team has already

been busy filming, taking full advantage of the few preseason storms SLC got in October and November. It’s been said that the new video will be called *Gold Country*. Keep your eyes peeled for the premier sometime in the summer of 2008. Until then shred, have fun and “go play in the woods” says Sean McCormick.



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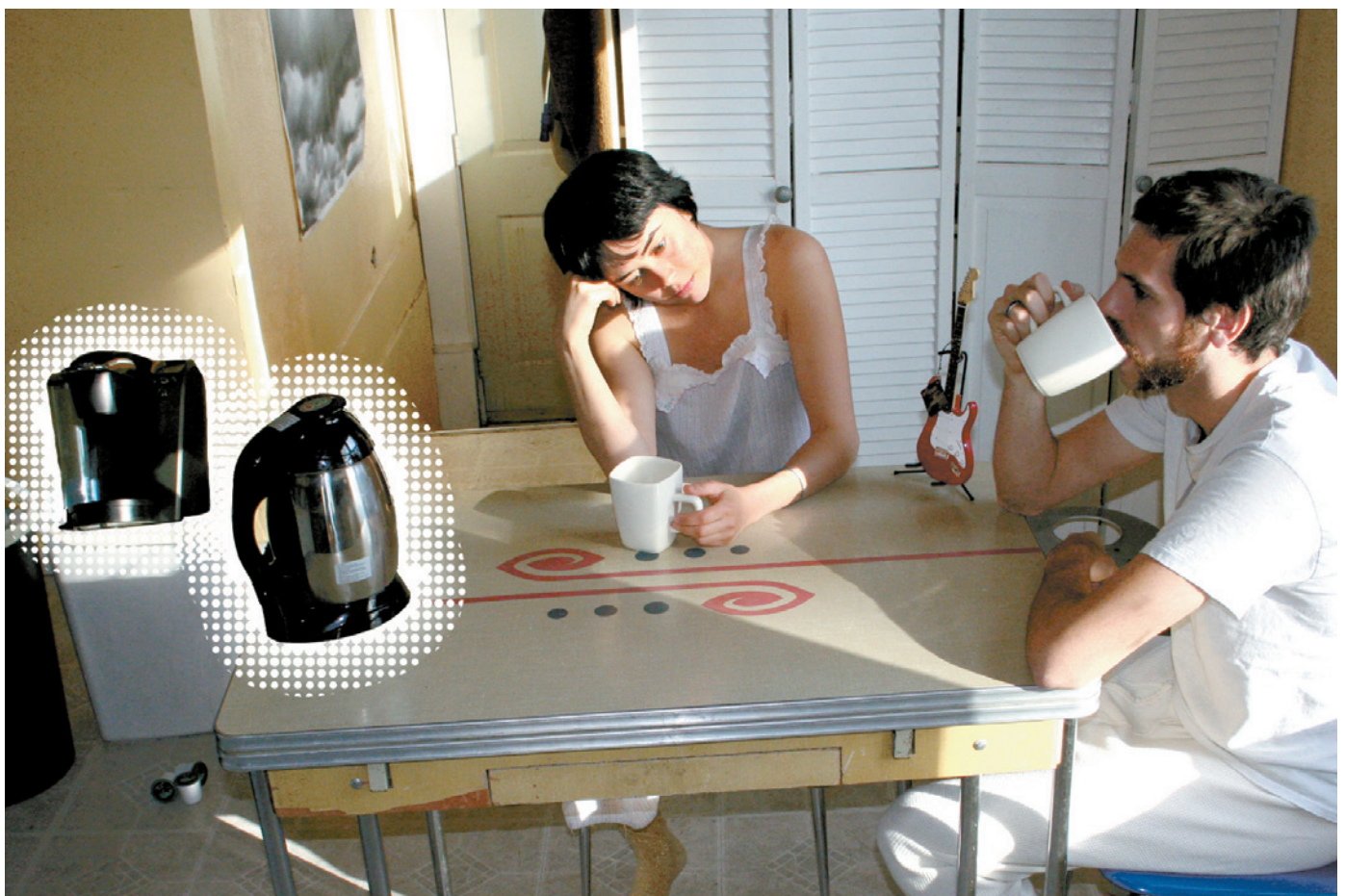
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SLUG's Holiday Re-Gifting Guide

Photos: Emily Allen

Models: Shantel Bennett, Erik Lopez

2007



A Gift for a Thirty-Something Ken Jennings Wannabe

The 80s Game with Martha Quinn

Funkitron

Price: \$19.99

The problem with trivia games is how all-encompassing they are. You may know a great deal about Ecuador, but that will do you no good if the question is about **Rod Stewart**. The scope is just too broad. This is why an 80s trivia game makes so much sense. You don't have to know everything; you only have to know everything in a ten year time span. An electronic version of original MTV VJ **Martha Quinn** leads you through questions about music, film, sports and culture. And though accessing this chunk of knowledge may be next to impossible for the younger generation, it is perfect for those in their early thirties who really want to feel smart. They may not be able to finish college or hold a steady job, but I'll be damned if they can't name every single *James Bond* film starring **Roger Moore**. Say 'em with me: *For Your Eyes Only, Octopussy, The Living Daylights* . . .
—**James Bennett**

Five out of Five Flocks of Seagulls

A Gift for Your Home Teacher's Wife

The Affirmawrap Fleece Blanket

Affirmagy

Price: \$29.99

Sometimes, the cold winter months call for more than just the standard blanket—especially if the source of your frigid feelings is not the draft from the window, but the negativity surrounding you. The people at Affirmagy understand this. They know that while any fleece coverlet can warm your feet, it takes a special swatch of fabric to warm your heart. Printed with positive slogans like "I am calm and centered" and "I am a magnet for ease and grace," the Affirmawrap will flood your life with positivity and will surround you with warm, synthetic fibers. When I was feeling particularly blue this season, I bundled myself up and watched a movie on Lifetime. And though the TV movie was about spousal abuse, I couldn't help but feel good about life. The Affirmawrap is the perfect gift for the woman behind the man who brings the word of God into your home every month. —**James Bennett**

Five out of Five First Presidency Messages

A Gift for The Lazy Fat Ass Ex-Skateboarder in Your Life

The Beer Belly

Home Wet Bar

Price: \$39.95

What may be hands down the best gift idea this holiday season could very well get its recipient into some trouble, and that's exactly why I like it. The Beer Belly is an 80 oz. camelback with an insulated neoprene sling that allows it to be worn under your shirt on your stomach, looking like a convincingly real beer belly. Made mostly for party animals and alcoholics, it allows you to become a human keg and sneak your favorite beverage (hot or cold) into places where booze is either not allowed or really overpriced. Try rolling to movies, concerts, sporting events, family reunions, class, or church and getting hammered without anybody even noticing. Although it probably violates open container laws and a few other liquor laws, who cares? The thing looks so realistic that getting it into any event is a breeze

and cops might actually respect you more, seeing as you have a fat gut, just like them. My favorite part is that this actually reverses the effect alcohol has on people. Usually the drunker you get the less attractive you become, but with this baby, you start the night sober and out of shape, and end the night drunk and looking like a veritable **Jenny Craig** success story.
—**Sully**

Four out of Five Cheers!

A Gift for Your Friend With Stub Steak Fingers

Fender Stratocaster 1:3 Scale Replica

GMP Replicas

Price: \$49.95

As awkward as it is for someone with stubby fingers to shake hands with standard-digitated folks like you and me, this is not the most troubling situation in which they may find themselves—worse still is when the carnie-handed attempt to play guitar. Since the dawn of stringed instruments, the stub-fingered among us have had to settle for the violin, all the while thinking of how much better it would be to plow through the first few bars of "Eruption" on a blue-lit stage. Finally, a guitar for people whose fingers are a third the size of everyone else. There's just one problem: you can't really play it. It is a meticulously crafted model, but it is all form and no function. It will not help the digitally challenged achieve rock god status. It will only remind them of the strat-shredding career that is nowhere near their fingertips. Pretty, but useless. —**James Bennett**

One out of Five **Yngwie Malmsteens**

A Gift for Your Ex-Step Mom

Fling-A-String Kitty Toy

Moody Pet

Price: \$16.99

If your ex-step mom is anything like mine, she used to be hot but after too many prescription drugs her organs are rendered useless and have thus affected her delicate exterior (meaning she now looks like **Skeletor**). Anyway, she probably has a cat, so this is the perfect re-gift for her. I tested the fling-a-string on my cat, **Jet Pack**. He's very particular about his toys, he usually only likes things that are pink (personally, I think my cat is gay, but I respect his sexual orientation). Jet Pack loved the fling-a-string! Unfortunately, I don't have enough batteries to keep the fling-a-string going as much as he'd like, so we haven't been getting along as well lately.
—**Mike Brown**

Four out of Five Oxykittens

A Gift for Your Anti-War Dog

George the Lame Duck Dog Toy

Moody Pet

Price: \$9.99

There is no better way to show off your political dissent than by giving your favorite furry friend a miniature of the president to chew on. When I first gave this toy to my dog **Rosie**, she was apprehensive, but has grown to love the soft, plush half-duck/half George W. I thought that it would be ripped to shreds and strewn across the backyard in a matter of days, but



the thing has survived. And honestly, nothing brings a smile to my face like watching my dog throw the quasi-president up in the air, catch it in her mouth and shake the hell out of him. —*Jeanette Moses*

Five out of Five Shakes of Dog Tails

A Gift for Your Pot Dealer

Grow-A-Head Dolls

Grow-A-Head

Price: \$9.99

You already know that your pot dealer likes things that grow. You already know that your pot dealer likes things that are green. And if your pot dealer is anything like my pot dealer she really likes dolls. Combine all three and you've got the perfect re-gift for your favorite tax free enterprise representative. I tried to actually grow the grow-a-heads and they didn't grow so well. Total shwag heads if you ask me. But the reindeer one is exceptionally cute bald, so whatever. —*Mike Brown*

Three Out of Five Seeds

A Gift for The Kid You Had With That Rocker Chick

Heavy Metal Fun Time Activity Book

ECW Press

Price: \$9.99

The hardest part about having your **Aerosmith**-obsessed ex-girlfriend raise your illegitimate son is not the tragic haircut she's bound to make him get—it's the sad fact that the revolving door of new men in her life will shower your boy with all sorts of expensive gifts while trying to get into her pants. This will make almost anything you give him seem cheap and insincere. That is, until now! With the Heavy Metal activity book, junior will be able to color **Black Sabbath** and do a **Pantera** dot-to-dot. His cognitive skills will further develop while he searches for which two of the six **Van Halen** logos are exactly identical. He will spend hours working on an Ad-Lib based on **Dio's** song "Holy Diver." He will better understand the importance of Metal, and will begin to look to you for guidance, understanding that you are a far better man than any of the half dozen guys who "slept-over" within the last month. Better still, your ex-old lady will realize how much better of a catch you are than the dude with the **Theater of Pain** tattoo. Metal solves everything. —*James Bennett*

Five out of Five Flying Vs

A Gift for Your Spiteful Starbucks Customer

Keurig Platinum B70 Coffee Maker

Keurig

Price: \$195.99

The process is simple: your coffee grounds are pre-measured and pre-ground and then packaged into a convenient little sealed plastic cup, which is then grouped in a box with a whole host of other nicely packaged single-serving cups. After you've selected your blend ("Green Mountains Dark Magic," in my case) you just put the unopened grounds cup into the brewer, close the lid, select the mug size you desire and press brew. A few minutes later you have your very own cup of coffee, you also have a little plastic cup that needs to be thrown away, not recycled (apparently the cup is not made of a recyclable material). At almost \$200, I can think of quite a few less wasteful ways to brew a single-serving coffee. I prefer a French press, which only costs about \$35 and

the only waste it produces are composte-ready used grounds and the bag your coffee came in, rather than a whole package full of cups. A French press also brews a much better tasting cup of coffee than the mediocre and slightly stale cup the Keurig gave me. So, if convenience is what you want, then it is a great machine, otherwise stop by your local coffee shop or kitchen supply store and pick up a French press or get advice on another brewer. —*Joe Evans*, Owner, *nobrow coffee and tea*

One out of Five Rainy Days in Seattle

A Gift for Your Crafty Scrap-Booking Childless Aunt

Mini-Bowdabra

Bowdabra

Price: \$9.99

The Mini Bowdabra claims to make beautiful bows quickly and easily—bows for hair, candles, scrapbooks, invitations etc. Sadly, the Mini-Bowdabra (a piece of cheap plastic that pinches the ribbon to hold it in place) does little more than create the loops of the bow. The hardest part of making a beautiful bow (the tie off) isn't accomplished in any sort of fabulous way by using the mini Bowdabra. I found myself making neat looking loops with the Bowdabra, but once I went in for the tie off my "fabulous bow" would fall apart almost instantly. I'd rather stick to hot glue and sewing pins when creating bows. —*Jeanette Moses*

One out of Five Rousing Ribbons

A Gift for The Neptunes Hopeful

MPC 500

AKA

Price: \$699

Has someone you know changed life-long career goals of college and Veterinary school to becoming a music producer? Want to help them achieve their **Scott Storch** aspirations? If so, forget about that \$99 FL Studio software. Billboard's Top 200 songs are really bought from 20dollarbeats.com anyway, not produced on some incredibly versatile and affordable computer program. The real ticket to music industry success is fashion (just look at **Kanye**), and the MPC 500 is just expensive enough to engender the ire of all the other all-over-print hoody aficionados for its sleek black status symbol. The unit's LCD display is ridiculously small and it doesn't even come with a USB cable, but those things are only important if they actually plan on using it, rather than just pretending to pound out that loud snare sample at the show. And the envy need not be confined to music appropriate venues only! In situations where the possession of an entire music production system may be perceived by some as unnecessary and vain (such as that crucial first date), just tell them to put the unit's 35 Megabyte memory card on that **Han Cholo** chain to let the romantic interest know they're well on their way to diddling away more money they don't have on overpriced, limited-edition Nikes. —*Makena Walsh*

Three out of Five Delighted Rappers

A Gift for Your Traveling Hubby

Noise-Canceling Headphones

TDK

Price: \$27.65

"Its so noisy in this airplane!" "Shut-up you stupid people in the coffee shop!"



I want to listen to the new **Norah Jones** while I type on my Mac and I don't want to hear your stupid conversation about **Wes Anderson** or leg warmers!" If you have ever been in either of these situations, it is obvious that you need some type of device that will completely shut out what is going on in the world around you. What you need are some noise canceling headphones! TDK makes a pretty good pair; the sound quality is decent and they are comfortable to wear for extended periods of time. The only thing that is a bit deterring is the somewhat large control panel halfway down the cord. I decided to wear them for an entire day and I found that I was slowly evaporating into a world of drugs, sex and evil dance music. Say no to real life! *—Art Glassett*

Four out of Five Jazz Standards

A Gift for Your Digital Pirate

PC to TV Converter

Gigaware

Price: \$99.99

Paying top dollar for premium cable channels to watch your favorite shows or purchasing the DVD a season or two after it's over is soooo 2000. What is cheaper and quicker is downloading them onto your computer to view later, but if you are like me, your average PC pirate, you don't have that great of a set-up to watch your ill-begotten gains on your computer. Countless times I have tried to watch stuff on my computer and wished I could see it on my TV screen. Gigaware's PC to TV converter offers a nifty solution: instead of plugging in a separate converter box that also needs an AC adaptor, this PC to TV converter runs off the USB port (and is mac compatible as well!) The only drawback amid the countless cables and overly simplistic instructions is that occasionally, like a TV antenna, it needs adjusting and if you are going to use it for movies or shows with subtitles, they better be in a big font or else it will be a bit fuzzy and unreadable. While it does what it's designed to do, it isn't optimal for high-def conversion. Bummer. If you are interested in anything better than composite component images then this quick fix converter is not for you. Novelty ahoy! *—Erik Lopez*

Three out of Five Billion Dollars of *Lost* Writer's Wages

The Gift for Your Guitar Hero

Pocket POD Guitar Multi-Effects Processor

Line 6

Price: \$130

I have to admit up front that I am not a huge fan of amp modelers for various reasons, but this little Pocket Pod is pretty amazing. It's really tiny and packed with a bunch of great features including some cool sounding guitar presets, some standard and not-so-standard effects and the ability to create your own presets with a simple, intuitive interface. There is even the option to connect via USB and create your own sounds using a program called Vyzex. When you're done creating your sounds, you can go online and share them with other users. A quick browse through the online library showed plenty of shitty metal presets (Dokken anyone?) and there was even a couple for **Fugazi**. Out of sheer curiosity I did put this to the test to see if it would stand up to the real deal. After a bit of tweaking, I got something fairly close to what sounded like my Fender Hot Rod Deville, but I wouldn't suggest hocking your stack just yet. If you just need to practice your arpeggios and want to feel like you're doing it through a cranked amp, this could be your ticket. *—Matt Mateus*

Three out of Five Ratt's

A Gift for Your L33T H4X0R

Roboform2GO

Siber Systems, Inc.

