

CHECK OUT THE FULL LINE OF 2009 BURTON GEAR AT A DEMOTOUR STOP NEAR YOU.

TO TRULY UNDERSTAND WHAT BURTON EST'S SUPERNATURAL PERFORMANCE CAN DO TO UNLIMIT THE WAY YOU SEE, FEEL AND RIDE THE MOUNTAIN, YOU MUST TRY IT FOR YOURSELF.

The Burton Super Demo Tour brings you all the gear you need, with giveaways and lots more to check out onsite. Find a stop near you at burton.com/unlimitour.

SUPER DEMO TOUR STOPS

01.02.09 - 01.04.09 Copper Mountain, CO 01.09.09 - 01.11.09 Northstar-at-Tahoe, CA 01.17.09 - 01.19.09 Bear Mountain, CA 01.23.09 - 01.25.09 Keystone, CO

01.30.09 - 02.01.09 Summit at Snoqualmie, WA 02.06.09 - 02.08.09 Park City Mountain Resort, UT

02.20.09 - 02.22.09 Spirit Mountain, MN 02.27.09 - 03.01.09 Mountain Creek, NJ 03.06.09 - 03.08.09 Stowe Mountain Resort, V^{*} 03.13.09 - 03.15.09 Waterville Valley Resort, NI



SUPER DEMO TOUR STOP

PARK CITY UTAH

TOUR LOCATION: MAIN BASE AREA

PARTY LOCATION: PAYDAY PIZZA SAT - 3:00PM - 6:00PM AM SERIES EVENT FEBRUARY

6-8

MM 12.5 IN .5 REF REF IN -.5

MM - 25 IN - 1 MM - 37.5 IN - 1.5

-37.5 MM -1.5 IN -50 MM -2 IN

BURTON



VISIT BURTON.COM/AMSERIES FOR DETAILS

PAUL MITCHELL.









snowboarder maoazine



BURTON

snowboarder magazine





The Burton AM Series is back for 2009 giving up-and-comers the best chance to qualify for the US Open. It's simple... WIN AND YOU'RE IN. Not to mention

the best cash payouts and prize packages of any contest at this level. The halfpipe and slopestyle contests are free to enter and open to all riders, so what do you have to lose? Head to www.burton.com/ amseries for registration info, schedules, and the answers to all of your questions. Don't miss your chance to form a memory.

Park City, UT February 7-8 2009

SLOPESTYLE

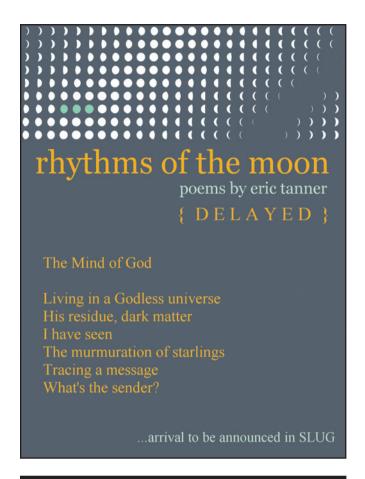
Saturday, February 7, 2009 Jonesy's Registration Time: 7:30am-9:00am Practice Time: 9:00am Competition Time: 10:00am

HALFPIPE

Sunday, February 8, 2009
Eagle Superpipe
Registration Time: 7:30am-9:00am
Practice Time: 9:00am
Competition Time: 10:00am

REGISTRATION

Location: RSO Sports Desl \$10 Reg Price \$32 Tix Price









Awkward New Year!

The Awkward Hour's New Years Resolution to bring you more awkwardness than you can shake your stick at in 2009!



RECENTLY AWKWARDED:

- Gavin from Gavin's Underground!
- •Trent Harris-films Plan 10 From Outer Space & Delightful Water Universe-Jan 8
- SLUG Editor Angela Brown
- ·You could be our next awkward winner!

FREE! On iTunes myspace.com/stakercast

email getstakerized@hotmail.com for info

VOL.19 • ISSUE # 241 • JAN. 09

Publisher: Eighteen Percent Gray Editor: Angela H. Brown Managing Editor:

Andrew Glassett

Editorial Assistant:

Jeanette Moses

Action Sports Coordinator: Adam Dorobiala

Office Coordinator: Ricky Vigil Copy Editing Team: Jeanette

Moses, Rebecca Vernon, Blake McGillis, Nick Parker, Ricky Vigil, Mary Enge,

Rvan Sanford. Daily Calendar Editor:

Jeanette Moses

Cover Photograph:

Adam Dorobiala

Cover Logo Design: Cristina Gunn

Issue Design: Joshua Joye Design Interns: Adam Dorobiala,

Chris Swainston

Ad Designers: Todd Powelson. Kent Farrington, Sumerset Bivans, Cristina Gunn, Jaleh Afshar, Lionel WIIliams, Christian Broadbent, Jonathon

Website Design: Kate O'Connor Illustrator: Craig Secrist

Photographers: Chris Swainston, Ruby Johnson, Katie Panzer, Mitch Allen, Kealan Shilling, Dave Brewer, Sam Milianta, Adam Dorobiala, Bob Plumb, Andy Wright, Weston Colton.

Ad Sales:

Angela Brown: sales@slugmag.com Meghann Griggs: meg@slugmag.com Mike Brown mikebrown@slugmag.com

Marketing & Sales Manager:

Meghann Griggs

Marketing: Ischa Buchanan, Jeanette Moses, Lyuba Basin, Jessica Davis, Trevor Gross, Heather Gaither.

Death By Salt 4 Design:

Cein Watson, Jen Sourenson

SLUG GAMES Coordinators: Mike Brown, Adam Dorobiala, Jeanette Moses, Chris Swainston, Sarah Wong, DJ SUPeRB, Kara Draper, Ben Robertson,

Distro: Eric Granato, Tony Bassett, Jeanette Moses, Andrew Glassett, Alexis Hall, Jesse Hawlish, Nancy Jo Burkhart, Bucket, Lyuba Basin. Office Interns: Lyuba Basin, Alex Harris, Cody Hudson, Eric Granato,

Jessica Davis, Ryan Condrick Senior Staff Writers:

Mike Brown, Mariah Mann-Mellus, James Orme, Ryan Powers, Lance Saunders, Jeremy Wilkins, Jeanette Moses, Dave Madden, Bryer Wharton, Peter Fryer, Astara Knowley, Andrew Glassett, James Bennett, Ricky Vigil, Chris Swainston, Adam Dorobiala. Gavin Hoffman, Conor Dow, Jon Robertson, David Amador, Rebecca Vernon

Monkey's with Computers:

Laura Hadar, Jon Paxton, Ben West, Brian Kubarycz, Sam Milianta, Jenn Neilsen, Kybir, Kat Kellermeyer, Chelsea Babbish, Aaron Day, Shawn Mayer, John-Ross Boyce, Jimmy Martin, Lyuba Basin, Mike Reff, Helen Wade, Ben Trentelman, Fred Worbon, Patricia Bateman, Tyler Makmell, Cody Hudson, Collin Smith, Jesse Hawlish, Nicole Dumas, Princess Kennedy, Cinnamon Brown, Erin Kelleher, Ryan Sanford, DJ SUPeRB, Nick Parker, Biggie, Eric Hess, Alex Harris, Clea Major, David Parish, Weston Colton.

SLUG Alumni: Alan Steed, Laura "Lars" Swensen, Bill Frost, Jeff Vice, Jon Shuman, Chuck Berrett, Ryan Workman, Jeff Foot, Shannon Froh, Camilla Taylor, Mark Scheering, Cindi Patterson, Stacey Adams, Tyler Froburn, MC Welk, Emily Allen, Shane Farver, John Forgach, Rachel Thompson, Katie Maloney, Kevlar7, William Athey, Brian Staker, Monica Borschel, Packard, Pbut, oneamyseven, Rvan Michael Painter, Andreanne Stevens, Stephanie Smith,

DISCLAIMER: SLUG Magazine does not necessarily maintain the same opinions as those found in our articles. interviews or advertisements. If you are easily offended, please do not blame us. We are a carrier for the voice of the people and it is not our fault if you don't like people. Content is property of SLUG Magazine. Please do not use without permission or we will hunt you down and make you pay for your sins. Now, that's a promise

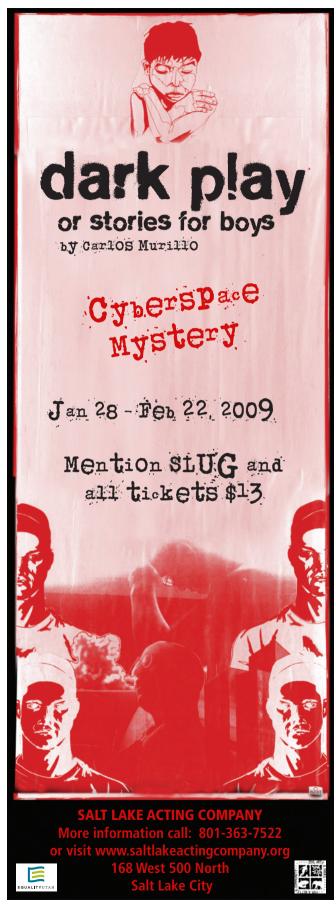
Contributor Limelight



Bucket • Distro

This 6'4" sleeved punk may appear brutish but we at SLUG know his true nature— cuddly. Bucket has inked his fingers distributing SLUG magazines all-over Utah for the past 6 years. He is famously known for wearing shorts year-round and for being one of Salt Lake's most imposable bouncers. Not even his mother could get into Burt's Tiki Lounge or Tony's without paying a cover. If you want to book a show at Tony's then Bucket is your man, however don't plan on him answering his phone before 3pm... he doesn't do mornings! Bucket plays bass in Left For Dead. In the past they have opened up for national acts like The Misfits, but are currently on hiatus.













DPATEDOKTIRADS

Dear Dickheads.

Hello, my name is Viktoria Stovall. I am teacher of Russian Language and Literature, English for Beginners and an artist.

I'd like to share my opinion about your illustration in "Slug" magazine. First: it is not proper and smart to put tattoo on this legendary person. Second: sorry, but before making illustration of such kind, you'd better study anatomy of human body; the nipple's place is on the upper level of the chest, not on the bottom of the man's chest. Ha-Ha-Ha!

Sincerely in Lord, Viktoria Stovall, good artist, very good teacher, wonderful art educator.

Dear Viktoria.

I believe you're referring to the illustration of Jesus done by Snuggles for Mike Brown's November article titled "My Saturday with the Mormons." You state that it was "not proper or smart" to put a tattoo on such a "legendary person." We believe that God is what you make him. In my opinion, Christianity has sold us a fake image of Jesus. My Jesus rocks some sweet ink, his nipples are deformed from a gnarly accident, he occasionally smokes some ganj and can slay a 12 pack

of PBR. If he didn't ... I wouldn't be able to relate. Ten bucks says that your Jesus speaks with a Russian accent ...

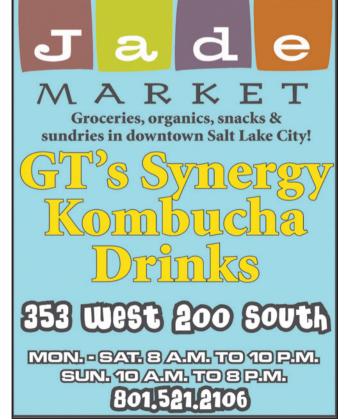
Dear Dickheads.

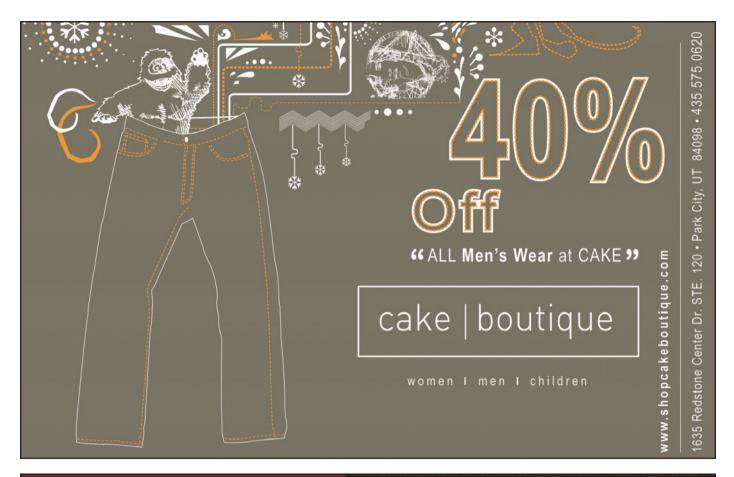
I hate new years resolutions ... they are the stupidest thing ever. It's good to make goals, but why the fuck can't you set goals for yourself at any other time of the year. Why not set a goal in June or on December 29th, why do people wait until the 1st to make them? According to what I've read only 90% of people don't keep their New Years resolutions. I think it's just wasted assholes saying things like "This year I'm going to sleep around less," then a Champaign bottle later ... bitch is on her back. Too me making a New Years resolution is like any other stupid made up holiday ... just an excuse for fucking idiots to attempt to "do something special."

Mike Miller

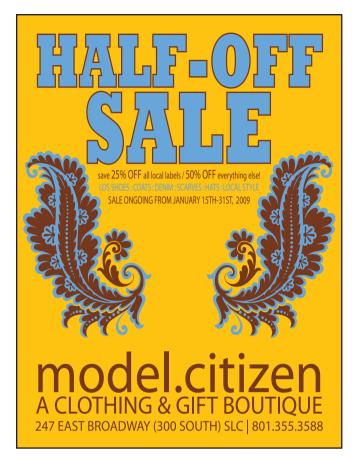
Dear Mike,

Ease up on those drunk bitches— They serve a purpose too! without them, ugly desperate folk wouldn't get laid. SLUG's New Years Resolution was to stop dropping the "f-bomb" so much ... We've already fucked up ... and it's only day two. Commitments are hard ... maybe next year.







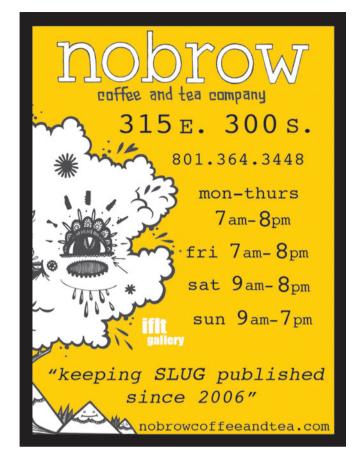


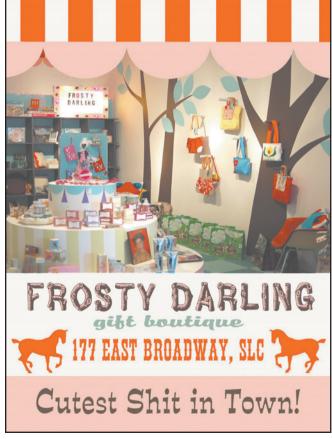


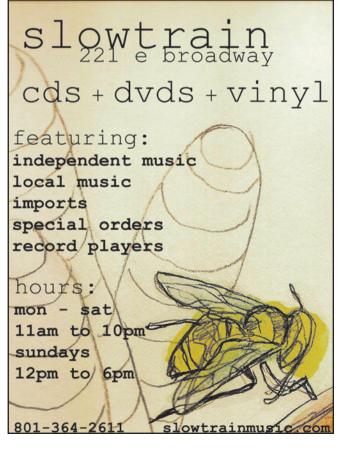


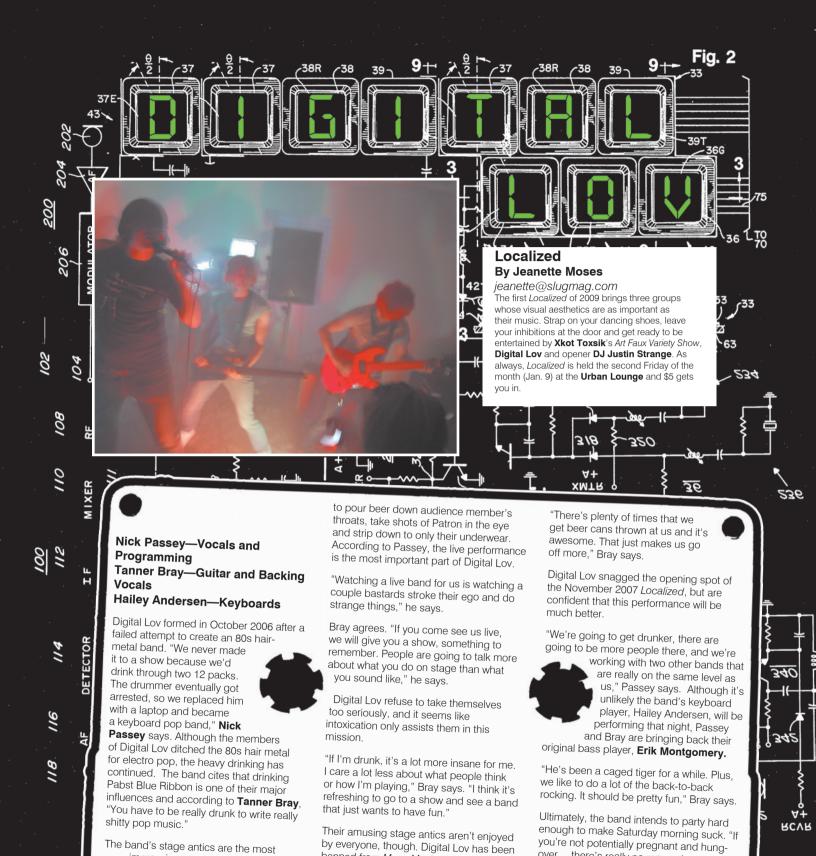












banned from Muse Music in Provo for

having too rambunctious of a show and

they have a history of being pelted with

beer cans. They take it in stride, though,

impressive aspect of their live

performance. Their shows are fueled

by alcohol and they've been known

over... there's really no reason to come,

Passey says.



to interviews or requiring secret passwords to gain access to his various projects. I knew I was in for

something unusual.

"This is just a theatrical presentation, a show, which offers no reality." Toxsik bellowed at one of his performances from under a large black hat with the letters X and T covering his eyes. "Not a fraction of reality, which

allows you and me to delve into our grossest fantasies. For if you are skeptical or bored, just pretend that what you see is real. I will now demonstrate a Cyclops autopsy." Toxsik continued the performance by removing portions of Baby Cyclops' (who plays keyboards in God Star Experience) brain, intestines and heart. This type of over-the-top performance art is just a taste of what The Art Faux Variety Show will showcase.

The variety show has been in the works for over a year and will feature six colorful acts that have all released music through Toxsik's label. Many of the bands playing the Variety Show are making their first ever appearance or haven't performed in over a year. The night will start with Baby Bam Bam Bumkin, a talking hermaphrodite baby who gained fame through YouTube. Bumkin will be introducing the various acts and performing a few songs from his debut album, The Mouth. DaiZsaVoo, a retro synth-pop band that Toxsik was involved with in high school, will be reuniting for the show.

"That group hasn't been together since the 80s. When [SLUG] called and requested we play, I just laughed," Toxsik says. Luckily, all of the former members were excited about the reunion and are updating many of their songs

The Electric Pubes will perform next. It will be their first performance in about a year, but something memorable always seems to occur at their shows.

year's Holiday Stroll, Thomas S. Monson actually stopped by while picking up his dry cleaning at Henrie's. "He got a pretty decent eyeful, but I don't think he stayed for the whole show," Toxsik says.

> Toxsik's mystic Mormon group known as the LOA Mormons (short for Latter Day Order Ahman) will perform an initiation to

their church next. "This is your chance to become Mormon," Toxsik says, "and you don't have to worry about any of the current politics. The LOA accepts gay marriage. There're no hang-ups. [The LOA] just wants everyone to become their own gods and goddesses." The raunchy disco-pop act known as Ice Cherry will perform after the LOA initiation. This project contains one ridiculously femmedout member known as Britney Bitch. The Godstar Experience, who has more of a rock n' roll influence, will close the variety show.

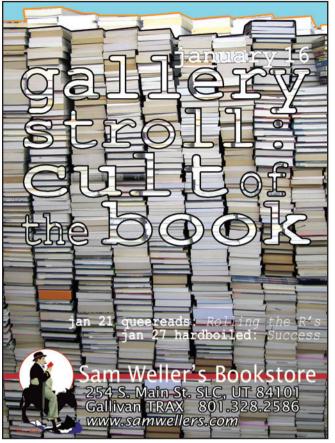
Although the multiple acts performing in the show have distinct differences. Toxsik summarizes the night by stating that it will be a bit like "GG Allen meets Showbiz Pizza."

Although Toxsik's projects typically play all-ages venues, he's excited for the change of pace.

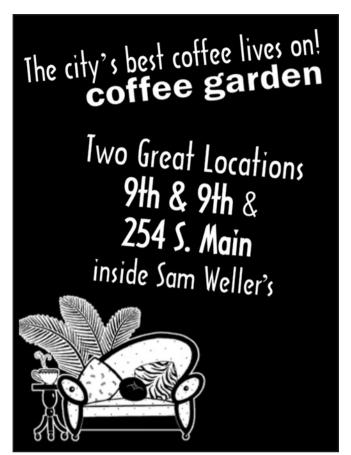
"I think it will go good. A little bit of liquor will loosen things up a bit." he says. Tanner Bray of Digital Lov agrees: "[Toxsik's] antics on stage go well with us

Digital Lov, Xkot Toxsik's Variety Show and DJ Justin Strange will perform Localized at the Urban Lounge Jan. 9. Chuck some empty beer cans at the stage, have some plush poop tossed at you and enjoy yourself.











Salt Lake

Jaleh Afshar

Ad Designer Temposhark –

The Invisible Line

Yesan Damen -

Chronos/Kairos

The Incredible Staggers -

No Como Tu

NPSH - Glistening Pleasure The Grates – Teeth Lost,

Hearts Won

Dave Amador

Senior Skate Writer

III Bill - The Hour of Reprisal

J. Electronica - Sampler

Kidz in the Hall -

The In Crowd

Cool Kids - Bake Sale

The Dyslexic Speed

Readers - Mixtape

Lyuba Basin

The Naked Eyes -

Free & Easy The Great Northwest - The

Widespread Region of the Great Northwest

The Duke Spirit - Neptune

Portishead - Third

Serena-Maneesh -

S-M Backwards

Tony Basset

Delivery Driver

The Phenomenon -

For All Mankind Rise Against -

Appeal to Reason

Ella Fitzgerald -

Miss Ella's Playhouse

The Killers - Day and Age

Elvis Costello - Momofuku

Patricia Bateman

Bevonce -

I Am...Sasha Fierce

Katy Perry -

One Of The Boys

Britney Spears - Circus

Mylie Cyrus - Breakout

Vile Blue Shades -

John Thursday

James Bennett

Senior Writer

The Hold Steady -

Stay Positive

Al Green – Lay It Down

Mitch Hedberg - Do You

Believe in Gosh?

The Night Marchers -

See You in Magic

B.B. King - One Kind Favor

Biggie

Skate Writer

Young Jeezy -

The Recession

T.I. - Paper Trail

The Mangies - Just Another

Mangy Monday.

Nas - Nigger

Big Time Gang's -

The Most Gangsterist Hits!

Sumerset Bivens

<mark>Ad Designer</mark>

Carcrashlander – Mountains

Dave Brewer

Photographer

Top 5 Local Snowboarders

Jake Welch

Jordan Mendenhal

Jon Kooley Justin Hebbel

Will Tuddenham

Christian Broadbent

Ad Designer

Version

The Roots - Rising Down Coldplay – Viva La Vida

Beck - Odelay: Deluxe

Weezer – The Red Album

Tokyo Police Club – Elephant Shell

Richard Swift As Onasis

Vile Blue Shades - John Thursday California Adventure

Mike Brown

Senior Columnist/SLUG Games Coordinator

Mike Brown -

Leviathan Zine on Tape.

Mr. Gnome -

Deliver this Creature 7"

Monotonex – Ride 7"

Black Angels -

Directions to See a Ghost Watain – Sworn to the Dark

Bucket

Delivery Driver

Street Dogs - State of Grace Ice Cube - Raw Footage

Koffin Kats -

Drunk in the Daylight Al Green – Lav it Down

Independents -

Lets Do It Again

Jessica Davis

Writer

Wolf Parade –

At Mount Zoomer

Miles Benjamin Anthony

Robinson - S/7

Tokyo Police Club -

Elephant Sheli

Boots to the Moon -

Self-Titled Tolchock Trio – A

balone Skeletone

Aaron Dav

P. Paul Fenech -

Skitzofenech

Old Haunts -

Poisonous Times

Tabaltix - Sex, Pugs and Rock N' Roll

Teenage Bottlerocket -

Warning Device

The Smiths – The Sound of

The Smiths

Adam Dorobiala

Action Sports Coordinator

Beck - Modern Guilt

GZA/ Genius - Pro Tools

Dosh - Wolves and Wishes

Ratatat - LP3

Tolchock Trio – Abalone Skeleton

Richard Swift -**Conor Dow**

Writer

Darkspace - Dark Space III

Elliott Brood -

Mountain Meadows

Leviathan - Massive Con-

spiracy Against All Life

Portishead - Third

Nebeluna - Viail

Nicole Dumas

Writer

Saviours - Into Abaddon

Vile Blue Shades - John

Thursday California Adventure

Nachtmystium - Assassins: Black Meddle PT. 1

Dead Meadow - Old Growth

Danava – Unonou

Mary Enge Copy Editor

Bon Iver - For Emma.

Forever Ago

Elbow -

The Seldom Seen Kid She & Him - Volume One

Blitzen Trapper – Furr Cat Power - Jukebox

Kent Farrington

Ad Designer Arsis – We Are the Nightmare

Daft punk - Discovery Japa-

nese (re-release)

Aphex Twin -

Aphex Twin Classic Bad Religion - New Maps of

Hell (reissued) V/A - Grand Theft Auto IV

Soundtrack

Peter Fryer Senior Writer

The Gaslight Anthem -

The '59 Sound Vampire Weekend –

Vampire Weekend

MGMT -

Oracular Spectacular Fucked Up -

Chemistry of Common Life

No Love Can Save Me

Heather Gaither Marketing

The Carrier -

Black Mountian -

In The Future Bongzilla - Nuggets (best of)

Otis Redding - Otis Blue

The Grails - Doomsdayer



On Our Backs Portishead - Third

Chad Vangaalen -

Booka Shade -

The Sun and Neon Light El Olio Wolof -A Tedious Task

Blooddrunk

Wolf Parade –

At Mount Zoomer

J.R. Boyce

The Mountain Goats -Heretic Pride

Girl Talk - Feed the Animals Xiu Xiu - Women as Lovers Children of Bodom -

Writer

Starfucker – S/T

(I Hate Records version) V/A – Death By Salt IV

Vile Blue Shades – John

Thursday California Adventure

Angela Brown

Tolchock Trio -

Abalone Skeletone

Invaders - Tales

Subrosa – Strega

Cinnamon Brown

Stephen Malkmus -

Tolchock Trio -

Real Emotional Trash

Abalone Skeletone

TORCHE - Meanderthal

Andrew Glassett

Managing Editor Studio – Yearbook 2 Flying Lotus – Los Angeles Pattern is Movement -All Together

Stag Hare -

Black Medicine Music V/A - Death By Salt IV

Eric Granato

Delivery Driver/Archiving Assistant

The Creepshow -Run For Your Life

Mike Brown -

The Leviathan Zine on Tape Cradle of Filth - Godspeed on the Devil's Thunder

Sarah Blackwood -

Way Back Home V/A - Death by Salt IV

Meghann Griggs Sales and Marketing

Manager

The Gaslight Anthem -

The '59 Sound

Nine Worlds - The Summer is Over the Harvest is in and Still We are Not Saved

Invaders - Tales ANDALE! - S/T The Bronx - The Bronx III

Laura Hadar

Writer Fleet Foxes – S/T

Black Angels -Directions to See a Ghost Vile Blue Shades - John Thursday California Adventure Band of Annuals -

Respondez Subrosa – Strega

Alexandra Harris

Kings of Leon -Only By the Night Cold War Kids -

Loyalty to Loyalty Portugal the Man -Censored Colors

Why? - Alopecia Various Artists -When Punk Goes Crunk

Jesse Hawlish

Radiohead - In Rainbows

Conor Oberst -Conor Obersi

The Week That Was – The Week That Was

TV on the Radio -Dear Science

The Black Kevs -Attack & Release

Video Games:

Metal Gear Solid 4: Guns of the Patriots Fallout 3 Grand Theft Auto IV Dead Space Left 4 Dead

Eric Hess

Skate Writer

Atmosphere - When Life Gives You Lemons You Paint That Shit Gold

Lil Wayne - Tha Carter 3 Radiohead - In Rainbows (Limited Edition)

Nelly - Brass Knuckles Game - L.A.X

Gavin Hoffman

Senior Writer SunnO))) - Domkirke The Cure - 4:13 Dream The Decemberists -Always the Bridesmaid Horna - Sanojesi Aarelle Rudimentary Peni -

Cody Hudson

No More Pain

Writer Bon Iver For Emma Forever Ago Why? - Alopecia

Parenthetical Girls -**Entanglements**

Pale Young Gentlemen -Black Forest (Tra La La) Tokyo Police Club

Ruby Johnson

Photographer

Elephant Shell

Love -

Forever Changes Reissue

Commander Cody and His Lost Planet Airmen -

The Early Years 1967-1970 The Beach Boys - U.S. Singles Collection The Capitol Years 1962-1965

Beach House - Devotion **Brightblack Morning Light** – Motion to Rejoin

Josh Joye

Graphic Artist Beck - Modern Guilt

Boris - Smile The Raveonettes -

Lust, Lust, Lust Hank III - Damn Right,

Rebel Proud Nick Cave & The Badseeds

– Dig Lazarus, Dig!

