

Street Date: 10.18

**The Planet The = Numbers + Ex-Models + No-Fi Soul Rebellion**

A bleepy rock n' soul album only crosses through once a season. So, Fall 2005, here is that album. Reminiscent of Japanese splatter-punk records currently flooding the streets of Los Angeles, the electronics are warmer than the insides of a mutilated kitten, and the vocals have more soul than sweet tea. Completely absurd lyrics fit the electrotrash noise orchestra quite well, even if it makes the listener feel fucking silly. If you have any idea what I am talking about, then you've probably already heard this album. If not, go lynch your unborn child with a red hanger. Seriously. —Ryan Powers

**Reverend Horton Heat**

**We Three Kings**

**Yep Rock**

Street: 10.04

**Reverend Horton Heat = Carl Perkins + Stray Cats + Wayne Hancock**

I've been looking for this record for the last few years. An interesting rockin' honest-to-god Christmas record, and the Reverend has delivered. All the classics are here — "Santa Claus is Coming to Town," "Frosty the Snowman," and more. I don't know if it was intentional, but all the traditional Christmas songs they chose to do with religious connotations are done as instrumental, which display **Jim Heath's** phenomenal guitar playing. Just to keep things interesting, **Jim** and **Jimbo Wallace** switch guitar and upright bass duties on "Run Rudolph Run." This is the perfect stocking stuffer for anyone who loves rock n' roll. —James Orme

**Saxon Shore**

**The Exquisite Death of Saxon Shore**

**Burning Toast Vinyl**

Street: 10.18

**Saxon Shore = Tristeza + Hood + Slowdive**

"Do you like that, bitch?" An innocuous moment at best in a porno film. This line's debut comes right before the big money shot, but during the ruff and ready gyrations of a monumental cock. One only has to think about an "actor" named "Rick" who plays that "sleazy car salesman" bit to picture the scene I am talking about. "Rick," in his many incarnations, "closes the deal" on a '95 Subaru with 130,000 miles all the while realizing that he can't feel a damn thing "down there." Why else would someone yell such an inane phrase such as that unless you have mercilessly fucked a million-and-one women and you can no longer feel the stimulation that is supposed to be turning you on? Rick's orgasms, then, are like egg-timers in that they are timed explosions of excitement at the least possible moment. This album has plenty of little surprises like that (one of which actually whispers inside your ear "I want you inside me"). After it's all said and done, and you have collapsed on the couch exhausted with your penis throbbing, you realize what a great time you had and maybe in the near future you would hope to do it again. This is not to mention that you have withdrawn twice and slapped your dick on her tit to keep it hard. Yep, it feels that good. Or does it? —PVB

**Tera Melos**

**Untitled**

**Springman Records**

Street: 10.04

**Tera Melos = Form Of Rocket + The Nationale Blue + algebra**

Tera Melos is a four-piece jazz/punk/funk/noise fusion gumbo that combines the heaviness of bands like **The Jesus Lizard** with the arrangements of **Captain Beefheart** jazz abstraction. I'm not a huge tech-rock fan. Guitar theatrics bore me. Rampant timing changes without cause or reason generally annoy me when they're not appropriate, but I think these guys are tasteful enough that it is enjoyable, if that's your cup of tea. The grimy production is its saving grace. Had this been digitally manipulated into a **Dream Theater** piece of computerized crap, I would have used it for a coaster. The fact is, this is raw and vicious jazz music with all of the ferocious tendencies that a good punk band should have. Word has it their stage antics are no less wacky and insane, so at least they can pull it off while actually making you believe they mean it. —Chuck Berrett

**The Very Foundation**

**Small Reserves**

**Velvatic Records**

Street: 11.08

**The Very Foundation = Sebadoh + Red Animal War + a rain dance**

This is the second EP release from art/emo/nu-rock collaborators The Very Foundation. A mainstay in the Portland, Oregon community of eclectic musicians, this album is full of guitar effects and percussion sounds smattered together to form an art-rock goulash. At times, the goulash tastes like peyote put into a pot and stewed to perfection. Not that I have ever tasted peyote goulash; the album just sounds tribal, like I have been transported to some type of New-Age sweat lodge, awaiting initiation. Those are but moments of the album; many of the tracks border on radio-friendly rock but with just enough distance to never make it on the radio. This album has a specific flavor, and should be tasted with caution. —Andrew Glassett