Price: \$20

If you have three emails accounts, a university login account, bank on the web, purchase stuff through Amazon, etc. you can easily amass anywhere from five to twenty passwords or more. Usually it's much easier to condense all these passwords into one or two for all the websites you have to visit, trading in security for convenience. But, living in a post-9/11 world, convenience MUST be discarded in favor of security. 20 dollars is a small price to pay for good sleep and the ability to foil terrorism in all its forms, Roboform2GO is essentially a USB jump drive with 256 MB that stores all your passwords, will make secure passwords for you, store files, etc and all you need to do is remember one master password. And if you have a spare jump drive lying around, you can download the program onto it instead of buying their branded drive! It's pretty easy to use – plug it in, go to a website that needs a password that you use and voila ... no hassle log-in. Unfortunately, its not Mac compatible and if you like working with Macs – like I do, you are screwed and screwed royally. Another thing to think about – if you don't use other computers much for surfing websites that you need passwords for, then this product is virtually a moot point. Recommended for those who don't have a dedicated computer or two that they use on a regular basis. *—Erik Lopez*

Four out of Five Flying Windows

A Gift for Your Circuit-Bending Boyfriend

The Tremolence

The Reverberator

The Sunny Day Delay

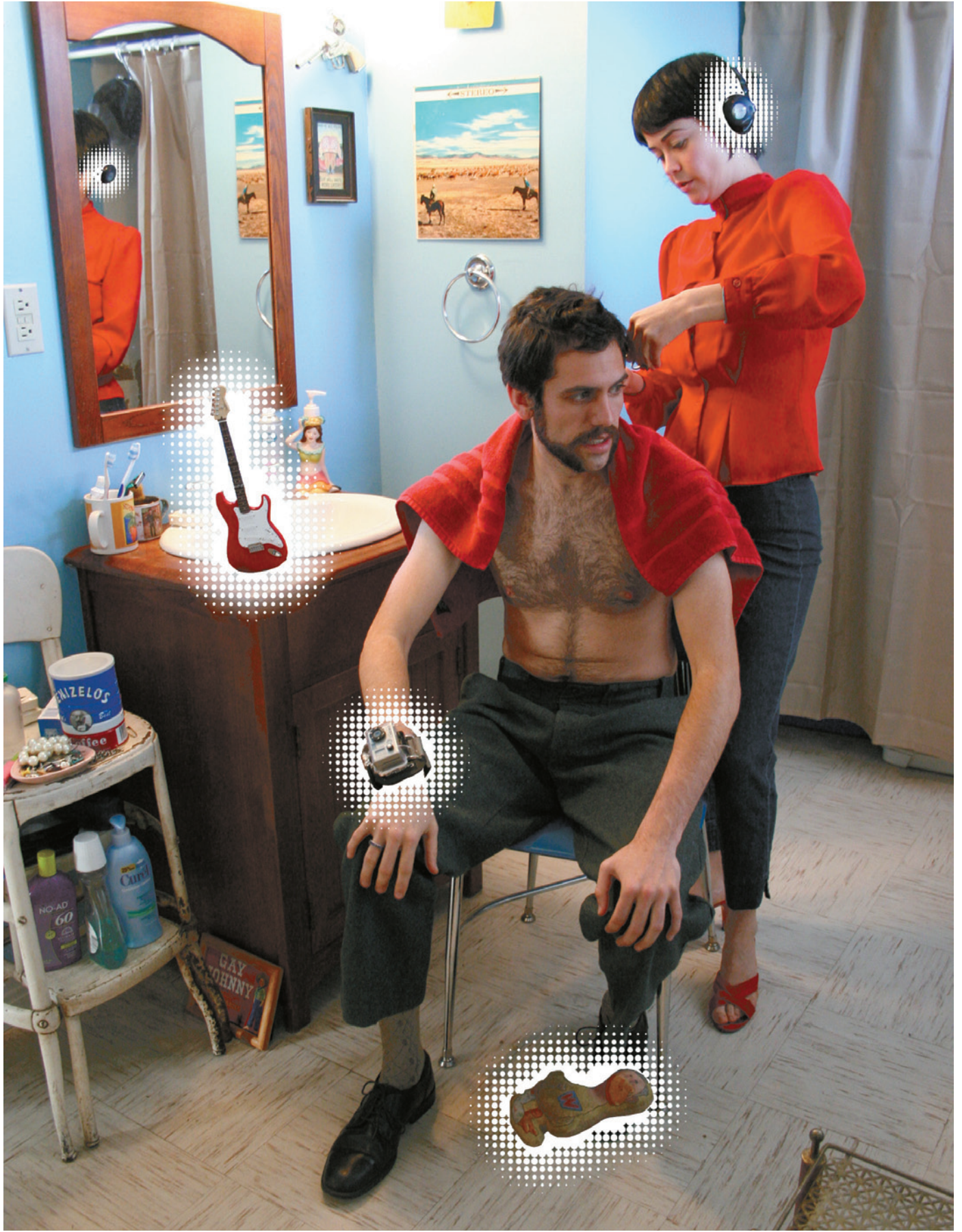
The Frazz Dazzler

Dr. Scientist

Price: \$150-\$260

Dr. Scientist was cool enough to send four pedals: The Tremolence, The Reverberator, The Sunny Day Delay and The Frazz Dazzler. These four pedals should be packaged together as a "starter" kit, fulfilling the four basic food groups of sound manipulation with a sense of class and style that surpasses the typical mass-manufactured pedal. Each one was developed with a sense of "what can we do to make this just a little bit unique?" while still being useful. The Tremolence does your basic tremolos, but it goes a bit further, letting you select the shape (triangle or square), and it also has rate (with fast and slow switch), massive amounts of depth and a light that matches the tempo so you can set it before kicking it in. On the Dr. Scientist website they list the Reverberator as being both "red" and "radical". While the one they sent me is not red, it is pretty radical. The Reverberator gives you 8 different digital reverbs to choose from: 2 Halls, 3 Rooms and 3 Plates. All the preset verbs sound warm and real, especially with the mix knob dialed in just right. The Sunny Day Delay could easily replace my Memory Man. It does all the good stuff that an analog-type delay should. From single to endless repeats and a rate knob that allows for some serious tweaking. The good doctor also thought to give you some chorus for the repeats if you so desire. Aesthetically speaking, I really like the ever changing rainbow LED that flashes in time with the rate and the yellow LED in the sun that lets you know you have the chorus engaged. Ok, I have found my new "can't live without" pedal. The Frazz Dazzler. At first I thought that something was wrong with it. It has this monstrous distortion. I think that the word "frazz" means beyond fuzz. It makes anything you plug into it sound angry. And for some strange reason, they decided to put a gate on it (adjustable by the Sizzle knob), allowing you to get some pretty glitchy effects. Out of curiosity I started running various instruments through it to see what would happen. The Frazz Dazzler literally shredded my monitors when I ran a bass through it. I don't want to give it back. *—Matt Mateus*

Four and a Half out of Five Pumpkins Smashed



A Gift for Your Technology Loving Yuppie

S-2 Bluetooth Stereo Headphones

Cardo Systems, Inc.

Price: \$69.68

Call me old fashioned, but I didn't know there was any way to avoid the brain cancer you get from holding your cell phone to your ear. I also thought that driving 80 on I-80 in a snowstorm while talking on the phone was actually kind of a fun sport like fox hunting. Then I got the S-2 Bluetooth Stereo Headphones by Cardo. Now, while driving, I can use both hands to adjust the radio, eat, or knit a beanie, while I simultaneously drive and talk to **Mrs. Cleo** on the phone. What makes these puppies badass is that, while listening to music wirelessly via a Bluetooth enabled mp3 player, you can also field calls from your cronies. I would definitely recommend these, but you better do your research on the gift recipient first. They would be fucking useless to somebody who doesn't have a Bluetooth enabled phone or mp3 player. That said, give this to an older person, because Cardo's style is definitely geared towards hip executives and parents than it is to the younger crowd. For you idiots, I'll make it easy. Successful business people = Cardo. Younger, cooler people = **Skullcandy**. Got it, dumbass? *—Sully*

Two out of Five Matthews Named Dave

A Gift for Your Drum Hero

Sabian B8 Super Pack

Sabian

Price: \$350

Recently Sabian has been bulking up their B8 cymbal pack in hopes to lure drummers with quantity over quality. The B8 super pack includes a 20" ride, 14" high hat, 10" splash and three thin crashes of 14", 16" and 18". The pack is going for about \$300, depending on the dealer. The B8 line is not known for having professional, elite quality. B8's are sheet bronze, which is the cheapest form of cymbal production. Sheet bronze contains about 8% tin and the rest copper. The B line is considered "beginner's cymbals" because of their durability and low price. The B8's are pretty bright cymbals. The ride is fairly high pitched with considerable sustain. When playing with the shank it sounds like a deep crash. The bell's tone cuts pretty well but has too much ping. The high hat is way too bright for my liking. When closed you can get some nice, clean "chicks" but once opened it sounds tinny and toy-like. All three crashes have a fairly penetrating response and full, upward pitch gain. The 14" is the loudest in the bunch and is good for accenting situations with the snare. The 16" and 18" are ok but lack good, quality tone. The splash has fast attack but isn't very crisp. With its short sustain you could easily disguise the cymbal's weaknesses by integrating other sized splashes. The Sabian B8 super pack is certainly a bargain considering the amount of cymbals your receiving. Whether you are a beginner or just sick and tired of cracking you're good shit during rehearsal, you might want to look into this cheap investment. *—Michael DeJohn*

Four out of Five Splashes

A Gift for Your Militant Vegan Friend

The Soybella

Tribest

Price: \$95.98

What a novel idea, a device that allows you to instantly create your own soymilk. It only takes 15 minutes to make the actual soymilk, but the results I got were much less than I expected. The soymilk I created smelled like normal soymilk, but had a slight green color, and tasted more like water than anything else. The Soybella did come with some rad soymilk variation recipes though. I don't think this \$100 dollar soymilk maker is a total flop. I bet with some practice I could start churning out some damn good soymilk. *—Jeanette Moses*

Three out of Five Pieces of Toast on a Chain

A Gift for Your Brother Who Thinks Magic Cards Are For Wimps

Star Wars Pocket Model Trading Card Game

WizKids, Inc.

Price: \$19.99

My older brother plays Magic: the Gathering, but Mom says that I'll probably like this one better. It definitely seems less complicated than what my brother plays, but the game seems to sometimes end too quickly, and easily as well. For a while I wasn't really sure how a game with miniatures would work, since it also has dice and uses cards, but after a few rounds, I was able to get the hang of it. Admittedly, most of the fun was putting the miniature ships together, even though it took a while and although they're pretty sturdy, I couldn't avoid breaking a couple of the connecting joints with my kid power. But they did look way cool when they were all put together and neatly aligned, ready to attack the enemy. Now I can create my own prequels, without Jar Jar Binks! There's some expansions that are supposed to come out too, which will probably make it even more fun, some are supposedly called "Secret Weapons," "Scum and Villainy," and "Galaxy at War." I can't wait to march over Rebel scum with my AT-ATs! *—Conor Dow*

Four out of Five Han Solo's Shot Firsts

A Gift for Your Internet Stalker

QuickCam Ultra Vision

Logitech

Price: \$103.99

I am tired of grainy, fuzzy pictures from PC computer cameras that look like copies of fourth generation, friend-of-a-friend porn tapes. My expectations were low and I was ready to be unimpressed with yet another camera that makes my creepy and sneaky secret shots seem like a murky loch ness monster photo. I was pleasantly surprised at the high resolution of the photos and its real time streaming capabilities. Instead of photos taken every couple of seconds and strung together like a slide show, the QuickCam gave my video shows the extra visual pizzazz of Vegas strippers dancing to "Running in the Shadows of the Night." If you are in the market for a new digital camera for all your covert coverage, this camera blows the load on the competition. *—Pete the Sneak*

Four out of Five Cam Whores

A Gift for the Up and Coming "Skin-Flick" Director

Vegas Platinum Production Suite (with Movie Studio 8.0 and Audio Studio 9)

Sony

Price: \$174.95

The Movie Studio interface is confusing and lacking but it is definitely an affordable choice. The limitation of only four video and audio tracks is manageable since I'm usually dealing with single, long takes. One noticeable difference from more professional software is there is no source-edit monitor allowing me to work with individual POV shots. However, the timeline is comprised of video stills, making it easy to trim the tail end of that embarrassing shower slip. On the plus side, Movie Studio Platinum offers hundreds of filters and transitions along with HDV editing capabilities. Sound Forge Audio Studio was a pleasant surprise. Despite only single track editing, Audio Studio comes loaded with about thirty filters and a royalty free library of about 1,000 sound effects, which help make my side stories more believable. With customizable interfaces the Vegas Platinum Production Suite is a great gift you won't want to regift. *—Mike DeJohn*

Four out of Five Fluffers

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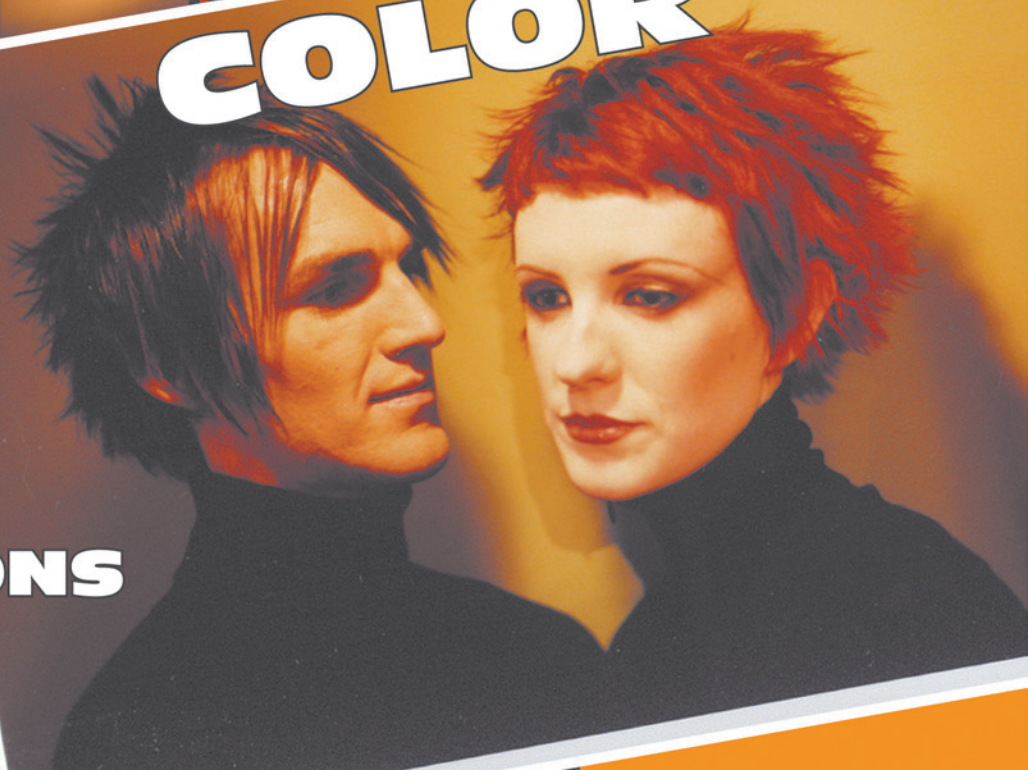
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By
Erik
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This year marks the tenth anniversary of the eponymous brick-and-mortar rare book store that bears Ken Sanders' name. In one form or another, Ken Sanders has been involved with books and the book business his whole life but the genesis from bibliophile to book seller is as interesting as, if not more so, any printed matter that Ken sells on his shelves.

"I read books omnivorously from the time I could read," Ken says. "I don't ever remember a time when I did not read books." Born in 1951, Ken's obsession with books started at a young age. At Woodrow Wilson elementary, Ken read every book in the school's library that interested him – from the fantasy fiction of Lewis Carroll to the morose horror stories of Edgar Allan Poe. In class, Ken would receive boxes of books from the Errol book shipments, which is something like the Scholastic Book fairs of today. Every week he would get a weekly reader and every month he would order bunches of twenty-five cent paperbacks. "The rest of the class would end up getting a book or two, once in a while a kid would end up getting a handful of books and then I was always the last person the teacher called because I invariably had an entire box of books," Ken says. "I had more books than the whole rest of the class combined. To me it was a lifeline." Thanks to his early attachment to books, Ken became a serious book collector by age fourteen.

Fiction, however, was not the only thing that Ken read. He also is a self-described "comic geek" as well. In the early years of the 1960s, comics as an entertaining companion to traditional books were in decline; the late 1950s effectively gutted the medium with a collective smear campaign of "the seduction of the innocent" and the comics code of 1955. Things started changing when Marvel introduced characters like Spiderman, thus reinvigorating a moribund form. "All of sudden, there was this weird superhero named Spiderman and his secret identities, this messed up high school kid, who has all these problems with girls, getting in fights, etc. He's like Everyman. Wow, a superhero with problems!," recalls Ken. To feed his growing comic book habit, Ken started to sell

his
old
comics
and thus
made his
first move into the
foray of bookselling.

"I used to sell underground comic books in the 60s with ads in fanzines saying, 'you must be over 18 years old to order these books' but I wasn't 18! I would also wheel and deal in comic books while I was still in grade school – buy 'em for a nickel, sell 'em for a dime!"

The mid-60s saw Ken outgrow his taste in Marvel's superheroes to a more refined palate of underground comics such as R Crumb and the ZAP! crew. A buddy of his introduced him to this new movement in graphic storytelling when he moved to San Jose, California. Every year his friend would come to visit, bringing with him a whole suitcase of new comics for Ken to devour. "In the late 60s and onward, I started doing a lot of comic and sci-fi conventions. In 1973 I drove my old 54 Chevy pick-up truck out to the world's first underground comic book convention in Berkeley. People really came out of the wood work for those [conventions]," remembers Ken.

In high school, Ken's reading habits, as well as his life, changed dramatically as his focus shifted from fiction to Western Americana. What eventually would become his rare book specialty developed out of a history class he took at Granite High School from a teacher named Wayne Stimpson. Stimpson pried open his mind to the alternative histories, fascinations and stories of the American West. "He debriefed us that whatever history we had learned up to this point in our life was complete and utter nonsense. It's just a big lie. He was really the first person to open up my eyes to the fact that there was this real history, this secret history, that existed all along right in front of you, yet it was invisible because it wasn't the pack full of crap that we had been learning by rote through elementary, junior and high school," says Ken. Through his new found interest in the history of the West, Ken became exposed to LDS history, the Environmental movement and its authors such as Edward Abbey, Wendall Berry and Wallace Stegner. Ken saw that through the West, all these things were related. "[Western Americana] lead into environmental activism, wilderness and the realization that it's all connected – the history of this country, the history of this place. It's like this bookstore has evolved into Utah/Mormon/Western history. Mormon history, regardless of whether you are LDS or not, is absolutely fascinating and Mormon history is one of the most interesting

episodes of the history of the West and the history of the West cannot be told without the Mormon experience," states Ken.

In Ken's own words, the key to Western history specifically and history in general and why it's a vital moment in our national identity is this: "I think it's more vibrant, maybe because I am a Westerner; I appreciate the civil war, I appreciate colonial America and history but it's the West that really comes alive ... maybe because it's so relatively recent. The experience of what this land was like and this landscape and being able to go out today and wander in the West desert and still see the imprints of the wagons from the Donner/Reed party and other western immigrants, it really brings the history alive. I think what is wrong with how we are taught history in this country – [is that] it's this dead museum fossil thing. You've gotta experience it, it's gotta come alive. The history, like geology, is so close to the surface here," Ken explains.

Concomitantly, Ken became a printer; a natural extension of his passion for books. At the time two friends of Ken's, Steve Thorton and Willy Realms, ran a printing company called Vanguard Graphics. Rob Brown, another friend of Ken's, drew a poster of a hobbit from Tolkien's Lord of the Rings, which was subsequently printed by Vanguard Graphics and became a local best seller. "I used to go around to the Artists Workshop in Trolley Square, Bob's College Bookshop up by the U, the general store, the Cosmic Airplane, and sell these posters. They were a dollar retail and I wholesaled them for 50 cents. I sold out a thousand of them and I had Vanguard Graphics print them for me. That's how I got interested in printing and for a while I apprenticed there," says Ken. "I learned how to run the letterpress and old machinery there. They printed a lot of rock and roll posters in the early 70s for United Concerts and other places and I really got interested in printing."

The evolution to the current manifestation of Ken Sanders Rare Book Store started in 1967 with the incarnation of a hippy head shop called Cosmic Airplane. Cosmic Airplane was founded by Steve Jones and its first location was located next to the Phillip's Gallery on 9th and 9th. The Cosmic Airplane specialized in bohemian counter-culture items such as pipes, radical political books, music, etc. "Steve was always indulgent about people wanting to do stuff so I would sell comics, graphic novels, undergrounds, just stuff that I was into out of the store. Steve never had any money so when he had to get all his supplies in during the week, the merchandise got shipped to him by Greyhound COD, I would loan him fifty bucks Thursday or Friday, he would get his stuff out of hoc, sell it over the weekend and pay me back Monday," Ken says. But by 1980, Ken expanded his modest book selling business into a bona fide publishing press, Dream Garden.