Erin Kelleher

Writer

Fleet Foxes – Sun Giant EP and White Winter Hymnal EP DeVotchKa - A Mad and Faithful Tellina

The Lesser The Hilliard Ensemble -Audivi Vocem

Lord Fowl -Endless Dynamite Subrosa - Strega

Kyrbir

Inversion Trawler Serial Writer Rope or Bullets - The Turns

Tolchock Trio -Abalone Skeleton

Vile Blue Shades - Naughty, Naughty, Naughty, Sticky, Lovely LP

The Weeping Giblets -Top 10 Secrections

Starmy - Starmeggedon



Skeletal Lamping

Right Away, Great Captain! The Eventually Home

Dave Madden

Senior Writer

Tobacco - Fucked Up Friends Flying Lotus - Los Angeles Chris Corsano -

The Young Cricketer Autechre - Quaristice

Nine Inch Nails - The Slip

Jimmy Martin

Film Critic Films:

The Dark Knight –

Christopher Nolan Slumdog Millionaire - Danny **Boyle & Loveleen Tandan**

Wall-E - Andrew Stanton Man on Wire - James Marsh Anvil! The Story of Anvil –

Sacha Gervasi

Mariah Mellus

Gallery Stroll Columnist Vampire Weekend – S/T Bittersweet - Drama The Black Keys -Attack and Release

Bon Iver - For Emma. Forever Ago Vetiver - Thing Of The Past

Samuel Milianta

Photographer/Skate Writer Black Keys -

Attack and Release

Silver Jews -Lookout Mountain, Lookout Sea

Miles Davis - On The Corner (Supreme Limited Edition)

Miles Davis - Kind of Blue (Supreme Limited Edition)

David Archuleta - S/T

Jeanette Moses

Editorial Assistant Vile Blue Shades - John

Thursday California Adventure iAndale! - S/T

Melvins - Nude With Boots The Gaslight Anthem -

The '59 Sound

GZA/Genius - Protools

Humanimals Bon Iver Vampire Weekend - S/T

Brian Kubarycz

Grand Ole Party -

Some Beasts - S/T

& So's - Animal!

Creatures

Alaska in Winter - Holiday

Spiritualized - Songs in A&E

Katherine Kellermeyer

Margot and the Nuclear So

Rachel Taylor Brown -

Half Hours With the Lower

Let's Become Actors - S/T

Senior Writer

Boris - Smile The Ocean – Pantheon of

Tyler Mackmell Beer Reviewer

Vile Blue Shades

The Tossers -

On a Fine Spring Evening

She & Him - Volume One Jaguar Love -

Take Me to the Sea DeVotchKa -A Mad and Faithful Telling

Pat Benatar -Ultimate Collection

Cléa Major

For Emma, Forever Ago

The Loved Ones -Build & Burn

Kaki King -Dreaming of Revenge

$S_{alt}L_{ake}$

James Orme

Senior Writer

Deke Dickerson - King of the Whole Wide World

Swinging Utters -

Hatest Grits

Rancid - B Sides and C Sides Horrorpops - Kiss Kiss

Kill Kill

Los Difutos - S/T

Katie Panzer

Photographer

She & Him - Volume One Matt Costa -

Unfamiliar Faces

The Cool Kids -

The Bake Sale

Hot Chip - Made in the Dark

MGMT -

Oracular Spectacular

Nick Parker Writer / Copy Editor

All Shall Perish -

Awaken the Dreamers Misery Signals - Controller

Iron Thrones -

Heart of the Light

After the Burial - Rareform

The Dark Knight Sound-

track - Hans Zimmer and James Newton Howard

Jon Paxton

Gang Gang Dance -

Saint Dymphna

Johann Johannson -

Fordlandia

Tricky - Knowle West Boy

iAndale! - S/T

Portishead - Third

Todd Powelson

Ad Designer

Mike Doughty -

Golden Delicious

Patty Larkin - Watch the Sky

Beck - Modern Guilt

The Vines - Melodia

The Raconteurs -

Consolers Of The Lonely

Mike Reff

Writer

Mike Brown -

Leviathan Zine on Tape

Amplive - Radiohead

Rainydayz Remixes

Ratatat - Lp3

Futurama 3 - The Yellow

Tape by Bad Abbot Nightmares on Wax -Thought So ...

Ben Robertson

Sound Tribe Sector 9 -

Peaceblaster.

Radiohead - In Rainbows

Old Crow Medicine Show -

Tennessee Pusher

Senior Year Soundtrack

Jon Robertson

Writer

Fleet Foxes - S/T

Tolchock Trio -Abalone Skeletone

The Dutchess and the

Duke - She's the Dutchess,

He's the Duke

Langhorne Slim - When the Sun's Gone Down (re-release)

Kealan Shilling

Photographer |

Brian Jonestown Massacre

- My Bloody UnderGround

Spindrift - The West

The Black Angels -

Madlib - Beat Konducta Vol. 6: Dil Withers Suite Flying Lotus - Los Angeles MF Doom - Operation

Doomsday (re-issued) DJ Muggs & Planet Asia -

Pain Language

Chris Swainston

Photographer / Design

Vile Blue Shades - John Thursday California Adventure

Beck - Modern Guilt

Mike Brown -

Leviathan Zine on Tape

Black Keys -

Attack and Release

Tommy Guerrero – Return of the Bastard

Ben Trentelman

Writer

Films:

The Dark Knight -

Christopher Nolan

Iron Man - Jon Favreau

The Incredible Hulk -**Louis Leterrier**

Hellboy II -

Guillermo del Toro The Spirit - Frank Miller

Rebecca Vernon

Writer / Copy Editor

The Black Angels -

Directions to See a Ghost

Earth - The Bees Made

Honey in the Lion's Skull

Jex Thoth - S/T

Kid Madusa - Kid Madusa

Inta - Tales

Ricky Vigil

Office Coordinator / Writer

The Gaslight Anthem -

The '59 Sound

Paint It Black - New Lexicon

The Loved Ones -**Build & Burn**

Fucked Up - The Chemistry

of Common Life

Hot Water Music -

Till the Wheels Fall Off

Girl Talk - Feed the Animals Chromeo - Fancy Foot Work

(Deluxe Edition)

The Ettes -

Writer Harvey Milk - Life, the Best Game in Town

Look at Life Again Soon

TV on the Radio -

Dear Science

Ben West

Horna - Sanojest Aarelle

Like a Kind of Matador -Halfway to Dangerous

Menace Ruine -

The Die is Cast

Skullflower -

Desire for a Holy War

Brver Wharton

Senior Writer Avat -

Six Years of Dormant Hatred

Esoteric -

The Maniacal Valve Severed Savior -

Servile Insurrection

Voetsek - Infernal Command

Holy Moses -

Agony of Death

Jeremy Wilkins

Senior Writer

She & Him - Volume One

The Gaslight Anthem -

The '59 Sound

Band of Annuals -

Respondez (re-released) The Anniversary - Devil On

Our Side: Rarities and B-Sides

Fleet Foxes - S/T

Lionel Williams

Ad Designer

Fleet Foxes - S/T

The Mars Volta -

The Bedlam In Goliath

Blue Sky Black Death -Slow Burning Lights

Reign Of Kindo - Rhythm,

Chord, and Melody Seal - Soul

Fred Worbon

Food Critic

Bon Iver -

For Emma, Forever Ago Sigur Rós - Með suð í Eyrum

Við Spilum Endalaust

Jeff Buckley - Grace

Radiohead -Entire Catalog Re-release

Cub Country - Stretch that

Skull Cover and Smile

The Devil Whale-Like Paraders

SLUG Games Coordinator

GZA - Pro Tools

High School Musical 3 -



Kings of Leon -Only By The Night

These Arms Are Snakes -

Tail Swallower And Dove Land of Talk -

Some Are Lakes Portishead - Third I Am The - H.M.S

Ryan Sanford

Writer / Copy Editor Spiritualized - Songs in A&E

Deerhunter - Microcastle Bardo Pond - Batholith

Tolchock Trio -

Abalone Skeletone The Duke Spirit - Neptune

Lance Saunders Senior Writer

Directions to See a Ghost

Vile Blue Shades - John

Ross Solomon

The Rural Alberta Advantage - Hometowns

TV on the Radio -

Dear Science Apparat -

Writer

Gaslamp Killer -I Spit On Your Grave

The Raveonettes - Lust Lust Lust

Thursday California Adventure!

Writer

Tobacco - Fucked up Friends

Things to be Frickled Clark - Turning Dragon

SUPeRB

Helen Wade

30H!3 - Want



Body Piercing

801.486.0112

www.irispiercing.com









"If Not Now, When?" EROTANER

By Rebecca Vernon sweetsweetjane76@hotmail.com

Eric Tanner expected 30 or 40 people to show up to his poetry book pre-release party at *nobrow coffee and tea* on Dec. 15, but over 150 people ended up attending. He tells me this happily, his sentences choppy, peppered with a strange cadence, the meaning blunt. You could say his poetry follows suit, gets straight to the heart of a matter, imbued with a simplicity that knows the most important question in poetry is, "How much can I cut and get away with?"

Tanner has been a little volcano in the local poetry scene for a couple years now. He gained more exposure after being taken under the wing of **Chris Leibow** (c.a. leibow), a local poet who champions Tanner. Leibow has been nominated for the Pushcart Prize, yet while I talk to Tanner, Leibow stays in the background, always deferring to Tanner, always turning the attention back to him. He calls Tanner a "superior poet." Tanner brushes off the praise combatatively and good-naturedly.

Tanner's history is a colorful one, and his ability to pour life into words didn't come by accident.

Tanner's dad worked in embassies when Tanner was young, so he moved around a lot growing up. His life took a huge turn while he was doing a BYU study abroad program at the University of Cape Town in South Africa. He witnessed the negative effects of apartheid and racism firsthand and was greatly impacted by what he saw. After Tanner's freshmen year at BYU, he planned to transfer to Tufts University in Massachusetts and study international law and diplomacy. But as fate would have it, Tanner went to Provo one last time to say goodbye to friends, when he spotted a sign in BYU's bookstore window that read, "Are you for peace and human rights? Join **Response**."

"I knew right then that I had to stay, that I had a mission, a purpose," said Eric. "It was one of those moments where I asked, 'If not me, who? If not now, when?' I knew I had to stay and help out."

Tanner eventually became the president of Response, "a bunch of hippies and weirdos," a peace and human arts group who was strongly anti-apartheid, for two years.

The group organized a peace symposium and an annual conference called Human Rights Week. They invited—and got—speakers like **Randall Robinson**, the founder and president of **TransAfrica**, and **John Healey**, the executive director of **Amnesty International**. Healey waived his speaker fee two years in a row and encouraged Tanner to start a chapter of Amnesty in Provo.

"Reponse was the most visible student organization at BYU," says Eric. "I was the only non-student body officer invited to be in BYU's Leadership Colloquium." When he took over, Response had -\$800, but when he left, they had \$44,000. They had the support of many prominent teachers and even department heads.

Yet Tanner got tired of reading pro-apartheid editorials in the *Daily Universe*, *BYU*'s official student newspaper.

"The editors were proud of it," says Eric. "This was 1984-1986 and blatant racism was out, but subtle racism was OK. I wrote letters to the editor all the time, but they wouldn't allow me to write an editorial with equal space in response," says Eric.

While at BYU, Tanner also was the secretary to the Associate Executive Vice President Maren Mourtenson, under then-president Jeffrey Holland.

During Tanner's last semester, he was involved in the beginning of the *Student Review*, an unofficial student newspaper and Provo's main alternative voice for 13 years. *SR* was banned on *BYU* campus, and their first expense was going to court to defend themselves against the university, who wanted to keep *SR* from being distributed on public sidewalks around the campus as well. *SR* won the case on free-speech rights. In 1986, Tanner's group got the first fall issue out, but during winter semester, Tanner left Utah to go on another *BYU* study abroad program, this time in Vienna.

News from his old friends trickled in, but they were like dull echoes through a thickening fog. Tanner's last semester shouldering an 18-credit load on top of three years of nonstop involvement with Response had burned him out emotionally, physically and mentally. He had gotten accepted into *Harvard Kennedy School of Government* with the help of a mentor, but he found himself slipping deeper and deeper into depression. He started to drink: "I fell in love for the first time," says Eric.

He began wandering Europe, going through 4-5 years of living on the streets.

"About 2/3 of my poems are about wandering Europe when I was 30," says Eric, "about spiritual existential homelessness." He endured 12 years of going in and out of treatment and institutions. He was eventually diagnosed with bipolar disorder and put on the right medication a year ago.

"I was not well enough to know I wasn't well," says Eric.

Leibow got Tanner "off the street and onto a stage," he says. Tanner was the first poet at the first *Cabaret Voltage*, a weekly poetry reading that took place at the *Urban Lounge* for two years. He continued to stay involved, appearing on the coffeeshop circuit, and slowly, his name began to spread.

Leibow funded the making of 50 chapbooks of Tanner's poetry—a stapled, "Kinkoed," folded poetry book.

They sold out in four days. Chris made another 100 and they were gone within two months. Other editions of the chapbook have been printed since then, and a first edition recently sold for \$200.

There are 40 old poems from those chapbooks and 40 new ones in Tanner's new book of poetry. Tanner is also releasing a CD of him reading his poetry backed by music project **Kettle Black**, one member of which is cellist **Joel Hales** (**Phono**, **Kid Madusa**).

Tanner reads his "thesis poem," "Rhythms of the Moon," for me, and his voice turns into a smooth legato, self-assured. He points out the precision in one of the carefully turned phrases, explaining how every word is deliberate, thought out in his poems. The poem is full of metaphors.

"I learned that at BYU," says Eric, half-joking. "Never say what you really think."

He continues, "If I had gone to a liberal school, I would have been a yuppie. Instead, at BYU, I felt the necessity to speak out. I had to fight because I couldn't do otherwise.

"Politics is in my poems," he says. "And if you can decipher them, you're doing better than me."

Eric Tanner often reads at Alchemy Coffee's Tuesday open-mic nights @ 7 p.m.





Photos by Dustin Black phalanxgraphics@hotmail.com

The waters of the moon bequeathed the unknown virtues of the serpent and the sword. Fragmentary, luminous bones cast the reflective light upon the numinous, the strands of the shores of our inner seas were illuminated by the depths of stars unbound. All hail the procession of masks, within benighted chambers gleam the eyes of sunless discernment. Ghostly images burn with splendour and debauchery, septenary, quaternary, we shall stand as the one beyond the black vault of the stars, serpent fingers gesture forth the veils awakening. Vomit the flames of swarming vultures to devour the wings of she who sheds perfumes of excremental ekstasis and the kiss of the dove shall excite the seven and 10 wounds of descensions perfection upon the tinctures of crimson and mauve and nothingness. —Jhon Longshaw, Black Seas of Infinity

Sometimes, an interview completely takes on a life of its own, and it becomes difficult to submit to the reader in a standard "question-and-answer" format, or even as a standalone narrative piece. Such is the case with ex-Salt Lake City resident Jhon Longshaw and his excellent black noise vehicle, Black Seas of Infinity. Longshaw is an intriguing individual, someone who harkens back to a time long past, but who still has both feet planted in the present, and I am personally a bit perturbed that I wasn't offered a chance to speak with him longer before his relocation to Seattle, Wash.

According to Longshaw, the purpose of Black Seas of Infinity is "to awaken vacuous, seething consciousness, violating unawakened pantheons with the breath of aeonic formulations...conjuring ancient sorceries of unbecoming and averse fascinations." The brilliantly formulated sound spewed forth by his creation is a full testament to that. I have personally been in the process of procuring as much Black Seas recorded output as possible, and although my collection is far from complete, his explanation makes perfect sense to me. "The bruised, stooping ophidian dragon induces rapture's blind embrace. Consummation of the secretions' profusion, and I and the earth are one."

"The reasons for the relocation are many," Longshaw says about his recent move to Seattle. "In some

ways they do relate to Black Seas of Infinity, but most [motives] are [of]a deeply personal nature. Not surprisingly, one of the main reasons for the move is what Longshaw refers to as "the skewed energy of the Mormons, coupled with the natural vortex that exists in Salt Lake City and Utah as a whole." He has a very succinct and interesting way of expressing this, explaining how he feels that some people are actually able to thrive in the energy of Salt Lake City, but that, personally, he cannot. "I personally do not view [living in Salt Lake City] as a tool for my own ascension in a myriad of different directions, including that of Black Seas of Infinity and the other musical projects I am involved with, such as Death Hymen and King Heralds' Birth of the Whore.

Some of us in Salt Lake City were privileged enough to witness a Black Seas of Infinity's live ritual when they presented it alongside **Watain** in October of 2008. For those that have never been present at one of these harrowing escapades, Longshaw explains it as follows: "A Black Seas of Infinity live ritual is the vehicle of the oracles, eternally flowing cascades of Saturnian magnification. It is the channeling of the force of nothing incarnate, inseminating the minds of men with the seed of incalculable aeons. Perpetuating eruptions of the highest gnosis upon all who experience these instruments of desire, will and manifestation ...

I invoke the mysteries of the 11-fold secret.

Through my heart and my tongue are absorbed and consumed the eternal becoming." If this sounds confusing to you, you should be ashamed of yourself for never having experienced the live entity that is Black Seas of Infinity.

Both recording and performing live rituals are equally important to Longshaw. "The live performance encompasses the true nature of the ideologies present. To experience the live performance is to truly become one with the haunting, spectral initiations enacted upon those in attendance," he says. However, the ideas expressed live are present within the recorded material as well. "The true importance being that of manifestation in the form of released material or of live gatherings is the perpetuation and revealing of the mysteries that we channel through our personal magickal workings, which," Longshaw says, "primarily, at the present time, lie within the sorceries of the crooked path." As stated previously, I have been attempting to gather all seven available Black Seas of Infinity releases, and his explanation makes perfect sense to me, as improbable as it may sound to the casual reader. From the haunting blackness of Amrita to the almost off-putting live performance of Invokation, listening to the recorded output of Black Seas of Infinity in the discomfort of one's home is an experience in and of itself, almost to the point of becoming claustrophobic.

"I listen to and enjoy a wide and diverse collection of music, but the influences that contribute to what I create within Black Seas of Infinity are not musical." says Longshaw. While expressing interest in such artists as **Techno Animal**, **Unearthly Trance**, **Virus**, **Scorn**, **Circle of Ouroborus** and **Abelcain**, Longshaw is quick to point out that Black Seas of Infinity is a influenced and motivated by something altogether different. "I channel the arcanum of mysteries that can not be known or expressed within the human faculty of speech." Longshaw admittedly composes all of the music for Black Seas of Infinity, although there is one other current member and several past members, considering that Black Seas of Infinity was initially formed as a black metal project back in 1990s. "That shall change on future releases," Longshaw says, in reference to his being the sole composer of Black Seas' material, "as **Catamara Rosarium** will also be composing material as well as permeating the material with the essence of our received transmissions." With Longshaw's move to

Seattle, both of the current members now reside in the same area. According to Longshaw, Rosarium has an extensive background in the arte magickal from many different perspectives and paradigms, as well as having been involved in the electronic musical schema for many years as a DJ amongst other endeavours.' Catamara's first appearance is displayed on Black Seas' most current release, Hieros Gamos, and Longshaw explains her as "the oracle of the fire serpent, radiating averse permutations of haunting thunders, amidst the unawakened houses of wisdom and understanding." Past live member Cody Dickerson, an ex-Utahn in his own right, has departed the project for the time being. This is due to time restraints within other areas of his life, according to Longshaw, although his presence in Black Seas' live rituals has not gone unappreciated. "His

gone unappreciated. This contributions were more scalding than the lamentation of a thousand bleeding moons," says Longshaw.

"We are enshrouded in the mysteries of the great night of time," Longshaw says when I express to him my inability to find much, if any, print coverage of, or interviews with, Black Seas of Infinity. "Words only serve to distort the beckoning essence of our tendrils of ekstasis. If one searches for information in the form of interviews, reviews and the written word that explores the center and extension of



our outpourings they shall become as the occultem lapidem." This automatically takes me by surprise, as this interview came about over a conversation between Longshaw and myself at the Watain show. Having known of him, but also having not actually met him, for quite some time, he seemed to me at the time of our meeting to be an extremely driven individual, and someone who might actually feel "right at home" granting interviews and sharing the secrets behind Black Seas of Infinity. His apparent denouncement of interviews at first makes me feel privileged, if not downright flattered. His later statement that there will be more press coverage in the near future "as it is time to unveil the secrets of midnight's eden," does nothing to shake my initial feeling. On the contrary, it actually makes me feel as though I am being given a chance to present Black Seas of Infinity to those that may be unaware of their presence for one of the first times in a published forum. As I have seemingly run out of questions for Longshaw, I allow him to complete this piece in his own words.

Serpent fingers excite the seven and 10 spheres, mutable gestures unfold the one, as flames of retreat, and desire feed demonolatria divine. Half visible, shifts of consciousness rescind absorption of the brilliance. The double wand is thine eye, for therein the petals of consummation blanket vessels of secretions and devourment. My priestess is the gateway, aeons of incalculable articulation lap at the shores induction, excremental nourishment seethes with the powers of N.O.X. Concealeth the night with my tongue, for voices of the hidden gods we are as doorways into naught exude the ingression of the blood, and the unveiling of secret objurations. As the gleam of blackness sunders the glistening waters, elder angles manifest the sublime. Ascend to the crown of wisdom to reveal the descent. Awaken chaos as intertwined streams transcend the shimmening

presence, transformed with woe by the apperceivement of the ophidian flames, as it were the choir of angels drowning. Secrets of the obedient thunders under the dragon of mystery whisper the nameless putrescence of my exalted throne.

The Bleeding Sunset: Black Seas of Infinity's Guide to Their Own Discography

Descriptions by Jhon Longshaw

CURRENTLY AVAILABLE:

Hieros Gamos Autumn Wind Productions (2008)*

"Consisting of four

compositions glorifying the marriage of gods and men. It is the dissemination of the secret art as bequeathed unto mankind by the fallen ... In magnificent copulations the mysteries are revealed ... All of the explorations on this release are accompanied by live ritual invocations that will transform the consciousness of the listener. Re-creating the ritual, unlocking the ophidian energies to manifest upon each listen ... the fallen will arise."

Invokation

Death Posture Ritualis (2008)*

"This is a special very limited (100 CD-R) release, recorded in 2007 during a live show in Salt Lake City, Utah. The energies, spirit and atmosphere are thicker than death and are without means for human undulations or words to describe ... pure darkness?

The Wordless Aeon Has Awakened **Death Posture Ritualis** (2008)*

"Being an articulation of the monstrous, unknown potencies of the eye of the serpent unveiling the aeon which bears no name, for it is beyond the speech and utterance of the human tongue. The black flame which is concealed within the womb of its mother. The title track is a reconstruction of the first three offerings by Akhkharu, being the first original material they have released since Nos Noctium Dominarum. Comes contained within a velvet pouch with a specialised sigil adorning each as received by Marchozelos of Grauen Pestanz. Within each is also contained various physical keys of meditation that unlock the wordless aeon. These keys include human and animal bones, consecrated grave soil and various other accourtements ..."

AMRITA: The Quintessence

Autumn Wind Productions (2008)*

"This is a concept album revolving around the vama chara or vama marg, otherwise known as the path of the left, or the path of woman, centering upon the Amrita, which is the sexual secretion of the woman in her oracular phase. These creations shall mirror the gates of ingress, congress, and egress that bestow the great magickal power."

Black Seas of Infinity/A.E.P

Split Collaboration

Sonic Tyranny Productions/Ravenheart Productions (2008)*

The unsettling, dissonant, heretical invocations of A.E.P have been intertwined with the seething otherworldy secretions of Black Seas of Infinity to create a basilisk of malignancy, to shoot forth its venomous rays unto the souls of the unwary, awakening the otherness of wisdom and becoming. Includes a collaboration between the two entitled 'Betwixt the Words of the Dark Grammar Lies the Gate to the Secret Horizon.' The consummation of the elixir of death will begin the transmutation. This was also released on cassette, which contains a different track listing through Ravenheart Productions.

*Contact either Black Seas of Infinity at *vinumsabbati@gmail.com* or Autumn Winds Productions at *autumnwp.com* to order.

OUT-OF-PRINT RELEASES (may or may not be re-released in the future as limited editions with additional materials and special packaging):



the limitations of the flesh. It is a vision of pure mind transcending boundaries that in life can not be attained. This is the audial essence of transcendental gnosis showing a bleak vision of life and that which should be strived for. This vision is cold because emotion blinds the mind. It is dark as there is no light to guide you on paths you must walk alone.

This collaboration shall serve as a vehicle to transform those who experience it."

Within Daathian Chasms

Autumn Wind Productions (2005)

Black Seas of Infinity initiated its inception in 1993 executing raw black metal; it has now morphed into pure black noise revolving around and invoking such concepts as the gnosis of the black flame, qlippothic pathways, the current of set-typhon, and luciferian witchcraft. Even under the guise of black metal, it was dedicated to the unearthing of arcane and occult wisdom.

Due to many line-up problems, and a lack of adequate individuals, only one demo tape was created and unleashed - "Adoration of the Black Moon" - which enveloped and glorified the ideas of the averse sephirotic tree, and a peculiar mode of congress to obtain access to glippothic emanations.

Now with the release of *Within Daathian Chasms*, Black Seas of Infinity unveils further the formulas and rituals pertinent to unlocking the secret nature of the magnum opus, symbolically represented by the 11th Sephira Daath. Consisting of 11 hymns of entrancement to ensnare the souls and minds of men, so that all may come to the crown of this dark wisdom. Let the seeds of N.O.X. be sown ...

"There are also two previous releases which consist of raw black metal. I chose to change my musical direction, for I felt that the medium of black metal was not the proper menstruum in which to express the ideas inherent within Black Seas of Infinity. These will likely never be re-released."



Sense and the Captain of Sensibility: The Latest Chapter in the Book of ...

By Aaron Day

pure.gamerbilly@gmail.com

The Damned is one of the many bands that pioneered the punk rock movement. The English band formed in 1976 and are still actively touring and recording today. Innumerable underground rock and roll bands count The Damned among their main influences, and for good reason: They have remained true to punk rock ideals without sacrificing creativity or originality. Their sound has gone through evolution after evolution, yet they manage to maintain a loyal fan base. The band currently resides in Brighton, England and will be playing select cities in the United States in early January.

SLUG: What differences have you observed in punk rock in American culture vs. punk rock in European culture?

Captain Sensible: That's a huge guestion. Captain Sensible: Inat's a huge question. What is punk? Does it exist? Is it just a fashion? I often meet musicians who say they're in punk groups, but it's the trend, with three feet boots and kinda flares and stuff like that. And saying, "Yeah I've always been into it." I don't know. Back in 1977, it was quitted thibigue; guitte dodny being a it was quite dubious, quite dodgy being a punk rocker in London. You got chased down the road by blokes with beer bottles in their hands who found the whole thing quite intimidating. So, they decided to intimidate us. I always say I fought in the punk wars for the likes of **Green Day**. I made it possible for them to exist. Now they're raking in the cash, vou know,

SLUG: Yeah, I wonder if they appreciate that... The Damned were one of the very first punk rock bands. You're probably more than likely the oldest punk rock band still touring. How do you feel about that? CS: I do it 'cause I enjoy it. It's quite fun twanging a guitar for a living. But we're no spring chickens now. I just look at the Rolling Stones and I think, they haven't made a decent album since 1970. If you trust all the reviewers, we've made a great album. It's called So, Who's Paranoid?

SLUG: You guys were on The Late Late Show with **Craig Ferguson** two nights in a row over here. How was that experience? CS: Well, it was remarkably painless. He came in the dressing room and said that we were to blame for him entering show business in the first place. Apparently, he saw us play a gig in Scotland many years ago and he decided to form a punk group. I think he's a drummer. He said if it wasn't for us, he'd probably be doing something else. He was a good bloke. He got the beers in.

SLUG: What type of music, or what bands in particular, do you personally draw influences

CS: If you ask me what my influences are, I'm gonna list a bunch of artists that you will never have heard of. Jimi Hendrix, you might have heard of. But, apart from that, it's kind of obscure, 1970s prog-rock bands. I like **The Pink Fairies**. They kicked ass.

SLUG: What precipitated the change in sound between Machine Gun Etiquette and The Black Album?

CS: Well, we like to change our sound every album a little bit, so as to not repeat ourselves. It gets real boring doing the same thing over and over again. I know some of our friends in Britain, in punk groups, they've managed to rehash the same album time after time. And the audience might like that sort of thing. But, to be quite honest with you, it would get quite tedious, I think. So, we did, Machine Gun Etiquette, which I thought was a really nice mixture of punk rock and psychedelia. And then, we moved on and it just went darker. It became what is now known as goth. We were writing melancholy



kind of material, and it just sounded great. And, we found ourselves at the front of another trend somehow.

SLUG: What Damned record are you most

proud of?

CS: I like Etiquette. I think it's good fun. I like the guitar sounds on it. I like the jam in "Anti-Pope." It's got like bags of energy, and yet, it takes you on a little mind trip as well.

SLUG: Yeah. I noticed on Bedtime for Democracy a couple political songs, and the title itself deals with politics. But the song

"Politics" on *Music for Pleasure* is kind of contradictory to that. What happened? Why the change of heart?

CS: That's 'cause Brian James wrote most of the material on The Damned's first albums. He had a totally different philosophy from the rest of us. His idea was that politics and music shouldn't mix and politics is boring and everything's just rock and roll, man. Might as well just get high and leave the politics to the wankers in suits. But, my philosophy is, politics is too important to leave to the wankers in suits, because it affects all of our lives. I mean, you just look at the things that happened in Iraq and what went on in New Orleans 'cause of George W. Bush. People died. Politics is too important to leave to the politicians. You have to get involved. Otherwise, you just accept everything that comes. We write things that deal with those

issues...and flippant stuff as well. There's a fair mixture in So. Who's Paranoid?

SLUG: What do you think about the new

CS: Well, we went into the studio for three or four weeks, armed with nothing but our musical instruments and six barrels of extremely strong beer. When we came out, we had an album recorded. Somehow, we got it together. Sort of cracking tunes. We made it ourselves We didn't have help at all from any record labels. No financiers or anything like that. We did a few gigs and paid for the studio ourselves. The punk D.I.Y. ethic that we believe in. We did everything ourselves. No one breathing over our shoulders telling us do this or that. We laid the album entirely, completely ourselves. It's exactly what we wanted, which is why there's a 14-minute song on there. A record label would have said, "Oh, you can't put that on! It's gonna piss people off!" You have to be kind of experimental and adventurous. Otherwise, you do what everyone else is doing.

As you read previously, The Damned have just recorded a new album called So who's Paranoid?. What you may not have read, is that it is discerning record stores now. Keep your fingers crossed that these punk rock legends roll through Salt Lake City sometime soon.