**Voltage**

**Building the**

**Bass Castle,**

**Vol. 1**

**Flameshovel**

**Records**

Street: 11.05

**Voltage = The**

**Black Keys - an**

**understanding**

**of the blues +**

**Death From**

**Above 1979**

**- energy**

This art-rock

duo from

Chicago sound

like they wrote

and recorded

this album in

a day while

huffing gas in

their parents'

garage. It is

full of lengthy

instrumental

guitar/bass/drum

tracks that just

sound like a jam

session of dudes

on a bad trip. Every

song has an unbearably

long intro of ride-cym-

bal-tapping and amp

noise, but there is a

lot of interesting guitar

riffs, and that's about

the extent of brilliance

on this record. The

first track (which goes

untitled, like the rest

of the album) is its

only saving grace. It's

an acoustic intro, sprinkled

with lovely xylophone

bell chimes, tricking

you into listening to

the rest of the record

for a return to that

sound. They unfortunately

never do return to that

first track's guiding

light. I appreciate

avant-garde music and

instrumental improvisation

just as much as any

music dork does, but

they should try to

write more songs like

that first one and

quit trying to

rock, because they

don't. —Chuck Berrett

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**Voxtro**

**Raised By Wolves EP**

**Cult Hero**

Street: 06.27

**Voxtro = The Smiths + Gang of Four**

If Scotland's Voxtro had debuted five years ago, their music would probably impress me more, but this whole nu-80s thing has definitely been played out. Sure, the music is enjoyable, but the jagged guitars and dance beats sound like every other mediocre Gang of Four/Cure wannabe band out there: **Franz Ferdinand, The Futureheads, Bloc Party, The Bravery, The Killers**, etc. It seems as if Voxtro may have entered the scene a little late, and, well, sux dood. It's time to do something different — let's just hope the next wave of nostalgia doesn't bring about anything called "nu-grunge." Catch Voxtro at a special sale price at your local Virgin Megastore! —Jamila Roehrig

**With Honor**

**This Is Our Revenge**

**Victory**

Street: 10.18

**With Honor = Thrive + Sick of It All + Agnostic Front**

I really tried to like this record; there are many reasons to enjoy it, but alas, in the end it fails. The band has all the skill to pummel listeners with powerful riffs and heart-filled vocals, but not a song stands out on the record. The throw back to an old-school hardcore sound is enthralling and exciting. Victory Records did well to snatch up With Honor; they have the talent any band should have they just need to acquire the skills to write a memorable song. There is a future for the band, but *This Is Our Revenge* is not their future. (**Club Overdrive:11.29**) —Bryer Wharton

**Wooden Wand and the Vanishing Voice**

**Buck Dharma**

**5 Rue Christine**

Street: 09.13

**Wooden Wand and the Vanishing Voice** = that trip you meant to take across the country, though not fully across it, as you were, in fact, merely going to see your friend and his newborn son (your godson) in Missouri, but now that son is six years old and you still haven't seen the little bugger and you might resent him (the son) because there might be a crippling guilt that touches you time and again, though that guilt and subsequent resentment are inappropriate (re)manifestations of tumultuous feelings surrounding a tumultuous breakup that occurred with odious simultaneity to the death of your dog, which created a period of playing and feeling the blues, which spawned a counterattack to loathing and ennui, which prompted you to take off a week off work to drive to Missouri to see the little bugger with plans to periodically pull over and kick dirt, time willing. —Ho Chi Minh (City)

**DVD REVIEW**

**Samhain**

**Live 1984**

**Evilive/Flipside**

Street: 09.14

**Samhain = Black Sabbath + Black Flag + Dead Boys**

After the demise of **The Misfits** in the early 80s, lead singer **Glenn Danzig** embarked on a new band, Samhain. The least known of all Danzig's projects, Samhain was more experimental, and, dare I say, darker than any of Danzig's endeavors before or since. This live show at L.A.'s *Stardust Ballroom* is the band's first show in L.A., and shows the band at their rawest. The bands hits the stage like the **S.S.**, all in black, sporting devil locks and biker boots. Within a few songs, the crowd is writhing and growling back at the band with pleasure. Most of the material they play is from the first self-titled record, and even a Misfits song finds its way into the set. The audio is surprisingly well done and pretty clear throughout. This release is more for the diehard fans, but, hey kids, it's never to late to get into Samhain. —James Orme

**SLUG**

*DVD REVIEWS*