Dream Garden realized Ken's goal of publishing things he was interested in, mainly books on Utah history, environmental novels by Edward Abbey and Western American history generally. It was at this same time that Ken became heavily involved with Earth First and had the pleasure of getting acquainted with Dave Foreman, co-founder of Earth First, during a heated Mexican stand-off en route to meeting up with famed environmental author Edward Abbey at the lone rock campground in the canyon lands. "There were at least three or four hard case, cowboy looking dudes standing there, scowling at me, arms crossed their chest, cowboy boots and hats on. They wanted to know who the fuck I am and what the fuck I am doing,

and I really didn't care for their bedside manner. 'who the fuck are you, and why the fuck do you want to know,' I said. The last thing in the world I was going to tell these yahoos was that Edward Abbey sent me. Screw them. I backed the truck up, went around them and camped. We had a pretty classic Mexican stand-off. A pretty tense situation at lonerock until later on that evening when Edward Abbey showed up," recalls Ken. During this time, book selling was secondary to his environmental activities. He continued to publish books under the Dream Garden Press imprint with the R Crumb illustrated Monkey Wrench Gang by Edward Abbey and the Edward Abbey Western Wilderness calendar being among his big sellers. "[Book selling] was more of a sideline and then I plunged headlong into publishing and building a publishing empire and at the same time spending a crazy amount of time chasing James Watt, secretary of the interior, around the country," says Ken.

It's now 2007 and Ken Sanders and his current book store location have gone through many permutations and faces. Before his current location, Ken and his family owned property on South State street, where he had two locations. Before that, Ken ran Dream Garden Press and his bookstore out of the old KNAK radio studios on Fourteenth South and Seventh West. "There were two rock stations in the valley of the Salt: KCPX and KNAK. They used to duke it out back and forth. For a while, I ran the publishing and book operations out of their old studio in the west side. Then I had an appointment only place down in South Salt Lake prior to doing this [current] location," Ken remembers.

Ken never thought he would ever go back into retail and actually have physical store front again. One day, when going to collect on a debt, he noticed his current location and on an inclination and a fancy, opened up shop with his daughter, Melissa. "I came down here to collect some money on a publishing debt and, genius that I am, thought it would make a pretty good bookstore. On a whim, we started remodeling and I had absolutely no money at all. I was pretty destitute in those days and this place was pretty dog gone empty," says Ken. "I had no intention of doing it. There was no plan. Pretty much everything I have done in my life, I do bass ackwards."

New and used bookstores are closing up all around this country as online retailers, chain stores and big box retailers supply the reading public with mass market books. In spite of it all, Ken attributes his staying power to his adamant orneriness. "I am stubborn and pig-headed. The flip side of that is tenaciousness. Until recently, I have spent almost every waking hour of my life, seven days a week, 100 hours a week, talking eating sleeping books. It's what I do. I am trying to slack off to do other things. It's tenaciousness. It becomes a drive and obsession. Simultaneously, it gives me a lot of joy." It's a great cultural blessing to have a store like Ken Sanders Rare Books that not only supplies the community with an invaluable and unique literary history, it is literary history. In the end, Ken Sanders is a book himself – a storyteller par excellence. "To this day, I have a hard time eating lunch if I can't read something. It's almost like I can't eat if I can't read. If my mother said it one time, she said it a billion times, 'read at the table, whistle in bed, the devil will get you before your dead,' quips Ken.

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Photo: Chris Swainston

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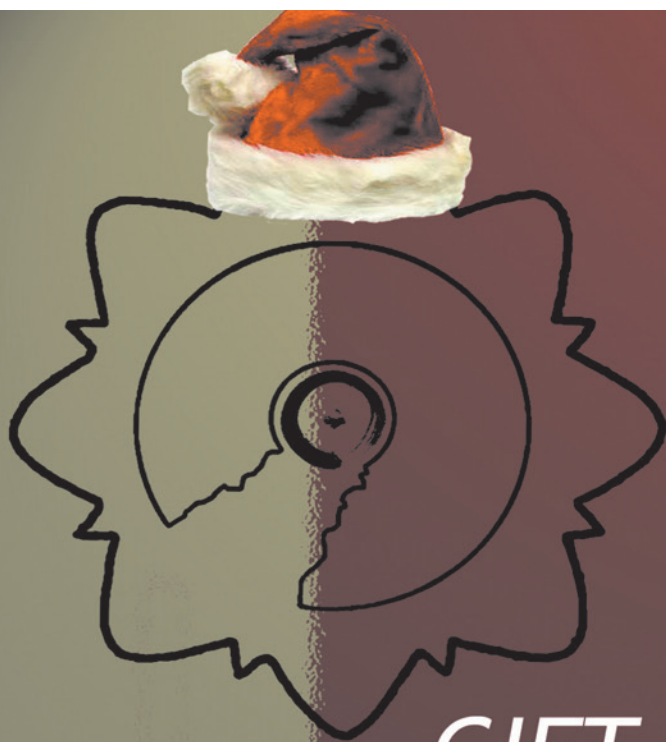
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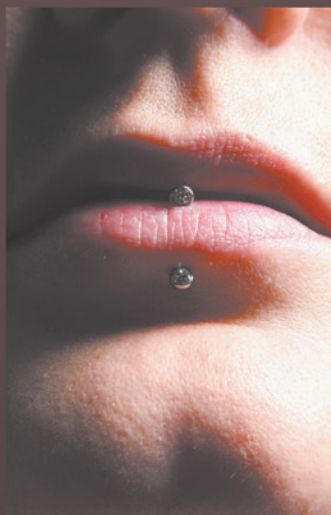
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Absurdity Sunrise

The winds that erupt on sunblazed tarp
As asphalt melts the tubing of time
Blinking gases gauge the sonic reverberate
As full-stills shudder by
Turpid breezes equalize the contorted pictures
of loosening appendages
A child waits as numbers infringe
on space as salty arguments divide
The partitions emerge to genital in gusto
as knee-jerks and trellises tatter
Hand signals envelope the masthead
— A quiet embrace to forfeit a composite
— eyes afflicted — inhibited
— and — twisted in animation
These stilled wanderings washing one's brain
in demonstrative preponderance
A shrew turns to walk below
The murky swamp flicker —
to pilkete as demons, ghosts, and
the watched damned as while the
filament unexpressed...
The watch-hand strikes the passing hour
as we wait to meet with wretched fate
Pulsing to awake the roaring cardiac arrest
from yet another episode
As the tarp folds to tentacle in voids
to subtle to engage
Pillar to support
emits a scent too discrete to recall
The seconds to reflex
the index entrance
in lush terrain
and humid composure
of a damaged day
Its attention diverts
The who's who in question
rebounds as I foster
a warble creased in striped cells
as lips and ear upended and peaced
a thrust — a brut
an preponderance of security
In silhouettes of burled figures steaming
A glistening veil of paroled skin,
Its hollow openings trounce and defile
the empty sphere
Severed by a border — repressed by glad tidings
thicker from pol-belled patrol
who sit ordinariness
Darenot we run afoul
with smug ponderings
Salute the wings of comic gales
urging — strolls —
in tinkering fingers
to swing the carress

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dancing... one feeling
a subtle response from an
oppressed obsession?
The quivers while
the piercing silence permeates
the room... and in this
upward of desolate solitude
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gashes her cheek
... as she endlessly
waits...



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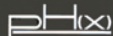
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PLAN B

About Face: Plan-B's Challenge to Conventional Theatre

By Jona Gerlach

jonagerlach@gmail.com

Over the years, Plan-B Theatre Company has become synonymous with alternative theatre in Salt Lake. Recently their highly-politicized, intimate productions have garnered a loyal following among a younger generation of theatergoers looking for an antidote to the lavish yet frequently stale mainstream productions that tend to draw in larger (and more conservative) audiences, though it has been a long road for the company to get to this point.

Plan-B was started in 1991 by **Cheryl Cluff** and **Tobin Atkinson**, and was incorporated as a non-profit in 1995. Starting a small theatre company in Salt Lake was not their first dream: "Plan A was to move to New York and get famous. Plan B was this." Due to severe budget constraints, their early work consisted of Atkinson's original plays and re-interpretations of classic works, such as *MacBeth* re-imagined as a radio play and puppet shows, all fueled by Atkinson's interest in form and style.

Jerry Rapier became involved with the company in 2000 when he was hired to direct a production of *Molly Sweeny*. During this time, Tobin Atkinson left the company and Jerry was hired to fill his shoes as producing director. It was during this season that Plan-B produced *The Laramie Project*, a show that, according to Rapier, "changed our company completely ... Artistically, I don't have the skill that Tobin has

... so I had to find a way to morph in order to survive." Rapier and Cluff decided to produce work that was more political and socially conscious, focusing particularly on gay issues and developing original work by local playwrights.

Maintaining a small, politically motivated theatre company in a place like Salt Lake is a risky proposition, but Plan-B seems to have tapped into a definite need. They have the youngest average audience of a theatre company in Salt Lake, something Rapier sees as a consequence of an ever-growing local arts community. "People from other urban centers move here because it's more affordable, and they expect the same kind of cultural offerings they left behind; these are the people that are supporting small theatres." Furthermore, Rapier thinks the stereotype of the Utah audience outlined above is "bullshit. I think people are much more interested in being provoked and challenged than being condescended to."

So far, he seems to be right. Plan-B's plays have been extraordinarily successful, culminating in last year's *Facing East*, about LDS parents grieving over the suicide of their gay son. The play was a smash hit, appealing not only to Plan-B regulars but also folks who normally don't patronize alternative theatre. "For us, a diverse audience is bringing in Mormon grandmothers ... the makeup of our audience during the run of that show was completely different than what [we were used to]." *Facing East* was so successful that it went on tour, making Plan-B the first local theatre company ever to transfer a show to New York. However, the success of *Facing East* has not made Rapier re-think Plan-B's approach. "People expect that every show is going to have some additional life now ... but what matters most [to us] is how it works here."

Plan-B continues to mine Utah culture and history for inspiration. Their 2007 season opener, **Mary Dickson's** *Exposed*, dealt with the touchy and timely topic of nuclear testing and the plight of 'downwinders,' people exposed to fallout of above-ground tests. The play takes the form of a docudrama, a style that, in addition to the polarizing topic of this play in particular, tends to divide audiences. Rapier insists that this form was important for the material as "the government has done such a great job of devaluing the personal story of downwinders ... [*Exposed*] was a conscious choice to play to the choir, to validate these people's points of view." *Exposed* seems to have hit a nerve; the show sold faster than any other in the company's history. Plan-B is also working on a play about Topaz, the Japanese-American internment camp outside of Delta, Utah during World War II. For Rapier, "it's of personal interest for me maybe more so than any other play we've ever created because I'm first generation Japanese-American, and if that camp were still open I'd be in it." However, in spite of the didactic tone and unambiguous political messages of these works, Rapier says "I never care if people agree with the point of view we're presenting, our hope really is to get people to talk about it."

Indeed, all Rapier can hope for is that people will continue to care about the conversation, and hopes to remain a relevant force in Utah theatre as long as possible. "There is something vital about what we're doing and we'll be here as long as that's true. I don't think any company is intended to exist in perpetuity. Everything has a life cycle and we're in the good side of it right now." If their current wave of success is any indication, Plan-B has a ways to go before their cycle is complete.

For more info on Plan B's current productions including *Gutenberg! The Musical!* Check out planbtheatre.org.



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Gallery Stroll: KAYO Sailing into Uncharted Waters

By Mariah Mann-Mellus and Erik Lopez
mariah@slugmag.com

In boxing terminology, a "KO" stands for a knock-out in which one boxer "knocks-out" another for the win. It's no small wonder, then, why owner **Kenny Oiwa Riches** thought that it would be a perfect name for his gallery. Playing off the phonetic sounds of "KO" and his own name, the *Kayo Gallery* has been knocking-out the other galleries in town by providing the final blow to an otherwise oversaturated market of fine art prints, romantic landscapes and **Norman Rockwell**-esque scenery.

The *Kayo Gallery* opened in the early months of 2005. Unlike other galleries, the *Kayo* focuses on contemporary art and emerging local Utah artists. When Kenny opened his gallery he felt that none of them encompassed the niche he was ready to fill. "I didn't feel that there were enough galleries showing emerging artists and definitely not any I wanted to show in myself," says Kenny. The artists who have shown in the *Kayo* list like a best-of-the-best in current Utah art: **Cein Watson, Sri Whipple, Camilla Taylor, Trent Call, Xkot Toxsik, Lenka Konopasek**, etc. Not only has the *Kayo* brought these artists together on one wall, it has also fostered a sense of community around them.

Kayo moved from its first location at *nobrow coffee*, taking a short hiatus and finally ending up between *Frosty Darling* and *Red Light Books* on Broadway. Kayo's final move, however, won't be a physical one but an owner switch. Starting January 1st, local artist **Shilo Jackson** will be taking over the proud fight Kenny has fought for so long as he takes his hat out of the ring.

Kenny had been looking for an option that would keep the gallery alive, but would also allow him the freedom to move on to new things. Shilo's always been an enthusiastic member of the arts community, participating in **Poor Yorrick's** open studios and the contributing to the *Women's Art Center*. She was

ready for another contingency and making the transition to gallery owner/operator was a wonderful and fortuitous opportunity. "I'm completely excited about taking on the *Kayo Gallery* and furthering contemporary art in Salt Lake. I have great admiration and respect for what Kenny has done," says Jackson. "He had a specific vision for what he wanted Kayo to be and I think he's done an astounding job of bringing incredible artists to light. I plan to work closely with him in the transition and future endeavors."

When Kenny first started *Kayo* on 315 East and 300 South he was full of hope and optimism for the future of Utah art. At the time, he was concurrently running *The Avenues Frame Shop* and starting the now defunct art zine *Art Speak*. The frame shop funded the gallery until it got underway and the zine, with difficulty getting advertising, coordinating an all volunteer staff and generally getting its feet off the ground, stopped publishing after a few months. From the beginning, *Kayo* has been Kenny's prized project.

Kenny's original vision for Kayo was two-fold: to create an art gallery like those in bigger cities that wasn't trying to stack piles of art on top of each other and to maintain a clean, minimalist space with white walls to hang art and give people a chance to walk the room, step back and contemplate. Essentially Kenny wanted to "open a very progressive gallery in a conservative place."

The Kayo's last show, appropriately enough Kenny's first solo show, is entitled *Six Sinking Ships and I'm Gone*. *Six Sinking Ships* is not only Kenny's last hurrah but his getting back in touch with an integral part of himself that he lost during the past several years running two good businesses: painting. "Once I started the gallery, painting slowed down ... except for commission pieces," says Kenny. "Getting back into it now, I am trying to rehash so many things that have come up over the last four years." The paintings are painted with oil with photos imposed on the canvas. "All the photographs are from antique shops," explains Kenny. "I collect them when I travel. I have a theory that photographs help you to

remember and forget things. If you go to Disneyland and have a photo taken, that's the image you relate to the trip. You see that photo so many times the rest of the experience fades away. I remember my adventures by the photos I found of other people along my journeys." The ships in the show represent, like the **Titanic** at the time of its sinking, the unexpected and the feeling that its time for Kenny to move on.

Shilo knows it will be a big job to keep the kind of growth that Kenny has sustained but she is hopeful that people will remember the Kayo for its wonderful energy and professional showing space and keep applying for shows. "My goal is to continue what Kenny has started and foster emerging artists. I also hope to turn people into art collectors," says Shilo. "It seems people think original art is out of reach. I plan on changing that notion by stocking the gallery with affordable piece in addition to having featured artists show on a monthly basis."

Though Kenny has many adventures and travels ahead of him with his desire, drive and passion for life this is not the last word from KO Riches. For now at least we have the photos to help us remember the trip Kenny has taken us on. *Six Sinking Ships and I'm Gone* will open December 7th for the *Holiday Fashion Stroll* with live local musicians **Mushman** and **Lord Mandrake**. The *Kayo Gallery* is located on 177 East Broadway.

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Fri. Dec. 14: SuperSuckers,
Utah County Swillers, Spork

Sat. Dec. 15: Sarge, It Never Ends, Dennis, Disdain

Mon. Dec. 17: Head On Collision, Insanity Plea, tba

Tue. Dec. 18: ROCKSTAR KARAOKE KICKOFF
with Big Sexy

Thu. Dec. 20: Blonde Assassin, tba

Fri. Dec. 21: Tba

Sat. Dec. 22: Vinia, Xur, Diggers & Whackers,
Prosthetic Heads, Varona

Fri. Dec. 28: Three Reasons, Monarch,
Super So Far, Funk and Gonzo

Sat. Dec. 29: Scripted Apology, Balance Of Power,
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Mon. Dec. 31: NEW YEARS EVE BASH:
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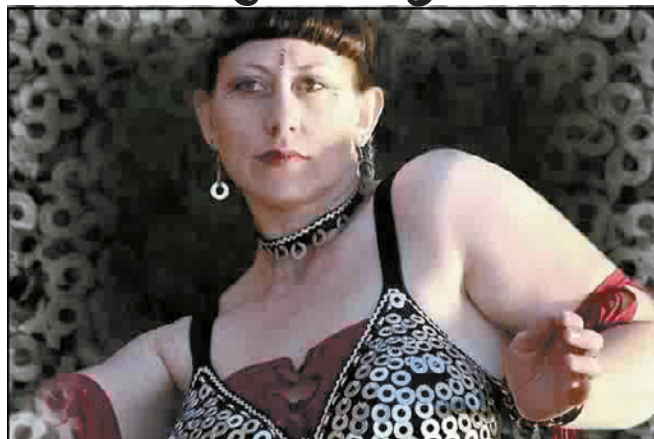
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Bellyography



Bellyography: Adina

By Astara

I have long admired the elegant and flowing dance style of Adina, and her beautiful solo performances have made me take notice. Adina possesses a grace and assurance on stage that is attractive and appealing to an audience, projecting strength and delicacy at the same time. She has also mastered the veil, sword and zils and appears to be a welcome addition to any show. Imagine my surprise a few years ago when I saw her dancing with **Dragomi**, one of Salt Lake's dynamic Urban Tribal Fusion dance troupes. Not only that, but she had a flexibility and intensity that I had never perceived in her cabaret performances. I loved it, and I decided that she is one dancer we would all like to know better.

Adina was born and raised in Salt Lake City, Utah, and she has always been in love with dancing, studying jazz and ballet from age 14. In 1997, on a whim, she looked up *Kismet* in the yellow pages and started taking belly dance classes. She says:

"From the minute I stepped into the Kismet studio and saw exactly what belly dancing was, I was hooked. I felt I had found a way to continue dancing for many years. I also loved the sisterhood aspect amongst many of the women in this community."

Adina danced with *Kismet's* troupe and taught classes there for a while, but soon her own independence took hold. She became co-director and teacher of Desert Journey School of Dance and founder/director of Desert Journey Dance Company. Adina Says:

*"I formed my own dance troupe, Desert Journey, and I have been with **Dragomi** for the past two years. I am truly half and half. I love the cabaret style of Desert Journey and the earthy tribal style of **Dragomi**. Cabaret is my fun side where I can interact with the audience, which I love, and I also just adore the glitzy glamour of cabaret."*

*"**Dragomi** and Urban Tribal represent the darker, more mysterious part of me. And I really have to work on my flexibility to perform **Dragomi's** choreography. It is hard to explain. This style of dance is more emotional and comes from a deeper part of myself."*

"I love the expanding growth in the Utah belly dance community. In the beginning, we seemed so small and contained, and today our dancing is all encompassing and very diverse. I am truly excited to see where we are going to go from here."

Adina will continue to dance with *Dragomi* and *Desert Journey*, but she has stopped teaching in order to become a full-time mother. Last year, she and her husband adopted two children, one a newborn infant. They were foster parents and they were given the opportunity to legally make these precious babies part of their family. Two children in one year is a big change and would definitely require a stay-at-home mom. Well done, Adina! Congratulations! For more information on where and when to see Adina in performance, go to: desertjourney.4t.com.