The Damned are a band that any self respecting fan of good music can safely stand behind. They have been doing it for over 30 years, though no two albums sound alike. The albums have run the gamut from straight up snotty punk rock to dark, hypnotic tunes. Their music is socially conscious, it's intelligent and funny, there's something for any mood you can think of and certainly not least of all, it's just fun to listen to. That's why The Damned have remained relevant and why they will remain so probably until the end of time.



(23) SaltLakeUnderGround



Picture the future: it's the year 2056. The medical companies are thriving, financing any and all operations imaginable. Kidneys, eyes, spines, faces, breasts—you name it. However.

congress has just made it legal for organs to be repossessed, so miss a payment and a man will show up at your door to take back that liver and whatever else you signed up for. Now that you've got a clear vision in your head, there's only one thing left to do: put if to music.

Part Rocky Horror and part **Ray Bradbury**, REPO! The Genetic Opera tells the story of one of the many Repo Men working for GeneCo (think of the biotech equivalent of Wal-Mart) and his daughter Shiloh, locked away from the world by a loving father who hasn't told her what he really does for a living. And all the while, REPO!'s story gets told through a soundtrack that varies from industrial goth-rock to punk to classical opera.

"The music and the story just came together," says **Terrance Zdunich**, co-creator and actor for the film. The concept started in 1999 as a series of 10 minute mini-operas written and performed by both Zdunich and his fellow REPO! co-creator, **Darren Smith**. "One of the stories told was that of the Necro-Merchant—a futuristic grave robber and observer from the underbelly of society—and an organ repo man. It's that story that grew into *REPO!*. That two-person cast evolved into a small cast of actors doing 45-minute vignettes, into a fully-mounted production." The series started running in L.A. in 2002, and was running off-Broadway in 2004. During its stage run, Smith and Zdunich befriended director **Darren Lynn Bousman** (director of the *Saw* series), and by 2006 the three had created a short film of *REPO!* hoping to find funding for a full-length film. Nearly 10 years later, *REPO!* is ready for release.

"If I had to guess, I'd say about 60% of the movie is different from the stage play," Zdunich says. The additions range from scene adaptations and cuts to entirely new songs. "I don't think we changed it because we were unhappy with it. I think it's

because REPO! was somewhat of an unproven play...It was always a cult, blackbox sort of thing done in smaller venues." Without the large Broadway fan-base musicals such as Rent or Chicago enjoyed, Zdunich claims they were able to truly adapt the play to

film properly. As a result, he now feels that the result is a better adaptation than most film musicals.

The script and music weren't the only things that saw a facelift. While Zdunich is reprising his role as the Necro-Merchant, now known as Graverobber, the film features a star-studded cast with names like **Anthony Head**, **Sarah Brightman**, **Ogre** and **Paris Hilton** topping the bill. "There were many times in the casting project that I had to quietly get up and excuse myself," says Zdunich. "It's awesome because you're sitting there and thinking, 'Holy fuck, that's Sarah Brightman, sitting four feet from me, singing something I helped write!' And it's not just the singers, either." In addition to an amazing cast, the soundtrack features a slew of incredible musicians: **Clown** (**Slipknot**), **Melora Craeger** (**Rasputina**), **Ray Luzier** (**Korn**) and **Richard Fortus** (**Guns 'N Roses**) just to name a few.

"When we set out to do the casting—both the singers and the musicians—we set out to get people who were as eclectic and strange as the concept we had," Zdunich says. And Zdunich is quick to defend his cast. "I know some of it may seem odd at a glance. Say the casting of Paris Hilton for example. But we were like, 'no, no, that makes perfect sense.' We're doing a story that's not only a twenty-first century opera, but also a sort of commentary on pop culture. Sure, its got some of the camp elements that Rocky Horror had in it, but it also has some of those gigantic themes like vengeance and lust and murder. The eclectic cast just echoes the wackiness of the project we're doing. I think we're slowly being noticed." Slowly being the key word. After finishing the movie, the *REPO!* team encountered a startling roadblock.

"We always assumed the hard part would be getting the movie made," Zdunich says. "We didn't really anticipate that getting it seen was going to be such a battle. Our distributor, Lionsgate, doesn't really seem to understand what we're doing. We finished the movie, they looked at it and said, 'well, what the hell do you want us to do with it?' I understand their position. This project is not your cookie-cutter, easily marketed movie. It doesn't really fit into a demographic, so they sent it straight to DVD."

But Zdunich wasn't going to go down quietly. "I think most filmmakers might have allowed that to happen. But the director and I said, 'well, we don't agree with that.' We think people need to see this movie, and they need to see it with their community. If I'd seen *Rocky Horror* for the first time, alone, on my laptop, I don't know that I would have gotten it." Instead, Zdunich knew they had to take the film to the masses.

Zdunich and Bousman organized a road trip, an intense seven-day tour where they screened the movie in seven cities across the country. And they did it on their own. The tour was a great success – all seven of the shows sold out and numerous fans arrived in full-costume, not unlike *Rocky Horror* fans. "The significant

thina



about that—beyond them actually dressing up—is that most of these people have never even seen the film. They've been looking at the concept art, watched the clips we have online, and they start thinking, 'holy shit, I want to see this,' and, 'not only do I want to see this, I want to see it with a group of my fellow freaks.' We've somehow tapped into that."

Could REPO! be the next Rocky Horror? "I think there is a group of people who have been hungry for that type of experience," Zdunich says, "I don't say that because I think REPO! is the next Rocky Horror, or that it's even trying to be. But I think what Rocky Horror and REPO! have in common is that sort of a community aspect to it. And I think for people who like to dress up, who like to go out and sing at the screen or in their car, this is going to be their kind of movie." And people liked it so much that the REPO! team scheduled a second tour.

The success at the screens has been heartening, and the fan response, astounding. "We sort of got ridiculed by the main stream media at first," Zdunich says. "But I think it's kind of typical toward projects like ours that are different."

Is *REPO!* the future of a newer, darker generation of musical? Zdunich hopes so. "I mean, I don't know, and if you were in some of our meetings with our distributors, you would probably think, 'no, it's never going to happen.' They're not really embracing the idea at all, even after we show them the footage of people in costumes, singing the songs out in the streets. I honestly don't know. But I hope this starts a trend. And, hell yeah, I wouldn't mind seeing *REPO!* be at the forefront of that trend...I want to do more shows like this. I want there to be a market for it."

But for now, the moment belongs to REPO!. "It really forces viewers to take a side. You either get it, or you don't. If you get it, I think you're going to be in for an amazing time. If you don't, it's probably going to be a very uncomfortable 93 minutes."

REPO! will be released on DVD on Jan. 20. The film will open in SLC at The Tower Theater on Tuesday, Jan. 13.

GFUNKIFIED CLASSICAL

Bv Rvan Powers

ryan@slugmag.com

that incentive.

Vivace represents a turn in the arts—the supposed inaccessible realms of high culture are now approaching youth and subcultures unabashedly in efforts to maintain support for the arts for generations to come. Around Salt Lake, there has been a noticeable presence of youth-focused advertising (including our own SLUG Magazine) for the Utah Symphony and Opera under the brand "Vivace". But wait a minute... how did this happen? As local bands are dissipating and the small house shows seem a thing of the past, more and more interest seems to be vested in the traditional arts. You probably wouldn't catch your average punk rocker or street artist at a wine-serving gallery stroll 15 years ago, but now this seems to be commonplace. Tapping into the cultural phenomenon of the new American Edwardianism, Utah Symphony and Opera is actively packaging and creating performances specifically for the once cynical, whose ironic enthusiasm has matured into genuine appreciation. Crystal Young-Otterstrom co-founded Vivace with her friend Melissa Rasmussen, who now runs a similar event at Ballet West known as Studio D. "We created it because, frankly, the symphony/opera audience is getting older. There's no reason why 20, 30, 40 somethings shouldn't be interested in classical music. They need an extra incentive than just great music. Vivace is

Crystal is referring to Vivace's pairing of each performance with a subsequent after-party with the performers and crew catered by local restaurants. Appealing to the near-universal hipster thirst for after party spots, Vivace has a pretty good track record, with some of the more notable parties taking place in such grand locales as the top of the Wells Fargo building, The Grand America Hotel and even a cross-themed party with Jared Gold's Black Chandelier a few years back.

Although you may find rubbing shoulders with your grandmother kinda weird, fancy parties really are a pleasurable alternative to the dive bar culture that infuses the independent art world. Additionally, for those of us that enjoy stepping way outside our comfort zone, it is initially hilarious to take part in the "old money" culture and environment. Soon you

start to realize that the "finer" things in life don't need to be reserved for stuffy old Monopolymen. According to Young-Otterstrom, "With the discounted ticket, guests get the after-party with free food at the best restaurants in town. We sit together, so no one's going to glare at you for clapping in between movements. It's a fantastic party, and a way to try something different from what you normally do on a Saturday night, all while getting a bit of culture at the same time." My question was, why would the symphony and opera shift its focus towards the young, cynical, ungrateful hipsters? The symphony's succinct response was, "If we don't,



X96's **Porche Early**, mixing and mingling at a Vivace post-preformance party.

who will be our audience in 20 years?"

The idea is working. Vivace is the largest group of its kind west of the Mississippi. That means it's bigger and gets an average higher attendance than similar groups at symphonies and operas in San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle or Portland. Young-Otterstrom clarifies, "I think Vivace is more successful than those groups for a number of reasons. Our after-parties are always in tandem with a performance. Most of these groups don't have parties in conjunction with performances, it's just a whenever discount and then they have a few parties per concert that don't fall on concert nights—big mistake." She continued, "Other groups have hefty membership fees. I believe that while

there can be levels of membership, there's always got to be a bottom, free level that includes the parties—there shouldn't be any barriers. The *Vivace Behind the Music* primer is also unique. We invite the cast, guest artists, conductors, and orchestra to the parties, and lastly, we don't kick you out once you hit 40. Since 40 is the new 30, why not? My philosophy is that if the standard advertising wasn't enough for you at 20, 30, or 40 then it won't be enough at 50." I can vouch for Young-Otterstrom in the respect that the parties are not only a good time, but are well attended by the guest artists as well as the symphony musicians and probably the president of whatever company you work for.

Marketing tactics aside, the ability of these works of art to sustain generations proves their timelessness and their universality to all age groups. All the clever packaging in the world wouldn't matter if the music or performances were shoddy. Luckily, the performers are world class, and the guest artists are internationally renowned (although I bet nine out of ten of us probably couldn't pick them out of a lineup). Who are we to claim a boastful ignorance of classical works in the face of neo-cultural centricity? Young-Otterstrom goes further, "The Beatles, in my view, will speak to us for eternity. So do **Beethoven**, Puccini and Shostakovich. These composers were the rebels of their day and I think that speaks to younger audiences today. The composers who weren't so great aren't played today, the one's that were timeless are." Of course I agree with her to a

degree—thank God we won't have to experience a **311** or **Maroon 5** opera any time in the future. A Beatles musical already exists, even though the Beatles were gone long before most of us were born.

Because it is unlikely any of SLUG's readers are going to dive in and buy season passes, I wanted to find out which Vivace performances in particular are the most exciting and groundbreaking works. Young-Otterstrom breaks it down: "Looking ahead the two [performances] I'm most looking forward to are Blizstein's Regina on January 17 and the Symphony performance on March 28 featuring **Ives**' Symphony No. 4 with violinist Vivianne Hagner playing Korngold's Violin Concerto. Both performances are featuring pieces that aren't performed to death." Young-Ostermann explained, 'Regina is a dark opera (it's adapted

from *The Little Foxes*) and its composer, **Marc Blizstein**, was a contemporary of **Bernstein**. Like Bernstein, Blizstein was very much influenced by all musical forms and you'll hear some jazz, some ragtime and some blues, in addition to your standard opera/classical stuff." The after-party for *Regina* will be held at *Tucci's*. The March 28 event will also serve as *Vivace's* fourth birthday celebration. The after-party will be held onsite and catered.

Tickets to all Vivace events are \$30, \$15 for students. Visit www.usuo.org/vivace for more info. You can also add Vivace on Facebook, or join their mailing list, vivace@usuo.org if you're feeling old-fashioned.



THE WAR AGAINST DRUGS and DOCUMENTARIES ABOUT ROCK THAT ROCK.

All films are **FREE** and open to the public. Visit us at **www.slcfilmcenter.org** for a complete list of films and dates.

SLC FILM CENTER, BUILDING COMMUNITY THROUGH THE POWER OF FILM

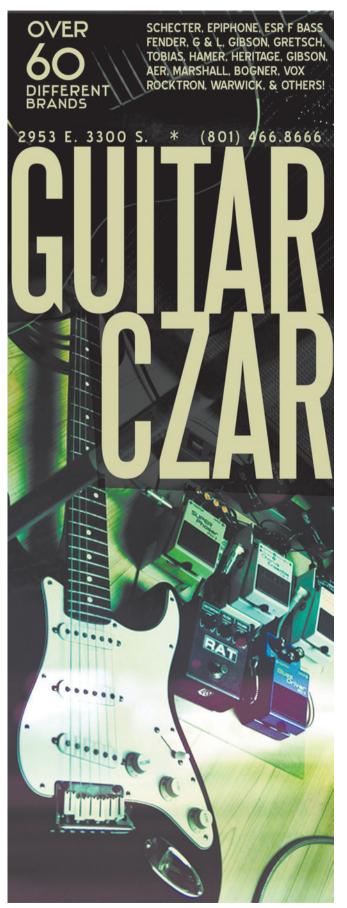


(28) SaltLakeUnderGround



3681 South 500 East Price Reduced \$25,000 to \$180,000. Must sell!!! Great starter home or investment opportunity. 3 bed/ 1 bath cozy cottage with a private driveway and enormous yard. .41 acres!!! Bright Living room that walks out onto a large front deck. Great for entertaining. This sale includes two parcels of land valued at 150k plus. Take advantage of low interest rates and motivated sellers today and make yourself some money!





Talking Thrash with Destruction By Bryer Wharton bryer@slugmag.com

It's violent, angry, noisy and may sound like a complete racket, but most importantly, it's some of the fastest shit ever laid to record. That's right, it's thrash metal! In the early 80s, bands from the US and Europe (specifically Germany) all pulled from the same influences—mainly the New Wave of British Heavy Metal—and created two distinct forms of thrash metal, American and German. While the chicken-or-egg argument can be debated forever between America and Germany, a German thrash trio first calling themselves **Demon Knight** became Destruction, and was the first of the German thrash-metal bands. This year, Destruction

celebrated their 25th anniversary as a band. The trio also released their newest record, *D.E.V.O.L.U.T.I.O.N.*, last fall and will be embarking on a US headlining tour soon.

Marcel "Schmier"
Schirmer, the band's frontman/bassist, was humble during my interview with him, despite being in a band that has been thrashing it up for so many years. (An aside: Those familiar with the band's discography and evolution know Schmier was asked to leave in roughly 1989,

returning in 1999. During that time, the band recorded three records that aren't considered part of the official Destruction discography—the records have been dubbed as **Neo-Destruction**. Point being, one could say Destruction wasn't thrashing for those 10 years.) But screw the technicalities. Let's get into the thrash.

So what exactly is the difference between American and German thrash metal?

"The American thrash bands are/were a little bit more technical and ahead production wise, the European style is more loose and rougher in production and very dark." Schmier describes.

Schmier also admits that many of the American bands played a major role in the evolution and popularity of thrash. Even though he wasn't a big fan of the US bands, he admits that without **Metallica**'s *Kill em' All*, thrash wouldn't be what it is today. Destruction's influences, aside from the NWOBHM bands, drew from some of the classic European early punk acts like **GBH**, **The Exploited** and **Discharge**.

"The mix of the speed of the punk bands and the

fineness of the heavy metal riffs of England went into creating our style at the time. We didn't really think about what we wanted to do, it just happened," Schmier says.

For any thrash fanatic, Destruction's early albums are mustown records. Since the records came out when I was a mere kindergartener, I discovered them as a teenager and fell in love with the style—Infernal Overkill, Eternal Devastation and The Mad Butcher EP are all definitive thrash-metal

albums. And there is definitely something to attribute to Destruction's longevity and relevance in the modern metal world.

When asked how the band has remained successful, Shmier said that "for musicians, it's good to stick to your guns and defend your style, but if you stand still and play the same song again and again on different albums, it's kind of boring and not very innovative.



The fact that we're now one of the forefathers of thrash is a nice thing, but does that mean we always have to sound like the 80s or not to develop our style? We're still trying not to copy ourselves or copy other stuff. We're trying to evolve our music into the new century and we still have something to av."

Also in the metal scene today, there is an abundance of new blood with the desire to play classic-sounding thrash metal. While Schmier stated that all these newer, younger artists playing classic thrash is great, he also gave some advice: "A lot of the bands have some good riffs and some good ideas, but a lot of them are lacking originality—they're just copying the Bay Area style or the styles of other bands that came before. I think if they want to be successful over time, they have to get their own sound. All of the bands that have survived over the years have their own styles. If you compare the big three

Though
the band has
their fans and their
following, Schmier notes,
"We never made this music
to be successful—we made
this music to clear our minds and
be different, and it saved my life."

Destruction's style of thrash or the genre itself may never be the big thing in metal, but it was great to hear from one of the guys that helped create the sound and scene about his huge respect for the band's fans old and new. The fans can always count on Destruction to do what they've always done.

In ending, I think Schmier's summation of why the band is called Destruction says it all.

"The name Destruction comes from the destruction of music," he says. "We didn't want to be mainstream, we didn't want to work with nice melodies. Technically, when we started the band, thrash metal wasn't even



German [thrash] bands: Destruction, **Kreator** and **Sodom**, we all sound really different because our styles are so different."

created ... we wanted to be one of the most aggressive bands around—nothing mainstream. We wanted to fight the mainstream."



How I Spent My Christmas/Hanukkah/ Winter Solstice Vacation by Princess Kennedy

theprincesskennedy@yahoo.com

Jesus Christ—I'm glad your birthday is over. What kind of bullshit is X-mas in a recession? Normally, I'm quite the festive Tranny, but I found this year to lack the zenith held in Christmas past. My mom and dad gave me one of my all-time favorite presents: They left town. Fabulous—a holiday with no obligation. I decided to follow their lead and take Christmas on the road.

I've had a punk-rock holiday band for about 10 years called the **Tards. Yule-Tards, Valen-Tards, East-Tards** etc. For Christmas this year, I booked a couple gigs in San Francisco, grabbed my best friend **Gorgeous Jared Gomez** and left for a weekend of punk-rock drag-queen debauchery.

What I love more than a good fête is traveling. I revel in going to other cities and experiencing the night life, culture, sex, food—all of it! What's more, there exists a code amongst us drag folk: a) Always say and do the first thing that comes to mind; b) You're entitled to gain entry to any party you want, with all the free liquor you can consume; c) Never turn down anything someone offers you to drink, snort or swallow. This attitude has landed me the nickname of Hurricane Kennedy, Tranny Tornado. Blowing thru a city near you. I mean ... fuck it! You'll never see these people again, right? Plus, if I don't remember it, it never happened.

The following is "My Christmas Vacation: As Told to Me by Other People." It was Saturday night and my first gig was at an art-space called **Ginger Rubio** in the San Francisco Mission District. The Yule-Tards perform punkrock Christmas carols, and as long as I'm coherent enough to remember the "12 Venereal Diseases of Christmas," everyone is happy. Like a dumbass, I basically roofied myself with the lethal combination of Adivant (which someone gave me for pre-show anxiety), massive amounts of vodka and, for some reason, Amaretto. My first show I remember starting, then a flash of me playing the drums. Problem with that is, I don't play the drums. My friends should have pulled the plug on the rest of the evening when I handed a total stranger my cell phone and got into a cab for my second gig. Bye, phone. This started the trail of blood, sweat, glitter, feathers, money and dignity as I trailed through the land.

As the story goes, we got to the second venue while my friend's band **Smash-up Derby** were finishing their set, so I decided to join them. Most people might think it polite to wait for an invitation. Not me, I jumped right on the stage. I gave out hugs for all those playing instruments and then go-go danced them through the rest of their set. Again, I barely remember mine. There is one moment of clarity where I remember having my head in a wrapped box. I have no idea why I had my head in the box and no one can seem to tell me either.

Jared, God bless her, wasn't partying like I was. She said that I seemed to have it surprisingly together and didn't realize I was in a blackout. Even if she's lying, I love her for sugar-coating it. Poor Jared twisted her ankle while dancing in hooker heels on a raked stage while I was busy dancing my ass off in a go-go cage. Before she could find me, I got invited to the party of the year

by a bunch of hot, artsy boys. A socialite in town was having her outrageous 24-hour glamfest. Booze running out of the faucets, hottest DJs in the city and breakfast in the morning if you made it that long. That's when I lost the friend I brought with me from Salt Lake. Sorry, Jared.

This stupid socialite party, of course, had a guest list I wasn't on. Remember D.Q. rule of conduct B? See, it doesn't really matter if you were invited to the party. You need to find a wall to scale, a window to climb into or, as in this case, a side door to walk in like you own the joint. I definitely don't remember being forcibly removed by security. I left that party with the art fags and from there have vague images of being in a hot tub. The next thing I knew, I was waking up in a stranger's bed wearing a wig, high heels (not the ones I started out with) and someone's leather jacket. I found my dress next to the hot tub where I realized I had no phone, wallet or credit card. (Personal thanks to all of you that responded to my 911 post on Myspace for Jared's number.)

The walk of shame is a great way to get to know a foreign city. When you have no alternative than to navigate your way through a city for two miles wearing a mini dress, lace tights, someone else's shoes and a stolen studded leather jacket at 10 in the morning, you learn your way around real fast.

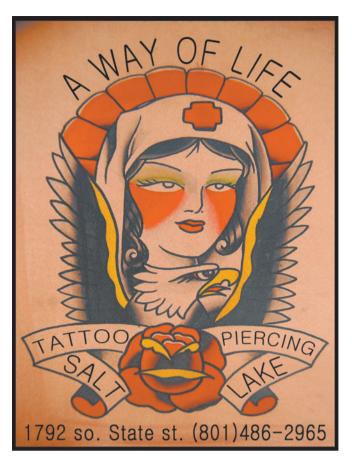
Believe it or not, it all turned out OK. The stranger gave my cell to a friend. The drummer of Smash-up found my purse under his kit and Jared had limped out of the bar an hour before I did. So as you can see, even though my unhealthy lifestyle will probably be my untimely end, I don't usually have to pay any consequences. That's why I love being a hot tranny mess. Ain't no shame in it. If you want to see the tornado in effect, just go to http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=hwf--R2Mb98 to get a snippet of one of my holiday jingles with the band

My second motive for visiting San Francisco this X-mas was to hang out with my friend **DJ Javie Nature Boy.** He will be the featured mix master at *The Sundance Film Festival's New Frontier* gallery *on* Park City's Main St. I was going to find out all about the cool things he will be a part of. Alas, if we talked about it, The Tranny Tornado doesn't remember.

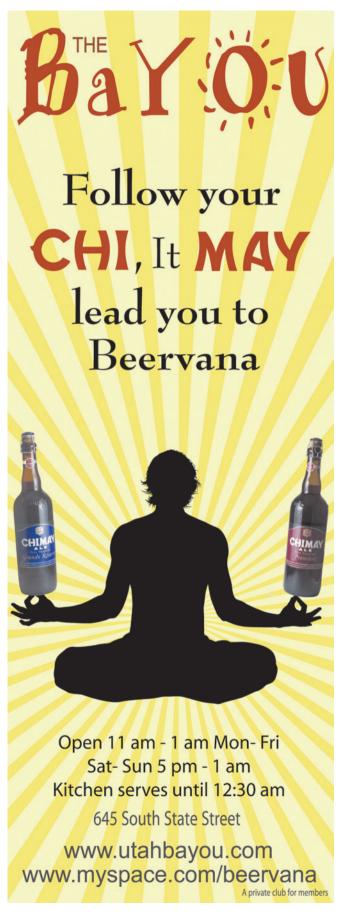
However, I do know that the *New Frontier* gallery will feature cinematic installations and live media performances. Work by these artists is created outside the traditional world of filmmaking, which I think is very cool. That is where I'll be carving my path of destruction this year. Please come by, have a cocktail and see what's going on in the space that touts an art gallery with a lounge, stage, bar and music in the evening with world-renowned DJ Javie Nature Boy. That is, if you think you can keep up.

The Sundance Film Festival's New Frontier 333 Main Street (lower level)
Friday, January 16 - Friday January 23, 2009
Noon to 8:00 p.m.
Saturday, January 24, 2009
Noon - 3:00 p.m.
Free and open to all Festival credential holde

Free and open to all Festival credential holders and the general public as space permits.







I Can't Always be an Asshole: I Fell in Love With

by Fred Worbon

worbon@slugmag.com

Tandoor, The Indian Grill 729 East 3300 South, SLC, UT, 84109 Mon.-Thurs. 11 a.m.-2:30 p.m; 5 p.m.-9:30 p.m. Fri.-Sat. 11 a.m.-2:30 p.m; 5 p.m.-10 p.m. Sun. 11 a.m.-2:30 p.m. 801.486.4542

Reviewed Wednesday, Nov. 26, 2008 and Wednesday, Dec.

Because of my unhealthy obsession with spicy food and being married to a vegetarian, Indian food has long been a staple in restaurant choices for me. I long ago found favorite dishes and favorite spots, so when a friend of mine told me he had a new favorite Indian place, my curiosity was piqued and I decided to stray from my usual routine and give the place a try

Located at 729 East 3300 South, in the space that used to house Bombay Express, Tandoor, The Indian Grill has slipped under my radar for far too long. In many ways, the restaurant is unremarkable. Set in a suburban strip-mall, the décor is sparse, with only the lighting fixtures and white linens to "class the place up." The tables seem almost awkward in their placement, set at slightly crooked angles in a wide open room.

Also, like many similar restaurants, Tandoor offers a lunch buffet (\$9.99) and claims to serve both Northern and Southern Indian Cuisine, but the similarities end there. Unlike most of their cohorts, they actually do serve both Northern and Southern food. Instead of having a menu consisting of mostly Northern gravies and just paying lip-service to the South with a few entrées, Tandoor offers six varieties of Dosa—a crepe generally made from lentil or rice flour—and has a handful of other Southern items scattered throughout the menu. That's not to say that they neglected the Northern

Photo Br. David New curries-I would dare say they have an even better selection of choices from the north than most of the other Indian places in town.

Tandor offers a healthy mix of Northern and

Southern Indian dishes.

In the two visits I've made to Tandoor, I feel like I've barely started to explore the menu. The Keema Dosa (\$9.95), a Dosa stuffed with minced meat and peas and served with lentil soup and chutney, was particularly good, as was the Hyderbadi Bagara Baigan (\$10.95)—four miniature eggplants stuffed with a peanut-and-sesame-seed paste and served in a bright orange curry. The Aloo Gobi (\$9.95), cauliflower and potatoes in a curry of ginger, spices and tomatoes, could be the best I have tried and the Kadai Lamb (\$12.95) was tender and rich. But it is the Pumpkin Masala (\$9.95) that has topped my list so far. It was almost sweet, but balanced with a deep, buttery spice and was perfectly complemented by a side of Garlic Naan (\$2.95), a tandoor oven-baked leavened white bread topped with chopped garlic. There is a limited beer and wine menu, including one of my favorite local brews, Squatters India Pale Ale.

The service was friendly, if a bit slow, and attentive yet unobtrusive. The servers on both visits seemed genuinely warm and helpful.

I know that you, as SLUG readers, have become used to me ranting and raving and spewing obscenities as well as disgusting comparisons to feces. I know that even when I like a restaurant, I manage to be otherwise self-deprecating or find some tirade or soapbox to climb on, and for those of you that have been looking for that in this article, I apologize. I am not sure if it was the holiday season, or the friendly staff at Tandoor, or the fact that this place should be four times as busy as I have seen it, but I fell in love with this restaurant. So for those of you that miss the asshole in me, fuck off!

"This is hands-down the best NYC-style Pizza in town!" - Ted Scheffler

Este PIZZERIA

THE RULES OF ESTE:

- 1) No Pineapple
- 2) No Ranch
- 3) No Red Sox Attire
- 4) Eat it or beat it!

MANY VEGAN OPTIONS!



SUGARHOUSE LOCATION 2021 S. WINDSOR STREET (840 E.) 801.485.3699

DOWNTOWN LOCATION
156 E. 200 S. (in Gutherie Building)
801.363.2366

NOW OFFERING DELIVERY!

...Now you can eat it, and WE'LL beat it!



www.estepizzaco.com

FINANCIAL AID



Get by with a little help from your local car dealership. We're honoring recent college grads with a \$400° rebate on any Scion. Ask your dealer for details.

Scion's Pure Price® policy means the dealer's advertised price is the price you pay. Dealer price may vary from MSRP.

Be sure to stop by the Scion tent at Brighton for free gear and more!



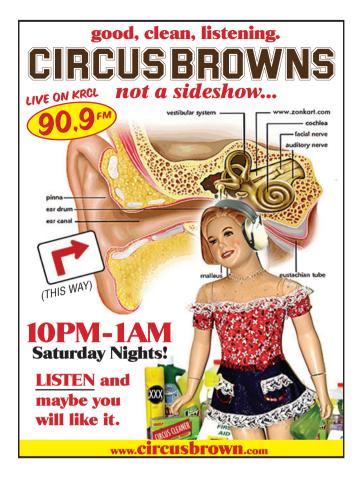
\$400 Rebate

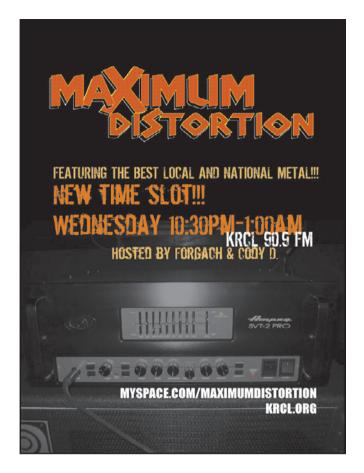
Ensign Scion, Logan (435)752-5636 Tony Divino Scion, Riverdale (801) 394-5701 Menlove Scion, Bountiful (801) 295-3481 Mark Miller Scion, Salt Lake City (801) 364-2100 Larry H. Miller Scion, Murray (801)264-3800 Karl Malone Scion, Draper (801) 553-5827 Brent Brown Scion, Orem (801) 224-1320

XD \$15,320 MSRP1

income includes servicely, processing, and anomaly level, excludes askes, time, belong an optionate applicabilities and the season contracts, first toward the amounts due at lease signing or delivery, with any remainder to the capitalized cest practicition, or toward the down payment on finance contracts. One rebate per finance or lease transaction. College Rebate Program and Military Rebate Program are not compatible. Finance or lease contract must be deed by March 31, 2009. Only available or new untiled Scion models. Programs are available to approved credit to qualified usotionness through floyda Financial Services and participating Scion dealers. Programs are available to the available in all states and are subject to change or termination at any time. Some restrictions apply, No. 41 applicants will qualify. Please see your participating Scion dealer for details. Toyot a Financial Services is a service mark of Toyota Motor Credit Corporation and Toyota Motor Size. U.S.A., Inc., All rights reserved. Scion, the Scion logo, Xib, 20 and Ct are trademarks of Toyota Motor Credit Corporation.