THE INVERSION TRAWLER

From the Observation Files of
Oomingmak and Boudica Juicyfruit

"Weedpatch"

Filed by Boo

Weedpatch is the home of our aunt Katherine Peabody, eldest of the five Dripdry sisters, which includes Leona and of which our mother is the youngest. Set firmly in the heart of "The Void", Weedpatch is a huge Victorian battleship of a house - once spectacularly grand, but now spectacularly ungrand. Gravy clots! It's like Utah's own accidental Winchester Mansion. Built in the 1870's, with money made in Utah's silver mines, it still dominates the neighborhood with its ornate tower, fancy roof trimmings, elaborate windows, wrap-around porches and balconies — all suffering now from chronic dilapidation. You'd expect to see bats flapping about the tower and widow's walk. Well, on most summer nights you see just that, and lots of bats too. There's a large yard surrounded by a low wrought-iron fence and now filled with unintentional booby-traps of collected this-and-that's. The interior of the house, like the yard, is filled with anything and everything you can think of. Aunt Kate is a 10th degree certified lethal packrat.



"WEEDPATCH"

She collects EVERYTHING and throws nothing out, mountains of useless stuff. Weedpatch has a constant inflow of matter that must be just compacting and compounding — a black hole of sorts. In among the layered canyons of precariously piled packrat-archeology, a person can, here and there, discover attempts at interior decoration. The kitchen sports burlap covered walls, now greasy and peeling in shreds, and throughout the house on permanent display are decorations from every major US holiday. Once in October when I asked Aunt Kate why she hadn't taken down some faded and cobwebbed Valentine's decorations, she replied, "They promote love." Aunt Kate is a very caring and loving woman and is beloved by many. She just glides in her own orbit. After a couple'a years of college she originally went the Mormon route, married young and popped out a billion kids. Then she got sidetracked and now exists in a perpetual state of sidetracked. Her husband, Uncle Prickles, seems to have gotten lost, deep in the trenches of Weedpatch. He hasn't been seen or heard from in years. Cousins will randomly and mysteriously disappear and reappear. I'm pretty sure there are cousins I haven't yet met. And I am absolutely convinced that Weedpatch is a portal to many elsewhere — parallel universes — other dimensions. Sometimes I worry about losing my way while inside and suddenly finding myself trapped in another world. Oom, however, worries about getting his clothes dirty. Still, Oom and I choose to spend almost more time at Aunt Kate's house than we do our own.



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RING DAVE PAYNE TTTT

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2007: The Year I Sold My Soul

By Mike Brown
mikebrown@slugmag.com

2007, what a stupid year. Last year at this time I wrote about how much I hated Christmas and New Year's Eve (amateur drinking night). But for me, this whole year has sucked so bad. I can't wait for New Years just because it will mean that 2007 is finally fucking over. I know that no one likes a complainer, but after four funerals, one black eye and numerous fistfights with trees, 2007 has really harshed my mellow.

And it's not really anyone's fault, just a string of coincidences of life's special blend of dog shit that gets stepped in repeatedly from time to time. Normally, I deal with such emotional defeats by making a special "Fuck You" list in my zine [*The Leviathan*]. The fuck you list is kind of like a thank you list but instead of people and things you'd like to thank it's for people and things you'd like to see go get fucked. The list was too depressing after I wrote it up so I decided to leave it out of issue #8.

Instead, I decided I might as well sell my soul. Literally. Seeing how after this year I wasn't using it much anyway. Between atheism, not believing in karma (not one tiny bit you stupid hippies, so please don't try to convince me), just plain wanting an extra eighty bucks, and having a bad year, how could I not sell my soul?

It started last night, while I was hanging out with my buddy **Ryan** (whom I work with at the bar) and our other friend **Abu**. *Green Street* has been closed for a couple weeks, and since the bar I work at is close, we've been getting a lot of *Green Street* rejects, or Chad's as I like to call them—drinking Jaeger-bombs and Heinekens in our bar instead of trying to date rape under age sorority sisters at *Green Street* like they normally do on Friday nights. So after a long Friday night, me and Ryan and Abu were stone cold kickin' it at Ryan's house, putting a dent in a PBR twelver, and talking about how stupid work was.

Somehow the topic of Ryan buying souls came up and how someone who shall remain nameless, but is an atheist as well, would not sell his soul to Ryan. Then Ryan pointed to one of his walls and I noticed he had eight different contracts, some of which were framed, hanging there. Each contract was a soul that Ryan had bought at one point or another.

The contract briefly explained that after signing at the bottom, Ryan officially owned your soul. The seller has to sign it as does Ryan and one witness. And of course the contract was dated. It was pretty much just like that *Simpson's* episode where Bart sells his soul to Millhouse. I looked over these contracts and was surprised to see what the going rate for a human soul was these days.

In case you were wondering, the human soul market is at an all time low and now is a good time to buy as the market could explode at any moment. Most of the contracts were for only \$20 US dollars. Resale value could quadruple by the time the apocalypse hits. At that time, all the non-believers will want their souls back. Fuck the stock market; Ryan's got it right for playing the soul market.

The first soul that Ryan ever bought was from some dude named **Mike Christian**. According to the contract, Mike Christian was so hungry on September 21, 2001 that he sold his soul for two cheeseburgers and half a bag of fries. I can't remember who the witness was, it could have been the hamburger for all I know.

So me Ryan and Abu were talking about these human spirit transactions for a little while, and I was thinking in my head, "why wouldn't I sell my soul?" I honestly couldn't think of a good reason NOT to do it and I could think of eighty good reasons to do it.

I told Ryan that I'd sell my soul to him right now for eighty bones, sixty bucks higher than any soul he had ever purchased before. I was mostly making conversation, thinking he wouldn't pay three times as much for my soul than for anyone else's. Without a second of hesitation Ryan said, "You got a deal!" And, quite honestly, the fact that he didn't hesitate on my offer ... well, it made me feel special. No offense to anyone else that sold their souls to Ryan, but HA HA! My soul is worth three times as much as yours!

While we are speaking of the value of the human soul, I asked Ryan what he would pay for **James Brown's** soul, seeing how he's the godfather of that shit. Since he's dead and can't sign a contract, Ryan said he'd pay at least 3,000 big ones to have James Brown exhumed so Ryan could get his thumb print on a contract. **Soul Coughing** on the other hand, would have to pay Ryan for him to get their contract. And while we are on the topic of souls in the media, Ryan pointed out that he plays a lot of *Soul Caliber* and that he has **Freddy Krueger's** autograph, who steals souls instead of buying them. What a jerk.

But one problem with getting James Brown's soul now that he's dead and all is that each contract Ryan has signed specifically states that the souls are willfully and eternally given to Ryan and are eternally his. This was another reason I was comfortable selling Ryan my soul; Ryan is a good guy and he is actually a state-licensed ordained Minister of one of the coolest churches ever: *The Real Church of the Eternal Andy Paulson* (who is the drummer for **Fuck the Informer**). I feel more comfortable with Ryan having my soul than I do with myself having it, seeing some of the bad life decisions I'm prone to make. I can make those bad decisions and not worry about how it's going to affect my soul ... that's Ryan's problem now!

Also, if the devil is real and one day the motherfucker comes for my soul, I can be all, "Sorry Lucifer, if you want my soul you're just going to have to find Ryan. And I don't know where he is. HA!"

Now if I ever find my soulmate, and I'm not counting on that happening anytime soon, they are going to have to understand what I did. I sold my soul for eighty dollars, went and bought some drinks and records with the money. And here's why: many believe that alcohol destroys the soul, so now that I don't have one, I plan on drinking more. And since music fills the soul, I figure I can replace all that I "souled" to Ryan with a needle dropping onto some vinyl creating a crackling ecstasy that no spiritual guru can fuck with.

Local

All Systems Fail

Self-Titled
Alerta AntiFacista
Street: 08.15.06

All Systems Fail = Filth + Extinction of Mankind + Oi Polio

All Systems Fail is one of the best punk bands in Utah. They're also one of the most underappreciated punk bands, in Utah. If you're unfamiliar with this band it's time to get acquainted. They play political punk rock in the style of **Conflict** and **Crass**. Lead singer, **Jorge Arellano**, has a Satanic sounding growl that'd you'd never guess would come out of such a polite and soft-spoken individual. I've seen ASF live numerous times and whether they're playing for a large crowd or to a gathering of about 20 disinterested kids in a basement, the band rips shit up. This *Self-Titled* LP really captures their energy and sound in ways that many bands in the genre simply can't. The siren-like guitars and rapid-fire machine-gun-style drumming come through crystal clear, and the vocals do, too. My favorite tracks were "Four More Years" and "Bully Boys". —*Jeanette Moses*

Cavedoll

Songs That Would Not Behave (Vol. 1 & 2)

Pseudo Recording
Street: 2007
Cavedoll = The Killers + Radiohead

More a collection of B-Sides than an album, *Songs That Would Not Behave*—both volumes 1 and 2—cover the genres, styles and sounds of every project Cavedoll's solo member, **Camden Chamberlain**, has ever been involved in. Whether it's revamping old, unreleased tracks, or just playing with new songs, the album ranges from techno-heavy dance/electronica to acoustic folk. It's everything fans of the group have come to expect, but perhaps not the best choice for those unfamiliar with Cavedoll. For those who know and love the band, it's more than worth a listen. But new comers, be advised: do your homework on this one and pick up a copy of *The Harbor* before going for either of these compilations. —*Kat Kellermeyer*

City Weekly Compilation

2007 Slammys
Self-Released

Street: 2007
Slammys = Salt Lake sound + star treatment + "Haven't I already heard this?"

If the indiscreet wordplay hasn't already tipped you off, the 2007 *Slammys* are *City Weekly's* equivalent of the local *Grammy Awards*, selecting winners in every genre the city has to offer. Although the compilation boasts a wide array of artists, labeling gets a little blurred from time to time (example: Best Rock/Pop, Best Acoustic/Folk, etc.), leaving artists who could have filled the counter-genres unaccounted for. Additionally, the compilation tends to pick tracks that don't do the artists real justice. Best DJ/Turntablist winner **DJ Knucklez**, is represented with a low-tempo track that falls short of expectations, and the selection for **Royal Bliss** will make those unfamiliar think they're pop-country. It isn't so much a bad choice in awarding as it is poor representation. Overall, the compilation is a good mix, but if you're already familiar with the artists, you won't miss much by sitting this one out. —*Kat Kellermeyer*

Fews & Two

To Get Me Through

Self-Released
Street: 09.07
Fews & Two = The Slackers + Dub is a Weapon + Afro Omega

Fews & Two are a young band, but this eight-song EP is a light of hope for all fans of Jamaican-influenced music in our fine state. Fews & Two's steady, heavy rhythms, smooth, jazzy horns and sexy female vocals bring to mind visions of smoky bars, full of people swaying, stomping and sweating the night away. This is some seriously groovy music, from the entrancing "Lady's Dub" to the slow and melancholy "Rhyme and Reason." You want faster songs you say? Well, look no further than "Salon Shootout," an instrumental scorcher of a ska tune, and "Ten Man Raft," complete with gang vocals and an infectious rhythm. If you enjoy ass-shaking and good times by way of dub and ska, you won't be disappointed by Fews & Two. —*Ricky Vigil*

The John Whites

Sing Their Songs

Hotel Palindrome
Street: 2007
The John Whites = Franz Ferdinand – electronics + a dash of Coldplay

There's a simplicity and sincerity about The John Whites that speaks volumes about them. Their sound is far more mature than their ages would lead you to believe, especially on a debut. An album you can't seem to put a definitive label on, *Sing*

Their Songs is more akin to **White Stripe's** experimental "Icky Thump" than the genre-confused groups of today. But unlike **Jack White**, The John Whites opt for a more traditional sound. From bluesy ballad "Still in Love," to **Franz Ferdinand**-like riffs in "Song For Rory," to **Coldplay**-esque piano selections, it never seems to fall less than par or sound over done. The John Whites take a hodge podge of styles and make it all their own. Pick it up; this is the sort of album you'll want to curl up with on a rainy day. Additionally, this is the sort of album you'll want to curl up with every day. —*Kat Kellermeyer*

Katagory V

Hymns of Dissension

Burning Star Records
Street: 12.04
Katagory V = straight-up classic metal

Katagory V is definitely moving up in the world with their latest *Hymns of Dissension*. The album received worldwide distribution, with a U.S. and European version of the album. It's pleasing to know that a classic/prog metal band from Utah is being heard around the world. *Hymns of Dissension*, the band's fourth album, is arguably the band's best effort thus far. In the spirit of prog metal, the record is also their most diverse and heaviest. We're talking really big guitars here, all embodying what classic/prog metal should, that huge epic feel. These guys know their metal current and past, so their influences are vast, but they don't specifically target a single style; they have crafted their own breed of metal—intense, complex and extremely well played. Add to all that goodness a standout vocal performance that will leave you singing along. Take a metal trip with these iconic Hymns that have joined the annals of great metal. —*Bryer Wharton*

TheKnoltAlls

The Knockout Jewelers

Lace Em Up Productions
KnoltAlls = Facts + Johnny Utah + Briskoner

They got the top down, they are hydroplaning, they rock and talk strong with their egos packed in a punch. If you are familiar with last years release, *Kiss The Ring*, then get ready for this: *Mixtape 1 – A Prelude To Kiss The Ring*. I don't know if the new stuff is really their old stuff or vice versa, but it sounds nice. With beats from **Skinwalker**, **Grizz One**, **Brisk**, **Spenzilla**, **Iggy Chop** and **Rick One**, Knoltalls fill the

instrumentals with clever punch lines, one-liners and confident raps. The local producers playful beats complement Knoltalls lyrics and consist of mostly funky horns, samples, keys and strings in a stylistic way. This album is a definite local hip-hop collaboration addition to the slough of talent in Salt Lake City. So you must learn, you must listen or you must be knocked out. —*Lance Saunders*

Larusso

Sweetest Place

Self-Released
Street: 10.05
Larusso = Plain White T's + All American Rejects



You know that proud feeling all parents get watching their kids grow up to be successful functioning adults? That's how long-term Larusso fans will be feeling once they get their hands on the newest release. While the band has always done well at their live shows, their previous recordings never seemed to capture them adequately. *Sweetest Place*, however, brings fourth a virtually professional quality, and the new tunes are better than ever. Smart and catchy, *Sweetest Place* is a healthy indulgence for the pop/punk craving you might be denying yourself. This album proves Larusso is finally ready to take their place among the other alternative power-houses in the valley. —*Kat Kellermeyer*

The Lionelle

Oh, The Little Bee E.P.

Self-Released
Street: 2007
The Lionelle = Modest Mouse + Danny Elfman

For The Lionelle, the album cover art—a seemingly random cacophony of glitter, watercolor and ink—is the perfect introduction to the group. Like a darker **Modest Mouse**, The Lionelle starts out of the gate with eerie chords that seem **Danny Elfman** inspired. Part blues and part alternative, the tunes are simple, unsettling, and absolutely brilliant. As if the music weren't enough, the band is just as strong lyrically. Vocalist **Tate McCallum-Law** jumps into the performance 110% and doesn't let up for the whole album. Every line and word is emoted on so well that you don't dare ignore them. This is the sort of album that won't just let you listen to it; it will possess you. One of

the best local premiers you'll find this year. —Kat Kellermeyer

Melodramus

30 Silver Pieces

Self-Released

Street: 06.20

Melodramus = HIM + Incubus + 311

I confess, it took more than one listen through the album, but the Melodramus have officially won me over. Born from the school of melodic metal, the group opts for singing over screaming and wins every time. The group rides on heavy guitar riffs and plenty of epic solos, all the while blending in keyboard effects without sounding corny or overdone. Though the ballads on the album aren't bad, the group really shines in their more upbeat numbers. If there is a disappointment to be found, it's that the album is split almost 50/50 between the two rhythms. While this is on the whole a great album, you'll likely want to check them out before picking this one up. —Kat Kellermeyer

Mesa Drive

Take What You Want

RIPPY FISH Records

Street: 07.04

Mesa Drive = Maroon 5 + Keane — girly-man vocals

Mesa Dr. could easily be Maroon 5's long lost brother; their bigger, older brother in college who is and forever will be infinitely cooler. The band's premiere album, *Take What You Want*, combines catchy melodies with jazzy bass riffs. Equally breathtaking are Chad Hansen's vocals—a smooth pop-jazz hybrid. Not enough good things can be said about this album, which plays less like a premiere and more like a well-seasoned pro-recording. Cozy and innovative; if you don't have it yet, add it to your Christmas list. —Kat Kellermeyer

Mindstate

Call the Cops

Self-Released

Street: 10.01

Mindstate = Brother Ali + Dilated Peoples

This record's best attribute is Dusk's organic chorus crafting. He has a proclivity for writing a great hook. A noticeable trend is that he connects most closely with songs he builds entirely himself, tracks like "Lead Life" and "Drat." The former is a deftly sampled classical beat and has the best chorus on the album, a rap/sung Brother Ali cadence that sounds easy and natural—like it was grafted from the beat. The album's interesting opening leads to a lugubrious halfway mark, a point from which it gradually loses momentum until the end. Production credit reads like a list of who's who in Utah hip-hop, but these mostly jazzy beats do nothing to prevent the album's second half from resulting in a nondescript litany. Its saving grace:

the songs sound like they'd be great performed live. —Makena Walsh

Nolens Volens

XYZ

Billygoat Database

Street: 11.15

Nolens Volens = The The + Non Non + Aa

This is, like, the second or third



album Nolens Volens has released this year and it doesn't look like he is going to stop, unfortunately. All joking aside, if you have been following Andrew Glassett's musical journey, you will have invariably noticed that this CD is a departure from his earlier, pounding club hits. Andrew's earlier work has been typified by repetitive Euro-trash beats with an incisive electronic edge — kind of like wielding a sword that can shoot lightning from it. On this release, however, Glassett has moved in for a quieter, gentler America. The headachey beats are still there, but they are not as in your face as usual. Instead, they break the atmosphere of the irregular train whistles and meditative moodiness. Do I like the new Nolens? A resounding yes! I love that Andrew is going in new directions and doing it well. Andrew is forging a definite style and is on E!'s "Artists to Watch in 2008" list ... or at least mine. —Erik Lopez

Pink Lightnin'

Self-Titled

Self

Street: 2007

Pink Lightnin' = Muddy Waters + Blackhole + a splash of Beck

Anybody who was at September's *Localized* knows that these guys fuckin' rock harder than a rocking chair on crack. They managed to capture this on CD and made it possible to listen to it over and over and over. I don't know what else to say other than get your ass to somewhere that sells this CD and listen to it until you have to buy another copy because your original can't take the stress of one more run through the musical amplifier. Oh, and one more thing: make sure you listen to the album as loud as you possibly can, otherwise you are just wasting your eardrum's fucking time. —Adam Dorobiala

Saint Sebastian's

School for Wicked Girls

How To Do Everything Correctly

Ape Island Records

Street: now at Velour

SSSWG = Blur + The Swiss Family Robinson adventures

Who is this band? Where are they from? What wickedness could they have possibly committed sending four dudes to an all girls' school? Since the band website is not up (get on it!) I had to resort to their myspace profile (ick): SSSWG is from Provo, but I don't think they really go to such a school. I don't know which member sings like Jarvis Cocker, but it's a great album. It's worth getting just for the album design by member Cole Nielsen. Limited to 240, the cloth cases have stitched edges and are hand-printed at Tryst Press by Rob Buchert. —Jennifer Nielsen

Spitsofrantic

Hood Vibrations

Soul Shakers Music

Street: 08.10

Spitsofrantic = Immortal Technique + Soulshakers

Spitso has a solid and balanced, if simple flow. His doubles are well timed—he knows his verses. The record's frenetic trip-hop-acid-gangsta production fits surprisingly well with its dystopian theme. Case in point is the album's title track, a number whose jazz flute vibrato sample provides fitting dissonance for Spitso's rhymes of police oppression and totalitarianism. The writing is straightforward revolutionary bemoaning, leaving no doubt as to his political views. Could do without "Arrested Developments" police siren sampling and the bitten Junior Gong chorus on "Light Em Up," but overall, this is some of the better hip-hop to leave Dogden's thuggish ruggish boulevards. —Makena Walsh

The Upstarts

The Upstarts

Self-Released

Street: 10.26

The Upstarts = The Toasters + The Specials + The Slackers

Finally, a band that proves that Utah ska doesn't need to be restricted to the realm of high school band nerds with a Reel Big Fish fetish! The Upstarts deliver some seriously awesome ska, chockfull of soul and a whole heap of energy. Highlights include the organ-driven "So Sharp" and the gospel-by-way-of-Jamaica "Carry This Load," while "On the Run" would be right at home in a *Blues Brothers* movie. "Feels So Nice" and "Leaving" slow things down a bit, but that's where vocalist Andy Fackrell really shines. All you kids out there who play trumpet, trombone or sax, listen up: throw away those Reel Big Fish records, go buy The Upstarts' album, and try like hell to be as good as them. We'll

all be better for it in the long run!