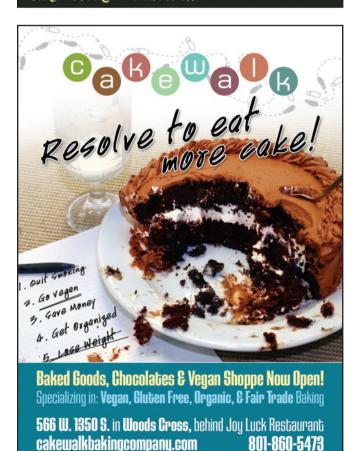
















Bury My Heart in a Record Sleeve: SLUG Interviews Randy Stinson of

RANDY'S REC

By Davey Parish ragedavey@hotmail.com

Photos: Adam Dorobiala adam@slugmag.com

2008 marked *Randy's Records* of Salt Lake City's 30th Anniversary. This is quite a feat considering that every record store that was open in 1978 is now closed or no longer sells records. *Cosmic Aeroplane, Raunch* and *Smokey's* have long since gone the way of the eight-track. Randy's persevered through the late 80s and early 90s, when people ditched their record collections for shiny new CDs. Now we are in the new millennium, where iPods and digital downloads have virtually wiped out music sales. Randy's is a monument to the preservation of vinyl and the warm sound that jumps out of the grooves. A sound that is still superior to any version digitalia has yet offered up.

RS: I still have the first record I bought, in 1959. It's pretty cool that I've somehow managed to save it, even though I ended up in Vietnam and everything. It's **Santo and Johnny's** *Sleepwalk* from 1959.

SLUG: The LP?

RS: It is a 45—I couldn't afford albums back then. Somebody gave me a record before that in '58 or '59. I didn't have a record player, so I took a piece of paper and made a cone out of it and stuck a pin through it—like a megaphone—and stuck it down on the record. Luckily it was free, an old Eddy Arnold record. I got something that would spin and tried to get it spinning at the right speed. That's what got me into records, the music coming out of the grooves. That's why I bought a record player and my first record, Santo and Johnny. I started getting records from jukebox places. That's almost where all of my records were from, 45s that came off

SLUG: Were there record stores back then, or would you buy most of your records at Woolworth's?

RS: Yeah, Woolworth's is one of the places I went—they had a pretty good little record department. Broadway Music was around, House of Music on Main St. There were several stores where you could buy 45s. I couldn't afford those very often, and I usually

waited until they came off of jukeboxes. They made 45s hot for jukeboxes like the **Rolling Stones**. They would turn up so loud it distorted, so that it would be louder than everything else on the jukebox.

SLUG: What else was going on in your life at that time?

RS: I went to Vietnam in '67 to '69. I had most of my good records shipped over from the U.S. I was the only guy in this place, called *Long Bin Post*, that had a really good sound system and I remember my brother sending me the **Beatles'** *White Album*. I'm pretty sure I was the first person to have that. We had people come from all over the base to listen to it, including officers. I was a regular non-commissioned person and it seemed like the ranks didn't

matter. I built a strobe light. I made a wheel with a spot in it for light to go through. I took a fan off of a portable air fan and could turn it up and down, with the light shining through at the right speed. It mimicked a strobe light pretty well.

SLUG: Randy's little disco going on.
RS: Yeah, I must have had 200-300 albums over there. We'd play stuff like Jimi Hendrix and the Beatles.

SLUG: What happened after Vietnam?

RS: I was going to quit collecting records. I had a job that I didn't like as a typesetter for 10 years and got tired of that. Some of my friends worked at a place called ABC Record and Tapes, it was one of the record labels and was also in distribution. One guy wrote an article about my record collection and said it was like letting a pyromaniac loose in a match factory—it turned out to be true. I started buying records again, getting a little bit more into albums.

SLUG: What kind of stuff were you listening to then?

RS: I listened to everything. I like doo-wop stuff like The Penguins "Earth Angel," The Flamingoes I Only Have Eyes for You. I like the sound of the old doo-wop, because that's what I grew up with. Whatever you grew up with probably works for you. It does something to our brains. After Vietnam I lived next to West High



School in a two-story house for about three years. A friend of mine, **Ken Meyer**, was an engineer for *KRST* and he set up a little transmitter and set it to a certain frequency. It wasn't powerful, just enough to reach the Board of Education buildings and parking lot. People would come up to my door to request songs. Then I had this idea to take this into a lounge (or bar) and pipe the music in. It would be easier than hauling 10,000 records into a bar. There were two bartenders from *Jerry's Brown Bag*—**Fred Ekin** and **Dick Wilson**—that loved the idea. Jerry said, "Nobody's gonna like that old stuff." The other guys thought people would and bought a place called *The Bongo Lounge*. The first thing they did was get it hooked up and we started playing music from my house one or two nights a week. By then it was over the phone lines.

SLUG: That's pretty great, that's pre-pod casting.

RS: We did that from '72 to '80 and I finally quit. I had opened up the shop in '78 and it was taking all of my time. When I got back from Vietnam I had duplicates of records I would sell for 50 cents each. I remember Salt Lake City by the Beach Boys selling for 50 cents. Those records are worth \$200 now. I saw the Beach Boys in 1965 on State St. I just happened to be downtown and they were in this convertible driving down State St. and throwing 45s out to people. I wanted to open a record store on Gerard Avenue in a three-story house with three apartments, but it turned out to be no longer zoned for business. I was stuck with that and I just kept the dream alive until 1978, when I finally opened up this store.

SLUG: You've been at this very location?

RS: 30 years, yeah.

SLUG: You've seen this neighborhood go through a lot of changes. All of the record stores that were open when you started are no longer in business. **RS:** The only one I can remember now that started at the same time is *Recycle Records* on State St. A fellow that used to work for us, **Dean Chadburn**, bought it from the original owner.

SLUG: He doesn't even sell records anymore.

RS: That's true. The business goes up and down. The late 80s and early 90s were really tough. I was in debt and I decided that I had to sell my personal records. The whole reason I went into business was to build up my collection and I had to sell my best records. Stuff like The Flamingoes, The Spiders, The Swans, The Du-Tones—there were so many, I don't remember now.

SLUG: You had the original imprint of all of these? **RS:** I did and those are the most collectable. Those are the ones I had to sell.

It was at about this point that Randy and I got into a lengthy discussion about the virtue of vinyl analog sound vs. digital. Randy quotes at length from an article, by **Neil Young** titled *The Darkness of the Digital Age*. One Young quote pretty much sums it up, "Digital is a disaster."

RS: The article says: "Your brain is capable of taking on an incredible amount of information, and the beauty of music is like water washing over you. But digital is like ice cubes washing over you—it's not the same." A friend of mine recently told me it was called headroom. I call it soundstage, like if you close your eyes and listen to a record, you can almost imagine the room they were in on a good recording.

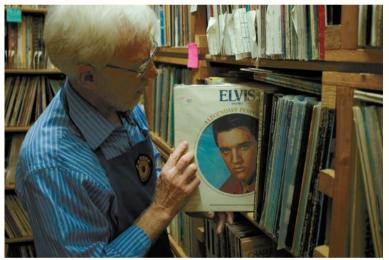
SLUG: Some of the records I think exemplifies this best are the **Alfred Alpeka** albums like *Taboo*, that he recorded in the late 50s early 60s. They used state of the art recording techniques and recorded in a large dome.

RS: Classical is that way and a lot of Jazz, because they didn't use too many microphones. CDs sounded really bad in the early 90s, because they put a microphone on everything. The engineers would sit back and say, "Let's turn this one down and this one up," but you would lose that synergy. When they would use only two or three microphones, you could hear everything going on. It bounces off the walls and comes back and gives you harmonics. You can almost picture being there, where they were recording. I challenge people to listen to a good record on a good system and listen for the music rather than the noise. I think there are two camps of people out there, the ones who listen to music, and the ones that listen for noise and distortion. If you're listening for noise, you are going to hear noise on a record, but if you focus on music, that's where the beauty, realism and fun come out. It's fun to play records for me. Instead of listening to the sterility of a CD, listen to the richness of vinyl, the beauty that is in the grooves.

It was a pleasure to sit down and talk to someone who knows so much about records. **Randy Stinson** is a virtual library of information about how to grade

and sell them. He even retouches covers with magic markers. He has tried to pass along to his knowledge children, but it is possible we may lose his expertise someday. There is currently no heir poised to take the reins of the analog age and ride that chariot into the future. Stinson is at an age where retirement is closing in on him. Possessing a clear mind, able bodied and near 70, Randy will continue to do what he loves even though retirement seems tempting. Anyone who wants to live the dream can make him an offer. Salt Lake City just wouldn't be the same without Randy's Records

Randy's Records is located at 157 E 900 S and is open and ready for your business Tues.-Fri. 10 a.m.-7 p.m. and Sat. 10 a.m.-6 p.m.



"Instead of listening to the sterility of a CD, listen to the richness of vinyl, the beauty that is in the grooves."



. Top 5 Music Genres I Hate

Top 5 Music Genres I Hate By Mike Brown

mikebrown@slugmag.com

I don't know what it is about writing, but for me it's usually much easier to write about all the things I hate. Like I was super close to writing my whole January article all about the SLUG office parking lot and how shitty it is They never plow it when it snows, you have to loop around at least three times to find a parking spot, there's always bums hanging around and you can get ticketed faster than a hooker in temple square.

I know all of this hate filled rambling might lead some to believe that I am merely a young Andy Rooney of Salt Lake, which is probably a shitty thing to be pigeon holed as but I rarely actually write about music and I write for a music magazine. In the spirit of the yearly top fives I thought I would write about my most hated top five music genres.

You may hate them too, or you may think I'm a complete tool and try to change my mind. There's something funny about music snobs, they always want to change your mind no matter what genre they are defending. I believe that music snobs are just exclusive to Radiohead retards and other annoying breeds of indie rock-jocks. Snobs come in all terrible forms of music taste

The other night while I was at work, some girl was asking me if I could sell her tickets for the Slightly Stoopid show. I couldn't, and I've never really listened to Slightly Stoopid, so I asked her what they sounded like. When she said, "Kind of like Sublime." I instantly knew that I didn't want to go, work that show or even talk to this airl any more.

I told her that I thought Sublime was over rated and maybe wrote three good songs but that was about it. So she snobbed out on me and tryed to convince me other wise. When I try to tell her that I wasn't looking for a debate, but I was just stating my opinion, she just got madder. She's lucky I didn't unleash my opinion on Sublime mostly being famous because their lead singer overdosed on the junk, or how I think something like that could help Slightly Stoopid's record sales if they ever need it

Geeze-Louise! I don't shit my britches if someone doesn't like The Melvins. I can live my life knowing there are other people out there that aren't listening to the same music that I am. This girl couldn't though, and you should have seen her face when I told her how much I hated Led Zeppelin.

Here's the music genres I hate (in no particular order) with a brief description of why:

1. BLUEGRASS

I fucking hate bluegrass. It all sounds the same to me, all of it. As much as I love KRCL and community radio, if I'm listening to Circus Brown's Not a Sideshow on Saturday night, as soon as I'm done listening, I have to remember to change the dial before I turn my radio off so that I don't accidentally hear any of that bluegrass shit they play on Sunday afternoon when I turn my radio back on.

Bluegrass is so repeative and boring, it is almost exactly like techno music to me in that regard. If I ever become president I'm outlawing banjos in the same manor that Clinton outlawed automatic weapons. What kind of pig fucker wants to play a banjo in the first place? Are there really kids out there who aren't inbred that want to be in a bluegrass band? Go back to your moonshine shacks in the Ozarks, far enough away

from me so I don't have to hear you.

I think it's ok to have little phases of what kind of music you're into for brief periods of time. I don't know why, but right now I'm in a black metal phase. I just got out of a Morrissey phase and I'll probably return to my Ramones phase once the weather starts warming up

> And at the most, third-wave ska should be that phase you had right before you found out how much cooler the **Descendents** were, around the age of fourteen Anybody over fourteen listening to the Voo Doo Glowskulls and Mad Caddies should be guarantined.

I seriously didn't think anyone over twenty one liked this shit, but I worked a third wave Ska show at a 21+ venue, and holy fuck, talk about washed up. It was one of the worst nights to work, ever.

3. CHRISTIAN ROCK

I think this one is pretty easy to hate. One time SLUG gave me a book to read and review, (which I never finished reading or reviewing) called Body Piercing Saved my Life. Get it? They're talking about Jesus. Any way, the book was all about the whole Christian rock phenomenon.

I don't want people to think that I'm being anti-Christian by hating Christian rock. I'm not. I actually think that all my Christian friends hate it too. Some things just don't go together. Things like orange juice and toothpaste, Oreo's and steak, Mormons and gays, skateboarders and rollerbladers and finally Christianity and rock and roll.

Hank Hill, from King of the Hill put it best, "You're not making Christianity any better, you're making rock and roll worse."

4. TECHNO.

Ok, so I know that techno is a pretty broad genre. Maybe I should be more specific. I'm referring to that shit they play at raves and jock clubs. It could just be that I tell people I hate techno because my attention span is too short and I stay away from drugs that make people annoying, like ecstasy and coke. Those are the drugs that seem to make the whole techno music experience tolerable.

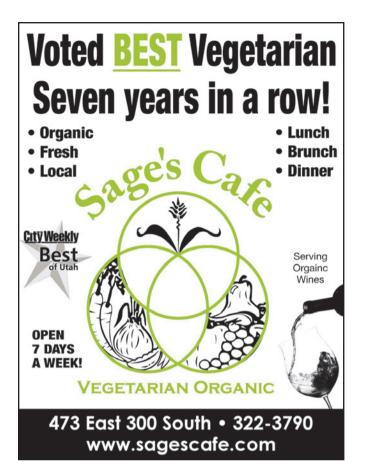
5. REGGAE.

I know that there is some good reggae out there, but not too much. I mostly can say I don't like reggae because I don't like hippies. I wonder if there are any hippies that secretly hate reggae but wont admit it so they don't get excluded from the drum

So to be fair to reggae, I pretty much hate all music and bands that hippies like to listen to such as The Greatful Dead, Led Zeppelin and Radiohead (it has recently been pointed out to me that there is a new strand of hippie, the Radiohead hippie.)

I heard a band on the radio called Radio Dred, and it just made my guts churn and discolored my bowel movement later that afternoon. It was a reggae band that just covered Radio Head songs. Really, how boring and uncreative can you get?

Anyway, hopefully this article might generate some Dear Dickheads letters. And even though I hate podcasts too, here's one I did with Circus Brown that's pretty good, http://switchpod.com/users/circus/feed.xm. I talk about how I hate Interpol and some other bands.







Discount lift tickets and \$15 board, boot, binding rentals all season long

BLOW OUT SALE Save up to 70% on cambered snowboards

Donate your old cambered board to the Utah snowboard museum for credit towards a new board

Shop online anytime at:

ScityPecks.com

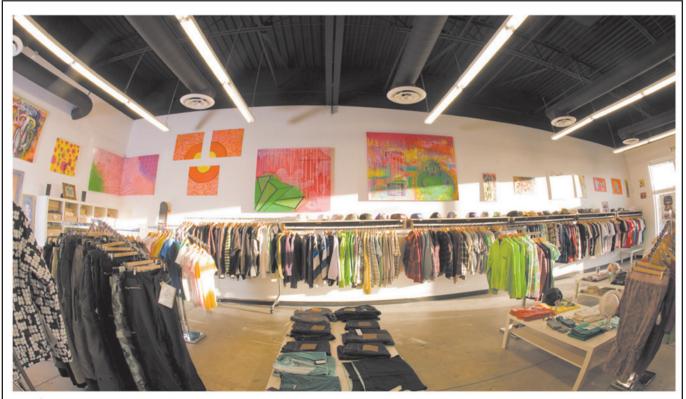
or in store at:
3055E on 3300S
801-467-8000

open late, open sunday









autumngarage 2258 E. Fort Union Blvd - Cottonwood Heights, UT 84121 - (801) 733-4305 - autumngarage.com



WHY ENTERTAINMENT AND SOCIAL ACTIVISM ARE NOT MUTUALLY EXCLUSIVE:

A Conversation with the Yes Men about their Film, The Yes Men Fix the World, Playing the Sundance Film Festival.

By Ryan Powers

ryan@slugmag.com

Combine the social disruption and confusion of culture jammers **Improv Everywhere** with the social awareness of **Noam Chomsky**, frame it as entertainment in a manner similar to **Ali G**, and you have a rough idea of how the **Yes Men** operate. Posing as a variety of authority figures, the group infiltrates shareholders meetings, press conferences, news broadcasts, websites, public speeches and a variety of other press outlets. Instead of focusing on simply embarrassing the companies or organizations which it infiltrates, the group acts as the voice of that organization—often telling the public what each organization should have said all along—taking responsibility for ethical catastrophes, economic irresponsibility, and environmental and social exploitation.

This year at the **Sundance Film Festival**, The Yes Men's new film, *The Yes Men Fix the World*, highlights the group's illustrious pranks over the last five years, not to be confused with the 2003 film *The Yes Men*, which chronicles the group's impersonation of the World Trade Organization. Rather, *The Yes Men Fix the World* broadens the perspective to corporations, government officials and media in general. It is a journal of the group's antics from a 2004 BBC appearance, posing as a Dow Chemical representative, until November 2008's imposter printing of the *New York Times*.

A dozen or so mostly unidentified persons make up the core group of the Yes Men. However, the actual numbers are harder to pin down, as participation is encouraged even without association. According to one of the founding members, **Andy Bichlbaum**, (which may or may not be his real name), it started with a humble beginning: "It began all by accident. We did what was fun, with no real rationalization. We wanted change, but we also knew we were a couple of scoundrels."

The playful activism has now invaded mass media in an unprecedented heist of the airwaves—BBC World, the World Trade Organization, The United States Department of Housing and Urban Development (HUD), *The New York Times*, CNBC, State University of New York (SUNY), The Annual DOW Shareholders Meeting and George W. Bush have all been victims of the Yes Men's pranks. According to Andy, "The overall mission of the Yes Men is to make better citizens and to highlight how fun it can be to be [socially] active."

As opposed to the exposé approach

of investigative journalists or documentarians (à la Michael Moore), the Yes Men really put those they focus on in the hot seat by fooling the world into thinking that the Yes Men are the ones in control, claiming responsibility for wrongs and making amends through compensation for those disenfranchised by the actions of the organization. One example chronicled in the film is a 2004 prank involving Dow Chemical, Andy Bichlbaum acts as fictitious Dow Chemical Spokesman "Jude Finisterra," taking responsibility for the Union Carbide Bhopal Disaster of 1984 in which 10,000 people died and 100,000-200,000 people were left with permanent injuries. Finsterra's proposal involved liquidating the plant and putting the \$12 billion towards medical care, site cleanup and hazardous material research. Although Dow quickly exposed this impersonation as a hoax, the awareness of the disaster was undoubtedly raised for people outside of India. as well as a possible action the firm could take to help victims of the disaster still in pain today. Dow made no further effort after exposing the hoax to help the victims of Bhopal in any manner. As Andy Bichlbaum put it, "The Yes Men's goal is to communicate and message, and once you know the message, put those responsible to the fire." On a side note, Dow Chemical did not own the plant (Union Carbide) at the time of the disaster, but since purchasing the company, has chosen not to pursue any financial or legal compensation for victims, which at the time of purchase (2002) was woefully inadequate by any standards.

While the social activism of the Yes Men is always rooted in important and somber issues, the actions themselves are creative, ludicrous and occasionally hilarious. I asked Andy how the Yes Men balance entertainment and activism, and his response was, "They aren't mutually exclusive at all—the work we do is through media—it is a disproportionate effect on media."

Take, for example, another prank documented in the film—"the Halliburton Survivaball." Presented at a Catastrophic Loss Conference (undoubtedly a self-created venue for the prank), this ridiculous contraption is designed to protect corporate managers from the hazards of global warming. A detailed PowerPoint presentation highlights the abilities of the suit to harness wind power, hydroelectric power, power from living animals and combine with other Survivaballs to form a Megaball. The presentation left the business professionals attending

the conference baffled, but the documentation of the event is at the core of the Yes Men's ability to entertain the rest of us.

"Our work is the documentation-we are not going to change minds at the conference—we have to document what we do and show it to the world. It wouldn't really make sense otherwise," Andy remarks. Those who can appreciate the irony of a company entrenched in environmental exploitation planning for corporate survival through environmental disaster would probably not be those in attendance at the meeting, but for the rest of us, it provides witty commentary paired with sketch comedy.



Survivalballs are the wave of the future right?

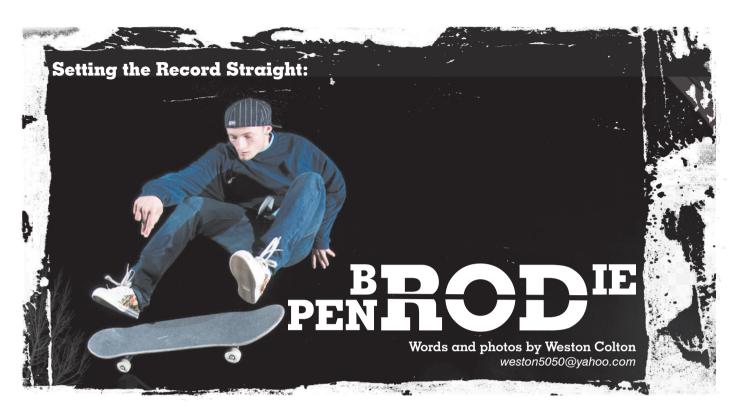
Amidst all of the corporate sponsors of Sundance, the film may seem hypocritically out of place. However, the beauty of the Yes Men is its availability to a wide audience. While other activist films and movements are limited to underground screenings in independent concert venues, garages and small theaters, The Yes Men Fix the World at Sundance highlights the group's ability to coexist amongst big business, red tape, and bureaucracy. In fact, this ability is what gives Yes Men such powerful material the group is not preaching to the choir; they are manically preaching from the enemy's podium to its subjects and critics. The setting of the film within Sundance is yet another punk-rocker in a business suit, utilizing the most readily acceptable medium to deliver the same underlying message of change and ethical responsibility. Andy's synopsis of the film is brief yet powerful: "This film is about how we can change the world—where we have control and [where] we don't. In the end, we show that we don't have control. The only way to regain control is to take over the government. Something we discovered through pain and fury: we have to take over our government."

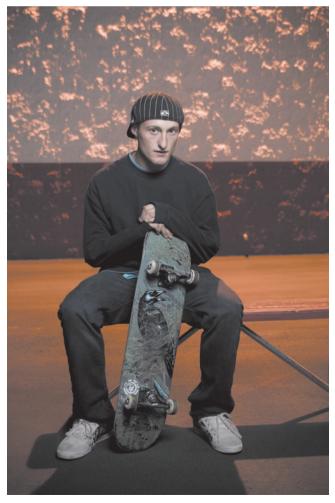
I pressed Andy to explain his seeming pessimism while the Yes Men's New York Times edition was so optimistic. This elaborate scheme took over nine months to organize and involved a slew of cohorts, supporters, writers, distributors and Yes Men. For the uninformed, the Yes Men were largely behind the false edition of the New York Times distributed on November 12, 2008. The paper, dated July 4, 2009, was distributed in New York and Los Angeles (1.2 million hard copies) with the headline, "Iraq War Ends—Troops to Return Immediately," and such other stories as, "National Health Insurance Act Passes," "USA Patriot Act

Repealed," "Court Indicts Bush on High Treason Charge" and "Nation Sets its Sights on Building a Sane Economy." With these optimistic headlines, I didn't expect such a powerful conclusion as "we don't have control" and "we have to take over our government." Andy's response was, "Optimistic? Because it is an optimistic moment—the time has come to hold them to the fire!"

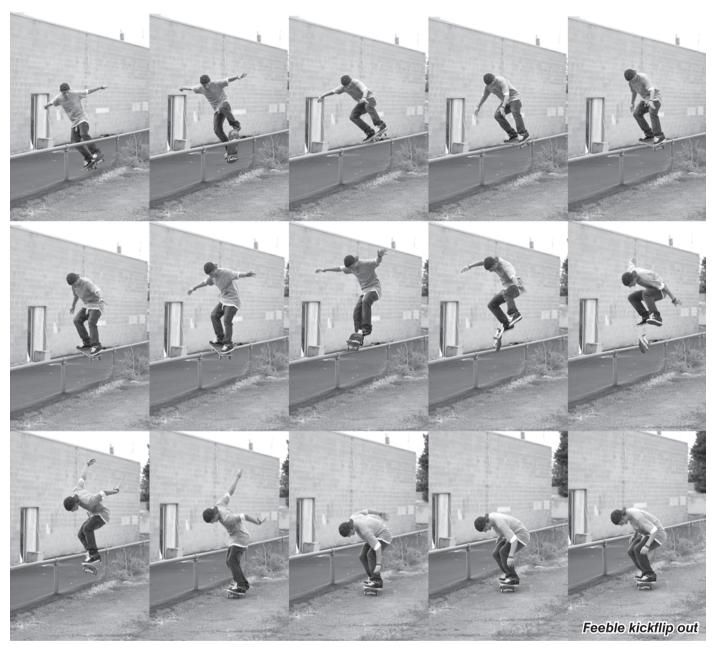
The optimism is apparent in the youthful vigor and unstoppable enthusiasm expressed throughout the group's multitude of appearances throughout various media outlets. Despite the realistically dim outcome of many of the actions, the awareness raised by each stunt begins a discourse that builds into a roar for change. While Andy acknowledges the frequent absence of direct response from their activism, the long-term benefits are apparent. Whether or not one agrees 100% with each and every Yes Men stunt, it is hard to not see the ethical violations that businesses and government hope so desperately for us to ignore. The Yes Men's appearance at this year's Sundance Film Festival will undoubtedly expose a new group of film watchers to a newfound criticism of globalization, commercial exploitation and legal ethics violations. Combined with the current economic crisis, the timing could not be more appropriate.

Supported by **Evil Twin Booking**, the brainchild of everywhere activists **Scott Beiban** and **Liz Cole**, the Yes Men's appearance at *Sundance* will further engrain their presence as a part of the mass media they themselves manipulate. As to whether the Yes Men are afraid of selling out or being co-opted as part of traditional media, the response itself is satire: "What, you have a paradise to sell us? So what if we get co-opted? We've done a lot of co-opting ourselves."









Brodie Penrod is a skateboarder, plain and simple. He is pretty well known south of the point of the mountain as that kid that kills the American Fork skate park, effortlessly doing your whole bag of tricks—all in one line, and switch. He seemingly learns tricks in a matter of minutes, and then does them down the roof gap at the University of Utah. It's easy to hate on someone that good. I know I did—at first, anyway. I have been shooting photos with Brodie for the last six months now and have gotten to know him better and I honestly think he is a cool kid. I believe his confidence on a skateboard is often misinterpreted as arrogance.

I went over to Brodie's house to shoot him just chilling with his friends. They were actually watching COPS. His room was covered floor-to-ceiling with skate paraphernalia: autographed posters, photos ripped out of mags, broken boards nailed to the wall, etc. I was surprised to find cowboy boots and his hunting rifle among the

worn-out shoes and a pile of broken decks. This kid is a genuine skate fanatic. His walls look just like mine did when I was a kid—well, minus the poster with the half-naked chicks on it. My walls, however, didn't have two of those giant checks you see on TV game shows, or a special edition **Volcom Fender** guitar, along with a slew of other skate contest "trophies," including his *SLUG Summer of Death* winnings.

Brodie likes to skate contests, and he does very well in them. He placed second in the *GhettOlympics* and third in the *Summer of Death* finals at the U last summer. Just last month, he placed third in the Volcom *Wild in the Parks* finals in Peoria, Arizona. This was a national contest featuring finalists from all over the country battling it out, and he absolutely killed it. By the time you read this, he will have competed in the Tampa Am premier amateur skateboarding contest (Go to www.skateparkoftampa.com right now and see

how he placed ... I'm betting top 25).

I want to set the record straight for everyone that thinks Brodie is just a "park skater" or just a "contest skater." He has successfully killed every spot I have been to with him. A photographer's dream. He usually lands a trick quickly, and then does it three or four more times (He backside 360'd the roof gap at the U three times).

I don't really have a whole lot more to say. Brodie is a skateboarder, just like you and I. He skates a janky flat-bar in front of his house (**Oliver Buchanan** once told me that he learned all his tricks on a flat bar at his house). Brodie simply loves to skateboard. What's to hate about that?

Brodie skates for **Frontside** skateshop, **Ogio** and **etnies** (flow).





Lil Man: Jeff Richards Words and photos by Bob Plumb bobbyplumb@mac.com

Jeff Richards (a.k.a Lil' Jeff) is a 17-year-old skateboarder that attends Brighton High school. His skills can be seen in Brock Nielsen's Costra Nostra where he locked down first part, fresh out of Jr High. Now as a mature adolescent he is currently filming with Brock (Butters) for his new video, yet to be named. Sometimes I forget how young this kid is because he's so damn good at skating. As I started contemplating this interview, I thought about all the things that effect you as a highschooler (your peers, your parents, what's cool, what's not, those type of things), so instead of asking him a bunch of shit about skating, I thought it would be interesting to get into the psyche of a 17-year-old and compare the generation gap. I mean, shit, this kid was born in '91, me '79. When I was 17, the Internet was available via dial-up; if you wanted to cheat on a book report, you'd go buy CliffsNotes and according to iTunes, Backstreet Boys, *NSYNC and the Spice Girls were topping the charts... what an amazing year for pop. After completely blowing the recording of the

interview the first two times, this is interview

number three (with Jeff's friend Butters contributing), and everyone knows that third time's the charm.