—Ricky Vigil

Various Artists

Around the Bend

Slowtrain Music

Street: July 2007

Around the Bend = Local Musicians & Artists + Anna & Chris + great vinyl selection + an amazing independent music shop that SLC is lucky to have + support your community!

Giving *SLUG's Death By Salt* recordings a run for the money as "Best Local Compilation", Slowtrain presents a well produced record of previously unreleased tunes by some of Utah's favorite alt-country and acoustic soloists. In a talented music scene prevalent with singer/songwriters, *Around the Bend* showcases some of the best: David Williams, Paul Jacobsen, Wuhu Seai, Calico, TaughtMe, Wren Kennedy, Catherine Eve, Chanticleer the Clever Cowboy, Stephen Stanley, Uvada, Glade Sowards, Dead Horse Point, Cub Country, Marcus Bently and the Beat Surrender. I especially like the tracks by Band of Annuals (not just because I have a school-girl crush on Jay) and James Miska (not just because he's one of my best friends), as they are classic examples of the breadth of impressive craft playing on 300 South at 221 East. *Around the Bend* features four different covers one designed by Summer Bivens, one by Erin Potter, one by Sarah Martin and one by Mary Toscano. Purchase this fine cd—burn it from a friend and you're a jerk. —Jennifer Nielsen

The VCR Quintet

I Hate Myself

Self-Released

Street: 09.04

The VCR Quintet = Castle + Waxen Tomb + 1h86635 + AODL + Oval's 94 Diskont

The freshest and most exciting stuff to come out of Salt Lake is the local noise scene. 2006 saw the amazing album by The Tenets of Balt-hazar's Castle (a Top 5 of Andrew Glassett) and 2007 is set with a new release by The VCR Quintet. While not as assaultive as AODL or TOBC, *I Hate Myself* is more layered and deliberately repetitive with a decisively industrial edge. Not unlike Nolens Volens as a glitchy stop-and-go dance sound, VCR Quintet's sound freshly organizes and arranges his base line of beats, chimes, scraped metal, blips and boops and doesn't loose the listener's interest in electronic wizardry gone awry ala *Press Your Luck* in the early 80s. Engaging and interesting, at times soothing and pared down, *I Hate Myself* is getting the top 5 treatment.

—Erik Lopez

step 1
buy a guitar

step 2
get your first groupie

step 3
get a better looking groupie

step 4
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step 5
realize this is more than just
a dream

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CD Reviews

Alexis Gideon *Flight of the Liophant* Sickroom Records

Street: 11.06

Alexis Gideon = Folk Sensibilities
+ Electronic Beeps + Eclectic
Peeps



Alexis Gideon is a crazed genius in the most beautiful sense of the term. Imagine dyslexic droids attempting to have a conversation on a Jawa Sandcrawler while being interrupted by an autistic rapper free-flowing stream-of-consciousness rhymes on LSD. Yeah, my man **Alexis** is that good. Staccato bursts of crazed rap share space with soulful, bass-heavy crooning and slide guitar that could just have easily been on **Beck's** *One Foot in the Grave*. *Flight of the Liophant* comes with lyrics, and you'll need them. When you read into what is actually being said, this album attains a whole new level of intricacy and confusion. Be prepared for modern, electronic-heavy music that will peak every level on your stereo AND give you that much-needed Sasquatch reference that no good CD goes without. Taking a flight with the *Liophant* is like going to a musical buffet where everything sounds and tastes delicious! —*Brian Van Steenkiste*

Ambitions *Stranger* Bridge Nine

Street: 11.06

Ambitions = Dag Nasty + With
Honor + Ignite

With Honor is caput, which means more time for **Jay** and **Jeff Aust** and **John Ross** to dedicate their time to Ambitions. This is great news for hardcore. Ambitions is the modern version of the melodic bands from the D.C. era. Maintaining strong song after strong song is difficult for this style of music, and Ambitions fall victim to running-togetherness at points throughout the album. Jay Aust's vocals are mostly to blame for this since he sings rather long notes over fast music. This makes it hard to grab onto any syllables—music or vocal. This small gripe aside,

Stranger is a great first full-length for a band that has musical chops, melody, and harmonization on their side. It remains to be seen how well their tight musicianship holds up live, but if it comes close to this release, it will be a cut above the rest. —*Peter Fryer*

Battles *Tonto + EP* Warp Records

Street: 12.04

Battles = Don Caballero + Hella
+ John Stanier's sweet drumming
action

This is a tour EP from the band known as the Battles. It takes the song "Tonto" from the album *Mirrored* and gives you the straight-up version of the song, then a couple more remixed, blipped-out and collaged versions of the song—all there to bend the mind all over the place. The remixes are way weak compared to the original version of the song. These remixes sound like a robot that was dancing to Battles at a rave while on ecstasy and got stuck repeating the same dance step over and over. The EP also includes a DVD of the "Tonto" and "Atlas" videos, which are all kinds of banging. I just want to say the drumming of **John Stanier** rules my life and that Battles is better off without the random vocal sections. —*Jon Robertson*

Black Tie *Goodbye, Farewell* Socycermom Records

Street: 12.04

Black Tie = Tortoise + The For
Carnation + Ui + Tarwater

Black Tie is dark and brooding. The album begins with the Tortoise-inspired first track "For the Dead," with its creamy-sounding reverbed guitar lines and tear-inspiring cello. The instrumental tracks on this album make me want to sit in the rain and watch cars drive by. They're grey-sounding and amazing, to say the least. However, the tracks that do contain vocals take away from the gloominess of the album and ruin whatever mood the band was trying to create. I was in love with this album until the third track pulled its head out from under the storm clouds and began using some untrained vocals to try to cheer me up by singing a contrived song about hope. Way to ruin my pity party, Black Tie. —*Jon Robertson*

Bottomless Pit *Hammer of the Gods* Comedy Minus One

Street: 11.06

Bottomless Pit = Silkworm – Steve

Albini + An Abyss

Remember Silkworm? (They were only a band for like 18 years.) They disbanded after tragically losing their drummer. From the ashes of Silkworm, Bottomless Pit was formed, and from there, the best comparisons can be made. For me, Silkworm was never as influential as, say, **Jawbox** or **Fugazi** in the realm of post-punk, but still had a definitive sound that the 90s couldn't have been without. Legendary recording artist Steve Albini always captured that sound; he really helped define the sound of the 90s anyway. Bottomless Pit did not record with Albini, but are reaching for the same style that they had in the past, leaving something to be desired. These are obviously a talented group of musicians; but I think they should have moved in a new direction instead of recreating sounds from the past. Fans of Silkworm and post-punk, dig in; these are a handful of skillfully written songs, but I am going to pass. —*Davy Bartlett*

Cex *Exotical Privates* Automation

Street: 12.04

Cex = Giorgio Moroder + Daniel
Miller

Multi-tasker Cex took all the bits from his *Actual Fucking* album, merged them with a few other elements and built the four meaty works on this maxi-single style EP. *Exotical Privates* resembles the 12" mixes of the 80s, specifically, the long tracks you find at the end of the record after the dance floor favorites, the long ones you repeatedly requested but the DJ found more suitable for the drive to and from the club (i.e., "Fly On the Windscreen (Death Mix)"). Bits of cello and slide guitar from "Chapelhill" elide with hypnotic **Kate Bush** vocals, background textures from "Chicago" move forward to accompany Moroccan chants, and the beats of "Los Angeles" are now much less **Chris Frantz**, much more **Chic**, each track working the way substantial theme-answer-reconstruct-theme based music such as "In a Silent Way" does—Cex does free jazz now? —*Dave Madden*

Corpus Mortale *A New Species of Deviant* Willowtip/Neurotic Records

Street: 11.06

Corpus Mortale = Morbid Angel +
Immolation + Grave

There is a brutal simplicity to Corpus Mortale, though underlying that simplicity is a world of technicality. This groove-heavy monster hits you like

giant wave after wave, pummeling and pummeling until you're drowned in their sinister message. The fact that death metal has to be fast and full of blastbeats is highly overrated; I'll take songwriting that screams extreme ardor any day. There is more harsh and disturbing brutality in the band's mid-paced stylings than a lot of these so-called new extreme metalcore acts that use blastbeats just to sound cool. The band has been around for 14 years and it definitely shows. One couldn't ask for the greatness that Corpus Mortale achieves with this new dose of misanthropy and horror all brimming with subtle extremity. —*Byrer Wharton*

Edison Glass *Let Go EP* Credential Recordings

Street: 11.27



Edison Glass = Sunny Day Real
Estate + mewwithoutYou

I am so glad I discovered Edison Glass. Ever since **Circa Survive's** new record came out which straight-up sounds like me punching myself in the knards, I have a had a small void missing in my soul for some hard-rocking progressive and most of all, anti-cookie-cutter emo music. Edison Glass has filled that strange void for me. Just listening to this teaser EP has made me all excited for Edison Glass's second album, *Time Is Fiction*, which is supposed to come out early next year. I'm so giddy that I'm going to put my hair in pigtails and run right out in my schoolgirl outfit to buy their first album right away. Edison Glass is my rebound relationship after **Circa Survive**. **Josh** and **Joshua** from Edison Glass could totally beat up **Anthony Green** any day. —*Jon Robertson*

Elvenking *The Scythe* Candlelight

Street: 11.06

Elvenking = Blind Guardian + Sky-
clad + Cradle of Filth + everything
under the sun

Stupid name aside, it was a huge surprise to hear this dynamic epic from Elvenking. Also, if there is ever a case to never judge a book by its cover it's with this band. I thought just by the name of the band I was in for some typical power-metal posturing, cheesy falsetto vocals, and so on and so forth. Instead, Elvenking have created a truly metal epic encompassing virtually all styles

of metal except death/grind. There is great fiddle work and black metal snarls along with the well-ranged clean vocals. There are also many gothic metal moments amongst the fabulous power-metal riffing. Every song just brings in something unexpected and interesting to listen to—if you're curious about the power metal genre, this is something to explore. —Bryer Wharton

Eyes of Eden *Faith*

Century Media

Street: 11.06

Eyes of Eden = Lacuna Coil + Samael

Eyes of Eden's debut, *Faith*, would be a solid album if it weren't for two things. First, vocalist **Franziska Huth** isn't appealing at all; her youth and inexperience show through and pretty much ruin the album. Second, the keyboard work is mostly piddling, not really going in any direction or developing any sort of atmosphere or feeling. The man behind Eyes of Eden is **Waldemar Sorychta**, who has written and produced songs for Lacuna Coil, Samael, **Moonspell** and **Sentenced**—all truly amazing bands in the gothic nature—as well as playing in seminal thrash bands **Grip Inc.** and **Despair**. For the record, his guitar parts are straight-up great, especially with the more rocking moments on the album. Also, **Gas Lipstick** from **H.I.M.** lends his drums skills, which stand out among the other junk. The fact that the guitars and drums were the foundation, written well before the vocals and keyboards entered the mix, shows through and makes for an extremely weak and unpleasant gothic-metal album. —Bryer Wharton

Finn Riggins *A Soldier, A Saint, An Ocean Explorer* **Tender Loving Empire** **Street: 11.13** **Finn Riggins = Mates of State + Rilo Kiley**

Now, don't get me wrong—I don't have a vendetta against Idaho, but when I read that Finn Riggins' place of origin was Hailey, Idaho, I cringed a little. However, my next thought was, "Well, if **Built To Spill** came out of Boise, then anything's possible." I was right in my second assertion, because Finn Riggins' *A Soldier, A Saint, An Ocean Explorer* exceeded my expectations and gave me quite the pleasant surprise. The album's name is a reference to the shape-shifting, working-class spirit that roams the Pacific Northwest searching for his body, and their music's sound parallels this ghostly search. It travels with their experimental/indie vibe that roams to all ends of the music spectrum. The dueling vocals of **Lisa Simpson** and **Eric Gilbert** complement each other and are equally as good apart from one

another. I guess Hailey, Idaho, isn't so bad after all. (**Dec. 21, Burt's Tiki Lounge**) —Jeremy C. Wilkins

Golden Death Music *Ephmera Blues*

Helmet Room Recordings

Street: 11.20

Golden Death Music = Codeseven + Dave Matthews Band + some strange fungus that you licked

Golden Death Music has a cool band name. When I first put this album on, I thought it was skipping, but I was sorely mistaken. Golden Death Music was just beginning to sink its psilocybin-laced teeth politely into my jugular. This music is made solely by one dude. **Michael Ramey**, who drops the most reverbed vocals of all time. His voice sounds like a drunk guy drowning in the hot tub. If you want to feel like you're floating in the air while being softly caressed by a gentle hippie, than this album is perfect. Every song has a mellow feel that is laced with random noises, stop-and-start percussion, acoustic guitar and layers upon layers of psychedelic wonder. —Jon Robertson

Impaled *The Last Gasp* **Willowtip**

Street: 11.06

Impaled = Carcass + Vile + Discharge

Well, leave it to Impaled to ditch the standard confines of gore metal after 10 years. *The Last Gasp* is a whole new initiation into the genre, bringing new elements of thrash and a whole lot of punk. This is as about as diverse as gore metal gets, and that's a good thing. I can't get over all the superb shredding this album dishes out; it has surpassed their past albums in so many ways it's not even funny. I've been a fan of the band for a while, but the band's Willowtip debut leaves all those other gore metal crazies in the dust. Every tune carries a message of blood and gore in its own bloody, unique way. There is a plethora of different kinds of riffing going on, all with mighty solos and fanciful guttural vocals mixed with snarling screams. The raw production is a nice old-school style with the music going in a more modern direction. If there were ever an album for Impaled to mutilate the gore scene, this is it. —Bryer Wharton

In All Dishonesty *In All Dishonesty*

Self Released

Street: 12.04

In All Dishonesty = Converge + As I Lay Dying + All That Remains + Slipknot

This four-song EP starts off with a hefty bang, showcasing the band's talent, which is what one would expect for any initiation into listening to a new artist's music. The band is a strange culmination of what many U.S. bands are trying to make popu-

lar today, meaning clean vocals and melodic passages mixed with death-metal grinding. There is enough diversity in these four songs to leave you wanting more, all without a loss of direction. Each one gives you a clear path of what the band is trying to accomplish and unlike many of the band's peers, it has all the possibilities of reeling in listeners of multiple genres. Normally, the clean vocals that In All Dishonesty use turn me off, but I find an honest pleasure in them. At times they sound a little labored, but in place of the lack of experience comes honesty, heart and passion. —Bryer Wharton

Joe Lally *Nothing is Underrated* **Dischord Records**

Street: 11.19

Joe Lally = Fugazi + Vic Bondi + coffeeshop music

Joe Lally's second "solo" album is a far cry from his work with Fugazi on bass. Musically, the songs featured on this album are mellow and slow-paced, but they form a strong backdrop for his poetic songwriting. Many other artists accompany Lally on *Nothing is Underrated*—**Ben Azzara** (**The Capitol City Dusters, DCIC**), **Ian McKay** (Fugazi, **Minor Threat**) and **Andy Gale** (Haram) are only a few of the musicians that appear on this album. "Day is Born" has a bluesy stoner-rock feel to it, while "Scavenger's Garden" relies heavily on the hypnotic drumbeats. Although many of the songs feature an entire band, the music is minimal enough to let the vocals steer the songs. You can't rock out to this, but it's good music to relax to. —Jeanette Moses

Lek *Giant World Knowledge* **Bliss Control**

Lek Music

Street: 11.27

Lek = Velvet Underground + Lee Ranaldo + Bob Dylan

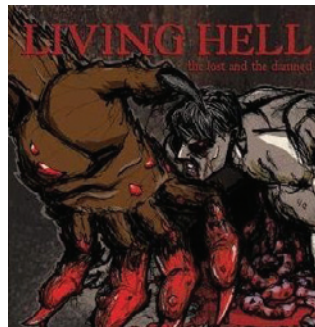
The sole member of Lek is **Greg Pardusch**. His music is from an alternate dimension where the space-rocking guitar player from **U2** known as **The Edge** constantly makes sweet passionate love to all the members of **My Bloody Valentine**, kaleidoscope-style! Each chamber of the kaleidoscope represents a new and extravagant world where anthemic rock gets all dirty, sweaty and scandalous; the wall of sound built by the guitars are the velvet sheets where the bastard child of this strange union is conceived. Lek deserves child support from both The Edge and My Bloody Valentine. They probably would have paid him, too, if he would have cut the horribly bland acoustic ballads from the end of the album. Way to ruin the mood, Lek. —Jon Robertson

Living Hell *The Lost and the Damned*

Revelation

Street: 11.13

Living Hell = Integrity + Shipwreck a.d. + Rise and Fall



Revelation continues their recent string of good releases with Living Hell's latest. Although Living Hell isn't breaking any new ground (far from it), their mission to put some evil back into hardcore is a welcome one. Living Hell is the counterbalance to **Solid State Records'** roster and is helping to reestablish an equilibrium that feels like it has been absent for the last few years. Living Hell takes a lot of cues from Integrity; hell, **Dwid Hellion** even did some of the artwork and samples. Musically, it's straight-ahead evil-tinged hardcore with a guitar solo thrown in here and there and lyrics that your grandma certainly wouldn't approve of. The recording isn't overly polished, which gives this album a great, gritty sound. The Lost and the Damned is heavy and dark, but maintains its hardcore roots. This is a solid release all around. —Peter Fryer