SLUG: Where do you go to school? Jeff Richards: Brighton High School. SLUG: Are there a lot of hot chicks? JR: Haaa! No. No hot chicks.

SLUG: You ever been on a date? **JR:** No. I don't like airls

Butters: Don't say that; people are gonna think you're gay if that's your answer. Just be like "Ahhh, I don't have good luck with girls." **JR:** No, I hate girls.

SLUG: You ever made out with a girl before? **JR:** Yeah. Hahahaha.

SLUG: What was it like?

JR: Duh, it was enchanted; it was magical enchantment.

SLUG:: What does that mean?

JR: It's like the Disney fairy tales; love at first sight. Y'know.

SLUG: What ever happened to this girl? **JR:** It was one night and that's it.

SLUG:: Oh, kinda like a make-out one-night stand.

JR: Ya, I've had a couple of those.

SLUG: But you've never taken these girls out on a date?

JR: No, I told you, I've never been on a date.

SLUG: So if you were to go on a date, what would be your ideal date?

JR: I don't know; what does everyone else do for a date? Go to the movies or something stupid.

B: Why don't you ask him questions about skating?

JR: The interview is about girls, duh. Butters, you're off the project.

SLUG: Have you ever gone to a school dance? **JR:** Ha, yeah I've been to a couple, but I've never asked anyone.

SLUG: Were these the times you made out? **JR:** No, those were different times. Butters over here always steals my dates from the dances and hooks up with them.

B: I didn't hook up with that girl. We just hung out.

SLUG: Oh, that's harsh. Are you still gonna JR: I did one time but I got kicked out for falling film with Butters after that?

JR: Yeah, of course, but that's some sketchy shit. I don't care. Butters is my best

SLUG: Like some bros before hos type of shit?

JR: Yeah, I don't care, I thought it was funny.

SLUG: Are you going to go to prom this year?

JR: Dude, I'm not going to that shit.

SLUG: Why not?

JR: Cause you have to ask the girl and you go, shit's beat.

SLUG: What's a typical school day like for you?

JR: I wake up, eat food by the heater and go to school. I get out at 11:30 a.m. and go skate.

SLUG: Why do you get out so early? JR: My mom has me on work release so I can go skate and snowboard more.

SLUG: Good Mom! What, you don't have to SLUG: Really? By who? take seminary?

asleep in class. Then the guy tried to get me to go back, but fuck that. I told him no way, so I haven't been back to seminary or church since

SLUG: When you get out, do you go skate with homies from school?

JR: No, everyone at my school is either a Mark or a jock.

SLUG: Do you ever feel peer pressure to fit in and join the football team?

JR: Haaa. No, I fucking hate that shit. I always just make fun of all the football players. They don't care.

have to pay money. I'm not paying money to SLUG: What about to do drugs and alcohol. Do you ever feel pressure to try them?

JR: Yeah, of course, but Cale Zima always keeps it cool so I never feel too much pressure. Though now that he lost his V card, I think I might need to start working on that. All my friends' cards are gone and I'm still hangin'.

SLUG: Do have some kind of plan to make that happen?

JR: I'm gettin' it swiped tomorrow, fool. It's

JR: I haven't decided yet. We have to find

someone. That's the task for the rest of the day, to find someone.

SLUG: Don't you think that's going to require a

JR: Dude, no. It's gonna be magical. I'm just gonna say, "We're magical, let's get enchanted," and she'll be down.

SLUG: Alright. Sounds like a good strategy. So if you have to write a book report for school, do you just look the book up on the Internet? JR: Yeah, SparkNotes, cause I never read the hooks

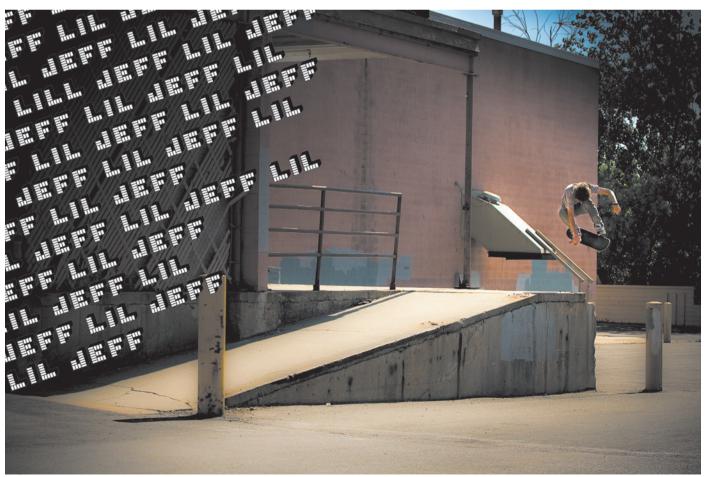
SLUG: Have you ever heard of CliffsNotes? JR: Yeah, SparkNotes is the same thing; it's just on the web

SLUG: Have you ever had to use dial-up for the Internet?

JR: Yeah, the first thing I had was AOL and that was dial-up.

SLUG: Backstreet Boys, *NSYNC and Spice Girls, you ever heard of them?

JR: Yeah, duh. The Backstreet Boys was the first and only concert I've ever been to. I was in second grade and it was the shit. At the concert I got a Backstreet Boys hat with a red brim. It was sick. I went to school the next day and bragged to this girl that she had to go to the *NSYNC concert and I got



to go to the Backstreet Boys ... haha.

SLUG: So you're backing the Backstreet

JR: Yeah, they were like rival bands with *NSYNC, but Backstreet Boys were always way better. Way tougher.

SLUG: So who would you compare the Backstreet Boys with today as far as pop

JR: Lil Wayne, dude. Lil Wayne is the shit now, just like Backstreet was back then.

SLUG: So as far as chart-topping hits, they're the same?

JR: In my mind, yeah, but now Backstreet Boys are fucking lame and Lil Wayne is still the shit.

SLUG: So what music do you listen to to get hyped before you go skate?

JR: Bob Dylan, G-Code or Iron Maiden.

SLUG: What's G-Code?

JR: All that hip-hop shit, fool. Gangster shit.

SLUG: Oh. like Dipset. Cash Money and Lil Wavne.

JR: Yeah, duh.

SLUG: Which skaters get you hyped?

"Butters over here. always steals my dates from the dances and hooks up with them."

JR: Nick Trapasso, Lizard and Reynolds. SLUG: Damn, that's a trio. Which video parts do you watch before you go get a hammer? JR: Nick Trapasso's part, the Toy Machine video and the new Transworld video. And Now.

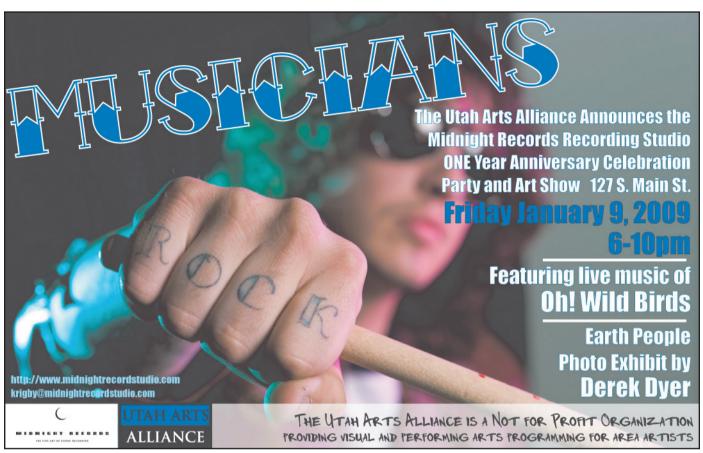
SLUG: Who are your sponsors? JR: Milosport and I get packages sometimes from Krew and Supra.

SLUG: What's up with that? Where your sponsors at, fool? You gotta drop your footy and get on

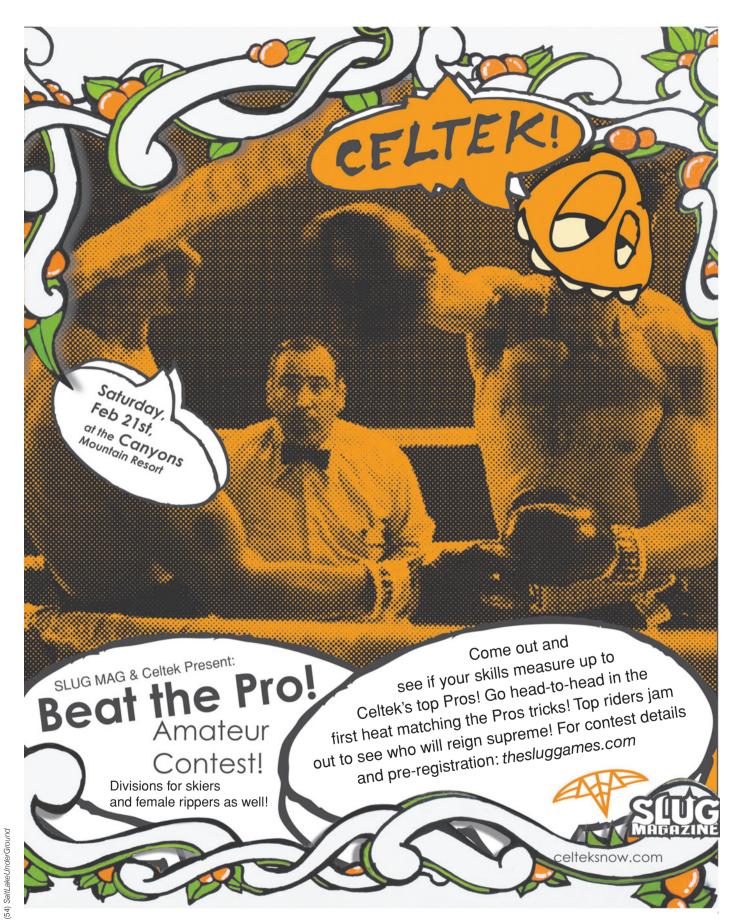
JR: I know. Talk to Butters about that shit, he's















1800 Tequila

Essential Artists Limited Edition 1800tequila.com

This is tequila so smooth that it's best shot straight without lime or salt. It's that good. Lime and salt are both so rowdy that they're both best left to help novice drinkers and/or people shooting bad tequila. What's new here is the 1800 Essential Artists concept. So eighteen hundo is on a mission to find 1,800 essential artists and feature their work in national ad campaigns, on bottles of 1800Silver as well as on shoes. Nine different artists are being represented in this first run of bottles, with each artwork being run in an edition of, you guessed it, 1800. I'm giving this whole thing an A+. I feel like 1800 Teguila has tapped into something better and perhaps more genuine than the trend of going green, while at the same time utilizing an amazing marketing technique that is supporting and generating interest and an appreciation of art. -Sean Kerrick Sullivan

Celtek

Outbreak Face Mask

Celteksnow.com

The Celtek clan set out to solve every rider's dilemma of what to cover their face with as protection from those icy cold face shots. Most people choose to go the bandito route and tie a two dollar Wally world bandana around their face and look like an old western outlaw. The bandito status always works temporarily until it freezes up with snot and spit from your leaking facial orifices. The Outbreak Face Mask is constructed of two different types of mesh. There is a mesh with larger holes, allowing air to escape from your nose and mouth without causing the dreaded moisture freezes, while a tighter micro-mesh covers the rest of your face, keeping it nice and toasty. The mask itself is very comfortable and with the cool outbreak character on the front everyone will think you are smiling even if they cannot see your face. It is almost 2009 now so I think we can officially drop the old school bandito styling of the 1800s and jump on the Celtek wagon and cover our faces like high-tech gangsters. -Mike Reff

Ruckus Trucks

Ruckus R4
Ruckusmetal.com



The true way to test a skateboard truck is how well it turns and how well it grinds. I intended to test both by going to the local red curb at the grocery store and throwing myself up on some slappies. These trucks had a hard time with both. I don't know if it's because they were brand new or just had cheap bushings, but

they seemed to be unable to be tightened to the point where they would even be usable. I like riding loose trucks, but when a flatground ollie gets you wheelbite it seems a little harsh. However, these trucks did a good job of keeping my growing pile of mail from blowing away on a windy day. —Sam Milianta

Pig Wheels

Pig Head 54 mm

Pigwheels.com

Let me start out by saying that I have severely underestimated this wheel company. After seeing the Slaughter House video a year or so back, I've always wanted to try a pair of their wheels, but being a frequent hill bombing slope styler I was worried about flat spots. I've done some wicked 90 degree slides down the steepest of hills in downtown Salt Lake and these things are riding smoother than Madonna with a tube of K.Y Jelly. If you are a Street Tech rider I recommend that you give these a try. Who knows, they might make you skate like me. –Hehshun

Ultra

The Zappa Printed V-Neck

Ultra.bigcartel.com

In recent times the v-neck has become the staple uniform for the senseless starving hipster. Ultra clothing of Salt Lake has sought to bring some style and authority to their 100% combed cotton screen-printed v-necks. These things do have style and the smooth combed cotton feels just as good as it looks. The fit is slim and long, which make a perfect fit for that special friend in the morning that was enticed by the slick mustache print on the shirt from the night before. For me the fit was superb, slim fit to accentuate my physique and the v-neck collar was just deep enough to allow the top of my Jew-patch to show through. Those deep v-necks that some stores sell out there just show a little too much of my patch to the ladies. I like to give them something to wonder about. These shirts have screen-printing on both the inside and outside, so I assume they're reversible which is great for saving coin on laundry. Bottom line is chicks in Salt Lake like v-necks so buy local and get some shirts from Ultra Clothing. -Mike Reff

És Footwear and Apparel

Theory 1.5 Shoes, Incan Cord Pants & KB Stacked T-shirt

Esfootwear.com

The other day I skated a mini-ramp while wearing a rather comfortable pair of shoes that had Chocolate all over their insides. Not to be mistaken for the És equivalent to Steve Caballero's Half Cab shoes, these kicks do one better with removable Velcro straps and hidden stash pockets in each tongue. Chocolate Industries and Es Footwear have collaborated to design the striking Theory 1.5 mid-tops that frankly outperform the Half Cabs. The flashy Velcro straps serve as both lace protectors and lady lures, and if you really want to pull some numbers, rip out the laces and only use the straps to secure them. Women love a man



who can't tie his shoes. És also provided a smooth pair of black Incan Cords and a red KB Stacked t-shirt, covering me from neck to toe. Although very comfortable, the Incan Cords collect dog hair and lint like a Swiffer Sweeper. The 100% cotton t-shirt, on the other hand, was a little easier to keep clean while still being as gangster as a hollow tip bullet. —SUPeRB

Nicacelly

Jumper Hoodie

Nicacelly.com

As everyone knows, action sports enthusiasts worldwide always date hot chicks and being one myself I figure I know our tastes. Originally I was slotted to receive the reversible blazer from Nicacelly, however once the items came in, I was instantly attracted to the embellished hoodie. The Editor and myself both have very distinct styles. We made the switch to both of our enjoyment. This sweatshirt is very comfortable, although I would expect for the price tag that the sleeves wouldn't be gathered like any old Hanes sweatshirt your mom made you wear throughout elementary, much to your dismay. The pattern used on the piping on the collar of the piece is beautiful with vibrant orange and magentas. Definitely the highlight of the top is the lotus floweresque patchwork the designer used to embellish the hood. Unfortunately, it can't be seen unless you wear your hood up, but it's a good enough reason to go undercover even on a sunny day. -Meghann Griggs

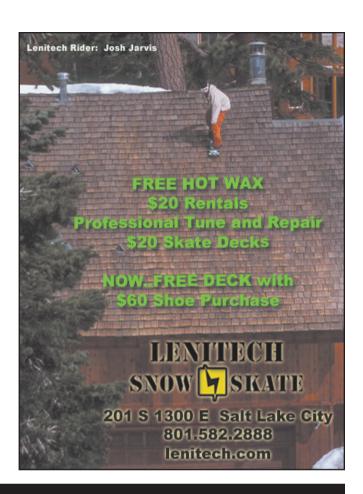
Foundation

Distressed F Paint Zip Hood

Foskco.com

This hoodie is pretty basic. Who doesn't like that? I hardly got a chance to wear this one because my wife loved it so much. That's good, right? It has clean styling and is pretty straightforward. I don't know what else to say except that unless you're one of those tragic hipsters that only wears organic cotton from American Apparel that this hoodie will work well for just about anyone. –Sam Milianta





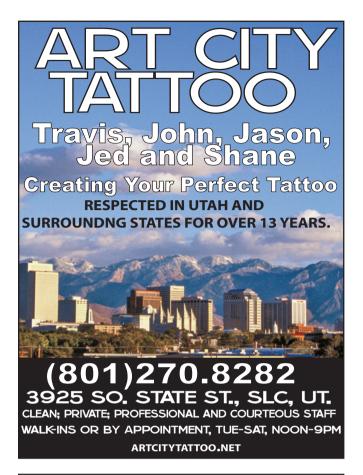


Want to book a show?

We're looking for local artists, musicians and poets to perform at Sugar House Coffee, Café Marmalade and Baxter's Cafe

(Our spaces are intimate so we prefer acoustic sets)

Contact Andrew @ Baxters66@yahoo.com





CALIBRY STROID

The Salt Lake Gallery Stroll by Mariah Mann Mellus mariah@slugmag.com



For those new to the Gallery Stroll concept, galleries stay open late the third Friday of the month to provide the public with extended hours and artists receptions. This evening acts as a signature event for the local art community drawing crowds of utahns.

SLUG has made a name for itself in finding the sub-culture within the back alleys and basements of Salt Lake City.

Finding the underground and uncovering Utah's finest artists, *SLUG* presents highlights for January's Gallery Stroll.

IAO: Projects is a relatively new gallery founded in 2008 by **Shadna Sieger** and **Albert Wang**. Their goal is "to discover untapped and innovative talent throughout the world which have not had the opportunity to be presented to the public at large."

IAO currently has two exhibit spaces, the first location at 925 East 900 South Suite 40 and the second at Acme Burger Company (ABC) at 275 South 200 West. Beginning Jan. 16, the 9th & 9th location will host New York artist **Jeff Faerber's** solo show "Bush and Cronies, Inc." Just in time to kiss George W. goodbye forever. Faerber, an illustrator for magazines and books, captures the essence of the departing president and the aftermath he leaves behind. Phrases like "No Child Left Behind," "WMD" and "Lies" are positioned in the background just as they are in his legacy. In the IAO: ABC Gallery, **Rafal Piotr Karcz** proves that watercolors can be more than a pretty mountain-scapes or water lilies. His Show, "Various/Similar Similar/Various," is a series of paintings focusing on various icons of American culture and European history. For example he examines **Baader Meinhof**'s actions in an American pop culture and SLC's own **Phillips Gallery** directors **Hadley Rampton** and **Meri DeCaria**. For more information, visit www.iao-gallery.com.

No Brow Coffee and Art Gallery presents Tyrone Davies. Davies is the curator and founder of Lost Media Footage or LMF and a current master's student at the Academy of Art in San Francisco. His recent endeavors include the 2007 Select Media Festival in Chicago and the 2008 Sego Festival in Provo. Davies has been heavily involved in the video artist evolution and continues to curate exhibits at the Trasa Pickle Factory and the OUT/EX program. Opening Jan. 16 just in time for the Gallery Stroll and a reprise from Sundance. No Brow is located at 315 E. 300 S.

Utah Arts Alliance presents *Earth People*, a continuation in the evolution of **Derek Dyers** popular photographic series that spans over a decade. In his newest work, he explores the connection humans have their environment using such elements as salt, sand, soil, leaves, flowers, fire and water. "The subject is covered in the earthy elements that surround them. Through this process, the people become earth people, Dyer explains. The opening reception will be held Jan. 9 from 6-10 p.m. at the **Utah Arts Alliance Gallery** 127 South Main Street.

High Point~Working Title

Tyler Makmell

tyler@slugmag.com

Let's face it, the only way to get through the winter months is to drink profuse amounts of alcohol. So the new line up is going to be anything above your standard percentile of alcohol to keep you warm in the winter months. Hopefully, this will introduce you to new styles, the art of aging beer and hopefully leave you with a killer hangover. With the higher alcohol, please do your best to kick off the new year. And since this is SLUG, we don't need to tell you to drink responsibly ...

Anniversary Barley Wine XV

Brewery: Uinta Brewing Company Abv: 9.8% Average Price: \$1.94 Serving Style: 12 oz bottle Rating: ****



Description: Out of the bottle this pours the color of rich ruby-brown with a thin, tan-colored head. The aromatics are abundant in citrus hop character with some subtle fruits and deep malt sweetness alongside the definite presence of alcohol. The taste is a deep complex bitter that leads you into a mild malt backbone of sweetness that finishes with strong alcoholic warmth.

Overview: For those of you who are not familiar with the style of barley wine, here is a little update: The barley wine is known for its higher than usual alcohol content and generally maintains a firm, malty flavor with a decent amount of bitterness. Due to its higher alcohol content, this style of beer is one that needs to be aged. There is no doubt about it, this one is going to need some age. Otherwise, it is showing great potential of aging, so I encourage you to buy up some bottles and stash them where you hide your bong for a year or so.

Where to Find: Only found at your forced tithing warehouse. (DABC Liquor Store)

Anniversary Winterfest

Brewery: Utah Brewers Cooperative / Wasatch label Abv: 7.1 %

Average Price: \$1.34 Serving Style: 12 oz bottle Rating: ****

Description: This brew pours a deep caramel color with a creamy off-tan head. The aroma is perfect for any hop lover to enjoy, with a huge citrus and floral (Columbus and Amarillo) bomb in the front, followed by a sweet caramel malt finish. The taste is pretty straightforward hop presence with sweet malt characteristics and a really light finish.

Overview: This is definitely a new favorite seasonal from the crew over at the co-op. For those of you who really like hoppy beers, this is one to look out for. The finish to this beer was a touch weak due to its thin body, but it does leave you asking for more. The great caramel backing with some firm hop characteristics made this a great pair with some Curry in a Hurry. I vote that the Brewers Co-op keep this one coming for as long as possible.

Where to Find: Fuck the liquor stores. Make your way down to the Beer Store.

Anniversary White Label Brewery: Utah Brewers Cooperative / Wasatch label Abv: 6%

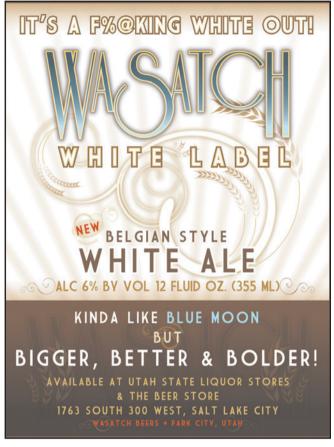
Average Price: \$1.34 Serving Style: 12 oz bottle Rating: *** ½

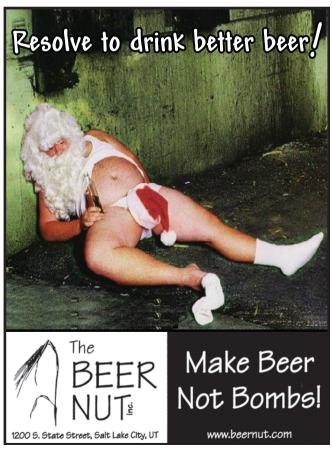


Description: This new brew is a semimurky yellow tinted wit with a small, perfectly white head. The nose kicks you off with decent amount of citrus-like notes followed up by coriander, light fruits, and the most subtle amount of spice. This brew goes down with ease, leaving behind some yeasty characteristics, coriander, oranges and dry finish.

Overview: Say it with me people, "This is not 'like' blue moon." Blue Moon is a piece of shit beer that deserves no respect. (It is the natty ice of the witbier style.) This, on the other hand, can be called a witbier. After going through some trial and error, the current batch that is being sold is a killer product and a recommend for warming you up this holiday season.

Where to Find: Found at most state liquor stores and The Beer Store.





Adam and Darcie The Valley Where I'm From Self-released Street: 11.2007

Street: 11.2007 Adam and Darcie = John and Yoko + that final song in *Juno*

Adam and Darcie Sanders are a serenading couple from Provo. In their beautifully simple (but not without accoutrement) Valley CD, the indie acoustic duo's voices melt over one another in smooth layers superimposed upon acoustic guitars and banjos. Their soft, airy voices complement one another quite well. The cuteness in this band isn't only apparent in the well-balanced vocal stylings of the two. The lyrics about true, mature love are appeasing to the post-high school fundamentals of amorous feelings over fleeting affection. Christmas-y bells in "Still I Know I," drum samples in "First Sign of Relief" and electronic beats in "On the Moon" are welcome additions to the organic feel of harmonizing voices above guitar or banjo. -Nick Parker

Chelsea Grin

Chelsea Grin Self-released Street: 7.26.08 Chelsea Grin = Suicide Silence + Carnifex + Whitechapel



Chelsea Grin, like most of their deathcore contemporaries, employ super low guitar tunings, plenty of breakdowns and brutal lyrics that put Hostel or Saw to shame. The handful of tracks on their self-titled EP display walls of chunky guitars that, while slightly monotonous with heaving dissonance, sound pristine. Matt Winegar recorded the effort and presents an impeccable mix of layered guitars and guttural vocals—both of which are heavy to the max. Vocalist Alex "AK" Koehler is almost boring with his stereotypical misogynistic lyrics about killing sluts and making insides into outsides, but he shows a glimmer of maturity and hope in the relatively

subtle "Anathema of the Sick," which implies serious weight of disgorging or bludgeoning. "Recreant," which is available on the re-release through **Statik Factory Records** or their MySpace, is their best track because it breaks from the monotony and (hopefully) shows where the band is headed. Chelsea Grin isn't reinventing the wheel, but they could be something special if they were to break free from the gorecore comfort zone. –*Nick Parker*

Codi Jordan

Vacation
Self-released
Street: 1.13
Codi Jordan = LEN + Jack Johnson
+ G-Love + Vanilla Ice

Codi Jordan knows how to drop some flow. On Vacation, he lets it all loose with his amazing lyrical abilities. It's fascinating how a kid from Eden, Utah can have such a rich, amazing perspective on life and such a fantastic interpretation of rap reggae. The album's production is smooth and Codi's lyrics deal with such important issues as drinking games and pretty girls-important subject matter for any member of a fraternity. Codi Jordan is obviously the next up-and-coming musical superstar with scheduled appearances on Channel 2's morning show and opening slots for the always-inspiring and original Royal Bliss. Codi Jordan, you are so cool. -Jon Robertson

Gorlock Grimoire for the Apprentice Warlock EP Self-released

Street: 12.06.07 Gorlock = I Shalt Become + Mayhem (early) + Esoteric + Godflesh

Gorlock's debut EP consists of six songs and unfortunately only lasts 16 and a half minutes. Luckily, those minutes seem like hours. This is a trip into a psychotic wonderland of demons and pure abstruseness. There are elements of basically every extreme metal sub-genre within, but the end result could only be defined as experimental. I know the band is working on their first full-length album, and with hopeful certainty they will stick with their production aesthetic, filthy distortions on every layer-be it the highly fuzzed out guitar tone, buzz saw droning drums or the frightening keyboard/programming elements. Grimoire easily transports your state of mind into a strange numbness. If you play the songs loud enough, the distortions will murder your

speakers. There are numerous elements of sound here all culminating in a sinister, ghastly, eventful piece of sonic disturbance. —Bryer Wharton

Lexi Sayok Psuedo Science

Self-released Street: 08.08 Lexi Say Ok= The Hotness + Tiger! Shit! Tiger! Tiger! + Strata

This music is engineered to hit right on the money for all people born in the 90s. The fact that the songs longer than three minutes were shoved to the end of the album makes me think that the average Lexi Sayok fan has a gnat's attention span (what's new with music written for those under 21 these days though?). Wade through track 16 on this 19-piece work to get to the longer cuts. Any time I see such a long song list, I wonder if more material might have been cut to make a tighter work and in this case I am not wrong. Note to local groups, just because you have "material" doesn't mean it should go on your album. Your fans with modern. culture induced ADD won't mind anyway: chances are they're only listening to one song regardless. That's just the breaks, kids. -JP

Mana Ploy All-Stars Riddim + Blues Solf released

Self-released Street: 01.06 Mana Ploy All-Stars = Bob Marley + Fugees + Backstreet Boys

Mana Ploy All-Stars are some cool, smooth cats. I can't believe how pimp this regae is. If I smoked tweeds. I would totally want to roll a big ol' thang and chill out to the calming relaxed vibes of these eight fine musicians. These auvs know how to mix up the feel of their music. Alternating between male vocals and female vocals. Every song is positive and uplifting. This is fine dub reggae. While the music isn't original, the band has definitely mastered the genre. The percussion and low warmth of the bass lines are probably my favorite elements of the Mana Ploy All-Stars. If you're looking for an album to do some chillaxin' to, this is the album. - Jon Robertson

The Naked Eyes

Free & Easy
Self-released
Street: 11.15
The Naked Eyes = The Black Keys
+ The Stooges + The White Stripes
There's something undeniably cool and timeless about blues-influenced rock

and roll. As long as whiskey, cigarettes and broken hearts are en voque, bands like The Naked Eyes will be around to provide the soundtrack to perfectly hazy nights. The Naked Eyes' brand of dirty, raw blues rock is better than most and some of the best local music released in a long time. Free & Easy has it all-songs about wanting to get close to women ("Let's Get Together"), songs about wanting to get away from women ("Gypsy Man"), a song about shooting people in various locales ("Tennessee"), a song about riding an alligator ("7 Mile River") and even a reworking of "Crossroads," entitled "Coat & Hat." The reckless/restrained vocals are a highlight throughout the album, as is the great guitarwork and the occasional use of keyboards help keep things from getting stale. If you like your music loud and dirty with plenty of swagger, The Naked Eyes have plenty of exactly what you need. -Ricky Vigil

Nathan Spenser Songs For a Summertime Afternoon

Street: 02.07 Self-released

Nathan Spenser = Team Mom + Michael Gross and the Statuettes

Nathan Spenser has put together a nice little collection of folk/rock songs, and for the majority, it's an acoustic album. While most albums like this tend to reek of the "it's been done before and done better" curse. Spenser seems to understand he's not here to reinvent the genre. He's just here to play some good songs. His voice is soft and mellow, almost blending into the backdrop of acoustic guitar like another instrument. This doesn't make the songs bland though—it just makes them more cozy. Toss in the occasional hint of steel guitar and subdued percussion, and this album is a damn good first release. -Kat Kellermeyer

Nine Worlds

Self - Titled
Self-Released
Street: 10.02
Nine Worlds= Cult of
Luna+Rwake+Pelican+Russian

Nine Worlds takes the pace of super slow doom/ambient metal and speed it up just enough too keep you connected. I get undeniably impatient with 12-minute-plus songs that fade into nowhere, but here I found a satisfying four-song EP with all tracks in perfect timing. The tracks travel with a basic

heavy loop of repetitive, sludge-filled rhythm separated by breakdowns that resume a notch heavier. Titillating bass lines and math rockish guitar are a monster part of the sound, paired with a well-balanced amount of masculinity and femininity. My favorite track is "Everyone's In A Fucking Band," (which is a fucking awesome song name) it has a lonely twang that plays with samples from the movie, A Scanner Darkly. Thank you Nine Worlds for offering a noteworthy release. Stoners, roll up your sleeves. —Nicole Dumas

ODS

Fables & Fairytales/Everyone

Loves Leftovers Self-released

Street: 10.08
ODS = The Angsted - bitchin' Slayer influence + The Adolescents - the appealing aspects of that band

ODS didn't like the vaguely negative review I wrote about their EP a few



months ago, so I'll be a lot more blunt about this one: it sucks. Well, that might not be an entirely accurate reflection of my feelings. I sure as hell don't like this album, but I also don't hate it. In fact, it stirs no emotional response in me whatsoever. When you're making music about rebellion, revolution and free thought that is entirely ineffectual, you should probably leave it to the pros. There is absolutely nothing here that hasn't been done countless times before by legions of better bands. Fables & Fairytales is full of boring punk rock with tired themes and lyrics that could easily be replicated by any random group of 15-year-olds with a passing interest in Green Day. Mastering goes a long way in making the tracks on Fables & Fairytales easier to digest than the EP, but unless you are a member of ODS, there is little if anything to get excited about here. -Ricky Vigil

Reeveler Untitled 2008 demo

Self-released
Street: 06.17
Reeveler = Pink Floyd + The

Scorpions + Deep Purple + Suicidal Tendencies (vocals only)

Reeveler doesn't play your dad's prog rock or hard rock, although their influences may come from the sort. The sound on the Ogden band's six-song demo is a curious audible entity—quite

honestly, it's like nothing I've really heard. Forget the usual plethora of bands that try to emulate their favorite classic bands. Reeveler change up their tempos constantly while the drumming and guitar work leave listeners catching every note and variance in the music. Then there is the even more intriguing rhythm style, which doesn't fit any typical song structure. Vocals have an early punk attitude, the type of style that influenced grunge vocalists. Every track here welcomes its audience into different atmospheres and feelings all just egging to be listen to repeatedly. Reeveler are an adventurous band with huge potential that defy any rock scene. The tunes are psychedelic, technical and you'll find something new with every listen. -Bryer Wharton

RuRu

Elizabeth
North Platte Records
Street: 06.06

RuRu = Bright Eyes + Joshua James + Band of Annuals

An open, starry night and a brilliant fire would do nicely while listening to Isaac Russell's soothing voice. With powerful lyrics (similar to those of Joshua James) and strong vocals used in "Bark at Ghosts," Russell seemed to have something new and grand to add to the growing folk scene. Sadly, "West Virginia" falls into a Band of Annuals lull, which continues until "Battle of Normandy" storms in, creating a defined RuRu again. Russell is very talented and has a wonderful folk air. I just hope he doesn't blend and fade into the shadows of others. —Jessica Davis

Vile Blue Shades John Thursday California

Adventure Wantage

Street: 10.11 Vile Blue Shades = Wire + Iggy Pop

John Thursday California Adventure is the perfect record. It's raunchy, fun and ridiculously danceable. A unique brand of sexuality oozes from every track. Songs like "Black Pussy," "Purple Rain" and "Banana Hammock" are all instantly infectious and I couldn't help but lose myself in the music. Then there are songs like "Christine" and "17 Times," which start out slow and swanky before easing into hypnotic and pelvic thrusting rhythms. I can't forget the ridiculously eerie "Glass Payne," either. This track takes a short break from the typically enjoyable feelings of sexuality and walks more along the lines of the creepy. This "sex record" covers all the bases—the guick and dirty, the sensual and even the weirdo watching you from the trees. It also comes packed with all sorts of goods--a Sri Whipple cover, a drop card to download the music digitally, a coloring poster drawn by Patrick Weeks and a list of sex rules and regulations by the group's sole female member, Meg Charlier. Ultimately, this album might be just as satisfying as a post sex smoke. -Jeanette Moses



Fable 2 Xbox 360 Lionhead Studios

Street: 10.21

I'd go off on some rant about how Fable I left me feeling remotely dissatisfied and fell ridiculously short of my expectations, but since you probably felt the same way, I'll just ask you to remember that lukewarm feeling, and we'll take it from there. Peter Molyneux has grand expectations. Not unreasonably grand, but once you've already built an RPG game with near-ultimate freedom, you'd best have a slew of new bits or you're just putting up fresh wallpaper and selling us the same game we bought three years ago. Fable II has more going for it than just looks, but it has its ups and downs. Fable II takes place 600 years after the first Fable, and leaves your ass orphaned before you can blink. Fortunately, you have your dog. The dog is a great addition, a constant companion to find treasure and warn you about annoying baddies coming up along the way. He's good (maybe too good) at his job, but you'll definitely get attached to him. This critter will love you regardless if you're good or evil. Can't say the same about your spouse, however.

This time around, you can play as a man or a woman, and you can marry/sleep with whoever you damn well please, but you'd best be bringing along a condom. Don't, and you/your wife will end up knocked up and you'll have another mouth to feed, literally. You can reproduce in this game, so if you don't "plan parenthood," you'll be knee deep in children demanding love and presents before you can afford a house. Don't worry about knocking up the hookers; however, you should play it safe. (One word: STDs. Seriously.) Also, your dog is likely to be more loyal than your spouse, so you'd best keep your family fed and happy if you don't want a divorce or at least to keep them from banging the farmer next door.

Combat-wise, you have your melee, magic, and ranged combat selections, with a slight twist. Melee and magic are remotely unchanged, but instead of a bow, though still available, real adventurers carry guns. I was dubious, imagining tearing through the countryside, knocking people off Halo-style, but this is not the case. It's closer to the Fable I-ranged gameplay, and it's nice picking off balvarines from across a lake with your boomstick. Unfortunately, vigilantism doesn't pay like it used to, and eventually, your heroic ass will need a job. "A job?" you say? "I want to kill shit, not work." It's not the highlight of the game, but it's not bad. Each job is a little minigame, and the better you are and the more flawlessly you can do your job, the more money you'll make.

There's an online gameplay mode where you can gamble with friends or join in their realm as a lackey and run around killing things with them. Henchman mode is *not* co-p mode, and while you do not complete the quests in your game, you do get to bring back any gold and experience you get. It's still the same *Fable* you fell in lukewarm love with, just with a slight upgrade. Despite the minor shortcomings, it's worth the \$60 price tag.

4.5 gonorrhea-infested hookers out of 5

Gears of War 2

Xbox 360 Epic Games

Epic Games Street: 11.07

It's a been great season for sequels, and Gears of War 2 doesn't disappoint on any front. Remember the last Gears of War? There were two types of people who played GoW: the people who finished the campaign



mode, still wondering what the fuck just happened, and people who didn't care—they just wanted to blow shit up. Unfortunately for me, I fell into the first category. I expected a twisting story like that of Halo 1, where Earth is defending itself and then royally screws up. Rather, it was something to the effect of "they tried to stop them, it didn't work, now they're at his dad's house, the end." But I had a hell of a lot of fun. GoW2 hasn't sacrificed anything on the gaming front, but fortunately, it lets story-loving gamers like me have their cake and eat it, too.

The developers said that GoW2 was going to have the same kind of heart Bioshock did. Now, while nothing will every really top that moment in gaming history (would you kindly?), if another FPS has come close, it's GoW2. Whereas most sequels seem to forget they're supposed to have a plot (ie: Halo 2), GoW2 has some serious heart-wrenching moments. Everything you did in the last game has been explained, and it builds from there. Really though, it's best if I say nothing and let you find out on your own.

Of course, everyone is concerned about the gameplay. Nothing really has changed here. There's a bunch of new weapons for you to fuck your friends up with, but it's still the duck-and-shoot FPS it's always been, and it's all the better for it. The nice thing is, there's a slew of new modes in multiplayer. Now, rather than just running around and shooting up your pals, you can play in games that have specific goals. For example, the Wingman mode.

Cliffy B does it again, ladies and gentlemen, and this time, he's done it with heart.

5 realizations how much you missed the sound of a chainsaw out of 5

Left 4 Dead

Valve

PC/Xbox 360-Co-op Survival Shooter

Street: 11.18

The zombie apocalypse is easily my favorite fantasy. I have zombie survival dreams as often as I have Albain-a-KY-fight dreams. We're talking a nightly basis sort of thing here, and I know for a fact that I'm not alone. For all of us zombie lovers out there, Valve Software, the renaissance team behind the **Half Life** franchise, has delivered Left 4 Dead. And let me be the first to tell varieties and only in the survival of the solution of the solution of the survival of the solution of the

Left 4 Dead forces even the most seasoned **xbox LIVE** players to take off their "pwnge" trucker hats and work together for once, and this is the game's largest feat. Without going into too much detail, the level design, enemy types, and various incapacitation attacks require each of the four players to protect their teammates constantly. Assuming you find a good lobby to join, or you have a few real-life friends on LIVE with

whom you can play (the best option), Left 4 Dead can become the most visceral multiplayer shooter experience that, for my money, has ever graced console garning.

A single-player mode is available, but so much of the game's enjoyment is based on camaraderie and cooperation, that playing alone feels empty and is ultimately pretty boring. This drastically reduces the game's audience, but the LIVE play is well worth the sacrifice. Also, these days, Valve's **Source** engine is showing its age, but the game runs smoothly enough with a decent internet connection, and Source can still throw 50 tumbling, screaming zombies into your flashlight beam without a hitch.

Playing Left 4 Dead with 12-year-olds and chattering douche-bags can be an issue on LIVE. But once you get the right group together, this game's immersive excitement is peerless among console co-ops. My gamer tag's Leangrean, so come find me n' we'll kick some zombie ass!! —Jesse Hawlish

4.6 nerds at home wearing ear-pieces out of 5

Prince of Persia

Ubisoft

Xbox 360-Action Platformer

Street: 12.04

Right now this game is a hot topic for nerd debate. Is the gameplay relaxing, or childishly easy? Are those graphics stylishly spare, or just subpar? Everyone who plays Ubisoft's reinvisioning of the classic *Prince of Persia* franchise is going to have a vehement opinion; it's that kind of game. So far is it from the standards set by its predecessors that plenty of gamers are going to have a hard time adjusting. But if you can shake off that muscle-memory, *PoP*'s new platforming/combat scheme offers plenty of fun to be had.

The Prince's wince-worthy dialog is offset by his new chica, the deftly voice-acted Princess Elika. Elika is your constant companion, and the interaction between her and the prince, both in combat and during the platforming, is one of the game's strongest assets. It's easy to become quite attached to Elika. Her back story, and the narration she provides for the gameworld, give PoP a level of characterization not often seen in a platformer. *Prince of Persia* takes the idea of a secondary companion (i.e., **SCEA**'s **Ico**) and extends it seamlessly into every aspect of gameplay with great success.

Nevertheless, this game is an experiment in a new style, and it's not going to be a successful one for everybody. While onscreen action is fast paced and high energy, the button presses required to create the action are very slow and deceptively simple. Other than directional movement, you aren't exactly controlling the Prince's actions directly. The combat (and to some degree, the platforming) exists somewhere between cutscene and gameplay, requiring you to press the right buttons to continue the flashy, cinematic actions of the Prince. If you're feeding into it, this can be a blast to watch, but if you're not, it might seem frustrating, awkward, or simply too easy.

Plenty of people are going to hate this game. The enjoyment in *Prince of Persia* is something like that in *Ico* and *Shadow of the Colossus*—where companionship, unconventional gameplay, and atmosphere sustain the experience. If that sounds lame, then it probably will be, and you should fire up *G7A 4* instead. For the rest of us, *Prince of Persia* has the potential to be a unique and lasting game experience.

—*Jesse Hawlish*

4 witty game-related items out of 5



THE INVERSION TRAWLER

From the Observation Files of Oomingmak and Boudica Juicyfruit

THE UTAH DUCK-BUTT GOES GLOBAL Filed by Boo

It's been amazing getting to know our cousin Tempest better. Before this secret and extended visit, we'd seen her only twice and had had limited communication with her. Aunt Delila would send us the odd bit of family news every now and then and we were vaguely kept aware of Tempest's rise through that horrible TV pop star show and into mega pop stardom. Tempest is a total unknown in The States. Because those shows and the music they promote have always been vile to Oom and me (well mostly to me – I wouldn't be surprised to find Oom heartily singing along), we just haven't paid attention or made much of an effort to interact with Tempest.

Since Aunt Delila basically kidnapped Tempest and smuggled her out of the UK to the weird wilds of Utah "to save the poor dear from those viperous media types and dim-bulb tabloid culture," we've discovered that there is a whole

and Tempest promptly commanded us to sculpt the hair-do on her head. She insists on sporting the Duck Butt look because she says it keeps her from taking herself too seriously and that, in turn, makes her feel more free than she ever has. She's got a good point. Aunt Leona recently pulled some strings and arranged for our whole extended family and about a million of our friends to get in free at a certain area ski resort. Well, it turns out that one of the minor British royals (probably only about two degrees more royal than Tempest herself) has made a whiny documentary film about how the evil tabloid media hounds innocent, overrich, pointless people into drink, drugs and erratic attention-seeking behavior. The documentary was accepted into this vear's Shundanse Film Festival. To drum up publicity for the film, it was leaked to the British tabloids that this certain royal and her family would be



lot more to our cousin than designer names and shiny things. The girl is smart, has a gargantuan sense of humor and has a potty mouth and imagination that withers the daisies. She's also a great fan of the supernatural, which made it a bit easier to explain to her why her pony tail had suddenly vanished (not that we actually know why, but that in Utah pony tails have a bad habit of just vanishing) and about Aunt Leona's spirit guide Alfredo. We also mentioned Murgatroid, the 1920s flapper turned renegade spirit guide who is part of a guerilla-spirit guide movement and who has attached herself to Oom and me. Tempest ate it all up and asked for seconds. She's been begging to meet Murgatroid and hoping to get a spirit guide of her own.

We'd been teasing Tempest about her new and unasked-for hair cut and told her about The Utah Duck Butt. The Duck Butt is a hairstyle developed by Utah women who'd had their pony tails swiped by the pony tail snatchers. The shorter back hair is brushed upwards and hair sprayed into place while the longer sides and front are straightened forward like wings. This gives the appearance of a duck's butt perched upon the neck of the woman wearing the hairstyle. We all laughed derisively

spending the week prior to the film festival skiing at a resort in Utah. It was at the same ski resort and at the same time of our family day on the slopes. It was a blur! It all happened so quickly. One of the British paparazzi recognized the mysteriously AWOL Tempest X, Duck Butt hair-do and all, and like piranha, they set upon her. Tempest knew how to handle them, knowing many of them personally, and I was amazed at her skill in keeping control of the situation. I was totally freaked out. If that level of insane attention had been directed at me, I'd have exploded into a puff of dust. The royal who'd paid for many of these gossip vultures to be there was totally ignored and obviously miffed. Tempest was the main story in Europe for days, upstaging two celebrity weddings, a royal birth, an English national football hero found wandering naked through trees on Hampstead Heath, a UFO seen by thousands hovering over The Hague, and the secession of Warwickshire from the rest of the UK.

It was automatically assumed that Tempest was here because "Utah is the rehab of the starlets" and her "edgy new hairstyle has infected Europe more quickly and more potently than the plaque."



The Day the Earth Stood Still

20th Century Fox In Theaters: 12.12

It's interesting to think about intergalactic civilizations convening together and looking down at Earth thinking we're a bunch of sadistic douchebags with nuclear missiles. What's not fun is listening to the robotic Keanu Reeves deliver the judgmental message and having to endure the relentless sobbing of a disapproving Jaden Smith. The underlying shape up or ship out theme flatlines from beginning to end, leaving the viewer with nothing but a void of entertainment and 103 minutes stripped from their lives. While the clichéd special effects look impressive, how does one blow \$80 million on a film with minimal action sequences and an extraterrestrial globe that does nothing but glimmer in the middle of Central Park? Reeves' lack of refined acting skills makes him the perfect candidate to portray the reserved Klaatu, while Jennifer Connelly should have taken one look at the script and walked away laughing ... we all make mistakes. Do vourself a favor, save five bucks, and rent Robert Wise's 1951 original classic. -Jimmy Martin

Death Race Universal Street: 12.21



When a film features apocalyptic automobiles equipped with machine guns, flamethrowers, and rocket launchers, it's obvious the storyline and dialogue are mere obstacles preventing the glory

of further chaos and destruction. Paul W.S. Anderson's overhaul of Roger Corman's 1975 cult classic, Death Race 2000, is gritty, raw, and 100% pure masculine adrenaline. Sure, the plot of an innocent man framed for his wife's murder is unoriginal. However, toss in strangulations, decapitations, and a competition that allows prisoners to fight to the death for their freedom and the B.A.M.F. meter skyrockets. Heroic Jason Statham plays his trademarked walking pair of pecks, while Deadwood's lan McShane continues to effectively portray a humorous know-it-all as the team's head mechanic. Chockfull of racial and sexual stereotypes, this cinematic modernization plays more like a video game than a movie. It's the ideal film to watch when you want to shut your brain down for two hours and watch spewing blood and pretty explosions. Drool. -Jimmy Martin

Christmas On Mars The Flaming Lips Warner Brothers Street: 11.11.08

Moving to Mars? Once you go there you won't be coming home for the holidays. What would life be like on the red planet? Is Mars haunted? What about earthquakes on mars, wouldn't they be called Marsquakes? If Martian quakes were much stronger, terrestrial people on Mars would laugh when they hear of a little 8.5 on the Richter hitting the San Fernando Valley saying "jeez that's only a 1.3 on the Martian scale." A cosmic journey of this proportion would turn any boy into a man scout, or just drive him mad. Christmas on Mars is based on having a confrontation with this cosmic reality, presenting feasts of visual and audio manna on a budget. Life on Mars ... smoking weed in a space suit while putting lights on the Christmas tree. Being a virgin mother in isolation and lovingly feeding rainbow colored raw eggs to your baby in an ex-womb. Walking in on your boss as he works out topless in his office. Vagina helmet. Trying to find the holiday spirit on a snow-less globe. A simple mistake could compromise the entire colony. Vagina-headed marching bands or dying babies. A personal spaceship you keep in your mouth. Santa's suite fits this alien perfectly. Nothing can ever be unseen. See this film if you dare! -Cinnamon Brown

Hamlet 2 Universal Street: 12.21

If you've ever witnessed Wiseguys

Comedy Café's Open Mic Night, you're quite familiar with the discomfiting aroma that suffocates the room when someone attempts to force a joke that doesn't work. It's unforgiveable. The same putrid stench saturates Andrew Fleming's attempt at risqué comedy in Hamlet 2. After failing as an actor. Dana Marschz (Steve Coogan) moves to "where dreams go to die" (a.k.a. Tucson, Arizona) and becomes a high school drama teacher. After discovering the school is cutting the drama program. Dana decides to salvage the pitiful curriculum by producing a theatric masterpiece that morphs Shakespeare's vengeful tragedy into a campy musical complete with a time machine, light sabers, and Jesus. Sounds ingenious...it's not. With musical numbers like "You're as Gay as the Day is Long" and "Raped in the Face" you'd think the elements are present for an entertaining dark comedy, but their executions misfire drastically. Coogan desperately tries to hoard chuckles at every turn with nudity and self-loathing, but instead becomes increasingly agitating as the film progresses. The only shining beacons of humor arrive in the forms of a foul-mouthed Amy Poehler and a recluse Elisabeth Shue playing herself...except we all know Adventures in Babysitting (not Leaving Las Vegas) is her best role to date. -Jimmy Martin

High Society: A Pot Boiler Laynfaroh

Street: 09

This is yet another tale of do-nothing pot smokers sitting around engaging in fast-talking Kevin Smithesque witty banter. A group of roommates compete for the opportunity to bag a couple of hotties by charming them, insulting them, and getting them high. Initially the characters are all interesting as they present their quirks by brandishing swords, handguns, and crafting big fat "Tulip Joints". There are several clever gags, but they never seem to go anywhere as they become repetitive and really really long. Watching films of this genre. I've certainly come to expect to see lots of comical pot smoking, however these guys toke up way to much in slow motion funky colored trip out scenes that offer little else than to make you wish that you had some green yourself to make the film seem a little more tolerable. What makes a great stoner film is not having to be stoned to watch it. Imbibing should only heighten the experience. -Ben Trentelman

Mamma Mia! Universal Street: 12.16

As I lit another candle under my shrine honoring the actress who can do no wrong, Meryl Streep, I decided to watch her film adaptation of Judy Craymer's Broadway hit, Mamma Mia!. I don't remember how the fire broke out. I can only recall incessant screaming. When soon-to-wed Sophie (Amanda Seyfried) discovers her mother, Donna (Streep), used to generously open her meat wallet to any imposing prick, she desperately seeks to unveil the mystery of her father's identity. The only problem is three men fall directly within the time of conception. See, she is a slut, but what's an inquisitive daughter to do? I know! Invite all three men to the wedding! The idea of creating a nostalgic play solely based on the irritating music of ABBA barely passed the board of tolerance nine years ago (at least you had professional singers), so why would anyone think a motion picture being helmed by an evident first-time director and starring an entire cast of tone-deaf actors is a good idea? Listening to James Bond veteran Pierce Brosnan belt out "S.O.S." and "Knowing Me. Knowing You" sounded eerily similar to a walrus being castrated. Don't ask me how I know that. The shoddy cinematography, awkwardly placed extras, and total disconnection between actors marks this monstrosity as the worst of the worst for 2008. -Jimmy Martin

Redneck Zombies 20th Anniversary Edition *Troma Entertainment, Inc.* Street: 1.27.09



A botched vat of moonshine turns an entire redneck town into a group of bloodthirsty zombies. This is another cult classic from the creators of the Toxic Avengers and Surf Nazis Must **Die.** If you consider yourself any kind of zombie fan, this is a must see. Yes, it is campy, but this is not a film to be taken seriously. In the spirit of the movie, I would recommend that you enjoy a bottle of Wild Turkey or some bathtub hooch with the film, if you've got it. It being the 20th anniversary edition, you can find lots of sweet bonus features including an in-depth interview between director Pericles Lewnes and Troma founder Lloyd Kaufman. You also get a bonus CD with the film's soundtrack including to-die for tracks like "Leggo My Leg, Yo" and "Chemical Nuclear Warfare Toxic Waste Barrel Polka." -Ren Trentelman

Seven Pounds Columbia

In Theaters: 12.19
Reconnecting with The Pursuit of Hap-

piness' director Gabriele Muccino, Will Smith attempts to tug on heart strings with another dramatic role in this glorified tale of redemption and sacrifice. Frequently hinting at and intertwining the mystery that destroyed Ben Thomas' (Smith) life, the story tracks Ben as he stalks, observes, and determines whether or not various underprivileged strangers are worthy of a life-altering gift. This coming from the guy who starred in Wild Wild West. After befriending a critically ill Emily Posa (Rosario Dawson), Ben rediscovers the human spirit and decides it's time to finalize his mission. What starts out strong as an engaging and suspenseful story, soon dwindles into a strung out romance saga that never seems to end. Granted, the Fresh Prince continues to prove his skills can still successfully cross genres, even with a script suitable for the Oxygen Network. The films underlying message isn't underlying at all. Grant Nieporte's screenplay is much too literal, and forces the viewer to question his perceptions on the audience's intelligence. -Jimmy Martin

Valkyrie MGM

In Theaters: 12.25

You know something's awry when a film's release date wildly jumps around like a child who's missed his dose of Ritalin. Reporting dates as early as June 2008 and as late as February 2009, Bryan Singer's accounting of the final assassination attempt on Hitler raised more flags than ones baring swastikas. Tom Cruise helms his first leading role in two years as the one-eved, one-hand. scheming, German, Hitler hater, Colonel Claus von Stauffenberg, as he concocts one of the most elaborate inner circle plots to overthrow the demented dictator. From the get go. Valkvrie states its purpose and never slows down, leaving anyone with inquiries behind. The

acting, furnished commendably by an ensemble cast, is tarnished by the lack of authenticity in dialect. The film begins firmly with an impressive narration by Cruise, spoken in German, depicting his hatred for his country's future, but the film gradually becomes artificial as the English language, and a dozen other accents, seep in creating nothing but distractions. Granted, the swift pacing and close-ups of Cruise's eye patch entertains to a degree, but when everyone knows failure is inevitable, the question of "Why am I watching this?" arises more often than desired. — Jimmy Martin

Wanted Universal Street: 12.02



Based on Mark Millar's 2003 graphic novel series, director Timur Bekmambetov's over the top assassin saga is a coming-of-age story complete with broken bones and sniper rifles. Wesley Gibson (James McAvoy) is the typical loser with a dead-end job, a cheating girlfriend, and a dreary existence. He's a nobody. After being rescued by a mysterious woman (Angelina Jolie) from a grocery store shoot-out and learning the truth about his father's death, Wesley abandons his pathetic lifestyle and hops aboard the Revenge Express. Nothing ruins a hitman film like exaggerated CGI effects. Compare Luc Besson's artistically stunning, yet simple Leon to Michael Davis' ridiculous shitfest Shoot 'Em Up. Bekmambetov has found a medium between the two extremes and created digitally-filled gunfights that don't make me want to throw a shrieking tantrum. The witty dialogue and perfectly intertwined bits of humor wink at the audience and say, "We know this is idiotic, so laugh, asshole." Containing one of the best room clearing scenes since The Matrix and Equilibrium. Wanted gives hope for the genre's future. If anything, hearing Morgan Freeman shout "mother fucker" made my day better. -Jimmy Martin

Checkout slugmag.com for more movie reviews and other exclusive content!





BOURSALOUD

The B List

The National Society of Film Critics on the Low-Budget Beauties, Genre-Bending Mavericks, and Cult Classics We Love

David Steritt and John Anderson

Da Capo [Street 10.15]

This book is the third in a series of Da Capo Press "best of" offerings. Their A List tome chronicled the greatest films of all time, and their X List volume guided us through some of history's sexiest films. This installment scrapes the bottom of the vat, compiling synopses and memories tied to various film critics' experiences with B cinema. The essays treat well know films like Pink Flamingos, Eraserhead and the Rocky Horror Picture Show, as well as other cult and horror films from the 1960s to the present day. Some of the essays are insightful, and others tend to be opportunities for some smarmy fuck from an east coast daily to talk about how much he hated Platoon (I'll bet he loathed Full Metal Jacket as well). Overall though, this is a good read. For the most part, it throws caution to the wind and zooms in on films whose conception. lurid upbringings and dubious character traits would drive most people away. This is a fantastic resource for cult film buffs the world over. -James Bennett

Three Wishes: An Intimate Look at Jazz Greats

Pannonica de Koenigswarter Harry N. Abrams, INC. [Street 10.08]

This book is rad. I could not write anything else and you would have to see for yourself how awesome this book really is, but I will indulge you. At the very beginning of the Jazz movement, there was one individual, Pannonica de Koenigswarter, who was quite friendly with most (if not all) of the jazz greats. Pannonica got to know

them really well and even had the legends Charlie Parker and Thelonious Monk stay with her in her home, which was nicknamed "The Cathouse" for all the cool cats that would hang there. She started to compile heaps upon heaps of Polaroids of the Jazz musicians in their most natural state. This was only a start and before long she had started asking the musicians to write down the three wishes they would ask for if they could have three wishes. I found it quite funny that my favorite jazz player, Dizzy Gillespie, pretty much asked for exactly what I would ask for if I had three wishes. Not only does it talk about the musicians, but it gives quite an extensive background on Pannonica's life and its well worth your time to read it. - Adam Dorobiala

Handmade Nation: The Rise of DIY, Art, Craft, and Design

Faythe Levine and Cortney Heimerl

Princeton Architectural Press [Street: 11.10]

Faythe Levine gives us a sneak peak at her upcoming documentary with this literary release of Handmade Nation. In her introduction, we learn how Levine came to be a prominent member of the indie-craft scene and opened her own store. Paper Boat. Handmade Nation covers the entire spectrum of craft mania while profiling what Levine considers the top the top of their class, including some of my own favorites from Sublime Stitching's embroidery queen Jenny Hart and Renegade Craft

Fair's creator **Susan Daly**. The book also gives a brief timeline of how the scene developed from a few small knitting crews to the sold out attendance of many DIY fairs. Levine gives us just enough to get your interest peaked and makes you want to blaze your own trail of entrepreneur fame. Watch for the documentary to be released in 2009. *–Meg Griggs*



Bellyography: KAIRO

By Astara



Take equal parts energizer bunny. intellectual, stand-up comedienne, community organizer, devoted friend, mother, and wife, and add a huge portion of Middle Eastern dancer, and you will have one, very original member of our community—Kairo. This triple Virgo has traveled a long road to discover exactly where her niche in the belly dance scene resides— Kairo has found her home! Tribal fusion seems to have been created just for her. Today, Kairo is in her element, blending and fusing different styles of dance into lyrical and original dance expressions.

Kairo has lived in Salt Lake City all her life, and from age five on, she has studied ballet, tap, jazz, flamenco, salsa, African and Middle Eastern Dance—including cabaret, folkloric, and tribal

"When I was little, I would wrap anything I could find around my hips, Kairo explained, "and pretend I was belly dancing. I can't remember when I didn't want to be a belly dancer."

"Courtney (**Ana Kitka za Sofja**) was one of the first belly dancers I saw. I remember Kitty's eyes—her eyes when she was dancing. I knew I had to do that. I had to have that feeling."

A member of several dance troupes in the past, Kairo said, "When I first saw **Kashmir** perform tribal, I knew that was how I wanted belly dancing to be for me. I never could completely relate to Egyptian Cabaret. It wasn't a good fit. Whenever I danced a cabaret solo, my preference was for edgy music, and I seemed to choose the 'wrong' costumes. Cabaret just wasn't dark and mysterious enough for me."