Memphis May Fire *Memphis May Fire*

Trustkill

Street: 12.04

Memphis May Fire = weakness

I can almost guarantee that these losers from Memphis May Fire probably follow around **Maylene and The Sons of Disaster** and **Every Time I Die** all day long and do everything they do and do whatever those two bands ask them to do. This would be slightly tolerable if those bands were crazy groundbreaking and genius, but they're not. Those two bands are copycat bands as well. Memphis May Fire's music is so unoriginal it makes me want to track them down and sit with them while we compare their album to every other aforementioned band's and see if they could somehow give me a justifiable reason as to why I shouldn't give them all a lobotomy. I really wish that record labels would stop signing bands like this. —Jon Robertson

October File *Holy Armour from the Jaws of God*

Candlelight
Street: 11.06

**October File = Killing Joke +
Helmet + Black Flag**

There is some serious Killing Joke worship going on with *Holy Armour From the Jaws of God*, but that's OK, even with **Jaz Coleman**, who makes an appearance on the record. Unlike Killing Joke, as of late the record does lack that industrial atmosphere; instead, there is a huge punk-rock and grunge influence seeping in. It's this strange combination that makes October File unique. Sometimes it's nice just to sit back and get pummeled by grooves and a knack for songwriting than listening to something intricately technical, which no offense, guys, you are not. That said, the band's ability to strike attention is uncanny. Listeners are immersed in a world with foundations laid down by a huge beat-and-rhythm section, hearty bass lines and lead work that screams originality. —Bryer Wharton

Opeth
The Roundhouse Tapes

Koch Records

Street: 11.20

**Opeth = Camel + (early) Katatonia
+ Porcupine Tree**



Well, it had to happen—the band has a multitude of records, so the inevitable live album from the mighty Opeth was to be expected. It was recorded in 2006 at the *Camden Roundhouse* in London. I truly wish that when I had seen the band, their set-list was as varied as the set for this live recording. Admittedly, when you see the band live, they are a tight unit, but their stage presence is as about as exciting as watching grass grow. On recorded works, however, it's a different story—Opeth is engaging and truly diverse instrumentally. Be prepared not to skip through any songs, with the shortest cut at eight minutes and the full, almost 20-minute version of "Blackwater Park." As far as live records go, the production is top-notch, and the crowd sounds and sing-alongs are clearly heard. On top of that, there is a small amount of stage banter from frontman **Mikael Akerfeldt**, which is so lame it's funny. —Bryer Wharton

Pain Principle
Waiting for the Flies
Blind Prophecy Records
Street: 11.06

**Pain Principle = Devildriver +
Pissing Razors + Pantera**

Pain Principle is like a poor man's Devildriver; I don't think an original thought went into the creation of this band's sound. If ever there were a time when recycling was bad, then it's in the case of this entire Pain Principle record, which soon enough will truly be *Waiting for the Flies*. The notion of what these guys put forth further conveys my thought that just because music is heavy doesn't mean it's good. Every song on this 10-cut disc sounds like the one before—vocal patterns, drum beats, and especially the riffs and solos. Yeah, the music is heavy on the grooves, fast, a sort of death-metal-meets-thrash hybrid, but it has been done before and entirely better. The fact that **Erik Rutan** lent his name to the production of this album is a sad fact—what he was thinking I'm not sure. —Bryer Wharton

Pomegranates
Two Eyes EP

Self-Released

Street: 12.2007

**Pomegranates = Pulp – Jarvis
Cocker + Thurston Moore**

Expect great things. From the get-go, your ears perk up to the vibrating notes of a keyboard, then the clap-along strumming of multiple guitars. And clap you will, along with all four band members during the hand-rhythm chorus on "Nursery Magic." They all participate with singing, outstanding percussions and plenty of fuzzy guitar-picking. Each song has the right amount of sparse, imaginative lyrics mixed with instrumental rock movements similar to early **Modest Mouse** or more dancey bits like **Pulp**. Recorded as a live session within two days, the songs resonate with an almost lightly spiritual theme of two eyes seeing—or not seeing—the astounding physical world surrounding us. This first release will leave you yearning in anticipation for their full-length to be released Spring 2008 from **Lujo Records**. —Jennifer Nielsen

Saul Williams
**The Inevitable Rise and
Liberation of Niggy Tardust**
Self-Released

Street: 11.01

**Saul Williams = KRS-One + Nine
Inch Nails**

Like so many **Trent Reznor**-produced projects, the world wondered if this album would see beyond the walls of his dimly lit studio. Regardless, would Williams and Reznor, aided by disparate ears belonging to **Thavius Beck**, **Atticus Ross** and **CX Kidtronik**, churn out anything worthy of either artist? This album is a wonderful hydra, heads sharing the same body, but retaining an even share of Reznor's and Beck's always-remarkable music and

production (!!) and William's cool, confrontational austere. "I have a lot to say, but I wanted to find a way to say it that didn't get in the way of me dancing my ass off," says Williams, an accurate description of these sometimes-muscular (the slinky march of "Break," the **Public Enemy** sample-driven "Tr(n)igger"), other-times delicate and gutted ("Raw"), always-cleverly-eclectic, meritorious songs. At the eleventh hour of 2007, you now have a new favorite record. —Dave Madden

Scarpoint
The Silence We Deserve
Blind Prophecy Records

Street: 11.06

**Scarpoint = Meshuggah + Fear
Factory**

Hailing from Sweden, it is no coincidence that Scarpoint are following closely in the footsteps of Meshuggah. They even brought in **Daniel Bergstrand**, who has produced the majority of Meshuggah's records. That said, the band took quite a while to hone their skills; seven years in fact, before producing their *The Silence We Deserve* debut. That time was well spent, because where many bands have taken a sound and totally copied it, Scarpoint have crafted something unique. The beat patterns and riffs are unique to the band and damn brutally heavy; this thing is like taking a sledgehammer to somebody's perfectly designed home and having that ultimate destructive release. With such a high originality factor and honestly extreme power, these Swedes have given the world something worth listening to more than once. —Bryer Wharton

Sinamore
Seven Sins a Second
Napalm Records

Street: 11.06

Sinamore = Sentenced + H.I.M.

There must be something in the water in Finland; it is a breeding ground for great gothic metal/rock bands, be it **H.I.M.** or the **69 Eyes**, to name a few. Sinamore is poised to join in those mighty ranks with *Seven Sins a Second*. The melodies are thick and guitars just as thick and heavy, all catchy as hell. The key selling point with the band is the fact that the vocalist has a unique voice—more melodic and not as focused on being **Type O Negative** deep. Then there are the lyrics. Thankfully, it's not your typical gothic babble; there is a greater intelligence to this record than the majority of the gothic rock out there. "The Burning Frame" is a prime example of how to do goth rock right—it sounds pleasing, diverse, mellowing and just downright well-written, not to mention boasting a guitar riff so damn cool you have to hear it again and again. —Bryer Wharton

**Six Organs of
Admittance**
Shelter From The Ash

Drag City

Street: 11.20

**Six Organs of Admittance = Comets on Fire + Current 93 +
Bonnie "Prince" Billy**

What I have always liked about Six Organs has always been the way that **Ben Chasney**, Six Organs frontman, has broached the idea of psychedelic music whether he means to or not. Instead of leading up to a fever-pitch of guitar screams and wild oscillations, he throws in his controlled guitar solos with the flow of the music, and wholly unexpectedly to the listener. In *Shelter From The Ash*, Chasney has mellowed the edge a little, thrown in some standard guitar tunings and has given this set of songs a darker, moodier wanderlust-folk twang. Songs such as "Strangled Road" and "Coming To Get You" are ghostly and desolate, buffering the louder, noisier tracks that surround them. More than any other album Six Organs has put out, this album focuses on the virtuosic use of the guitar and requires a good hour to set aside to really listen to it. —Erik Lopez

Streetlight Manifesto
Somewhere in the Between
Victory Records

Street: 11.13

**Streetlight Manifesto = Catch 22 +
Mad Caddies**

When Streetlight Manifesto released their debut album four years ago, it was a giant kick in the balls to the world of ska-punk: it was startling, powerful, and it took a while to recover from. The rapid-fire vocals, thoughtful lyrics, epic horns and operatic song structures elevated the genre to a place it had never been before, and they quickly became one of the few ska-punk bands that still matters. While *Somewhere in the Between* isn't quite as impressive or revolutionary as Streetlight's debut, it's still one of the finest ska-punk albums in a year that has seen its share of fine ska-punk albums. "Down, Down, Down to Mephisto's Cafe" retains the epic nature of Streetlight's earlier work, while "Somewhere in the Between" takes the 90s ska blueprint and injects it with plenty of bounciness and fun. Don't be scared of ska. This stuff's good. (*Avalon: 01.04*) —Ricky Vigil

Svartsot
Ravennes Saga
Napalm Records
Street: 11.06

**Svartsot = Finntroll + Korpiklaani
+ Amon Amarth**

Bust out your Viking horns and get ready to pillage and plunder, because that is what Svartsot has intended to do with the *Ravennes Saga*. Mixing a huge vibe of traditional Nordic folk metal with some

big-time riffing and more growled vocals, Svartsot is one of the heavier folk-metal bands I've come across. The guitar melodies alone are beefy and manly enough to carry the record. Add some Medieval Times-style flutes and you'll be biting into a giant turkey leg in no time. All stereotypes aside, this Danish band has concocted a metal record that is as fun as it is brutal; how often do you get that? —Bryer Wharton

Syrach

Days of Wrath Napalm Records Street: 11.06

Syrach = Novembers Doom + Black Sabbath + My Dying Bride
These Norwegian fellows have been around since '93; strangely, you'd think they'd know how to arrange a good album. The first half of *Days of Wrath* is as drab and dull as doom metal can get—recycled riffs, little emotion and no diversity. It isn't until the fourth song in "Stigma Diabolikum" that things get moving and the record actually makes you feel depressed in a murky dark realm with no escape. Unfortunately, the 14-minute epic that comes before said song is enough to put you to sleep. If it were up to me, I would've booted the first few tracks and left the rest as the album; that is where the true doom greatness comes into play. Riffs that bear the weight of the world envelope the listener into darkness accompanied by soloing that is downright deadly to the mind, not to mention the monotone death vocals from the beginning get changed up and truly make you hurt. Good thing you can skip to the good tracks on a CD, right? —Bryer Wharton

Tender Forever

Wider K Records Street: 12.04

Tender Forever = a French Mandy Moore + Elliot Lipp + Huckleberry Cherry

It's nice to hear a female vocalist with no ego. **Melanie Valera** of Bordeaux, France, birthplace of Tender Forever, just brings truth and the conviction of a woman who knows her own strength. This album is very pure and fun. *Wider* is filled with deep and warm pop instrumentals and innocent lyrics. The beauty is in its simplistic melodies made out of low-toned Rhodes and Postal Service-esque synth-pop drums—oh, and don't forget about the multilayered acoustic guitar riffs in the background. Listening to this record and knowing that it is the first installment, I wonder how many come after this. Melanie speaks in a language that never ends and I truly do not see an expiration date for her honest and intelligent approach to the music she makes. *Wider* is definitely a breath of fresh air. —Lance Saunders

Tuxedomoon

Vapour Trails CBOY 1616 Street: 12.04

Tuxedomoon = The kings of making crazy-sounding pop music
Tuxedomoon have been around for 27 years, even though they didn't really put anything out for over 10 years. Their new album *Vapour Trails* is all worldly-sounding. This music sounds like a perverted version of **Kenny G**. (if you can imagine anything more perverted), with all the creepy classical instrumentation and low, desperate moans drifting in and out of the music. **Mike Patton** probably lies in his bed at night and hopes and prays for **Blaine L. Reiningers** to turn out to be his long-lost illegitimate father. Tuxedomoon is a well-traveled and senile version of **Mr. Bungle**. I bet if you checked Mike Patton's inner thigh, it would have a beautiful Helvetica-lettered tattoo of Tuxedomoon on it.
—Jon Robertson

The Valerie Project

Self-titled Drag City Street: 11.20

The Valerie Project = Espers + Six Organs of Admittance + Charalambides

First off, I'm predisposed to liking this release based solely on its premise: pretty much everybody from the Philadelphia psych-folk scene collaborating on a new soundtrack for the (IMHO) brilliant Czech new-wave film *Valerie and Her Week of Wonders*. You have my interest, attention and support in this endeavor, ladies and gentlemen. But how did they do? Well, if you've seen the film (you haven't, I realize this) you know that it already has an amazing soundtrack, and this doesn't really come close. It's too dour, too dark, and while *Valerie* is a dark film, it also retains a childlike sense of whimsy and wonderment that is perfectly reflected in the original score and noticeably absent here. However, this is meant as a tribute, not a replacement, and it's quite a nice listen in its own right. Film geeks and freak-folk fans should definitely take note. —Jona Gerlach

Various Artists

Downtown 81 Soundtrack Recall Records Street: 11.06

Downtown 81 = James Chance + DNA + Liquid Liquid + Jean Michel Basquiat

My friend **Bobby** turned me onto this movie a few years back when we watched an old VHS copy of it in the *Marriott Library*. The movie is a nice historically relevant yet fictional account of New York during its no-wave heyday and like the movie, the soundtrack is diabetic. The soundtrack is amazing in two ways: 1) the

music smoothly flows from one track to the next and 2) all the tracks on it are amazing! If you are a big fan of the New York no-wave scene, a fan of bands that followed their lead like **Liars**, **!!!** and **Black Dice**, then this soundtrack is a must-have. Better yet, get the movie as well. Soundtrack includes all the bands listed in the equation as well as **Tuxedomoon**, **Gray** and **Lounge Lizards**. DANCE PARTY! —Erik Lopez

Vesania

Distraction Killusions Napalm Records Street: 11.20

Vesania = Dimmu Borgir + Cradle



of Filth + Emperor

Well, Vesania would sound exactly like Dimmu Borgir, except for their use of keyboards to create a symphonic atmosphere is a bland attempt. Song by song, the keyboard use, along with standard black-metal blastbeats, vocal-barking so on and so forth, all sounds the exact same and it's downright boring and a blatant attempt to jump on the bandwagon of success enjoyed by Dimmu Borgir and Cradle of Filth. At least said bands have some creativity about writing the songs they do, and me saying that about Cradle of Filth is a huge compliment because I generally think that they are crap, too. This effort by Vesania is far worse and an insult to metalheads around the world. I don't much enjoy listening to the same song roughly nine times over. Yes, copying a band's style is a sincere form of flattery, but damn, at least try and do something remotely different.
—Bryer Wharton

WOELV

Tout Seul dans la Forêt en Plein Jour, Avez-Vous Peur? K Records Street: 12.04

WOELV = Ani Difranco + Atour de Lucie + the Breeders on a bad day

As **SLUG**'s resident francophone, I always look forward to reviewing French language discs. Still, I should institute a new rule when it comes to music made by French Canadians (les Québécois). Everything Québécois is a little off. *Tout Seul*,

whose full title translates to *All Alone in the Forest in the Middle of the Day, are You Scared?*, is the work of **Geneviève Castrée** (translation: Castrated Jenny). It is a concept album, a record that attempts to unite people who share the same fears. Using some rather sparse and timid musical arrangements, Ms. Castrée works through a fair number of songs that deal with death, roosters, rape and other things people are afraid of. And though this decidedly feminine work has its high points, the bulk of it sounds like a lost little girl pretending to be **Kim Deal**. In all, it's exactly what you should expect from K Records. —James Bennett

The Yarrows

Plum Empyrean Records Street: 12.18

The Yarrows = Neil Young & Crazy Horse + The Jayhawks + The National

Even though both performers hail from New Jersey, the boys in the Yarrows are not arena-rock like **Bruce Springsteen**. Just as manly-picturesque, The Yarrows sound more relaxed, more country, singing more love ballads; which could come from the experience of practicing and recording at an abandoned cabin in hundreds of acres of woodsy New Jersey. Or perhaps from the experience of long, stable relationships; as both vocalists—brothers Pierce & Matt Backes—thank their wives twice. Many of the songs might be a non-saccharine tribute to the wives of the band members, though I prefer the more general-themed rock-driven guitar of the final four songs. These are mature songs from a mature, tight-knit group of musicians who've been playing music for years, although this is their first attempt together. A nice debut.
—Jennifer Nielsen

Zs

Arms Planaria Recordings Street: 12.11

Zs = Locust + Lightning Bolt + Angel Hair + Canvas Solaris + mental institution

It's arpeggio insanity—this music makes me want to pull my hair out and twist the nips. If I was in hell, this is what I would have to listen to every day non-stop. I feel bad that this band makes me feel this way. I just can't help it. Normally I really like experimental instrumental music, but I can't stand the repetitive nature of *Arms*. It's the same eight notes repeated for the entirety of the song, then the next song they pick another eight-note arpeggio. Each band member plays the exact same thing with hardly any deviation from each other the whole time. I respect the talent of the two guitar players, saxophonist and drummer for being able to match up so tightly, but this music drives me bonzo beans! You're hardcore if you can handle listening to Zs. —Jon Robertson

Books aloud

The Anti-Matter Anthology Norman Brannon

Revelation Books [Street: 11.05]

When you're writing about music, it's pretty hard not to come across as a douchebag or a kiss-ass. Norman Brannon never comes off like that in this collection of interviews culled from his 90s fanzine. Brannon's interview style is very unique. He often asks his subjects very personal questions ("When was the last time you cried?" is a common one) that really humanize these figures that so many people put on pedestals. Hearing about the frontman of **Rage Against the Machine** crying because a journalist betrayed him makes his radical public image seem less threatening, and learning that the vocalist of straight-edge icons **Youth of Today** played at least one show hungover reminds the reader that everyone, no matter how iconic, fucks up once in a while. Brannon's honest journalism is a breath of fresh air in a medium that is often fueled entirely by bullshit. —*Ricky Vigil*

Dead Children Playing Stanley Donwood & Dr. Tchock

Verso [Street: 10.01]

It's hard to divorce the artwork of Donwood from its marriage with the sights and sounds of **Radiohead**, whom Donwood has been illustrating since *the Bends*. In this collection of paintings and "short stories" (if that's what you want to call them), Donwood takes instruction manuals and scribbles aphorisms that twist and pervert their meanings. His other paintings, of places and geography, remind me of **Paula Scher**. Unfortunately, since I have been seeing the same pictures and paintings since 1994, I can't help but blame **Thom York** (a.k.a. Dr. Tchock) for both helping and hurting Donwood—helping him gain a well-deserved recognition, but hindering him from going beyond himself. *Dead Children Playing* might as well be subtitled "the art of Radiohead." —*Erik Lopez*

The Haunted House Rebecca Brown

City Lights [09.2007]

I was incredibly disappointed by this book in every sense of the word. Brown's novel was originally published in 1986 and was praised as a "brilliant first novel". While I am not familiar with any of her other novels, I can say that this one simply hit a wall for me. Written half as real life accounts and half in mystical hallucinations, the novel explores the repercussions that the antagonist Robin Daily experiences as an adult after her turbulent childhood.