A member of **Kashmir Dance Company** for the past eight years,
Kairo continued, "Kashmir is a
deeply spiritual and incredibly intense
group of women. **Corrie [Walker]**is so protective of her troupe—like a
mother tiger. We laugh all the time,
and the energy is always amped
several notches. I feel at home there.
I feel safe. I found my place in dance
when I started performing ATS and
fusion with Kashmir. We really are
a tribe."

Dancing with Kashmir has provided many opportunities and lasting friendships for Kairo. She has been certified in ATS, teaches belly dancing, and is the director of the **Rising Phoenix** dance company.

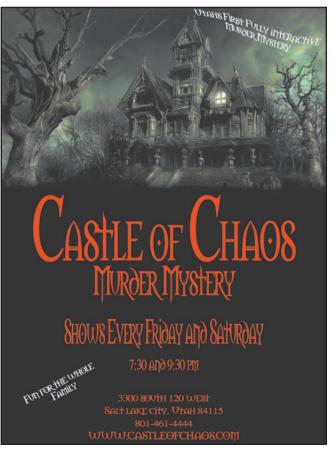
In her words, "I just can't say enough wonderful things about the members of Rising Phoenix. We have been together for eight years—10 ladies and one man and most of our performances are for charity. We do all kinds of fun things together, like going to movies. We all love Harry Potter, hence the name, 'Rising Phoenix.' They are just a bunch of truly joyful dancers."

And Kairo has become a "truly joyful dancer" herself. She has discovered what works for her, and it translates to her audiences when she is onstage.

"I adore dancing solos, " Kairo said. "It's never choreographed. It's just a pure expression of my heart."

For information on upcoming events for Kairo and Kashmir Dance Company: kashmirdancecompany.





A. Armada Anam Cara Hello Sir Records Street: 01.09

Street: 01.09
A. Armada = Explosions in the Sky
+ Red Sparowes + MONO

Post-rock seems to be gospel for some musicians and those few rarely become brave enough to break the long-running traditions that have sustained this vein of music. A. Armada stayed true to the basic fundamentals (such as having ridiculously long song titles) and put together a comfortable five-song album in the process. From the music won-derland that is Athens, Ga., the quartet shares members with **Cinemechanica** and **Maserati**. Fans of sympathetic, straightforward, guitar-heavy instrumental rock will be won over by this album. Unlike their contemporaries, A. Armada keep their songs short and accessible, only one of them clocking in at longer than six minutes, which makes Anam Cara a pleasant, facile listen. The sixminute song is the most dynamic track: the alluring "Into Days & Nights & Years & Months." Unfortunately, the whole album, at only 27 minutes in overall length, leaves much to be desired and a lot of territory unexplored. –Ryan Sanford

The Ability Be Still Mediaskare Records Street: 11.11 The Ability = Taking Back Sunday +



Further Seems Forever

While The Ability have the actual ability to make good music, I don't think they are quite there yet. Be Still showcases the bands' talents, namely, the darkly orchestrated soft-to-heavy melodic singing and screaming backed by equally dark music. Don't get me wrong, this is no goth album, but it is very somber and serious in its sound and overall vibe. These Chicago friends play well together and know how to arrange their tunes, but in the end, it's just not enough to get excited about. The Ability show promise and could be

a band to watch in the future. —Jeremy C. Wilkins

Architect Ghost of the Salt Water Machines

Black Market Activities Street: 11.25

Architect = Hatebreed + Coalesce + Earth Crisis + Turmoil

Svracuse-based New York fellows, Architect, have a message chalked with political anarchy on topics of war, the government, faith and then some. They have the genre of epic East Coast hardcore down: relentless chaos of hard-driven riffs and cymbal-filled drums paved all the way through with backing vocals. The first song "Camelot in Smithereens," starts off with politics of war: "Your rhetoric won't bring our sons back from the dead ..." There is no release on tiring political content until the third to last track, "The Dog and Pony Show," a song about being on tour and its trials: "No money for gas/The last 'promoter' really fucked us in the ass." I felt close to no interest in Ghost of the Salt Water Machine's clichéd lyrics and sound. Architect know how to keep it real in the name of hardcore, but lack in anything crossing the line of original. -Nicole Dumas

Arliss Parker Handsome Like a Lion DAG! Records Street: 11.25 Arliss Parker = Kaki King + Ok

Ikumi

I'm pretty sure Parker is simply being sneaky. Each song has a familiar ring, but just before I figure out which song he may have swiped it from, he breaks off into something soothing, causing my mind to blank and fall into sleep mode. Each song plays as if it were an intro for the next song. With toy keyboards, random percussion mixes and possibly a captured cricket, there isn't a climactic stage, just phases of calm. Add in a soothing voice—"Breathe in, breathe out"— a couple bird calls and the urge to pee from what could be water leaking from the tap in the next room, and yoga instructors will go wild. If nothing else, this is a pleasant mix for tuning out the blaring television down the hall while trying to take a quickie nap. -Jessica Davis

As Eden Burns The Great Celestial Delusion Willowtip Street: 11.11

As Eden Burns = Abigail Williams + Dissection

Playing the debut album by these youngsters from Houston, I became concerned that perhaps I've become too cranky, too opinionated, and too eager to lump metal that pairs

melodic guitars with harsh vocals into the "generic deathcore" category. So to test my neutrality, I inserted As Eden Burns into a shuffle with several other releases from the genre. Aside from the murkier production, it was difficult for me to distinguish this album from a recent release by Abigail Williams, and unfortunately for As Eden Burns, Abigail Williams was the more memorable of the two. Unfortunately for Abigail Williams, I'd rather listen to Necros Christos, Archgoat, or Cult of Daath than their overproduced Cradle of Filth crib notes. Once this melodic blackened death-metal trend bottoms out, I'm going to buy myself something nice. And that nice thing will not be another album by As Eden Burns. -Ben West

Ásmegin *Arv*

Napalm Records Street: 01.13 Ásmegin = The Gathering + Mannheim Steamroller + (later) Unleashed

I get the same uncomfortable feeling from the sophomore album by these "Nordic folk metallers" as when I once walked my dog through Phoenix's Encanto Park while costumed medieval Live Action Role Players staged a mock battle. There's absolutely no danger involved; I'm just stunned by the earnest nerdiness of it all. On all fronts, I must proclaim this album mediocre. For folk metal, the production is far too sharp, the instrumentation more pedals and knobs than "lute by firelight." While lovely, the female vocals are delivered by a pop minx instead of a beckoning Guinevere, and the harsh male vocals are delivered in an annoying nursery-rhyme singsong. No matter what you're looking for from your folk metal, Arv isn't going to satisfy the craving. Dig up some Amber Asylum, The Gathering or Ulver's Kveldssanger if you want fill your ears with gentle acoustics or elfblood and shining steel. -Ben West

Cobra Verde Haven't Slept All Year A Scat Reord Street: 01. 06

Cobra Verde = Fu Manchu + The Hives + ZZ -Top + Eels

If you walked into the room and this album was playing in the background, you would probably think that **The Rolling Stones** had decided to increase their amount of substance abuse (if that's possible) and record a new album. Cobra Verde are as sloppy and as poppy as one band can possibly get, and it's highly unoriginal garage music, but for some reason, the rawness and looseness combined with the candy-coated choruses just pull me in. Cobra Verde's music is kind of like Boones Farm wine. You know it tastes

gnarly and won't get you drunk, but you drink it and like it because it's hilarious.

—lon Robertson

Cut Off Your Hands You and I

FrenchKiss Records

Street: 01.20 Cut Off Your Hands = Bloc Party + Bredon Urie + Patrick Wolf on *The*

Magic Position

It's apparent that this album was inspired by bands such as Joy Division and The Cure, but the result doesn't compare to these classic acts. The instrumentals swirl and pirouette and make for quite an enjoyable listen, but they aren't doing anything that hasn't been done before. The first song on the album, "Happy as Can Be," really showcases their ability. The reverberation and fast-paced drumming makes for an excellent introduction, but it also sets the listener up for a bit of a letdown for what follows. Nick Johnston's voice is strong and distinct and it blends well with the surrounding whirlwind of music that carries throughout the album, but the sometimes sappy lyrics and overall repetition make for a finished product that sounds more like neo-pop boy bands like Panic! at the Disco rather than like the classic influences they're striving so hard to emulate. –Erin Kelleher

Dälek Gutter Tactics

Ipecac Street: 01.27 Dälek = EI-P + Faust

How does a band sequence a beats/ black leader political speech piece named "Blessed Are They Who Bash Your Children's Heads Against a Rock" as track one and not pass out in a rage coma? Answer: the group is Dälek, and they're just getting started. Though the duo (MC Dälek and **okt0pus**) claims this album isn't "pummeling," the difference from previous records is marginal-thank god. Murky feedback, distorted dive-bombs, virtuosic turntablism and stomach-rumbling textures run amuck as a sneering MČ brings down the city like a recently muzzled **Godzilla**. For every "soft" work such as the major chord meets driving hi-hat "We Lost Sight" and the dubby, contrabass-thumping "A Collection of Micerabla" the group provides the of Miserable," the group provides the drum-heavy "Thoughts Laced With Wit Los Moacheteros/Spear of a Nation," "Atypical Stereotype" and effects-gonewild "Who Medgar Evers Was ...", all songs in the key of apocalyptic demolition. Dälek still carries the biggest stick. -Dave Madden

Dodsferd Death Set the Beginning of My Journey

Moribund Records Street: 11.18

Dosferd = Venom + Lust (Canada)

I have a passing familiarity with this Greek one-man act, having received their split with Arizona's Ganzmord in a trade years ago. On that split, Dodsferd's sound was primitive, thin, and not dissimilar to a young **Celtic Frost** with Down's syndrome. Fortunately, *Death* Set the Beginning of My Journey shows marked improvement since those early days. Make no mistake, this isn't a black-metal masterniece. And whoever decided to market Dodsferd as "Black n' Roll" ought to have an eye poked out. Dodsferd's sole member. Wrath. isn't breaking new ground by slowing down his songs. The results aren't "rock"; they're simply closer to the genre's origins, with **Venom** and **Hell**hammer. In fact, one suspects Wrath doesn't possess the musicianship to play any faster. Despite all this, I truly enjoy *Death Set* It's trebly, buzzy and clatters as if the microphones of the four-track that recorded it were in a silverware drawer atop the amps. Easily the best release I reviewed this month, and perfect for apes like myself who like their metal raw and retarded -Ben West

Ephel Duath Through My Dog's Eyes Earache Street: 01.09

Ephel Duath = The Dillinger Escape Plan + Maudlin of the Well + Cult of Luna

With every release from Italy's Ephel Duath, you have a different sound, beginnings in *Phormula*'s post-black metal mayhem to a grindingly jazzy *Painter's*Palette to the post-hardcore leanings of Pain Necessary to Know. With Through My Dog's Eyes, we have a more mellowed style coming from the band, which may frustrate some longtime fans of the band's chaotic moments. When I say mellow, the record isn't all ponies and daisies; it uses plenty of discordfilled guitar melodies, with stunning jazz tempos and rhythms as well as the band's most diverse vocal approach, from an angry Neurosis-type growl to just overall strangeness. Out of all the releases from the band, this one is the releases from the band, this one is definitely a grower. You're not going to be blown away with the first listen, or even the fifth; it takes a great deal of time, mainly because of the disjointed flow of the attitude of the songs. Dog's Eyes' strong point is its outright amazing and original drumming by Marco Minnemann (Necrophagist and Illogicist). -Bryer Wharton

Ethan Rose Oaks

Holocene Street: 01.27 Ethan Rose = Eliane Radique + Ralph Vaughan Williams

Ethan Rose spent the last year at the Oaks Park Roller Rink. Skating while ogling the hem-lines of 14-year olds? No, he was learning about and collecting recordings from the 1926 Wurlitzer Theater Organ on the premises. Though Rose lists the gamut of organ pipes and sound effects used in this sonic narrative, his edits and manipulations respectfully remove the polka and hockey game associations of the

instrument, pushing it into something otherworldly. Echoing flutes work a trio with backwards marimba hits as subdued cymbals Doppler across the stereo field ("Rising Waters"). Bursts of pipe air meet pulsing, drone-like chords and a whispered rhythmically-aleatoric percussion jingle ("Bottom"). Rose's fusion is an album of placid bliss, a calming psychoacoustic wonderland that keeps you warm in bed as you watch the flickering snow against street lights from your window—in other words, comfort. —Dave Madden

Franz Nicolay Major General

Fistolo Street: 01.13

Franz Nicolay = The Hold Steady + The World/Inferno Friendship Society + Mischief Brew

Not only is Franz Nicolay the keyboardist of The Hold Steady, a multiinstrumentalist for World/Inferno and a frequent collaborator with many other bands (**Dresden Dolls, The Loved**

Ones, etc.), but he also maintains one of the most impressive mustaches in all of rock n' roll. Major General is another impressive addition to his resume, as the mustachioed one emerges on his own as a talented lyricist and vocalist. Throughout the album, Nicolay draws influence from the straightforward storytelling style of **Craig Finn** as well as the theatrical delivery of **Jack Terricloth** to create something that is simultaneously familiar and unique. A few of the songs sound like particularly good Hold Steady B-sides ("Confessions of an Ineffective Casanova") or World/Inferno outtakes ("Hey Dad!"), but it's on the acoustic coffeehouse-cum-cabaret tracks that Nicolay really finds his voice Varied songwriting and instrumentation make Major General interesting and prove that Nicolay is more than just some quirky guy who happens to have an amazing mustache. -Ricky Vigil

The Gonzo Tapes The Life and Work of Dr. Hunter S Thompson Shout Factory

Street: 10.28

The Gonzo Tapes = drugs + mumbling + the raw material that created killer novels

This five-disc set was created for Gonzo enthusiasts. These discs contain the previously unreleased recordings made by Hunter S. Thompson, used to construct his most legendary pieces, like Hell's Angels, Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas and Fear and Loathing on the Campaign Trail '72. The discs also contain some of his more famous Rolling Stone flops--like the Rumble in the Jungle story that never came to fruition. At many points, the tapes devolve into incoherent mumbles and listening to them for too long is likely to drive you mad. However, these digitally remastered tapes are artifacts and offer a window into the way that Thompson worked. The most exciting moments on these discs are the ones that made it to the books-like the Bass Lake Run, the Hell's Angels party with the Merry Pranksters and attempting to find the American Dream in Las Vegas. I'd recommend checking these out if you've read numerous Hunter S. Thompson books-if you haven't, the extraordinary nature of these tapes will be lost on you. —Jeanette Moses

Hallway Ballers Hallway Ballers

Independent Street: 01.13

Hallway Ballers = Infectious Grooves + Kottinmouth Kings +

Sometimes I wish that Bradley Nowell had never existed. While Brad was responsible for a couple of really cool Sublime records, his band has gone on to influence so many copycat unoriginal bands, a perfect example of which is Hallway Ballers. For some reason, bands like HB and others that have gone on to waste Sublime's flavor have nothing important to say. They are just content with trying to remake 40 Oz. to Freedom over and over. Which sucks, because the more and more I hear bands like this, the more it makes me dislike Sublime. Damn you, Hallway Ballers, you're ruining my life!! Jon

Hans Grüsel's Kränkenkabinet

Blaue Blooded Turen
Resipiscent Records

Street: 12.01 HGK = Black Dice + Growing + The Black Forest

The concept behind Hans Grüsel's Kränkenkabinet is as solid as they come—an oversized Hansel and Gretel playing games with their analog synth toys inside of a terrible and dynamic forest. The concept gives the music its identity—a place far away, full of mysticism and organic material. The music is thrown through a modern psychotic episode, full of epilepsy and trauma. The sounds aren't always intense, but are related to how our brains make decisions. It is the point where the brain is at a standstill about which way is the best to go, with its back-and-forth motion. This is a world without emotion that creates a neverending positive feedback mechanism that spirals toward the sky and back through the trees. -Andrew Glassett

Hooray For Earth Self-Titled

Dopamine Records Street: 01.13

Smile + Muse + Abandoned Pools Hooray for nothing (sorry, that was too easy). These guys are so-so. A band like this may transform live, but this release is a little too bad/poppy for my taste. Hooray for Earth's staccato drumming and song style gets wearisome fast. And the grungy guitar on tracks like "Want Want Want" doesn't do anything to hide the fact that the electronica in this group is the overriding player in the musical equation and no amount of distortion will hide that and make it fly. The vocalist's whiny delivery rubbed me raw, like a dry raincoat after two hours of exploratory "body working" on tweak. Sounds like a great idea on paper, but unless you have buckets of KY, this shit won't lubricate your ears proper. The exception is the superb third track, "Heartbeat," which has nothing much to do with the rest of the album. -JP

Hooray for Earth = The Revolution

Isobel Campbell and Mark Lanegan

Sunday at the Devil Dirt Fontana International

Street 11.18

Campbell & Lanegan = Belle and Sebastian + Screaming Trees + Leonard Cohen



As a fat kid listening to rock music in the early 90s, the Screaming Trees were a revelation. Two fat members and a hard psychedelic sound made for a band that I actually felt like I could be in. The gravelly, deep voice of singer Mark Lanegan also made the band stand out, and helped create the foundation for everything that came out of Seattle just a few short years later. Almost two decades further out, and with cigarettes rendering his voice deeper still, Lanegan is lending his pipes to Belle and Sebastian's songwriter and vocalist Isobel Campbell. And even though some of the music sounds like it was cribbed from a forgotten Ennio Morricone spaghetti Western score, that really isn't a bad thing. Campbell takes a vocal backseat to Lanegan's channeling of an I'm Your Man-era Leonard Cohen, and the result is a uniquely listenable set of songs. And where Cohen's music has the tendency to depress you to the point of suicide, these smoky murder-ballads will only inspire you to listen to them over and over again. - James Bennett

Kenneth Pattengale Storied Places

Milan Records Street 01.27 Kenneth Partridge = Jeff Buckley + Cat Stevens

Mr. Pattengale fits into the "Fabio" of the male vocals category, along with similar local artists like Jay Henderson (Band of Annuals) and Brinton Jones (The Devil Whale). His album is subtle and seductive, riding the folk wave into our ears. His love songs are far from pathetic; they capture the romantic essence of a classic time, free of booty and hos. Storied Places is like taking a bubble bath filled with sweet melodies and the aroma of lyrical passion. Pattengale shows us that modest is the hottest. –Lyuba Basin

Kottonmouth Kings The Green Album Suburban Noise Street: 01.20

If you live in Utah and you like to ride moto cross, you are probably extremely obsessed with the Kottonmouth Kings and every six months, you cruise out to Salt Air with all your buds to see your favorite band perform. The Kottonmouth Kings and **311** has been hugely popular in SLC for some time now. This hand much like 311 have made the same album nine times and The Green Album is no exception. Every song has a reference to marijuana. These guys do not deviate from their brand of watered-down folk-hop-wait, sorry, "rip-hop" (my bad). Long story short, if you like the Kottonmouth Kings, you'll probably love the Green Album. If you don't, this album will not convince you to change your mind and cruise out to Salt Air in six months. - Jon Robertson

Kreator Hordes of Chaos

Street: 01.13

Kreator = Destruction + Sodom + Exodus

It's been six long years since thrash maniacs had an original offering from Kreator. Hordes of Chaos is the best of the modern era of Kreator, hands down. Some of that quality I attribute to the process of live recording that went into the album's creation, which ulti-mately gives it the feel of an actual live sound. The album's 10 tracks come at you quick, although there are some melodic interlude-type moments, thankfully brief because they are the most lackluster portions of the album. Like any signature Kreator, the songs have vocal chorus chants or one-word chants that will leave you screaming them upon the first listen of the record, and within the first two and last two tracks of the record especially. It's faster than sin, probably the most refined-sounding thrash from the German giants, yet still retaining a raw feeling that any thrash act would love to have. Kreator fans won't complain about this one, and there's plenty of new blood to tap into. -Bryer Wharton

Long Live the Smoking Gun We Build Empires 1912 Records

Street: 01.27 Long Live the Smoking Gun = Dead Guy + Cursive + Guns N' Roses

LLTSG have many flame-licking riffs that buttered me up, but I spent more time trying to figure out what their story is, aside from the metal. With sloppy sincerity, the bass, guitars and vocals all couple guite well. The transitions remind me of old L.A. metal with a pinch of grunge, but it went back and forth frequently, making the album something you can't lump into any genre easily. I feel the best tune on this fivesong EP is the acoustic blues-esque track, "Good Men"--I'd have been more interested if all the songs were along those lines. Since this is my first experience with LLTSG, I'm wondering what style they'll go with when they release a full-length album. With that, We Build Empires is comparable to a cloud of smog rather than a breath of fresh air. -Nicole Dumas

Man at Arms

A Waste of Time And Space Joyful Noise

Street: 01.06

Man at Arms = Daughters + The Conformists + Fugazi + Modest Mouse

The first full-length album from Man at Arms is refreshing ... if refreshing means having your brain scrambled by some original-sounding genuine punk math-rock pop business. I love these guys. It's like XTC on steroids or The Locusts covered in glue or maybe even early Talking Heads with more aggression. It's great. All the songs are traditionally structured, yet the tones of the parts and rhythms played are dissonant and offtime. The vocals are sparse yet seem to be placed in exactly the right spots. This band is so amazing I am going to name my fistborn child after them. I hope Man at Arms Robertson grows up to as badass as this band is. - Jon Robertson

The Modern Age Slavery Damned to Blindness Napalm Records

Napaim Records Street: 01.13

The Modern Age Slavery = Carnifex + Stigma + Illogicist + Meshuggah Italy-based The Modern Age Slavery formed mostly from members of a hardcore act and apparently decided to take on deathcore. Surprise, surprise. how many stinking bands are doing that nowadays, considering real hardcore is becoming increasingly dead? I've been listening to Damned in Blindness in utmost frustration. Aside from the drummer and the vocalist (death gurgles and annoying higher-ranged screams), the members do have talent: There are some fun little stop-andgo rhythms, interesting solos and guitar leads and some speed-driven riffing, possibly influenced by the truly astounding Italian technical deathmetal act Illogicist. Alas, the goodness doesn't come in full force, and the band has to ruin the music by throwing in cookie-cutter hardcore breakdowns, and man, do I mean cookie-cutterit's basically the same breakdown repeated song after song. The trend of any kind of metal with "core" tagged on the end is getting really bothersome. -Bryer Wharton

MV & EE Drone Trailer Discristina Stair Builders Street: 01.20 MV & EE = Hush Arbors + The Blithe Sons + Devendra Banhart the Venezuelan mysticism

I've said it before and I'll say it againnever judge an album by its first track. "Anyway" launches into a guitar-anddrum combination, along with vocals from Erika "EE" Elder, and the result sounds like something from The Donnas with even more noise. This was a little heavy for my taste, but I was up for giving it a try. The first song came to its screeching close and took an unexpected turn as it floated softly into "The Hungry Stones," which begins with soft acoustics and the gentle voice of Matt "MV" Valentine. This song has a much folksier feel, with its consistent strumming and occasional harmonica overlays. The rest of the album continues to surprise as it drifts between experimental electric sounds

and soft folk space-outs, which create a perfect blend. Each song flawlessly fuses into the next as it twists and swirls through a world of raucous guitars and gossamer-like acoustics and southern twangs. –Erin Kelleher

Nebula Peel Sessions Cargo Records Street: 12.09 Nebula = Jimi Hendrix + Black Sabbath + lots and lots and lots of



Nebula is a stoner band that either takes itself way too seriously, or is so fried out of its mind that it thinks it's actually Jimi Hendrix Sure the musicians are pretty tight, the recording quality is top-notch (what do you expect from the BBC, though?) and the riffs groove well to the sight of ganja smoke against a lava lamp, but could this band seriously be trying to invoke the ghost of ol' Jimi through Tony lommi and Geezer Butler's playbooks? The songs are very Hendrix, but the tones are 100% Master of Reality and Paranoid. Even the almost metallic opening guitar riff of "Carpe Diem" gives way to a "woo ooh" that seems like an homage to the left-handed Woodstock legend's "Crosstown Traffic." Skip this and pop in Are You Experienced? or Sabbath, Bloody Sabbath instead. -Nick Parker

Pavement Brighten the Corners: Nicene Creedence Edition Matador

Street: 12.09.08 Pavement = Pavement

How does Pavement affect you or meld into your everyday life? Maybe Stereo was your wake up song on your CD alarm clock, or you "dutched" your friends as you drove down to the Sandy Starship while stealing each others "oh my god's". After school did you crank up Brighten The Corners and run around kicking the cushions off the couch, knocking the cereal spoon out of your little sisters hand while screaming "We Are Underused"? Maybe BTC was just an awesome baking sound-track back in 1997. A decade later and the uneven years of this century have kicked ass because of the Pavement reissues. —Cinnamon Brown

PPP (Platinum Pied Pipers) Abundance Ubiquity Street: 01.20

PPP= Georgia Anne Muldrow + Erykah Badu + Omarian + John Legend + Lifesavas + Funkadelic Abundance will be a refreshing dose of hip-hop for any J Dilla fan as the New Year begins. This second album by PPP personifies the Platinum Pied Pipers' unique style of amazing electrosoul music while introducing new hip-hop sound. The group consists of Waajeed from Slum Village, Saadiq, and a handful of talented vocalists Contributors to the album include Coultrain, Karma, Jamila Raegan and Dabrye. One of the most impressive tracks on the album, "Ain't No Ifs or Maybes," throws the listener for a soulful bounce through Detroit sound. If you begin to think of Dilla while listening, then you're right on track. The combination of Waajeed and Saadig brings out some of the funkiest sounds to date. The group is able to grasp the soulful sounds of Motown while raising the bar on modern music. The last track on the album, "Goodbye," features an electronic introduction by Dabrye followed by one last soulful ballad about self-realization. –SUPeRB

Push-Pull Push-Pull Sick Room Street: 01.06 Push-Pull = Hoover + Dis + Tar + Trenchmouth

I think when Push-Pull were trying to write this album, they must have put a picture of my face up in their band practice space and just thought about what kind of songs I wanted to hear. These guys did an OK job. While I appreciate them trying to make me happy, they didn't have to completely adhere to the old-school indie post-punk formula of the early 90s. This album is good, but lacks a bit of originality. The vocals are very cool and creepy, with a lot of call-and-answer and varied back-ups. The instrumentation is solid and crunchy, yet there is just something missing. I think they if they would have worked on varying the dynamics of the music a bit more, I would have wet my pants with pure gratitude. Thanks for the effort, though, Push-Pull. –Jon Robertson

Quatre Tête Art of the State Sickroom Records Street: 01.09 Quatre Tête = The Mars Volta + The Jesus Lizard

Quatre Tête: 100% progressive rock, no question about it. Track after track is full of heavy guitars, dragons, rattlesnakes, and all other sorts of fun things you might be able to find in some obscure country's black market. Musically, the band members possess a clear togetherness that shows throughout the album. While this certainly hints toward some musical potential in the area of prog rock, the album just never felt pleasurable to listen to. The overall package was just too much. Even as I gave the album several more tries, no single song ever proved to differentiate itself from the others. Fans of obscure progressive rock may wish to check Quatre Tête out, but for everyone else, this album is just a tad too mediocre to care about. -Ross Solomon

Ross the Boss New Metal Leader Candlelight Street: 01.13 Ross the Boss = Manowar + Judas Priest + Accept

Have you ever found yourself enjoying the balls-to-the-wall rocking portions of Manowar, but got annoyed every song or two when the epic ballad keyboard type stuff changes the rhythm and mood? Well, Ross the Boss, intentionally or not, has tackled that notion. Ross "The Boss" Friedman played in Manowar from 1980-88, after which he played in a Manowar tribute band, and now he has started his own outfit. New Metal Leader is like a time capsule into the 80s world of great battle-worthy hair metal; everything on the album is what you'd expect, with classic metal, power chords galore, ripping solos and über falsetto vocals. If you enjoy the image of a bunch of mullet-headed-type dudes in tight pants, all ugly as sin, then you will enjoy Ross the Boss. For me, it's a fun record, but unlike those classic 80s records with songs that permanently stick in your head, Ross the Boss offers up nothing memorable other than the mood of New Metal Leader. -Bryer Wharton

Saxon Into the Labyrinth SPV

Street: 01.13 Saxon = Iron Maiden + Accept + Motörhead - Lemmy's vocals + **Blind Guardian**



It has been a while since I listened to the lone Saxon record I own, Strong Arm of the Law. Going into listening to this new offering from the classic New Wave of British Heavy Metal band formed in 1977, I was pretty excited. Well, Into the Labyrinth embodies that classic metal feel in the majority of its songs—"Live to Rock," "Demon Sweeny Todd," and "Slow Lane Blues" sound like they could've came straight from the band's older era. Songs such as "Battalions of Steel" and "Valley of the Kings" have more of a modern power metal feel, though Saxon stays true to their roots, remaining as straightup classic metal as you can get. There are some truly fantastic hard-rocking riffs, speedy Maiden-style riffs, and a great range on the vocals, adding another great chapter in a classic band's history and a critic that will be seeking out more classic tunes from Britain's Saxon! -Bryer Wharton

Severe Severe Beyond the Pink Bad Archer Records

Street: 02 01

Severe Severe = The Cure + Love and Rockets+ Joy Division + The

Severe Severe's latest album, Beyond the Pink, was a delightful surprise; definitely not what I was expecting I was taken away by the smooth transition between tracks and how each individual track was put together so well within the CD in a whole. There is definite talent with this band, and the melodramatic style of this album. A very heavy and lethargic sound comes from the instrumentals, with vocals sounding very similar to that of Robert Smith from The Cure. Reminds me of something my mother would listen to back in the 80s at new-wave night. Gloomy acid rock, as she would call it. Severe Severe employs rhythms that sometimes require acclamation by the listener, but the reward is great. Way to go, guys. Keep on living the new-age goth-rock dream! -Alexandra Harris

Sinner Crash and Burn Candlelight Street: 01.13 Sinner = Primal Fear + Savatage + Judas Priest