Sadly, it is often hard to decipher what is fact and what is fiction, and the jolted memories never really come together to form a cohesive story. It's well written and I didn't put it down because I was anticipating all the pieces to come together. Unfortunately, they just never did. —*Jeanette Moses*

I Went for a Walk Shanti Wintergate and Gregory Attonito

Hollywood Jersey [Street: 09.19]

Good God, where do I begin? Hippies shouldn't be allowed to write children's stories. They also shouldn't be allowed to do the illustrations. And they really shouldn't be permitted to borrow heavily from **Maurice Sendak's** *Where the Wild Things Are*. You know the story already: a kid daydreams about visiting faraway lands inhabited by creatures that look nothing like us, only to return to reality just in time to eat whichever meal they were about to miss. The only thing missing is an anti-parental subtext and a kid named Max. Sure, THIS story has the kid visiting distant planets and then taking a second trip into the miniscule world of subatomic mold, but it is obvious that the tale is lifted from somewhere else. You could look past the similarities if the story was an improvement, but it falls short of the original. Add in sub par graphics and a kooky "believe in yourself" ending and you'll start to understand what I'm talking about. —*James Bennett*

Marooned Editor Phil Freeman

Da Capo Press [Street: 8.01]

In his essay on *Solid Air*, **Simon Reynolds** points out that a Desert Island Disc as not necessarily your favorite music, they are just records you, for sentimental or random reasons, can't live without. As editor **Phil Freeman** notes in the forward, more important to this text than the definition is whether or not you care to read 21 intentionally pedantic contributors carry on about music, only a portion of which you've actually heard (if you're lucky); that kid who wore his *Holy Diver* shirt every Fall day in 8th grade failed to get you into **Dio**, so how can someone do so now? Surprisingly, all but a few of these eclectic journalists—from *The Wire* to *Nerve.com* to Ohio's *Other Paper*—convince; they do a brilliant job loving on these aural security blankets, persuading you—yes, you with your 4000 CD collection—to check out this music. Okay! I'll revisit **Dio**! —*Dave Madden*

Meta/Data Mark Amerika

MIT Press [Street: 05.31]

What a bummer this book is! Amerika is a digital pioneer not only in poetics, but is a VJ, artist, creative writer and teacher working and living out of Boulder, CO. Unfortunately, this book is a mish-mash of what seem like whiney blog posts, stream-of-consciousness "creative" writing and a vague and wimpy attempt at defining digital poetics. What the reader will be surprised to find is a bunch of self-aggrandizement through his writings as a digital persona that read like a wannabe artist trying to impress other wannabe artists and/or hackers. Amerika takes us through a trite journey of the early wiles of the Internet and its many masks; he spends endless pages musing and reflecting on what it means to be VJ, to be a digital artist, to go to Australia and to write it all down all while name-dropping **Rimbaud**, **Derrida** and **Lautremont**. Just like the real Amerika, Mark Amerika and his book are going down the tubes. I was super excited to read this only to find out it's one big pat on the back for Amerika. Boo. —*Erik Lopez*

Interventions Noam Chomsky

City Light Books [Street: 07.15]

Chomsky's "radical" views on the United States, its foreign policy, the mass media and such have been hammered home time and time again in vast volumes and quantities of his books. Anyone who fashions themselves "in the know" politically will at some time or another point to or quote Chomsky. It is refreshing, however, to have a book that speaks more to current political affairs AND that traces the trajectory of Chomsky's political thinking over a specific span of time concerning any number of international and domestic issues. *Interventions* reprints all of Chomsky's op-ed columns for the New York Times syndicate from the years 2002-2007. The snapshot that one gets is of a grumpy old man calling out the United States on every perceived impropriety while not offering any other solution or idea into the vast debate of global politics. Do we really need another pundit? An interesting read if you want to fill in the gaps of your Chomsky knowledge, but otherwise, an old hat. —*Erik Lopez*

Rated F Todd C. Noker

iUniverse [Street: 05.08.06]

When an entrepreneur of a Provo video store has the brilliant epiphany to start editing movies to make them "family safe," he thought he would just be bringing in a little extra dough. What he wasn't counting on was suspicion from his distribution rep, a murderous husband who wants his wife edited out of home videos before permanently "editing" her, and competition consisting of an uber-conservative family of blonde alien cloned children bent on destroying his business at whatever cost. Written by that Todd C. Noker of X96, the fictional plot is funny, fast-moving and action-packed—complete with Molotov cocktails, tire-slashing and stripping at gunpoint. But the real power of the

story lies in its ability to deliver a fable that hits oh-so-close to home, of the ironic lengths people will go to in order to adhere to plastic standards, of the questionable practice of burying your head in the sand in order to preserve a dubious innocence. The owner of the video store questions, why are Kate Winslet's breasts in *Titanic* so offensive, but hundreds of people drowning on a ship is A-OK? Should we edit war movies like *Private Ryan* and pretend the violence of history doesn't exist? Artistic censorship is also covered, and ironically, *Rated F* was banned from West High School because the original had a 9mm gun on the cover and upset a teacher who saw a student reading it. —*Rebecca Vernon*

SABER – Mad Society Roger Gastman

Ginkgo Press [Street: 07.07]

Roger Gastman's latest book is an intimate portrait of the world-famous LA graffiti artist **SABER**. SABER attained worldwide fame and recognition in 1997 when his LA River painting took the graffiti world by storm. The original roller-piece, which is visible in satellite pictures, measured about 55 feet in height, stretched 250 in length and took 35 nights and 97 gallons of paint to complete. In this book, Gastman paints a picture of a man just as monumental, detailed and intense as the piece most people associate with him. Photos spanning SABER's entire career, both street and studio, will offer something new to long-time followers of this legend as well as those discovering him for the first time. Stories from the man himself and his parents and his peers complement the images while giving readers insight into the wild world of counter-culture graffiti in Los Angeles and abroad. —*Brian Van Steenkiste*

Third Coast Roni Sarig

Da Capo Press [Street: 05.07]

My issue with *Third Coast* is simple: too much information. The book contains enough anecdotes, quotes, opinions, interviews and vague inside information to fill several tomes, not a mere 336 pages. Due to his fling-out-as-many-ideas-as-possible style, interrupting himself with "oh this is important too," Sarig leaves gaping holes in the story. For example, he omits **Geto Boys'** greatest achievement, their contribution to the *Office Space* soundtrack; in a single page, Sarig skips from **Pharrell's** high school days to "Rumpshaker" to producing *Justified*—that's over a freaking decade right there! While the book does contain interesting and informative passages such as an entire chapter devoted to Houston's **DJ Screw**, the author would be wise to revisit this work with a competent editor, lop off 3/4ths of the detours and develop a few themes (e.g. spend more than 10 pages covering the history of West African cultural practices and the Blues and Reggae). —*Dave Madden*

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The Briefs: The Greatest Story Ever Told

BYO Records

Street: 10.23

It's been two years since The Briefs released their last full-length album, *Steal Yer Heart*, and I know I've been getting anxious for a new release to be announced. While this CD/DVD combo isn't a new record, it will still hold fans over. The 90-minute documentary takes an in-depth look at the band's history. There is extensive tour footage and quirky interviews from band members.

The band's story probably won't appeal to people unfamiliar with them, but longtime fans will love it. It clearly wasn't created to recruit new friends, but rather to give existing fans something new. The CD section features live recordings of many of the songs highlighted on the documentary. "Gary Glitter's Eyes" was my favorite. I can't wait till the next full-length album is released.

—Jeanette Moses

The Case of Howard Phillips Lovecraft

Arte Video

Street: 10.23

This 45-minute documentary covers the life of the popular horror writer H.P. Lovecraft. The film is an assortment of old film footage and arts and crafts wherein a narrator talks throughout about H.P.'s life from birth to death. The strange thing is that the narrator addresses Lovecraft as "you." He says, "You are a man that despises the real world and only deals in the imaginative. You are a racist and a conservative..." I'm sure this little twist was some artsy slip to induce fear, but neither this nor the cardboard cutout of H.P. that wanders throughout the film is horrifying or provocative. The only thing I learned of Lovecraft is that he hated immigrants and didn't care much for life; I was more interested in reading his work prior to watching this movie. Oh, and the clip of the breast being cut open was really annoying.

—Spanther

Experiments in Terror Two

Other Cinema

Street: 09.25

A proposition: narrative filmmaking is not the best medium for horror. There's something about a narrative, especially an instantly recognizable one (as is the case with most genre horror) that tends to take the edge off of the fear factor, relaxes you a bit and lets you know that not everything is spiraling out of control. Take away the structure and you have groundless, random phenomena that you don't understand, some confusing, some threatening, producing a feeling of genuine dread and unease. This collection of short experimental features doesn't fully realize my premise, but it does take several steps in the right

direction, presenting images ranging from ghostly to graphic, horrible to humorous. While not completely mind-blowing or essential, it's interesting viewing for bored horror fans or blooming auteurs looking to take a stagnating genre into new directions.

—Jona Gerlach

Fantastic Planet (La Planete Sauvage)

Rene Laloux

Accent Cinema

Street: 10.23

This animated movie is based on a novel by Stefan Wul about the "Oms" and the "Draags" on a planet far from here, but yet somewhere still in the galaxy. The Oms are a human-like species that live among the Draags, as pets for the amusement and enjoyment of their blue alien species. It's a pretty fuckin' rad show, with a totally psychedelic undertone throughout the movie. The landscapes on this imagined planet are so visually vivid and beautiful, it makes you wonder if there really are planets that look like this in space. I don't want to give the whole story away but, a young Draag stumbles upon an orphaned Om, whom she takes as her own and names him Terr. Terr actually narrates the story as he grows up in the Draag society and then eventually escapes to lead the Oms in a revolution for equal rights. This, of course, is a revised summary of what the movie entails and there are plenty more twists and turns and other happenings that I don't want to disclose so as to not ruin the movie for you. I highly recommend watching this movie, and I wouldn't doubt that you could find it at the library.

—Adam Dorobiala

The Film Crew: The Giant of Marathon

Shout! Factory

Street: 10.09

With The Film Crew, Mike Nelson's *Rifftrax*, and Joel Hodgson's upcoming *Cinematic Titanic*, it's a very good time to be an old *Mystery Science Theater 3000* fan. Are your hard traded bootleg tapes worn out like mine? Are you unable to track down divx copies of your favorite *MST3k* episodes? Well, *The Film Crew* is an excellent alternative, casting Mike Nelson, Kevin Murphy, and Bill Corbett to thrash awful movies. The Giant of Marathon sees no mercy as Steve "greased pig" Reeves does his do-gooder duty of rasslin' the bad guys into submission! The 90 minute viewing even has a short skit in the middle, to add a little panache from the old days, and to give your mind a break from the deep hurting. Speaking as a long time *MST3k* fan, these releases are by no means disappointing, and I will gleefully add them to my already vast collection. —Conor Dow

The Man Who Souled The World

Whyte House

Street: 11.01

This is a deep look into the life of Steve Rocco and his marketing of **World Industries** that changed the business side of skateboarding forever. It was really interesting to hear all that happened from day 1, from money problems to the media war he started, up until now. Filled with loads of historical events in the skateboard world and even more commentary from the people who were there, there is no way that you won't learn at least one thing from this DVD. Although I am not usually a fan of documentaries, this one didn't seem to bother me as much as others have. Each interview was highly edited which made me wonder how credible the story was, because it seemed like they spliced the footage up so much that they could have changed the words drastically, which was quite odd for such a subject. Check it out if you want to see what the skateboarding industry was like before there was one.

—Adam Dorobiala

Plagues & Pleasures on the Salton Sea

A Metzler/Springer Film

Docurama Films

Street: 09.25

The Salton Sea: A man made 40-mile wide cesspool of a sea, located smack in the middle of the deserts of Southern California. Right next to the water sits Salton City, an area with some of the lowest valued and least desirable property in the entire state. This documentary delves into the history behind how the water got there (it wasn't entirely intentional), and supplements the well-presented information with interviews from some of the nuttiest characters in this country. The entire documentary emanates of strange humor and creepy folks, making for a very worthy and informative look at such an interesting and unknown festering ass-lake, surrounded only by the looniest people in California. Most certainly, this is a worthy watch for the curious.

—Ross Solomon

Schmelvis: Searching for the King's Jewish Roots

Jewish Flicks

Street: 10.09

Schmelvis is a film about a group of Jews from Montreal who travel to Memphis and Israel to try to prove and put truth to the rumor of Elvis being Jewish. Apparently Elvis' great-grandmother was Jewish, which somehow makes Elvis Jewish because of Judaism's rules following matrilineal lineage. The impetus of

the film is pretty stupid—intentionally so—hence, the filmmakers argue amongst themselves throughout in a Seinfeld kind of way with all the self-referencing, but sans the craft and humor. In the end, the directors fail to provoke and put truth, though when all is said and done they don't seem to mind. —Sspanther

The Treasures of Long Gone John

Get With It Productions

Street: 10.01

This is the long-awaited documentary film that follows **Sympathy for the Record Industry** founder Long Gone John through his obsession with collecting. By focusing on both John's fascination with music, and on his love for art, the film treats the viewer to history lessons on 70s punk rock, current low-brow art trends and the personal history of the anti-mogul himself—his troubled childhood, his history of bootlegging live shows and his all out assault on underground music that started in the late 80s. We are led through LGJ's collections of records, trinkets and fine art, all the while getting to know the man and the artistic scenes that he frequents. Some collection highlights include an original **Charles Manson** family vest, **Debbie Harry's** prozac bottle, and the jacket **Iggy Pop** wore on the back cover of *Raw Power*. A rare glimpse into the life of the industry's strangest record label guru. —James Bennett

Twenty To Life: The Life and Times of John Sinclair

MVD Visual

Street: 10.30

John Sinclair is an American institution. From his early work with the **White Panther Party**, to his years of organizing artists, poets and other left-leaning revolutionaries, Sinclair has always been a cornerstone of activist leadership. He of course went on to manage the Detroit powerhouse, **The MC5**, and became an early victim in the government's crackdown on drug use—being sentenced to 20 years in prison for giving two joints to an undercover cop. That itself would make an awesome documentary. Sadly, the second half of Sinclair's life is riddled with lame radio call-in shows and an unhealthy obsession with beat poetry. The film focuses a bit too much on the "bad poetry performed with a second rate jazz band" side of Sinclair's life, and not enough on his early days with the **Detroit Artists Workshop**. It's like the older he gets, the more he turns into **William Shatner**. Goddamn! —James Bennett

Game Reviews

By Jesse Kennedy

BioShock
2k Games
Xbox360
08-21-07
Shooter

BioShock takes everything that makes FPS games fun and refines the genre with perfect execution and some amazing visuals to boot. Gone are the tacked-on missions where you have to fly a plane or drive a boat (whatever else some developers will have you doing) to break up their boring games and make you feel like you got an extra bonus for giving them your money. *BioShock* is as pure a shooter as I've seen; no boring cut scenes or out-of-place super babe characters or second grade scripts here, everything has been written for a discerning, adult audience to enjoy; *BioShock* is a modern masterpiece of gaming technology. One thing that bothers me about many shooters is their efforts to make sequences super-realistic, to the point of decrementing the fun factor, like limiting what you can carry. It's a game, let's have some fun and carry an arsenal that would make **Ted Nugent** proud! On top of the numerous little things that *BioShock* nails, they really shine in the big category; controls. Movement and aiming is silky smooth and actually a genuine pleasure to experience. Also, the design level here is amazing and the amount of hidden treasures scattered around the map make exploring the world of *BioShock* as much fun as conquering it. If I have any complaint about this game is that it may be a bit too easy as the game's

developers have worked to eliminate frustration from being lost or from being unable to conquer any level. This is a minor complaint, there are many challenges in the game and finishing still provides a nice, feeling of accomplishment. 5 out of 5 plasmids

Halo 3
Bungie Software
Xbox360
09-25-07
Shooter

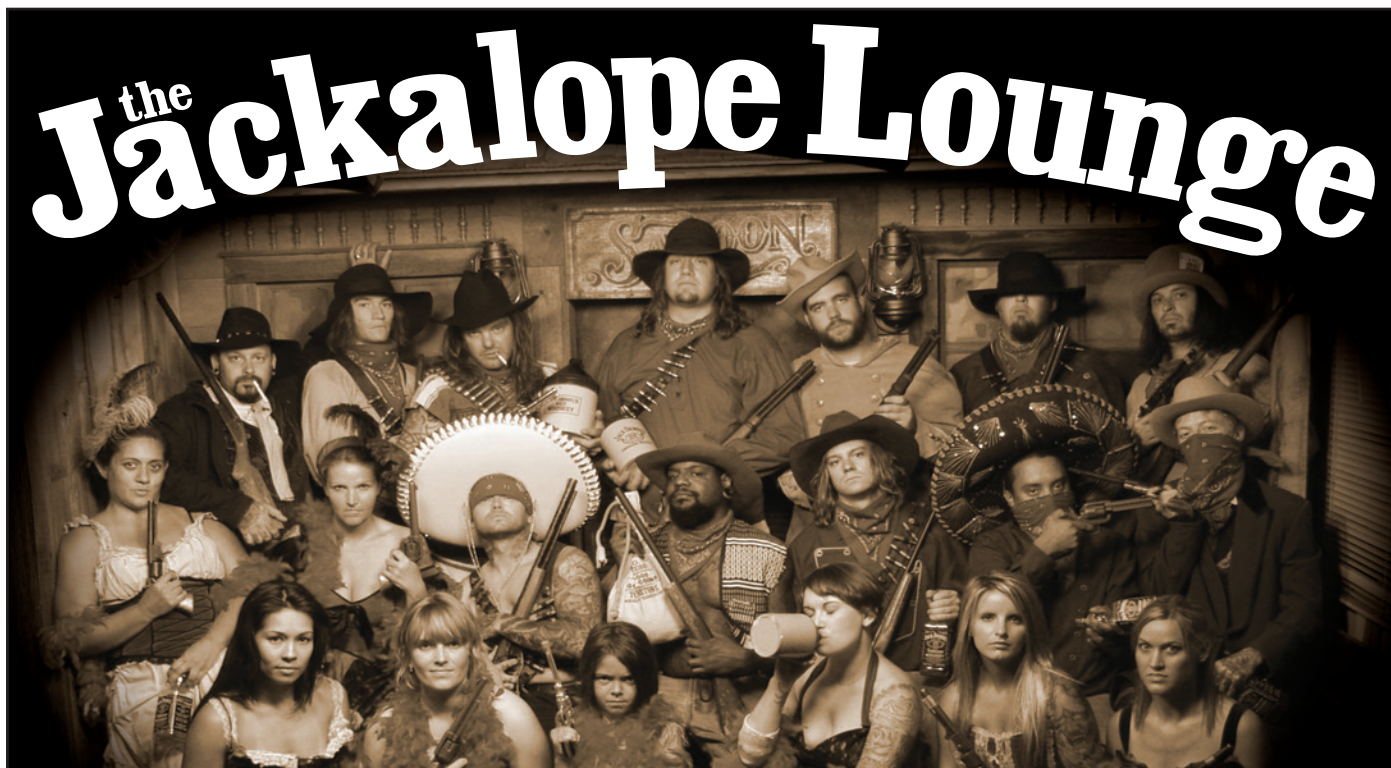
Halo 3 has been one of the most anticipated video games of all time. With all of the rumors, hype and advertising I was very curious to find out if the game was worth all of the anticipation. The first thing I noticed about *Halo 3* was the graphics. The outdoor environments have especially come a long way and do a great job of making the settings more individual and memorable. New enemies and weapons matched with some familiar sights and sounds keep *Halo 3* feeling both new and familiar—a nice balance. Bungie probably knew better than to tamper with *Halo*'s fantastic gameplay so little has changed here. A few buttons have been remapped but overall the feel of navigating the **Master Chief** is nearly the same as it has been. One new and particularly useless feature is the ability to carry an extra accessory on your person which can be anything from a bubble shield to an unfolding automated gun turret. Since only one can be carried at a time, the impact on the game is negligible which

makes me wonder why Bungie bothered with so many strange options here when clearly they should have spent some extra time working on the sound in the game. Although the voice acting is on par with the previous games, the weapons sound very weak, which in a shooting game, is a huge disappointment. Now these small flaws are only that, small problems in a game that otherwise is another thrilling chapter in one of the greatest video game sagas of alltime. The single player campaign is fantastic with a wide variety of challenges, opponents, vehicles and settings to test the Master Chief to his fullest. Of course, *Halo* wouldn't be *Halo*, without the online element and *Halo* shines here as well with the ability to design your own levels and (rumor has it) you'll be able to complete the campaigns via 4 players online very soon. If you enjoyed the last two, consider this a must-buy title for the fall! 5 out of 5 geeks think Cortana is hot!

Psychonauts
Double Fine Productions
PS2
06-21-05
Adventure

As part of my quest to dig up gaming treasures from the past I am proud to present to my loyal *SLUG* readers *Psychonauts*, one of the most enjoyable titles I've played on the PS2. At first glance this appears to be a children's game but once I spent a few hours with *Psychonauts* I realized that the writing and game play here is some of the best I've

seen in a video game to date. Not only are the interactions between the characters hilarious but the jokes about adolescence are classic. *Psychonauts* may not be the most hyped game you play this fall but if you spend some time with it you'll find a game with both depth and a great sense of humor. *Psychonauts* is split between two worlds, the real world and the world within the minds of the characters. As you explore each mind you add to your repertoire an array of new weapons and tools to help you through your terrifying quest; to get through summer camp and save the world! From the city of Lungfish where you are a building crushing giant to the sad mind of a dance queen, each is a unique and memorable gaming experience. *Psychonauts* is fun to play. For starters, once you gain the levitation ability you can have fun just bouncing around to all of the places you were not able to reach the first time through the levels. The controls themselves, without being overly automatic, allow independent character movement and camera control. To make things a little more challenging, several of the special powers require button combinations which require some genuine skills with the controller. Boss battles can be challenging but this game never really crosses the line into frustrating, which in my opinion, is a plus. Sometimes I want to be challenged but still enjoy a game for an hour at a time and not have to replay the same part 10 times in a row to get though it. 4.5 out of 5 first kisses



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Dec. 8th Kris Leman (folk)

Dec. 14th Eric Bell

Dec. 15th Mary Jebbs

Dec. 20th John Louviere

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Dec. 27th Julian Moon (folk)

Dec. 28th Eric Bell

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Daily Calendar

Friday, December 7

DJ Curtis Strange – *Jackalope*
 As Blood Runs Black, Walls of Jericho, The Warriors, Born of Osiris, Belay my Last, Myrzah – *NVO*
 The Wolfs – *Broken Record*
 Copperhead – *Alchemy*
 Dane & the Death Machine – *The Woodshed*
 The Legendary Porch Pounders – *Pat's*
 I Have Eyes Set to Kill, Blinded Black, Olympia – *Addicted*
 Hermione, Burning Ann Hewitt, Knights of the Apocalypse, I'll be Your Eyes, The Carriage The Manor, Verses – *Avalon*
 Captain Captain Studios Opening – *825 S 500 W*
 Vampire Weekend, Grand Ole Party – *Kilby*
 Gentry Densley & Sri Whipple: Guitar Art Installation – *Red Light*
 25 Ta Life, 1000 Mournings, Beyond this Flesh – *Bar Deluxe*
 The Blakes, The Come Down, The Cobras – *Burt's*
 IAMA Benefit Show: The Precinct, Two Dollar Bill – *South Valley Unitarian Universalist Society*
 One Punch!, Dub Life Sound System – *Monk's*
SLC Holiday Fashion Stroll – Broadway
 Flogging Molly, Murder by Death, Dusty Rhodes and the River Band – *In the Venue*
 Iron and Wine – *Saltair*
 Erin Barra, Swan Juice, Shades of Gray, Synthesis – *Urban*
 Diecast, Mower, Ekotren, Hellstrum, NYC, Guttshot – *Vegas*
 DJ Matrix – *Tony's*
 Black Chandelier Fashion Show – *Union Pacific Grand Hall*

Saturday, December 8

Community for a Cause: Vile Blue Shades, Accidente, Eagle Twin, Azon – In the Venue
 Atherton, Paul Jacobsen, Trevor & Eileen – *Solid Ground*
 Devil Doll – *Bar Deluxe*
 Andrew Rice Art Show – *Lucky*
 Pirate Denim Bar
 Kris Leman – *Alchemy*
 Mark Wursten – *Addicted*
 Better Life – *Johnny's*
 Digna Y Rebelde – *Red Light Books*
 Revideolized CD Release – *Area 51*
 Renegade Krew, Project Infinity-*Artopia*
 A Wilhelm Scream, The 13th Victim, Negative Charge, Repeat Offender, Charlie Don't Surf – *Burt's*
 Motion City Soundtrack – *Sound*

Band of Annuals, Calico, Lets Become Actors – *Urban*
 Dimebag Darrell Memorial Show: Separation of Self, Insanity Plea, Vinia, This Failure, Cave of Roses – *Vegas*
 Demo Day – *The Canyons*
 Rome's Premature Jibulation – *Brighton Resort*

Sunday, December 9

Update your Myspace page – *School's computer lab*

Monday, December 10

Red, Hed PE, Killing Carolyn, NICE – *Avalon*
 Forth Yeer Freshman, L.H.A.W. – *Burt's*

Tuesday, December 11

Spork – *Monk's*
 Cavalier, Don't Tell Sophie, Bank Xaalis – *Solid Ground*
 Evil Beaver, Dacho, Spork – *Burt's*
 ether orchestra, Coyote Hoods, Calico – *Urban*

Wednesday, December 12

Jesse Dayton – *Bar Deluxe*
 Colour Revolt – *Kilby*
 Alchemy – *Rose Wagner*
 Amon Amarth, Himsa, Sonic Syndicate – *Avalon*
 Will Hoge, Chris Merritt, Mesa Drive – *Burt's*
 SLAJO – *Urban*

Thursday, December 13

Alchemy – *Rose Wagner*
 Moses and Carl, Them Changes – *Burt's*
 Acoustic Open Mic Night – *Pat's*
 Killswitch Engage – *Saltair*
 Swagger – *Piper Down*
 The Nobody – *Urban*
 18 Wheels of Justice – *Bar Deluxe*
 Nobody, a collection of poetry, art, music and magic – *Urban*

Friday, December 14

The Wolfs – *Monk's*
 Eric Bell – *Alchemy*
 Alchemy – *Rose Wagner*
 Stormy, Glistening Gems – *Broken Record*
 Agent Orange, Swamp Donkeys, The Willkiss, Numbskull – *Burt's*
 Movie Night – *Red Light Books*
 Seve vs. Evan, Ivy League, Dead Lip, Paxtin, The Amorous Contact, Calibra, By Tonight – *Avalon*
SLUG Localized: Her Candane, I am the Ocean, The Schwas – Urban
 Eyedea & Abilities – *In the Venue*
 Tough Tittie, Life Has a Way, Anything that Moves – *Bar Deluxe*

Supersuckers, Utah County Swillers, Spork – *Vegas*

Saturday, December 15

National Product, Kenotia, Bedlight for Blue Eyes, Allred, Our System in Symphony, A City of Refuge – *NVO*
 Dirty Vespucci, Negative Charge, The Love in and Red Caps-*Artopia*
 Flash Cabbage – *Pat's*
 Go Figure – *Johnny's*
 The Electric Pubes, VCR Quintet, I Hate Girls with Bruises, Ghastly Hatchling – *Red Light*
 Suburban Hostage, Operation Wrong – *Burt's*
 Mary Tebbs – *Alchemy*
 Murt, Broke City, The Lives of Famous Men, Larusso – *Avalon*
 Alchemy – *Rose Wagner*
 Terence Hanson – *Urban*
 Sarge, It Never Ends, Dennis, Disdain – *Vegas*
 Charlie on the Move, Soggy Bone – *Tony's*
 Santa Skis Free – *The Canyons*

Sunday, December 16

Cavedoll – *Monk's*
 Otep, Drown Out the Stars, Massacre at the Wake – *Avalon*
 The Faceless, 12 Ton Jezus, They Came in Swarms, Audrey Rose, Under the Rising Tide – *NVO*
 ether orchestra, time to talk tween tunes starring Dave Payne – *Urban*
Monday, December 17
 Hillbilly G Had – *The Woodshed*
 Peter Harvey – *Burt's*



12/16 Joshua Joyes's B-Day 6p.m. – *Piper Down*

Tuesday, December 18

Pawbox – *Monk's*
 Until Further Notice, To the Death – *Burt's*
Joshua Joyes's B-Day – Piper Down
 Self Conclusion, Tate Law, John Allred, Chris Alder – *Kilby*
 The Come Down – *Urban*
 Rockstar Karaoke Kickoff w/ Big Sexy – *Vegas*

Wednesday, December 19

Colbe Caillat – *In the Venue*
 Black Cobra – *Burt's*

Salt Lake Poker Tour – *The Woodshed*
 Oh Wild Birds!, Venus Artemisia – *Urban*

Thursday, December 20

Acoustic Open Mic Night – *Pat's*
 John Lowiere – *Alchemy*
 Toys for Tot's Benefit – *Piper Down*
 Muses of Bedlam (reunion show), Kid Medusa – *Urban*
 Blonde Assassin, tba – *Vegas*

Friday, December 21

Oni Tattoo Customer Appreciation Party: I am the Ocean, Nine Worlds, Making Fuck – *Broken Record*
Gallery Stroll – Downtown SLC
 The Dead Baby Show – *Red Light Books*
 The Night of 1000 Santas: Voodoo Dolls Burlesque Show – *The Woodshed*
 Eric Ethan and Joey Taylor – *Addicted*
 Julian Moon – *Alchemy*
 Finn Riggins, Mathematics Et Cetera, Badgrass – *Burt's*
 The Ruckus, Calico – *Orange*
DBS III Release Party: Terrance DH, The Furs, Subrosa, Eagle Twin – Kilby
 Hillbilly Swill – *Pat's*
 Jerry Joseph and the Jack Mormons – *Bar Deluxe*
 The Future of the Ghost, Ted Dancin (christmas sweater party) – *Urban*
 White Party X-Mas Ball w. DJ Jeremiah – *Area 51*
 Tba – *Vegas*
 Maddog's Winter Solstice Pray for Snow Party w/ Free Swag – *Tony's*

Saturday, December 22

The Nobody Solstice – *One Mind Studio*
 The Lauderdale – *Kilby*
DBS III Release Party: Kick the Dog, White Hot Ferrari, Ether, Sleeping Bag – Urban
 Jeremiah Maxey – *Pat's*
 Bad Apples, Darin Caine – *The Woodshed*
 Naked and the Shameless, Tough Tittie, Heathen Ass Worship – *Burt's*
 The Brobecks, Last Serenade, For: Fairwether, A Casandra Utrance, Signora, Fourteen Days from Forever, The Skaficionados – *Avalon*
 Vinia, Xur, Diggers & Whackers, Prosthetic Heads, Varona – *Vegas*
 X-mas Party w/ DJ Matrix – *Tony's*

Sunday, December 23

Bronco & the Come Down –
Monk's
 Owen Hart, Rail Spike – *Red Light Books*
 tttt (time to talk tween tunes) feat.
 ether orchestra – *Urban*
 Santa Shreds – *The Canyons*

Monday, December 24
 X-mas Eve – *Jesus' Cradle*
 Hillbilly G. Had- *The Woodshed*

Tuesday, December 25
 Sni-Fi and the Monster Pod –
Monk's
 Christmas Party with Royce – *The Woodshed*
 Santa Shreds – *The Canyons*

Wednesday, December 26
 The Subtle Way – *NVO*
 Cave of Roses, This Failure –
Burt's
 Heathen Ass Worship – *Urban*

Thursday, December 27
 Zig's Big Electric Blues Jam – *Pat's*
 Pink Traktor – *Burt's*
 Salty Rootz – *Piper Down*
 18 Wheels of Justice – *Bar Deluxe*
 deadbeats, the Tremula – *Urban*

Friday, December 28
 Stacey Board – *Pat's*
 Eric Bell – *Alchemy*
 Circle of Hearts Benefit Show:
 Still Born, Meat, Blessed of Sin –
Broken Record
 Xaalis, I Hear Sirens, Quasi Stellar
 Radio, By Tonight, Julian Moon
 – *Kilby*
 I am the – *Bar Deluxe*
 Red Bennies, Starmy, Le Force –
Urban
 Three Reasons, Monarch, Super
 So Far, Funk and Gonzo – *Vegas*

Saturday, December 29
 Pagan Love Gods – *Bar Deluxe*
 Thornley and the Berges
 – *Johnny's*
 Lion Dub, Expulsion, Dublife,
 Soundsystem, Rico Black – *Red Light*
 Spleen, The Shens – *Burt's*
 Super Diamond – *Depot*

Pink Lightin' – *Urban*
 Scripted Apology, Balance of
 Power, Redneck Mafia, Krystal
 Noxx – *Vegas*
 Jeff Phillips Band, Last Response
 – *Tony's*

Sunday, December 30
 Buckeye, Vanzetti Crime – *Red Light Books*

Monday, December 31
 Vanna, Knives Exchanging Hands,
 My Hero is Me – *NVO*
 DK Rebel & Tallman – *Monk's*
 Thunderfist, Blackhole, Skullfuzz
 – *Burt's*
 Patter Starts, Tolchock Trio, The
 Future of the Ghost, Kid Theodore
 – *Kilby*
 Die Monster Die – *Bar Deluxe*
 Wolfs, Ted Dancin' HOLY SHIT
 2008 Ball – *Urban*
 New Year's Eve Party w/ DJ
 Radar, DJ Jeremiah, DJ Dance
 Commander – *Area 51*
 New Years Eve Bash: Massacre
 at the Wake, What Dwells Within,
 Beyond This Flesh, Still-Born,
 Cave of Roses – *Vegas*
 Happy New Year's with DJ Matrix
 – *Tony's*

Tuesday, January 1
 Hangover – *My Bed*

Wednesday, January 2
 Cuba Gooding Jr. Birthday Bash –
Bucket's Place

Thursday, January 3
 Agents of Change, Funk and
 Gonzo – *Burt's*

Friday, January 4
 Opening Reception for Midnight
 Records – *127 S Main St.*
 The Sound and the Fury – *Utah Arts Alliance*
 Last Day of the Sun, Abysmal
 Abbitoir – *Broken Record*
 Streetlight Manifesto, Grand Buffet,
 The Stitch Up – *Avalon*
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DECEMBER CALENDAR



THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
		1 TANGLE RIDGE
6 ACOUSTIC OPEN MIC NIGHT W/ JEREMIAH MAYEY	7 THE LEGENDARY PORCH POUNDERS	8 PRIVATE PARTY
13 ACOUSTIC OPEN MIC NIGHT W/ JEREMIAH MAYEY	14 PRIVATE PARTY	15 FLASH CABBAGE
20 ACOUSTIC OPEN MIC NIGHT W/ JEREMIAH MAYEY	21 HILLBILLY SWILL	22 JEREMIAH MAYEY
27 ZIGS BIG ELECTRIC BLUES JAM	28 STACEY BOARD	29 TO BE ANNOUNCED

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Shepherds watch'd their flocks by night all seated on the ground, The

THIS SEASON THE SONG HAS CHANGED ...

Angel of the Lord came down a glory shone a - round Fear

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not said he for his dear but their troubled mind - Glad




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Kilby Court Calendar December 2007

- 04- The Most Serene Republic \$10
- 06- Headlights, Alligators, Uzi and Ari \$8
- 07- Vampire Weekend, Grand Ole Party \$7
- 12- Colour Revolt
- 18- Self Conclusion (Members of Mury), Tate Law, John Allred, Chris Alder \$6
- 22- The Lauderdale (formerly Take the Fall) \$6
- 28- Xaalis, I Hear Sirens, Quasi Stellar Radio, By Tonight, Julian Moon \$6

Tickets at 24tix.com & Slowtrain Records

31- Early Show (6pm): Patter Starts, Tolchock Trio, The Future of the Ghost, Kid Theodore

Thank you for 8 wonderful years!

-Phil Sherburne, Leia Bell & family ♥

Welcome, new owners will sartain & Lance Saunders

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NEW YEAR'S EVE

Monday Dec, 31st
2008 new years bash

With live broadcasts on **X96!**
DJ RADAR, DJ JEREMIAH, and
DJ DANCE COMMANDER Spinning all your
requests and favorites from- Dance to 80s
and alternative!

Champagne by the bottle or the glass!
Midnight balloon drop! and of course,
our famous CASH CANNON shooting
hundreds of dollars on to the crowd!



\$10 cover. Advance tickets available;
THIS WILL SELL OUT!

WHITE PARTY X-MAS BALL!

Friday Dec. 21st!

With DJ Jeremiah Spinning- pop, top 40 and
dance favorites and requests!

Dress in ALL white for FREE cover.
Tons of prizes and free gifts all night long
as well as holiday drink specials!

Tuesday

Upstairs: "80s Time Tunnel" 80s Flashback
with DJ Radar

Downstairs: Old-school industrial and
Gothic with DJ B-Module

\$3 dollars before 10pm, \$5 after. Ladies Free
untill 11:00pm \$2 pints, \$6 dollar pitchers,
\$3 sex on the beach

Wednesday

Upstairs: Transmission with DJ Radar and
DJ D/C. All request Indie, elctroclash,
danceparty.

Downstairs: "Klub Karaoke" provided by
Spotlight Entertainment \$3 dollars before
10pm, \$5 after. Ladies Free untill 11:00pm
\$2 pints, \$6 dollar pitchers \$4.50,
Jager bombs

Thursday

This is the biggest 80s night in the U.S.A.!

Upstairs: 80s New Wave Flashback
with DJ Radar

Downstairs: "Sanctuary" Gothic and
Darkwave with DJ Evil K
\$3 before 10pm, \$5 after 10pm, ladies free
until 11pm, \$4 Rockstar vodka

Friday

Upstairs: "Klub Kulture" Alternative and
Techno with DJ Jeremiah

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

Saturday

Upstairs: "In the Mix" Alternative, Techno
and Dance with DJ Jeremiah

Downstairs: "Subculture" Industrial, Gothic
and 80's with DJ Evil K and DJ Viking
\$3 before 10pm, \$5 after 10pm
\$3 Sex on the Beach

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MONDAY

\$3 jack&coke

RECORD

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karaoke

Contest all month long w/ Entourage & Vinny.

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December 31. NEW YEARS EVE BASH.

TUESDAY

gutter butter

djs: justin strange & vxn

www.myspace.com/todds_bg

WASTED WEDNESDAY

FRIDAY NIGHTS

dec 7. the wolfs w/ tba

dec 14. starmy & glinting gems

dec 21. i am the ocean,

nine worlds & making f*ck

december 21. the Broken Record along with Oni Tattoo Gallery invites you to our customer appreciation party.

dec 28. circle of hearts benefit show w/ still-born, meat & blessed of sin

jan 4. last day of the sun & abysmal abbitoir w/ tba

SATURDAY SUNDAY

jakob nyberg's all day breakfast
dance evolution dance party

vegan & meat lovers brunch
metal on the sabbath