Sinner's tunes are more based in hard rock than in metal, which means with Crash and Burn, you know within the first few tracks what you're getting and you know if you will enjoy it or not. The band's been around since '83, so they have the skills to kill. The guitar work is bordering on fantastic at times, with some of the more outlandish and fanciful guitar solos peppered throughout the album. There are some ballad-type songs lurking about, though, which disrupt the flow of the album, yet this being my first experience with Sinner, I'm assuming those songs are something fans have come to count on and enjoy. Personally, I'll stick with the full-on rocking tunes—they have an underlying speed and attitude that spice up the normal drudgery and monotonous style some classic metal acts have been peddling for years. -Bryer Wharton

Stuck Mojo The Great Revival Napalm Records Street: 01.13

Stuck Mojo = Body Count + Lynyrd Skynyrd + Kid Rock + Zakk Wylde

Stuck Mojo formed in 1989, did the raprock thing well before the style took root in the mid 90s and ultimately became a musical scourge upon metal and rock. Well, Mojo reformed in 2005 with a new frontman whose hip-hop stylings mixed with guitarist/founder Rich Ward's Southern-style rock brought new life to the band, mainly in Europe. While the band's reformed debut album, Southern Born Killers, was decent for what it was, The Great Revival throws too many styles into the established sound that Mojo had and it fails miserably. The album has some funk, soul and country elements tossed in and none of them work. The album sounds as if it was going for a more upbeat feeling than the previous angst on other records, but in the end, the songs fall terribly and horribly flat and disjointed, with way

too much filler in between songs. This album is enough to make a Linkin Park or Kid Rock fan cringe. -Bryer Wharton

Too Pure to Die Confess Trustkill

Street: 01.13

Too Pure to Die = Pantera + Throwdown + nü-metal

Mom always said if you can't say anything nice, don't say anything at all. So, in all truthfulness, this should be the end of the review, but since I have to put something on the paper, let's talk about what a dismal and asinine release this drink coaster is. Imagine cookie-cutter moshcore mixed with nümetal. Recipe for awesome, right? The vocal style is just terrible and the lyrics are just as poor. And how about some awful soulless singing on the choruses? Check. The guitar tone is abysmal; it overpowers the rest of the band and is so hyper-produced that it might as well have been programmed. Plus, do they really only know one note?! I know these guys being from Iowa is a selling point, but instead, it serves a preemptive strike to disarm haters by saying they just "don't know better." There's just really no excuse for something this loathsome. -Peter Fryer

Twisted Sister Live at the Astoria **Demolition Records**

Street: 11.18

Twisted Sister = KISS + Alice Cooper + Quiet Riot + New York Dolls + your 13-year-old sister's makeup

A little metal, a touch of rock n' roll, some makeup for good measure and a raucous live show and you've got the self-proclaimed SMFs known as Twisted Sister-a hodgepodge of metal and glam rock from the 70s and 80s After 35 years, Dee Snider and the Twisted Sister clan have released a live CD/DVD from a 2004 show at London's Astoria. With Snider and the band getting up there in the years, the real question is: can they still rock? As they say:
"You Can't Stop Rock 'N' Roll," and you can't stop Twisted Sister from rocking ... hard. While the live recording comes across a bit flat, the live footage somehow sounds much better and shows that the band's passion for performing is still there. While this release will be mostly appreciated by longtime fans, there are classics for all, like "We're Not Gonna Take It," "I Wanna Rock," "S.M.F.," etc. -Jeremy C. Wilkins

Various Artists REPO! The Genetic Opera

Lionsgate Studios Street: 01.20 (w/DVD) REPO! The Genetic Opera = Rocky Horror Picture Show + Andrew Lloyd Webber's Requiem + Bikini Kill + NIN + Korn

REPO! settles into the rock-opera vein with other cult classics such as Rocky Horror, Hedwig and the Angry Inch, and Doctor Horrible, while completely reinventing the genre. REPO! combines not just rock, but rap, industrial, metal and opera into one massive musical horror. Set in a future where organ failure runs rampant, a biotech company called GeneCo finances organ replacements. But miss a payment, and the company's nasty repossession clause goes

into effect, and a Repo-Man will be sent to collect your organs ... even if it kills vou. The story centers around a sheltered teenage girl, Shiloh (Alexis Vaga), and her father (Anthony Stewart Head), who is secretly a Repo Man. The cast features a broad spectrum of celebrity performers, including Phantom's Saráh Brightman, Buffy's Anthony Head, OhGr, and even Paris Hilton (that's hot). Never thought I'd say it, but Hilton is amazing. Cast as Amber Sweet, the daughter of GeneCo's founder. Hilton's voice is perfect for the sultry, spoiled brat who is "addicted to the knife." A little early for those cities who don't get the limited theatrical release (i.e., SLC), but if you're a fan of musical-horror, you'd best be streaming this now. -Kat , Kellermever

The Welch Boys

Drinkin' Angry I scream

Street: 11.21

The Welch Boys = Dropkick Murphys + Agnostic Front + the

Business

Ready to join the pantheon of great street punk bands from Boston comes the Welch Boys. Influenced by both 80s hardcore and English oi-style punk bands, these boys have packed one hell of a wallop into this record. Lead singer Ed Lalli has got to have the biggest voice in punk rock; this guy sounds like he could bring down walls with his gravelly voice. Each track is a hard-hitting sing-along anthem, and themes like being proud to be working class and finding yourself on the wrong side of the law ring so true on this record that I can tell these boys have really lived it. Working in a brilliant Anti-Nowhere League cover, "Let's Break the Law," shows impeccable taste. There are hundreds of punk records released every year and only a select few contain this kind of truth and honesty; these boys are from the streets and their music can only reflect that. –James Orme

Yahowa 13 Sonic Portation Prophase Music

Street: 01.20

Yahowa 13 = Pink Floyd + Tomahawk (Anonymous) + Moody Blues

These dudes are bananas. Imagine if the The Byrds had continued with the sound the crerated on The Fifth Dimension cut out the vocals and you would have Yahowa 13. While their sound is a bit dated Yahowa 13 make some seriously trippy music. My favorite aspect is all the backwards-looped guitar tracks featured in every song. Also included in the booklet is a map through their auditory psychedelic journey explaining the numerology and sounds featured in the album. Think of it as a way for the band to be there for you in case your LSD trip starts to go bad. I wish bands with a newer sound put the same kind of spirituality and passion into their music like Yahowa 13 does, because if they did their music would be a lot more meaningful. –Jon Robertson

Checkout slugmag.com for more CD reviews and other exclusive content!



Where the old adage that gentlemen prefer blonds is by no means a universal truth, but you wouldn't know it from looking at vintage Hollywood. For every raven-haired actress that resembled Elizabeth Taylor, there was a Marilyn Monroe, a Veronica Lake and a Faye Dunaway sporting their golden locks for legions of admirers. This is what makes the tight grip that 1950s secretary-turned-model Bettle Page has on American sexuality so much of a mystery. The love affair that dark-haired girls have with pop culture never lasts. I mean, have you seen Liza Minnelli lately?

On December 11th, Bettie Page passed away. She was 85 years old. And although she didn't allow herself to be photographed after her reemergence in the late 90s, she leaves behind a legacy of iconic imagery that will survive forever. From her early, innocent poses for amateur photo clubs to her later forays into S&M and bondage pictures, Page will never be outdone. She IS burlesque photography. She is the perfect example of post-war American fernininity.

Page bowed out of the spotlight just as the sexual revolution she helped to inspire overtook the nation. This disappearance was partly due to congressional and FBI investigations into her more risqué material. Also, she



understood that her career as the girl with the perfect body could not last. Three failed marriages, a nervous breakdown and a conversion to Christianity kept her out of the public eye. She resurfaced fifteen years ago as the subject of a documentary and two different feature films. She has also been immortalized in song, on websites and in comic books. And where the prudish masses may still call for her head, the rest of us get it. Bettie Page is both an emblem of approachable female splendor and a pioneer of women's liberation. And as such, she will never die.



EQUALITYUTAH

Celebrating Common Ground: The Arts Community Supports Equality

Saturday, January 17, 8:00 pm

Black Box @ Rose Wagner

Benefiting Equality Utah's Common Ground Initiative \$10 Suggested Donation

Reservations can be made at equalityutah.org

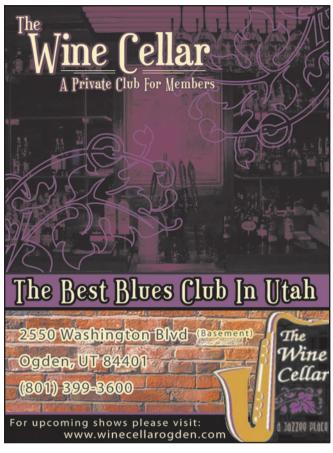
Featuring performances by

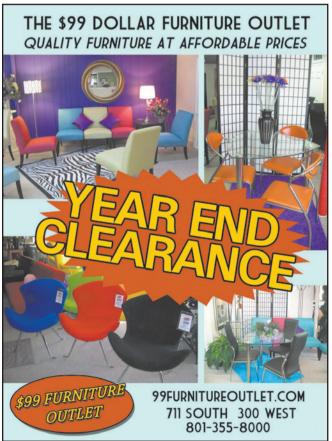


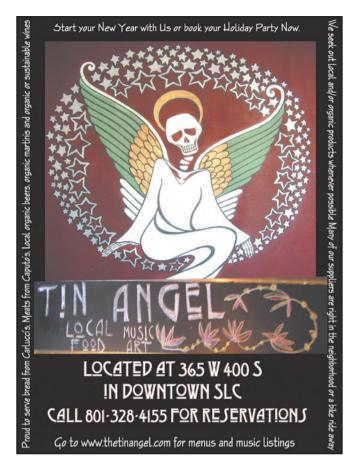














Friday, January 2 Surface Shred Day - Brighton Happy Birthday Sumerset Bivens Jeremiah Maxey & Bad Habits, The Rubes, Mean Molly's Trio, The SB Cobras - Burt's I am the Ocean, Loom - Urban REPO! - Tower Theater Dallas Alice - Bar Deluxe Shannon Smith – *Tin Angel* Funk and Gonzo. 32 Bravo. Sex Dragon - Monk's Noise Attack - Vortex ECS. Medicine Circus. Belly of the Whale, Osiris - Liquid Joe's Sea Swallowed Us Whole - Muse Music

Afromega - Brewskis Better Life Band, Three Reasons, Until Further Notice. Mandatory Mania, Random Dance - Vegas DJ K Love - Tony's

Saturday, January 3

Discourse CD Release, The Devil Whale - Urban Fuck the Informer - Woodshed Kap Bros - Brewskis Dolphin City, Quasi-Stellar Radio – Velour Cavedoll, Belly of the Whale, Tiny Lights, Sex on the Run - Burt's Loom, Lexi Sayok, Shark Speed

Baylee Parks Benefit Show: Scripted Apology, Front Line Morale Destroyer, I Am The, Eleventh Hour, Grim Prophecy - Vegas 2nd Annual Student Slam - Rose

Wagner Happy Birthday Zach! - Tony's

Sunday, January 4

Time to Talk Tween Tunes, Silver Desert - Urban Benjamin Jennings & Duffy Kane – Sandtrap Miles Beyond, Nine Piece Trio -Vegas

Monday, January 5

Babylon Down Presents Roots & Culture Night - Urban The Eric McFadden Trio. AM Revelator - Brewskies The Abominable Ironsloth, Blowup Nihilist, Nine Worlds - Burt's

Tuesday, January 6 Happy Birthday Sarah Wong The Kno It Alls – *Urban* La Farsa - Monk's Russ Balli - Muse Music Reverend Peyton's Big Damn Band, Kate Ledeuce - Burt's No Paws (No Lions), Rapid Youth,

Wednesday, January 7 Turbine, Blue Root, Redemption – Urban

Quasi-Stellar, Dolphin City - Kilby

Eric Mcfadden Trio, Labcoat -Burt's The Wailers – *Harry O's* Punk Rock Dan - Johnny's DJ Radar & DJ Himself - Area 51

Thursday, January 8 Fred Eaglesmith - Pierpont Place Brian Ernst – *Muse Music* Samba Gringa, Puddle Mountain Ramblers. Periodic Table of Funk – Urban

1/13 Wovenhand at Urban

Happy Birthday Angela Brown Small Town Sinners – *Piper Down* Heart Shaped Box, The Creeps – Burt's Steve Lyman, Paul Jacobsen & the Madison Arm, The See Through Boy, Kelsey McInroy - Kilby Ghost of Zion, Tombstone Jesus, A Horrible Night to Have a Curse -Vegas

Friday, January 9

Uzi & Ari, Johan the Angel, Continentals - Kilby Midnight Records 1 Year Anniversary – *Midnight Records*Killbot, The Krypled – *Burt's* Starmv - Monk's Irony Man, Kiss This - Brewskis Kris Zeman – Tin Angel Fictionist. Code Hero - Velour Last Laugh - Muse Music Derek Dyer's Earth People 2009 Opening Reception - Utah Arts Alliance Gallery

SLUG Localized: Xhot Toxsik Art Faux Variety Show, Digital Lov, DJ Justin Strange - Urban Happy Birthday Kyle Trammell Radiata CD Release, Scripted Apology, Vocative - Vegas DJ K Love - Tony's

Saturday, January 10 No Quarter - Urban

Uzi & Ari, Ricky Butler, Pablo - Muse Music

SLUG Games: Candy Land Jam - Brighton Resort Blackhole, Old Timer, Top Dead

Celebrity - Burt's Slippery Kittens: Sexy Superheroes and Voluptuous Villains - Bar

Deluxe Crate Lung Co-Op, Tie Breaker - Kilby

Gaylen Young - Tin Angel

Hotel Le Motel Brewskis Funk Schwa - Johnny's Mury, Broke City, Blackhounds, Fourteen Days from Forever -Avalon

The Crate Lung Coop Show featuring Tiebreaker, Bluebird Radio. Ave Ave - Kilbv Visions of Infinity, Vinia, Dead Vessel, Redline, Means Nothing - Vegas Live Music – Tonv's

Sunday, January 11 Time to Talk Tween Tunes, Will Sartain -Urban Benjamin Jennings & Duffy Kane - Sandtrap Blue Plate Special -Vegas

Monday, January 12

Babylon Down Presents Roots & Culture Night - Urban Sinizen, Herban Empire - Burt's Mark Broussard, Jessie Baylin Depot

I am Ghost, Driver Side Impact – Kilbv

Happy Birthday Tony Bassett

Tuesday, January 13

Wovenhand, Furs - Urban Royal Bliss – *In the Venue* Jazz Night – *Muse Music* Slim Chance and his Psychobilly Playboys - Monk's

Wednesday, January 14

Eek-a-Mouse, James Shook – Urban Pepper - Harry O's Freely Bound – *Velour*Them Changes – *Johnny's* Fairweather, Avonlee, Arinette -Muse Music

The Dim Spook, Castor and Pollution, Zion Curtains - Burt's Macintosh Braun, Ian Mouser, Silt Labels - Kilby DJ Radar & ĎJ Himself - Area 51

Thursday, January 15 Sundance - Park City Slamdance - Park City

Kort McCumber - Piper Down The Matthew Moon Band -**Brewskis**

Tom Freund, Cory Mon & the Starlight Gospel – *Velour*Jazz Sessions – *Wine Cellar* Acoustic Night - Muse Music The Roaming Soldiers – Burt's Slamdance – Salt Lake City SLAJO - Urban Le Castle Vania, Eli Smith - Trapp

Door Oh MariBelle, Kira Mesa, Katie Van

Sleen, Can't Sing for Shit – *Kilby* Life Has Way – *Vegas*

Friday, January 16 Sundance – Park City Slamdance - Park City The Rotten Musicians, The Purrbats. Hot Parent – Monk's The Radio Rhythm Makers, Kate Ledeuce & The Soul Terminators – Burt's Band of Annuals, Trouble on the Prairie, Jinga Boa - Urban Boy Without a Face – Muse Music Slamdance – Salt Lake City Derek Wright - Tin Angel Bassbin Twins – Pearl X-Dance – Salt Lake City

Gallery Stroll – Downtown SLC Roaming Soldiers – Brewskis Leopold & His Fiction, Furs - Kilby Drifen, One Point One - Vegas DJ K Love – Tony's Saturday, January 17 Sundance – Park City X-Dance – Salt Lake City Slamdance - Park City

Jeremiah Maxey – *Johnny's* All Day Show - Muse Music Caroline's Spine - Brewskis Balance of Power, My Own Time, Of What May Come, Skies of Redemption – *Vegas*Guru, The Strangerz, Blue Collar Theory – *Urban* Griffin House - Kilby The Screaming Condors, The Insurgency - Burt's Celebrating Common Ground: The Arts Community Supports Equality

- Rose Wagner Renee Broderick - Tin Angel Cavedoll - Circus Brown's Not a Sideshow

Regina - Capitol Theatre Regina Afterparty – Tucci's Sunday, January 18

Sundance - Park City Slamdance – Park City The Radiators - Depot X-Dance - Salt Lake City Benjamin Jennings & Duffy Kane – Sandtrap

UtahFM Fundraiser: Carrie Rodriguez - Rose Wagner Souls of Mischief, DJ Juggy, Vukue One, Sinthesis, Funk & Gonzo -

Urban Slamdance - Salt Lake City Blue Plate Special - Vegas

Monday, January 19 Sundance - Park City Slamdance - Park City Unpunked Hosted by SKUNK – Burt's Babylon Down Presents Roots & Culture Night - Urban US Presidents Group Show - Kayo OAR - Depot X-Dance – Salt Lake City Slamdance – Salt Lake City Drop Dead Susie, Rooftop Vigilanties, Zion Curtain – Kilby Jazz Sessions - Wine Cellar Poncho Sanchez Latin Jazz Band - Sheraton

Tuesday, January 20 HED (PE), Kutt Calhoun, The Dirtball, PotLuck, Ace-High -Avalon

Sundance - Park City Slamdance - Park City Jory Woodis Quartet - Muse Music X-Dance - Salt Lake City Talkie Bang, Brian Thurber, Kelly Moyle - Urban

Slamdance – Salt Lake City BirdMonster, Tedronai Project, Boy of Bark - Kilby

Wednesday, January 21 Sundance - Park City

Slamdance - Park City The Thin Line, The Heart Pharmacy, Hotel Le Motel - Burt's Ted Dancin, Lazerfang - Urban Forget the Whale - Johnny's Disturbed, Sevendust, Skindred -Saltair

Slamdance - Salt Lake City INVDRS, Top Dead Celebrity, Weedeater - Club Vegas Spontaneous Kennie, Avenue & Illusional Biskets - Kilby Cavedoll – *W Lounge*DJ Radar & DJ Himself – *Area 51*

Thursday, January 22 Colin Robinson and Friends - Piper Sundance – Park City Slamdance – Park City

Meat Puppets, Shaky Hands – Urban Lenka - Kilby Love You Long Time - Velour The Doug Moreland Show - Burt's Slamdance - Salt Lake City Shannon Smith - Tin Angel Weedeater, Top Dead Celebrity, The Invaders – *Vegas*

Friday, January 23 Sundance – Park City Slamdance - Park City Relief Society, Blues Dart - Urban The Doug Moreland – Brewskis Boot son the Moon - Velour Codi Jordan Band - Kamikazes Adele, James Morrison - Murray

The Deathless Pros. Nurse Sherri. Negative Charge - Burt's

Slamdance - Salt Lake City

McCall Erickson - Tin Angel God's Revolver, Love in Vain, Shark That Got Her – Kilby KrashKarma – Vegas DJ K Love – *Tony's*

Saturday, January 24 Sundance - Park City Flash Cabbage - Johnny's Starmy, Purr Bats, Cavedoll -

Urban Ghostowne – Brewskis Tangerens, Murry, Kevin Burdick, Super So Far, The Better Life Band – In the Venue The Naked Eyes – Burt's
Satch Jib Pipe – Brighton
Shark Speed, Neon Trees, Hot Parents - Velour Gaylen Young – *Tin Angel* Abandon Kansas, Sleep for Sleepers, Ask for the Future – *Kilby* The Bandwagon w/ Separation of Self, Massacre at the Wake, Maim

Sunday, January 25 Sundance – *Park City*Time to Talk Tween Tunes, Brinton Jones, Jay Henderson - Urban Benjamin Jennings & Duffy Kane – Sandtrap Blue Plate Special - Vegas

Corps, Cave of Roses - Vegas

Monday, January 26

ABK, Illuminati, GFC - In the Venue Ask For the Future. Abandon Kansas, Sleep for Sleepers, James Belliston, Fearsome Poet Group -Muse Music

Unpunked hosted by SKUNK – Burt's

Millionaires, Cash Cash, Set My Friends on Fire, Watch Out There's Ghosts, Love You Long Time -Avalon

Babylon Down Presents Roots & Culture Night - Urban

Tuesday, January 27

Ska is Dead Tour: The Toasters, Voo Doo Glow Skulls, Deal's Gone Bad, Monkey, Super Hero - Avalon Shakey Trade - Monl's

Hard Boiled Book Club - Sam Weller's

The Trademark, Man Without Wax – Muse Music North Mississippi Allstars – Urban

Eau Claire, WI, Folk Outfit, His Name Shall Breathe – Kilby

Wednesday, January 28John Henry, Castor & Pollution, Dronda – *Urban* Dark Play - SLAC Devotchka – *In the Venue* Justin Knapp Group - Muse Music Michael Franti & Spearhead – Depot

The Ettes, The Howlies, Big Gun Baby - Burt's The Heyday, Mesa Drive - Kilbv DJ Radar & DJ Himself - Area 51

Thursday, January 29 Warsaw Poland Brothers - Piper Down

Full Sail DJ Night - Urban State Radio, Rebelution, Jahnre – Avalon Book on Tapeworm - Velour The Hillbilly Hellcats – Burt's Dark Play – SLAC Josh Turner – *Depot*Asher in the Rye, Chaz Prymek,
Julia Mecham – *Kilby*

Friday, January 30

Combichrist, Blacklight Burns, Stolen Babies - Avalon Vile Blue Shades. Palace of Buddies - Urban Mike Morris - Muse Music The New Nervous - Velour Dark Play - SLAC Irony Man – Burt's I am the Ocean – Brewskis Fireball - Woodshed Derek Wright - Tin Angel Band of Annuals, Bluebird Radio, Laserfang, C.A. Leibow - Kilby Petrushka - Abravanel Hall Sunset Strip, Black Vengence -Vegas DJ K Love – Tony's

Saturday, January 31

Erin Barra, Sinthesis - Urban Celebrate Imbolic - Piper Down Desert Noises, RuRu - Velour Hillbilly Hellcats, AM Revelator - Brewskis

Dark Play - SLAC City Weekly Slammy's - Burt's Ulysses - Johnny's Pulse – *In the Venue* The Yaks, Willy Ekloft - Muse Music Kris Zeman - Tin Angel

Illegal Beagle, The Mooks, The In Key Dropouts – Kilby Balance of Power, Blood of Saints, I Am The, Such Vengeance - Vegas

Sunday, February 1 Dark Play – SLAC
Chili Cook Off – Piper Down

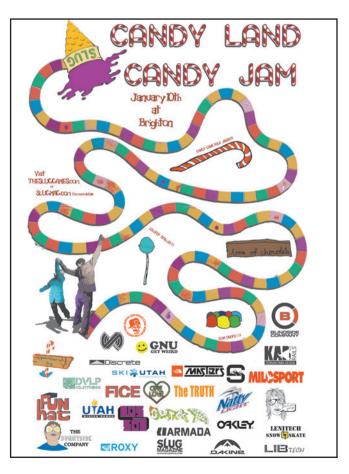
Monday, February 2 Stacey Kent – Sheraton

Tuesday, February 3 Mumiy Troll – *Urban* Funeral For a Friend, The Sleeping, Emarosa, This is Hell - Avalon

Wednesday, February 4 Happy Birthday Todd Powleson Dark Play - SLAC DJ Radar & DJ Himself - Area 51

Thursday, February 5 Dark Play – SLAC Jaguars – Depot

Friday, February 6 DJ K Love - Tony's Amy Ray - Avalon Burton Demo Tour - Park City Dark Play - SLAC Pick up the new SLUG - Anyplace Cool



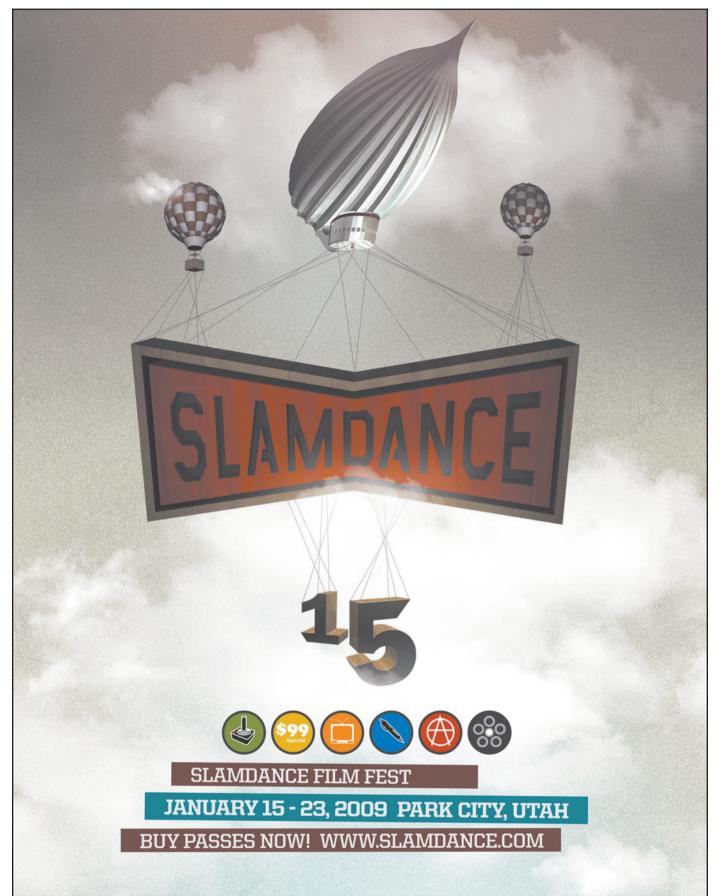


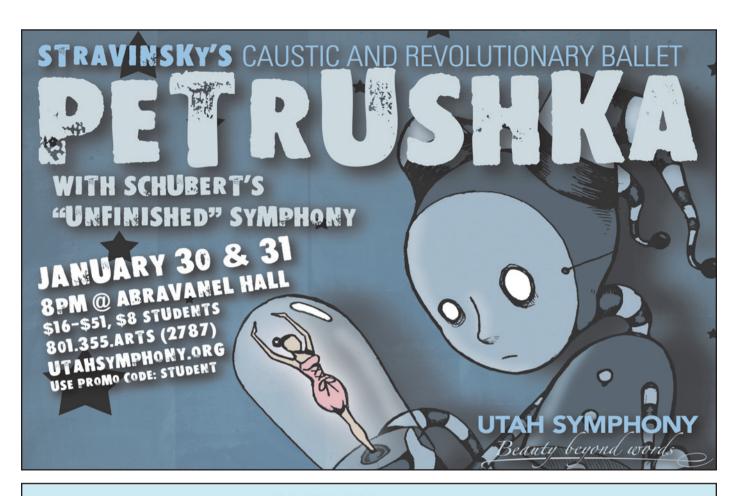


13

1301 South 900 East Salt LAke City 801 463-7070









- 3 LOOM, Lexi Sayok, & Shark Speed
- 6 No Paws (No Lions), Rapid Youth, Quasi-Stellar, Dolphin City
 - 8- Steve Lyman, Paul Jacobsen & the Madison Arm, The See Through Boy, Kelsey McInroy



- 9- Uzi & Ari, Johan the Angel, continentals
- 10 The crate Lung co-op Show Bluebird Radio & Aye Aye
- 12 I am Ghost, Driver Side Impact, Bird Fater
- 14-Macintosh Braun, Ian Mouser, & Silt Labels
- 15 Oh MariBelle, Kira Mesa, Katie Van Sleen, Can't Sing for Shit 16-Leopold & His Fiction,
- Furs, TBA
- 17- Griffin House, TBA
- 19 Rooftop Vigilantes, Drop Dead Susie, Zion Curtain
- 20- Inauguration Payl BirdMonster, Tedronai Project, Boy of Bark

- 21 Spontaneous Kennie, Avenue & Illusional Biskets
- 22-Lenka, TBA
- 23- Gods Revolver, Love in vain, Shark That Got Her
- 24- Abandon Kansas, Sleep for Sleepers, Ask For the Future
- 27- Eau Claire, WI, Folk Outfit & His name Shall Breathe
- 28-The Heyday, Mesa Drive, TBA
- 29 Asher in the Rye, Chaz Prymek & Julia Mecham
 - 30 Band of Annuals, Bluebird Radio, Laserfang, also: C.A. Leibow (Poet)
 - 31 Illegal Beagle, The Mooks & The In Key Dropouts

all shows start at 7pm

kilbycourt.com 741 S. 330 W.

Of all the deadly sins, greed was her favorite.

Join Utah Opera and Vivace for the Opening Night performance of Blitzstein's powerful 1949 opera *Regina*.



BLITZSTEIN'S REGINA: A little jazz. A little ragtime. A little murder. Everything you could possibly want in a great American opera. Set in the South and adapted from Lillian Hellman's The Little Foxes, this opera by McCarthy-blacklisted composer Marc Blitzstein is an emotional rollercoaster of American greed.

THE AFTER-PARTY: Party with fellow Vivace members, the east/crew of Regina, and members of the Utah Symphony at Tucci's Cucina

Italiana. Cash bar. Tucci's is located at Trolley Square: 515 South 700 East, Salt Lake City. Park at Trolley Square (free valet!) and take TRAX to and from the performance at Capitol Theatre.

VIVACE TICKETS: \$30, \$15 for students* | web: usuo.org/vivace | phone: 801.533.NOTE (6683) | promo code vivace or, for student price enter: vivstudent

BECOME A CLASSICAL V SUBSCRIBER: myusuo.org/vivace

SLUG



Enfrace The romance



VIVACE IS YOUR CULTURAL STIMULUS PACKAGE: A FUNKIFIED BUNCH OF 20, 30, 40 SOMETHINGS — SINGLE/PARTHERED/MARRIED — WHO JUST HAPPEN TO GET THEIR GROOVE ON AT UTAH SYMPHONY | UTAH OPERA PERFORMANCES, USUO_ORG/VIVACE

wate price and section are guaranteed until Monday, January 12. If you are a Classical V or Utah Opera subscriber, and already have tickets to the January 17th performance, call 801.869,9017 for your after-party pass

